

SLIDING DOWN HILL.

When you and I were young, my boy,
And snow lay on the hill,
How joyfully we stole from school.
With Ike, Tom and Bill.
And how we scrambled to the top,
And rattled down with glee—
All gone but me and you, my boy,
All gone but you and me.

How fresh these faces long ago—
The maiden's ah! how fair!
I seem to hear their merry laugh,
And see their waving hair.
I would some fairy back could bring
Those joyous days of yore,
But they no more will come, my boy,
They'll come again no more.

They've beat upon the sea of life,
These hearts that once were light;
The eyes that beamed in sunny morn
Are looking for the night;
These maidens with the roguish smiles
Are mothers staid and gray—
Like us, they've had their day, my boy,
They've had, like us, their day.

I hear a moaning in the trees,
The nights are sad and chill,
For Winter has been here again,
It slept upon our hill;
But Spring will take it from the grass
Though not from out our hair—
The snows will deepen there, my boy,
The snows will deepen there.

And other shouts now fill the morn,
That tell of fresher joys,
Of all the feelings that we felt
When you and I were boys.
Love to hear their merry laugh,
With not a care o'ercast—
Again it brings the past, my boy,
It brings again the past.

We've clambered up the hill of life,
And now we've reached the top;
Our sleds are wearing out, my boy,
'Tis almost time to stop;
But you and I must run the race,
Our comrades all are gone;
Alone we're sliding down, my boy,
We're sliding down alone.

COLONEL VS. GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

When Lord — was Governor-General of India, the 117th regiment (I give this cipher because such a regiment never was seen in Bengal, and I don't choose to give the real number) was quartered at Fort William. His lordship was a very good man, probably a very great man, but he was a sad tyrant, and sometimes was apt to fancy that instead of the representative of royalty he was royalty itself. This was a mistake which occasionally led him into errors. Now Colonel S., who commanded the 117th, was about as good an officer as ever wore a pair of epaulettes. The regiment under his command, one of the most distinguished in His Majesty's service, were proud of him, and loved him dearly, because, although he drilled them daily till they almost fainted, he never suffered any one to pass a slight, or do anything against the corps that he commanded. He is now a K.C.B. or G.C.B. Few officers have better deserved this ill-bestowed honor. Colonel S. is a soldier — as the word expresses it, "a soldier every inch of him."

My Lord —, who, by-the-by, was a civilian, ordered a grand review. The troops were drawn out on the esplanade. The day was burning hot. The Governor-General could see, from his vice-regal mansion, that they were awaiting him. His Excellency chose to remain longer at *tiffin*. The troops having drooped for nearly two hours beneath the lingering rays of a tropical sun, were nearly worn out when Lord — came prancing out to look at them. It is a great honor to be looked at by a great man, so the troops presented arms and the officers dropped their swords. In a moment, however, the eagle eye of Lord — beheld a flag, stiff, bold, upright. He instantly despatched an aide-de-camp to command that it should be lowered. Colonel S. respectfully declined, on the score that it was the king's color of the 117th Regiment, and could only do homage to a member of the royal family.

"Am I not the representative of majesty?" said his lordship.

"You are, my lord," replied Colonel S. "Then I desire that flag to be lowered," said his lordship.

"I extremely regret, your Excellency, that I am compelled to decline complying with your order," replied Colonel S. "The king's ensign can only be lowered to royalty itself."

"Sir, I insist—" commenced his lordship.

"My lord," interrupted the Colonel, "I will not give an order contrary to the rules of the service, and the directions given me when I had the honor of being placed at the head of this gallant corps."

"You shall repent this disobedience," said his lordship. "I shall instantly refer the question home, and if you are wrong I'll have you dismissed the service."

The enraged Governor-General, thwarted for the first time in his life, galloped back to his palace, where his anger considerably impeded his digestion. The 117th regiment marched into Fort William, well knowing they had made a dire and powerful enemy. During the twelve months which elapsed for an answer from Europe, no officers of the marked corps were invited to His Excellency's banquets. Many petty slights were shown them—in a word, they suffered all the little grievances which superior authority can, when it chooses, inflict. At length the answer came. Colonel S. was right. He had acted strictly according to regulation; but a request was conveyed to him, that in future, as His Excellency seemed to make a point of it, he would lower the king's colors to the Governor-General.

Each considered he had gained a triumph, and the 117th were marched down to Calcutta again, to prove before the world at large that Lord — was to receive a bow from a red and blue flag, yclept the king's colors. A review was ordered. The salute was given, and all went off well. That evening the Governor-General gave a grand party. He, as usual, commanded the band of the European regiment in the fort (the 117th) to be in attendance; it being the custom in those days always to strike up "God Save the King," the instant the great man emerged from the drawing-room. Occasionally, "See the Conquering Heroe Comes" was thrown in as a delicate compliment, while a flourish of trumpets announced each course in succession, and the military musicians delighted the ladies during the meal with several pretty airs. On the evening in question Captain C. (the aide-de-camp) stepped out of the room and audibly pronounced "His Excellency." This was a signal that Lord — was handing down the first lady in company, and should have been followed by the opening crash of the national anthem. But alas! not a sound responded to the appearance of his lordship.

"What's this! what's this!—eh?" exclaimed his lordship. "Is there no band?"

"Yes, my lord," tremblingly replied Captain C., "the band of the 117th regiment."

"Why don't they play? Go and see. These men are sadly drilled, I fear," blandly remarked His Excellency to the pretty Mrs. P.

The aide-de-camp returned—he actually looked pale with horror.

"Well, well, why don't they play?" demanded his lordship.

"They have not brought their instruments," replied the aide-de-camp.

"Not brought their instruments!" exclaimed his lordship. "Stupid fools! Tell them to go instantly and fetch them; and if they are not back in half an hour I'll have them all punished. Here, you sir, you bandmaster, do you hear what I'm saying? Quick!"

"Please, your Excellency, I can't," replied the bandmaster.

"And why?" inquired his lordship. "Do you mean to bandy words with me?"

"No, my lord, but—"

"I'll have no buts," interrupted the enraged nobleman. "Be off, sir, directly, and fetch your instruments. What could Colonel S. mean by sending the band here like a parcel of sticks? I don't want the men—I want the music."

"Please you, my lord," commenced the bandmaster, "I was ordered to say the men of the band are under your lordship's command, and attend according to order; but the instruments belong to the officers, who purchased them by subscription out of their own pockets, and they refuse to lend them to you."

"What!" roared the irritated Governor-General.

"It's not my fault, sir," ejaculated the poor bandmaster.

We shall not paint the anger of the great man or the joy of the officers at finding they had fully succeeded in conferring the "retort courteous" on the proudest, the haughtiest man that ever landed in India.

GARRICK AND PREVILLE.

Preville occupied about the same position in public estimation in France that David Garrick occupied in England, but in no respect was he to be compared with the brilliant and versatile Englishman. When Garrick was in Paris, Preville, at the theatre, invited him to his villa. As Garrick happened to be in a gay and funny humor, he suggested to his friend that they should take one of the regular Versailles coaches, the villa in question lying in that direction. The twain speedily found an empty coach, and got in, after which Preville ordered the coachman to drive on. He answered that he would do so as soon as he should have got his complement of four passengers. He could not afford to drive that distance for half fare. A freak seized Garrick. Simply changing the position of his hat, and putting on the face of Ben Israel, he slipped out from the coach on the far side, and came around as though he had just come up.

"Ho! Versailles!"

"Yes. Get in."

And he got in, and immediately got out again as before. This time he simply threw his hat back, exposing his whole face, and his only disguise was the facial contortion. Even Preville was this time deceived. As the man started to enter, having addressed the coachman in the idiom of Bohemia, he put out his hand to keep him back, at the same time petulantly exclaiming,

"No, no—my friends are away, but are—"

He had got thus far when Garrick's face changed into a smile.

"Grand dieu!" burst from Preville's lips as his friend passed through; but, as the latter was again in the act of leaving the coach, Preville whispered to him—

"No, no, we are full. We have the four."

"Let in no more," returned Garrick, as he passed out. And directly afterwards, as the coachman was gathering up his reins for a start, a little hunchback Dutchman came puffing up, wishing to go to Versailles.

"Can't take you—all full," was the coachman's answer.

"Ho, coachee—let him come! We'll make room for him! Now away you go, and pull up at my villa mind!"

At Preville's residence the coach was stopped,

and the two actors got out, wondering what the poor driver would do when he reached the end of his journey.

A few nights afterwards, as Garrick came upon the stage in one of his favorite characters, a voice was heard in the pit—a voice as of one upon whom a great and sudden light had suddenly burst—

"Ah! My third passenger! Oho! Ah!"

It was that of the Versailles coachman.

AN IRISH FISHING YARN.

A correspondent of the *Field* who was helped in landing a good fish by a chance on looker, reports a poaching story told him by his timely assistant:—

"I used to fish on the sly when I thought the bailiff and peelers were out of the way. And one beautiful October afternoon, when a fresh west wind was bringing up the clouds over the sun, and the river was nicely run down after a fresh, just the right color, I ran down to the pool where you hooked the fish to day, and on the second cast was fast in a beauty. 'Twenty pounds to an ounce,' ses I, as I see him throw himself. Well, I played him along as you did, and just when I came to the spot where I came out and startled you, he jabsers, I heard a voice say—

"Good sport you've got, Misther Doolan."

I looked up, and saw the sargent of police and his pathrol grinning like mad at me. "Bad luck to you!" ses I to myself. But anyhow I gave him a nod, and ses—

"Well, as you've got me, I may as well kill the fish."

"Now, the sargent himself was mighty fond of a bit of angling, and was no bad hand at it either; so when I saw him getting down the rocks to where I was, a bright thought struck me, and I kept it to myself. But as I worked the fish down the stream, I saw his eye brighten with the excitement.

"Well, sargent," ses I, "'tis a pity that I am a few days over the time. Faith when I saw that fine fellow throwing himself in the hole above, I couldn't resist the temptation, and 'tis now that I am sorry for it."

"Well, Misther Doolan," ses he, "I'm mighty sorry too, but I must do my duty. The gentlemen were saying in court that I never looked after the river, and as the pathrol have seen you too, faith, I must summons you next court day."

"Well, while we were talking the fish was pretty well done, so I slips off the gaff and works him in under the bank, reeling up fast. When I got him nice on his side, I makes a drive with the gaff, and just scrapes it along him, waking him up again—sending him up the river at 50 miles an hour.

"Holy murther!" cries the sargent, getting excited, "you'll lose him, you bluntherer. You had a good chance, and you missed him. Well, well, I thought you were some good before this."

"Aisy, my friend," ses I. "Don't fluster a man so."

Well, sir, to shorten the story, I knew I had a firm hold, and again I brought the fish to bank and missed him. Begor, sir, you should have seen the sargent's face. Faith he danced about like a madman, and, catching the gaff out of my hand, jumped into the wather and drove it well into the fish, lifting him then out on the bank, as if he was a pound weight. He was a powerful man.

"Well done, sargent!" cries I; and the pathrol sets up a howl of delight.

"Thirty pound, if an ounce," ses he. "Weigh him."

So I pulls out my spring scale, and he turns it at twenty-five pound.

"A grand fish," ses the sargent. "Fresh run. Look at the say-lice on him."

"Now then, sargent," ses I, "you may as well be taking your fish home, and perhaps you'll give him to the gentlemen at the court on Monday."

"My fish!" ses he, astonished like. "No, 'tis yours."

"No," ses I, "you gaffed him, and aided and abetted at the slaughter of him. So you may summons me if you like; but faith, you'll have to pay half the fine."

Well, the sargent looked foolish, and the pathrol foolisher than ever I saw the Royal Irish, as they are now called, look before or since. Thin we all laughed, and I took my fish home, and sold him at a shilling a pound to one of the gentlemen of the court, and the sargent, pathrol and I had a drink over it, and nothing more was said until the sargent, poor man, died, and then I told the story to the gentlemen, and it was many the hearty laugh they had over it.

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

MORE troops are demanded for Ireland; the cause is not stated, but there is evidently a grave reason, or it would certainly not be allowed to be even breathed at such a moment.

CONSIDERABLY more than 2,000 telegrams of congratulation and anxious inquiry have been received by Her Majesty and the Royal Family since the infamous attempt on the life of the Queen.

It is said that the calves of Mr. Irving's legs as the young lover Romeo were especially designed by Mr. Alma Tadema. Seats are being

booked at the Lyceum as far in advance as the middle of May.

It is a gross libel on the Scotch to say that they cannot appreciate a joke. Mr. Gladstone, Prime Minister of England, has been nominated as a Candidate for the School Board of Mauchline at the approaching election.

BOXES of sweetmeats are daily reaching the Zoological Gardens addressed to Jumbo, but these are not given to the elephant, the keepers fearing that some tender-hearted Briton might endeavor to defraud Barnum of his bargain by giving the elephant poison concealed in the cakes. It is clear that, in London, human beings are at a discount.

THE question of lighting the House of Commons with electricity is to be allowed to sleep for the session. Last year's attempt was not a success. Mr. Daniel Grant, who is supposed to represent the new illumination, has decided to wait until the Crystal Palace Exhibition and the experiments flowing from it have matured public opinion.

SOME of the leading Court dressmakers are trying to assist the Countess of Bective in her endeavors to introduce woollen goods of British manufacture. By exercising some taste, very successful costumes can be invented, such as the one worn by Mrs. Chandos Pole for travelling, on the day of her marriage, which won great admiration for its great caché.

A NEW plan for a fire-escape consists of a circular brick tower, inside of which is a spiral tube having a glazed inside surface. This tube opens through fire-proof doors into every storey of the building, next to which the tower is erected. The person wishing to escape enters the door and slides gradually down the spiral tunnel which is sufficiently inclined to propel the inmate without injuring him by too speedy a descent.

MR. STREET died three months too soon. He missed the sight which burst upon London this week of the full front view of the new Law Courts in all their glory. The judges will not enter into their new habitations until next year. When they do so, the next work will be that of destroying the Westminster Law Courts, which are now little more than sheds—an excrescence spoiling the symmetry of the Palace of Westminster and destroying the dignity of Westminster Hall.

GEOLOGISTS who are not retained for either scheme are gravely shaking their heads over the proposed Channel Tunnel. It seems that in the very centre of the Channel an old valley filled with gravel is believed to exist, cutting the chalk in two. If this is so the whole scheme becomes impossible, and an attempt to carry it out dangerous to the workmen. It is rumored, by the way, that Mr. Knowles, the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, purposes getting up a protest against the Channel Tunnel, and that he hopes to get the signatures of many men of letters to it.

AN experienced theatrical critic has lately divulged what has been for some time an open secret. He shows how fond English actors are of changing their names, which one can understand in a woman, but not so easily in a man. Although "Henry Irving" is making something like £30,000 a year, he does not acknowledge his own name, which is Henry Broderip. Miss Ellen Terry, it is known, is married to Mr. Charles Kelly, but as his name is Wardell, she is Mrs. Charles Wardell. All the Swanboroughs of the Strand are really Smiths; Hare and Kendal, of the St. James', are Fairs and Grimstone respectively. James and Thorne, of the Vaudeville, are Belasco and Mackay, while John Clayton, of the Court, is John Calthorpe. Truly "all is vanity."

THE Bishop of Honolulu is coming to England for a cathedral. When the King of the Sandwich Islands was here, he forgot to tell the English people that his capital needed a modern edition of Westminster Abbey. Bishop Willis, who is a missionary bishop, and has been working for eleven years without a cathedral, is on his way home to rectify the omission. He wants £6,000 from English Churchmen; another £6,000 he will raise in the island. The stone is being hewn in England; much of it is ready to emigrate; and with £12,000 he expects to raise his edifice.

VERY considerable alterations have already been made, or are contemplated, at the Royal Academy. The sculpture gallery, which was a most hideous room, has been done away with, the windows blocked up, the light brought in by means of a skylight, and the space thus gained will for the future be devoted to oil paintings. Then, again, following the example—not to say the better taste—of our lively neighbors across the Channel, the sculpture for the future will be surrounded with flowers, as at the *Salon*, and, most important of all, the Academy are about to build a new water-color gallery, which will also contain prints and architectural drawings, and which, although it leads from one of the ordinary rooms, will be separated from the rest of the building.