

# Marching Home for Christmas.

A STORY OF THE EGYPTIAN WAR.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE MOONLIGHT CHARGE.

"Look here, St. John," said a stalwart trooper of the 1st Life Guards, throwing himself down on the hot sands of Egypt to catch a few minutes' rest before the hour fixed for the *reville*, his head pillowed on his saddle-bags, his pipe screwed into the corner of his mouth, "if I'm done for this time, as may be my luck as well as anyone else's, just drop a line to my people—you know their address—and I'll do the same for you if it's your turn instead."

"Thank you, I should just like to know why I never came back," and his eyes wandered dreamily over the long row of tents to the starlit heavens above. "If I'm hit in the back," with a short laugh, "you needn't mention it."

"No, and if you run away, which seems probable," with good-natured sarcasm, "I'll keep it dark. But where does she hang out, and what's her name?"

"There's no 'she' from your point of view," said Brian hastily; "and after all, it's only the old man I ought to send a word. Tell him how it came about, and that I hoped it was all right between us—my love, and that sort of thing. Good night." He turned over, as if he were drowsy, but sleep did not visit his eyes for some time. The sweet pale face of Muriel Kerschoyle rose before his mental vision, as he had seen it last at the window of his grandfather's brougham, the same expression in the wistful eyes which had haunted him ever since. "No," he said to himself, as if in answer to the longing which had seized him to send her a message. "I have tried to say nothing to her which could stand between her and her future happiness. I will not sadden her young life with a useless regret."

One hour later the whole camp was astir. Arabi's forces were advancing in formidable numbers, and the Household Cavalry were called out to drive them back. Brian rode amongst the first in the famous moonlight charge, and his sword was as active as any other in sweeping the rebels from the face of the earth. With the resistless force of a whirlwind, the gallant brigade came down on the Egyptian hosts, swords and helmets gleaming with unearthly lustre in the brilliant moonbeams, their horses snorting with excitement, their riders uplifted ready to strike. Like a herd of deer frightened at the first shot of the sportsmen, the rebels scattered to right and left, leaving many of their comrades gasping in the sand and calling on Allah to save them. A knot of Bedouins, fiercer than the harmless fellows, who have to be driven on to the battlefield at the point of the bayonet, had gathered round a young vicount and were pressing him hard. Seeing that he was in danger, Brian promptly dashed in to his rescue, without a thought for his own personal risk. His sword flashed in the air and descended on the head of the nearest Bedouin, cleaving it in two. The unfortunate rebel fell prone under his horse's hoofs but his comrades threw themselves upon the Life Guardsman with a savage yell.

Cutting right and left he forced his way to Lord Melton's side. The latter's thoroughbred had been shot under him, but pale and undaunted, with nothing but a broken sword in his maimed right hand, and a revolver in his left, he managed to hold his own for a few seconds against his assailants. Another minute and he must have succumbed, but just as he was almost sinking from faintness, Brian caught him by the shoulder and with a strong pull helped him up before him. Slashing at the nearest Bedouin with the whole strength of his right arm, he scoured his horse over the prostrate bodies of those who had fallen in the *melee*, and carried the young Guardsman from under the very noses of the Egyptian guns into safety. His gallant feat had not passed unnoticed; Colonel—called out: "I shall remember this, St. John," as he passed by him to regain his place in the ranks.

"A mere nothing," he returned with a smile; but, as if to give the lie to his words, his tall form lurched to one side, and he would have tumbled off his horse if a trooper had not caught him by the arm.

The fight was over. The brilliant charge had done its work, the Egyptian gunners were silenced in the most effectual manner, and in the first blush of radiant dawn the wounded were carried back to camp.

Brian was laid on a bed in the hospital-tent. Lord Melton stood on one side of him with his own right hand tied up in a voluminous bandage, the surgeon by the other.

"There isn't a doubt that he will get over it," the young officer looked into Dr.—'s grave face as he asked the question, but the surgeon shook his head.

"You see the loss of blood was frightful. He must have absolutely continued to use his sword arm whilst the blood was pouring from his side like a bucket of water."

"I don't believe he thought of it at all; he only thought of me," and Lord Melton's lip trembled. "But I say," he added quickly, "you must cure him; you don't know who he is. He and I were chums together at Eton; he only enlisted for a lark."

"That won't make it easier to cure him. However, we may pull him through," as he laid his hand on the patient's pulse. "As soon as he can be moved, he must be sent back to Ismailia. The hospital arrangements are a little less excruciating than here. I must be off. The unfortunate thing is that our chloroform is running out," as he stopped to roll up a bandage, "and I have two or three serious cases waiting for amputation."

"I have some in my dressing-case. I never travel without it, for I am a martyr to neuralgia. My man shall find it for you in two minutes if you really want it," and Lord Melton turned away towards the door. "I shall be infinitely obliged if you can spare it."

"And is there anything I can do for him?" with a jerk of his head towards Brian's motionless form. "Remember, I might have been worse off than he is. I owe him something for that."

"I will let you know. Whilst he is unconscious there is nothing to be done. You had better go and get some rest; you want it badly," and with a friendly nod they parted, the surgeon bustling off to his "other cases," the young officer languidly bestowing himself to his quarters.

The heat was intense all through that long day. The sun beat down upon the barren waste of sand with such intensity that the parched grit scorched the soles of

men's feet as if they had been walking on a bed of glowing cinders. Not a breath of a penetrating wind came from the east, and the wounded were lying. The surgeons and their staff had their hands full, and so long as wounds were properly attended to, bullets extracted, and bones set, they were obliged to leave the patients' smaller wants to a certain extent unattended.

"Water, water!" gasped a poor wretch who had been tied to his bed in a fit of delirium. He could not move either or foot, his lips were dry and burning, his eyes fixed in a longing stare on the water at a little distance. "Water—water—God's sake a drop of water, or I shall go mad!" he moaned perpetually, but the hours went by and nobody came.

Brian awoke, but, very weak, was intolerably fagged by the thirsty trooper on his right.

"Why the deuce can't he hold his tongue?" he thought wearily, as he twisted his head round to have a look at him.

"Water—water!" he cried again, and his eyes began to roll feverishly round the tent. "I feel as if I was in hell already! Water! It'll be all up with me. Water, I say! Can't one of you fellows get it for me? If I weren't trussed up like a fowl, I'd be out of bed like a shot."

Brian was already considering the matter, in a sleepy sort of way. The jug was on the table, only two yards from the end of his own bed, and close to that of Atkins, the thirty men. He thought that if he summoned all his energy, he might just be able to manage it, but his energy had gone and his long legs seemed to have no more strength than a baby's. With immense difficulty he rolled off his mattress on to the floor where he lay panting like a grampus. Atkins watched him with avidity, his fettered hands shaking to help, his glittering eyes roaming to the water-jug.

"Now, don't give in," he said expostulatingly. "It will be worse than if you never tried."

Brian gave him a nod—he felt too tired to speak; slowly he crawled to the table, raised his arm to get the jug; his face turned white as a sheet.

"There, take it," he said, hastily thrusting it close to Atkins' eager face.

The trooper seized it, and emptying it at a draught, let it fall down on to the coverlet, with a clasp of relief.

"St. John, you're a brick," he said as he looked his lips with an air of satisfaction, and able to rest at last, he turned his head and fell fast asleep.

A few minutes later Lord Melton came in, stepping softly, so that he should not wake any of the sleepers. Brian's empty bed caught his eye at once.

"Strange," he thought, "that they should have moved him so soon."

Having no particular interest in the others and seeing that they were all pretty quiet, he turned away, intending to ask the surgeon what had become of St. John, when his feet touched against something on the floor. Looking down in a moment he saw what it was, and his heart almost stopped beating, as stooping low, he gently raised the heavy head. The face was more than pale—it was ashen grey—and without a vestige of life in the closed lips. Good God! he was lying in a pool of blood; the bandage had slipped!

"Ah, this is his death-warrant," said Dr.—, who had come in to find Brian crouching on the floor, with Brian's head resting on his knee, and a look of hopeless despair on his good-natured young face. What madness possessed him to move?

"I asked him to get me some water, sir," and Atkins, suddenly roused to knowledge of what had happened, peered round in abject contrition.

"Then your drop of water has cost the life of one of the best soldiers in Her Majesty's service," the surgeon said with an angry grunt. "Place your hand here," to Lord Melton, "don't let it slip for God's sake. There, that's the best I can do," sagging at the bandage. "Now for the bandage, quick! Here Forster, fetch Smith and Brown; we must lift him on to the bed without a shake."

It was done as carefully as possible, and the patient never uttered a groan as his head fell back on to the pillow. Ah, if his grandfather could have seen him then, the handsome face which had brightened his old heart, haggard and wan, with the dew already gathering on the broad brow, the dark moustache wet with his lifeblood.

Lord Melton's head sank on his folded arms. If he had not been so brave before, he would have been lying out there in the sands, possibly mutilated, assuredly a corpse, and now when his heart was bursting with gratitude, he could do nothing for him; he could not stay the hand of death, or by one word of sympathy make the last journey easier to start on. Some one touched him on the shoulder. He only answered with a groan.

"You must not stay here; the order to march is given."

"Not really?" starting up and rubbing his eyes with the back of his left hand.

"And what will become of him?"

The surgeon shrugged his shoulders. "A grave at Ismailia."

The young Guardsman stopped over the bed, and placed his hand carefully on the cold forehead. "Good bye, dear old friend," he whispered with a strangled sob, and then walked slowly from the tent.

"Stop a bit," cried the doctor, hurrying after him: "I forgot your wound. You are not fit to fight."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Melton in great disdain. "Do you think a scratch on my hand could keep me back from Tel-el-Kebir?"

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"Trooper St. John dangerously wounded. Mr. Kerschoyle looked up from the paper, where he just read a glowing account of the action at Kassassin. 'Is that your good looking friend, Miss Muriel?'"

"No grandpa," and she laughed at the thought of it. "My friend might be a lieutenant or a captain, but never a trooper. He was a gentleman, and he looked quite a swell," with a blush and a sigh.

"An, we shall see what you say to Brian; when the boy's tired of making, I suppose he will condescend to come home," and also with a sigh, he returned to his paper.

As the days passed on the longing to see "this boy" grew so intense, that he could settle to nothing. He had found out from

his bankers that Brian had not drawn a farthing of the liberal sum he had pledged to his credit, and he tortured himself with conjectures as to his means of subsistence. A paltry annuity of one hundred pounds a year would not be likely to last him longer than two or three months, and when it was gone his wretched pride might bring him to actual starvation, but never to asking forgiveness for what he would not consider a fault. Oh, if some one could only tell him that everything was forgiven, and would be forgiven till seventy-times seven, that he might marry the kitchen-maid if he liked, if he would but come back, and make the dull house bright with his presence.

He had not been to the club for months, or paid the annual subscription. Mr. Kerschoyle did that for him, and stooped to asking the porter if he had seen anything of his grandson.

"No, sir, not for many a long day," with a shake of his head. "He hasn't gone to the war, I suppose?" as a sudden idea struck him.

"No; he never was a soldier. But why do you ask?" looking at him sharply.

"It's nothing, sir; only, as I was standing on the steps when the 1st Life Guards went by one of the troopers looked me straight in the face, and his was the mark of Mr. Brian Kerschoyle. I thought nothing of it at the time, but you asking me after him, as if he was missing, put it into my head again."

"I did not say that he was missing—nothing of the sort; and as to that likeness with a common trooper, it must have been purely accidental," and Mr. Kerschoyle walked loftily away; nevertheless, he took care to enquire at the Horse Guards if any body of the name of Kerschoyle had enlisted in the Household Brigade.

The lists were examined, and an answer in the negative returned.

"Surely Brian can't hold out much longer," he said to himself as he warmed his hands over the fire one chilly day in October; "ten months of insulted dignity is enough for any man. If I treated the fellow as he deserves, I should lock the door in his face for giving me such a time of it; but I don't think I shall do it, with a curious smile. 'Life isn't long enough for a grudge like that, and I shouldn't like to go off with him away.'"

"Shall I never, never, never see Mr. St. John again?" and Muriel dropped her eyelids, with an impatient sigh. "What's the good of having everything I want with out a single friend to go over-nuch? I think he must have forgotten me—though he vowed he never would."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Origin of "Hurrah."

Writing to the London Times with reference to the remark of its Berlin correspondent that the exclamation of "Hurrah!" is said to be of Slavonic origin, Dr. C. A. Buchheim of King's College, London, says: "I presume your correspondent must have some authority for this assertion, but I hope you will allow me to point out that, as far as I know, the word is of purely German origin. It is generally assumed to be derived from the imitative interjection *hur*, describing a rapid movement, from which the middle High-German *hurren*, 'to move rapidly,' or rather to hurry, has been formed. The *durrah*, is, therefore, nothing else but an enlarged form of *hur*, and, as I said, of purely Teutonic origin. In Grimm's 'Worterbuch' we find the interjection *dur* from a Minnesinger. It also occurs in Dutch and Scandinavian literature. The word *hurrah* when it was first introduced in this country in the Anglicized form of 'hurry.' In Germany it was frequently used during the Napoleonic wars by the Prussian soldiers, and martial songs of those days. Since then it seems to have been adopted also by other nations, even by the French in the form of *hurrah*. That the interjection did not become so popular in Germany as a cheer at convivial gatherings as in this country is probably owing to the circumstance that preference was given there to the brief exclamation 'Hurrah!' forming precisely the end and the beginning of the phrases 'lebe hoch' and 'hoch soil er leben.' Of late the word *hurrah* seems to have become rather popular in Germany. It is just possible that the English reimported it there or that it was revived through the magnificent poem of 'Hurrah, Germania!' written by the poet laureate of German people, Ferdinand Freiligrath."

## Evening Wrap.

An exquisite evening wrap, and one in the best taste, is of ivory plush, lined with pale yellow silk and edged with ruffles of yellow ostrich feathers. A long bos of soft yellow plumes finishes the neck and extends down either side of the front. A silk crepe fan of pale yellow, painted with pansies, goes beautifully with this cloak. I was favoured with a private view of some new and very chic ladies' collars which are being made by Messrs. Williams, Greene & Keme. They are called the *Hyacinth* collar, and are very much worn by New York and Parisian elegantes. This collar is turned down over the neck-band of the dress, and fastened in front with a small stud; it is just the thing now that bodies are no longer made with the high, stand-up, English neck-band, for fashion decrees that it is most becoming to show a little of the throat. It is the prettiest, most graceful novelty I have seen in the way of linen collars, and, I find, not at all difficult to wear, as at first sight one might suppose it to be. On the contrary, it is most becoming, novel, and very effective when a soft bow of ribbon is added in front.

## She Wanted Delay.

Adorer—"As we are to be married in January, should we not announce our engagement?"

Sweet Girl—"No, no; not yet, not yet." "My own I would have waited to make known the sweet truth to all the world were not the time so short. Can you not bring yourself to acknowledge your betrothal without further delay?"

"No, no. Wait, I beg of you."

"But why, my shrinking little angel?"

"Wait until all the Christmas presents are in, or half of them will be held back for wedding presents."

They have an effective way of dealing with habitual drunkards in Norway and Sweden. They put them in jail and feed them entirely on bread and wine. The bread is steeped in wine for an hour before it is served. The first day a man will take it, but before many more he will have the sight of it. After an incarceration of this sort many become total abstainers.

## HOW MONKEYS ARE CAPTURED.

Their Curiosity is the Thing That Makes Them an Easy Prey.

Most all monkeys which one sees in this country come from Gorgona, a little village, which is situated a short distance from the Panama Railroad. The inhabitants of this district are mostly native negroes, for no white man could bear the climate without drinking plenty of whiskey and almost continually swallowing quinine. The whole region is marshy and covered with extremely profuse tropical vegetation. At night there arises a thick vapor laden with fever, which hangs over the woods like a cloud.

This region of wood is the paradise of the monkeys. They travel in troops around the woods, led by an older monkey. When the people receive the information that the "traveling monkey troops" are near the village they repair to the woods in crowds in chase of them. Their plan is very simple. They cut a hole in a coconut large enough for a monkey's paw. The nut is then hollowed out and a piece of sugar is placed in it. A piece of string is then fastened to the nut and is placed in the road of the approaching monkey. It is known monkeys are very inquisitive animals. Soon enough they see the "lonesome" coconut in the grass and hurry to examine it thoroughly. It is a curious sight to see how they climb from the trees, chattering, to take a good view of the concern.

Does not take them long to find out that the inner part contains a piece of sugar. One of the boldest and greediest sticks a paw into the nut to get the sugar and grasps it as tightly as he can. But his fist is so large that he cannot draw it out of the hole again with the sugar, which he holds fast to, cast what is my. The negroes now pull the string until nut and monkey arrive in the vicinity of their ambush. In the meantime the other monkeys wonder what is the matter with their comrade. They hurry to see where he is being pulled to with his paw in the coconut. They crowd around him, chattering and gestulating to their hearts content.

Now the great moment has come. The negroes have a large net ready, and they spread it out over the unsuspecting monkeys, and before they know it they are prisoners. They are sold to the employees of the Panama Railroad, and reach the New American market through commercial dealers.

## Everyday Cookery.

WHITE BREAD.—One pint of lukewarm milk, one fifth of a cake of compressed yeast softened in a little of the milk, a piece of butter the size of one-half a hen's egg, two even tablespoonsful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt. Put all together in the mixing bowl and add flour enough to mix sufficiently stiff to knead but do not knead it. Place where it is warm enough for it to rise light in from ten to twelve hours. I do not think it improves bread any to hasten the time of its first rising. Cut it down thoroughly with a knife and let rise again, then divide into three parts. Knead each part with only flour enough to keep from sticking and place side by side in a common bread tin. Let rise and then place in a moderately hot oven and bake from three-fourths to one hour or till done, as ovens vary. This is a rule for one large loaf. Make graham bread the same as white bread after sifting the graham.

RYE AND INDIAN OR BROWN.—Two cups of rye, two cups of Indian sifted, then add two even teaspoonsful of soda, sift again. Add three-fourths of a cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, and mix thoroughly with milk or water thick enough to pour slowly into a pail. Cover tightly, allowing room enough for the bread to rise and steam two hours, then remove the cover from the pail and place it in the oven one-half hour to dry off.

WHITE BREAD.—I have never been able to make good bread without spending a good deal of time on it, when I do not it is almost a failure. In cold weather set the flour in a warm place and let rise over night, then divide into three parts. Knead each part with a pint of liquid for a loaf, half milk and half water. Sift the milk summer or winter, and for each pint of liquid use a small teaspoonful of butter and a pinch of salt, and for three loaves use only one-half a yeast cake. Put all these in the mixing bowl and with the hands mix in the flour, slowly working and stirring all the time. Never use a knife or spoon. Knead on a board till the dough will not cling to the hands, let it rise over night, in the morning cut it down as soon as possible, mould up and put in this after having chopped it with a chopping knife till all the bubbles of air are out of it and never hurry it to rise the last time. In the hottest weather set the bread to rise over night in the refrigerator. Sear bread is unfit to eat.

WHITE BREAD.—One loaf of bread, one quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, slightly rounded, one tablespoonful of sugar, a little salt. Mix with half milk and water. Soak the milk in warm weather as it is liable to sour if not scalded. Mould until it does not stick to the hands.

BROWN BREAD.—Two cups Indian meal, one cup of rye meal, two cups of white flour, a teaspoonful of salt, two-thirds cup of molasses, one pint of milk either sweet or sour with one teaspoonful soda beaten into it until it is foamy, put it into a tin pail or brown bread steamer and tie the cover on tight and steam three hours and then turn out and set in the oven for half an hour.

CORN CAKE.—Sift two cups of corn meal, one cup of wheat flour, two tablespoonsful of sugar, two tablespoonsful cream tartar, dissolve one teaspoonful of soda, wet it up with milk, beat in two eggs, make it thin enough to pour in a well greased pan. It is delicious for breakfast or dinner, with sweet butter. I have made it like light sponge cake. Set it on the bottom of a hot oven.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Break two eggs into a cup, fill it up with sweet cream, if the cream is very thick add three tablespoonsful of sweet milk, one cup of sugar, a little salt and a cup and a half of St. Louis flour into which have been sifted two level teaspoonsful of cream tartar and one of soda; lemon or vanilla can be added if desired; bake moderately in two hot ovens, bat with cream, sugar, eggs and flour together bricly and minute.

WHITE BREAD.—One pint of milk, one-half cup of yeast, one half teaspoonful of salt with enough flour for a stiff batter. Knead well; let it rise, then knead into a loaf. The milk should be boiled thoroughly and allowed to cool until like warm, then add yeast, salt and stir in flour.

## The One-Thousand-Pound Bank Note.

Bank notes for £1,000 are not so common but that the adventures of this one may be worth a brief narration. They connect themselves with a sad tale of the dangers incurred by inheriting a fortune. Edward Gillet, the last owner of the subject of this memoir, was a bricklayer, who, in his old age, became possessed of considerable wealth. Thereupon he followed the example of the man who was told that the authenticity of the Three Heavenly Witnesses had been disproved, and "took to drinking." In December, 1879, he received the note as part of his legacy, and kept it in his pocket a month. The pocket of an elderly drunkard is no place for a respectable note to remain in; and at the end of the month this specimen of portable property took its flight. At the time of the escape Gillet was helplessly intoxicated, and he spent the evening of his days in Dr. Smith's asylum. Mr. Gillet is described by his daughter, with dilatory insight and candor, as "childish, wild, obstinate, and hardly ever sober." He was in the habit of "flourishing the note about," and the only wonder is that it was not speedily flourished into the pocket of somebody else. The son gave the number to the police, the note was stopped at the bank, and nothing more has been heard of it from that day to this. At last the Gillets have succeeded in getting another. The bank kindly offered to invest £1,000 for them in consols and pay them the interest. But the Bill of Exchange act, passed in 1892, gives the public better terms than these. It provides that where a bank note has been lost the holder may obtain a similar one by giving an indemnity in case the note should turn up and should have to be cashed. This the Gillets were willing to do, and the bank has been therefore ordered to pay them the sum demanded. This is obviously fair, for nobody loses, whereas if the plaintiff had failed, there would have been a dead loss to the family of £1,000.

## HISTORICAL NOTES.

The use of firearms in war in England was introduced as early as the reign of Edward III. (1272).

Windmills were not known in England at the conquest, but were introduced in less than a century afterward.

A trade with Norway is known to have been carried on by the Scotch in the beginning of the thirteenth century.

The coast of Connecticut was first explored by one of the early Dutch navigators, Adrian Block, who, in 1614, was the first European to sail through Hell Gate.

The principal legislative acts in the reign of Henry III. of England are his confirmation of the great charter and of the charter of the forest. There are also some additional laws of this king yet extant which much polished the common law.

Gloves appear to have been very rare among the Anglo-Saxons. Among the representations of male figures they are never seen with, but from a law of Ethelred the Ureday it may be inferred that at the close of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century they were great rarities, five pairs forming a considerable part of the duty paid by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade.

How to be honest—keep out of politics.

Farewell performances—God means.

The Lawrence churches have a system of interchangeable girls. When one church gives an entertainment each of the other churches lends a girl or so to help the festivities along. This scores the floating trade of a dozen or so young men who are attached to no church but who are attached to the girls.—[Lawrence, Kan., Journal.]

A female gymnast, whose act has been to roll a ball up a spiral path to the top of the theatre, fell off the ball the other night, but along to the platform. Two nights after she again slipped, and this time fell into the walls beneath, breaking her arm, but hurting no one.

Mme de Valenay, the champion woman's rights woman of France, has retired from the French Women's League, because the latter revealed that men shall be excluded from their assemblies.

A man's faith in his fellows bears little or no relation to his own moral character, the best men being often the most distrustful. But the better a woman is, the more she believes all other women to be both good and kind, a phenomenon not hitherto explained, though frequently observed.—[Frank Marion Crawford.]

DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups of new milk, one cup of sugar, one egg, a little salt, two heaping teaspoonsful cream tartar, one of soda sifted in a quart of flour; then add as much more flour as is necessary to mould without sticking; have the lard just so they will roll when dropped in and turn constantly. The secret of good doughnuts depends largely on the frying, if richer ones are desired add a tablespoonful of cream and another egg.

The Boston port bill, a law passed by England to close the port of Boston, went into effect June 1, 1774. The day was observed in Hartford, Conn., as a day of public mourning. The town house was hung with black, a copy of the bill was posted on it, and bells were tolled all day. Even so far off as Virginia the house of burgesses attended a solemn religious service on the occasion, and heard a patriotic sermon from the chaplain.

The two colonies formed by colonists who came out under Gov. John Winthrop, the Plymouth and Massachusetts bays, were for many years independent of one another; but the Plymouth colony, though the older of the two, grew far more slowly than the other, and was at last united with it in 1692 under the name of Massachusetts, the name being taken from one of the tribes of Indians inhabiting the soil. [The meaning of the word is said to be "Blue Hills."]

There is some talk of a revival of trotting in England chiefly on account of the fact that Splae, the great trotting driver, is over just row with Barham. "No doubt," says the "Sporting Telegraph," "we may see some improvement made in the conducting of the pastime, but our own turf is so difficult to keep in order already that it would be risky to bring in any system of racing which allows a horse to be stopped for two heats to win heavy bets in the third. In France and Italy trotting has become very fashionable of late, the Orloff or Russian trotters well, holding their own against the American importations."