

The following bitter invective recently emanated from the Garrick Club, and has been printed in some of the London journals:

### WAS IST DES DEUTSCHEN VATERLAND?

What is the German's Fatherland?  
What shores can bound that mighty land?  
No longer can the narrow Rhine  
Germany's giant-limbs confine,  
Which o'er the elastic earth must spread,  
As 'twere some huge Procrustes' bed  
Made but to serve for breeding-place  
To propagate the Teuton race!  
From north to south, from east to west,  
Where'er it pleases Bismarck best,  
From mountain-peak to ocean-strand,  
Is all the world your Fatherland?

Whatever clime the fragrance shares  
Of holy William's unctuous prayers—  
Where'er his saintly head reclines  
In Heaven's keeping—and the lines—  
And with Napoleon's crown puts on  
The robes of Napoleon—  
Where'er his saintly foot has trod,  
By grace of Bismarck and of God—  
Where once the winter sunbeams glance  
Upon the Uhlan's bloody lance—  
Where once their ruthless footing gain  
The armies of the recreant Dane—  
From Rhine to sea, from sea to Seine,  
In Schleswig, Alsace, or Lorraine—  
Where'er their steady march they keep  
O'er hearts that break and eyes that weep—  
Where children starve and women bleed,  
To gorge the Prussians' monstrous greed  
And preach the Hohenzollern creed—  
Where Hell let loose the dogs of war—  
Where Famine, Rapine, Murder are,  
Stamped with the devil's blackest brand—  
Is this your German Fatherland?

While, mid the dying and the dead,  
France bow to earth her graceful head,  
And inch by inch, and day by day,  
Besieged Paris wastes away,  
And Hunger rings the silent knell  
Of hearts that Moltke cannot quell,  
While Saxon and Bavarian meet  
To crawl and cinge at Prussia's feet,  
And lay their puny honours down  
To garland an Imperial crown;  
While Denmark, pillaged, bleeding, torn,  
The conqueror's triumph must adorn;  
While Austria dares as yet to claim  
A separate life—a separate name,  
And, lost to decency and pride,  
In Prussia's train declines to ride;  
While Russia, taught of Geist and light,  
Rides rough-shod over Law and Right,  
And to the good old maxim clings,  
That treaties are the pawns of kings;  
While Italy, to serve her ends,  
Makes traffic of the blood of friends;  
While England watches coldly by,  
As in the dust her old ally  
Writhes in the slow death-agony,  
Yet thinks to save those bleeding wounds  
With rags and lint, with pence and pounds,  
By fraud or force, for weal or woe,  
The "patient Germans" onward go,  
And iron hand and hand  
Build up the spoiler's Fatherland!  
Oh, shame upon your colours! Shame  
Upon the vaunted German name!  
What if he dealt the foremost blow,  
Your old, hereditary foe!  
What if his rash, hastened hand  
Lit up the war-fires in the land!  
Can all your pedants, all your schools  
Teach you no newer, better rules  
Than thus to answer wrong with wrong,  
To preach the gospel of the strong,  
And to the end perpetuate  
The bitter legacy of hate?  
Germans no more. For what care ye  
Aught but the Prussians' slaves to be?  
To swell for him the pomp of war,  
To hand and feet to Bismarck's car?  
Thought, freedom, all ye cast away,  
Bow to the Hohenzollern's sway;  
And ask, for all ye do and bear,  
A corner in his evening prayer.  
Reap as ye sow; and when you find  
What harvest you have left behind—  
When you have worked your evil ends,  
And not a nation calls you friends;  
When Bismarck, Moltke, William gone,  
No more to victory lead you on—  
Then bitter shall the waking be  
Of your united Germany!  
For ye have taken the Prussian's yoke,  
And ye have dealt the Prussian's stroke,  
And ye have licked the Prussian's hand,  
And Prussia is your Fatherland!

\* Count Moltke's Danish origin is not so generally known as it ought to be.

A letter from Toulon of recent date reports the loss of one of two iron-cased floating batteries, which were on their way to the mouth of the Rhone, in order to form part of the defences of Lyons. The vessel went down suddenly, head foremost, in 70 fathoms of water, and about 13 leagues distant from the land. Happily no lives were lost, as the crew were all on board the "Robuste" steamer, which was towing the battery; but the material loss is important, as the guns and ammunition were all on board.

### WHEN I WAS A SCHOOL-BOY.

Will do I remember those delicious half-holidays at school, when we started off in groups to spend the afternoon among the hills, or by the river-side. With arms twined round one another's necks, in school-boy fashion—my group consisting of three sworn chums besides myself, and our exact destination kept as an important secret from the other groups—would we start off, and plod onwards towards a certain moorburn far up among the green hills. On our way thither, if a small bird chanced to be *chirping* its happy song in the hedgerows, how instantly were our deliberations stopped, and our curiosity raised to discover the nest: the nest found, how eager to bear the report—eggs or young. We were all naturalists in our own special ways: one had a *parachute* for beetles; another for moths, a third was ever on the *qui-vive* for bird's eggs; while a fourth, perhaps, kept a heterogeneous collection of caterpillars, to see what they would turn to. Caterpillar-collecting, I may as well observe, was considered capital fun; so was pupa or chrysalis hunting; and I remember, when one of the latter was found, it used to be conveyed to a certain defined portion of ground, the property of its captor, and there buried, and zealously guarded till the time came for its wondrous transformation into the perfect insect. The boy whose chrysalises changed into the greatest variety of insects, was considered exceedingly fortunate, and held a greater rank in our estimation than before.

As "we four" wandered along towards our destination—the hill-burn—the objects that crossed our path were always carefully noted and commented upon. Birds were the chief objects of our solicitude, and many a weary search we made for their nests. Sometimes the skylark would rise mounting before us, with her glorious flood of song; but she, and her song too, passed comparatively unheeded by us, being of secondary importance to the tuft of grass from whence the bird rose, with the possibility of a nest therein. Poor larks! many an egg was stolen from them to grace our collections, and yet the skyward messengers seemed to be as plentiful as ever in the following spring.

At the foot of the hills was a small sheet of water termed the Pot Loch, the margin and depths of which supplied us with many interesting subjects for our collections. We always visited it on our way to the moor-burn, to set lines for pike against our return and to institute a diligent search amongst the adjacent weeds and grass for anything we could find. During those investigations, we always separated, each having his own beat. An exclamation of mingled delight and surprise would cause us to rush to the spot, to be rewarded perhaps with nothing more than a quantity of frog-spawn, or a colony of tadpoles, or, as we called them, *paddle-ladles*. Then an eager cry from the foot of the loch, with shouts of "Quick! quick!" would bring us panting to the side of the discoverer, our steps thither accelerated from the fear of being too late, and our fears too often realized; for just as the spot was gained, we would receive the annoying assurance that if we had arrived a moment sooner, we would have seen such a monster of an eel—said monster having just wriggled out of sight into the water-weeds. These little accidents only increased our zeal, and were more than made up for by the many curiosities discovered and appropriated. Water-lilies were severed from their sub-aquatic stems; their broad leaves supplied with masts of reeds, and with paper attached, set adrift on the loch. The much-prized but rare bull-rush would sometimes fall to our lot. Gold-coloured beetles were rich treasures, and as such were eagerly sought for; but I confidently affirm, that my delight at finding a beetle more variegated in colour than any before met, could hardly be equalled, certainly not surpassed, by any other pleasure that could have been offered to me.

Then there were water-hens, coots and baldkites; but these were seldom spied, as they usually remained *perched* in the weeds; we knew they were there, however, from a peculiar single note they occasionally uttered. The heron, from our long acquaintance with him, became a great friend. I do not remember having ever seen two of these birds at once on the margin of the loch, so the solitary individual invariably encountered became the heron. He was, like all his brethren, a very patient, untiring fisher; nor was he very shy either, for, when roused from his meditative position by any of us, he would flap slowly over to the opposite side, and *rice versa*. If, however, he was much disturbed, he flew sulkily away to the neighbouring hillside, there to await our departure; and when we had left the water-side to continue our journey to the hill-burn, we often, upon looking back, just caught sight of him dropping quietly down again to his favourite position on the loch. Besides the heron, there was the hawk. This bird we almost always saw hovering over a deserted slate-quarry on "the hills," we believed to be the same individual from week to week—to have, in fact, an individuality similar to that of the heron; and the exclamation of: "Eh! there's the hawk!" was constantly uttered when he was seen for the first time that day. This hawk frequented, for the most part, the deserted quarry; but we were always at a loss to know what he lived upon, as we never saw him bear away anything in his talons or beak, though he stopped frequently; but he must have lived upon something, as he was as thoroughly wedded to the hills as the heron was to the loch. The quarry was a favourite resort of ours on our way to the hill-burn. In it we found soft pieces of slate which formed excellent slate-pencils, besides capital missiles to send skipping along the water.

Those breezy hills were truly our delight. Many a chase we had after the peewees that feligned broken wings to decoy us from their nests—an old trick now, but then ended with delightful, teasing novelty. Once, and once only, was a young peewee discovered. Three of us had bounded away after the parent lapwing, and were too eager in our impetuous chase to hear the fourth boy, who had remained behind, calling to us at the top of his lungs to return, as he had found the young one within a very few yards of where he was lying. At last we three gave up the pursuit in despair; and upon returning to our starting-point, were greeted with hurrahs, and could scarcely believe our senses when we were told to "search, and we should find a wee peewee close by." We did find it too, easily enough; examined the little hairy ball, and left it in its heather-nest. *Whaups* (curlews) were plentiful, too, and all cries. These we each learned to imitate, an accomplishment intended by us to beguile the birds into coming within our reach; but our imitation was incomplete, or possibly so like the cry, that the birds never thought of responding, and the result was, that we never got very near them. The plantation on the hillside was at once mysterious and awful to our imaginations. Somehow or other, we always deemed it trea-

pass to set foot within its enclosure, and that if "the man" came, we should be consigned to prison; and yet we could not resist the temptation of wandering through it in search of *cushie doos*. These cushions or wood-pigeons were rather numerous, and built on the larch-trees. But unless the nests were near the ground, we never meddled with them, as the idea of "the man" catching any of us in the wood, and still worse, *speeling*, was intolerable, and had the salutary effect of restraining our longings to climb. Now, we could have enjoyed rambling through this plantation, and would most probably have devoted a good deal of time to it; for the roots of the fir and larch-trees were capital for beetles and pupae, and the cushion doos presented splendid shots for stones; but a wholesome dread of "the man" perpetually curbed our inclinations, and kept us, for the most part, without its dreaded precincts. And how needless were our fears, as we afterwards discovered that "the man" was a mere myth!

Arrived at the hill-burn, the first thing we did was to bathe in a large pool. Our dip was usually of short duration, however, as the dread of cold-bites generally hastened our exit from the cooling element. After running about in *cuirpe* to dry ourselves, we donned our attire, and then commenced the grand business of the day—*pumping for trout*. I am an angler now, of some experience and tolerable skill; I have all the appliances of rods and reels, fine tackle and nicely dressed flies, and I do not think several dozens of good-sized trout a very great haul on a good day with the water in trim; but what are my later experiences of fishing to those dearly cherished gumping memories! The novelty of handling a five-pounder has worn off considerably; and though it is yet, and always must be, a very jolly thing to hook and play a fine trout, yet the flush of triumph which attended these very juvenile successes can never be restored to my heart or my cheek. The burn where we gumped—that is, caught fish by the hand—was pretty deep in some places, and was skirted by *foggy* (mossy) banks. Under these banks we groped carefully, and wore the trout into a corner or hold preparatory to gumping it. Sometimes when wearing the trout in this manner, the hand and fish would be in contact the whole time, without any disturbance or attempts to escape by the latter; and this remarkable peculiarity we always ascribed to a sort of mesmerism influence, exercised by the hand upon the charmed victim. The process was termed "licking their tails."

Great indeed was our joy, upon a certain occasion, when one of us landed a trout, one pound in weight, upon the bank. How we gazed and admired, and fondled and gently handled the sparkling prize, fearful of shedding a single scale from his matchless form; how exultingly we beheld him lie panting on the turf, little dreaming of his agony; how, almost fearfully, we gazed around to see if any one else had witnessed the deed, and finally, how carefully we rolled him in a pocket-handkerchief and bore him home. A feat like that was food for a month to us, and served in a measure as a date; thus, to recall some event or other, we reverted to the time the big trout was gumped.

The return from, was a weary job compared with the journey to, the hills. We were always tired long before we reached the school-house, and were glad to get to bed; but next week, the events of last Saturday were recounted, and plans for the following one discussed and matured. The anticipation of these half-holidays was, I am convinced, more delightful than the pleasure itself, great as that pleasure was. How we each thrilled with eager joy when any one proposed something peculiarly novel to be done the following holiday. How we chummed together in our dormitory, in school-hours, and in the playground, and strove to be amongst the number of "those who wished to go to the hills" on Saturday. This privilege being only extended by the master to those who deserved it by good conduct, was one we four always tried hard to merit; and on several occasions, how great was our grief when the list came back from the master's room with one of us on the cancelled side. This entailed the remainder of the quartet staying in the playground to keep company with the unfortunate spoiler of the day's fun, for it would have been considered a disgraceful meanness to have left him alone.

Those cherished scenes were revisited by me years after I had left school; but the Pot Loch looked smaller and less imposing, the hills lower, and the quarry had dwindled down to half its original size; the school-house remained unaltered, and the playground and solitary fir-tree we used to climb were the same; but how changed to my mind's eye was everything. Alas! it occurred to me that the school-boy alone sees things as they truly are, while the perceptions of the man are clouded and distorted by the ceaseless train of new objects. On the faces of the boys I saw, upon revisiting my old school, were evidences of fresh feeling which I recognised as akin to mine when I was in a similar position. It was the flush of anticipation—the greatest happiness of life. Missing in this manner, I took my way towards the Pot Loch to see what it was like. There it was in precisely the same place, smaller, to my sophisticated fancy, but still there; and a thousand olden pleasures rushed upon my heart, and blinded my eyes, as I actually scared away the heron.

Nile travellers, says a letter from Cairo, are not as yet very numerous, nor probably will they come if the war continues. The way through France by Marseilles being shut up has probably something to do with it. People shrink from the sea voyage from Southampton, and the necessity of taking their passage weeks beforehand; and the Brindisi route is looked upon as a doubtful sort of experiment—the long railway journey, and the possible bad boat, were always deterring causes; now few of the people even who have some knowledge of continental travelling know how to get to Brindisi. The mails by that route continue to arrive very punctually. There can be hardly any doubt that under no circumstances will they ever again go by Marseilles. The English Government will probably enforce the clause in their contract with the Peninsular and Oriental Company, by which the latter are obliged, with three months' notice, to commence running steamers from Brindisi. Two well-known people here are at present taking their share in the defence of Paris—M. de Lesseps and M. Mariette. Students of Egyptian antiquities will regret the absence of the latter, as all exploration and discovery is at a standstill, and the museum at Bouak is shorn of its chief beauty—the magnificent collection of gold ornaments, placed safely under lock and key by M. Mariette before leaving for his usual summer visit to France. Mr. Rogers, the Consul here, has been fortunate enough to obtain permission to have a cast taken of the trilingual stone found by M. Mariette two or three years ago at Sani, the ancient Tanis. It is to be sent to the British Museum very shortly.