The same of the same of the same

They are laughing in the meadow.

They are smiling in the dell';

Upon the woody hill tops

The blue eyed beauties dwell; And unto those who love them

A pleasant tale they tell.

They speak of sunny weather.
Of birds and babbling brooks,
Of walks withing the forest glans,
And rest within its nooks, and many a dreamy fancy

Recorded not in books From fallen leaves and withered While tenderly they guard them, And loving vigil keep.

In modest maiden beauty In modest maiden beauty
Some blush along the way,
While others flook the meadows,
Or by the fountains stray,
In white or blue habiliments
To greet the April day.

Now hiding from my sigh And happy in the light

No other coming flowers
To me are dear as they,
Of those that bloom in April,
Or in the genial May;
I would that thus to comfort me They evermore would stay!

For tales of vanished childhood And to the fading memory

Of home and loving faces—
A precious offering. Unplucked I leave them growing ull thick about my feet; · For anything so sweet.

The story that they tell me son I can bear gway-To teach if they were sent.

-From the Aldine for April

Miscellaneous.

ELI PERKINS.

Visit to St. Albans-Eli Perkins Describe the Ritualistic Service—He Invokes the Country Churches to Fly from their Simple Belief—Candles against the Sun—Reple Belief—Candles against the Sun—Bigion Not Without Price—Alexis at Church—Alexis at Rev. Mr. Bjerring's—What He Said to Mr. Smith—How He Scratched His Nose and Sneezed.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, November 27. On Saturday I received the following letter from my mother in the country. My venerable mother is one of those dear eld style Episcopalians who has not seen any of the new church changes. She was confirmed a long time ago by good eld Bishop Delancy, who fell asleep in the faith when I was a boy—I should say

EATON, N. Y. Nov. 24. My Dear Son: our church in the city, and we read much

us about it. We are all very much interested in these things, and if you write read it publicly in the church meeting Our dear old church remains just the same as when you were confirmed by the Bishor ten years ago. The Sabbath school is much larger and quite a number of new young ladles who have been off to school have joined the choir. Your

Uncle Consider has been chosen Superintendent of the Sabbath school. We are now raising money to take out the old galleries and get a new organ; but I confess that I shall feel very sad to see the galleries go away. It will look so queer not to see that front row of village boys whose happy faces have so long looked down upon us during the service. Now write a plain and simple letter, and don't mix things up as they always do in the newspapers.

From your affectionate mother,
RUTH PERKINS.

This was my reply: FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL,

My Dear Mother: Filled with reverential feelings, and with your dear letter folded in my prayer book, I went up yesterday to St. Albans on East Forty-ninth street. Fifth Avenue was crowded with finely dressed hands, but, slas! I learned that many of to every pew in the church: them did not go to church. They only made believe. The fellows came out to see the girls, and the girls came out to

gratify them.

The new railroad depot has made such a change in the street that I had very hard work to get from Fifth Avenue to the little church. I had to walk through, ever and under five trains of cars, but it was Sunday, and there was no danger. Two men were killed here yesterday. I found St. Albans to be a little, quietlooking stone church, with stained glass windows, which were all covered with pletures of saints and martyrs, and queer old English letters.

'Does the Rev. Mr. C. W. Morrill preach here?' I asked of the sexton. He looked at my clothes a moment and then replied, 'Father Morrill conducts the services, sir; will you have a

asked him if his father had preached ·Father Morrill is not my father-

'Ah! perhaps he's your father-in-law?'

'No, he's the father of the whole

What! of all these people—every one of them?' I asked in amazement,

'No, no,' replied the sexton, 'you don't understand. This is the way we call our rector in the Catholic church. But this isn't a Catholic church, is it?

I asked, opening my eyes. -But not the Roman Catholic Church.' Don't, please don't, mother, write to me down to the Clarendon with him—then I didn't understand what he meant. any more about your rural 'without-money-and-without-price-religion' — den't

American The

Polunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

selves. Why, Dr. Ewer, who seceded tell me the story of the money-changers, from Christ Church the other day, and and please don't write me any more set up a little Jesuit Church on Seventh avenue, called the Church of the Holy (candle) Light, said that he was not a Protestant, but a Catholic, and yet he way to have our yoke easy and burden plaims to be still in the church. O moth- light is to pay well, and he will carry the

er, they are getting things so mixed up down here that I almost despair of making you understand anything about it! In St. Albans I found everything dark except at the farther end. There was no pulpit as at home, but there was a large red and gold thing covered with pictures vases, crosses, statues, and a great many candles. They called this an altar. The minister did not stand with his face to ward us as good old Elder Smitzer doe at home, but he turned his back toward the audience all the time, and seemed to

the cross, look up at the candles, and drink, and the audience would look at I thought how much pleasanter it is at home, where the happy sunshine comes pouring through the windows and the dear, good minister with his

be mixing something in two glass gob

iets. Then he would make the sign of

great, benevolent face, looks down into our faces while he is talking. Father Morrill wore a red-figured dress with a yellow and gold strips around the bottom, and over his shoulder was thrown a long white silk cape, which had a large embroidered cross on the back. The cross was in the shape, of a large X They said this cape was made from a lady's wedding dress. He had a great many boys around him, dressed up in black, blue and red dress skirts, with white capes. I think there were eighteen of these. Some of them sang, and some of them kept carrying goblets and plates of something to Father Morrill, who seemed to eat and drink a good deal with his back always turned toward us. On the altar were thirty-six candles-all

burning. Now I looked around the church 'Glory, Glory, Glory!' 'Hallelujah, Hal lelujah, Hallelujah!' were written every where. Over one of the dark window I read this inscription, which reminde me of Mr. Thomas Sapsea's on the tom of his wife in 'Edwin Drood:'

> TO THE GLORY of God. AND IN LOVING MEMORY OF JOHN W. C. BAKER, Descon.

I thought it would have been a good leal better if deacen Baker had never 'fallen asleep in the faith.' I hope none of our deacons will ever fall asleep so. I hope Deacon Joslyn, Deacon Morse and Deacon Hunt won't. But when a man falls asleep in our old home church, I don't think they print his name on a glass window. There wouldn't be windows enough to do it, would there? On Long had also fallen asleep in the faith. Alasi they have all fallen asleep I thought,

When the service commenced I open in the newspapers about great changes in our dear old Episcopalian faith. I me; but I could not keep the place. Where my prayer book—the one the bishop gave hardly know what to believe; so, my dear we used to stand up they all sat down, boy, I wish you would go up to the new and where we used to respond, the boys church which they call St. Albans, and all stood up in their long night-gowns, see just what they do there and write to and toofed up a chant in high tenor. and now, my dear mother, I must learn a nice letter, I will have our minister it all over again. How can I ever be saved, and not know when to get up and down with Father Morrill's congregation? In the anguish of my soul would that I had never been born, for what does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and be ignorant of the round dances, and not know when to get up and

> So I went on. Now I turned to the choir, but there wasn't any. I didn't see the pretty girls and boys who whisper behind the curtain during service, at home. I didn't see the dear old face of the leader, with his head going up and down, but, when the singing came, all of the boys in night-gowns stood up, and I thought I

heard Father Morrill say:
The director will now fiddle, and the night-gowns will chaunt the glory of St.

I looked around for the good old hymns of Dr. Watts, but Dr. Watts was

was labelled THE PSALMS OF DAVID,

set to music by Wm. Brown, the organist of St. Albans.' Wm. Brown had succeeded Dr. Watts. Now a collection was about to be taken

The seats of the church are all free upon the following conditions, a compli-ance with which is an OBLIGATION binding on each person occupying a sitting:
I. To BEHAVE in the presence of Al-

II. Not to leave the church during service, remaining UNTIL THE CLERGY AND CHORISTERS HAVE RETIRED.

III, That each worshiper shall contribute to the collections, which are the only means of supporting the church. Those who are able to give should not be willing to occupy seats which might be availed of by others, without contributing Their Just Share to the expenses.

I thought this was a 'good idea' on the nighty God.

II. Not to leave the church during

I thought this was a 'good idea' on the part of the management. This was the new kind of gospel—the new expensive cospel, not without money and costing a big price. The old-fashioned gospel, which came 'without money and without price, is too cheap for St. Albans. The gospel of St. Albans is costly. It is a I said I would; but before passing in I first-class article—a No. 1—and no expense is spared to make it superior to any in the market. Thirty-six candles cannot be burnt for nothing, and how can eighteen boys in night-gowns train around without good pay? Then if Gersh Lockwood charges \$100 for an ordinary suit of cluthes, why Gersh would want at least ed in an aristocratic manner. The re-

> horders. in favor of the high-priced kind always. Don't I always buy the best coat? If Dr. Howland, in the Fifth avenue

church, with the four beautiful brass and they said no, the Duke expressed a region of the church, with the four beautiful brass and they said no, the Duke expressed a region of the church, with the four beautiful brass and they said no, the Duke expressed a region of the church, with the four beautiful brass and they said no, the Duke expressed a region of the church him. He should reach him in a few days' time, should reach him in a few days' t

about our meek and humble Saviour. It won't do down here. Dr. Ewer says so; and Father Morrill says 'the only

load for us. But I must tell you about the service! They don't have one minister here, as they do at home—they have two rectors and two assistants; and when they all get together in their long-flowing white and red and blue gowns, with the boys and banners and candles, it is a sight only equalled in one of our Sabbath school celebrations, or in Mr. Fisk's opera

They do not have communion once in four weeks any more, as you do in the country, but it comes here every Sunday. After the service commenced to-day, could not keep track of it all. I did not know the names of things. It was all a maze to me. So I took out my note-book and wrote just what I saw. This was what they did after the collection:

Father Morrill stood with back to au dience; boys in night gowns came in and 'set a table,' putting on white cloth-Lighted two candles. Then little boy poured wine out of two canisters into.a goblet. Father Morrill drank it up. Boy in blue dress held up Father Morrill's dress train. Two boys in red gown brought some more wine and a napkin (green seal, I think.) Father Morrill drank wine and wiped lips on napkin Band fiddled, and boys in night-gowns tooted. Boys in red dresses lighted more candles. Father Morrill drank more wine (Roederer.) Then they sang 'Holy, Holy, Holy,' twenty-eight times, and 'Hallelujah' fifty-six times. Boys carried candles around the stage. More boys prought bread and wine. Father Morrill drank it up. People got up and went

to stage and knelt down. Father Morrill gave them some bread, and assistant gave them some wine to wash it down with. Made sign of X on forehead People returned to audience with hand olded like Aminadab Sleek. Twelve boys now knelt down. Father Morrill sang the 'Te Deum' with back to audience. People joined in. Little boy now brought nine or ten goblets. Father Morrill mixed and drank. Father Mor ril now makes signs of X. Four small boys in night gowns advance with four glasses of wine. Father Morrill pours them into a vase, and then dips out one roblet and drinks. Makes sign of X.-Drinks more-drinks between drinks: Three boys in blue appear with a napkin. Father Morrill takes it, makes sign of

who fell asleep in the faith. MDCCCXXI. cross, and wipes lips. Grand procession Banners, candles, crosses and boys in long robes. Enter ten boys in red shirts with large X. Boys in black follow. Men in black and white gowns join in. More boys in blue with a large X. Four boys in red. Head of the band fiddles and all march off to the rear of the stage. Endsix boys in red come back and snuff out the candles. Ladles advance and 'clear off table.' Father M. comes back in a window I saw that Mr. Job new suit of clothes, gossips and laughs with ladies. Everybody happy. People like the political deacons of the White all go out. Everybody satisfied that the proceedings have been carried on correct-

Now, dear mother, I have told you just as it was. I didn't know the names of things, so I only described the services as they appeared to me. I confess I rather liked it. I think it is a great improvement on your simple faith in the idea to shut out God's shabby sunlight and burn candles. It is necessary to dar--one single ray of God's light-should struggle in, the candles would be eclipsed in a minute! At first I thought this candle-light was like the Ritualistic faith-they shut out the light of reason and faith and light up the miserable flickering candles of dogma to see by.down with Father Morrill? But I was wrong. When Calus Casar got mad at the Almighty because the thunder disturbed his mimics, he invented a thunder machine, and tried to drown down the thunder of God. Calus was right, but when his old tin kettles sounded, and they whanged the hewgags, t was an unnecessary expense, and after all it did not succeed. Why didn't Calus

I do hope, mother, that you will change our old-fashioned ritual at home. Dismiss the girls from the choir, dress up fifteen of the farm boys in night-gowns, not to be found. I saw a book which tear out the old pulpit, and tell the old up in red and blue and gold chesuble and then turn his back on the audience and drink wine out of four goblets. Bar out God's shabby sunlight and burn magnificent tallow candles to his glory—tear up old Dr. Watt's hymn book, and get one up, and I looked at my pew in front. I set to music by the organist—get three or blue and gold prayer books in their saw two large notices like this tacked on four healthy men to stand around on lucrative salaries as Assistant Rectors; tear up your charts in the Sunday school, and fill the old church with gaudy banners and the pomp of heraldry; don't 'sing' unto the Lord' any more, I beseech you, mother, but chant the operas indorsed by the organization, and set to the music of the middle fiddler of a German band. Return, my dear mother, I beseech you, from the errors of your ways—repent and pelieve the new gospel of St. Albans, for the Kingdom of mammon is at hand. With love to Uncle. Consider, and regards to the brothers and sisters in the

the windows of the soul at St. Albans.

hurch, I am, Very affection ately, your son, ELI PERKINS.

CHRIST CHURCH. Christ Church was crowded last night by many plous people, who came to worship the Lord and see the Grand Duke,-But Alexis didn't come, and the 'management' are blamed for fooling the pious

audience. visited the Forty-first Street Greek Chapel yesterday. There was a great crowd to see him. After the service the Grand Duke spoke to several Russian girls, and turning around sneezed twice. He sneez-\$300 for making red chesubles with gold port in a morning paper that he held his chapeau in his left hand, and scratched I tell you, my dear mother, that I am his nose with his righ is untrue. As he was going out of the church he stopped and inquired if Mr. Smith, the reporter of the Commercial, was present. When CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1872.

'It won't do,' said old Tibbets, shaking his head furiously. 'I always have hated those Partridges, and yo shan't marry Fanny.'

FORTY YEARS.

' A man's affections-'Nonsense,' cried old Tibbets. 'You talk like a boarding school girl. You're ofage, I knew ; but I give you a warning, if you insist ; I'll take that clever

little Johnson in to partnership instead of you, and you may beg or starve as you please, for the sake of a little red haired girl like Fanny Partridge.' Off trotted old Tibbets as he uttered these last words.

Give up Fanny Partridge ?-never! said Horatio. Meanwhile Mrs. Partridge and Fanny were hard at it; Fanny in tears, Mrs.

Partridge in a fury. 'I'd rather see you in your grave Fanny, cried Mrs. Partridge 'Old Tibbet's son! Why didn't you choose a chimney sweep? It was Tibbets that cheated your pa's brother out of that piece of property. A bigger rascal nev er walked. No, Fanny; you walk over my dead body before you go to church

with him.' Fanny was seventeen and very sub missive. Horatio, though five and twenty, submissive likewise. Parental authority prevailed. One meeting was allowed, in which the two might bid good-bye to each other. Fanny wept .-Horatio held her hands in both of his

and kissed them fondly. 'They may yield in time,' said He ratio, 'or something may happen to al ter things. Be true to me for a little while. I shall never love any one but

'My heart is broken,' said Fanny, believing it sincerely. But I shall be true to you all my life. Then he kissed her. He never forgo how hard it was to take his lips away from her's; and their arms encircled each other, and it was really a wonder

that the two young lovers did not die then and there. Old Tibbets rewarded his son by making him a partner in the prosper ous firm of Tibbet & Co., forthwith, while mamma Partridge hurried Fan-

ny away to the north of France. Horatio did not forget easily. It had been a cherished plan of his to marry Fanny. He had a mind that was prone to dwell upon detail. All his little fancles about the future had been perfectly

finished pictures. It was hard to believe the little round table would never be set with painted China; that Fanny, as Mrs. Tibbets would never sit beside him in the third pew from the front on Sunday mornings; that he would not go with her to choose the color for the drawing room furniture; that they would not have their portraits painted, to hang one on each side of the parlor mantle-piece. Fanny was his practical or general idea; that they might have walked together forever in the moonlight, was

he been the most perfect hero of romance, she could not have placed him upon a higher pedestal. The match would certainly have been a happy one, had fate willed it to be a country. For instance, how sublime the match at all. They loved each other too well to seek comfort in new lovers .-Horatio became very steady and shunnken the windows, for it a ray of sunlight ed ladies' society; and Fanny, after refusing an English baronet and a German baron, declined going into society any more, and settled down with her mother in a little town upon the Continent, where the four or five English families dwelling there exchanged whist parties, and where there were no young English people whatever. There, at thirty, she was still living; and then it was there came to the place an English traveler, who called upon her.-He was a friend of Mr. Horatio Tibbets, and had been commissioned to hand her a small parcel, and he was to tell Mr. Tibbets how she looked and was; and that he was very well, quite stuff his ears with cotton, as we darken bald for his years, and unmarried .-Then the traveler went away. The gift was a dainty work box, with a good deal of money, and in the little nook where the thimble lay was also a ring.

Its motto was, 'Dinna forget.' Fanny never showed this gift to he nother, but she wore the ring against her heart under her dress.

New hope crept into her soul; and vhen, a year after, a good looking wealthy widower offered her his hand, with a genuine love into the bargain, she refused it without hesitation. Forget Never! He had not forgotten. But more years had passed, ten of them at east, and that memory of the old family feud dwelt in the bosoms of the two old people. At last, at the age of eighty, Mrs. Partridge died; and Fanny, all alone in what had always remained a strange land, felt miserable, desolate.— Youth had departed; friends were few. It had been her mothers wish to remain in France; now her heart turned to England. She followed her heart's dictates, and returned home. The first morning paper that she opened there told her of the death of Mr. Tibbets aged ninety.

The paper dropped from Fanny's hand, and she sat quite motionless for more than twenty minutes. Then she began to cry very softly, and took the ring from her bosom and looked at it. Dinna forget, she sobbed, 'I am sure he has not forgotten; and she

began to wonder what he looked like He must have altered. Perhaps he was portly like his father. Well, she was rather stout herself. One could not be a slender youth forever; and he had probably a streak of gray in his dark ever, or if he were altogether altered,

the flesh and blood. very lonely. He had been an obedient HLI PERKINS Son, and an affectionate one, and loved boring town a few months since. THE SUBALTERN'S LESSON.

the testy old man dearly. But now he thought it could harm no one if he tried to realize his youthful dreams. He sighed and looked out of the win dow; walked to the fireplace, and stood there unrelenting; brightened up, and began to make one of his old fancy pictures of Fanny at the other side of the

'She'll be older, of course,' he said. Thin—perhaps fragile and worn ; pale too. No matter, it's Fanny, and she'll be beautiful to me.

And he wrote her a letter on the spot in which, however, he only told he that he was coming to see her.

An elderly lady was walking in green lane near Hornsey, with two children and a poodle dog. The poodle was her own, the children her landlady's. She was a very stout lady, with four chins and a red face, and no waist whatever. As she walked, there came up the

lane a weazen old gentleman, with a large green umbrella under his arm.-His nose and chin met. His head was as smooth as an egg, except just at the nape of the neck, where six hairs still clung. His ears stood out on each side of his face, large, yellow, and with frosty pinches on them. He had watery blue eyes, and a wart on his forehes just the kind of old man the stout lady hated. For his part, he hated fat wo

' A frowsy old creature,' he thought and just then poodle and children, all tied together with blue ribbon, tangled | day and once by night to visit the guards themselves about his legs, and nearly and to see that all was as it should be. verset him.

'Come here my dears; don't run against the gentleman that way,' said the fat lady, in a faint voice. 'People should teach their grandchil iren and dogs better manners,' said the

old gentleman, testily.
'My grandchildren,' panted the old lady; 'What impertinence! I beg you'll not kick that dog, sir. Cruelty

to animals is forbidden by law, thank 'If this dog is mad, as he seems to be, I'll have him shot,' said the old gentle-

' Come here, Fido, darling,' cried the elderly lady. 'My dears run home to

And just then out stepped the landlady. To her the old gentleman addressed himself: 'I beg pardon, ma'am ; can you tell me in which of these houses I can find

a lady of the name of Partridge-Miss Fanny Partridge ?' 'Why, this is the house, sir,' said the landlady; 'and there's Miss Partridge

herself. · Will you hand her this? said the old gentleman, looking eagarly around in search of Miss Partridge, and never thinking of the stout lady.

'Here, ma'am,' said the landlady resenting the card to that very individual. 'This, sir, is Mrs. Partridge. The name upon the card was ' Horatio Tibbet.' That hideous little old

man, like a weasel, with a green cotton But had umbrella, and no hair, Horatio! ster, Fanny.

Neither would believe it. But it was true as age is, and time, and change, and all the rest of it. They sat on the black horsehair sofa in the parlor and tried to talk; and as they did so, they discovered that the Fanny and Horatio who loved each other were both dead-as dead as though the sods were over their poor hearts. Had they mar-ried years before, probably they would have been still dear to each other, still oleanant to look upon in the blindness of affection; but meeting as strangers,

they repulsed each other. 'If he should presume upon our old affection, thought Fanny; such a very lisagreeable old man.'

'If she should expect me to remen ber the past, this dreadful mountain o lesh,' thought Horatio; and then he told her he was glad to see her so well, and hoped they should be neighbors. She 'thought that unlikely;' the place did not agree with her.

Each dodged the past, not guessing now very glad the other was to dodge t also; and they parted forever, poitely hoping to meet very soon. That night two pillows were wet with tears. Fanny wept for the youthful lover of whose death she seemed to have heard that day, and Horatio for a lost Fanny, now only a memory. But there was no thought of any present liking, of any new flashing up of the dead flame.— They did not even wish to meet again. There was a certain horror in that

neeting not to be forgotten. They never met more; but when Fanny died, years after, the ring, with its motto of 'Dinna forget'-the ring which no power could have placed on her flat finger-hung by its ribbon over her heart, and Horatio had buried with him a lock of hair severed from Fanny's head in that long ago when it was

Each heart was young and true; but forty years of comfortable, well to do life had been very cruel to their bodies -to their voices-to their manners.-Do you suppose that somewhere beyond the stars they have met, and are lovers again? I hope so; for in their own way they suffered greatly here for no faults of their own.

BE CAREFUL. -- We are approaching the

season when epidemics and rumors of epidemics may be expected. Lime and water are great purifiers and cannot b too freely used as sanitary agents. The purity of the water employed for domestic consumption is a matter of the highest public importance; quite as impor tant as a full supply of the indispensable element. It is now well established that dysentery, typhold fever, cholera, etc., hair. Nothing could alter his eyes, how- and other fatal diseaser, are caused by animal and vegetable substances dissolvshe would love him still. Why note? ed in the water, therefore all supplies for Since it was the heart that loved, not drinking, culinary or bathing purposes should be carefully inspected. One point And so she managed that the news to be borne in mind is, that we may get endeavor by every means to avoid a fate similar to that which overtook a neigh-

Some five years ago I was a subalter a marching regiment, and quartered in a large garrison-town in England.-My duties consisted of the usual round f morning and afternoon parades, visiting the men's dinners and teas, and other regular work. In addition to this, we risk of being kicked by the field officer's had occasionally to mount guard, and to pass twenty-four hours in a sort of half-

prisonment. It is one of the regulations of the ser vice that when officers or men are on guard they should always be in a state of readiness to "fall in" on parade at a mo ment's notice. If you feel very sleepy, and desire rest, you must take it while you are buttoned up to the throat and strapped down at the heels; a lounge in knowing that all things must have an an arm chair, or probably a little horizontal refreshment upon a sofa, are the extent of rest which an officer on guard

s supposed to indulge in. Among my brother-subalterns in garrison, it was our usual practice to infringe upon this strict letter of the law; and when the principal part of our duty had been accomplished, we used to indulge ourselves by divesting our limbs of their armor, and seeking refreshments between he sheets of a little camp-bed that was placed in the inner guard room.

It was the part of the duties of an officer on guard to visit all the sentries during the night, the time of visiting them being usually an hour or so after the field officer had visited the guard; the field officer being a colonel or major who was on duty for the day, and who came once by There was no exact limit to the number of times that this field officer might visit the guards; but it was the usual thing, and had become almost a custom, for him to come once by day and once by night, so that after the last visit the subaltern usually waited an hour or so, walked round the limits of his post, visited all his sentries, and then turned into bed. It was on a bitter cold morning in January that my turn for guard came on. I narched my men to their post, relieved the old guard, and then, having gone through the regular duty and dined, endeavored to pass the time until the field officer had visited me. The previous evening I had been at a ball in the town, and in consequence was very tired and sleepy, and looked with considerable longing to the period when I could refresh myself by unrobing and enjoying a

At length I heard the welcome chal lenge: 'Who comes there?' which was answered by the response—'Rounds!' What rounds?' 'Grand rounds!' and 'Guard, turn out!' was a signal which I willingly obeyed, for I knew that in about one hour afterwards I should be in

the arms of the god of sleep.
Slipping on my cloak and cap, and grasping my sword, I placed myself in ront of the guard, and received the field officer, who briefly asked me if all wa correct, directed me to dismiss my guard and rode off without saying 'Good night,' proceeding that I thought rather for mal. Giving directions to the sergeant to call me in an hour, for the purpose of visiting the sentries, I threw myself into my arm chair, and tried to read a novel. The time passed very quickly, and I had a nap or two, and the sergeant soon apover to say that a quadrille was waiting

peared with a lantern to conduct me round the sentries. It was a terrible night, the wind blowing hard, whilst the snow and sleet were driving along before it. The thermometer was several degrees below freezing, and I felt that I deserved much from my country for performing so conscientiously my arduous duties. The sentries were very much scattered, and I had to walk nearly two miles to visit them all. I accomplished my task, however, and returned to the guard room, where I treated myself to a stiff glass of grog, and throwing off my regimentals, I jumped into bed, feeling that I really deserved the

luxury. In a few minutes I was fast asleep, not even dreaming of any of my fair partners of the ball, but sound asleep. Suddenly I became conscious of a great noise, which sounded like a drum being beaten At first I did not realize my position, and ould not remember where I was, but at last it flashed across me that something was the matter. Jumping out of hed, I

called to know who was there. The sergeant answered in a great hurry saying: 'The field officer of the day is coming, and the guard is turning out. I rushed to my boots, pulled them on over my unstockinged feet; thrust my sword-arm into my large regimental cloak, which I pulled over me; janamed my forage cap on my head and, grauping my sword looked to the outward observer as though 'fit for parade.'

I was just in time to receive the field officer, who again asked me if my guard was correct, I answered, rather in a tone of surprise, and said-'Yes, sir; all correct.' I could not imagine why my guard should be visited twice, as such a proceeding was very unusual, and perhaps my tone seemed to imply that I was in its course through all the varied surprised. Whether it was that, or whether a treacherous gust of wind removed the folds of my cloak, and exhibited the slightest taste in life of the end of my night shirt, I know not; but the field officer, instead of riding off when he received my answer, turned his horse's head in the opposite direction, and said-Now, sir, I want you to accompany me round the sentries.'

accompany him to the region below, I vince is now the battle field of Prussia. scarce have been more horrortruck, for already I had found the change of temperature between a warm room and the outside sir; and to walk two miles on a windy, frosty night, with no raiment besides boots, night shirt and cloak was really suffering for one's country, and no mistake. I dared not show the slightest hesitation, however, for fear the state of my attire m.ight be suspected though I would have given a week's pay chief subsistence, save when in descent to have escaped for five minutes. A noncommissioned officer was ready with a in the plains they extend their forays lantern, and we started on our tour of in

The field officer asked several questions connected with the condition and duties of the sentries, which I answered as well as the chattering of my teeth would allow me. The most nervous work, however, was passing the gas lamps, which were yards. The wind was blowing so fresh impactly that it was with difficulty I could hold to prey upon the carcass of his brother they commence kissing them as lovers, placed at intervals of one or two hundred

my cloak around me, and conceal the abnence of my undergarments. Every now and then an extra gust of wind come come round a corner, and would quite defeat all the precautions which I had adopted to encounter the steady gale. I managed to dodge in the shade as much s possible, and more than once ran the horse, as I slunk behind him when the

VOL. 58.--NO. 46.

gas light might have revealed too much. It was terribly cold to be sure, the wind and snow almost numbing my limbs. I had a kind of faint hope that the field officer might think that I belonged to a Highland regiment, and if he did observe the scantiness of my attire, he might believe that the kilt would explain it, I struggled and shivered ou, end, and that my 'rounds' must come to an end before long. But I feared that I should not again get warm during the

We had nearly completed our tour, and were within a few hundred yards of the guard room, when we passed the field officer's quarters. I fondly hoped that he would not pass them, and that he would dismiss me at the door, but I was rather surprised to see a blaze of light come from the windows, and to hear the ound of music. It was evident that there was a 'hop' going on inside, and I already began to tremble, from a sort of instinct, that even worse misfortunes were yet to attend me.

My premonitions were true, for, upon reaching his door, my persecutor, quite a cheerful tone, said : 'Well, we've had a cold tour; you must now come in, and take a glass of wine, and perhaps a waltz will warm

'I'm really much obliged,' I hastily answered; 'but I should not like to leave my guard.'

will be all right. You must come in .-This 'must' he said in quite a determined I felt desperate, and again declared that I thought it would be wrong to

leave my guard.

'I'll take the responsibility,' said the demon; 'so come along;' saying which, he grasped my arm, and almost dragged me into the porch of his quarters. When we entered the house, and were exposed to the light of the hall lamps, I fancied I saw a slight twinkle in the eye of the officer, and I began to wonder whether he really knew of my predicament, and wished to have his joke. He however, gave no other intimations that I saw, but quickly took off his cloak, and said that I had better do the same. See

ing me hesitate, he said : 'Come, look alive; off with it.' Further remonstrance, il found, would be useless, so that there was no help for me but a full confession. Summor my courage, and fearing to hesitate, blucted out: 'Colonel, I've no trousers

The deuce you haven't!' he said .-'Well, you'd better go and put them on, and then come here as soon as possible and have a glass of something warm.' I rushed out of his quarters, half determined not to return. I was fully awake now, and shivered like a half drowned dog; but no sooner had I dressed myself than the

I determined to put a bold face on the matter, and entered the drawing room, where a party of about fifty had assembled. It was evident by the titters of the young ladies, the grins of the men, and the subdued smiles of the dowagers, that

my story was known. The colonel had told it as a good joke o the major, who had whispered it to his wife; she had breathed it into the ear of two of her triends, and in about ten minutes every person in the room knew that a young subaltern had unwillingly gone his rounds in his night shirt.

As long as I staid in that garrison I was a standing joke. When the girls saw me they always looked away and smiled, and it seemed as impossible for me to obtain a serious answer from any of them as for a clown to preach a sermon. They even seemed afraid to dance with me, fearing, as I afterwards heard, to look at my legs, lest I might be deficient in some article of raiment. I soon exchanged, and went into another regiment; and years afterwards heard my own adventure related in a crowded room, all the details of the story being true except the name of the performermy misfortune having been attributed to an unfortunate fellow who died in India. I never went to bed on guard after that

> [From the Turf, Field and Farm.] A WOLF STORY.

A weird-like romance hangs over the heights that crown the river Rhine.-Tales of fuedal magnificence in ancient times rival the stories that lead romantic history to scenes of the same character in Scotland, and the Rhine passes changes of ragged magnificence to the calm waters bounded by fertile valleys resembling rather the placid quiet of

a lake than the progress of a stream. The Upper Rhine formed a frontier department of France and Alsace, which belonged to the German Empire till 1568, after passing to the control of Austria, was finally annexed to France by Louis XVL in 1697, and the pro-In the west of this province are the chains of the Vosges and Jura mountains. These stretch in gloomy magnificence, and with the exception of the poor Alsatian weavers, are rarely penetrated save by an adventurous hunter in pursuit of game. The chamois here are sought by the sportsman or pursued by the wolf, who makes this nimble footed courser of the forest their upon some fertile and cultivated spot

to the sheepfold of the peasant. Rarely, however, does the wolf make these incursions, unless impelled by the stern dictates of hunger. This spurs the natural laziness of his disposition, and then becomes the most ravenous of animals, exercising all the sagacity of the fox, with an insatiate rapacity that leads him in extremity

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wolf. The fetid oder of his body is so disagreeable that the dogs will hardly attack him, and the flesh refused to be eaten, even by the bloodhound who

pursues his trail. An old hunter relates a night's exporience in the forest of the Vosges when the presence of these animals was more numerous than at the present time) and how, by an ingenious ruse, he defended himself and dogs from the onset of a pack of these rapacious beasts.

Night had overtaken the hunter more than a league and a half from the nearest civilized border. Accustomed to the bivouac, he did not hesitate to spend the night in the forest, relying upon the results of the day's labor for satisfactory meal, which with a huntsman's providential skiil, was duly prepared by the cheerful fire that contributed both nourishment and warmth. No sign of a lurking foe was remarked until roused by the instinct of his dogs, who crouched at his feet, their hair bristling with terror, the expert hunter was warned of a present langer. An instant's reflection, and if he had any doubt in the cause, it was certified by the prolonged howl, rather than bark, which distinguishes the wolf from the dog. The hunter had ensconced himself in the fissure of a caverned rock, and he felt secure that he could be attacked from one side only. So he prepared himself against any surprise, and, casting fresh wood upon the fire, peered into the darkness, where the dark forms, with gleaming eyes, revealed the presence of his wolfish assailants. The hunter felt that to make an open attack, or even forcibly resist assault, would be a useless hope. He well knew that the brightness of the fire would deter immediate assault. The only fear was, that his supply of material falling short, this method of defence would be exhausted.

At last a bright thought suggested tself to his hunter's experience, and knowing that the nature of wolves was sometimes appalled by the scraping of violin, he drew from his breast his flute, and struck upon it the highest keys in the loudest notes.

The effect was instantaneous as renarkable. A rushing sound of flying feet sounded accompaniment to the notes of the flute, and the rustling of leaves in the distance died away as the ravenous pack fled to the inner recesses of the forest. The hunter slept no more that night, but vigilantly stood guard until the patrol of the moon had passed, and the gleam of day assured im of present safety.

THE SHOWMAN'S SICK CHILD.

Doctor Lemoni was one of the most ourtly and affable of Paris physicians. He was once called upon by an athletic, ruddy personage, who certainly seemed in no individual need of the distinguished Doctor's advice; the latter, too, in kind effort to reassure his embarrassed visitor, addressed him with his igual politeness and condescension

' Monsieur, I am the proprietor of menagerie, said the square shouldered man, and one of my children is

of that after a winter with your child."

Monsieur, the splinter has festered in his thigh, and he will not let any one touch it; he is headstrong, for all he is very gentle. It will be necessary, I know, to perform a slight operation, but he is violent and headstrong about but he is violent and headstrong about

'Four years only. But I am afraid he will bite or scratch you if you at-tempt to touch him. You must admin-ister chloroform.' 'Not at all my good man. Your child cannot be very dangerous in the exer-clse of his temper if he is only four

Leave his violence to me. How old

cise of his temper years old.'

But he is large for his age—'
No, no; I will go with you to see your boy. It were folly to administer chloroform in such a case.' chloroform in such a case."
'But monsieur, you do not know him so well as I,' continued the man, importunately. 'I pray, I beseech you to take the chloroform all the same, in

case you should need it.

To dispel the anxieties of the nervous
man, Doctor Lemoni carried with him
the required anæsthetic, and shortly arthe required anæsthetic, and shortly arrived at the house of the beast tamor.

'I have put him up stairs, doctor, where the poor fellow would be undisturbed. Ascend with me, please.'

They mounted to a kind of loft. The doctor having entered, the showman followed, and closing the door behind him, quickly locked it. The former turning in some surprise, descried a full grown lion slowly approaching them, with an unquestionably wicked and menacing snarl.

menacing snari.

The beast tamer grew pale; and when he addressed some soothing; brute language to the animal, his voice trembled. The doctor was not only ghastly pale but covered with a cold sweat."

For heaven's sake, doctor, be quick!

pale but covered with a cold sweat.

For heaven's sake, doctor, be quick!

whispered the beast tamer, hoarsely;

he is ugly to-day!

Still showing his white teeth, the lion on crouched in an attitude preparatory to a spring. He dashed the chloroform which he held in the animal's face.

The latter recolled, and began to droop under the effects of the drug. This permitted a still further administration of under the effects of the drug. This permitted a still further administration of it, till he was finally stretched power-less before them. The operation then required was made upon the wound, and the proper restoratives applied.

Neither the doctor nor showman spoke a word until they had descended the steps.

'Monsieur,' said the showman, 'you have sayed by your wonderful presence.

have saved, by your wonderful presence of mind, a life whose value is incalcula-ble to me. Permit me to offer you my grateful thanks and to give you your fee.' And he handed the other a hun-

dred franc note.

'Thank you, Monsieur Dompteur,' replied the physician, 'and when you again have need of services, for a simidred franc note. ar case, I pray you——,
I will certainly call you in.

'No, no, that is not what I intended pray summon some other doctor.

A sweet young lady says that males are of no account from the time the ladies stop kissing them as infants till