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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY GENERAL W. H. LYTLE.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast;
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O queen, support me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more;
Though my wrecked and shattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that slew him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow;
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
Ere his star fades quite away,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within a widowed home;
Seek her; say the gods have told me—
Altars, augurs, circling wings—
That her blood with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings!

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the way to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile.
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches—
Let his brow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the senate's triumph,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die!
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell;
Isis and Osiris guard thee;
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

JESSIE.

When Uncle Feodorardo left this world of ours—which doubtless he looks back upon with a sight that pierces the secret of the storms and showers and sunshine of it—he left a great gap in it for all the children. What a blessing he was to childkind, to be sure! And what a peculiar blessing to one mite out of that kind, Jessie by name!

How this little white mite would have kept alive at all, at one time, instead of dissolving back into her elements, if Uncle Feodorardo had not taken her in hand, is one of those dark questions to be worked out with chemical equations; he reminded you, in the process, of those Japanese jugglers who with their fans keep butterflies fluttering on the air around them, which, if the fan ceased, and they fell to the ground, would be merely the original atoms of torn white paper again. For the changeling was so slight a thing that you could see the sun shine through her hand, and they had threatened to hang her up in the window for a transparency; and she was finally allowed to run wild, in hopes that she might lose her blanched house-plant look, and get a little of the vigor of the out-door weeds.

It was with this end in view that Uncle Feodorardo—no uncle of hers, by-the-by, any more than of all the little people in town, but an exile who had been adopted into everybody's heart in the new home—would entice the flaxen-haired piece of mischief into his garden across the way, and, giving her a little spade, would set her to digging anywhere in the warm brown earth. "She is our mother," said Uncle Feodorardo. "We are made of dust. When we are peaking, her touch is our best cure." He offered Jessie wages for the work she was to do with her little spade—wages quite as large as Uncle Feodorardo could afford, for he earned his own livelihood from his garden, and at any rate quite the market value of the work performed—wages of a penny an hour, and which she was to claim when she could conscientiously say she had delved sixty minutes. Sometimes it took Jessie a whole week before she could honestly earn her penny, for she had a thousand things in that garden to divert her, since nature and Feodorardo together conspired to keep her active where she could be drinking in health from all the winds that blew about her.

A thousand things to divert her; for one, there were the toad-houses. Uncle Feodorardo had thought it necessary for the health of his roots and plants to call the toads to his assistance. He had, moreover, made acquaintance with these gentry every one, as they came; he fed them with fine fat spiders, and now and then a wasp for a peppery sort of relish; he gave them names, and he built them houses out of flat stones, that looked like the Druids' tables at Stonehenge seen through an inverted telescope; supposing there were a telescope of that range with some sort of clockwork put in the rondure of the earth. Some of these toads had been in the garden for years, and Uncle Feordorardo declared they had saved him the hire of a man; they had a quaint resemblance to those respectable antiquities that you see loitering round the mail or the market in old county towns, and whose faces look like the gnarls of twisted oak trees. Jessie covertly watched these strange beings a great many minutes together out of her sixty; the poor child believed all sorts of things about them, chiefly in connection with her story books, such as the possibility of their having once been proud young princes enchanted by a wicked witch into this knotty and knobby shape; she wondered in herself, when she dared, after long desire, to stretch out a straw and tickle one of these enchanted princes into jumping a distance twenty times his length; and she was seen to bring a basin of water from which she sprinkled old Torkle, while pronouncing over him the magic exorcism pronounced by the great Fairy Renarva over the famous Count Maxo, who had been bewitched into a barberry bush, in the tale—though it did no good in this case, for old Torkle always remained a toad. Nor was the little detective ever able to see the fairy step from the dwarf plumb-bush in the corner of the garden, in whose depth it was well understood her court was held, though she laid many a traverse to do so; but she once surprised a splendid humming-bird, all gold and gauze and rubies and emeralds, darting into the centre of the bush, and she never had a doubt in her own mind that it was some belted knight among the fairy queen's followers.

You may imagine that, with so much to call off her truant thoughts, Jessie was a long while earning her penny, let the old sun dial help her as much as it would—and the sun dial had no regard for truth at all. There was a deserted wasp's nest, too, full of charming cells, like some antediluvian honeycomb, that Uncle Feodorardo had opened for her—leaving a moment the earth which he always seemed to be turning in over his buried treasons and troubles, and which was of great use in the drama of her little fancies. And there was the house on top of the hop-pole, out of which a predatory pair of blue jays had driven the owners, that they might set up their own housekeeping therein, though fate fell upon the blue jays, in the shape of Miss Puss, just as their fledglings peeped, greatly to the dismay of Jessie, who had long since forgotten their original sin. There were Jack and Jill, also a brace of young setters, who pranced and raced like wild horses through the paths, and in their caresses would fairly throw their playmate down and tread on her, till she laughed with pleasure and screamed with fear, in a mixture of sweet and sour emotions, like a mental or moral sherbet. And then there were the flowers, the healthy herbs, the handsome blossoms, the poisonous ones. It was a singular circumstance that the latter were those that pleased the child the more, whether it were by some horrific attraction of toxicology, such as a baby Borgia might have felt, or whether it were because such a thin and impalpable boundary separated her from the atmosphere of death that she must needs haunt the region and breathe the scent of poison, by natural appulse; but she would hang over them and scrutinize them with the patience of a botanist, as if, indeed, she expected to see some dark dim form take visibility above them and reveal itself to her. Last of all, there was a wonderful parrot, with a gold crown on his head, who went pic-nicing in the cherry tree, being lame of a wing, talking and singing and cracking the stones all day long; and Jessie was never tired of looking at his curves and colors, and of course she never for a moment believed that he was merely a bird. With all these pets and playthings to attend to, and all the obscure unknown land which they peopled just beyond her ken, it was certainly a long time before Jessie could count up her chalk marks on the gate, and go to Uncle Feodorardo for her penny.

But when, at last, the penny was hers, no more garden-work, or play either, for that day! It was business, serious business. She had hied away with it to the corner grocery, and it was a weary forenoon to the wretched clerk behind the counter there, who must have grown to dread the sight of that little figure, if he did regard its approach as an expiation of his own peccadilloes among the cakes and sweatmeats.

Jessie was not like those good little children who put their pennies in the missionary box: she felt, perhaps, that there was a little heathen here at home that wanted the penny; and though she was anything but starved, yet, except on the rare occasions when she bought a tiny china baby as naked as a papoose, she always spent that penny for her palate. But stingy with her bargain—bargain it was always—a jury of her peers could not have declared her: for though she quarrelled and scuffled with her sisters, in the morning, for the wash-basin or the towels, she always gave them a bite of her macaroon, or her tart, or her plum, in the afternoon—crying a little bit if they took too big a bite.

She would begin her bargaining by pricing everything in all the jars deliberately, until at last the half distracted clerk would cry, "Now you know the price of everything in this shop, see here! And you can buy or you can let it alone. The Gibraltars are a cent apiece, and so are the barley sugar sticks, and the apples, and the ginger snaps. And we don't sell white grapes by the cent's worth, nor guava jelly. And I shan't let you have a quince anyway, because it would give you a colic, and your ma wouldn't like it, and, besides, quinces are two cents this year!"

"How much is jujube-paste?" Jessie would ask then, oblivious of the slight to her dignity involved in the reference to colic.

"Well, you can have a stick of that for a cent."

"I don't know as I like jujube-paste," hesitatingly, and climbing higher with her dangerous elbows on the show case.

"Then what did you ask about it for?" the clerk would say tartly. "We have it in all flavors," he would add, from mere habit. "Then there's Jenny Lind chewing gum," in a tone half questioning, half advising.

"I like real gum better than that," is the reply.

"We're all out of spruce," teetering back and forth on his heels and toes.

"Haven't you any gum drops?" Jessie would ask.

"Oh, yes, plenty of those," snatching at relief.

"How many——"

"Six for a cent!" plainly and emphatically.

"I don't think that's quite enough," gently, but full as decidely.

"Very well. That's the best we can do for you," taking out his pocket-comb now, and soothing his mind by its use.

"Do you ever sell a piece of an apple?"

"Good gracious! I'll give you a bite!" cries the clerk desperately.

"Oh, no," she answers sweetly; "I don't want you to give me anything. Not begging; I'm buying," grand as a little archduchess.

"Well, then, what will you have?" he demands, leaning over the counter in a state of exhaustion.

"I suppose, though, you don't throw anything in when people buy?" slightly modifying her grandeur as even archduchesses may.

"Not your sort," says this Bayard of the boxes.

"I didn't ask you to throw anything in!" indignantly. "I said I supposed you didn't!"

"Come, time's up!" cries her victim, as a last resort. "What'll you take? I'm going to close, and go home to dinner."

"I guess, then, I'll take a cocoanut cake. You said they were ——."

"A cent apiece. Yes," with satisfaction at the prospect. And then, as Jessie lays her little hand on the largest one, he is obliged to remark, "But that size is three cents."

Sometimes Jessie withdrew with her cent at this point, outraged and insulted, and made no purchase all that day. But she carried the cent to bed with her; her first thought on waking in the morning was concerning it; her first act was to feel for it; it lay beside her breakfast plate, and no sooner was she her own mistress again than she returned, bright and early, to her charge, and renewed her haggling.

I have known this state of things to last for a week, or, at any rate, till the next penny made this one less precious, for she had almost reduced her practice to a system; she knew that the old woman under the bridge gave you one more peanut for your money than the man in the booth did; she knew that in the shop down the street they didn't say anything if you did take the biggest Nelson ball, and she knew that, for some occult reason, maple sugar was half the price at the baker's that it was at the confectioner's; but for all that she clung chiefly to her clerk at the corner grocery, whether it was for his patience or his *beaux-yeux*. At times there she was so long in making up her mind that she would take a seat and have the articles brought to her—for decision—all with a gravity sweetly unconscious that her purchase was not as important as a millionaire's. One morning, having established herself on the top of a pile of Connecticut clocks, during this operation, prolonged now beyond all measure, and having fairly worn out the poor clerk with her doubts and her desires, she had half resolved to forego the dainty contemplated and to effect the weighty purchase of a leaden skillet, when another temptation arrested her; and with a remembrance, possibly, of the variable price current of the article, she asked, "How many raisins do you give for a cent now?"

"That many!" cried the clerk, thrusting his arms into the cask beneath the counter, and showing her a double handful, with an air that said he would give the whole cask to be rid of her, and think it cheap at any price.

The sight gladdened those greedy little bright eyes of hers. She settled herself firmly on the advantage. She was just about to conclude the bargain, when, smash! she sank through the uppermost glass clock, and, extricating herself, ignominiously, she snatched the skillet, threw down the penny, and ran! A costly skillet, by the way, it was, since Uncle Feodorardo paid the price of the clock for it in the end.

At that disastrous occurrence Uncle Feodorardo thought it best to discontinue the penny, and make Jessie other amends for her labors; and he presently brought to light a marvelous hat that he had in hiding somewhere. He had clapped this hat on the imp's lint-white locks, and she was thoroughly confident there could have been nothing in it but the lining—that it was as empty, in fact, as Lydia Locket's pocket—and yet when she took it off there was candy enough in the crown to make her sick. This was a great deal better than the old way, for here were not only the proceeds of one but many cents—candies, too, such as she had never seen or dreamed of, and then there was, moreover, that attendant mystery dear to the soul of Jessie. She listened to the words that Uncle Feodorardo muttered when he shook the hat, and although she caught the shibboleth in time, in vain she repeated it, no candy came for her; and she might have grown suspicious that Uncle Feodorardo had been banished from his country on account of his magical arts, if he had not confided to her the secret of the little pouch, up his coat sleeve, emptied at the right moment into the hat; and none so proud as Jessie to repeat the experiment with every child she met, so long as her candy lasted—which was many days, as she usually made her awestruck beholders give it back to her, and on no account did more than nibble it herself as a white mouse might have done—or until her long-sleeved tier happened to be changed for one with no sleeves at all. But Uncle Feodorardo would never tell her the secret of the hollow bamboo stick, out of which, if she could believe her own eyes, she was once sure she saw two white rabbits leap like a streak of light. Nor did he ever tell her what sort of seed or sucker it was that produced his famous ginger bread tree.

This tree overhung the fence and looked much like a common lime tree; and you would have said, had you not known the difference that it was the same great mass of blossoms, and birds, and bees, and leaves all quivering in the sunshine; but it bore, from early May till late October, a most astonishing crop of jumbles and ladies' fingers and hearts, and rounds, and snaps, and no less astonishing was the fact that the singular fruit always chose its time for falling just as the children were going home from school, so that none of it was ever left to litter the ground. Once Jessie watched a child idly throwing a stone into the branches, when down tumbled a cruller; he caught it, looked at it in amazement; bit it unawares, hesitated as to whether the evil one were not in it, and then satisfied that, by whatever means, canny or uncanny, it came there, it was nevertheless good to eat, he gobbled the rest of it and made off. Sometimes, when a parcel of boys stopped on the sidewalk, wrangling about their game, a sudden wind rustled the branches of the old tree overhead, and down would shower a whole armful of cookies; and Jessie and uncle Feodorardo, unseen together, would enjoy the bewilderment and the delight into which the boy's wrangling turned. There were particularly nice little girls on whom the tree was wont to drop a sponge-cake, however it contrived it, and there were ragged urchins, driving the cows along the gutter, over whom the branches seemed to bend lovingly, and leave them a buttered biscuit in hand;—but Uncle Feodorardo said the biscuit and the sponge-cake were freaks of nature, since, as everybody knew, a gingerbread tree ought really to produce nothing but hot buns.

When, years afterward, Miss Jessie came across pictures of the palms and found among the great gingerbread tree of the tropics, she felt a hearty contempt for the thing that could only produce a hard rind, or a smooth kernel, and never thrilled to any sensation of being the mother of a doughnut.

Another tree in the garden, though for many reasons less interesting to Jessie, and though she never attempted to set out shoots and branches of it as she had of the gingerbread tree, was far more beautiful in her eyes. This was a superb peach tree, growing very near the house—in spring time a tower of rosy bloom, and in August and September more richly ruddy with its load of velvety fruit. It was one of the few peach trees left alive in the town after some severe frosts, and Uncle Feodorardo was very choice with it; he had trained many of the boughs up the side of the house like a grape vine, so that the sun might play more plentifully through it, and as the peaches ripened a net was suspended over it from the roof, hung here and there with bells that frightened off the birds and the thieves. Jessie would as soon have asked Uncle Feodorardo for one of his eyes as for any of the peaches, but she would take a seat and stay there, gazing at the sight for an hour or more with a watering mouth, like some statue of the Weeping Virgin. But one day Uncle Feodorardo told Jessie she should give a party in his parlor that afternoon, and she went round with her invitations after great pondering and selecting, and a final opening of the sluice gates of her acquaintance; and in the middle of such an afternoon as never was, one of those great peach boughs came bending down, down, into the open casement and half across the room, and hung there, shaking its red and golden weight, every spere bursting with delicious juice; and those children supped on—nectar and ambrosia, let us say, for certainly no peaches, before or since, have ever tasted just that way.

Ah me! Those old times are gone. It may be that the times which have replaced them are quite as good; but alas! no one will dispute me that they are not quite the same. The old town is gone too—mills have been built in it, railroads have run through it, its quiet has been turned into turmoil, there is no more grass in the streets, there are no more gingerbread trees beside the fences. And as for Jessie—she does her shopping now very differently from the way she did when a cent was her all; loftily now, and with no chaffering. We thought she was going turn out a fine marketer, but she disappointed us. She does better in the matter of toxicology; for dancing half the night, the winter long, to delirious waltz music, dancing like a flame, like a leaf on the wind, like any lovely lambent thing of the airs and vapors, fed with forbidden fruit, stimulated with dangerous sparkle of wine, she has been forced, in that little fragment of time which she calls a day, to make a science of the use of the household poisons—regulating her sleep with laudanum and chloral, subduing her nerves with potassium or with veratria, accelerating her digestion with strychnine, purifying her blood with infinitesimal doses of arsenic—till if the youths who are so eager to lead her in the dance did but know it, they clasp a creature whose tissues are as much ingrain with poison as those of Dr. Rappaccini's daughter ever were—a marvelous creature for all that, with her color as fleeting as that of a blush rose, her hair a shimmer of autumn gold, her curves and contours like the rich soft outlines of the sculptor's clay; as phenomenal in her irresponsible wayward beauty, her idle wit, the siren's song she sings, among the prim Puritans around her, as Feodorado was himself.

And old Uncle Feodorado is gone, too. I fancy sometimes that in heaven he is still surrounded with little children, leading them through the green pastures and beside the still waters there; but here we see him no more—and the sunny garden that he loved, long since became the base-ball ground. I wonder if, going by there some summer midnight, with their clouds sailing across the moon, one might not see the semblance of that old rosy peach tree, of that lime with its swimming lights and humming bees, of the cherry with the parrot sparkling between the leaves, with all their phantasms rising round him like a dream; might not hear the gay calls and laughter of the urchins there once more, though with ever so hollow a ring in the sound; might not for one moment fancy some pale likeness of that noble head of the old exile, haloed, may be, with the silver hair, and may be with a glory; may not meet the wraith of a little white sprite dancing like wildfire down the vanishing paths, with her copper clutched in her transparent hand—but no! How could so dull and heavy a thing as a cent have a ghost at all? That would have to be a piece of paper currency.

A Marine Signal Code for all Nations.

The Treasury Department is busily engaged, through the revenue, marine and lighthouse bureaus, in arranging for the proposed international marine signal code, which was submitted some time ago by the British admiralty board and Trinity House, and has been authorized by Congress. There is some difficulty over the lights to be burned at night as signals, the British proposing that in ships wanting a pilot the signal shall be a bright light, flashed or shown at frequent intervals, just about the ship's bulwarks. For distress, night signals, it is proposed that minute guns be fired, flames on the ship, as from a tar barrel, etc.; rockets fired one at a time every five minutes, and blue lights burned alternately.

There is a strong feeling to recommend the substitution, both as to economy, safety and brilliancy, of the Corson telegraphic night signals used in our navy during the war in both services, and altogether in the life-saving service. They comprise a series of ten, are perfectly safe from spontaneous combustion, comprise different colors in the same case, and thus the combination makes a complete code. The pilot signal would be a white, red, white light burned every fifteen minutes apart; for distress signal, the same, burned every five or ten minutes apart, until aid arrives or answer is made by a white light. Major Elliott, engineer, secretary of the lighthouse board, who leaves for Europe soon to make an examination of the lighthouse and life-saving systems of European nations, will bring this matter to the attention of the proper authorities in London and elsewhere.

A remarkable phenomenon was witnessed recently in the town of San Ignasis, Sinaloa, Mexico. There was a shower of quicksilver, fine drops of mercury falling everywhere and covering the plants. The inhabitants collected many samples.

A NEW SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of sixpence saved upon the coal—
Twice four hundred victims lost through our control.
When the bunks were empty, the ship began to drift
On to swift destruction, owing to our thrift.
Partners, home in safety, stinting their supplies,
While, for lack of sixpence, low the vessel lies
Down, with scanty warning, in the ocean's bed,
Hideous iron coffin of hecatombs of dead.

[John Brougham, in the Graphic.

HOW MARIE JEANNE WAS LOST AND FOUND.

"Mon Dieu," said Louise, despairingly, as she threw open the window and looked down into the shadowy street, "Mon Dieu, how black it is this night! And the poor Auguste, he will be killed! I feel it! O mon pauvre Auguste!"

There was something the matter with Louise to-night. She had taken off the pretty white cap that would have told you she was Marie Jeanne's *bonne*, and as she leaned out of the window she buried both her strong hands in the depths of her coarse black hair and clutched it with all her might. Perhaps she fancied she held a Bourbon by the throat, for Louise was a staunch Republican and would have asked no better amusement than a hand to hand conflict with some one of the detested race.

But she was not the only being in the great city whose veins boiled just now with the blood of revolution. All Paris was aboard to-night, and all Paris was seized with a terrible madness. Every now and then the dark street was lighted up by a gleaming torch, and every now and then the tall old houses unwillingly re-echoed the cry, "*A bas le Roi!* Vive la Republique!" Ever louder and louder grew the hoarse murmur in the distance, and ever nearer and nearer came the feet of the great, wild crowd, hurrying on with death in its heart, toward the beautiful palace.

But all the wicked unrest of the mad world without seemed only to make sleep the sweeter for little Marie Jeanne. She lay in her tiny white bed with the dim rays of the night lamp refining her paler gold curls into a halo of moonshine about her pretty baby face. Her hands were folded on her breast, for she had fallen asleep over her prayers. Only four years old and left all alone in the great storm!

Her father and mother were in England, whither they had gone but yesterday on a holiday trip, leaving their little daughter in what they thought the most faithful of hands, those of Louise. But the city had gone mad in an hour, and Louise with it. Who was now to stand between Marie Jeanne and the dreadful riot outside?

"Ugh!" said Louise, shuddering and shutting the window with a fierce gesture, "It frightens me this night! I shall do murder if I don't go. 'Vive la liberte!' O, the brave workmen! Hark, I hear the guns from the barricades! 'O, mon Auguste,' I go to help thee!"

She came close to the bed on which Marie Jeanne lay, and bent over it until her long, black hair almost touched the child's face. "How peacefully she sleeps, *la petite!* How she smiles! One would say she was walking with the little Jesus in his flower garden. It is a sin to disturb her, but I can not leave her, and I must go."

Here a cry arose from the street—the cry of a solitary voice. It was, "A bas Charles Dix!" It stirred Louise to the heart. "I must go," she gasped; "My Auguste will have need of me to help him tear these *vilains* Bourbons from the throne!"

She approached the little bed. "Ma mignonne," she called, tenderly, for Louise could make her voice tender sometimes, "thou must get up. We are going to take a walk; wilt thou not go with thy Louise?"

Marie Jeanne awoke and looked up at Louise with innocent, wondering, sleepy, blue eyes. "Is it morning, nurse?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Louise, speaking hurriedly and roughly. "There, let me put on thy shoes and stockings. Now thy warm dressing gown. Let me wrap thee in this shawl. There!"

Louise laid a thick cloak over her own shoulders, tied her cap under her chin, gathered the little girl into the folds of a great shawl, and took her in her arms. "I will carry the key with me," she muttered, while her hands trembled so that she could scarcely lock the door, "though the saints only know when we shall come back."

Louise hurried into the street. It was dark and silent. But only a little way off, in the Champs Elysees, the scene was far different. There, torches were flaming and men and women were howling and shrieking, and dancing about in a ghastly joy, and singing the mad songs of the carnival. And over all hovered, like birds of prey, the echoes, "Down with the Bourbons!" "To the palace!"

Louise began to run still hugging Marie Jeanne close, but the poor baby in a kind of drowsy fright, called out faintly, "O, Louise, where art thou going? What's the matter?"

"Be quiet, wicked little wretch," said Louise, fiercely plunging the rebellious head into the depths of the shawl. Marie Jeanne dared say nothing more, for Louise had a look in her eyes that boded mischief; so she only gave a frightened little sob now and then, and said very softly indeed, lest Louise the terrible should hear, "I want my mamma."

Louise dived into the crowd and was swept on toward the great square, where, years before, another crowd had gathered to rejoice over the falling of two royal heads. Marie Jeanne looked out occasionally from her shawl prison, and her poor little body shook with fright at what she saw. Horrible eyes glared at her; she thought blazing torches danced before her, and came so near sometimes that it was a wonder she was not burned up. She screamed "Papa! Mamma!" with all her strength, but nobody heard or cared to hear. Even Louise was for once too much occupied to find time to tell her charge that the black men would eat her up if she didn't keep still.

Louise was very glad about something, Marie Jeanne thought. She shook hands with all the men and called them her brothers. She kissed all the women and asked them for news of her Auguste. But nobody knew anything about him. Marie Jeanne had never seen her nurse act so strangely before. She sang and laughed and cried and shouted, all in a breath, and Marie Jeanne hid her head and trembled all over, when once she hissed forth, "Mort a Charles Dix!"

The crowd stopped at last before a church in the Rue St. Honore. "Death to the priests!" shouted the people. "Death to the priests and the Bourbons!"

"My brothers," began the leader, a tall, dark man in the blue blouse of a workman, "we will take the priests now and the Bourbons at midnight. Let us lose no time."

"He is right!" shrieked Louise. "On, citizens and republicans, to your work!"

The leader continued: "My brothers, cast your eyes upon the steps of the church and behold the forms of those who have died in our cause! Have they died unavenged, and"——

"O my God," screamed Louise suddenly, with a voice and look of agony. She rushed through the crowd and made her way to the church door.

The workman continued his harangue, but priests and Bourbons were nothing to Louise now, for the glare of the torches, in lighting up the ghastly faces upon the steps of the church, had shown her one that she knew but too well.

"O mon Auguste," she sobbed, crouching down beside the dead man, "thou art dead, and I, thy Louise—quick, little wretch—this shawl, thou hast no need of it! I will staunch the wound with it. Perhaps he lives yet!" She unwound the shawl from about Marie Jeanne's shivering little body and wrapped it around the dead workman's bleeding throat. Then, while the child cowered down by her side on the cold stone, she took the white face in her lap and sobbed over it, and kissed it and moaned, "*Tu es mort! Tu es mort!*"

"Down with the priests!" again shouted the crowd, for the leader had finished his address. "On, my brothers!" he cried, and sprang up the steps, trampling upon the bodies of the fallen as he went.

Marie Jeanne, half unconscious though she was, saw the great mass approaching her and shrieked, wild with terror, "papa, mamma, Louise, take me away!" The tall leader heard the frightened little cry, and stopped to examine the tiny morsel of humanity that lay before him. The child had only time to look around for Louise, to see that she was trying to drag the poor corpse out of the way of the fast crowding feet, and then she found herself flying through the air and seated at length upon the shoulders of the tall *ouvrier* away up among the fiery torches.

"Behold the priestess of liberty!" he cried, turning to his followers. "On, citizens; chase away the priests and instal the priestess in her new temple!"

They forced open the iron door and Marie Jeanne made her triumphal entry into the dim, solemn church. But the crowd entered too, and soon every corner of the grand old pile was laid bare to the sacrilegious torch light. Suddenly the leader stopped and set Marie Jeanne carefully down upon one of the side altars. "Sit here, little one," he said, "we are going to find the wicked priests. But I will come back for thee afterward. Wait here, petite."

The crowd swept by her and out at the rear door in a fruitless search after the hated priests, who had long ago taken themselves off, with wisdom aforethought. And the little priestess was left alone to cry herself to sleep on the cold marble if she could, to wonder why mamma did not come to kiss her, to call Louise in an agony of terror, to see horrible faces looking at her from out of the darkness, and to say little bits of baby prayers to the child Jesus. I don't know whether these tiny prayers were heard or not, but I do know that, when by-and-by a dear, good, kind-hearted pussy, just as troubled at being left in the dark as the child herself, jumped up beside her and began a series of consolatory purrs, Marie Jeanne was comforted and went fast asleep with the cat for a pillow. Her fur was so nice and soft! She was just like the little girl's own dear Mimi at home.

So these two solitary creatures clung to each other the whole night through for warmth and companionship. But when the grey dawn began to creep through the beautiful purple and scarlet windows, Marie Jeanne woke up and wondered where the tall man could be who had promised to come back for her. She was so hungry; "The poor cat, she is hungry too!" said the little girl to herself, heroically determined not to think of her own misery.

But pussy began making her toilette and then all Marie Jeanne's dainty little French instincts of neatness crowded upon her and her courage gave way before the miserable prospect of no breakfast and an unwashed face.

"O, my face isn't clean," she sobbed. "I know it isn't. I want Louise to wash it. O, Louise!" The great tears ran down her nose and rolled off into the cat's grey fur.

Just then an officer of the King's guard appeared at the door, followed by a troop of men. He had been sent to shield the church from further sacrilege. As he entered he caught sight of the pathetic little group enthroned upon the altar—Marie Jeanne with her face buried in the warm gray breast.

"A child here!" he thought. "Poor little thing! It must have passed rather an uncomfortable night."

Marrie Jeanne raised her head as he approached and smiled a smile of recognition. "I'm so glad thou art come, dear Papa Dupont," she cried joyfully; I'm so hungry!"

"Pauvre petite cherie," said Colonel Dupont, compassionately, "How did'st thou come here, my little girl? I did not think the last time I told thee about the 'Lost Babes in the Woods' that thou would'st ever act like those stupid children. I shall tell thee no more stories to turn thy foolish little head, Marie Jeanne. But where are thy father and mother, and why art thou here all alone?"

Marie Jeanne related the history of her adventures as well as she could, and ended it with a sob, and, "I want to go home!"

"Pauvre mignonne," said the old soldier, taking her in his arms, "yes, she shall go home with me to pay a visit to Godmamma Dupont, and the dear godmamma will have breakfast ready for her, and some bonbons, too, perhaps. Who knows?"

"But the dear cat," said Marie Jeanne, smiling through her tears, "she must go, too. She was so warm in the night."

"Of course she shall go," was the good-natured answer, and the child was made thoroughly happy all in a moment.

Colonel Dupont said something to an officer standing near, and then, with Marie Jeanne on his shoulder and the gray cat under his arm, he sallied forth to deposit his precious burden at last in the lap of good Madame Dupont.

When Marie Jeanne had been duly caressed and commiserated, when her spirits had been revived with breakfast and unlimited bonbons, he went forth once more, this time in order to telegraph to the child's parents that their little daughter was in safe hands, for he knew just how anxious they would be when they should hear of the terrible excitement of the past night. On the way he stopped at the police office.

"Have you any intelligence of the fate of a woman named Louise Martigny among those who have disappeared since yesterday?" he asked of the chief official.

"Here is the book of entries; you may see for yourself," was the answer.

Colonel Dupont took the book and ran through the first few pages carelessly. "Ah," cried he suddenly, "this must be she, the mad *bonne!* What an end!" Then he read aloud:

"Early this morning the corpses of a man and woman were found together upon the steps of the Church of St. Roche. The man, who had a pistol wound in the throat, had been dead some time, and the woman had evidently been trampled to death in attempting to drag his body from under the feet of the crowd that entered the building last night. Names unknown."

"Humph," commenced the soldier, shrugging his shoulders cynically, "it is very strange that people will not learn to stay at home in times of danger. I must tell my little friend to provide herself with another nurse. Poor little one; it is a mercy that the good God took better care of her last night than that crazy woman did, or otherwise there would have been a sad story to greet Jean Dantier with when he came home to look for his little daughter. But never mind! Thanks to the great Power that smooths the paths of little children, thou art safe, my little one, and long mayest thou live to be a blessing to thine old god-father."

A Case of Gallantry.

From the recently published life of the Rev. Samuel J. May we take the following anecdote:

"During his college life he was frequently invited by the father of one of his classmates, who was the chief manager of the Middlesex canal, to a water party in the vicinity. On one of which occasions he was introduced to Daniel Webster, when a whimsical occurrence took place:

"On our return from Woburn we stopped for a while at a beautiful point on the shore of Spot Pond. So soon as the ladies came upon the margin of the little lake, they espied unaccountable numbers of the lilies, whose fragrance is so refreshing. Each and all exclaimed how much they longed to have them. But alas! they were too far off to be reached by any means but a boat or a raft. But where could the one be found or the material for the other be collected? The more the probability of getting them seemed to recede, the more earnest became the desires of the young ladies to be possessed of the beautiful flowers, and the more touching their expressions of disappointment. At length Mr. Webster exclaimed, 'Oh, that I were as young as I was a few years ago! I would ransack the shores of the pond until I found some boat or boards by which to reach and gather those lilies.' No sooner were the words out of his mouth when the young men of the party bounded off at the top of their steep to find what he had intimated ought to be sought after. Nearly all went. I stood very demurely, enduring as well as I could the glances of a most contemptuous surprise at my want of gallantry. I stood until my fellows were too far gone to see what I meant to do, when I waded out and collected all I could bring in of the lovely tempters. Shouts of applause cheered me on; and when I reached the shore, soaked with water from my waistcoat pockets downward, and presented to each of the ladies one or more of the flowers they had so much desired, their thanks were profuse, and to me quite as grateful as the fragrance of the lilies, mixed, as they were, with tender expressions of anxiety lest my gallantry should cost me some severe sickness. The gentlemen were not backward in commending the exploit, and Mr. Webster was louder than any of them in my praise. 'Ah, sir,' said I, 'the ladies owe these lilies less to my gallantry than to your eloquence. I could not stand by unmoved by your appeal.' 'Never before,' he exclaimed—'never before have I gained a lily by my eloquence.' 'No, sir,' I rejoined, 'but it has often been crowned by laurels.' All this, of course, prolonged somewhat the merriment, until we saw the young men returning along the shore of the lake, dragging an old dory which they had found about a quarter of a mile off. Immediately all the company arranged themselves to welcome the poor fellows, every lady with a lily in her bosom, or on her head, and every gentlemen swinging one in his hand. So soon as my comrades got near enough to espy the flowers, they dropped the rope of the boat, and pushed forward to see that the appearance was a reality. And when they saw that the lilies had indeed been taken from the pond, and found that they had 'gotten only their labor for their pains,' while they in their hearts generously exulted with me in my triumph, they threatened me with all sorts of retaliations if I were not protected by the presence of the fair sex.

"After this pleasant introduction to the great orator, he always recognized me wherever we met, until his fearful recreancy to the cause of liberty impelled me to lift my voice on the fourth of July in earnest condemnation of one whom I had once so profoundly respected and ardently admired."

CURE FOR BURGLARY.

BY HENRY WARD BEECHER.

I mention, first, what, perhaps, will not carry your conviction as it does mine—the cowardice of the householder. It is a low and poor application of the great doctrine of peace (which certainly is the ideal of Christianity, and is to be reached as soon as practicable) which teaches men that they had better allow their houses to be broken open and rifled rather than sent to judgment unprepared the miscreant burglar. It is an utterly false view of this doctrine which men have who think that this sense of mercy to the culprit should be stronger than the sense of one's duty to protect his property. Partly from cowardice, and partly from a badly educated view on this subject, men will not defend their premises—or there is only here and there one that will do it. If every man felt that when he became a householder he was intrusted by the community with a fort, and was held responsible for the defense of that fort against all the enemies of society; and it was understood that whoever attempted to take it put his life in his hands, and exposed himself to just penalties; that he took upon himself the risk of blood and death, as the man does who attempts to take a man-of-war or a military fort, I think it would vastly raise the tone of conscience in the criminal classes; but if the theory prevails that a man may, with impunity, when his house is entered, lie still, and white as the sheet that covers him in bed, saying, "Take my watch and my wife's jewels, only don't take my life, and let me not take yours"—if that theory prevails, and men play coward in their own households it is an invitation and an encouragement to every sneak thief and every murder thief. No man is fit to keep house who is not fit to defend it by his right hand and arm, with anything that he can seize. Every man ought to have a sentiment of honor that shall be as vivid and intense in his own house as if he were the commander of a ship or fort. The community would join together and cry "Dastard" of a man in charge of a fort who should pull down his flag and retreat with his forces, when it was attacked, because he did not like to fire off his cannon, lest he might kill somebody, or do some harm; but the presumption is that nineteen out of twenty would consider themselves well off, when their premises are invaded, if by compromising they could get rid of the invader by the sacrifice of a few hundred dollars, without being killed themselves or killing him. But let there be a general presumption that he who attacks a house will lose his life, and the number of crimes by theft and robbery would be greatly diminished.

I say that it is a Christian duty for men to fortify their houses. All the houses on my street have been entered—some of them time and again. It is a shame to build houses, or to leave them, so that they can be easily entered.

It is impunity—impunity founded on cowardice—impunity founded on a bad interpretation of Scripture, that makes it so easy for men to rob houses and escape.

Now, while you are cursing the thief, save a little bit of the censure for yourself. There is blame at home.

The Earl of Mar.

[From the New York Tribune.]

The characters of a delightful romance lie hidden in American society on the verges of Lake Ontario. The lakes attract chivalrous and venturesome natures of foreign birth as they used to draw the gallant explorers of early times. Not a person in the township but knows that the lineal descendant of the Earl of Mar lives in one of the Western counties of New York; but it slightly tickles our ears to be told that an Ontario farmer inherits this proud title. It descends to him on the maternal side from Philadelphia Monteith, Countess of Mar and Kellie. None the less was the Yankee Earl the son of an old Champlain steamboat captain, renowned on the lake for his good nature and good living. It is not known what freak brought him to this country, but he died here, leaving two children, the present heir to the title, which he refuses to accept, and a daughter in Philadelphia, named after her great-grandmother, the old Countess. The daughter married a gentleman by the name of Bayard, of New Orleans, who is wealthy. Young Monteith married a farmer's daughter, and lives on his acres, near the lake, a thorough American republican democrat. His only care is to hide his title, and he sturdily refuses to be called any thing but Squire Monteith, though he constantly receives letters from the nobility abroad in full blazon of his rank. He also refuses all emoluments belonging to his earldom, such as tithes of fishery and woodland and grange, except those resulting from the crown.

A Mysterious Well.

A singular discovery, says the London *Globe*, has been made at the old Conciergerie, in Paris. At the Court of Cassation, fire had destroyed two out of the three towers, and a few days since the workmen engaged in repairing that named St. Louis came suddenly upon a mysterious deep well. This was contrived curiously in the wall facing the quay, and proved to be nothing less than the fatal dungeon of the old palace of St. Louis. Yet none of the historians of the Conciergerie mention it, and chance and mischance only have now made it known. An opening of two squards yards in one of the turrets reveals a horrid tunnel reaching the level of the Seine. There it forms a gallery sloping downward to the bed of the river. The attempt to penetrate into this fearful dungeon was fruitless, as the interior is lined with sharp iron spears and points, which cross each other in every direction. When this tower of St. Louis was used occasionally as the dwelling of the Kings of France, captives of note were confined in its underground prisons, and when the powers that were became anxious to get rid of any one of them, they led him through a passage formed in the interior of the wall toward this newly discovered dungeon. A secret door was opened, and he was precipitated into the yawning chasm, and there, transfixed by spikes, he perished in slow torture. Of course it may be easily imagined that it was only portions of skeletons that ever reached the bed of the Seine.

According to a correspondent, D. H. Lewes, the husband of "George Eliot," is the ugliest man in London, and the most brilliant. Mercurial as a Frenchman, thoroughly continental in thought and expression, he makes you forget his face in fifteen minutes, and at the end of an hour you pronounce him one of the most interesting men you ever met. When he and his wife, "George Eliot," lead conversation, the drawing room becomes the most attractive in London. Mr. and Mrs. Lewes have a pretty house near Regent's park, and, receiving every Sunday, collect around them the cleverest of men and women. Nothing can exceed the retiring manner of "George Eliot," whose voice is soft and low. She can not bear any reference to her own writings, and, though her friends long to express their gratitude, they never dare outwardly to hint at inward emotion. Composition is no easy task to "George Eliot." She labors unceasingly to produce her results.

The deeper miners go down in England, the higher coal goes up.

NEW BOOKS.

BEAUTIFUL SNOW AND OTHER POEMS.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, just published a new illustrated edition of "Beautiful Snow and Other Poems," by J. W. Watson, author of the "The Outcast, and Other Poems," the illustrations being engraved from original designs by Edward L. Henry, Esq., of New York. The book contains, as one of its attractions, the poem called "Beautiful Snow," whose heart-stirring pictures have touched the tenderest emotions of humanity, and will never lose their power to awaken sympathy for the unfortunate victim whose remorse and penitence find eloquent utterance in other poems. Perhaps there never was a poem which met with such sudden and wide-spread popularity, or was attributed to so many celebrated authors, as "Beautiful Snow." Its highly dramatic, combined with its practical character, ranks it among those poetical effusions which will make it acceptable in any age and country where our language is understood. The other poems are also from the same hand, and evince a lively fancy and a hearty sympathy with human joys and sorrows. Thousands of young ladies think "Beautiful Snow" so full of sympathy and sweet suffering that thousands of young gentlemen can not do better than to buy this beautiful book and present it to them, for it is one of the choice books of the season, and will be acceptable by all for its well known pictures of winter loveliness. "Beautiful Snow," with handsome illustrations, is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in one large octavo volume, printed on the finest tinted plate paper, and bound in green morocco cloth, gilt top and side, with beveled boards, price $2, or bound in maroon morocco cloth, with full gilt sides, full gilt edges, full gilt back, and beveled boards, price $3, and is for sale by all booksellers, or copies of either edition of it will be sent to any one by the publishers, postpaid, on receipt of the price of the edition wished by them.

LORD HOPE'S CHOICE. Mrs. Ann S. Stephens' new novel, has just been published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and will meet with a very large sale, for Mrs. Stephens stands among the first of our American novelists, always teaching a good moral, and writing in a fascinating manner. The scenes and characters in "Lord Hope's Choice" are mostly English, the parties coming from their home to New York under assumed names, on account of family difficulties. Lady Hope, or Mrs. Hurst, as she chooses to call herself, leaves England and flies to this country, because she knows her husband has transferred his affections to their child's governess, a handsome and highly accomplished lady, named Rachel Closs. Lady Hope brings her daughter Clara—then but two years old—with her, and, in order to make her concealment more secure, gives the child into the care of Elizabeth Yates, an old, faithful family servant, and her foster mother. The Yateses are very poor, and live in a tenement house. As soon as Lady Hope leaves England her husband and the governess follow—he hoping to be able, without difficulty, to obtain a divorce from his wife. He loses no time in discovering her place of concealment, and seeks her consent to the divorce by threatening to take their daughter. Mrs. Hurst struggles for her child, and dies in her attempt, rather than see this accomplished. During the confusion of this scene, the child, frightened, crawls through the darkness into the street, where she is picked up hours after by old Mrs. Yates, the foster-mother, and carried to her own home. A few days previous to this, Mrs. Hurst, fearing events would develop rapidly, gave a box of malachite, of great value, containing the family diamonds and money to a large amount, to Mrs. Yates, with instructions for their disposal in case of her death. That night a son of Mrs. Yates was seen coming out of Mrs. Hurst's house, and as soon as the murder was discovered, this fact being known, together with the acknowledgment of the box in their possession, the crime naturally fell upon him, for which he was tried. The mother, in order to save her son, falsely swears at having committed the murder herself, and for which she is sentenced for life to hard labor. Lord Hope, fearing he might be implicated in the murder of his wife, secretly marries the governess, Rachel Closs, and leaves for his estates in England, taking with him his daughter Clara, etc., but we must leave the rest for the reader to find out. It will prove to be immensely popular. "Lord Hope's Choice" is issued in a large duodecimo volume, and sold by all booksellers at the low price of $1 75 in cloth, or $1 50 in paper cover; or copies will be sent by mail to any place, postpaid, by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on receipt of the price.

WOMAN'S WRONG. By Mrs. Eiloart, author of "The Curate's Discipline," "From Thistles—Grapes," "St. Bede's," etc. One volume, cloth, full gilt back. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Eiloart is the author of several novels, which have won extensive popularity in this country, as well as in England, and has just written a work of fiction, entitled "Woman's Wrong," in which, by a well constructed plot, original and natural characters, and the most charming sketches of society in various phases, she exposes that enormous iniquity of English law, which declares that a woman's ownership or interest in her offspring absolutely is vested in her husband, if she has one, and that dying, he may bequeath the child to any guardian whom he names, until it has attained its legal majority. Mrs. Eiloart introduces her readers to a true heroine, widowed at the age of twenty, whose only child, a four years' old boy, is thus bequeathed away by a vile husband from his mother's loving care, to a person who ought not to have the charge of forming his mind through infancy and youth up to manhood. In her despair she declares she never was married, and, in consequence, the law allows her to retain her child. Of course, this heroic abnegation of self leaves a shade upon her character and subjects her to annoyances and even insults; but Mrs. Eiloart cleverly contrives to rehabilitate her in the end and to have the son—for whom such a sacrifice had been made—restored to his station in the world, with his mother's honor fully recognized. "Woman's Wrong" is a novel of great power and thorough originality. It is published complete in one large duodecimo volume, bound in morocco cloth, full gilt back. Price $1 75. "Woman's Wrong" will be found for sale by all booksellers, or copies will be sent to any one, to any place, post paid, on receipt of the price by the publishers, T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Alligators by Mail.

Shortly after the mail train over the Louisville and Nashville railroad had left Gallatin yesterday, coming north, the mail clerks in the postal car, Messrs. Forsythe and Glasscock, proceeded to distribute the Florida mails, which they had received at Nashville. After several bags of letters had been disposed of, Mr. Forsythe gathered on to a large leather bag filled with printed matter, as was supposed, and, after unlocking, turned the sack upside down to empty the matter upon a large board arranged for the purpose, when, to his surprise and horror, two live alligators were spilled out, and in an instant they leaped from the board to the car floor and ran beneath a lot of loose papers and empty bags. The now frightened clerk shouted "alligators" to his companion, Mr. Glasscock, and in a few seconds had vacated the mail room for the purpose of procuring help to kill the monsters. Glasscock finally re-entered the mail room and slowly but cautiously proceeded to remove the loose paper, when he discovered a slick looking, yellow spotted tail, resembling very much the tail of a snake. At this sight he really declared the thing to be a snake, and seizing a poker near by, he dealt it a blow and cut the tail off. This caused the alligator, as it proved to be, to leave his hiding place and run out, when Glasscock killed it. The other reptile was captured alive and brought on to the city. Examination revealed the fact that somebody in Florida had sent some alligator eggs in a little box by mail, but that the heat of the bag had hatched them out and they, escaping from their confinement, were wandering about among the letters when discovered.

The *News* says a guileless Danbury man saw a beautiful chromo advertised "for fifty cents," and sent on the money and received the jack of clubs.