

HE DID'T KNOW THE "RETIRE."

On the morning of the 22nd of July, 1839, a British army was under the citadel of Ghuzni. There was only one gate unblocked by masonry, and during the ensuing night the British force, moving round the city, got into position opposite the old Cabul Gate. Before day-light some sappers, creeping forward, laid and fired powder-bags in the gateway. As the powder exploded, the massive gate disappeared, and the walls fell inwards. One of the sappers, running back to where the main body of the assaulting column (13th Light Infantry) was halted, reported: "The passage is choked with fallen masonry; the forlorn hope cannot force it." On this an officer ordered Bugler Luke White to sound the "Retire!" He replied: "The 13th don't know it," and blew the "Advance." The battalion moved on, and, the forlorn hope rushing in amongst smoke and flames, the fortress was carried after half-an hour's fighting.

FISHING FOR HONEST OPINION.

The best of us sometimes fall into traps and scrapes when least expected. The residents at Court are not exempt from this danger, and it was most humorously exemplified at B——Palace some years ago. A most distinguished and illustrious personage sometimes employed herself by making verse to amuse the royal children. The amiable lady in question had just completed a couplet, of which she herself had but an indifferent opinion, when Colonel P—— entered. "See, colonel," said the amiable mother, "what trash they send me to read." The hon. colonel, having read it, said, "your M——y is perfectly in the right; it is so." "Did you *ever* read anything so vile?" "Never, upon my word." "I am happy you tell your mind candidly. I wrote it myself." "Your M——y!" said the colonel, in confusion, "I read it very hastily." "No, no, colonel first thoughts are commonly the best. I agree with you, and I shall, therefore, commit the poem to the flames."