

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

FRIENDLESS.

Down Time's darkly flowing river
Floats a frail and tiny bark;
Tossed by wind and tossed by weather,
Floats it onward in the dark.

Bacon light? None in the distance.
Helping hand? There's none to guide.
Though the human eye and flowing
Jostle it on every side.

Proudly ride the swelling waters.
Larger, stronger, happier sails.
And every passing craft bespoken them,
Wishing them more prosperous gales.

Yet o'en so, with crash and quiver,
Many a gallant bark goes down
In Life's darkly flowing river,
Where rough shores with rocks are strewn.

Ah! the ruthless blasts that shiver
Yon full-sheathed ship, that rides,
Firmly manned for wind and weather,
Watched and steered down the tides:
Sudden whelm the little bark,
(Where no holmsman patient steers.)
Silent, pitiless, in the dark,
Down too low, alas, for tears!

When we for the strong and wary,
When they perish 'neath the wave;
Or watch them as they speed their sailing,
Hail them prosperous home, the brave!

But, who strive alone, and weary,
Given to Life without its hopes,
Given to Life without that knowing,
Which, who wanteth, blindly gropes.—

Charless, helmless, starless, drifteth,
Voiceless, fearless, on Life's shores,—
To the whirlpool, to the breakers,
No one heedeth, none deplores.

HAMILTON, January 10th, 1871.

"Tda."

IN A GENTLEMAN'S FAMILY.

You, the general public, remember, doubtless, that I have had difficulties to contend against for these last six or seven years, in getting private tutors for my boys. In the advertisement-sheet of the *Times* newspaper, and under the head of "Education," you cannot but have often perused that rather compact statement, just within the five-shilling charge, of exactly what is wanted in the tutorial line by A. Z., in Derbyshire: "In a gentleman's family at a picturesque village in the north"—I put in the word "picturesque," not at all because the prominent feature of the place, which is singularly bleak, is a tumbledown old granary, upon a very unproductive moor, but because I thought it might attract a draughtsman; in which case my boys would gain an accomplishment, in addition to the usual branches of education, which yet should not be an extra—"an opportunity of making himself nobly useful"—the idea which that happy turn of expression conveys is, it is right to state, borrowed from the classics; but the phrase is all my own—"is offered to any gentleman of character and attainments in the capacity of tutor to three intelligent youths. For information regarding salary, &c., &c., apply to Rev. A. Z., Peakton, Derbyshire."

I had some conscientious doubts about referring inquiries to those initials, on account of my surname not beginning with a Z, and of my Christian name being William; but these were over-ruled by my wife. She objected strongly to my real address being given in the paper, lest it should be supposed—so she argued, and I am not bound to find her reasons, but only to render her obedience—that I was connected with the public press.

"Never," said she, "let me see you so forgetful of what a stock I come of, as to put your name in the columns of a newspaper, William." Nor, indeed, am I likely to forget it, since I am reminded of it every day of my life. It was a great blow to my good lady's importance when Mr. Donald Macdermot, of Glengarthmore, North Britain, having answered the advertisement and our requirements, came down to Peakton from his Highland estate and ancestral home. He gave us to understand that he was in his own country a personage of great power and dignity, three generations at least in advance (or rather behind) any northern pedigree. He would have preferred, as he confided to his pupils, to have been called by his territorial name of Glengarthmore, had not its inconvenience to our English tongues been too tremendous; but he was known among ourselves by a title conferred upon him by my daughter Georgiana—"the Macdermot," as conveying in some degree an idea of the singular and almost ferocious animal which he really was. My wife's ancestral pride was grievously wounded by the assumption of this gentleman from North Britain, while her moral dignity, as you shall hear, received, at the same hands, a shock from which she has never completely rallied.

The young man had been with us for a month or two of spring-time; and the first summer day had just arrived when I was awakened from my afternoon nap in the library by a succession of agonising screams from my wife and daughter. I heard them scamper up stairs into my bedroom, and lock and double-lock the door, after which they began to scream afresh with undiminished vigour. I instantly flew up to their assistance on the wings of a husband and a father; but it was long before the hysterical indignation of the ladies would allow them to find words to explain themselves.

"We suddenly came upon Glen—gar," sobbed my wife.

"Yes," interrupted my daughter, "upon the Macdermot—dermot at the corner of the gravel-walk."

"Yes; and what do—do—do you think, William," continued her mamma; "there he was, this beau—beau—beautiful tutor of yours without any?"

"Yes, papa," corroborated Georgiana, "without any at all."

"Without any what?" cried I impatiently. "Speak out—what had he not got?"

"No tut—tut—trowsers on," exclaimed the wife of my bosom, relapsing into hysterics.

At this moment, "Papa papa," shrieked my second son from without, in an ecstasy; "there's Donald Macdermot, Esq., walking about in the costume of his native land; and the cook and the housemaid have locked themselves up in the cellar; and he has almost put poor Gus to death for laughing at him."

The young man coolly informed me, in his defence, that he

always wore the kilt in hot weather, and recommended me to discard "trows" myself, and take to a shepherd's plaid petticoat of black and white, such as would be appropriate to a clergyman. This reprehensible style of dress, (which he persevered in) joined to the fact of my offspring acquiring under his tuition at least as much Scotch as Latin, caused the dismissal of the Glengarthman from my unworthy roof.

Mr. Donaldson Adams, who succeeded the young Scottish chief, was of a very different order. He was the best scholar of his years, and indeed a better than any, old or young, whom it has ever been my lot to know. He had carried off all the honours that were open to him at his university, both classical and mathematical; and yet he wore them as lightly and as gracefully as a wreath of flowers. How we managed to get him for a hundred guineas a year was always a marvel to me; and the reason which he gave for his acceptance of so humble a post, was itself most eminently characteristic of his beautiful nature.

"I love retirement," said he, "and domesticity; and the approval of such a man as you (he was indeed so good as to say so) is more to me far than the applause of senate-houses. I have had enough of ambition. Here," he would say, laying his thin, white hand upon the head of that one of my three boys who chanced to be most convenient—"here lies my future duty, and it is one that is inexpressibly dear to me."

My wife averred that it was quite a privilege to have such a young man as Mr. Donaldson Adams in our house. Georgiana raved about him to that extent, that I had to remind her that, although when house and land are gone and spent, learning might be most excellent, still it was better to have house and land to begin with; and that Mr. Adams, however eligible in other respects, was not, in his present circumstances, the man for my son-in-law. The families in the neighbourhood expressed themselves indebted to me for the introduction of such an Admirable Crichton into the county. Nay, he completely cut out the pet Puseyite curate in the market-town among his own female disciples; and the member for the borough himself spoke to him in public, affably, upon two distinct occasions.

Mr. Donaldson Adams was indeed at the apex of his popularity at the very moment when the whole edifice of it came down with a crash. If he could but have managed to hold on to his tutorial position for another six weeks, I think it as probable as not that he would have received a piece of plate; but this he could by no means do. The restraint which he had put upon his disreputable nature for half a year could be no longer maintained. He cast his slough of respectability, and came out, harlequin-like, when you least expected it, in his own proper colours at once.

My watch, my wife's watch, the cook's watch, Bob's silver mug, given to him by his godfathers and godmothers on his baptism, Gus's opal ring left to him by his great-aunt—everything of value, in short, which he could possibly get lent to him upon any pretext by anybody, Mr. Donaldson Adams had pawned at various county-towns within a radius of sixteen miles from the rectory. He was so good as to write out a neat and accurate account of the respective places where each of these articles were to be found, and to leave it upon my study-table, when he departed at three o'clock on a certain morning, after having received his quarter's salary over-night. It would wring my heart to recapitulate the many crimes of that abominable young man. It is sufficient to state, that in him I nourished a serpent of the worst description in my bosom, and that he took advantage of that situation to pick my pocket of a very considerable sum. There was nothing true in the account he had given of himself in answer to our advertisement, except his statement of his university career, which was one-half correct—the half which related to his honours; the di-honourable part, containing an expulsion and other matters, he kept religiously to himself.

"His worst he kept, his best he gave."

As the poet sings; and I am sorry to say, recommends in addition. He certainly was, however, an admirable scholar, and taught my three boys of thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen years old, respectively, to make the neatest cigarettes that ever I saw, and to smoke them.

Our advertisement was answered many times after that without our getting suited. Mr. Adams had, among other wickednesses, caused a domestic rupture between myself and my wife. She had the hardihood to observe, with reference to that young person, that what had occurred was all my doing; that she herself—she even went to that length—had seen how things would be from the beginning; and that I "ought to have known."

"Good," replied I; "in future, madam, you shall choose the tutor yourself."

Like that well-known political nobleman who has been said to be ready to undertake the superintendence of war or science at ten minutes' notice, my wife is impressed with a full sense of her universal fitness, and she accepted the post upon the instant. She examined the different candidates who presented themselves at the rectory as teachers of the young idea, just as she was accustomed to interrogate the applicants for her housemaids' situations—namely, with her hands behind her, and with an expression of countenance at once suspicious and patronising: it was long, therefore, before each party came to terms. Mr. Joseph Buttamuth, a washed-out individual of a whity-brown complexion, and with unreliable knees, was at last the lucky man. He was so young that he was not only whiskerless, but had not even the down which gives the promise of whiskers; he could not be said to walk so accurately as to shamble; he termed his future pupils, to their great mortification, "the boyth," and when I asked him if he had ever taught boys before, he answered—"Yeth, thir."

Nevertheless, it is but right to say that Mr. Buttamuth fulfilled all the tutorial duties that were required of him; it was not in the bond that he should be a conversable companion to me, as well as a teacher of my children; still, after Mr. Donaldson Adams, poor Buttamuth did certainly seem a most uninteresting companion after the ladies had left the dinner-table, and not the less so, perhaps, that he had been chosen by my better-half. However, he was harmless. Our characters and our watches in his hands were safe at least. He never came down to breakfast with a black eye in the morning, and the excuse that he had the misfortune to sleep on his fist. He was simplicity and guilelessness personified. For example, speaking to him one day of his chances of promotion in the Church, for which profession he was steadily qualifying, I made use of the expression

"If you play your cards well, you may be a bishop;" to which the unsophisticated young fellow rejoined:

"Ah, thir, but the mithfortune is that, I don't know how to play cardth!"

Photography was his only joy. He took my own likeness from every possible point of view, in canonicals and in *de-habille*, on glass and on paper. He took my wife and daughter, and the three "boyth," and the servants, full length, and half length, full face, and in profile, individually and in groups. My daughter Georgiana was instructed by him in this delectable art. Fool that I was, to think that all was collusion and innocence, instead of being design and camera obscura! One day—a capital day for photographing, what he called, in his absurd jargon, "a white day," but which I do not consider "a white day" by any means—while he was taking a "negative" of my daughter, he proposed to her at the same time, and she gave him an affirmative. The whole thing, as Mr. Buttamuth had the effrontery to tell me afterwards, was almost "thimultaneouth" (another of his ridiculous terms); everything was then settled, except the asking the consent of her parents—the drying process, I suppose—which they put off till after their wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Buttamuth are now trying in a Westmoreland curacy the problem of a frugal marriage on £120 per annum; and they have already, to enhance the experiment, a couple of baby "boyth."

WAR INCIDENTS.

A Berlin periodical says that not less than 904 architects and engineers are serving in the German armies. Of this number, 114 are lieutenants, 28 ensigns, and 180 sergeants.

More fortunate than the Strasburg library, which was almost entirely destroyed by Von Werder's shells, the library of Metz has so far escaped unharmed. It consists of about thirty thousand volumes of printed books, and one thousand one hundred and fifty-seven manuscripts, many of which date as far back as the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries.

Colonel Charrette, the commander of the Papal Zouaves, who was supposed to have been killed at Loigny, is once more at his post with the French. He was merely wounded and taken prisoner. He has escaped from the hands of the Germans, and succeeded in making his way back to Chanzy's army. A general's commission has been conferred upon him.

A statement that the Government of France had offered a premium of 750 f. to each of the French officers who should escape from German captivity "in breach of parole," has been contradicted. The French Government has ordered a premium of 750 f. to be paid to those officers who may escape from Germany; but it has not added the condition that their flight shall have been a "breach of their parole." On the contrary, it explicitly provides that nothing shall be paid to those who may have entered into engagements with Prussia.

A story is told of a visit by M. Glais-Bizoin, one of the members of the Provisional Government, to the camp of Conflé. The member of the Government recognized a moblot of his district. He asked him what had been doing at the camp for the last month. "It would be difficult to say," was the answer. M. Glais-Bizoin insisted. "Well," said the soldier at last, "we have changed shirts four times and generals-in-chief three times." M. Glais-Bizoin continued his walk without asking for further information.

The French correspondent of the London *Times*, writing on the comparative merits of the French and German small arms, says:—"The new Bavarian rifle, the Werder, is better than either the chassépot or the needle gun; but as yet only the picked troops are armed with it. I am inclined to think its action as a breech-loader even quicker than that of the Martini. It is a small bore, and the barrel has, of course, a sharply-twisted rifling. The Prussians are in love with it, and the best proof of its popularity is that very few examples are ever left on the field of battle, because every dead man's rifle is seized by a living comrade, who leaves his own in exchange for it. Before this campaign the Prussians endeavoured to induce the Bavarians to adopt the needle-gun. It is now probable that the Prussian army will adopt the Bavarian weapon."

The Abbé de Marhallach, chaplain to the Mobiles of Finistère, must belong to the Church militant. He is signalized as having "always advanced to the most dangerous posts in the extreme advanced line of skirmishes, where, with admirable coolness and presence of mind he lavished his ministrations as priest and doctor on the wounded." To see the grave man going under the hottest fire as calmly as he might pass, brevity in hand, from his presbytery down in Brittany to the parish church, it is easy to divine that there is a mystery behind that black gown. So there is. Life has no charms for him; he seeks the higher life. The Abbé de Marhallach had a wife whom he had loved and won; she died. There is the secret of his scorn for death! In addition to being cited on the order of the day, he has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, as well as another Breton priest, the Abbé de Kergarion de Locumaria, chaplain to the First Division of the Second Corps.

At Mannheim there is an exhibition a telegraphic apparatus, taken from the French, which is to be sold for the benefit of the captor. It was obtained in the following manner: A certain dragoon of the Baden Guards, by name Muench, with two of his comrades, was sent to reconnoitre as far as the Vosges. They had to pass through the village of Raon l'Etampe, the simple inhabitants of which place had not, as yet, seen any Germans. On the entrance of the three armed dragoons they fled in every direction, with the cry of "The Prussians! the Prussians!" and shut themselves up in their houses. Thus left masters of the town, the dragoons, coolly smoking their cigars, rode to the Town Hall and summoned the *Maire*. He soon came, pale and trembling. They asked him where the Telegraphic Bureau was located. He pointed it out, and they at once went to it, and Muench singly, and in the presence of the assembled City Council, cut the wires, unscrewed the apparatus, and buckled it on to his horse. The three dare-devils then coolly mounted and rode away. The commandant of the place, on learning what had happened, declared that he could not survive the dishonour of having commanded in a town of 8,000 inhabitants, where three of the enemy's men were allowed to enter and work their own will, and shot himself dead on the spot. The apparatus is worth about 600 francs, and was presented to Muench, on his return to camp, by his commanding officer.