

## YOUNG FOLKS.

## SAVED BY HIS PROMISE.

There was a young corporal in the garrison of Nantes in the year 1795. He was a spirited young fellow, barely twenty; but young as he was he had already learned to drink to excess, according to the too frequent custom of the day. Brave and excitable, wine was a bad master for him; and one day, in a moment of intoxication, he was tempted to strike an officer who was giving him an order. Death was the punishment of such an offence and to death the lad was condemned.

The Colonel of his regiment, remembering the intelligence and bravery of the young criminal, spared no pains to obtain a remission of the sentence; at first with no success, but finally hampered with a certain condition—that the prisoner should never again in his life be found intoxicated.

The colonel at once proceeded to the military prison and summoned Cambronne. "You are in trouble, corporal?" he said. "True, colonel, and I forfeit my life for my folly," returned the corporal.

"It may be so," quoth the colonel, shortly. "May he?" demanded Cambronne; "you are aware of the strictness of martial law, colonel; I expect no pardon; I have only to die."

"But suppose I bring you a pardon, on one condition?"

The lad's eyes sparkled. "A condition! Let me hear it, colonel. I would do much to save life and honor."

"You must never again get drunk."

"Colonel, that is impossible!"

"Impossible, boy! with death as an alternative! You will be shot to-morrow, otherwise; think of that!"

"I do think of it. But never to get drunk again! I must never let one drop of wine touch my lips! See you, Colonel, Cambronne and the bottle love one another so well that when once they get together it is all up with sobriety. No, no! I dare not promise never to get drunk."

"But, unhappy boy, could you not promise never to touch wine?"

"Not a drop, Colonel?"

"Not a drop!"

"Ah, that is a weighty matter, Colonel. Let me reflect. Never to touch wine—not a single drop in all my life!"

The young soldier paused, then looked up.

"But, Colonel, if I promise, what guarantee will you have that I shall keep my promise?"

"Your word of honor," said the officer. "I know you—you will not fail me."

A light came into the young fellow's eyes.

"Then I promise!" he said solemnly. "God hears me. I, Cambronne, swear that never to my dying day shall a drop of wine touch these lips!"

The next day the Corporal Cambronne resumed his place in his regiment. Twenty-five years after he was General Cambronne, a man of note, respected and beloved.

Dining one day in Paris, with his old Colonel, many brothers in arms being present, he was offered a glass of rare old wine by his former commanding officer. Cambronne drew back.

"My word of honor, Colonel, have you forgotten that?" he asked, excitedly. "And Nantes—the prison—my vow?" he continued, striking the table. "Never, sir, from that day to this, has a drop of wine passed my lips; I swore it and I have kept my word, and shall keep it, God helping me, to the end!"

## HE COULDN'T MAKE IT OUT.

The proprietor of a tannery, having erected a building on the main street for the sale of his leather, the purchase of hides, etc., began to consider what kind of a skin would be most attractive. At last what he thought a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger-hole through the door-post and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After a while he noticed a grave looking person standing near the door, with spectacles on, gazing intently at the sign. So long did he gaze that finally the tanner stepped out and addressed the individual:

"Good morning!"

"Morning," replied the man, without moving his eyes from the sign.

"You want to buy leather?"—"No."

"Want to sell hides?"—"No."

"Are you a farmer?"—"No."

"Are you a merchant?"—"No."

"Lawyer?"—"No."

"Doctor?"—"No."

"Minister?"—"No."

"What in thunder are you?"—"I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here half an hour trying to decide how that calf got through that auger-hole, and for the life of me, I can't make it out."

## AN EASTERN INCIDENT.

A poor Arab travelling in the desert met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Used as he was only to brackish wells, such water as this appeared to his simple mind worthy of a monarch, and filling his leather bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself. The poor man travelled a long way before he reached the presence of his sovereign and laid his humble offering at his feet.

The caliph did not despise the little gift, brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers and thus explained his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in his leather bottle became impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught lest the heart of the poor man should have been wounded."

## MOFFAT AND THE BOER.

When Robert Moffat was preaching and travelling in South Africa, he once came to the house of a rough Boer, or Dutch farmer, where he begged a night's lodging, and the good Frau asked him to preach. Moffat, knowing that over a hundred Hottentots were employed in the service of the Boer, was disappointed to find only his host and hostess and five children as his congregation.

"May not your servants come in?" he asked the Boer, modestly.

"Eh!" roared the Boer, "Hottentots! Have you come to preach to Hottentots! Go to them mountains, and preach to baboons; or, if you like, I'll fetch my dogs, and you may preach to them!"

Moffat calmly proceeded to give out his

text: "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." It made no apparent impression, so he repeated it.

"Hold on!" cried the Boer, rising hastily from his seat. "I'll bring you all the Hottentots in the place." And so he did. The barn was full; the people heard the word gladly, and at the conclusion of the sermon, the Boer, now mollified, asked the young preacher who had hardened his hammer to deal such a blow on the head as that; and declared that he would never again object to the preaching of the gospel to Hottentots—*Heroes of Britain.*

## WAR CAMELS.

In a lecture on the use of camels in war delivered in London the other day, Lord Napier of Magdala said that a strong, well-fed camel should carry 360 pounds, including two riders, and even 400 pounds; but there must be great care in padding the saddle, for a sore back tends to undermine the constitution of the animal. No animal should be entrusted for driving to any one not thoroughly accustomed to the work, and the rear seat should be taken by soldiers. The men, too, should have a few lessons in camel riding. They should be instructed to sit loosely in the saddle, and so allow their movements to fall in with those of the camel, as by so doing they would add to their own comfort and that of the animal. To sit tightly and to grip with the knees, as on horseback, produced a needless strain on rider and animal, and gave a less secure seat. In the actual clash of arms the camels should form the bulwark of the square, and the inner part of the square should be protected by the fire of the soldiers, who could have the bodies of the camels for their protection.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## HORSES IN BATTLE.

War horses, when hit in battle, tremble in every muscle and groan deeply, while their eyes show deep astonishment. During the battle of Waterloo some of the horses, as they lay upon the ground, having recovered from the first agony of their wounds, fell to eating the grass about them, thus surrounding themselves with a circle of bare ground, the limited extent of which showed their weakness. Others were observed quietly grazing on the field between the two hostile lines, their riders having been shot off their backs, and the balls flying over their heads and the tumult behind, before and around them caused no interruption to the usual instinct of their nature. It was observed that when a charge of cavalry went past near to any of the stray horses already mentioned they would set off, form themselves in the rear of their mounted companions, and, though without riders, gallop strenuously along with the rest, not stopping or flinching when the fatal shock with the enemy took place. At the battle of Kirk, 1745, Major McDonald having unhorsed an English officer took possession of his horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry fled the horse ran away with its captor, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain him, nor did it stop until it was at the head of the regiment of which apparently its master was commander. The melancholy, and at the same time ludicrous figure which McDonald presented when he saw himself the victim of his ambition to possess a fine horse, which ultimately cost him his life upon the scaffold, may be easily conceived.—*Exchange.*

## GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

What city is part of the body?

" " "the bottom of a ship?"

" " "requires tightening?"

" " "shortening?"

" " "is the lightest?"

" " "multiplying by two?"

" " "divides territories?"

" " "denotes worth?"

" " "is a kind of chair?"

" " "means to polish?"

Name a wandering city.

Why can not a certain city be rung?

Answers to puzzles in former edition:—

1, Ems. 2, Or-in-o-co.—*From a Subscriber.*

A READER of the *Messenger* asks: "What does 54e spell?"—Answer next week.

## ANSWERING A MARSHAL'S QUESTIONS.

Marshal Castellane, among other singularities, had a mania for questioning his officers about their families, his invariable mode of interrogation being, "What is your father's profession? your mother's, and your sister's?" This stereotyped repetition became at last so wearisome that some of his younger subalterns agreed on the following reply, to be given by each in turn: "My father is a shoemaker, my mother a laundress, and my sister is very flighty." On the ensuing Sunday, after the usual military parade, the Marshal, who had already received the same answer to his questions from three officers, turned to a fourth, and recommenced in his accustomed strain, "What is your father's profession?" "He is a shoemaker." "And your mother's?" "She is a laundress." "That will do," interrupted the chief. "I know the rest; your sister is very flighty, and you will consider yourself confined to barracks until she behaves better."—*Temple Bar.*

## THE OFFER OF THE SEASON!

The *Montreal Witness* is now completing the Fortieth Year of its publication, and the publishers are making the occasion memorable by issuing "ANNIVERSARY PICTURES" to its subscribers. Sample copies of the papers, with full particulars of the various *Witness* competitions and prizes, will be sent to any address on application.

Any one of the three subjects which may be preferred will be sent to every new subscriber and to every old subscriber who renews before his subscription runs out. All THREE pictures will be sent to everyone sending four or more new subscriptions along with his own. And if the subscriber only sends one, two, or three new subscriptions with his own, he may choose any TWO of the pictures,—each of the new subscribers also having his choice of one of the pictures.

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