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A SONG OF ANGIOLA DEAD.

BY AUSTIN DOBSON.

"Vale, unica."

Song, art thou sad, my song?
Thou hast not ease nor sleep.
Thou art not gay nor glad;
Hast thou not mourned too long?
Speak to me, sorrow or weep
Till thou grow glad and mad,
For that all love is fled,
Beauty and bountihed;
Song, thou art sad.

Song, ah, how fair was she?
Days but her praise repeat;
Men may seek out with care
Nowhere such eyes to see,
Nowhere such little feet—
Yea, and such yellow hair;
Nowhere like lips, I weet,
Kisses thereon to eat;
Song, she was fair!

Song, and how sweet she was?
Spring breezes kissed her face,
Little leaves kissed her feet,
And the sun kissed because
Nowhere in any place
Thing was to kiss so sweet;
Nothing so dear as she,
Gentle and maidenly;
Song, she was sweet!

Song, but how good she was?
There was no thing she said
But it was wise and good,
No abject thing but has
Out from her mercy fed,
Strong on her pity stood,
There was no little child
But to her leapt and smiled,
Song, she was good.

How shall we wait, my song?
There is no mirth in cup,
Nowhere a feast is spread;
Life is all marred and wrong;
Grief hath consumed it up
Now that our love is fled;
Earth hath no face to see
Pointing my sword for me;
Song, she is dead!

Song, shall we leave to sing?
Nothing can wake her now,
Nothing can lift her head;
There is no tune to bring
Back to her cheek and brow
Roses of white and red;
Nothing of ours can stir
Words to the lips of her;
Song, she is dead!

Cease, then, from scent, my song,
Change thee thy myrrh with rue,
Myrtle with calamus;
Bring for us garments long,
Weeds to our grief, and strew
Dust on the hair of us,
For that all love is fled,
Beauty and bountihed;
Song, she is dead!

[For the Sunday Republican.]

DOWN THE HUDSON.

We had taken the night train from Syracuse to New York city. Across the aisle were two Irishmen, one elderly and gray, one in middle life, brimful of fun and funny stories, every few moments brightening his wits with a draught of water mixed with something from a pocket flask.

"It is like the Irishman who went to be married!" I heard in rich Irish brogue. "Now, me boy," says the priest, "ye are one. Do ye hear? Ye are one." "An' may it plaze yer riv'rince," says Pat, "if I may be so bold, an' which is the one?" "Ah, me boy," says the priest, "an' sure, ye must struggle for that!" And an unctuous "ha! ha! ha!" told how he enjoyed his own story. Then presently another gurgled across the way:

"Ye are like the Paddy that wint to be married, an' the praste kept them a long time in waiting. The bride's name was Agnes, and the name of the bridesmaid was Patience. So, as Pat was roaring around because the praste kept them waiting, 'Oh!' says one, 'an' sure you must have patience.' 'Indade, an' indade, I'll have none of yer Patience,' cries Pat in a fury. 'It's Agnes I want, an' I'll have nothing to do with Patience.' Then like an echo came his own 'Ha! ha! ha!'" Thus for hours gushed the jolly Irishman, as if determined to brave the night through in wakefulness.

By my side sat a student of Cornell University.

"How is it about expenses at the university?"

"The tuition is much less than at Yale, or other colleges of that character; the tuition for one year at those colleges being sufficient for the entire course at Cornell."

"How about self-support by manual industry?"

"The agriculturists get fifteen cents a day, and work about three hours a day. This will not pay far on the expenses, but a mechanic who already knows a trade can really quite support himself."

"You have some ladies, then?"

"No, we have no ladies."

"What! I have seen it so stated."

"Well, we have some masculine, homely women there, but I have yet to see any ladies."

"If they are homely, in my opinion it is all the better, as the gentlemen will then leave them alone."

"Indeed, we do not trouble them. What does a woman want to force herself into a class of men for to recite her lessons, especially when the country abounds in first-class schools for ladies? There are but two pretty good-looking girls there. They are from New England, and are somewhat noticed by the young men, and are as wild as hawks. But, as a rule, the young men do not notice the female students at all."

"Do you find the school pleasant?"

"It has its inconveniences. It is on the summit of a long hill, and in the winter time we find it rather tedious. There are no boardinghouses on the hill, and in the winter we have to weather the snow, and be there at eight o'clock to rescitations. The women have to do the same, and how they endure it I can not see. They talk of building a boarding hall for them on the hill."

So much for Cornell. And in less than forty-eight hours afterward I found myself in a crowd of low-voiced, sweet-toned students, lady-like in sentiment and manner, who were just flitting from Vassar College, exclusively for females, and no gentleman need apply for any favors there for his sex, except as he receives them from it, as an after part of their training, and takes them as sisters or wives.

The impression made upon me by the Cornell student and the Vassar ladies was in accordance with that of the New York *Observer*, that in blending the sexes at school the ladies would lose more than they would gain.

But night stole on. The Cornell student was gone; the jolly Irishman had succumbed. Albany had been passed. The careful managers going through every car, and inquiring of each passenger if their destination was Boston or New York, and feeling all right, as we passed the Hudson river bridge. Well, I remember the tribulation of the old days of ferriage at Albany; the transposing of baggage and yourself, and the almost being left by ferryboat or Boston cars.

But now all was smooth, and pitch, black night gave us no incentive for wakefulness. So all succumbed to slumber, until early in the dawn in trying to turn end for end for a softer rest, I discovered it was dawn, and light enough to see the Hudson. I instantly sprang up, all wide awake, and never for a moment removed my eyes from this river and its scenery until we arrived in New York. Never could the Hudson have worn a robe of greater loveliness than on that morning. The bordering mountains now breasting the water with their giant fronts, now circling far back in mazy dimness, like God's host keeping watch and ward over the sleeping river. The river, in its placid rest, seeming more like a lake "in linked sweetness long drawn out," than like a moving current; was dotted over with snowy sails, motionless, resting on the water like huge birds sleeping away the night. Over the surface of the water flitted ripples of almost imperceptible mist, as if it were the shadowy forms of spirits moving upon the face of the river, with soft caresses gently wakening it to the duties of the day. As the morning wore on the mist thickened, now hiding the river and the hills as if screening their morning toilettes, and now rolling away as if to give them a glimpse of the outer world; and again with jealous modesty closing in upon them. Then came the sun. Not all at once in glory, but in patches of light let down suddenly on some mountain summit in a glory, while all below was mist and twilight. Or, perchance it lit up the mist in some valley until it seemed filled with great drifts of snow. And as the sun rose brighter and its beams grew more powerful, the witching coquetries of mist and mountain, sunlight and shadow, grew every moment more varied and enchanting. Now a long skirt of white veiled the base of some mountain, almost to its summit; then a light scarf across the green robe was its only screen; now its summit was in glory and its base in clouds, then its base was lit up and the peaks in mist, until the sun, too powerful, called all to order, and further frolicking, sent the mists trooping to the sky and called the earth to its sober day duties. When we reached the Palissades it was broad daylight. I had found the Hudson far more rugged than I had supposed, far less cultivated on its banks, less of the beauty of elegant villas and the rich verdure of orchards, but more in its primeval wildness than I had supposed could exist so near New York city. But this wildness is seemingly cherished, and villas are set down in a tangle of undisturbed wild wood and on declivities which one would think had such rough surroundings that one could neither get to them with the comforts of life, nor away from them to bring them there. One can see no chance for horse or carriage to some of them, perched at the base of a cliff in some fissure between rocks that sweep up to the river in almost precipitous banks. There is a kind of evergreen that I noticed in the woods, and which I never saw elsewhere. The tree is tall and slender. Among evergreens, much as the Lombardy poplar, is among deciduous trees. It is some twenty feet high at its greatest, while the foliage at the base can not be more than three or four feet in diameter, running up in a delicately tapering spire, as if it had been trimmed in that fashion by man. But I saw hosts of them in the forest and so knew them a natural growth. The mountains are very steep, but not quite precipitous until one reaches the Palisades.

As soon as I saw these curious rocks I appreciated their name. When the country was infested by Indians, the primeval settlers were accustomed to inclose areas about their forts with whole tree trunks put endwise in the earth, and so planted as to make an almost impervious fortification to Indian warfare. These defenses were called "palisades." Now, imagine about two-thirds up a crumbling hill of soft earth, you see spring up an immense palisade which in length extends along the river for miles and miles. This palisade is so old that the bark is dropping off in scales; the wood itself, worn by age and the weather, is seamed and crumbling; here and there a top has crumbled down. In the fissures and about the base small shrubs have taken root, while all along the summit have sprung up trees that mantle these ruins with a kindly beauty; imagine this, I say, and you may imagine the Palisades, which so closely resemble such a fortification of old, crumbling, seamed, and scaling tree trunks, but is in reality a formation of rock, which, with even summit, stretches on for miles, a grand natural fortification of the Hudson.

"What river is this?" cried the jolly Irishman, waking from his nap, soon after daylight. "It is the Hudson!" "By George, a pretty stream. In faith I must see it again by daylight." And to show his love of the beautiful was equal to his fund of jollity, he never once took eyes from it until we were ushered into that city of palaces, New York city. Under the stately splendors of Harlem bridge, so ethereal, so solid, so elegant, so substantial; past the suburban splendors of New York; then you are at the great portal of iron and glass that springs over the depot like a structure of magic, and you are ushered into New York.

You can hardly realize that you are not dreaming. After your morning ride amid the wildness of primeval nature, to thus be suddenly ushered into a jostling world of human beings; to ride in a street for miles in such a thick crowd of omnibusses that you see not how yours is going to wedge through: to walk in a throng that a few steps parting from your comrade hides him entirely from view, and the throng never any thinner; to pass rows of palaces miles in length, as if splendor in New York was as plentiful as majestic trees in a primitive forest, and it seems as if it can not be real, but is the panorama of a gorgeous vision.

Twenty-four hours in New York, and I had felt its hardness, its meanness, its wickedness; its generosity, its nobleness, its greatness, and its elements of decay. Right in one of its thoroughfares stands a plain monument, plainer than that of any police station—"The Fulton Street Prayer Meeting." There, each day, gather the soldiers of the Lord's battles, and there they furbish their weapons, encourage each other's hearts, bring their recruits and their captives. Thence they sally forth, conquering and to conquer, in the name of Him who has promised that one shall put a thousand and two of them ten thousand to flight of the armies of the aliens. These prayer meetings are crowded daily, and of such as frequent them are the pillars on which stands New York. Imagine New York with but one such man, and you have Sodom—and how long could it stand? In the car I feel a hand searching vainly for my pocket. In paying my railroad fare, though under the eyes of the police, I am almost robbed by the *carelessness* of the ticket-seller. But I am knowing enough to prompt his attention and save my money. Money, money, money! Line your pockets for New York with money. But line them as you may, it will be a wise one who, by fair means or foul, does not leave it penniless. Here is A. T. Stewart's marble palace, said to be a rival of kingly magnificence. There, near by, is his still more elegant palace of marble, for a home of poor women. A. T. Stewart rose from poverty, and doubtless has not forgotten a poor, struggling woman who once sang his lullabies, and had the heart-ache over her poverty and the poverty of her poor boy. He has not forgotton, and this memory prompts this kingly tribute to the most helpless of the poor, poor women.

On the other side, New York rolls in corruption, greed and folly. Day by day the strife goes on between the followers of good and those who battle the cause of evil, and one may easily imagine the prince of darkness with his hosts hanging over that city in battle array, hovering over his legions; while over against him stands the angel Michael with his angelic warriors, his flaming sword turning every way to guard the little band who fight under him the battles of the Lord, and as they triumph, New York York flourishes; as they succumb, the wrong raises its serpent "rings" and launches its venom and strength upon the foe. And so the battle shall rage, until "He whose right it is to reign" shall take unto himself His great power and reign, and all foes be put under his feet.

Twenty-four hours in New York and I call on Dr. Nathan Bozeman, formerly of New Orleans, and so world celebrated for his surgical practice on females. "If he goes to New York, he will get rich," said Dr. Jones, of New Orleans. "Ah," said the doctor, "I have lost ambition; I only desire to be comfortable. "And perhaps, doctor, your ideas of comfort and mine of riches are on a level. I found him living elegantly, with a country and town residence, and both prosperous and famous. His young son Nathan, just off for student life in Europe. Our old friends, John and Charles Dimitry, are there, in newspaper life, and many another that formerly thought nothing could ever part them from the roses of balmy New Orleans, and its climate, the most luxurious of any in the world. But times change, and we hover around in Northern snows, watching the political pool of Louisiana, and wondering if its day of prosperity will ever come again, and we, like migrating birds, go trooping home. Our hearts are with you in all the strife and trouble, and we pray for success to the right, leaving it to God to say which or what the right is. Meantime, lack of business there, and business elsewhere, makes a flitting.

Twenty-four hours in New York, and in a burning sun we retraced our way up the Hudson. The mountains, now, lie in a haze of blue, burning in the summer sun, which draws up so much moisture as gives that softness which painters love and call the "atmosphere" of their pictures. West Point, like an eagle on its eyrie, overhangs the Hudson from a height seemingly inaccessible to any but a bold mountain climber; while in a niche below stands Cozzen's Hotel. When there these seeming difficulties diminish, but from our view seem insurmountable. We revel all the morning in mountain scenery and then glide off to the rich valley of the Mohawk, which seems to run over with fatness and fulness of bread. I find that the Mohawk is, as I imagined; the Hudson. Hills more distant and fertility more near, and for comfort and the fat of the land I should say give me the valley of the Mohawk, let who will fancy the isolation from market and physician which seems to surround a eyrie home in the wildwoods of a cleft among the hills of the Hudson. Yours,

A. C. McL.

A Wisconsin Heroine.

Thomas Velfe and wife, with a family of small children, settled in this county, something more than a year ago, and being poor, they, after many hardships, erected a small dwelling and cleared a few acres of land, but they were in the wilderness, ten miles from neighbors. A few weeks ago the father and mother left their family, consisting of a girl aged twelve years, one aged nine years, and two other children, aged respectively three years and thirteen months, on a trip to the settlement to get a cow and bring in some potatoes to plant. After the parents had been gone a few hours, the house took fire, and the oldest girl immediately rushed to the roof with water, but not being able to remove the shingles, she could do nothing to stay the flames which gained rapidly, spreading on the inside of the roof until, bursting through, they drove her from her work.

The heroic girl now turned her attention to saving her brothers and sisters. Coming to the door of the building she found that the child next to her own age had got out of the house, bringing the baby with her; but the little three-year old had crouched under a shaving horse in the further corner of the room. There being no chamber floor, the fire was dropping from the burning roof between the child and the door, and when asked to come it refused to do so, saying, "I am safe here; the fire don't drop here." Our little heroine hesitated only a moment, but rushing through the falling embers brought the little one to a safe place, both having their clothes somewhat burnt.

But now comes the hardest part of the task before her. Scantily clothed, and with no food, she took the babe in her arms and with the other children started upon the trail for the settlement. After going a few miles she encountered a rapid stream, swollen by the spring rains, so that in fording it the water came up to her armpits. She first carried the babe across, and then the little three-year-old, and lastly half led and half carried her older sister through the water to the other bank. Three times during the remainder of the day she struggled across the swollen streams in her way, until night set in the deep forest surrounding her.

Cold, wet and hungry, she sought a place to camp, and by good fortune found an old camp, left by the Indians, upon which about one-half of the roof still remained. Under this she placed her little flock and then collected pine boughs and made a rude bed. Placing the little one in the midst, the heroic girl stripped off her dress and spread it over the children, then covered them with the boughs to keep them from the chilly night air, and sat down beside them, to watch through that long, cold night, comforting the little one when it cried, and speaking words of cheer to the elder ones. The long, dreary hours of night dragged slowly by, and at the first peep of day she resumed her toilsome march, and had nearly reached the first settler when she met her parents returning. An older and a wiser head might have found an easier way out of the dilemma, but we feel certain that no one could have acted braver or have endured more than the little daughter of Thomas Velfe.—*Wisconsin River Pilot.*

THE STORY OF LIFE.

Have you forgotten, ma belle Marie,
That spring time down at the Hall? Ah, well,
Though I thought I was strong on the wing, you see,
You singled me out, and of course I fell;
A touch of the hand when our eyes first met,
A soft "aside" on a rustic seat,
I was proof against snares, as I thought, and yet
I was writhing soon at your feet.
You had no pity at all for me,
Or you would have killed me, ma belle Marie.

A glow at my heart, and a night of dreams;
Your hair had the ripple my ears loved best,
"Pray God," I said "she be all she seems,
For I am weary, and long to rest."
Wounded and sick at your feet I lay—
Pleading for peace, to your knees I crept,
I hear your voice as 'twas yesterday—
They were crocodile tears you wept.
My eyes were blinded with dust, you see,
And I paid the penalty, belle Marie!

I'll own I wept—for the tears would flow,
Though I'd found the depth of your worthless heart;
I cursed myself for a fool—you know
They are terrible tears when men's eyes smart.
And you—well! there possibly was one sigh.
The sigh you might give if a dog was hurt
And your comfort, I think, was the same old lie.
"Men's hearts are as cheap as dirt."
Well! now you are married and I am free,
And that's the difference, belle Marie!

Married. Yes, I suppose that's the term
For men and women who've sold their lives;
Who rear up loves to be nipped in the germ,
And live good fellows and honest wives.
He's deep in love with Mammon, his god,
And away with Mammon he wins your bread,
But over your novels you sit and nod,
And doze at the table's head.
And you sigh—the days pass wearily—
They are slightly monotonous, belle Marie!

You shouldn't forget, though, belle Marie—
Though women, you know, have wayward ways—
The choice was yours, 'twixt a life with me
And an old man's carriage and prancing bays.
A poor man's wife and a rich man's queen—
The choice for a woman was scarcely fair;
You were wise to forget what I might have been,
You were right to be safe and sure.
Telle est la vie: telle est la vie!
You are like the rest of them, belle Marie!

EXCERPTS FROM HEINRICH HEINE.

I have always thought far better of those whom I hated than they deserved.

The poor wretches of to-day can accomplish but little against him who possesses the watchword of the future.

Poetry, much as I love it, was ever to me but a sacred plaything, or blessed means to a heavenly end.

When the son of Esculapius does not know what to do with his patient he sends him to the springs with a long medical opinion on his case, which, after all, is nothing more than an open letter of recommendation to chance.

You should only attempt to borrow from those who have but few of this world's goods, as their chests are not of iron, and they are, besides, anxious to appear wealthier than they really are.

While we are indifferent to our good qualities, we keep on deceiving ourselves in regard to our faults, until we, at last, come to look upon them as virtues.

God has given us speech in order that we may say pleasant things to our friends and tell bitter truths to our enemies.

He that does not go as far as his heart urges and his mind directs is a coward; he who goes further than he intended is a slave.

Mark this well, ye proud men of action! Ye are, after all, nothing but unconscious instruments of the men of thought.

In these times we fight for ideas, and newspapers are our fortresses.

Weathercocks rely on their well-known talent for variety of motion, they do not fear the wildest storms, because they know how to turn with the lightest breeze. But do not forget that, despite your windy versatility, you will have a pitiful fall if the steeple on whose point you are fixed should tumble.

It is erroneous to suppose that a woman has ceased to love him whom she betrays.

If all Europe were to become a prison, America would still present a loophole of escape, and, God be praised! that loophole is larger than the dungeon itself.

German simplicity still regards rudeness as a mark of courage and honesty, although a peep into our prisons would suffice to show that there are rude rascals as well as rude cowards.

"Papa," exclaimed a little Carlist, "who is the dirty-looking woman with the red cap?" "It is the Goddess of Liberty," was the answer. "But, papa, she has not even a chemise." "A real Goddess of Liberty, my dear child, rarely uses a chemise, and is, on that account, the more embittered against those who do wear clean linen."

In France courage is polite and well bred, and honesty wears gloves and lifts its hat.

The propaganda of communism possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are simply hunger, envy, death.

Where the woman stops the bad man begins.

A woman's modesty defends her virtue more securely than all the clothes in the world would do, were they cut ever so little at the neck.

In art, form is everything; matter nothing.

The artist is the child in the popular fable, every one of whose tears was a pearl. Ah! the world, that cruel step-mother, beats the poor child the harder to make him shed more pearls.

The poet can dispense with the dogmas of positive belief far more easily than other mortals. He possesses grace, and the symbolism of heaven and earth is revealed to his spirit without the need of the church key.

Literary history is the great morgue where all seek the dead ones whom they love, or to whom they are related.

Sentimentalism is materialism in despair.

Reason is, so to say, the police of the kingdom of art, seeking only to preserve order. In life itself a cold arithmetician who adds up our follies. Sometimes, alas! only the accountant in bankruptcy of a broken heart.

The critic's judgment is of little value when his eyes are bedimmed with tears.

When religion can no longer burn us at the stake she comes to us begging. But all our gifts bring her but little gain.

Are we not, all of us, crusaders, who, after all our hard fought battles but conquer a grave.

Thought is invisible nature—nature is visible thought.

Jests—brain fleas that jump about among the slumbering ideas.

A very small actor in a Parisian theatre lately achieved a great success by a very simple means. In a piece entitled "Aristophanes," now being played at the Chateau d'Eu, a little boy, almost a baby, appears on the stage for a short time. This performer has his admirers among the public, one of whom the other day expressed her approval of the tiny actor by throwing, not a bouquet, but a packet of bonbons at his feet. The little creature, oblivious of the necessity for making responsive bows or obeying stage directions, instantly sat down by the footlights and began to devour his delicacies, while the curtain falling behind him left him alone with the audience, who warmly appreciated the incident.

THE LIFE GUARDS.

How they Fought at Waterloo.

At Waterloo the Life Guards fought like knights of romance. When the French made their desperate attacks, column after column, with vast masses of artillery on our centre, and somewhat shook it, a body of cuirassiers were seen ascending the crest of our position. The first cavalry brigade then deployed, advanced and halted a few minutes between our first and second lines, not 100 yards from the enemy's ranks. The slips were pulled, and in a moment they charged in line with tremendous effect. The first cuirassiers the Second Life Guards encountered were the Carabiniers a Cheval, the very cream of Napoleon's cavalry.

"The cuirassiers of the French Imperial Guard," says a military writer of 1815, "were all arrayed in armor, the front cuirass in the form of a pigeon's breast, made effectually to turn off a musket shot, unless fired very near, owing to its brightness. The back cuirass is made to fit the back. The cuirasses weigh from nine to eleven pounds each, according to the size of the man, and are stuffed inside with a pad; they fit on by a kind of fish-scaled clasp, and are put off and on in an instant. The men have helmets the same as our Horse Guards, and straight long swords and pistols, but no carbines. All the accounts agree in the great advantage that the French cuirassiers derived from their armor. Their swords were three inches longer than any used by the allies, and in close action the cuts of our sabres did no execution unless they fortunately came across the neck of the enemy. The French, feeling themselves secure in their armor, advanced deliberately and steadily, until they came within about twenty yards of our ranks, as a musket ball could not penetrate the cuirasses at a greater distance. The cuirass, however, was attended with one disadvantage; the wearer, in close action, can not use his arm with perfect facility in all directions; he chiefly thrusts, but can not cut with ease. The cuirassiers are all chosen men, are required to be above six feet high, must have served in three campaigns, and have been twelve years in the service, and of a good character; and if there is a good horse to be found, they have it. It is to be observed that a wound through a cuirass mostly proves fatal."

The Marquis of Anglesea was in the rear of our last troop of cavalry, when, looking behind him, he observed a French regiment formed across the road to charge. He instantly turned round, and alone galloped back towards the enemy, waving his hat to his soldiers, who had advanced some way on their retreat, and were at a considerable distance from their General. Major Kelly, of the Life Guards, was the first person to join his lordship at full gallop, and these two heroes remained for a minute or two close in front of the French, who did not stir, amazed, as it would seem, by the gallantry which they witnessed. The regiment soon came up, and dashed pell-mell amongst the enemy, who were entirely overthrown.

The Life Guards, although at first somewhat daunted at the idea of meeting men in armor, by their physical strength appalled the veteran enemy. Often in the conflict of La Belle Alliance did the Earl of Uxbridge turn his eye toward them, exclaiming: "Now, for the honor of the Household Brigade." Major Kelly, of the Life Guards, encountered and killed the Colonel of the first regiment of French Cuirassiers, after which he stripped the vanquished of his epaulets, and carried them as a trophy. One man is known to have had three horses shot, and was taken prisoner, but being rescued by light dragoons, he remounted and returned to the charge.

"The First Life Guards," says an officer of the Second who was present, "have lost Colonel Ferriar and Captain Lind, and several officers have been wounded. Lieutenant Colonel Fitzgerald was killed by a cannon shot soon after the first charge. Captain Irby was taken prisoner, his horse having fallen with him in returning from the charge. He has since made his escape and joined us; but they have stripped him of his clothes and money, and threatened to take his life. Lieutenant Waymouth is missing, but supposed to be taken prisoner. Colonel Lygon and most of the officers had their horses wounded during the action. About 10 P. M. the army bivouacked for the night; there was then only one subaltern, with two corporals and six privates of the Second Life Guards remaining, and about double the number of the First Life Guards, but no officers, all or most of them having been dismounted. The command of the remains of the two regiments for the night was given by Lord Edward Somerset to the remaining officer of the Second Regiment.

"Several of our men, who had their horses shot during the battle, joined us, mounted upon horses which had lost their riders, some belonging to our regiment, others belonging to the First Life Guards, etc., and many French. The stragglers of the other regiments are similarly mounted. We have, at present, about forty men with us; we know of about thirty-nine wounded, and the names of about sixteen killed; but our loss has been much greater, as I imagine most of those returned missing are killed, as the French did not take many of our men prisoners.

"Lord Wellington was near our brigade several times in the course of the day. He appeared much pleased with the conduct of the troops, and is said to have observed to the general officer near him that it was the hardest battle he ever fought, and that he had seen many charges of cavalry, but never any to equal those made by the heavy brigades, particularly the Household. We made, in all, four charges, namely, two against the cuirassiers, and two against infantry.

The Second Life Guards, on the morning of the eighteenth, were not much above 180 strong, part of the regiment having been detached. But of this number it has been since ascertained that the loss on that day was 153 horses and eighty-six men, which includes those who were killed and those who died of their wounds. The First lost four officers and seventeen rank and file, forty-one wounded; sixty-four horses were killed.

A letter from a Life Guardsman, speaking of the havoc made among the cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard at the battle of Waterloo, contains the following homely but emphatic description: "Until we came up with our heavy horses, and our superior weight of metal, nothing was done with the cuirassiers. Unless one got now and then a cut at their faces, not one of them gave way; we therefore galloped at them, and fairly rode them down. When they were unhorsed we cracked them like lobsters in their shells, and by the coming up of the cannon afterward thousands of them were squeezed as flat as pancakes."

Gooley, a Life Guardsman, who, from being bald, was known among his comrades by the appellation of the Marquis of Granby, had his horse shot under him; in the charge his helmet fell off, but on foot he attacked a cuirassier, whom he killed, and mounted his horse, his comrades in the meanwhile cheering him with "Well done, Marquis of Granby!"

Hodgson (one of the favorite models of Haydon the painter, a perfect Achilles, standing six feet four inches) charged up to the French baggage, and saw artillery driver-boys of sixteen crying on their horses. In coming back a whole French regiment opened and let him pass at full gallop, then closed and gave him a volley, but never hit him or horse. The first man who stopped him was an Irishman in the French service. He dashed at him, and said, "D—n you, I'll stop your crowing." Hodgson said he was frightened, as he had never fought anybody before with swords. Watching the cuirassier, however, he found he could not move his horse so quickly as he could, so, letting go the reins, and guiding his horse with his knees, as the cuirassier gave point at his throat, Hodgson cut his sword hand off and dashed his sabre through his throat, turning it round and round. The first cut he gave him was on his cuirass, which he thought was silver lace. The shock nearly broke his own arm. As Hodgson rode back, after being fired at, an officer encountered him. Hodgson cut his horse at the nape, and as it dropped dead the officer's helmet dropped off and Hodgson saw a bald head and white hairs. The officer begged for mercy, but at that instant a troop of lancers was approaching at the gallop, so Hodgson cleaved his head in two at a blow and escaped. The recollections of the white hairs, he told people, pained him often. Before he got back to the British lines a lancer officer charged him, and missing his thrust came right on Hodgson and his horse. Hodgson got clear and cut his opponent's head off at the neck at one blow.

But of all the heroes of Waterloo, Shaw, the pugilist Life Guardsman, towers above them all. "The line of cavalry," says John Scott, "at the commencement of the engagement, was drawn up a little in the rear of the eminence on which our infantry was arrayed; they could not in this situation see much of the battle, but the shot and shells flew thickly among them, which they were compelled to sustain without moving. Nothing tries a gallant spirit more than this. Shaw was hit and wounded in the breast; his officer desired him to fall out. "Please God," said this brave fellow, "I shan't leave my colors yet." Shortly after orders came down that the cavalry should advance; the whole line moved forward to the top of the hill. Here they saw our artillerymen running from their guns, attacked by heavy masses of French dragoons. "It was agreed amongst ourselves," said a private to Scott, "that when we began to gallop, we should give three cheers, but ours was not very regular cheering, though we made noise enough." Shaw was fighting seven or eight hours, dealing destruction to all around him; at one time he was attacked by six of the French Imperial Guard, four of whom he killed, but at last fell by the remaining two. A comrade, who was by his side a great portion of the day, noticed one particular cut, which is worth recording. As he was getting down the rising ground into the hollow road, a cuirassier waited and gave point at him. Shaw parried the thrust, and before the Frenchman recovered cut him right through his brass helmet to the chin, and "his face fell off him like a bit of apple."

A Life Guardsman, whose desperate wounds went quite through his body, told John Scott that he was left upon the ground within the French lines, wounded in a charge; he threw his helmet from him, for his enemies were chiefly exasperated against our heavy dragoons, by whom they had suffered so much. After some time he raised his head, two French lancers saw the movement, and, galloping up to him, dropped both their weapons into his side; they left him for dead, but he still retained life, and shortly afterwards a plundering party came down from the enemy's position. They stripped the poor fellow, and several of them who had been in England as prisoners of war took this favorable opportunity of reading him a lecture on several political facts and principles, such as the right of the French nation to choose its own sovereign, and the perfidy and rapacity of England, whose inexhaustible gold was ever at work producing wars, and the various miseries of dissension.

After the poor Life Guardsman was stripped they sent him to the rear, but being too weak to walk he was dragged with his feet trailing along the ground for fourteen miles, being occasionally struck by those about him to force him to move his legs. He saw several of his fellow-prisoners murdered; but the French being in full retreat as the night came on, and closely pursued by the Prussians, they at last permitted the miserable man to sink down on the dunghill of an inn in one of the small towns through which they were at the time passing. Here he lay with blood running about him. He was awakened from a kind of doze by some one creeping down by his side. He turned his head and saw his comrade, the famous Shaw, who could scarcely crawl to the heap, being almost cut to pieces. "Ah, my dear fellow, I'm done for!" faintly whispered the latter; but few words passed between them, and they soon dropped asleep. In the morning poor Shaw was lying dead, with his face leaning on his hand. Shaw, says Scott, carried death to every one against whom he rode; he is said to have killed a number of the cuirassiers sufficient to make a show against the list of slain furnished for any of Homer's heroes. His death was occasioned rather by the loss of blood from many cuts than the magnitude of any one; he had been riding about, fighting the whole day with his body streaming, and at night he died, as we have seen.

In the pursuit of the French three cuirassiers turned into a cul-de-sac lane, and were there taken prisoners by Private John Johnson, of the Second Life Guards.

During the battle Wellington came to the head of the First Life Guards and thanked them for their distinguished bravery. On their return to England the Duke came to the barracks of the Second in King street, Portman square, and observed to their Colonel, Earl Cathcart, that the regiment's conduct had raised in his heart the liveliest feelings of satisfaction.

The Earl replied: "I have known the regiment, your grace, more than twenty years, and have always had reason to feel proud of its conduct."—*All the Year Round.*

A Wonderful French Invention in Telegraphing.

[Vienna Correspondent New York Mail.]

I am sorry we are not represented in telegraphic apparatus, as we have several things in America that would be worth seeing. The French telegraphic department is the best in the exhibition, and some of the inventions are exceedingly interesting. There is a machine that prints an autographic dispatch, not chemically, like the other autographic instruments, but on white paper with printers' ink. It can not be described in writing, and so I will not attempt to say how it is made, except that there is synchronous action of two rollers; one may be in New York and the other in San Francisco, or in any other two places connected by a telegraph wire. A written message, a sheet of music, the portrait of a burglar, anything that can be drawn with a pen—not with a pencil—may be telegraphed from one end of the world to the other and reproduced with printers' ink on white paper, like that whereon the patron of the *Mail* reads this letter. Then they have a machine by which four operators can work over a single wire at once in one direction, just as one operator does with us, and by putting on four operators the other way you can make the capacity of one wire equal to that of eight by the old system. We are now using in America a system by which a wire may be operated both ways simultaneously. The French machine is exactly four times ahead of us. They have also an electro-magnet that works over a hundred miles of wire, and they have a machine that will tell within half a yard or so exactly where a pneumatic tube has become obstructed. Suppose you have a tube between New York and Harlem, and a wad of paper, a rat or something of that sort gets into it; you don't know exactly where to look for the obstruction, and it is a serious matter to go and dig up from one end till you find it—possibly not a hundred yards from the other. This machine tells you just where to go, though it will not tell you whether it is a rat or a wad of paper that stops the tube.

Cutting a Danbury Boy's Hair.

You can always tell a boy whose mother cuts his hair. Not because the edges of it look as if it had been chewed off by an absent-minded horse, but you tell it by the way he stops on the street, and wriggles his shoulders. When a fond mother has to cut her boy's hair, she is careful to guard against any annoyance and muss by laying a sheet on the carpet. It has never yet occurred to her to sit him over a bare floor, and put the sheet around his neck. Then she draws the front hair over his eyes and leaves it there while she cuts that which is at the back. The hair which lies over his eyes appears to be surcharged with electric needles, and that which is silently dropping down under his shirt band appears to be on fire. She has unconsciously continued to push his head forward until his nose presses his breast, and is too busily engaged to notice the snuffling sound that is becoming alarmingly frequent. In the mean time he is seized with an irresistible desire to blow his nose, but recollects that his handkerchief is in the other room. Then a fly lights on his nose, and does it so unexpectedly that he involuntarily dodges and catches the points of the shears in his left ear. At this he commences to cry and wish he was a man. But his mother doesn't notice him. She merely hits him on the other ear, to inspire him with confidence, and goes on with the work. When she is through she holds his jacket collar back from his neck, and with her mouth blows the short bits of hair from the top of his head down his back. He calls her attention to this fact, but she looks for a new place and hits him there, and asks him why he didn't use his handkerchief. Then he takes his awfully disfigured head to the mirror and looks at it, and young as he is, shudders as he thinks of what the boys on the street will say.—*Danbury News.*

FAITH.

Tiniest arms my neck entwine,
Rosiest lips are pressed to mine,
A voice that is musical, soft and low,
Is whispering, "Mother, I love you so."

"What makes you love me?—tell me true,
Beautiful one with eyes of blue,
Cheeks that are dimpled, with eyes of glee,"
Softly she answered, "Cos you love me."

"How does it know, my little girl,
That its mother loves her bright-eyed pearl?"
"You said you loved me," the child replies,
With a wondering look in its azure eyes.

Tenderest trust! Ah! loving faith!
Carry thee safe through the vale of death.
God says he loves; why should I doubt
But His arms will compass us round about?

An Interview with Miss Edmonia Lewis.

[From the New York Graphic, July 19.]

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the celebrated colored sculptor, whose portrait is given elsewhere, called at the office of the *Daily Graphic* to-day, and, in conversation with the writer, gave some inter