

the latter date together, and add the result to the date of 1852, we obtain the figures 1869. Again, the Empress was born in 1826. Proceed as before, and the result is 1869. The Emperor and Empress were married in 1853. Still repeat the calculation, and the result

is 1860. Last of all, take the date of the revolution—1848. Manipulate its figures in the same fashion as the others—the sum total is 21; and this added to 1848 makes 1869. Is it not perfectly clear, therefore, the Empire will come to an end in 1869?—*Exchange.*

THE HALIFAX "EXPRESS" AND ORANGE RIOTS.

It is rather remarkable that our friend of the *Evening Express*, in Halifax, should catch 'the Orange Fever' so near the 12th of July every year. Bless his little heart, he need not be afraid, 'the Orangemen won't hurt him. He has just told us a few evenings ago that "the Orange annual riots have just commenced." Poor fellow! The fever has settled upon his brain, but when he gets better we will just tell him, if he will listen to us, that

the Orangemen never have had an annual riot, or any other kind of riot. Whenever riots take place they come from his own side of the house, and from the holy confession-box he loves so well. If he never gets out of Purgatory until the Orangemen commence a riot he will keep 'the Pope company there for a long time. Orange riots!! Do Mr. *Express* tell us what they look like.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE IRISH LADY.

An incident of the royal visit to Ireland is mentioned by a Dublin correspondent. After the last race at Punchestown the Prince of Wales and his party returned in open carriages to Salins, with some half dozen mounted constables to clear the way. A young lady on a grey poney, with a little dog as her sole guardian, dashed out of the throng at a gateway, and tried to get up to the Prince's charrriage as it rolled over the greensward leaving the course. There was a few gentlemen riding at each side who blocked up the way, as there were hedges lining the route, and she fell back dispirited, exclaiming in the prettiest little accent possible, "And I'm not to see him after all?" Encouraged by the aides in the following carriage she whipped on her horse again

and once more failed to break the ranks of the cavalry. "Let her pass like good fellows," cried some friendly voices, as, encouraged by fresh admonitions, "to cut on again," she laid on the whipcord once more, and this time the enthusiastic loyalist passed through, took a good look at the Prince, dashed on ahead of the carriage, and drew up to have another good look, and was gratified beyond measure when the Prince took off his hat to her. "Oh, thank you all," she cried, as the aids passed her; "I have seen him quite close. And now I'll go home quite happy." And, with a little modest kiss hand and bow, the young lady and her dog turned to quieter pursuits than the "*chasse aux princes*," on the road to Nias. —*Irish Paper.*