Supplement to the South Bourke & Mornington Journal

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HITCHES AT THE ALTAR.

What can be more awkward and embarrassing than a hitch at the hymeneal altar? There are few occasions in life when we are more anxious that everything should pass off smoothly and auspiciously; yet, with that perversity which Fate so often exhibits in her dealings with us, the marriage ceremony is one than which few, if any, seem more particularly liable to hitches of the most unexpected and mortifying character. We have all observed this, and some know it from painful experience. The slightest misunderstanding or forgetfulness may involve serious complications and annoyance. For most hitches of this kind the principal actors in the scene—the bridegroom, bride, "best man," or bridesmaids, or it may be clergyman—are responsible in some way or other; but interruptions occasionally arise from circumstances over which none of the parties concerned have command any control. We have lately enlivened these "good old times" in which it was the proper thing for the rejected lover to break in upon the wedding-party with a band of armed men, slay the bridegroom, and carry off the unfortunate bride; but even in the present day the evil genius of matrimonial candidates sometimes contrives to bring about equally vexatious if less tragic interruptions.

The question how near a couple can come to being married without actually becoming man and wife, was answered in a very extraordinary case reported not long ago from Lyons in France. All the preliminaries, including the marriage contract—the bride being an heiress—had been arranged with the utmost harmony, and the day had arrived for the marriage—which, under the law of the Republic, is the binding one—on the morning, and for the blessing of the priests at the ensuing altar in the afternoon. The parties were before the Mayor, and what a happy lot is his, addressing a divorce jury, "Have the fatal questions" had been asked of each and duly answered; whereupon the Mayor had bestowed his personal as well as official congratulations and placed before them a solemnly document which, when signed, made them lawfully man and wife. At this critical moment the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of a telegraphic messenger. The couple paused, pens in hand; the witnesses stared in surprise; and the Mayor dropped his spectacles in a nervous fit as he read the message to the bride's father. The telegram ran as follows: "My dearest——[the bridegroom] has already married in Germany, and his wife lives. Letters are on their way to you by post." The Mayor, as he is bound to do under the circumstances when a warning comes, postponed the solemnization for a week. The week passed, but no vouchers came. Everybody agreed the telegram was a malicious trick, perpetrated by some revengeful rival—everybody excepting the bride, who had been brooding over the telegram, and, to the surprise of every one, believed it. She sent back the diamond ring, the silver casket, and the gold-mounted *prie-dieu*, the bewildered lady who was almost her mother-in-law; and annulled the settlement. The Préfet of Lyon and the Mayor had a consultation with the lawyers and the clergy, and it was unanimously agreed that the couple, as the English pleasantry put it, were still a couple, and not a pair. All instructions instituted by the bridegroom with regard to the sender of the telegram proved fruitless; the only information ever obtained was that it was paid for by a "veiled woman in black."

A still more recent hitch at the altar occurred at a fashionable English watering-place. A large party had assembled in one of the churches there to witness the nuptials in honor of a prominent citizen, when it was discovered at the last moment that the bridegroom, who had the license in his pocket, had not arrived. At the suggestion of the officiating clergyman, the ceremony was delayed a short time, while one of the party made search of the errant Registrar. His house was the first place visited; but he had not been there, and nothing was known of his whereabouts. Thence the messengers proceeded not hastily to his residence, determined to be some distance. At length, the pair worthy Registrar was discovered, in a state of great consternation, about to start by an early train, and so it appeared he could return in time, if he would but consent to be postponed till the following day. The hitch, it appeared, had arisen through the Registrar having received information of the day and hour of the marriage.

The absence of an official at the critical moment is not such a serious matter as the absence of one of the contracting parties, which has often occurred, as well as in fiction. Instances of this kind have frequently illustrated the inconstancy of either of the parties, and have also been brought about by other causes, as, for example, by the following. One morning in the depth of winter a young lady reached Inverness, with the intention of proceeding to Wick in the course of the morning. During the night, however, there had been a heavy snowfall, and it was found impossible for the train to Wick was blocked. Fearing that she could not proceed, she appeared to be greatly disconcerted immediately inquired how the train. "Is there no possibility of getting to Wick to-night?" she asked. "No answer. —"Not by coach." —"Not even by coach." —"No; nor by boat." —"Not by any means; it is impossible; you cannot get there this week." —"Well," said she, "that is awkward." "I'm sorry," "Will you be greatly inconvenienced?" "Yes. I have been married in Wick to-

[illegible] on the part of both grooms and brides has been a fruitful source of hitches at the altar. There is a story told of a rustic [illegible] who, when asked whether he would take the latter to be his wedded wife, replied, with a candid indecision: "Yes, I'm willin', but I'd a much sight rather have Betsy." An equally remarkable instance, [illegible] comment, is narrated by a [illegible] minister. In this case, a hitch had occurred at the outset, through the absence of the bridegroom, and the bride herself had manifested the difficulty by going for two of them being her cousins, a somewhat younger than herself. At length, the parties had been duly arranged, and the minister was proceeding with the ceremony, the bridegroom suddenly said: "Wade yo hide the, what is it now?" asked the officiating clergyman. "Weel," replied the bridegroom, "I was just thinkin' that if it wad be the same to you, I'd rather hae that ane"—pointing to the other bridesmaid. "A most extraordinary request to make at this stage; I'm afraid I must refuse to talk of such a thing now," remonstrated the bridegroom, in a tone of [illegible] to the inevitable. "Weel, then," said the bridegroom, in a tone of [illegible] to the inevitable. "Weel, then, just gang on."

Instances of a hitch arising from a misunderstanding of inclination on the part of the bridegroom, is humorously illustrated by the case of two couples who on one occasion presented themselves at the Mayoralty in a suburb of Paris, to carry out the civil portion of their marriage contract. During the ceremony, one of the bridegrooms saw, or fancied he saw, his partner making "sheep's eyes" at the bridegroom opposite. Being of a jealous temperament, he laid his hand roughly on her arm, and said sharply: "Mademoiselle, which of the two brides are you?" You are mine, I believe; then oblige by confining your glances to me." The bride was a young woman of spirit, and resenting the tone in which the reprimand was made, retorted: "Ah, Monsieur, if you are jealous already, I am likely to lead a pleasant life with you!" The jealous bridegroom made an angry reply: and then the other bridegroom must needs put his oar in. This led to a general dispute, which the Mayor in vain endeavored to quell. The bridegrooms stormed at each other; and the brides, between their hysterical sobs, mutually accused each other of perfidy. At length the Mayor, as a last resource, adjourned the ceremony for half an hour, to admit of an amicable understanding being arrived at, both brides having refused to proceed with the celebration of the nuptials. When, at the expiration of the half hour, the parties were summoned to reappear, they did so, to the amazement of the bewildered Mayor, in an altogether different order from that in which they had originally entered. The bridegrooms had literally effected an exchange of brides—the jealous groom taking the jealous bride; and the other, the lady whose fickle glances had led to the rupture. All four adhering to the new arrangement, the Mayor, it is recorded, had no alternative but to proceed with the ceremony.

The gentleman who so inopportunely declared his preference for the sister of his bride is only one of many who have made similarly eccentric replies to the all-important question. One hasty individual, on being asked if he would take the lady by his side to be his wife, testily responded: "Is course I will; that's what I come here for." —A Chicago young lady, on being asked the usual question, in which the words "love, honour, and obey" occur, made the straightforward but somewhat too conditional reply: "Yes, I will, if he does what he promises me financially." On a recent occasion, an eccentric bridegroom, when interrogated in the usual fashion as to the acceptance of his bride, persisted in responding, to the confusion and bewilderment of the officiating clergyman, "Yes, for a fortnight;" a declaration which was the occasion of no little trouble and perplexity, though the difficulty was ultimately overcome. —Many hitches of this kind are the result of misapprehension on the part of ignorant people with regard to the nature of the questions asked and the obligations undertaken. In these cases, the adoption of some such brief and convenient formula as the following, which, though somewhat irreverent, is said to have been employed in the celebration of a marriage in Iowa, United States, would no doubt save a deal of trouble and annoyance to all concerned. The bride and bridegroom were told to join their right hands, and then asked: "Do you want one another?" Both replied: "Yes." "Well, then, have one another;" and the couple were man and wife.

A certain famous African explorer was once the victim of one of those extremely distressing hitches which amount to the complete and final separation of those who would otherwise have been united for better for worse. He had fallen deeply in love with a young Greek maiden whom he met in Crete. He afterwards declared that never, before or since, had he beheld so sweet and beautiful a creature. Having sought out the American Consul, he revealed to him the state of his heart. The Consul, who of himself married a Greek lady, had no her despair, took him forthwith to negotiate his amourets, and successfully; at the mother, who was an accepted lover: time were All this while, he had seen the end only once a day, always in the presence of her mother; and on the day before the intended marriage he had been permitted for the first time to take her hand and to imprint upon it a chaste salute. The hour appointed for the wedding found the bridegroom dressed for the ceremony and awaiting the happy moment. There enter to him at this juncture three Greeks, whom he has never seen before, and an interpreter, who introduces them as brothers of the bride-elect. They produce a parchment, which the interpreter explains. It is a deed of settlement, which lands the bridegroom to pay so much a year to the mother and to each brother, and so much to his wife, and to disburse the first instalments on the spot. In vain the unlucky traveller explains that he is worth nothing, and cannot pay. The brothers look daggers, the interpreter frowns; and the scene closes with the arrival of the Consul, who with difficulty gets his protégé out of the clutches of his importunate would-be relations, and ships him off to Athens. He never saw his beautiful Grecian maiden again.

Every one knows what a fund of latent mischief lies concealed in that little innocent looking band of gold, the wedding ring, how it will mysteriously disappear at the very moment it is wanted, and what excitement prevails, especially on the part of the wretched groom, when it cannot be found. If the ring is all right, a dozen other little accidents may happen to delay or stop the ceremony. It is not often, happily, that a bridegroom so far forgets what is due to himself and his bride as to render himself unfit to take the vows through too frequent recourse on the wedding morn to the cup that cheers—and inebriates. On one occasion, an intending Benedick appeared in such a demoralized condition that the clergyman was obliged to refuse to proceed with the marriage. A few days later, the same thing occurred with the same couple; whereupon the clergyman gravely remonstrated with the bride, and said they must not again present themselves with the bridegroom in such a state. "But, sir, he—*he always come when he's sober*," was the candid rejoinder.

We will conclude with a case in which a somewhat serious obstacle to the celebration of a marriage was removed at the eleventh hour by the intervention of a beneficent fiash of clerical jealousy. In a western Scottish town one evening, there were no fewer than seven marriages that an unfortunate couple who had arranged to be united at the minister's house were unable to procure a cab to convey them thither till long past the hour appointed; and when at last they stood at the door of the manse and rang the bell, it was approaching midnight. A loud and somewhat indignant voice presently responded from a bedroom window opposite, demanding to know who and there. The situation was hotly explained; but the time—that of the Rev. Mr. W——, minister of the first church of the Abbey Church—seemed insensible. "I can't help it," was the ultimatum received; "you must just go home and come back to-morrow." "Oh, Mr. W——, for how we cannot gang home without being married," struck in a female voice.—"Then what would you have me do? Call up the whole house because of your bungling?"—"Could you no don't over the window, sir?"—"Nonsense; it is impossible."—"Oh, ye micht, sir: ye ken we attend the Abbey on your day, and no on Mr. B——'s."—This final stroke of policy proved irresistible, for between Mr. F—— and Mr. B——, minister of the second charge of the same church, there subsisted a good deal of professional jealousy. The window was put down, the gas lighted, the door opened, and the marriage of the triumphant diplomatists duly solemnized.

SUB-EDITING A LONDON NEWSPAPER.

By a London Sub-Editor.

Notwithstanding all that has been said and written about the inner life of our great newspaper establishments, the popular conception with regard to it is still of a very hazy and, indeed, incorrect character. The intricacy and magnitude of the work done cannot be well imagined by one who draws his conclusions from the completed broad-sheet at his breakfast-table. It is rather in what does not, than in what does appear, that the untold labor, skill and experience brought to the completion of a morning newspaper, can be justly estimated.

Though it is popularly supposed that the man work connected with the compilation of a morning newspaper is accomplished in the editor's room, the work is really done in that of the sub-editor, and by that important functionary and his staff, to whom we shall now introduce our readers—leaving out of account, in the meanwhile, the important responsibilities of the editor-in-chief.

Imagine then a moderately sized apartment in which there are five or six writing tables; on each table a green-globed lamp, and before each lamp a pale-faced man. The principal of the sub-editorial staff sits a little apart from the others, and to him all the letters and copy (manuscript) addressed to the editor are brought. It is his duty to sort this miscellaneous heap of news and correspondence into separate bundles. Letters for the editorial department make one mound; letters relating to advertisements and business matters another; and those containing telegrams, home and foreign, with the ordinary news paragraphs and "copy" of reporters and correspondents, a third. The first two parcels are despatched, one to the editor's rooms, the other to the composing room, there to be at once set in type; the third is divided among the sub-editor's assistants—the pale-faced man aforesaid.

Having premised this much, we shall see the beginning of the practical work of the evening—the selecting and preparing of the "copy" for the next day's paper. It is seven o'clock, and all the gentlemen are at their posts. To one the chief sub-editor hands the police "flimsy," or thin paper upon which, by means of a stylus, several copies of the same subject are simultaneously produced. This police intelligence, if printed in full, would, probably, occupy about six or seven columns in next issue; but the assistant to whose task it falls has to choose from this mass of badly written, badly spelled, ill composed, and ungrammatical material, as many cases as will, when improved, modified and animated by him, make an interesting column of news. The revelations of the London police courts are painful in the extreme, and no one can pass many months in the duty of sub-editing "copy" of this kind without acquiring a melancholy work, the the viciousness of human fiodious crimes had some years' experience ing days were writer can safely find a parallel is modern with whichere are statutes in our law-mark which we imagine are seldom enforced. Loose we seldom read of them; but the waste paper basket of the sub-editor is the oblivion into which many of the most atrocious offences imaginable are mercifully cast. The assistant having finished his revision of the police reports, and having written two or three paragraphs out of them for the summary of news, next receives, perhaps, a telegram in French from the correspondent at Berlin, Vienna, Constantinople, or elsewhere. This translated, he may then be called upon forand through the "copy" of the reporters, and make into neat paragraphs the items of news sent by the country correspondents, or to correct a telegraphed speech of Mr. Gladstone or of Mr. John Bright.

But while this assistant is thus busily engaged, the others are not idle. News has just been received in the office that some public man has died. If he be great enough to be on the list of those whose biographies lie in the sub-editorial desk—"graveyard" this compartment is grimly called—calmly waiting the decease of their illustrious subjects, there is an end of the matter—the date and a few particulars regarding the last hours of the deceased personage are added, and the printer receives the "copy" at once. But if he be a minor light, and yet one who must receive special notice to the extent of, say a quarter or half a column, one of the assistants is called upon to compile a memoir. He forthwith furnishes himself with Vapereau's Dictionnaire de Contemporains, with Men of the Time, an Encyclopædia, and one or two other books of reference, and in the course of a couple of hours the compositors are at work on the biography. Just then a messenger from the Messrs. Spottiswoode, Government printers, arrives with a bundle of blue-books, containing, perhaps, official despatches, or reports upon subjects interesting to the general community. The assistant having completed his memoir, is informed through his chief that his editor requires an abstract of a blue-book, of probably four or five hundred pages, to the extent of about a column or a column and a half. The unfortunate man settles down to his task, and pieds on wearily until, in the space of perhaps three hours, his work is done. Then, to vary his monotony, he is requested to look through the country papers, with a special eye, usually, to the *Scotsman*, the *Glasgow Herald*, and the *Irish Times*, to see if there be any scraps of news worth reprinting or quoting; and having finished a hasty overlook of the principal home papers, he, in all likelihood, extends his survey to the American, Colonial, and French journals.

Assistant number three is sometimes preparing the sporting news, which, if from the country, is telegraphed. This he arranges, and, where possible, reduces in quantity; and what with horse-racing, cricket, boating, sculling, pedestrianism, and other kindred subjects, this gentleman's time is fully occupied for the evening. The fourth assistant has been all this time preparing the foreign telegrams. He will spend a quarter of an hour in looking out on an immense atlas the name of some obscure place, the spelling of which has been rendered still obscurer by its being incorrectly telegraphed. He ponders and mulls his brains over the meaning of glowers made apparent in their passage through a variety of continental telegraph offices with shades of all pronunciation. His skill in expounding vastly (owing to the immense cost) telegraphed news, from the other end of the globe, is in constant requisition; he is a standing grumbler and a court nuisance with the telegraph clerks, his geographical knowledge and his acquaintance with the leading politicians and eminent personages of the world being about equally required. In the intervals that occur between the arrival of telegrams, this fourth gentleman is whiling away his time by reading a huge pile of flimsy, giving accounts of suicides by hanging, drowning, poisoning, and other means—of which a large number take place daily in London, only the most interesting of which, however, are published—of attempted suicides, of accidents of every conceivable kind, and of alleged mysterious occurrences which the fertile brain of the impecunious penny-a-liner endeavors to palm off on the weary and suspicious sub-editor and his astute confrères.

But what is the chief sub-editor about all this time? He is busily engaged in throwing "copy" away. As the news comes in, he hastily glances over it, and that which, at the first sight, appears to his practised eye unfit for publication is immediately, to use a technical expression, "basketed." That which he thinks may yield some readable matter is accumulated into a little heap, to be sifted by the first assistant disengaged. Then as the revise "copy" leaves the hands of the assistant, the chief sub-editor again looks over it, to ascertain whether, in his judgment, the whole or some part of the particular matter may not, indeed, be worth publishing, or whether the assistant may not have allowed some injudicious sentiment or libellous expression to escape his attention. The principal generally writes the summary of the foreign news, and is particularly attentive to the titles given to the various paragraphs, telegrams, reports, and so forth, as well as to the arrangement and disposition of the news into articles of so many paragraphs, the prominence to be given to the articles in the paper, and as to whether particular news shall be given in the form of a paragraph, or as a separate article with an imposing heading, and whether the type shall be nonpareil, leaded minion, or bourgeois.

Thus the night wears away, and half-past one a.m. is reached without much cessation in the silent progressive work in the sub-editorial room. Then there is a great and sudden falling off, and by two o'clock the assistants are generally dismissed, the chief remaining another half hour to see the paper "to bed;" that is, to ascertain that the foreman printer has carried out all his instructions, and to see that no hitch occurs at the last moment. During the night, this important functionary has had interviews with the editor himself and foreman printer as to the number of columns in leading articles, specially ordered articles on general topics, literary reviews, or letters from correspondents, which the editor intends to print; and as to the number of columns out of the total extent of the paper which the printer has in type at a specified hour. Thus the amount of "copy" required is regulated with an accuracy often calculated to a line!

The sub-editor's peaceful routine is frequently interrupted by importunate visitors. This man wants to know whether the report of a secret meeting of the International Society would be acceptable; and that person whether her could have a letter inserted in next day's issue, showing how badly he had been treated by the magistrate at a district police court, who had fined only a few shillings a cabman by whom he had been grossly insulted. Then a tradesman's assistant will call to see if he cannot, under the guise of giving the public information respecting a wonderful new invention, obtain the assistance of the newspaper in puffing his master's wares. A critical question will sometimes arise as to whether some special intelligence ought or ought not to be inserted, and a grave conclave of all in charge of the journalistic department of the paper is then held. And thus the night wears away—the paper is at length out of the hands of the literary staff, stereotyped, and put to press, and the tired sub-editor trudges home to enjoy his well-earned rest. And if his home be at some distance, say in the suburbs of London, his head may be hardly laid on his pillow ere the first batch of printed sheets is issuing from the office, or perhaps on its way north or south by rail.

The typical sub-editor is a man of large journalistic experience, and generally between forty and fifty years of age. He is not ordinarily one of your green Bohemians, but quiet, sovern, and respectable. His work is of an exhaustive nature, and it quickly ages him; yet the necessities of his position requiring a constant attention to his health, he commonly reaches a green old age, and may be met with in suburban retirement, living upon the savings of his more vigorous years.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

Putting the Question in Tyrol.—Tyrolean maidens are by old custom spared the necessity of giving tongue to their "Ay" or "No." The first time a young man pays a visit to an unusual suitor, he takes with him a bottle of wine, of which he pours out a glass and offers it to the object of his affections. In any case she will not refuse it point blank—that would be too gross an insult; but should the wooer not be agreeable to her, or his declaration come a little too prematurely, she declines the proffered wine, pushing that it looks sour, or that wine disagrees with her, or any other excuse the feminine ingenuity may suggest. If the latter the lad not is equal to coming to the point on the spot, he may save out to call any of the wine. But if she does so, or the glass or bottle be broken, it is an unhappy omen. "They have spilt the wine between them," say the peasants when a marriage turns out badly.

THE SHADOW BUILDER.

The Valley of the Shadow seemed of endless expanse. Circled by the towering mist, no eye could pierce to where rose the great mountains between which the Valley lay.

Yet they stood there—Mount Despair on the one hand, and the Hill of Fear upon the other.

Hitherto the poor bewildered brain of the poet had taken no note of all the dangers, and horrors, and pains which surrounded him—save only for the lesson which they taught. But now, lost as he was in the shrouding vapour of the Valley of the Shadow, he could not but think of the terrors of the way. He was surrounded by grossly phantoms that ever and anon arose silent in the mist, and were lost again before he could catch to the full their dread import.

Then there flashed across his soul a terrible thought—

Could it be possible that hither his beloved one had travelled? Had there come to her the pause which shook his own form with agony? Was it indeed necessary that she should have been appalled by all these surrounding horrors?

At the thought of her, his beloved one, suffering such pain and dread he gave forth one bitter cry that rang through the solitude—that cleft the vapour of the Valley, and echoed in the caverns of the mountains of Despair and Fear.

The wild cry prolonged with the agony of the poet's soul rang through the Valley till the shadows that peopled it woke for the moment into life-in-death. They flitted dimly along, now melting away, and anon springing again into life—till all the Valley of the Shadow was for once peopled with quickened ghosts.

Oh, in that hour there was agony to the poor distraught poet's soul!

But presently there came a calm. When the rush of his first agony passed, the poet knew that to the dead came not the horrors of the journey that he undertook. To the quick alone is the horror of the passage to the castle of the king. With the thought came to him such peace that even there—in the dark Valley of the Shadow—stole soft music that sounded in the desert gloom, like the music of the Spheres.

Then the poor poet remembered what they had told him: that his beloved one had walked through the Valley of the Shadow, that she had known the music of the Spheres, and that she abode in the castle of the king. So he thought, as he was now in the Valley of the Shadow, and has he heard the music of the Spheres, that soon he should see the castle of the king where his beloved one abode. Thus he went on in hope.

But alas! that very hope was a new pain that ere this he was not of.

Hitherto he had gone on blindly, reckoning not where he went or what cause a-nigh him, so long as he pressed onward on his quest; but now the darkness and the perils of the way had new terrors, for he thought of how they might arrest his course. Such thoughts made the way long indeed, for the moments seemed an age with hoping. Eagerly he sought for the end to come, when, beyond the Valley of the Shadow through which he fared, he could see rising the turrets of the castle of the king.

Despair seemed to grow upon him; and as it grew there rang out, ever louder, the music of the Spheres.

Onward, ever onward, hurried in mad haste the poor distraught Poet. The dim shadows that peopled the mist shrunk back as he passed, extending towards him warning hands with long gloomy fingers of deadly cold. In the bitter silence of the moment they seemed to say, "Go back! Go back!"

Louder and louder rang now the music of the Spheres. Faster and faster, in mad, feverish haste rushed the Poet, amid the shrinking shadows of the gloomy valley. The peopling shadows as they faded away before him, seemed to wail in sorrowful warning—"Go back! Go back!"

Still in his ears rang over the swelling tumult of the music.

Faster and faster he rushed onward, till at last wearied nature gave way, and he fell prone to earth, senseless, bleeding, and alone.

After a time—how long he could not even guess—he awoke from his swoon.

For awhile he could not think where he was, and his scattered senses could not help him.

All was gloom, and cold, and sadness. A solitude reigned around him, more deadly than night in her mad zone descended. He knew was in the air—no movement of a passing cloud. No voice or stir of living thing on earth, or water, or air. No rustle of leaf or sway of branch—all was silent, dead, and deserted. Amid the eternal hills of gloom around lay the valley devoid of aught that lived or grew.

The creeping mists, with their multitude of peopling shadows, had gone by. The fearsome horrors of the desert even were not there. The poet, as he gazed around him, in his utter loneliness, longed for the revenge of the storm or the roar of the avalanche to break the dread horror of the silent gloom.

Then the poet knew that through the Valley of the Shadow he had come; that, stunned and maddened though he had been, he had heard the music of the spheres. He thought that now hard by the desolate kingdom of death he trod.

He gazed all around him, fearing lest he should see anywhere the dread castle of the king, where his beloved one abode; and he groaned at the fear of his heart found voice:

"Not here! oh, not here, amid this awful solitude."

Then amid the silence around, upon distant hills, the words echoed:

"Not here! oh, not here," till with the echoing and re-echoing rock, the little wilderness was peopled with voices.

Suddenly the echo voices ceased.

From the lurid sky broke the terrible sound of the thunder peal. Along the distant skies it rolled. Far away over the endless ring of the grey horizon it swept—going and returning, peaking, swelling, dying away. It traversed the ether, muttering now in ominous sound as of threats, and anon crashing with the voice of dread command.

In its roar came a sound as of a word:

"Onward."

To his knees the Poet sank, and welcomed with tears of joy the sound of thunder. It swept away as a power from above the silent desolation of the wilderness. It told him that in and above the Valley of the Shadow rolled the mighty tones of Heaven's command.

Then the Poet rose to his feet, and with new heart went onwards into the wilderness.

As he went the roll of the thunder died away, and again the silence of desolation reigned alone.—*From Under the Sunset*, by Bram Stoker.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.

MR. JAMES LIDDELL PURVES.

Mr. James L. Purves was born about the year 1843, being the eldest son of a well-known squatter, and importer and breeder of racehorses, the late Mr. J. Purves.

Young James first went to the Melbourne Diocesan Grammar School, that dingy little brick edifice which now serves for the State School, just behind Parliament House (which was, of course, not in existence then), the school being on the edge of the virgin redgum forest, between Melbourne and Richmond.

Our hero next went to Europe and enjoyed a good ramble over the Continent, and wavered between law and [illegible], but finally decided in favour of [illegible].

Although boys and students have changed it into mouth, he [illegible] upon the Bar, to make his own way, he was some years working himself into notice. The name of Mr. Purves is identified with all the *causes célèbres* of the last five or six years. He is one of those powerful minds which always give an impression of strength in reserve, no matter what calls are made upon them.

As M.L.A. for Mornington, he had the pleasure of refusing Mr. Graham Berry's offer of the Attorney-Generalship. On getting tired of legislative honours, he coolly threw them up and cast away politics like a sucked orange. Such a man could easily take the Conservative lead in the Assembly, but he prefers to be the Ireland or Aspinall of the time, save his health, and make money.

PEARLS FROM THE POETS.

From *The Australian Woman's Magazine.*

For all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
—J. G. Whittier.

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon tide night.
—Shakespeare.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land."
—Scott.

The first deceased—he for one day tried
To live without her, liked it not, and died.
—Sir Henry Wotton.

On court, beloe: "apres la vertu,
Ah! croyez moi, l'erreur a son merite.
—Voltaire.

If virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her!
—Milton.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
They never pardon who have done the wrong.
—Dryden.

Of all wild beasts, preserve us from a tyrant;
And of all tame, a flatterer. —Dr. Johnson.

Her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
—Spenser.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me! —Wordsworth.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small;
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.—Coleridge.

Then fells Ripheus, one of the most just.
O! the Trojan band, most steadfast in the right:
The gods see things with other eyes than ours.
—Virgil.

Why slander we the times?
What crimes
Have days and years, that we
Thus charge them with iniquity?
If we could rightly scan,
It's not the times are bad, but man.
—Beaumont.

In pride, unreasoning pride, our error lies;
All quit their post, and rush into the skies;
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes;
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
—Pope.

Not she with traitor's woes her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave;
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.
—Burnett.

A wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble; than the press'd;
So is that poetry whose gen'rous strains
Flow without servile study, art or pains.
—Butler.

MR. JAMES LIDDELL PURVES.

"I hadn't been in my room then three days," quoth Bellamy, was telling his admiring parents, "before I caught a plan, by George, that was as old as Adam, the old couldn't remember it." "What kind of a plan was it?" asked his father. "Bloater plan, sir," said the dauntless boy, and the old people wondered and wondered at the marvels of the deep.

Wit and Wisdom.

It is hard to persuade a man that a rich widow isn't handsome.

It oftentimes rains just hard enough to go to the theatre, but altogether too hard to go to church.

Taking things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

We know an old maid who says it's bad enough for the men to get married without fools of women imitating them.

"There is reason in the hair," groaned the weary father, as he listened to the vigorous howling of his infant son.

The alligator is certainly a sleepy-looking thing, but when aware for business it is found that there is some snap to him.

Magistrate—Prisoner, have you ever been convicted? Prisoner—Yes, your honor. I have always employed first-class lawyers.

If you have "a great mind" to do something, you may congratulate yourself. Your neighbors, perhaps, have never thought you did have one.

A widow is a lady who may possibly never find the equal of the husband deserved, but who is determined to make as near as circumstances will allow.

"No man really spring from the monkey, sir," said a correspondent. "Then how do you account for his spring from a monkey, just whether he did it or Darwin says it not we can't tell. A boy needn't spring are riding to Darwin, unless he chooses to do so.

A little girl joyfully announced her mother the other day that she had found out where they made bonnets; she had seen a man finishing one. "He was waiting on its last foot."

A young clergyman in Iowa recently married a couple in the following brief manner: "Do you want one another?" both replied: "Yes." "Well then, have one another."

A Californian went on a 2000-mile spree to see if it was any different from a seventy-five cent one. Much to his disgust he found it just the same, gutter, mud street and all.

Marrying by telegraph and telephone has become very popular. It prevents the preacher from kissing the bride. But that is the way of the world. Always begin overwhelmed with the church.

"Never milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a scientific contemporary. Judging from the discovery of much of the milk that comes to the market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

Young Lady: "I have called, Mrs. Brown, to ask you why your children do not attend the Sunday-school? Is it on their account? Do they not like going?" Mrs. Brown: "Oh, yes, miss, they like going well enough; it's the stay in after they get there they don't like."

"You haven't got such a thing as an old pair of trousers, have you?" No, my man, said the merchant, "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house." "Where d'you live?" inquired Pat, "and I'll call in the morning for the old pair you've got on."

Said Mrs. Smith, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith—"Are you glad to see me, Edith?" Edith—"Yes." "Do you, and mamma glad, too?" Mrs. Smith—"Is she?" Edith—"Yes, ma'm, she said she hoped you'd come to stay and have it over with you."

The next man who gets out a dictionary should not neglect to put in a few words that will rhyme with October, for the benefit of poets. The dictionaries now in the market are very deficient in the respect. "Knocked over" is about the best the poet can do at present.

A Frenchman learning the English language complained of the irregularity of the verb "to go," the present tense of which some one had written out for him as follows: "I go, thou startest; he departs; we lay tracks, you cut sticks; they absquatulate or skedaddle."

I wonder," remarked the fat old gentleman, as he was pulling on his left boot, "I wonder why—why—Edith—no, no somebody—don't you bring out—no, no—somebody—don't you—I—I—that would be—no, no—somebody—don't you—I—I—boo-h—that could have a seat on your—quick—off—what—the—no, no, not—gimme a—there, Mervar."

Nothing like a spring. There has been a famine for some months past, and the children have come to the end lady, [illegible] to the pitiful request of his wife not to be long away—"I'll not make it up. I said there was no woman in the world so unbearable as you are this; I'll not wish you feel hurt. Well, I take it back—there are others."

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

The curiosity that I have to show you to-day, children, is perhaps the most wonderful in the collection. Its beats all.

The schoolmaster, it is said, trains the young idea how to shoot. He is not himself given to shooting, however. He takes more delight in the rod than the gun.

The schoolmaster is not a military man, but his principal assistant is. The name of his assistant is Corporal Punishment. It is to be hoped that the corporal will soon be remanded to private life.

The schoolmaster is sometimes called a tartar, and occasionally he is called an ass. On the whole an assistant man is seldom found.

The schoolmaster thoroughly understands the rule of three, and always tries again the rule of one. So you see his understanding is out of all proportion to his rule.

Although the schoolmaster is a ruler of boys, he has his own ruler. If he be no stick himself, his ruler always is.

The schoolmaster is a very inquisitive person. He is always asking questions. His is a questionable calling.

The schoolmaster can be found in all classes. He is also given to classifying knowledge. I sometimes think I would be an his classify could.

The schoolmaster is good at figures. He would cut a pretty figure if he were not. He is the figure-head of the school, or should be; but sometimes a boy gets ahead of him.

He is also good at spelling. He can stand a long spell in a good situation without flinching.

He is always correcting the errors of his pupils, and consequently has but little time to attend to his own.

The schoolmaster is not a man of war, but he often employs a monitor. He gets the monitor to see in his place.

Oh, shun mistbehaving children, or the sec of the monitor shall overwhelm you.

The schoolmaster teaches A B C, but he cannot make a bee see.

Every sort of elegy is taught by the schoolmaster, but tautology is no better coming from him than from anybody else.

In a school of young rascals, the schoolmaster is always the principal.

Some schoolmasters are actuated entirely by the law of love—love for their situations. Some entirely by hate—hate to give them up.

The schoolmaster loves to have rulers at his school; but habit has so possessed him that he not only collars his scholars, but also scholars his rulers.

I used to wonder at the schoolmaster during my school days, but my school days will never return.

Equanimity.—Equanimity or evenness of disposition is frequently assumed to be a mere absence of strong feeling or excitability, and to indicate somewhat of apathy, or, at least, indifference to the stirring concerns of life, to its hopes and fears, its longings and terrors, its sufferings and enjoyments. It is true there is an innate insensibility that never gives way to outbreaks of any kind, scarcely becomes it is to be dull to be aroused; but this differs as widely from true equanimity as the silence of deep differs from the silence of tempest wretchedness. There is, too, an artificial stoicism which is simply the crushing out of all natural desires, the burning down of all vivacity, the suppression of all impulse, the destroying of all emotion. True equanimity, on the other hand, is very much work and possible, to acquire as this, to be first, the fruit of established virtues. To mind desires controlled by a strong will, powerful passions curbed by intrepid resolution, violent enthusiasm guided by firm wisdom, unruly energy steadied by a resolute purpose, warm impulses directed by unwavering principles—these are the materials out of which an equanimity worthy of the name is fashioned.