

a man swimming abreast of us at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. We called out to him and threw him a rope, but he refused all assistance. At night of course we lost sight of him; but when the sun rose there he was again, striking out as lively as possible. And so he stood by us all the way across, sometimes diving under our keel, and coming up on the other side; sometimes playing round us like a dolphin, now on his back and now on his side; now turning head over heels, wheel-fashion. But about two hours before we reached New York, he began to forge ahead, and soon distanced us altogether; and when we got alongside, we found him standing on the quay, dressed to receive us."

The Yankee had eyed the speaker fixedly during his narration. "That's a true yarn, I s'pose, stranger?" he said interrogatively.

"O yes, quite true; I saw it myself," was the reply.

"You saw that man swim across from Liverpool to New York alongside your steamer all the way?"

"Exactly."

"Stranger, did you know that man?"

"Well, no!" answered the Englishman cautiously; "I did not know him; but, I saw him, nevertheless."

"Stranger, I was that man."

Women Warriors.

If we go away back to the year A. D. 61 we can read of Boadicea whose name is made immortal in Cowper's poem entitled "Boadicea," the first stanza of which commences:—

"When the British Warrior Queen
Bleeding from the Roman rods" etc.

Boadicea, the Queen of Icen, was shamefully scourged by the Romans, to whom her husband had left half his wealth. In the absence of the Roman ruler from Britain she stirred up a revolt and placing herself at the head of an army, marched to London, to avenge her wrongs and deliver her country. London

was reduced to ashes and seventy thousand Romans were massacred. The Roman general returning to Britain met Boadicea in a great battle in which Boadicea was defeated and eighty thousand Britons killed. Boadicea knowing what her fate would be, if she fell into the hands of the Romans, poisoned herself, rather than be taken prisoner.

In the year 1428 while the English were besieging Orleans in France for seven months and the besieged were nearly destitute, a maiden from the little village of Domremy near Lorraine, sought the King Charles VII of France, and told him, that she believed herself to be raised up by Divine power to deliver her country from the English. This maiden was Joan of Arc, who was destined to take a place in history, as one of its bravest women. She took the position at the head of the French army for the relief of Orleans and cheering the soldiers by her bravery she compelled the English to raise the siege in May 1429. She then led the French to Rheims and gained two victories over the English on the march, but on the 23rd of May 1430 Joan of Arc was captured by the English and on May 30th of the following year burnt as a witch in the market-place at Rouen. Charles VII, who owned his crown to her, did not make one effort to save her. We can imagine Joan of Arc living in Shakespeare time saying as she walked to the stake:—

"Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

LEO.

His family and friends were there,
His Uncles, Cousins Aunt's.
And all were sure that for the prize,
Their Johnny had best chance.

'Twas Johnny's turn to speak his piece,
He said, with outstretched hands:
'Under the spreading blacksmith tree,
The village chestnut stands."