UNCERTAINTIES.

Pink linen bonnet, Pink cotton gown, Roses printed on it,

full of peas.

Hands burnt brown. Oh! blithe were all the piping birds, and the golden. belted bees, And blithe sang she on the doorstep, with her apron

Sound of scythe and mowing, Where buttercups grew tall; Sound of red kine lowing, And early milkmaid's call.

Sweet she sang on the doorstep, with the young peas on her lap, And he came whistling up the lane, with the ribbons in his cap.

> "You called me a bad penny That wouldn't be sent away; But here's good-bye to you, Jenny, For many and many a day. There's talk of cannon and killing-Nay, never turn so white! And I've taken the king's shilling --I took it last night."

Oh! merry, merry piped the thrushes up in the cherry-tree, But dumb she sat on the doorstep, and out through

the gate went he. Scent of hay and summer; Red evening sky; Noise of fife and drummer; Men marehing by.

leaves begin to fall.

The hay will be carried presently, and the cherries gathered all, And the corn stand yellow in the shocks, and the

Perhaps some evening after, With no more song of thrush, The lads will cease their laughter, And the maids their chatter hush; · And word of blood and battle Will mix with the sound of the flail, And lowing of the cattle, And clink of the milking-pail. And one will read half fearful A list of names aloud; And a few will stagger tearful Out of the little crowd. And she, perhaps, half doubting, Half knowing why she came, Will stand among them, pouting,

Will weep, perhaps, a little, as she wanders up the And wish one summer morning were all to do

And hear, perhaps, his name;

-May Probyn in Macmillan's Magazine.

PO' SANDY.

small frame house, of the simplest construc- stay a mont' er so. tion. It was built of pine lumber, and conscale off in large flakes, leaving the chimney | tole 'im, en he says ter Tenie, sezee :sprinkled with unsightly blotches. These "'I'm gittin monstus ti'ed er dish yer evidences of decay were but partially con- gwine roun' so much. Here I is lent ter cealed by a creeping vine, which extended Mars Jeems dis mont', en I got ter po soits slender branches hither and thither in en-so; en ter Mars Archie de nex' mont'. an ambitious but futile attempt to cover the en I got ter do so-en-so; den I got ter do ter whole chimney. The wooden shutter, which Miss Jinnie's; en hit's Sandy dis an Sandy had once protected the unglazed window, dat, en Sandy yer en Sandy dere, tel it had fallen from its hinges, and lay rotting 'pears ter me I ain' got no home, ner no in the rank grass and jimson-weeds be- marster, ner no mistiss, ner no nuffin'. I neath. This building, I learned when I can't eben keep a wife: my yuther ole 'obought the place, had been used as a man wuz sole away widout my gittin' a school-house for several years prior to the breaking out of the war, since which time got ter go off en leab you, Tenie, en I shelter within its walls from the chill rains stump, er a rock, er sump'n w'at could stay and nipping winds of winter.

One day my wife requested me to build her a new kitchen. The house erected by us, when we first came to live upon the fier, studyin' en studyin'. Bimeby she up'n thing? vineyard, contained a very conveniently arranged kitchen; but for some occult reason my wife wanted a kitchen in the back juh-'ooman: yard, apart from the dwelling-house, after

To save expense, I decided to tear down | went on :the school-house, and use the lumber, which was in a good state of preservation, in the construction of the new kitchen. Before demolishing the whole house, however, I made an estimate of the amount of material contained in it, and found that I would have en ef you doan wanter be sent roun' fum to buy several hundred feet of new lumber | pillar ter pos', en ef you doan wanter go in order to build the new kitchen according | down ter Robeson, I kin fix things so yer to my wife's plan.

to the rockaway, and drove my wife and me over to the saw-mill from which I meant to order the lumber. We drove down the plank-road; following the plank road for turnt inter a rabbit. about a mile, we turned into a road running through the forest and across the swamp to the saw-mill beyond. Our carriage jolted over the half-rotted cordurov road which traversed the swamp, and then climbed the long hill leading to the sawmill. When we reached the mill, the fore- me. man had gone over to a neighboring farmhouse, probably to smoke or gossip, and we were compelled to await his return before we could transact our business. We remained seated in the carriage, a few rods | place. from the mill, and watched the leisurely movements of the mill hands. We had not waited long before a huge pine log was placed in position, the machinery of the mill was set in motion, and the circular saw on. began to eat its way through the log, with a loud whirr which resounded throughout perceptible shudder:-

"What's the matter, Uncle Julius?" in- fas'. quired my wife, who is of a very sympathetic turn of mind. "Does the noise affect

your nerves ?" "No, Miss Annie," replied the old man, with emotion, "I ain' narvous; but dat saw, a-cuttin' en grindin' thoo dat stick er timber, en moanin, en groanin', en sweekin', kyars my 'memb'ance back ter ole times, en 'min's me er po' Sandy.' The pathetic intonation with which he lengthened out the

lips of the older colored people. Some of these stories are quaintly humorous; others wildly extravagant, revealing the Oriental cast of the negro's imagination; while others, poured freely into the sympathetic ear of a Northern-bred woman, disclose many a tragic incident of the darker side of slavery.

"Sandy," said Julius, in reply to my wife's question, "was a nigger wa't useter b'long ter ole Mars Marrabo McSwayne. Mars Marrabo's place wuz on de yuther side'n de swamp, right nex' ter yo' place. Sandy wuz a monst'us good nigger, en could do so many things erbout a planta. tion, en alluz 'ten' ter his wuk so well, dat w'en Mars Marrabo's chilluns growed up en married off, dey all un 'em wanted dey daddy fer ter gin 'em Sandy fer a weddin' present. But Mars Marrabo knowed de res' would n' be satisfied ef he gin Sandy ter a'er one un 'em; so w'en dey wuz all done married, he fix it by 'lowin' one er his chilluns ter take Sandy fer a mont' er so, en den ernudder fer a mont' er so, en so on dat erway tel dev had all had 'im de same lenk er time; en den dey would all take 'im roun' ag'in, 'cep'n oncet in a w'ile w'en Mars Marrabo would len' 'im ter some er his vuther kinsfolks 'roun' de country, w'en dev wuz short er han's; tel bimeby it go so Sandy did n' hardly knowed whar he wuz gwine ter stav fum one week's een ter de

"One time w'en Sandy wuz lent out ez yushal, a spekilater come erlong wid a lot er niggers, en Mars Marrabo swap' Sandy's wife off fer a noo 'oman. Wen Sandy come back. Mars Marrabo gin 'im a dollar. en 'lowed he wuz monst'us sorry fer ter break up de fambly, but de spekilater had gin im big boot, en times wuz hard en money skase, en so he wuz bleedst ter make de trade. Sandy tuk on some 'bout losin' his wife, but he soon seed dey want no use cryin' ober spilt merlasses; en bein' ez he lacked de looks er de noo 'ooman, he tuk up wid her atter she b'n on de plantation a mont' er so.

"Sandy en his noo wife got on mighty well tergedder, en de niggers all 'mence' ter talk 'bout how lovin' dey wuz. W'en Tenie wuz tuk sick oncet, Sandy useter sit up all night wid 'er, en den go ter wuk in de mawnin' des lack he had his reg'lar sleep; en Tenie would 'a done anythin' in de worl' fer her Sandy.

"Sandy en Tenie had n' b'en libbin' tergedder fer mo' d'n two mont's befo' Mars Marrabo's old uncle, w'at libbed down in folks w'at wanter please eve'ybody, en he thing fix' up fer her en Sandy; she say she en wander 'roun' de school-'ouse; en de On the northeast corner of my vineyard says yas, he could len' im Sandy. En wanter go ter her cabin fer ter git her bon- niggers all lowed she went fer ter talk wid in central North Carolina, and fronting on Mars Marrabo tole Sandy fer ter git ready net. Her mistiss say it doan matter 'bout | Sandy's sperrit. En one winter mawnin' the Lumberton plank-road, there stood a ter go down ter Robeson nex' day, fer ter

tained but one room, to which one window take 'im 'way fum Tenie. Hit wuz so fur gave light and one door admission. Its down ter Robeson dat he did n' hab no weather-beaten sides revealed a virgin inno- chance er comin' back ter see her tel de cence of paint. Against one end of the time wuz up; he would n' a' mine comin' house, and occupying half its width, there | ten er fifteen mile at night ter see Tenie, stood a huge brick chimney: the crumbling | but Mars Marrabo's uncle's plantation wuz mortar had left large cracks between the mo'd'n 40 mile off. Sandy wuz mighty bricks; the bricks themselves had begun to sad en cas' down atter w'at Mars Marrabo

on de plantation fer a w'île.

didn' say naer word, but des sot dere by de

"Sandy, is I eber tole you I wuz a cun-

"'I ain' goophered nobody, ner done no cunjuh-wuk fer fifteen year er mo; en w'en I got religion I made up my mine I would n' wuk no mo' goopher. But dey is some things I doan b'lieve it's no sin fer ter do; won't haf ter. Ef you'll des say de word, I One morning old Julius McAdoo, our din turn yer ter w'ateber yer wanter be, en colored coachman, harnessed the gray mare | yer kin stay right whar yer wanter, ez long | ez yer mineter.

"Sandy say he doan keer; he's willin' fer ter do anythin' fer ter stay close ter Tenie. long lane which led from our house to the Den Tenie ax im ef he doan wanter be

en I doan want nobody ter be skeered er

"No, a hawk mout ketch me. I wanter be turnt inter sump'n w'at 'll stay in one

kin turn yer back oncet in a wile, so yer lack she wuz plump 'stracted. It wuz Tenie; ings in the old school-house for the preskin git sump'n ter eat, en hear w'at 's gwine

Tenie tuk 'im down by de aidge er de her, en not ter think hard er her, for it the vicinity of the mill. The sound rose swamp, not fur fum de quarters, en turnt wa'n't no fault er hern. Den Tenie mem- bought. and fell in a sort of rhythmic cadence, which 'im inter a big pine-tree, en sot 'im out bered de tree did n' hab no years, en she "Well," she replied, "I could not refuse to a certain extent to hearing the four male May Century. heard from where we sat, was not unpleas- mongs' some yuther trees. En de nex' wuz gittin' ready fer ter wuk her goopher him the use of the house for so good a pur- voices, that the quintet seemed to sounding, and not loud enough to prevent con- mawnin', ez some er de fiel' han's wuz mixtry so ez ter turn Sandy back, w'en de versation. When the saw started on its gwine long dere, dey seed a tree w'at dey mill-hands kotch holt er her en tied her second journey through the log, Julius did n' 'remember er habbin' seed befo'; it arms wid a rope, en fasten' her to "that you subscribed something toward the observed, in a lugubrious tone, and with a wuz monst'us quare, en dev wuz bleedst ter one er de posts in de saw-mill; en den 'low dat dey had n' 'membered right, er e'se dey started de saw up ag'in, en cut de log "Ugh! but dat des do cuddle my blood!" one er de saplin's had be'n growin' monst'us up inter bo'ds en scantlin's right befo' her

wuz gone, he 'lowed Sandy had runned dat log done it wiles de saw wuz a-cuttin' away. He got de dogs out, but de las' place | thoo it. | Der saw wuz one er dese yer oledey ceuld track Sandy ter wuz de foot er timey, up-en-down saws, en hit tuk longer dat pine-tree. En dere de dogs stood en dem days ter saw a log 'en it do now. Dey barked, en bayed, en pawed at de tree, en tried ter climb up on it; en w'en dey wuz hit kep' right on, tel finely dey got de log tuk roun' thoo de swamp ter look fer de scent, dey broke loose en made fer dat tree ag'in. It wuz de beatenis' thing de w'ite come fum brekfas', de han's up en tell 'im "po' Sandy" touched a responsive chord in our hearts.

"And who was poor Sandy?" asked my off on a mule or sump'n, en rid fur a-hollerin' en gwine on, en tried ter th'ow is always ripe and should be picked at once.

of plantation life which she hears from the wanted ter 'cuse some er de yuther niggers two er th'ee er de han's fer ter take Tenie er heppin Sandy off, but dev all I'nied it ter de las'; en eve'ybody knowed Tenie set too much by Sandy fer ter he'p 'im run away whar she could n' nebber see 'im no mo'.

"W'en Sandy had be'n gone long 'nuff fer folks ter think he done got clean away, Tenie useter go down ter de woods at night en turn 'im back, en den dey'd slip up ter de cabin en set by de fire en talk. But dey ha' ter be monst'us keerful, or e'se somebody would a seed 'em, en dat would a spile de whole thing; so Tenie alluz turnt Sandy back in de mawnin' early, befo' anybody

wuz a-stirrin. "But Sandy did n' git erlong widout his trials en tribberlations. One day a woodpecker come erlong en 'mence' ter peck at de tree; en de nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a little roun' hole in his arm, des lack a sharp stick be'n stuck in it. Atter dat Tenie sot a sparrer-hawk fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de woodpecker come erlong nex' mawnin' fer ter finish his nes', in de bark.

"Nudder time, Mars Marrabo sent a nig- mammies wuz ter wuk in de cotton-fiel'. ger out in de woods fer ter chop tuppentime boxes. De man chop a box in dish yer tree, en hack' de bark up two er th'ee feet, fer ter let de tuppentime run. De nex' time Sandy wuz turnt back he had a big skyar on his lef' leg, des lack it be'n skunt; en it tuk Tenie nigh 'bout all night ter fix a mixtry ter kyo it up. Atter dat, Tenie sot in' en sweekin' lack hit wuz in great pain a hawnet fer ter watch de tree; en w'en de en sufferin'. En hit got so atter a w'ile dat nigger come back ag'in fer ter cut ernudder hit wuz all Mars Marrabo's wife could do box on de yuther side'n de tree, de hawnet ter get a 'ooman ter stay in de kitchen in stung im so hard dat de ax slip en cut his de day-time long ernuff ter do de cookin'; foot nigh 'bout off'.

in' ter de tree, she 'cluded she'd ha' ter 'bout dat kitchen atter dark-dat is, 'cep'n turn Sandy ter sump'n e'se; en atter studyin' de matter ober, en talkin' wid Sandy one ebenin', she made up her mine fer ter fix up | kitchen steps, en lean up agin de do'-jamb, a goopher mixtry w'at would turn herse'f en en run on ter herse'f wid some kine er Sandy ter foxes, er sump'n, so dey could foolishness w'at nobody could n' make out; run away en go some'rs whar dey could be fer Mars Marrabo had th'eaten' ter sen' her free en lib lack wite folks.

happen in dis worl'. Tenie had got de But somehow er nudder de niggers foun' night sot fer her en Sandy ter run away, out all 'bout it, en dev all knowed de w'en dat ve'v day one er Mars Marrabo's kitchen wuz ha'nted by Sandy's sperrit. En sons rid up ter de big house in his buggy, bimeby hit got so Mars Marrabo's wife en say his wife wuz monst'us sick, en he herse'f wuz skeered ter go out in de yard want his mammy ter len' 'im a 'ooman fer atter dark. ter nuss his wife. Tenie's mistiss say sen' Tenie; she wuz a good nuss. Young Mars | tuk 'n' to' de kitchen down, en use' de lumwuz in a tarrible hurry fer ter git back ber fer ter buil' dat ole school-'ouse w'at home. Tenie wuz washin' at de big house youer talkin' 'bout pullin' down. De school-Robeson county, sent up ter fine out ef dat day, en her mistiss say she should go 'ouse wuz n' use' 'cep'n' in de day-time, en Mars Marrabo could n' len' 'im er hire 'im right 'long wid her young marster. Tenie on dark nights folks gwine 'long de road a good han' fer a mont' er so. Sandy's tried ter make some 'scuse fer ter git away | would hear quare soun's en see quare things. marster wuz one er dese ver easy-gwine en hide tel night, w'en she would have eve'y- Po' ole Tenie useter go down dere at night, de bonnet; her head-hankcher wuz good | w'en one er de boys went ter school early 'nuff. Den Tenie say she wanter git her fer ter start de fire, w'at should he fine but "Hit wuz monst'us hard on Sandy fer ter bes' frock; her mistiss say no, she doan po' ole Tenie, layin' on de flo', stiff, en need no mo' frock, en w'en dat one got cole, en dead. Dere did n' 'pear' ter be dirty she could git a clean one whar she | nuffin' pertickler de matter wid herwuz gwine. So Tenie had ter git in de she had des grieve' herse'f ter def fer buggy en go 'long wid young Mars Dunkin her Sandy. Mars Marrabo did n' shed are beginning to get into shape, St. Stephter his plantation, wich wuz mo' d'n twenty n' tears. He thought Tenie wuz crazy, en's church being one. The choir now conmile away; en dey want no chance er her en dey wa'n't no tellin' w'at she mout do sists of Mrs. Gilchrist, soprano (leader); seein' Sandy no mo' till she come back nex'; en dey ain' much room in dis worl' Miss Dunn, alto; Mr. E. N. Stewart, tenor, home. De po' gal felt monst'us bad erbout fer crazy w'ite folks, let 'lone a crazy nigde way things wuz gwine on, en she knowed | ger.

> come en turn 'im back no mo. nuffin' fer ter watch de tree.

"De two men w'at cut de tree down say it had remained unoccupied, save when dunno whe'r I'm eber gwine ter see yer dey nebber had sech a time wid a tree besome stray cow or vagrant hog had sought ag'in er no. I wisht I wuz a tree, er a fo'; dey axes would glansh off, en did n't 'pear ter make no progress thoo de wood; en of all de creakin', en shakin', en wob-"Atter Sandy got thoo talkin', Tenie blin' you eber see, dat tree done it w'en it things were possible!" eonmence ter fall. It wus de beatenis'

"W'en dey got de tree all trim' up, dey chain it up ter a timber waggin, en start fer de saw-mill. But dey had a hard time git-"Co'se Sandy had n' nebber dremp' er tin' de log dere; fus' dey got stuck in de the usual Southern fashion. Of course I nuffin lack dat, en he made a great miration mud w'en dey wuz gwine crosst de swamp, w'en he hear w'at Tenie say. Bimeby Tenie en it wuz two er th'ee hours befo' dey could home. That night, after we had gone to kep' a-comin' loose, en dey had ter keep a- been sound asleep for half an hour, she stoppin' en a-stoppin' fer ter hitch de log up startled me out of an incipient doze by exag'in. W'en dev commence' ter climb de hill ter de saw-mill, de log broke loose, en roll down de hill en in mongs' de trees, en hit tuk nigh 'bout half a day mo' ter get it haul' up ter de saw-mill.

> "De next mawnin' atter de day de tree wuz haul' ter de saw-mill, Tenie come home. W'en she got back ter her cabin, de fus' thing she done wuz ter run down ter de woods en see how Sandy wuz gittin' on. W'en she seed de stump standin' dere, wid de sap runnin' out'n it, en de limbs layin' scattered roun', she nigh 'bout went out'n her mine. She run ter her cabin, en got "Sandy say, 'No, de dogs mout git atter her goopher mixtry, en den foller de track er de timber waggin ter de saw-mill. She "Shill I turn yer ter a wolf?" sez knowed Sandy could n' lib mo' d'n a minute er so ef she turn' him back, fer he wuz all "'No, eve'vbody 's skeered er a wolf, chop' up so he'd a be'n bleedst ter die. But she wanted ter turn 'im back long ernuff fer ter 'splain ter 'im dat she had n' went off a- to me,-"Shill I turn yer ter a mawkin'- purpose, en lef' im ter be chop down en sawed up. She did n' want Sandy ter die wid no hard feelin's to'ds her.

"De han's at de saw-mill had des got de big log on de kerridge, en wuz startin' up she come right inter de mill, en th'owed herse'f on de log, right in front er de saw, a-"Well, Sandy say dat 'll do. En so hollerin' en cryin' ter her Sandy ter fergib eyes. But it wuz mighty hard wuk; fer ef "W'en Mars Marrabo 'skiver' dat Sandy all de sweekin', en moanin', en groanin', greased de saw, but dat did n' stop de fuss ;

all sawed up. "W'en de oberseah w'at run de saw-mill wife, who takes a deep interest in the stories | 'nuf fer ter spile de scent. Mars Marrabo | herse'f befo' de saw. En de oberseah sent | -San Francisco Alta.

back ter her marster's plantation.

"Tenie 'peared to be out'n her mine fer a long time, en her marster ha' ter lock her up in de smoke-'ouse tel she got ober her spells. Mars Marrabo wuz monst'us mad, en hit would a made yo' flesh crawl fer ter hear him cuss, caze he say de spekilater in the latter. Therefore, friend Harrison, w'at he got Tenie fum had fooled 'im by please overlook what occurred in my parawukkin' a crazy 'ooman off on him. Wiles Tenie wuz lock up in de smoke-'ouse, Mars Marrabo tuk 'n' haul de lumber fum de saw-mill, en put up his noo kitchen.

"W'en Tenie got quiet' down, so she could be 'lowed ter go 'roun' de plantation, she up'n tole her marster all erbout Sandy en de pine-tree; en w'en Mars Marrabo hearn it, he 'lowed she wuz de wuss stracted nigger he eber hearn of. He did n' know w'at to do wid Tenie: fus he thought he'd put her in de po'-house; but finally, seein' ez she did n' do no harm ter nobody ner nuffin', but des went roun' moanin', en groanin', en shakin' her head, he got gobble' up mos' fo' he stuck his bill he 'cluded ter let her stay on de plantation en nuss de little nigger chilluns w'en dey

"De noo kitchen Mars Marrabo buil" wuz n' much use, fer it had n' be'n put up long befo' de niggers 'mence' ter notice queer things erbout it. Dev could hear sump'n moanin', en groanin', 'bout de kitchen in de night-time, en w'en de win' would blow dey could hear sump'n a-holleren dey wa'n't naer nigger on de plantation "W'en Tenie see so many things happen- w'at would n' rudder take 40 dan ter go Tenie; she did n' 'pear ter mine de ha'nts. She useter slip 'roun' at night, en set on de off'n de plantation ef she say anything ter "But dey ain' no tellin' w'at 's gwine ter any er de yuther niggers bout de pine-tree.

"W'en hit come ter dat, Mars Marrabo

Sandy mus' be a wond'rin' why she did n' "W'iles Tenie wuz away nussin' young Mars Dugal' McAdoo-my old marster,-Mars Dunkin's wife, Mars Marrabo tuk a en dat's how de ole schoolhouse happen to notion fer ter buil' im a noo kitchen; en be on yo' place. W'en de wah broke out, quartette to lead the singing in a Presbyterian bein' ez he had lots er timber on his place, de school stop', en de ole school'ouse be'n he begun ter look 'roun' fer a tree ter hab stannin' empty ever sence,-dat is, 'cep'n' de lumber sawed out'n. En I dunno how fer de ha'nts. En folks sez dat de ole schoolit come to be so, but he happen fer ter hit ouse, er any yuther house wat got any er on de ve'y tree w'at Sandy wuz turnt inter. dat lumber in it w'at wuz sawed out'n de tree | that his next neighbor will hear him too Tenie wuz gone, en dey wa'n't nobody ner wat Sandy wuz turnt inter, is gwine ter be ha'nted tel de las' piece er plank is rotted en crumble' inter dus'

Annie had listened to this gruesome narrative with strained attention.

"What a system it was," she exclaimed when Julius had finished, "under which such

"What things!" I asked, in amazement. "Are you seriously considering the possibility of a man's being turned into a tree?" "Oh," she replied, quickly, "not that;" and then she added absently, and with a

dim look in her fine eyes, "Poor Tenie!" We ordered the lumber, and returned git out. W'en dev start ag'in, de chain bed, and my wife had to all appearances

> claiming suddenly, "John, I don't believe I want my new kitchen built out of the lumber in that old school-house."

self," I replied, with some asperity, "to be influenced by that absurdly impossible yarn which Julius was spinning to-day?"

"I know the story is absurd," she replied dreamily, "and I am not so silly as to believe it. But I don't think I should ever be able to take any pleasure in that kitchen if it were built of that lumber. Besides, I think the kitchen would look better and last longer if the lumber were all new."

Of course she had her way. I bought the new lumber, though not without grumbling. A week or two later I was called away from home on business. On my return, after an absence of several days, my wife remarked as the finest soprano now in America, etc.,

"John, there has been a split in the Sandy Run Colored Baptist church, on the temperance question. About half the members have come out from the main body, and set up for themselves. Uncle Julius is one of "I kin turn yer ter a tree,' sez Tenie. de saw, w'en dey seed a 'oman runnin up de the seceders, and he came to me yesterday and asked if they might not hold their meetthe seceders, and he came to me yesterday

"I hope you did n't let the old rascal have it," I returned, with some warmth. I had just received a bill for the new lumber I had

"And I'll venture to say," I continued,

support of the new church?"

She did not attempt to deny it.

"What are they going to do about the ghost?" I asked, somewhat curious to know how Julius would get around this obstacle. "Oh," replied Annie, "Uncle Julius says that ghosts never disturb religious worship, but that if Sandy's spirit should happen to

stray into meeting by mistake, no doubt the preaching would do it good."—Charles W. Chesnutt, in Atlantic Monthly for May. The English sparrow makes a famous pot pie, and is much quieter between the crusts than he is yelling at your window when you

MUSIC, AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Typographical errors have a great deal to answer for in this world, and they happen in the oldest established papers and also in the newest, though more frequently graph last week and put the printer's devil and the editor, who didn't read the proof, into the umpire's box at the next hot game

I don't know whether I am not going a little out of my province in giving the quotation below, from the London Daily News before the performances at places of amuseis as follows :-

"Away with the encores!" is the desperate cry of the persecuted concert-goer; and the protest might well be extended to other forms of musical enter-tainment. Who knows but that the "early goers"
—the folk who jump up in their stalls and begin with such irritating deliberation to button coats and put on mufflers before the performance is over-may be merely unhappy pleasure seekers who have seen their time frittered away in these senseless repeti tions until the chances of getting home that night have dwindled to a span? One protester affirms that it has been his misfortune to attend many concerts where "almost every song was encored"; and he observes that but for these encores we might all calculate pretty accurately the exact time for the luration of a concert. The misfortune is that if one artist is encored, another feels it a slight to miss a similar compliment. But this feeling would necessarily disappear if the system were rigidly suppressed. There is good reason to believe that a general abolition of the encore nuisance would be welcome, not only to the public, but to the perform-

Of course the remarks are not quite so applicable to us, in this city, as naturally he majority of us walk home, living within easy distance-but still I think that even the St. John public will re-echo the cry and say "Encores must go."

Mr. Henry Waller and Mrs. Scott-Siddons appear at the Boston Music ball, tonight, the former making his debut as a matured musician-in Boston.

The great triennial Handel festival, to be held at The great triennial Handel festival, to be held at the Crystal palace in June next, promises to be as interesting as any of its predecessors. The principal vocalists engaged are Mme. Albani, Mme. Nordica, Miss Annie Marriott, Mme. Valleria, Mme. Patey and Mme. Trebelli; Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Barton McGuckin, Mr. Santley, Mr. Bridson and Mr. Brereton. The organists are Mr. W. T. Best and Mr. Alfred J. Eyre, and there will be a chorus and orchestra of 4,000 performers. The conductor is Mr. August Manns.

The above clipping from the Boston Herald will cause any one who has ever been present at the Handel festival to feel a thrill of pleasurable memory. Nobody can have any idea of the exact feeling that comes over one at hearing the immortal Hallelujah chorus sung as it is at these great Handel festivals.

Some of the choirs I mentioned last week are beginning to get into shape, St. Stephand Mr. Miller Olive, bass; Mr. Byron C "Hit wa'n't long atter dat befo' Mars Tapley being at the organ. All of these Marrabo sole a piece er his track er lan' ter are paid, with the exception of Miss Dunn, who generously gives her services. I think that it is a mistake to depend on a single church or in fact in any church. It does away entirely with the chances for congregational singing. Everyone is either listening to hear how the choir sings or is afraid plainly, if he attempts to offer to praise God

I know the great difficulty there is with large unpaid volunteer choirs: the trouble to get the members to attend the practices the petty jealousies about Miss Blank singing that little solo and Mr. Dash being allowed to sing the tenor of that part of the quartette, etc., etc.; but I think it would be possible to form a choir which would work well with, say, four paid singers for the leadership of each part, supplemented by as many volunteer members who have voices sufficiently good for the purpose as could be found in the congregation-the whole under the leadership of a professional as choir master and organist.

What most impressed me at the concert of the Weber quartet, Thursday evening, "You would n't for a moment allow your- was the really extraordinary way in which the quartet held the audience. In the singing of all the numbers, with the exception | year. of "Peter Piper" and the two recalls, where it was impossible to keep quiet through laughter, the provebial pin could have been heard to drop with the greatest ease. I have attended a good many shows of all kinds in St. Jehn, good, bad and indifferent, but I never saw an audience in this city so under the control of the performers.

> It seems a pity that the manager of the Weber quartet should advertise Miss Hunt etc. The company is quite good enough to stand on its own merits with any buncombe. Miss Hunt's voice is certainly not a pure soprano, but (I was almost going to say a contralto) a mezzo-soprano, with a few higher notes than are usually developed in that class of voice, and these of by no means mond." Poetry is adequately represented the same quality as the middle and lower in this number by Frank Dempster Sherregisters. Her voice is very rich in tone within the natural register and she sang several ballads very charmingly, these being decidedly her forte. I suppose it was on account of having become accustomed well, not quite so nicely as the other concerted pieces. Certainly, Miss Hunt's voice, or that part of it that was used in the quintet, did not seem to harmonize and be in unison with the male voices.

The quartet themselves are all decidedly good. It was such a pleasure and relief to listen to a male quartet and know that when a certain high note was reached, the first tenor would neither miss the attack nor sing it flat or sharp.

One circumstance I noticed, and that was that the encore pieces seemed to be greater successes than the numbers on the proliar with them. It would be very hard for and all her daughters.

any four voices to beat the singing of the "Old Oaken Bucket," and "Nearer my God to Thee," as given Thursday night. The great facility with which the piano passages were done, the tone being perfect all show what thorough training each voice has had and what careful selection was made that the voices should sympathize.

The encore to "Peter Piper," (sung very cleverly) was the "Bill of Fare," given with a verve and spirit and due appreciation of baseball you have and so obtain an unique of the comic side that drew forth a tumult of applause from the audience.

I was rather disappointed and I think some of the audience were too, that the bass, Mr. Burnham, did not sing a solo, his of a late date, but so much has been said voice being particularly full and rich and lately about encores, and about leaving his style of singing very perfect. But no one was disappointed at the treat in store ment are over, that I hope my editors one was disappointed at the treat in store will let it appear. It is a short leader and in the singing of Norris's "Cradle Song" by Mr. Paine. A counter tenor is rather a novelty in this city and specially one of such splendid quality as Mr. Paine's. Mr. Waller, the baritone, has a fine voice, though I did not like his singing of the "Midshipmite," he taking it much faster than ever Mr. Maybrick sang it himself. He sang his encore with much more finish and feeling. The tenor, Mr. Daggett, sang a song of Strelezkis' called "Dreams" and rather astonished some of the audience by the richness of his higher notes, sung from the chest-without any effort. The trio, "Te sol guest anima," was unquestionably well sung, but there was that lack of sympathy between the voices that was so very apparent in the singing of the quintet.

> I am sorry that the Weber quartette could give St. John only one night, though, from the audience they must judge that one was quite enough. Why is it that, when a really good evening's entertainment is given, nearly half the benches in the house are empty, and when some poor, amateur comes off, for no ostensible object, they get packed houses? I give it up. There was something to be learned by going to last evening's concert, which is a thing that can very seldom be said about the engagements at the Institute.

I am sorry I cannot redeem my promise as to the Mission church organ, for, though it is progressing rapidly toward completion, it is hardly in a fair state yet to give a com plete judgment. Moreover, the church has been taken up a good deal with extra services this week, and friend Morley's time is not all his own; but I hope to keep my word by next week.

I understand that a proposal was laid before the Oratorio society, last Monday day evening, for the special artist for the annual concert, but nothing has been definitely decided as yet. There is some talk of getting Mr. Babcock, the great basso, for thb Judas Maccabees. Certainly, we have no one in this city who can at all attempt to do the part.

FELIX. THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

The Magazines.

In The Atlantic Monthly for May, "The Aspern Papers" ends, and the other serials, Mr. House's in particular, move interestingly towards a satisfactory conclusion. The notable series of papers on the marriage question closes with a strong and suggestive presentation of needed reforms in the methods of celebration. Agnes Repplier's study of "The Cavalier" serves to do tardy justice to the good qualities of Graham of Claverhouse. "Cicero in the Senate" is charmingly pictured by Harriet Waters Preston, and history and anecdote are tastefully interwoven, as well, in Anne H. Wharton's article on "The American Philosophical Society." Mr. Chesnutt's short story, "Po' Sandy," which is else-where reprinted, is, it is unnecessary to say, fully up to The Atlantic's high standard. Timely contributions to this issue are Mr. Tuttle's just and sympathetic analysis of the late Emperor William's character, and the essays on Ruskin's autobiography and the works of Charles Brockden Brown. Not the least attractive paper of the number is that in which Olive Thorne Miller writes, as she alone can write, of "A Discord in Feathers"-the orchard oriole. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$4 a

Wide Awake for May has great freshness and variety. Edmund Collins's "A Night in a Beaver Town," brief as it is, is something quite out of the beaten track. It has the charm of mystery and remoteness which so clings about Newfoundland, where the scene is laid, and the story is told with life and enthusiasm, such as are too often lacking in our somewhat jaded magazine writers. Mr. Collins's contributions to magazine literature are like a breath of salt air driven inland. To illustrate the variety which Wide Awake attains, we need only mention the thoroughly charming and at the same time valuable paper of Oscar Fay Adams on "The Brothers Grimm," Olive Risley Seward's "A Typhoon," and Sidney man's delicate conceit on the "Anemone."

Notes and Announcements.

Miss Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, of Frédericton, has a charming poem in the

Among recent important contributions to periodical literature by Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts are a paper on "Pastoral Elegies" in the New Princeton Review, and a note on "The Teaching of English" in the Christian Union.

Two of Francis Hodgson Burnett's shorter stories, Sarah Crewe and Editha's Burglar, are published in Bryce's Canadian popular series. Mrs. Burnett's stories are as popular as ever. For sale at Alfred Morrissey's. Price 25 cents.

For a wonder M. Zola has turned his talents to the production of a volume which promises to be free from filth. His new work, Le Reve, is, strange to say, almost gramme. In some cases I suppose that would be through one's being so very fami- be read on a Sunday night by Mrs. Grundy