

wound. The unfortunate beast, who in vain attempted to flee, would have been actually picked to pieces on the spot had he not been carried off by a boy who came to the rescue, and brought him home in his arms, while the detachment of persecutors hovered with angry movements overhead. The dog's life was saved for the time, but the narrator adds that a day or two afterwards his wounds became so dangerous that he was obliged to have the poor wretch executed.

PULPITEERS.

I DRAW, with no unfriendly hand,
Some portraiture of men who stand
In modern pulpits to declare
God's word to those beneath their care.

First, Mr. Dullman comes in sight,
With sermons common-place and trite;
Who never either melts or glows
At the saint's joys or sinner's woes.

Next, Mr. Boisterous appears
Who, above all things, tameness fears,
Yet, by monotony of sound,
Creates a listlessness profound.

Third, Mr. Dreadful takes his text,
Not about this world, but the next;
And preaches terror with a *vin*
Which proves the theme has charms for him.

Hear Mr. Tedious as he draws
Out his divisions, clause by clause;
While he a school of patience keeps
His congregation yawns and sleeps.

Now, Mr. Learned, full of lore,
Proceeds to prove himself a bore:
The wisdom of this would-be sage
Comes not from Inspiration's page.

Lo! Mr. Claptrap pops in view
With the sensational and new,
While "itching ears" of monstrous size
Listen with rapture and surprise.

See Mr. Horner stand erect
In conscious pride of intellect—
The full-grown "Jack" who ate his pie,
Saying, "What a brave boy am I!"

Here Mr. Funny plays the clown,
While fools applaud and angels frown.
In such a place, to "court a grin"
Must be a heaven-provoking sin.

There Mr. Solemn rears his head,
Oppressed with mighty fear and dread,
Lest, by a "touch of nature," he
Should wake his hearers' sympathy.

Let Mr. Christ-like end the list,
Whose eloquence none can resist;
His "gracious words" of love and truth
Arrest and charm both age and youth.

O! come the time when we shall see
All pulpits manned, as they should be,
With Christ-like preachers, bold yet meek,
Through whom the living God shall speak!

W. F. C.

PRISONERS OF WAR IN ENGLAND.

WITH all its experiences of battle-fields and their accompaniments the present generation has never known prisoners of war in England, and we sincerely hope that it never will. There are but a few among us who can remember the prisoners on parole that were such objects of interest in some of our country towns during the Peninsular War; but many who have been brought up in or near small towns must in their youth have heard plenty of stories about them. There are still a few old ladies who pride themselves on having received their first French lessons from "the prisoners," and old gentlemen who boast of the swordsmanship which they owed to French fencing-masters on their parole. We whisper it with fear and trembling, but we often wonder that the novelists who have worn almost every topic, incident, and accident threadbare, have so greatly neglected the French prisoners of war in England.

The formal entrance of the captives into a country town caused intense excitement. There is a man now living who remembers the triumphal entrance into a certain country town of a troop of soldiers bringing captives from the Peninsular War. He was about eleven years old at the time, and he watched the pageant from the roof of one of those large "Queen Ann" houses which are sometimes to be found on the outskirts of provin-

cial towns. It was winter, and the snow lay on the rather flat roof; but the position was so favourable for seeing the fun, that the boy braved the cold. The most conspicuous figure in the procession was that of a tall and dignified generalissimo of Napoleon's army, who wore a large cocked hat. This cocked hat was too much for the boy's feelings, and hastily making a hard snowball, he knocked the old gentleman's "chapeau a carnes" into the gutter, with great force and accuracy. The general was by no means inclined to regard the matter in the light of an accident, much less a joke, and a tremendous row was the consequence, beginning with a formal complaint to the mayor, and ending in a warm and lasting friendship between the Field Marshal and the father of the snowball thrower.

Those were the days of hard drinking, and at the end of the war, when the prisoners returned to their own country, they took back wonderful stories of the after-dinner libations of the English country gentlemen. The tradition of these legends was handed down in France long after its light-hearted inhabitants had forgotten the war with England; and not very many years ago a French Abbe, when pressed by the writer to tell him what surprised him most on coming to England, replied "that you did not fall under the dinner-table, drunk, every night." His friends had forewarned him that he must, at the very least, be prepared for this, if he went to live at an English country-house.

Napoleon was very anxious to regain a certain skilful General of Engineers, who was on parole in a small provincial town, and he vainly offered a large number of English prisoners in exchange for him; but the General effected his own escape. It was supposed that a miller concealed the great man in a flour-bag and carted him far away from the town. At any rate, both the General and the miller disappeared on the same day, and at about the same hour, nor was either of them ever seen again in any part of Great Britain.

Well as the prisoners usually got on with the natives, a disturbance would sometimes arise when the feelings of both were excited to the utmost by the arrival of important news from the seat of war. A number of French prisoners were once assembled at their club between eleven and twelve o'clock at night during one of the more critical periods of the war in Spain. About the same hour the usual little knot of townspeople was awaiting the arrival of the coach that brought the London mail. As it dashed up to the door of the principal hotel, the guard announced the news of the victory at Vittoria. A crowd soon assembled and proceeded down the high street, cheering and spreading the news in all directions. Presently it passed near the house in which the Frenchmen were assembled, and they were soon made aware of the British victory. To hear the English crowd hurrahing outside was more than flesh and blood could stand, so the prisoners made a sortie, armed with billiard-cues and walking-sticks, and vainly attacked the natives. There was a scrimmage and a mingling of English and French oaths for a few minutes, but the brave foreigners were soon obliged to yield before overwhelming numbers. The conquerors somewhat ungenerously pursued the vanquished into their retreat, where they broke the windows, smashed the doors, tore off the shutters, and "made hay" in the club-room of "Messieurs les Societaires." But as a rule the relations of the prisoners of war with the residents were of the most friendly character. We have a copy of a petition delivered to the Transport Board and signed by the mayor, deputy-mayor, vicar, coroner, and some dozen of the leading men of a provincial town, begging for the release and restoration to his native land of an "Ensign de Vaisseau in the French navy," in return for a valiant service which he had rendered to "a British subject" by rescuing her child "by main force" from "the two paws" of a lion at a wild beast show.

Even at the present time the arrival of several French noblemen and officers in a dull country neighbourhood would create considerable interest; but it is difficult to imagine the sensation it must have caused seventy years ago, when there were no railways, and the arrival of the coach was the only daily excitement. The heavy dinners of the local magnates astonished the foreigners not a little, and there are still many traditions and legends of the effects, both mental and physical, produced upon the prisoners by the port wine of their captors.

There can be little doubt that the influence of the French prisoners upon the English was, on the whole, a good one. That it did much to lessen the British hatred of all that was foreign is certain; that it instilled a desire of seeing other countries than their own into our fathers is more than probable, and it is at worst a pardonable fancy, if we think that the old people still living, who mixed much as children with the French prisoners of high position, are a little different from the ordinary type of British country bumpkins. When the "prisoner-guests" had returned to their homes, they did not forget to write to their late hosts. One of their letters, in which the journey to France is described, lies before us. Birmingham must have been small in those days, as it is said to be "not so large as half Bordeaux," although the writer thinks its population must have been about the same. The following is the description of Oxford:—"Oxford, this pretty town which you must know by its universities, and by many curious things that it has in its bottom, has appeared to me very pleasant and fine."—*Saturday Review*.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL is president, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Greenleaf Whittier, Charles W. Eliot and E. N. Horsford, vice-presidents of the Longfellow Memorial Association. At a recent meeting, it was finally decided to carry out the original plan of a park and monument.