

midian lion as he cleared the way for the girl through the ugly wall:

"Well, if this ain't British soil it is God Almighty's soil, and you can't iron her! There, girl!—go, as free as the winds of Colorado!"

The girl started up with all the grateful remembrance of her race in the single glance she gave her deliverer, and she passed out, with her face lifted to the cliff above. And old Kit stood there as she passed, and adroitly forced something in her bony hand for the hungry mother on the rocky hill. Surely, with the contents of the little tin bucket went a God's blessing on her from the heart of every man there, save and except the agent of these United States and the cowering and red-headed deputy.

### ESCAPE OF EUGENIE.

#### LAST DAYS OF THE THIRD EMPIRE.

The tidings of the emperor's capitulation at Sedan circulated in Paris on the evening of the third of September, and throughout the night cabinet councils were held at the Tuilleries—that is, ministers, legislators and generals kept coming and going to proffer advice, or bring idle bits of news.

The empress would not consent to take rest, her excitement was too great. Revived by the idea that a great display of energy would be required of her presently, she began to busy herself in a womanly way as to what kind of riding habit she should put on. She retired to her dressing-room thinking to don a plain black habit, on the breast of which should be pinned a small cross of the Legion of Honor; but by some inexplicable mischance the only habit available was found to be a green one, embroidered with gold—the costume of the Imperial Hunt at Fontainebleau and Compiègne, which had to be worn with a three-cornered hat à la Louis XV. This was pronounced to be too theatrical for the occasion. There had been some other habits in the wardrobe but they could not be discovered.

Little things can make or mar great events. When a lady has dressed herself expressly to do a thing, she generally does it; and it can hardly be doubted that if the empress had put on a habit, her appearance in that attire would have had an electrifying effect on her entourage, whose enthusiasm must have reacted upon herself. As it was, she returned to her dressing-room disheartened, and nobody who saw her jaded face could have advised her to take any action requiring vigor of body or mind. Nevertheless she clung tenaciously to the hope that Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers—a one-armed Crimean veteran—would keep order in the city, and her spirits rose a little as the morning passed without bringing any reports of the insurrection.

But the awaking of Paris on that fourth of September had been like the simmering of a vast cauldron—crowds bubbling up all over it, and vaporing on their feelings in talk. There was no violence; only a very small party of anarchists had their minds set upon revolution. M. Thiers wanted the regency to be maintained, and sent several messages to the palace to say so. M. Gambetta was in doubt as to what would be best for the country, but was not eager to assume the responsibility of carrying on the war. Under these circumstances there was no organized attempt to overthrow the empire—it was borne down, so to say, by the overpowering force of mobs pressing upon it from every direction. From the moment when no order had been issued to the military to keep the Place de la Concorde clear, all idea of resistance became useless. By one o'clock that enormous square was covered with a multitude that looked like a sea—not a stormy one but calmly waving with irresistible might.

Soon after two the human tide overflowed into the garden of the Tuilleries, and began to roll toward the palace in long, slow streams. All the faithful of the second empire, the friends of the eleventh hour, the courtiers of misfortune, were gathered in the white drawing-room, contiguous to the empress' private apartments. A report was brought to her majesty that the Count de Cossé-Brissac, and some other combative young men, had revolvers, and expressed their intention of using them on the first representatives of the canaille who should try to enter the palace. The empress at once sent word to these gentlemen requesting that they should do nothing so rash as to fire, or even to exhibit their arms. A moment afterward she asked for an opera-glass, and standing behind the curtain, scrutinized the crowd, which had advanced as far as the private garden. She was amazed and shocked to see M. Victorien Sardou, the dramatist, apparently leading the rabble; but the truth is, M. Sardou had put himself at the head of the mob only that he might control it. It was a very courageous thing he did on that day, and it was largely owing to him that the palace was not sacked when the populace got possession of it.

At twenty minutes past two Signor Nigra, the Italian Ambassador, passed the white drawing-room with a rather jolly air on his face, as though nothing were happening. "What news?" asked somebody. "Mais rien," he answered cheerfully, and strode off, erect and long-legged, into the empress' rooms. He had come to tell the empress that it was time to fly. Her fortitude forsook her at this during a few seconds, and she could not articulate, but she made a sign that she wished to go and show herself to those who had stood by her faithfully

to the last. The door of the white drawing-room was thrown open, and the empress appeared for a moment on the threshold—an inexpressibly touching little figure in her simple black dress and white collar. She made a court-sy and waved her hand, trying hard to smile, while many—not all of them women—were sobbing aloud. Then with gentle persuasion Prince Richard Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, drew her back, and the door was closed again.

There was a common looking cab standing on the Quai du Louvre, but the driver was no less a person than the emperor's deputy master of the horse—Mr. Gamble, an Englishman. Mr. Gamble had been servant to Prince Louis Napoleon while the latter was living as a refugee in London in 1847, and with touching fidelity he insisted upon resuming his menial position, when his master went into exile again after losing his throne. He always drove the emperor and empress at Chiselhurst, though his post as deputy master of the horse under the empire had given him social precedence with colonels. On the fourth September he had dressed himself to look as much like a cabman as possible, but there were firearms in both his pockets, and the horse in the shafts of his cab was one of the fastest trotters in the imperial stables. The empress presently came out from the eastern gate of the Louvre with Madame Carotte, both veiled. They were escorted by Signor Nigra and Prince Metternich. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps marched in front to see if the coast was clear. Just as the empress was about to step into the cab, a street boy recognized her, and raised the cry: "Voilà l'Impératrice!" With great presence of mind M. de Lesseps sped him a kick, saying, "Ah! you're crying 'Vive l'Empereur!' are you? that will teach you." And this was enough to set by-standers against the boy while the cab drove off.

The empress was taken to the house of Dr. Evans, the American surgeon-dentist in the Champs Elysees. It was at first intended that she should remain there for two or three days and then take refuge in the Convent de Picpus—these arrangements having been made under the assumption that the revolutionary government would set a close watch upon all the stations to prevent her majesty from escaping. But Count de Keratry, the new prefect of police, who was appointed at four o'clock, at once gave his predecessor to understand that the empress had much better, for her own sake, leave the country that night, however tired she might be. "The best way," he said, "would be for her to leave by an ordinary train, and to be accompanied to the station by no man who was well known to the public. Detectives should be sent to the waiting room to protect her in case of need." This message was brought to Dr. Evans toward seven o'clock, while the empress was sleeping soundly. Her friends hesitated whether she ought to be disturbed, for she had sunk quite prostrate, and it was feared that a break in her rest, followed by great fatigue, might bring on brain fever. On consideration, however, it was decided that she ought to be removed out of harm's way; and Mr. R—, the young Englishman who had already been employed in the empress' secret service, was instructed to attend her to the station in the evening, take tickets for her, and see her safely off. All this was done without any hitch; the empress, with Madame Lebreton, took the eight o'clock train for Maubeuge, on the Northern line, and none of the ordinary passengers in the train knew that she was travelling by it. The guard was aware of the fact, and four gentlemen, travelling in different carriages, went with the empress as private escort (though she did not suspect it), and only returned to Paris when she had reached Belgium. Hence she made her way to England by a roundabout route, returning to France by way of Calais to avoid a long sea passage. Finding at Calais that it would be unsafe for her to embark, she proceeded to Deauville, arriving there on Wednesday, the seventh. The *Gazette*, a forty-ton cutter yacht belonging to Field Marshal Sir John Burgoyne, happened to be lying in the port, and it was in this boat that her majesty crossed with Madame Lebreton. The seamen on board had no idea who was their passenger. The empress, after a stormy passage, reached Ryde on the morning of the eighth, and alighted at the York Hotel, whence she started on the following day for Hastings, to join the Prince Imperial.

Such was the confusion attending upon the collapse of the empire that the empress forgot, before going away, to draw a sum of sixty thousand pounds which remained in the hands of M. Wolner, the emperor's cashier.

### ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, April 20.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN are at work on a new comic opera, which will be ready in October.

THERE has been no contradiction to the report that Mr. Santley has become a lay brother of the Passionist Fathers at Sutton.

THE water ball, which has found favor at the French shooting matches, is to be tried shortly at Hurlingham. It is, we hear, somewhat of an improvement on the French article.

THE National School of Cookery is busy experimenting upon novel and economical methods of dressing fish, especially the cheaper kinds. Cheap fish dinners are to be a great feature at the Fisheries Exhibition.

PERHAPS, after all, the Duke of Wellington's statue will find a resting-place opposite the Horse Guards. The authorities have been a long time waiting for an idea, and not a bad one has come to them at last.

THE Birmingham trade in idols is rather brisk. A thousand glass gods have just been imported into Burma from Birmingham. They cost only 1s. 6d. each, and sell for eight rupees. Whose likeness do the manufacturers employ?

IT is believed that the proposed railway which is to connect Brighton with the Devil's Dyke, an old Roman encampment, from which an extensive and magnificent view of the Weald of Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, &c., is to be obtained, will be commenced in a few weeks.

A SILVER ship has just been manufactured in Sydney in order to be presented to Mr. Plimsoll. It is the gift of the seamen of New South Wales, in recognition of his distinguished services to the seamen of the world. We presume it is a big ship—over a thousand tons at least.

IN London there is an agency for forwarding to subscribers' notices from all London and Provincial papers and periodicals to art and other exhibitions, theatres, concerts, books, &c. The idea is not a bad one, for many artists, actors, and authors will be very glad to read criticisms about themselves.

Two out of the five members of the Channel Tunnel Committee chosen from the House of Commons are not unfavorable to the project, and the others are doubtful. Sir Edward Watkins believes that the tunnel could be completed in three years.

IT is understood that a new play and novel from the pen of Mr. Wilkie Collins will shortly make their appearance simultaneously, the play at the Imperial Theatre, under Mr. Edgar Bruce's management. Mr. Wilkie Collins resorts to this method of simultaneously publishing his novel and his play in order to protect the former from unscrupulous adapters.

MR. JOHN MORLEY is about to retire from the editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to devote himself to his Parliamentary duties, and to undertake charge of *Macmillan's Magazine*, which is intended to be more of the style of the *Fortnightly*, and other periodicals of that class. Mr. Sted, his assistant, will succeed him in Northumberland street.

NOBODY, except an intimate friend, knows where Mr. Parnell lives in London. When he takes a cab from the House of Commons he invariably drives to Charing Cross, and on leaving the conveyance walks toward the Strand. Mr. O'Kelly shares with Mr. Parnell the secret of his abode. They live together in the same rooms, it is believed, in one of the side streets off the Strand.

AT London public dinners of late it has ceased to be fashionable to rise to any toast except that of the Queen. Lord Aberdeen incidentally explained, at the British Orphan Asylum dinner, the real reason for the change in London society manners. He stated that the Prince of Wales discouraged rising to any toast save that of the Queen. At the Mansion House dinner the other night, the toast of "The Prince of Wales and the rest of the Royal Family" was received by the company sitting, even although the Duke of Edinburgh was sitting at the table, and was going to respond to the toast. When the toast is the guests of the evening, they will rise from their seats during the panegyric.

HIGH Churchmen, whose *beau idéal* of a sacerdotal successor of the twelve poor fishermen of Galilee is that of a good Geoffrey Chaucer—"a poor fisherman"—will rejoice to hear that the lately proved will of their great leader and patriarch, Dr. Pusey, upsets the long-cherished idea that he was a man of wealth. It was the belief at Oxford that the chief of the Tractarians was an opulent man, and that he possessed large property; but the probate shows that £16,000 is the most of his personality, which is hardly consistent with the rumors of fabulous wealth. There is, however, no gainsaying of the fact that the late Regius Professor of Hebrew was a munificent patron of various charitable and benevolent objects, and, more than that, he gave liberally in a way that the *or pollor* knew nothing of. He was truly a generous, benevolent, and beneficent man.

THERE will be an exhibition in May of men and woman's rational dress. It will take place at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, which will be opened by the Princess of Wales, on the 29th of this month. There will be a prize of £50 for the best woman's dress which will prevent all pressure of her body, be beautiful, convenient and cheap; but those who are going in for the prize had better obtain official particulars.

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### VARIETIES.

THE dynamite scare in London has grown to most extraordinary proportions; but it is noticeable that fear has not got the better of curiosity. For instance, it was rumored that the gas-works in the Old Kent-road were to be blown up, and, strange to relate, thousands of people assembled to witness the destruction of the largest gasometer in the world, evidently forgetful that there would be extreme personal danger in being even within sight of such a catastrophe. The mixture of simplicity and curiosity in such sightseers is simply incredible.

A PROPOSAL has been made to specially celebrate the bicentenary of Handel's birth, which occurs the year after next; and Mr. George Grove has suggested that there should be a performance of one of Handel's oratorios as Handel wrote it, with extra oboes, bassoons, trumpets and horns, and without additional accompaniments. It is a question if modern ears would be able to endure it, although our modern oboes are not nearly so strong and coarse as the old English and German oboes were. Handel wrote for an orchestra with more oboes than violins.

PRIZE FOR RELIC-HUNTERS.—The following note was written by Dickens in reply to one consulting him about the purchase of some old furniture in London:

"There is a chair (without a bottom) at a shop near the office, which I think would suit you. It cannot stand of itself, but will seat somebody, if you put it in a corner, and prop one leg up with two wedges and cut another leg off. The proprietor asks £20, but says he admires literature, and would take £18. He is of republican principles, and I think would take £17, 19s. 6d., from a cousin; shall I secure the prize? It is very ugly and wormy, and it is related, but without proof, that on one occasion Washington declined to sit down in it."

THE HOMES OF LITERARY PEOPLE.—The great literary names of the country stand for domestic purity and the home virtues. Irving did not marry; but after Miss Hoffman's death he lived like a true knight, carrying his heart for an invisible bride. Longfellow's home was sweet and beautiful as any poem he ever wrote. Nothing could exceed the genial pleasantness of the home life of Bryant, of the Danas, father and son; of Hawthorne, whose gifted wife gave him so much cheer and aid in his work; of Bayard Taylor, and of Dr. Holland. Emerson's home at Concord was an idyl, and hard-hearted people who visited him did not wonder that he talked so loftily and sweetly and believed that all human beings have an angel side. How could he help being everything noble or believing everything good who lives in paradise?

THE AUTHOR'S HALO.—There is a certain halo of romance about a successful man of letters and a genial illusion among the inexperienced that an author must, in his person, represent those qualities which are admired in his works—that a poet's appearance and conversation conversation should be redolent of a graceful melancholy; that wits should be always witty, and orators fiery and eloquent. Hence it is something of a shock to a hero-worshiper to hear his favorite poet discourse upon the weather or his wife's rheumatism; to find his brilliant satirist a young man with red hair and sleepy eyes, or his impassioned orator in private life a dullard. Mrs. Hannah More, after her first season among the big-wigs of London, remarked that "wits, when they get into a cluster, are just as dull as other people." Miss Mitford found that "most writers were mere good-humored chattering, neither very wise nor very witty, but nine times out of ten unaffected and pleasant, and quite removing, by their conversation, any awe that might have been excited by their works."