

CHIMES.

I have read in some German legend,
Far back in the olden time,
Of exiles who heard over ocean,
A bell's mysterious chime.

The morning was made melodious
By that mystic music's spell,
And the evening air was haunted
With its weird and tender swell.

While that tremulous far-off chiming
Stole softly into their dreams,
Till men's y's sky w. a-shining,
With radiant, rosy gleams

For they traversed time and ocean,
Sweet home, and friends were near;
And they prayed and praised together
As the village bell rang clear.

And so there came to me accents,
Floating o'er memory's sea;
Distant, low, a d perpetual,
Waiver of home and of thee.

Saved by Sheer Luck.

I had been up counting the sheep, and left the hut at dark on my road home. The distance before me was about sixteen miles. I rode along, my mind occupied with conjectures as to the best disposal of my sheep during the trying drought. The road now turned down into the river bed, and, picking his way the best he could, my horse cheerfully jogged on his homeward path. The mountains towered in shadowy gloom on either side above me as I rode along the side of the river, which, although considerably shrunk by reason of the summer drought, churned and foamed as its rapid current forced its way through the rock-barred channel. Occasionally the track led through clumps of river-oak saplings and bushes, emerging from which I could discover a bare patch of sand, and beyond that shadow. My horse knew the road, however, and I cared not. Half my time was spent in similar lonely rides, and I was not nervous. I was getting mightily hungry, however, besides which the mailman was expected at the station, I longed to read my home letters. My horse's shoes clattered against the stones as I struck my spurs into his sides to urge him onward.

A sudden turning in the road showed me a number of small fires glowing ahead. But that they were stationary I should have been inclined to think them caused by fire-flies. On my left there were more. The sudden turning of the river had placed some in front and some behind, and hitherto the thick groves of flooded oak had hidden them from my sight. On my right frowned an overhanging crag. I drew my rein. Perhaps (for blacks often chatter loudly in their camps) they had not heard me. I listened. Not a sound, save the rushing, rumbling river current. It was, after all, perhaps, only the remains of a bush-fire. Some of the logs were still alight, and the night air fanned the embers into a glow. Again I listened intently. If blacks really were in the camp they must have heard me coming; no doubt they had barred the way ahead and behind. The broken river channel forbade my trusting to flight. What should I do? Not three miles away lay poor Donnelly, their victim, in his cold grave of wet sand. What was his fate then might be mine in a few minutes. I determined to keep still, and wait for what might turn up.

Presently I heard bushes rustling some distance behind, and the voice of a black fellow uttering, in the strange tone in which the wild savage first pronounces English words, "Boodgerree," and again, "Boodgerree, white fellow," (good, good white fellow). The sound startled me. I drew my pistol. Some of them should have daylight through them, I inwardly vowed, if it came to a final struggle. Now I heard their low, rapid utterances, in various excited tones, in front, behind and above me—the words "white fellow" being repeated often. Escape was hopeless. There was one chance for life in the inconsistency of their behavior. I determined to put a bold on the matter, appear at home, laugh and talk with them, and if the worst came, sell my life as dearly as possible. Accordingly I shouted, "Hey! Come on Boodgerree you, my boys, come along!" and a great deal more nonsensical talk, which they could not have understood, but which served as well as anything else to show them the son of a gun I tried to gull them into believing I yet possessed. The effect was magical. A simultaneous shout came from those nearest. All around in fifty different places as many voices broke into an unintelligible jargon, while from the camp the noise of women's voices could be heard as they shrilly inquired what was going on and tendered advice or admonition.

Knowing how useless it was to do anything else I sat still on my horse, and in a few minutes was surrounded by a dense crowd of dark, savage-eyed wild men, all fully armed with native weapons. More kept coming. There was a perfect babel of sounds. The gloom was so great that I could only distinguish the dark, moving figures and long spears, or occasionally the glint of a pair of fierce, glittering eyes shining out of a paint-bedaubed visage. Now they felt me all over. On feeling the pistol, which I had returned to my belt, the man who discovered it said something to the others, who became still more excited. They now led me, still sitting on my horse, across the ford of the river to their camp. And now, for the first time, I could see the faces of my captors; and wild and devil-like they looked as their fires threw their light across them. Thick masses of curly black hair, low foreheads, short noses, large white teeth, and short beards on the upper lip and chin, seemed to strike me most; their eyes gleamed in the fire-blaze like burning coals. A tall man, looking at me earnestly for some minutes, now commenced an animated harangue; pointed to me several times, then pointing up the river, imitated the sound of a gun being fired, pointed to himself, and then finished by

addressing me rapidly at great length. From his manner I guessed he was friendly to me for some cause or other, why I could not make out, but I determined to take advantage of the turn in my favor. My tall friend now made signs that I should dismount; this I did at once. I had made up my mind to trust my protector implicitly, and at any rate not to show fear. I was by no means easy, however, as my sable friend led me through the scattered fires, surrounded by a number of blacks, who so far as I could guess, seemed to coincide with his views concerning me. Most of the mob had departed to the fires which appeared behind me when I first came upon the natives.

I found that there were two camps at a distance of about 200 yards apart, and my people belonged to the small camp. We arrived at a fire which, from the signs made, I found was owned by the tall fellow with me. He made a series of gestures, by which I understood him to intimate that I was to partake of his hospitality. The only word of English he knew was "white fellow." This he repeated several times. Sometimes he pointed to me, then to himself, patted his breast and smiled; then he would point to the distant camp, and shake his head and frown. Sometimes he pointed to himself, imitated the sound of a shot, pointed up the river, then again to me, looking eagerly at me to see whether I comprehended him or not. I knew not what he meant, but I feigned to understand him, and nodded, smiled, patted him, and repeated the word "boodgerree" two or three times. He at once caught up the word and pronounced it distinctly and seemed much pleased. Things now seemed on a much more satisfactory footing. My entertainer produced some black-looking kangaroo met, which he warmed on the hot ashes; then tearing off a piece with his strong teeth, he offered it to me. Knowing how necessary it was to keep up the terms of friendship, I accepted it cordially, and, though almost sick, managed to eat a portion of the dirty-looking food. A drink of honey and water was now offered me in a cooleman, which I also politely accepted. After the repast a number of the aboriginals from the neighboring fires gathered around me, and from their language seemed to be making fun of me. One fellow especially seemed a great wit. The slightest word of his sufficed to set the others in a roar of laughter. Still it all seemed to be of a good humored nature.

Presently my tall acquaintance, pointing over to the other camp, made signs that there was a corroborree to be danced. I understood and nodded. Then he gave me to understand that he and I would go together. To this I also assented. Soon after this came a long, clear cry from the other camp like *pir-r-r-r-r-r*. A general movement now took place among the men and women of the camp in which I was. They gathered in a body, each one covered from head to foot in a possum-skin cloak. I arose with my host, who bestowed on me a cloak, and we took our places a little on one side of the rest. Another signal arose from the distant camp, and, as if in obedience to it, my neighbors commenced to march slowly forward toward whence the sound proceeded. Slowly, silently, solemnly they marched, their bodies bent almost double, whose position my friend signed me to observe. There was something very unearthly in the phantom-like procession. The dusky, indistinct, muffled forms glided noiselessly forward through the midnight woods, sometimes entirely lost in the shade of a large tree, and again emerging, to be lost again. Fears began to take possession of me. Why was this singular method of approaching the corroborree ground observed? I had heard of ceremonies of a dark and secret character being practiced among those tribes at which no white man was ever present. Was such a one now to take place? My blood began to curdle and my flesh to creep. I thought of flying, forgetting for the moment the utter impossibility of getting away from the nimble-footed, sharp-eyed savages. My tall friend, however, seemed to divine my intentions, for he patted my breast, then pointed to himself assuringly, then to the large camp of natives which we were nearing, and shook his head, spitting with apparent disgust, and once more patted himself and me. I could not exactly tell what he was driving at, but it seemed to indicate friendly intentions toward myself, and the other camp was occupied by a hostile tribe. This I afterward learned was the case. We had approached within about a dozen yards of the dim fires toward which we had been making our way, when a similar signal to that already given was uttered by some one in the other camp. Upon this my companions, still retaining their bent positions, turned their faces toward their own camp, and remained waiting, and of course I followed their example. Another cry succeeded, and almost immediately a bright fire followed, illuminating the dark woods in a ruddy circle. Flinging off their coverings and turning simultaneously round, the crowd of blacks about me gave vent to a general "Ah!" of wonder and surprise, not unminged with a superstitious fear.

I understood it now. The tribe were being initiated in a corroborree they had never seen before. At the same time it commenced. A half-circle of fires burned brightly in front of us. Between us and the fires were seated rows of women, across whose knees were stretched lightly their possum cloaks. They held boomerangs in their hands, which they beat together as they sang, keeping the most exact time, occasionally varying the accompaniment by beating on the skins, producing a drum-like sound. On the far side of the fire a row of forked stakes had been driven into the ground,

and poles laid on the forks about six feet above the ground. About twenty savages, painted in the most grotesque fashion, were seated all along this rail. Their long hair was tied tightly in a knot on the top of their heads, from the middle of which rose a tuft of cockatoo crests. The soft white down from the breasts of the same bird clung to their eyebrows, moustaches and beards. A red fillet passed around the forehead and encircled the head. Their bodies were painted with pipeclay to imitate skeletons. Boomerangs, stone tomahawks and knives hung from their girdles. Holding their elbows close to their sides, they moved their forearms and hands in a segment of a circle from their waist to their ears, first the right, then the left, in time to the barbarous chant. Beyond those, the chief figures in the assembly, stood a dense crowd of fierce-eyed sable warriors, leaning on their spears. Looking around I found the men of my party had assumed the same attitude, while the women had taken a position a little apart. In spite of the feeling of insecurity—for I knew that all present would think nothing of knocking me on the head if the whim seized them—I felt rather amused at the absurd climax of their preparations, and its monotony soon got tiresome to themselves. Jumping down from their perch, the painted savages cleared away their posts and rails and commenced one of the usual corroborree dances of the country, in which they were joined by many others, who had taken no part in the first performance.

My tall friend, spreading his rug on the ground, planted a spear at each corner and sat down motioning me to take a place besides him—all the others followed his example. The dance was most vigorously prosecuted, and it carried with it a certain amount of dramatic effect. Issuing from the dark background of solemn gloom, the mass of vague dusky shadows danced their way into the circle illuminated by the fire, their hands held in front of their breasts after the manner of the kangaroos, their bodies bent and their feet stamping. As they got near the fires, which divided them from the orchestra, the singing and dancing became more energetic, till at last a brilliant blaze having been produced by means of dry leaves kept on purpose, the whole culminated in much stamping, quivering of legs, and shaking of heads, winding up with an almost instantaneous disappearance of the whole party into the surrounding darkness. This was repeated for hours, and I thought they never would leave off. At last all seemed weary, and my tall friend and his followers returned to their own ground, taking me with them. Here I found my horse ready. After a good deal more of talk and many gestures he signified that I might go. I stripped myself almost naked in making presents. Then seizing his weapons he called on a friend to accompany him, and both came with me as an escort. I had little difficulty in persuading them to proceed all the way, and they were so much pleased with their treatment that they asked permission to bring their tribe in, which they did, and we had no more difficulties afterwards.

"That was a capital fellow, that long nigger," said Fitzgerald. "Did you ever find out why he took a fancy to you?"
"Oh, that was all a mistake on his part. It seems that when up the river in pursuit of the tribe which killed poor Donnelly, he happened to be among the tribe we attacked. He had hidden himself under a log I had taken my position on. He said I had kept looking at him and allowed him to escape, and it was in gratitude for this supposed service that he had saved my life."
"Then you did not know that he was under the log?" asked John.
"Not I. It would, I am afraid, have been a bad day for us both had I."

A timorous lady in Providence, who is always looking under the bed for a man, went to the post office the other day with a friend to buy some postage stamps. As they stood there one of them noticed a man standing close by, but she didn't think he looked suspicious until afterward. She ordered what stamps she wanted, and, taking her pocket-book from a chataine by her side, she paid for them and stepped to the opposite desk to attach them to letters. In a moment more she went back in a very excited manner and inquired for "that man who stood here." He had gone. "Well," said she, "he has taken my pocket-book and all there is in it," and she pointed ruefully to the open, empty chataine. "How much money was there in it?" asked the clerk. She was too excited to tell, or for some reason didn't wish to do so. "What's that in your hand?" inquired the clerk. Looking at the hand designated, she replied, "Oh, my, that's it."

The tightness of a lady's dress the other day at a garden party won from me such surprise and admiration that an old dowager, whom I have known since I was a child, chided me gently. "But it is most surprising," I maintained; "how can she get her dress on over—over her other things?" "It is not difficult," replied my interlocutrix. "I happened to be in the cloak room with her just now; she was having a stitch put in somewhere, and I found that her 'other things' consisted in a tight flannel jersey and a pair of—you know." And there the confidence ended.

A Russian Despot 200 Years Ago.

But the commands of this slightly venacious despot (Ivan) seemed at times to have puzzled his most faithful commissioners, for on one occasion, having sent for a nobleman of Casan, called Piesheave (which is, being interpreted, Bald), the Vayod, mistaking the name of the word, sent for 150 bald-pated old men. More than eighty or ninety, however, he could not get together; so he sent them up speedily to the palace with an apology that he regretted he could find no more in his province, and desired pardon for the short measure. The Emperor, astonished at the sight of so many old bald-headed pates, devoutly crossed himself. At last one of the chief men delivered the letter, and the Diack showed His Majesty the copy of the letter he had sent to the Vayod, and the mistake being found out, the bald-pates were made drunk for three days and sent home again.

On one occasion Ivan Vasiloidg nailed a French Ambassador's hat to his head for presuming not to uncover in the Imperial presence. Sir Jerome Boze, the English Ambassador, coming shortly afterward, nothing daunted by the tale of his unfortunate friend, put on his hat and cocked it right jauntily before the Emperor, who sternly demanded how he dared so to insult him, having heard how he had chastised the Frenchman. Sir Jerome was a match for the Emperor, and replied that he (the Frenchman) had only represented a cowardly King of France, "but I," said he, "am the Ambassador of the invincible Queen of England, who does not veil her bonnet nor bare her head to any prince living, and if any of her ministers receive affront, she is able to revenge her own quarrel."

"Look you there," quoth Ivan Vasiloidg to his attendant Boyars, "there is a brave, indeed, that dares do and say thus much for his mistress; which booty of you dare so much for me, your master?"
This made them envy Sir Jerome, so they persuaded the Emperor to give him a wild horse to tame, which he did, and so successful he broke and tired him out that the horse fell down dead under him; and upon this asked his Majesty if he had any more horses to tame. Our friend adds that after this the Emperor much honored and loved "such a daring fellow as he was, and a mad blade to boot."

"The 'Love me, love my dog' principle seems to have something to do with this, if we may believe that our historian relates, that this queer tyrant actually courted the Virgin Queen with a view to matrimony, and once, upon a suspicion of treason, fortified Volozda, and gathered all his treasure there, with the intent of escaping to England upon extremity.

If we may believe the following story the ancient family of Sopotski owed its wealth and position to the following quaint fancy:

When Ivan went through the country he was in the habit of accepting presents from the poor and rich. There happened one day to be in his route a good honest bask-shoemaker, who made shoes of bask for a copeck a pair, but when the Emperor came he was quite at a loss what to give. His wife, a woman of ready wit and reserve, suggested a pair of sopkyes, or bask shoes. "There is no rarity," quoth the man; "but we have a huge turnip in the garden; we'll give him that and a pair of sopkyes, too." Great was his success; the Emperor was delighted, and made all his followers buy sopkyes at five shillings a pair, and wore a pair himself. So began the wheel of good fortune to turn for the sopotskies, for he soon drove a thriving trade, and left a great estate behind him. And in memory of this gallant it is the custom of the Russians to throw all their old sopkyes into a tree which stood by the house. There was a gentleman, however, hard by, who, seeing the turnip so graciously accepted and generously rewarded, bethought him of a like success, and offered the Emperor a brave horse. But the Emperor, seeing through his motive, gave him nothing in return but the aforesaid great and mighty turnip, for which—as seems not improbable—he was both abashed and laughed at.

Ivan following the habits of so many Eastern despots, delighted to go about in disguise, and test and witness the feelings of the people toward strangers generally and the Imperial person in particular.

One night, in disguise, he sought a lodging in a village near the city of Moscow, but in vain, for no one would let him in; but at last one poor fellow, whose wife was momentarily expecting to become a joyful mother, opened his door and admitted the apparently exhausted beggar. In the course of the night the child was born, and the vagrant getting himself gone, told the man he would bring him some god-fathers next day. Accordingly, the next day the Emperor and many of his nobles came and presented the poor fellow with a handsome largess and set fire and burnt up all the other houses, in the village, playfully exhorting the inhabitants to charity and the entertainment of strangers, and that it were good for them to try how excellent it was to be put out of doors on a cold winter night.

It was his custom to associate with thieves and robbers in disguise. Once he went so far as to recommend them to rob the Imperial Exchequer, "for," said he, "I know the way to it." But upon this, in a moment one of the fellows up with his fist and struck him a hearty good blow on the face, saying, "Thou rogue! Wilt thou offer to rob his Majesty, who is so good to us? Let us go and rob some rich Boyar who has cozened his Majesty of vast sums." Ivan

was mightily pleased with this fellow, and at parting changed caps with him, bidding him meet him next morning in the Dravetz, a place in the Court where the Emperor was accustomed to pass by. "And there," said he, "will I bring thee a good cup of aqua vite and bread." The next morning the thief was there, and being discovered by his Majesty was called up, admonished to steal no more, preferred to high dignity about the Court, and appointed Chief Commissioner of the Detective force.

Haverly's Singular Audience.

At the invitation of Commissioners Brennan and Hess, Haverly's negro minstrel troupe, numbering some fifty persons, visited yesterday the public institutions on Blackwell's Island. The band of the troupe accompanied them, and when the party arrived at the Charity Hospital serenaded the patients from the grounds outside. After passing through the penitentiary the company came to the Female Almshouse, where they amused the paupers with solos choruses, passing on to confer a similar blessing on the male paupers. At the Workhouse the band again played several airs and performed some curious evolutions under the direction of the grooms drum-major, Bohee. On the lawn north of the Female Insane Asylum a platform had been erected and seats placed for about eight hundred of the patients of that institution. After lunch 800 female lunatics were marched into the inclosure and seated with an order and precision really admirable. After an overture by the band, Jim McIntosh sang the "Silver Slipper," in the chorus of which the entire troupe joined, playing on bones and on tin plates in lieu of tambourines. This roused up many the audience who had before seen sunk in apathetic melancholia. Le Brown sang "Little Blossom" to the tune of "Bangs followed with 'Yes, Meet You,' the entire troupe joining the chorus with much effect. Then followed the amusing imitations of a steam-mill, his viol and steam-whistle, Hunter, and the "Bogtown Sextet," which lighted the audience greatly with comic songs and comic antics. Wallace King, the tenor, sang "Sally Horner." Reynolds sang "Keep in the Middle of the Road" and the "Gospel Raft," and then, at the request of Mr. Brennan, the band played "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning." This seemed to delight the patients immensely, nearly all of them keeping time to the music with their hands or feet, while many got up and danced. The entertainment was concluded by a grand walk around by the entire troupe. During the entertainment the faces of the audience presented an interesting study. Some few became unduly excited, but were promptly and quietly led off without disturbing the rest. It was easy to see that in nearly all cases only pleasurable emotions were excited; nearly all wore smiling faces, and many laughed heartily at the more amusing parts of the performance. The physicians say that such entertainments are of great benefit to the patients, dispelling the melancholia which afflicts most of them. The minstrel troupe volunteered its services and the expenses of the entertainment were met by Commissioners Brennan and Hess personally. Upon coming back to New York yesterday the troupe stopped at Bellevue Hospital and entertained the patients there with songs and music.—N. Y. World.

What a Prisoner Made.

Solitude seems to be the mother of ingenuity and invention—as the proverb says necessity is. Most penitentiaries employ their prisoners in steady work, and wisely, too, for few confined men would make so good use of lonely cell life as the convict here mentioned did of his scanty play time.

There is at present confined in the Maine State Prison, at Thomastown, a young French Canadian, who is incarcerated for the murder of a woman. During his leisure hours, with nothing but a pocket and shoe knife, a file and whetstone, this prisoner has manufactured a clock which keeps accurate time, and which is a great mechanical curiosity.

It has a rooster on the top who flaps his wings on the hour being reached. There are also figures showing the day of the week and month. Underneath is a glass case, three feet high, and two feet wide, containing two hundred and forty-five figures of men, birds and animals, etc. These objects go through various performances, as small springs are touched, and a music-box plays tunes at the same. A mouse is made to run out from its hiding place, and is quickly caught by a cat. A beggar approaches a man for money, is impudent, and after a tussel is knocked down.

A snake glides stealthily over the floor, and at the door a sentinel stands with a small tin cup in his hand, who takes off his hat and politely bows when coin is dropped into his cup. Among the objects are full companies of infantry and cavalry, which come out and go through the manual of arms very finely. The clock is exhibited by the prisoner while in his cell, and many are the odd times he receives from visitors.

The Portland (Me.) Transcript, after relating the above, says: At the present time another convict in the same institution is making a very handsome dollhouse, with four rooms, the furniture all being in miniature style. One set is trimmed with red satin, and another with blue. It is intended as a present for the lady who has played the prison chapel organ for several years.

If Spain doesn't apologize for insulting the American flag we can ruin the Havana cigar industry by refusing to send brown paper and cabbage leaves to Cuba.