THE BEETLE.

BY THOMAS CARLYLE.

Poor hobbling beetle, need'st not haste;
Should traveler, traveler like thee,
Pause the journey through the waste,
No foot of mine shall work thee harm.

Who knows what errand grave thou hast—
"Small family" that have not all
Lodged under pebble there they fast,
Yet head of house have raised the wind?

Man's bread lies "among the feet of men:"
For cark and moil sufficient cause;
Who cannot sow would reap; and then
In Beelzebub are no poor laws.

And if thy wife and thou agree
But ill, as like were short of victuals,
I swear, the public sympathy
Thy fortune mortifieth, poor beetle.

Alas! and I should do thee stealth—
To realize of stealth with heritage send!
Ha, judged thee worthy pains of death,
On earth, save me, without a friend?

Pass on, poor beetle! Venerable
Art thou, were wonders ne'er so rife;
Then best what Bel to Tower of Babel
Not gave; the chief of wonders—Life.

Also of "ancient family."
Though small in size, of features dark,
What Dibreeth's peer surpasseth thee?
Thy ancestor was in Noah's ark.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Le Nouveau Monde is a handsome weekly paper published in the French language at 91 Walker street, New York. It contains political sketches, editorials, correspondence, sketches, short biographies, light anecdotes and witticisms, graced with all the charm of French conversation; and is printing now, for its running novel, one of the romances of M. M. Erckmann-Chatrain, whose efforts have been so powerful in diverting the tastes of the reading public away from military glories—so powerful, that owing chiefly to these novels, the Emperor now finds it impossible to arrive at any estimate for the centennial anniversary of his uncle.

We likewise receive the last number of the Paris *Monde Illustré*, one of the two great illustrated weeklies of France. This number contains, among its pictorial riches, a page of Cham's bewildering jokes, and portraits of the late Paris lion, the Sultan of Bengal, and his sons. The literary matter of a French paper like this is of a higher quality than that of an English or American illustrated weekly; each article is signed by a name of prominence.

The *Nouveau Monde* and *Monde Illustré* may be subscribed for together at a considerable advantage.

A MARRIAGE IN EGYPT.

(Correspondence of London News.)

CAIRO, April 7.—The Viceroy's oldest daughter has just been married according to the Mohammedan customs, and yesterday she was driven away in state from the palace of her grandmother to the house of Mansour Pacha, the bridegroom. The prenuptial festivities lasted for three days and three nights. At daybreak on Monday, intermittible peals of cannon on high from the citadel and after from the plain below, awoke a vast assemblage of Cairines and visitors from the large towns and villages of the far-reaching viceroyalty. Presently bugles, fifes and kettle-drums announced infantry and cavalry parading through the streets. Mounted sentinels and men of the line strode in the direction of Kasr-Asli, that great block of buildings overlooking the river Nile. The lofty palace walls and the great plain adjoining were surrounded by gaily bestreaked wooden lattice-work, swarming like wasps' nests, and with its dirty ledge of lanterns, each with its dip ready to be lighted when the sun would go down. Banners, flags and streamers of all shades soared on high and fluttered to the cooling wind. Soldiery and conscripts formed a guard at first, then straggled onwards with a jostling but well-behaved holiday-clad population, eager to witness the grand national sights and pastimes on all sides of the vast area, lined by many colored tents, with gilt tagged damask furniture brought hither from palaces and government offices, empty and abandoned during the three days feasting. But the government clerks are not lazy. They are arranging the tents for the grand banquets to be given.

There was to be indiscriminately feeding for the rich and the poor. And so there was. Invitations had been issued for three grand consecutive banquets to Europeans each evening at about seven o'clock; whole herds of bullocks and flocks of sheep, and plantations of rice and sugloads of macaroni were all day and night offered to a less pretentious crowd of natives. They filled themselves to their hearts' content, and then squatted on the dusty earth, round trellised booths, from which peeped at times, or emerged by some chance which amusing boy or girl, great man to tent or plain, singing-girls reciting their plaintive melodies, deserving no doubt of the interest they excite, or dancing-girls bedecked in "purple and gold," sallied forth from their lookings-on of the day, and after dinner in the evening, for the delectation of the Europeans. It was a vast, tent, characteristic of the colossal wealth and lub-nulled munificence of Ismail Pacha, offering a never-ending subject of novel interest and its pursuits. Here a dense crowd surrounding an enclosure for jeroed throwing horsemen. There another equally motley and picturesque throng, watching athletes lifting ponderous weights. Presently legerdemainly Greeks perched on gigantic sea-saws, throwing ivory balls in rapid indefatigable sequence, lighter still, men on lightrope balancing weights again, on end of poles. Below all this, hemmed in by the admiring multitude, men dressed as corypheus, wriggling about like the Arab dancing-girls, to the sound of the native music, which, of a particular tune or time. Then came jugglers holding great serpents by their tails, or spitting them on monkeys to an attack; exasperating a goat until, pour animal, it butted at a monkey. There was a little modest gambling—native staking their diminutive silver currency of copper coins, half-pence, farthing-pence or pennies, on cards as in England at race meetings. Presently a balloon was despatched, and thousands of eyes were riveted on it as soaring higher and higher, the astounded people thought it would go right over heaven with its inmate, but enter the heavenly realms of Mohammed at once instead. Moreover, a circus had taken root among the other shows and exhibitions performing there in the day, and throughout the night in the palace across the way. There in the harem sat its ladies in state, glorious to behold in their gay silk attire and profusion, sparkling with of precious stones, glittering in happy harmony with the gold-dust trimmed double-piled carpets, gilt-legged tables and furniture, gleaming mirrors and chandeliers.

Toys from the Black Forest and Nuremberg, music boxes, talking dolls, policbinelles in gay attire, cats and kittens and other animals lined the walls, and caused merriment during the Princess's *matinee musicale*, varied occasionally by a troupe of native singing girls. Ladies on visits of congratulation arrived during the morning. Her bridegroom gave three grand banquets to the principal European ladies of Egypt on the evenings of Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The after-dinner proceedings appear to have been very attractive. Besides the circus the ladies had theatricals. The troupe had been ordered to the selamlik of the harem, when the native princesses and their European guests watched from their trellis-worked galleries the performances below. From their windows they saw the splendid display of fireworks on the adjacent plain. Catharine wheels, "pluie d'or," many-colored rockets appeared forever in the air, and the gay scene was quickened by different colored Bengal lights. After dinner, in one of the tents with a great many other favored guests, and listening after supper to the military bands at their posts in the illuminated galleries which towered above, a visit was suggested to the bridegroom. Past the brilliant illuminations, and then through narrow streets, dark as pitch—the moon has not yet risen—we drove, until a fresh blaze of petroleum lamps and cars rises obstructing the thoroughfare and during an approach to Mansour Pacha's palace. The eyes were fairly dazzled as they beheld the spacious courtyard draped with rich colored silks, cashmeres and variegated cloths, like an awning on board some leviathan vessel, splendidly illuminated, and full of Arabs in their gay dress. Two military bands played alternately, and Cashmere wheels and Bengal lights enhanced the gorgeous theatrical scene of Oriental magnificence. Inside coffee and pipes were proffered, and Mansour was very courteous. Greets were dancing, and a ballad knocking away that canonical shaped paper bals. Here, too, there had been festivities for the last three days. They were brought to a close yesterday morning. In the afternoon the Pacha's young wife was conducted to his house from the palace of her mother at Kasr-Asli. It was a very grand procession, the Viceroy, attended by his son and Ministers, saw it as it passed from the palace the Prince and Princess of Wales inhabited when here. His highness had invited a numerous assemblage of ladies and gentlemen. First came a squadron of cuirassiers, and then four other squadron of cuirassiers, and then followed venerable-looking men, with grand turbans, long flowing robes and white turbans, on horseback. With their regimental bands playing the two squadrons wheeled about round the palace, and then, after the Arabs holding prominent places in the viceroy's household, the infantry came in view. They were preceded by mounted officers, and as recent *parade* of pioneers, with beards and white leather aprons and axes. Then there were the men, headed by their band playing the lively *Zouave pas*, and dressed as such also. Afterwards the strains of more martial music announced more battalions of fresh arriving troops, dressed like French voltigeurs. Again, lively Arabs on horseback followed the *sortige*, and presently there came carriages drawn by pairs of horses, and driven by gaily-lace coated coachmen. As carriage after carriage moved on, displaying every conceivable shape, a veiled lady peered out from the draped windows. And presently gaily dressed servants led on splendidly appointed carriages—but only more splendid than all there came the gilt coach containing the bride. Her attendants sat on the boxes, and others walked at the horses' heads. It was altogether a very brilliant pageant. The procession reached Mansour Pacha's at about five o'clock, and in the evening the Viceroy and his son and Gaiwar Palace in honor of the marriage, which was continued with the usual spirit until late hour this morning. The Viceroy and his son were present.

WISCONSIN SPORTS.

A Wolf Hunt.

(From the Baraboo (Wisconsin) Republic, April 1.)

On the 31st inst., after the last flurry of snow, four Sinnons of Greenfield smelt a wolf. Captain John C. Miller, Wilbur Allison and Peter (not Simon Peter nor Peter Funk, but Peter his brother), together with all and all Greenfield and five other dogs, armed mostly with fire arms and no fire-water this quartette of Nimrods, set out on the first trace. The Greenfield Wolf-slayers, sallied forth on the 4th, in quest of the wolf that had been offensive to their delicacies. The great old dog hound soon bayed out a yell in dog-Latin, which any Nimrod would translate into English. Soon the man part of the pine came up to where a big wolf had, like a Gideon's hunter in good season,

"Stack her tow-sacks in the ground.

So! where she's wanted she might be found!"

And away they went, pursuers and pursued. For a time Wolfy took the chase as though weren't worth of a shower, and wended her way in paths of pleasantness. But perhaps a sight of the hound's deep mouth, and the bulldog's broad ear, reminded her that behind those hunters deployed in the hill really wanted a wolf skin. And so,

"With a long gallop, which can tire,
The deer-hound's latter, the hunter's fire,

She plunged away to her den.

Here the chase was continued. The dogs tired; the men tired, and at times almost despaired of the hope that the wolf had left the place at all. But the great hound kept locking forth words of dog hope, and when the pack wanted their hands in concert, he lifted up their voices in unison and Wildcat Hollow, which is the town of Greenfield, where the men said to the old hound: Dog, of a truth thou art no fool.

Wildcat Hollow is adapted to wolf-breeding. A wild, ghostly place, suggestive of fierce beasts of prey and all manner of wild cats, grim, brownies, bogles, spooks and unholy apparitions. A basto, as t'were, with jagged rocks and jagged cliffs, where owls and bats do sojourn, and the she-wolf with her whelps may gaze skulk in security, where the wildcat's brindled kits mew out a response to the horned owl hooting defiance like the King of the Night to the watch-dogs that howl afar. Far up in these cliffs stood the pack, wagging their tails in dog-talk, saying, "We're boiled!" The hunters knew by the dogs' voices about how many feet in extent the den must be, and so spurring on as a room, and several feet under ground. The entrance would a wolf, but not a man. Well, this narrative would have been hearing how Captain Miller made a regular old fire, and of himself by pulling Madame Wolf a personal visit in her own bedroom. So, they dug, some ten feet from the hole, at a point where they could hear the boiling, express a desire to lock jaws with the wolf. The feeling was all rock; and the hounds' tongues and protest out boulders bigger than several oxen could draw. At length they brew on a rock which made a hole right square over where Mra. W. stood in a corner of cavities, conclusive, keeping the dogs at bay. Her back was right exposed, high Captain Miller's feet, and he grabbed her but she gave such a spring that she squirmed loose, but so much dog assisted as she met in her flight. Madam soon crowded her back to the hole, when Capt. rendered unto her a good and first one bind foot, and then the other, and then deliberately cut her hamstrings with a jack knife, and then Cap. securing a good foothold, gave her a swing out of the hole past him, down the craggy cliff. Her jaws snapped as loud and fierce as big steel-trap as she went past his legs; but his giant arms threw her clear, and soon a bull-dog might have been seen with his best grip in a monstrous great gray ear—hold, check, as though he had a lifelong affection for her, while hound introduced a few nips of his long teeth to her spinal column. There was soon a dead wolf and a jubilant party of Nimrods on their way to refreshments, and a town and county bounty. And let every sheep and other good citizen return thanks.

The Hawaiian Divers.

Sometimes the native children tie a long pole so as to project from a bank over deep water, along this they chase each other to the utmost end, leaping in regular succession, into the water. Leaping from high, perpendicular cliffs is a favorite and daring sport with the men. They choose a place where the water is not less than fifteen or twenty feet in depth at the foot of the cliff; then taking a running rap, to get fairly under way—like Washington Irving's Dutchman, who started to jump over the mountain—they bound far into the air from the edge of the cliff. As the leaper falls from that dizzy height—sometimes a hundred feet by measurement—toward the water, his hands hinder, almost double, as in wanton muscular play; but just before striking the water he partially straightens himself so as, his whole body is slightly curved forward at the moment of the plunge, and the feet are, perhaps, a foot in advance of a perpendicular line let fall from the head. He strikes the water without a splash, entering it with the quick dull *attack* that a smooth pebble makes when thrown forcibly to the water, and at an angle with the surface so nicely calculated that he is actually brought to the surface again by the momentum of his fall. With his body curved as I have described, he shoots through the air of a circle under the water, and after two or three seconds comes up, feet foremost. The first thing you see of him is his toes, emerging from the water fifteen or twenty feet in front of the place where he made the plunge. The feat is more daring and beautiful than this.

The sensations experienced by one who falls from a great height have not, I think, been described in print. A singular good fortune having made the writer of this article *expert* in the Hawaiian manner, he is able to give some account of them. Until he was thoroughly practiced in the leap, you have a decided inclination to think twice about the matter before you risk it. You first dive at the foot of the cliff, and satisfy yourself that there is sufficient depth of water. You watch one after another of your companions as they bound away in long, parabolic curves from the edge of the cliff; and you find some nerve to throw yourself deliberately into the air, and take your place at the head of a high precipice into which, the place is severely lofty and seems much more comfortable place. At last nerving yourself, you run and leap. Instantly you have a feeling of floating rather than of falling—such a feeling, I suppose as a bird has when rapidly alighting from an elevated flight. There is no sense of *accelerated* motion as you fall; but you feel your hair blown up ward by a fierce current of air. This does not, however, in the least embarrass your breathing. The notion that people have "their breath taken away" in falling from a high place is erroneous. In an instant comes the plunge; and you must enter the water in exactly the right position, or it will hurt you more like the solid earth. If you enter with a splash you meet its resistance too suddenly, and may be lamed or stunned. The great leaper, Kaleo, lost his life thus. He had the posse sed Hawaiian skill and a sober head to enter properly into the water, but in his falling, as in his last leap at Genesee Falls. Could an islander have taught him how to come on *feet foremost*, he might have been alive and leaping at the present day. You, wiser than he, come safely to the surface, swim ashore and prepare for another leap.—*Hearth and Home.*

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