Mark Twain was interviewed the other day in Paris by a correspondent of the New York World. He was asked:

"Why have you never written a book about England."

"I have spent a great deal of time in England—gour question is not a new one tome—and I made a world of notes, but it was of no tes. I couldn't get any fun out of England. It is too grave a country. And its gravity soaks into the stranger and makes him as serious as everybody else. When I was there I couldn't seem to think of anything but deep problems of government, taxes, free trade, finance—and every night I went to bed drunk with statistics. I could have written a million books, but my publisher would have hired the common hangman to burn them. One is bound to respect England—she is one of the three great republics of the world—in some respects she is the most real republic of the three, too, and in other respects she isn't, but she is not a good text for hilarious literature. No, there wasn't satything to satirize—what I mean is, you couldn't satirize any given thing in England in any but a half-hearted way, because your conscience told you to look nearer home and you would find that very thing at your own door. A man with a humpbacked uncle mustn't make fun of another man's crosseyed aunt."

"The English love for the lord, for in-

sour conseience told you to look nearer home and you would find that very thing at your own door. A man with a humpbacked uncle mutat' make fau of another man's crosseyed aunt."

"The English love for the lord, for instance !! don't mean the Lord of the prayer-book, but the lord of the perage."

"I couldn't gird at the English love for titles while our own love for titles was still more open to sarcasm. Take our 'Hon.' for instance. Unless my memory has gone wholly astray, no man in America has any right to stick that word before his name; to do it is a sham, and a very poor sham at that. At the beginning of this century members of the two houses of Congress were referred to simply as 'Mr.' So-and So. But this sham 'Hon.' has since crept in, and now it is unlawfully conferred upon members of Statz legislatures and even upon the mayors and city councillors of the paltriest back settlement. Follow the thing a little further. In England temporary titles are dropped when their time is up. The lord mayor of London is addressed as 'My Lord' all through his year of office, but the moment he is out he becomes plain 'Mr.' again. But with us, once 'Hon.' always 'Hon.'; once 'Governor' always 'Governor.' I know men who were members of legis atures, or mayors of villages, twenty years ago, and they are always mentioned in the papers as 'the Hon.' to this day. I know people who were lieutenant governors years ago, and they are called 'Governor' to this day—yet the highest title they have ever had any right to, in office out of it, was plain 'Mr.' You see, yourself, it wouldn't quite answer for me to poke fun at title-loving Englishmen—I should hear somebody squeal behind me and find I had stepped on the tail of some ex-official monkey of our own. I culdn't satirize the English officials, for how could I not know that something of the same kind, in a minor degree, might be discovered among our own spers have a still longer court column of 'personals,' wherein the movements of half dozen permanent celebrities, a dozen evanesc

Schools in Modern Greece.

The perfection of system has led many casual observers, who were unacquainted with modern Greekl and who visited only few schools in Atthes, to speak highly of the state of education in the country. If they had taken the trouble to visit the schools in other towns and in the villages, and had understood what went on there, they would lave come to a different conclusion. Schools, indeed, are numerous, and the children are most eager to attend them; but, inasmuch as the Government makes no provision for the training of teachers, as the salaries are mere pittances, and as the teachers are frequently removed at the caprice of the Minister of Public Instruction, the methods of instruction are poor, and no very high standard is attained. The schoolrooms are dirty and cheerless in the extreme, even those of the gymnasia and University. No attempt whatever is made to teach habits of cleanliness, neatness, or punctuality. A Greek, as a general rule, has no notion of time or distance; so teachers and professors very frequently come late to their classes, and sometimes not at all. I have seen a janitor in the University begin to sweep out a room exactly at the hour the professor ought to have made his appearance. Fifteen minutes later, the professor would walk quietly in; the students would stop their smoking and take their scats in the midst of the dust, and the janitor would proceed with his work it The defects of the public schools are to some extent remedied by private institutions, which are numerous and in some cases very good. As far as the public schools are concerned, it may be said they are very poor and very badly managed. The Government is negligent in looking to the execution of the law concerning compulsory education, and as the primary schools are partly supported by the communes or parishes, there ernational Review.) (From the the law concerning compulsory education, and as the primary schools are partly sup-ported by the communes or parishes, there are many communes that have not any.

Listowel



Standard.

VOL. II.-NO. 20.

LISTOWEL, CO. PERTH, JUNE 13, 1879.

SONNET

AMONGST THE HILLS.

They rose on every side—here purple and sombre, half veiled by the blue mist that was creeping up from the lake; there glowing with sunset lights, which lingered on the summits, and were reflected back into the water, turning the lake into a rippling golden sheet. At the foot of one of these hills, built in somewhat dangerous proximity to the lake, lay the little village of Hessel. It was a queer, dull little place, chiefly remarkable for its t-autiful situation, and for being fifty years behind the rest of the world. It had a church, a school, and a High-Church vicar, who read prayers morning and evening to a limited congregation of five or six.

There was one peculiarity about Hessel which never failed to strike strangers—namely, the very small number of young or middle-aged men among the population. People grew up, went out into the world, made—or failed to make—their fortunes, but in either case generally came back, drawn by an irresistible influence, to pass the remainder of their days in the quiet little village, and to die and be buried in the churchyard under the shadow of the hills.

The tinkling of the church-bell and the

the village, and to die and be burien in the churchyard under the shadow of the hills.

The tinkling of the church-bell and the bleating of the sheep on some distant hillock were the only sounds that broke the silence one July evening—a silence so impressive and intense that Belle Russell, sitting by the waterside with her brother, declared it be almost unbearable. She threw her book aside, and glanced impatiently at Jim, who, lying on the grass, with his gyes half closed and his pipe in his mouth, looked the picture of happiness and laziness.

"Jim," No answer. Jim smoked on in luxurious silence.

"Jim, can't you speak? How much dynamite do you think it would take to blow that mountain up?"

Jim looked up in calm surprise.

"Haven't the least idea—tons, I should imagine. Why, Belle, what has the mountain done to annoy you?"

"Oh, I am so tired of it?" Bille says curtly. "Jim, don't you get to hate the hills sometimes? Don't you feel as if you would like to knock them down into the lake? I do!"

"No." Jim knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and looked up with patronising admiration at the hills all crowned with golden light. "They look very jolly, I am sure."

"Jolly? What an expression!" Belle with the light and covered with golden light. "They look very jolly, I am sure."

"Jolly? What an expression!" Belle

J. My

Belle but that they should go down to the lake and row across to the island in the centre, where the lilies grew in great masses, shimmering mysteriously in the moonlight. By-and-by, too, after much persuasion—for the girl was shy of displaying her voice, before such an accomplished musician as Mr. Stuart—Belle sung to them plaintive little songs that harmonised with the moonlight and the rippling water, and the silence among the hills.

"You must come to the vicurage while Stuart is here, and have some music-lessons, Belle," Mr. Castleton said. "What do you say!"

Start is here, and have some and the do you say!"

Belle hesitated and colcured.

"If it is not too much trouble—if Mr. Start will be so kind—I should be delighted," she answered rather confusedly.

"Not so delighted as I shall be, said Mr. Stuart, bowing and smiling. "That is settled."

Philip felt somewhat troubled at the prospect of these music-lessons. Belle was so impressionable, so ready to be led away by any fresh face or fancy.

"Don't fall in love with the vicar's handsome friend, Belle," he sa'd, half in jest, half in earnest, as he said good night to her at the garden gate—Jim had walked home with the vicarage people, and they were alone.

"Ah that is the reason you were so glum

with the vicarage people, and they were alone.

"Ah, that is the reason you were so glum all night!" Belle laughed. "sealous of I boy! Well, I am in an amiable mood tonight, so I will promise, if you like, not to exercise my fascinations during your absence, both to be perfectly proper and disagreeable."

"Promise? No," Philip answered proudly, "I trust you too entirely to need any such promise, Belle. But I am going away too morrow, you know; and I don't want you to improve the shining hoors of my absence by filtring with that fellow. And now I must go. Good night, and good-bye, my ret."

I must go. To the low wall, watched him out of sight rather sadly.

"I trust you too entirely to make any such promise!" Well, his faith should not be betrayed, Belle thought, making all manner of rash yows and promises to herself.

manner of rash vows and promises to herself.

Her good resolutions faded away the next morning, however, when Mr. Stuart came santering past the cottage, sketch-book in hand, and wished to speak to her. And it was so pleasant in the shady garden, and Belle looked so charming with her hands full of roses, her blushes and dimples, that he lingered on and on, till the morning light died away from the trees and it was too late to paint any more.

Mr. Stuart did not think it necessary to mention the meeting at the vicarage, nor did Belle allude to it when she come in the evening, and hung over the piano, and listened entranced while Mr. Stuart sang passionate love-songs with all manner of tender inflections in his sweet tenor voice.

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"Haven't the least idea—tons, I should imagine. Why, Belle, what has the nounrain done to annoy you."
"Oh, I am so tred fit?" B-lle says ("Oh, I am so tred fit?" B-lle says ("I should imagine. Why, Belle, what has the nounrain of the lake the control of the lills continues. The control of the lills continues the lills continues the lills control of the lills contro

"Oh, make haste!" Belle cried. "It is so dangerous among the trees!"
The storm was fairly begon before they reached the open fields; flash followed of flash, peal after peal crashed among the hills and echoed on every side, and great drops of rain splashed in their faces as they ran on rapidly.

"You will be wet through," Mr. Stuart said anxiously. "What is that house ever there? Only a cattle-shed? Well, it shall be better than nothing."
As he spoke there came a flash of lightning more vivid than any that had gone before, followed by a dull rattling sound, and a great elm-tree standing alone in the centre of the field quivered, shock, and fell crashing to the ground. Belle, always nervous during a storm, was frantic with terror now. She rushed blindly across the field towards the cattle-shed, as rapidly that Mr. Stuart could scarcely keep up with her flying feet, and, once inside, in the comparative safety, she burst into hysterical tears.

"Why, Belle, my darling!" Frank Stuart's arm, was round her trembling figure at once. "There is no danger now." He dreve the pretty head down upon his breast, and tenderly kissed her soft ways hair. "My love, don't be a fraid—I will take care of youl" he whispered passionately.

Outside the thunder pealed, the lightning

be friends again? I am so sorry it has happened. If it had not been for the storm

"It shall be just as you like," Mr. Stuart cried tenderly. "My darling, are those tears in your eyes for me? I am not worth crying about, Belle; but—let me say it just for the last time—I love you—I shall love you all my life!"

Philip returned home rather unexpectedly the next day, and, coming down to the cottage in the evening, found Belle busy in the garden tying up her flowers, which were all crushed and broken by the storm.

She was not looking well, he thought. She had grown pale and thin, and her eyes looked unusually large and bright. "What have you been doing to yourself?" he said tenderly. "You don't look like my bonnie Bile. What is the matter, love!"

"Nothing. I am quite well," Belle cried hurriedly. "I am aiways nervous after a storm, you know, and we had such a frightful one last night."

"Poor little woman! You are always such a coward in a storm," Philip said gently. "And how is the vicar—and Georgie? Has Stuart left yet?"

"How many questions!" Belle coloured vividly. "They are all quite well. I am going there this evening; but I won't, as you have come."

"No: you must give me this one evening." Pilip put his hand on her shoulder

you have come."
"No; you must give me this one evening." Philip put his hand on her shoulder careasingly. "It is such a long time since we had an hour together. I wonder if the time has seemed so long to you as it has to me, Belle: "
"Quite impossible to say," answered Belle, shaking her head. "I have missed

there.* Oady's cattle-shed? Well, it will be better than nothing.**

As he spoke there came a flash of lighting more vivid than any that had gone be fore, followed by a dull rattling sound, and a great elim-tree standing alone in the center of the field quivered, shook, and formaling to the ground. The ground of the field towards the cattle-shed, as rapidly that Mr. Stuart could scarcely keep up with her flying feet, and, noce inside, in comparative safety, who burst into hysterical contents of the state of the field towards the cattle-shed, as rapidly that Mr. Stuart could scarcely keep up with her flying feet, and, noce inside, in comparative safety, who burst into hysterical contents of the state of the field towards the cattle-shed as rapidly that Mr. Stuart's arm, was round her trembling figure at once. "There is no diager now." He drew the pretty head down upon his reast, and tenderly kissed her soft way hair. "My love, foot will be a statle-shed to the strangely happy and at rest. For a few mements she had forgotten everything gring styrm, Philip's how, in proper the strangely happy and at rest. For a few mements she had forgotten everything gring styrm, Philip's how, in proper the strangely happy and at rest. For a few mements she had forgotten everything gring styrm, Philip's how you cover since the first hight I came," he cried.

Blell clove you ! Listen to me for a made looked at her with a pale angry face. "He had an any continued to make the properties of the storm would insult me so!"

"In so glad, as it is your last evening. The state of the strangel happy and at rest. For a few mement." He took he little cold in any one of the strangel happy and at rest. For a few mements are shown that the strangel happy and at rest. For a few mements she had forgotten everything the strangel happy and at rest. For a few mements she had forgotten everything the strangel happy and at rest. For a few mements she had forgotten everything the strangel happy and at rest. For a few mements and before the storm of the

(From Harper's Magazine.)

The enormous extent of the territory over which the Hudson Bay Company carries on its trade, and throughout which depots and on posts are established, can scarcely be comprehended at a merely cursory glance. From Pembina, on the Red River, to Fort Anderson, on the Mackenzie, is as great a distance as from London to Mecca; the space between the Company's post at Saults between the Company's post at Saults indistance and Fort Simpson, on the Pacific, measures more than 2,500 geographical miles; front the King's Posts to the Pelly Banks is farther than from Paris to Samar-cand. The area of country under its immediate influence is about 4,500,000 square miles, or more than one-third greater than the whole extent of Europe.

For purposes of trade the original chartered territories of the Company, and the vast outlying circuit of commercial relations, are divided into sections called the Northern, Southern, Montreal, and Western departments. Of these, the Northern Department is situated between Hudson Bay; the Montreal Department comprehends the extent of the business in the Canadas; while the Western comprises the regions west of the Rocky Mountains. These four departments are again divided with the strict are forwarded, and to which all furst and other produce are sent for shipment to England. These districts are again subdivided into numerous minor establishments, forts, posts, and outports. Over each of these there is an officer and from two to froty men, mechanics, labourers, and servants. Besides, the Company employs multitudes of men as voyageurs, maning and working the boats and canoes in every part of the territory. The discipline and eti-quette maintained are of the strictest kind, he amont the supplies for the tier than the supplies for the discipline and eti-quette maintained are of the strictest kind, he amont and the supplies for the discipline and eti-quette maintained are of the strictest kind, he amont and the supplies for the discipline and eti-quette maintained are of the

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STRAY SHOT.

STRAY SHOT.

THE death is announced, at the age of 74, of Rev. Prof. Isaacs, long minister of a Manchester synagogue, and said to have been the first Jewish preacher in England who preached in English.

Mr. Howells says he saw an English family stop before Titian's "John the Baptist," and heard the father sum up his impressions in one sentence, "Quite my idea of the party's character."

A Michican widow borrowed fifty-six unset diamonds, placed them carelessly in a box on the centre table, and in three months the was married to a man who believed he had struck a golconda. Widows know now. Two Texan rangers were conversing, when one asked the other "How pious he thought it was possible for a man to get in this world if he was in real earnest?" "Wa'al," said the other, reflectively, "I think of a man gets so't he can't swop steers or trade horses without lyin', 'at he'd better pull out for the other land before he has a relapse."

An old miser's wife, who is almost at the

out for the other land before he has a re-lapse."

An old miser's wife, who is almost at the point of death, is awakened one day in her husband's absence by a violent ring at the door. She rises with difficulty, and lets in a dyer's boy, who presents a bill. "How is this?' feebly asks the sick woman. "A bill for fifty francs for dying clothes? What has my husband been doing?" "He's been getting all his coate dyed black!"

A POREGO writer expresses his belief that

bill for fifty francs for dying clothes? What has my husband been doing?" "He's been getting all his coats dyed black!"

A FOREIGS writer expresses his belief that had Pius the Ninth fulfilled popular expectation by placing himself at the head of the national movement in Italy, Garibaldi would have become a devoted son of the Church. "His emotional nature, his patriotism, his gratitude would have settled all questions for him. His theology now is all dictated by his political feelings, and it would have been so dictated then but with a somewhat different result."

A GENTLEMAN not extremely given to piety was dismayed by being asked to say grace at a strange table. To refuse and explain, would be embarrassing; to comply would be equally so. He chose the latter, and started off briskly enough with "Oh, Lord, bless this table—" Just here, being unused to the business, he nearly broke down, but by a gigantic effort pulled through with "World without end. Yours respectfully. Amen."

A FARMER: required a number of reapers; several presented themselves, and all were engaged, with one exception. The poor man thus omitted, said: "Master, won't you hire me?" "No," said the farmer. "Why not?" "Because you are too little." "Too little," exclaimed Paddy, "does your honour reap your corn at the top?" What could the farmer do but roar with laughter, and send the little man to join his comrades in the field? "HAYE you 'brown eyes?" "enquired a charming brunctte, as she raised her soft and melting orbs to a clerk in a music store, whose optics are of that particular colour described. He blushed modestly, and replied: "Yes, miss, you know I have; but of what possible interest can that be to you?" "It's the song, 'Brown Eyes close to the Window,' I want,' she softly responded. These are sad times we have happened on.

X.'s egotism is beyond conception. The other day he had been talking along with.

to the Window, I want," she softly responded. These are sad times we have happened on.

X.'s egotism is beyond conception. The other day he had been talking along without interruption for about twenty minutes, detailing with great complacency where he had been, what he had done, what he had said, etc., when a fortuitous circumstance caused a break in his charming narrative. The incident having come to an end: "Lot me see—where was 1?" X. asked; "what was I saying?"

An official report, published under the authority of the Dutch Government, gives the population of the kingdom of the Netherlands on Jan. 1, 1879, as 3,978,901 souls, of whom 1,970,607 were males and 2,007,304 females. This is an increase since the last official announcement, for Dec. 31, 1877, of 53,209, being 27,199 males and 28,010 females. The total increase of the population of the kingdom during the last fifty years is set down at 1,364,514, an average of about 27,290 per year.

Join Bull is a sensible fellow and always has a salve ready for his wounded vanity. When O'Leary came away with the belt J. B. reminded himself that the champion was an Irishman, and therefore a kind of Englishman; and when Hanlan out-sculled Hawdon he reflected that Hanlan was a Canadian, and therefore another kind of Englishman; and when Hanlan out-sculled Hawdon he reflected that Hanlan was a Canadian, and therefore a committee kind of Englishman. His comfort now is as to Parole that the beast is of English blood. Such are the advantages of coming first into the world and of covering a great deal of ground.—Chicago Times.

ground.—Chicago Times.

SEVERAL conflagrations have occurred in East Russian towns, causing great distress. Seventy arrests have been made in Orenburg on charges of incendiarism. The first party of 300 out of 2,000 persons arrested in Moscow during the winter have started for Siberia. Nine thousand persons arrested will pass through Moscow during the summer. The Czar has decreed that prisoners tried by court-martial must be doomed or acquitted within twenty-four hours, and the sentences must be executed within twenty-four hours from the time they are pronounced.

Rich Belie Spent Money Obt

HAWKINS & KELLS,

two ago, my companion, a member e Montreal press, stopped me as we rea an odd-looking brick structure, occu

or two ago, my companion, a member of the Montreal press, stopped me as we reached an odd-looking brick structure, coupying the north-western corner of the grounds.

"This," he said, "is 'Breach of Promise Hall;' it is a monument to one of the many queer romances of this queer city,"

There was not a great deal to take stock tof. The hall was of the gloomy Gothic pattern, finished in stained wood. It serves for the meetings of the Anglican Synod, is a lecture and Sunday-school room, and is garnished with abundance of Gospel texts in red Lombard letters. One-half of the building is used as a theological college. I listened to the following tale:

Some time ago, when society in Montreal was a great deal stricter than it is now, Miss Galt—a daughter of John Galt, the novelist, and sixter of the present Str Alexander T. Galt, whom Americans have several millions of reasons for knowing from his connection with the Halliax fisheries award—was a great belle here. The Galts were prominent people, as much from the father's lame as an author and as the founder of the towns of Guelph and Galt, in Ontario, as from the political and commercial eminence of the son Alexander. Among the wealthy whose name still stands in the firm of Smith & Cochrane, the shoe manufacturers. Cochrane is the stock raiser at Compton. Smith wood Miss Galt.

Miss MacFarland was not impervious to the advances of a rich shot of the word was he disinclined to enjoy a triumph over Mass Galt. But she had a bit of a history. She had long been loved by, and really dilove, a fine young fellow in Three Rivers named John Baptist. Baptist was handsome, elever, and enterprising, but he was poor, while Miss MacFarland was ambitious and intensely practical.

Smith and Miss MacFarland were married in grand style. Hardly had they got settled

elever, and enterprising, but he was poor, while Miss MacKarland was ambitious and intensely practical.

Smith and Miss MacFarland were married in grand style. Hardly had they got settled down in their new home before Miss Galt instituted a suit for breach of promise. The suit was not initiated for the purpose of extorting money damages from Smith, but for punishment, for Miss Galt declared she will never touch a penny of Smith's coin in the event of a verdict in her favour. The trial resulted in a verdict for £10,000 damages. That meney she invested for the benefit of the Church in the purchase of the grounds upon which the Synod house, the dwelling attached, and the Bishop's palace are situated, and the crection of the half or a church school. Every penny of the judgment was spent in this way.

Smith died two years after his marriage, leaving the bulk of his fortuce to his widow. That estimable lady, as soon as a brief reason of mourning was passed, gave her hand and Smith's capital to Johnny Baptist, who had faithfully waited for her. Such is the story of Breach of Promise Hall.

The Model Proof-Reader. The Model Proof-Reader.

Not one person out of ten thousand has any idea what a proof-reader is or ought to be. So, for the benefit of those who haven't as yet put in their application, we will give the standard qualifications required:

1. A competent proof-reader should be wall-syed, to enable him to understand at first glance a sentence so mixed up by the I. C—intelligent compositor—that no one else in the wide world, not even its author, would be able to understand or recognize it.

2. He must be so unfamiliar with Shakespeare, French, Latin, and common proverbs as to be able, conscientiously, to change and ruin any quotation which may be made by the ignorant but well meaning gentlemen who run the editorial rooms.

3. He must be quick at punctuation, and be able to instantly detect the exact place where a comma may be inserted so as to completely alter the sense of a sentence, and make the author foam at the mouth and tear his hair the next day.

4. He must be possessed of calmness, coolness and precission, so that he may gently, but firmly, meet the excited expostulations of the city, telegraph and managing editors with that steadfast starewhich alone can render them speechless and idiotic.

5. He must have grammar and the diction-

Do the Dying Suffer Pain? People do not like to think of death. It is an unpleasant subject; but it constantly obtrudes itself, and there has been much speculation as to whether mental or physical pain attends the final act. Observation teaches us that there is little pain of either kind in dying. Experience will come to us all one of these days, but it will come too late to benefit those who remain. It seems to be a kind provision of nature that, as we to good the total the control of the co

What Next ? and Next ? and Next ?

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Canadians are all loyal, in spite of anything Goldwin Smith may say to the contrary. They honour the Queen, and all but hate the Yankees. Everyhody takes a holiday on the 24th of May. It is part of the universal religion of the country—a kind of subordinate but very solemn act of worship. The old toast "Her Majesty" in liquor of more or less potency; take a trip to a greater or less distance; attend a concert, and indige in peanuts or ice-cream. The young burn gunpowder, and are great on crackers, to the diegust of the sensible and the amusement of the silly. As the result of such displays of overdowing loyalty, Toroto had only seventeen fires on Saturday last, and, thanks to the firemen, she escaped without a great conflagration. I hear a good many people saying that this sort of work ought to be put down. But then others object that if crackers were stopped how could the rising generation be taught to honour the Queen! Be that as it may, the frework business in back a yards and stables is too dangerous to be longer tolerated. I would go for fining everybody that asold a cracker equally with every one that fired it, and would take my chance of loyalty surviving. Then there were the grand march of

THE QUEEN'S OWN to the station, and its triumphant trip to Montreal. How proud Toronto was of her boys: Everybody seemed to think that he or she had a personal property in those herces, and all voted without hesitation that it was the crack regiment on the ground. It was rather hard upon the poor fellows, however, to give them no dinner after all the marching and counter marching of that eventful day. It seems they were sent like dogs to gather up the scraps. One got half a bun, and another managed to gather some leavings of ginger pop which the more fortunate had left in the bottom of their cups. This is the second time the more fortunate had left in the bottom of their cups. This is the second time the Montrealers to hight and march on empty stomachs, and if I were they, as I am not, I would see the whole affair far enough before I would again go four hundred miles to sponge about for a crust and a drink, the leavings of better cared for corps. Who was to blame I shan't say, but it was a shabby, unhandsome piece of business to march these five hundred fine fellows, after a hard day's work, professodly to dinner, but really to look at a most perfect Barmecide feast of dirty glasses, empty bottles, and a few broken and bitter rolls. Very likely it was all done in order to make the whole look more like actual campaigning, though he fits but a poor general who does not look after the commissariat. But oh, the glory and the grandeur when A WHOLE BATCH OF BRAN-NEW KNIOHTS were turned out, and this one and that who kneeled down plain Mister rose up Sir for evermore. Whether these gallant gentlemen kept their appointed vigils as in days of yore the record did not say, but they had sponsors in the most orthodox fashion; and dealers in drugs, drapery, and drugget thus got fitted with spurs and all other necessary equipment, and then sallied forth to do knightly feats in defence of forlorn damsels, and against all manner of dragons and windmills, in the name of Her Majesky and in the fullilment of some momentous oath or other, which no