

PRINCESS ALICE.

DEC. 14TH, 1878.

"Till the future dares
Forget the past, her fate and name shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!"—SHELLEY.

A deeper gloom than any wrought
By winter's rugged hand,
A cruel, remorseless day has brought
Upon this stricken land;
And brooding grief and silent woe,
That dim the winter's light,
Fall, like an avalanche of snow,
To shroud our homes with night.

For all that truth and duty wove,
Or tenderness could claim,
Were mingled with her life of love,
And twined around her name:
The splendours massed around a throne
Paled where her footsteps trod!
For all her deeds in beauty shone,
A sacred ray from God!

Fond child, true mother, perfect wife,
Beyond our far ideal,
How can we measure such a life,
By the dull grief we feel?
Change dims the hours; and day and night,
Like solemn shadows flee;
But her dear name is clothed in light
Of immortality!

ISIDORE.

Forest Hill, December, 1878.

These verses were sent us from London, by a gentleman whose name and muse are well known in Canada.
Ed. C. I. N.

IN BATTLE.

Soldiers are agreed that, however brave a man may be, his feelings during the first quarter of an hour under fire are extremely disagreeable. Much of the reputation which Frenchmen won for that reckless valour called *furia francesca* came from the utter inability of their young troops to stand steady during that first quarter of an hour under a rain of bullets, so that they would charge forward impetuously and break through the enemy's lines with their bayonets. This was all very well in the days of fighting at close range; but in these times, when regiments advance in open order, throwing out skirmishers by twos over a line which may extend for miles, a man has only to fire and obey the bugle about advancing or retreating. Ten minutes after the engagement has begun the field is generally so clouded with smoke that the soldiers cannot see how to take aim, and commence firing at random. Then it is that the men of good grit settle down to their work coolly. The first attack of nervousness caused by the whistle of bullets passes off, the shock occasioned by the fall of a comrade close to one's side is mastered and that "tightness" of heart and dryness of throat, which are but the physical symptoms of the instinct of self-preservation give place to a buoyancy of spirits and desire to move forward. The bugle soon gratifies this wish by sounding an advance, and officers loom through the fog with an encouraging cry of "Forward." Probably a similar encouragement is being vouchsafed to the opposite forces at the self-same moment, for the tendency of two armies, during the first hour of battle, is always to march upon each other. Meanwhile the artillery batteries, placed at some distance behind the infantry lines, pound away ceaselessly, and the shells fly with a shrieking noise over the heads of the skirmishers. This is rather encouraging, for it familiarizes the men with that abominable whizz, which resembles nothing so much as the voice of the screech-owl, and it makes them think that the enemy have not got clever gunners. The tug of war begins when the infantry columns get within full range of the artillery. This may happen by accident, through the temporary moving up of a brigade or regiment to a part of the field where the iron hail is pouring; or it may be the result of precise aiming, when the artillery, being stationed on an eminence, command a full view of the enemy's positions. In such a case, the infantry, which is exposed, must be marched out of range with all possible expedition; for a single shell falling into the midst of a masked company is enough to knock it into disorder. But if six, ten, or twenty shells fall in rapid succession, ploughing up the earth with a sloshing noise, throwing up clouds of choking, blinding dust, and strewing the ground with dead, then the men are apt to take fright, and will be pretty sure to do so if they feel their officers are disconcerted. And now may occur one of the most critical moments of a battle—for it may chance that two regiments, or, what is worse, two brigades—get entangled; that is to say, a body of men moving off one part of the field to get out of the fire, and to turn the enemy's positions if they can, may encounter another body coming in another direction. Both corps are acting under orders from their respective generals; and these generals may be two or three miles off, while the commander-in-chief is even further away. So the men come to a standstill and get "clubbed," while their colonels or brigadiers are hastily conferring as to what had best be done; and if the gunners on the other side take a prompt advantage of the situation to limber their pieces round and fire away, there is nothing for it but to charge forward at a double (if there are reserves behind), or to retreat, which always disheartens the men. Many a battle has been lost or won on such a touch as this. That of Gravelotte, for instance, was carried by sheer force of intrepid numbers—regiment after regiment being sent up the slopes, through a raking fire of mitrailleuses and artillery, till the French gunners were fairly overwhelmed and driven from their pieces by German rifle-stocks. It was splendid fighting, but the carnage was horrible. A grand moment in a battle is when the in-

fantry, after moving forward continuously, find themselves on a part of the ground occupied by the enemy in the early part of the day. This does not always mean that the enemy have been routed, for they may have taken up new positions from strategical reasons; but the former conclusion is very often the correct one, and attendant circumstances help to show the soldier whether his side have got the advantage. If the ground be strewn profusely with rival dead, if gun carriages are lying about dismantled, if waggons of ammunition and stores have been abandoned—above all, if the enemy no longer return the fire of the advancing force—then the soldier knows that his own army corps at least has prevailed in one part of the field. Perhaps, however, the battle may be raging fiercely in other parts; and sometimes the sound of cannonading miles away may be heard by the soldiers of a particular corps for hours after they have performed their own share of duty by carrying everything before them.

When a corps have secured a position which they have orders to hold, the men stack their arms and proceed to an active forage for provisions and drink among the effects of the enemy. This never lasts long if a corps has its commissariat in good order, for when soldiers have slaked their thirst and eaten something they are somewhat inclined to lie down on their back; besides, in modern warfare, parties are immediately told off with pickaxes and spades to throw up earthworks. Unless the methods of warring should be altered, the soldiers of the future will all have shovels of some kind slung about them; as it is, a good general will entrench a position with surprising speed; so that in less than an hour after the enemy have forsaken a spot the advancing corps will have brought up its artillery, placed batteries into position, and opened a lively cannonade to support the other corps. The sooner this is done the better; for a beaten army has been known to rally and return *en masse* to re-attack a position which they had forsaken. This may give rise to a flank movement of the victorious forces, whose unengaged wings, bearing up to the assistance of the corps which has entrenched itself, cut the enemy's army in two, and drives whole regiments forward to be made prisoners. If an entrenched corps be not re-attacked, its men may generally conclude that the enemy are being worsted all down the line; and numerous signs soon come to confirm this. Aides-de-camp scamper up with good news, and orders to stay "where you are," the firing of musketry ceases; that of the cannon grows rarer and is soon one-sided, till the mounted officers, who are scanning the distance through their telescopes, begin to report that the enemy are in full retreat. By this time the day is on the wane; and in the evening air sky-rockets are sent up, to show what positions the different corps of the victorious army have taken up—happy, when those pale, twinkling lights start up at points which form a complete semi-circle or triangle, thereby denoting that the furthestmost posts of the enemy have been occupied. Now tents are pitched and camp-fires lit; the regiments, paraded by companies, answer to the call of the muster-roll; and, while the wounded are being cared for and the slain marked down, while the horses are being picketed, and the soup is cooking in the big, iron pots, the soldiers talk with elation of the day's work, and rejoice to know that the telegraph wires have already flashed home the news that they have done their duty.

LEECH'S FIRST CARTOON IN "PUNCH."

The midwinter *Scribner* contains a paper by Russell Sturgis on John Leech, the famous English caricaturist, with reproduction of some of his most striking drawings. Of Leech's connection with *Punch*, Mr. Sturgis says:

Thirty-seven and a half years ago, in London, there appeared a prospectus of a proposed new journal. The newsmen handed it to their customers; it was headed by a fairly clever picture in the fashion of the day, a wood-cut of just such character as were Hablot Browne's contributions to another journal then in its second year, *Master Humphrey's Clock*, edited by Charles Dickens and published by Chapman and Hall. This head-piece represented the well-known puppet of London street-shows—that very "Punch" whose most famous gentlemen-ushers were Messrs. Collin and Short—standing between two masked personages, his "author" and his "artist"; and the first line declares that it is a "refuge for destitute wit" which is here established, thereby asserting a connection between the new journal and the recognized fashion of comic publication for the previous century or two. On the seventeenth of July, 1841, came out the first number of *Punch*; it seems not very funny to a reader of to-day; its manner of jesting is ponderous and, except for its freedom from offense, reminds one of that eighteenth century "wit" now only known to book-collectors as to be found in the comic publications alluded to. The illustrations, besides one full-page "cartoon," were wretched little cuts an inch high, scattered through the text; the cartoon itself is better, but is not a design at all, only five heads of "Candidates under different phases,"—five separate pictures irregularly distributed over the page. The Parliamentary elections of that summer were just concluded. The Whigs had been beaten pretty badly. Lord Melbourne's ministry was evidently endangered; the Tories were on the alert and ready to build

up their own government on the ruins of the old one, and by means of the popular majorities they had won. *Punch* is chiefly occupied with politics at first, and very blue reading it is. Except for the preservation in these pages of some of those old stories and local allusions which help the reader of history wonderfully, even Miss Martineau's record of those times is more amusing than that of our joker.

But in the fourth number of *Punch*, "for the week ending August 7, 1841," the cartoon was by a different hand. John Leech had signed his name in full in the left hand lower corner; a scroll in the very centre of the page bore the inscription "Foreign Affairs," and, as author's name, the mark so well known afterward, a bottle with inverted glass over the stopper and a wriggling "leech" within. Below the scroll, a London sidewalk is seen thronged with the denizens of Leicester Square, eight men and two women, walking and staring, or conversing in a group. The lowest type of escaped fraudulent debtor, the most truculent style of gambler in fairly prosperous condition, the female chorus singer growing old and stout; all are here as easy to recognize as if described in words. Above are detached studies. In one portly figure, whose back only is seen, but who has an inscription, "The Great Singer," we recognize Lablache. In a pianist with a cataract of coarse hair, a better informed reader of English journals, or one who had the patience to wade through this very number of *Punch*, might recognize some celebrity of the day—can it be Liszt? But the important thing to our inquiry is the easy strength seen in the drawing of these twenty grotesque figures. They are hardly caricature. Take any one of them and it will be evident that we have before us a portrait. The original of that portrait was "padding with thin soles" the pavement of Regent street in August, 1841. His son is there to-day, in a somewhat different hat and coat and without straps to his trousers.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

SHERE ALI has 360 wives. His affair with England, therefore, is only a change of battlefield.

THE average woman is composed of 243 bones, 169 muscles, 22 old newspapers and 210 hair-pins.

A BASE and irreclaimable beast of a philosopher has said: "Woman is a clock which runs slow after five-and-twenty."

It was an expressive remark of a practical man regarding the woman of the period, "She don't know enough to bile hot-water."

You often hear of a man being in advance of his age, but you never hear of a woman being in the same predicament.

THERE would have been a gleam of comfort to Eve, when she was leaving Paradise, if she had had two or three Saratoga trunks to pack.

It was a loving but jocular husband who, when his wife asked him what she was going to have in her stocking, replied, "You are just the sweetest thing I care to see in it."

MRS. KANE presented her husband with at gold-headed cane, on New Year's morning. It is a girl and has golden hair.

A LADY, complaining how rapidly time stole away, said, "Alas! I am near thirty!" "Do not fret at it, madame, for you will get further from that frightful epoch every day."

AN old granger, who came into town to purchase a piano for his daughter, asked the agent if he hadn't one with the handle in the end, "so we can all give it a turn once in a while."

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER announces through the press that the young lady to whom he is attached, entitled Merinda, is standing forever under a fir tree, but fails to say how fir the tree is.

A RUMOR comes from Paris that bonnets are to be worn on the head hereafter. It strikes us the head would be a good place on which to wear a bonnet, but such a departure will look a little odd at first.

THERE is nothing which fills the soul of a young man with consternation so much as to take his best girl to prayer meeting, and have the pastor call upon "our stranger friend for a few remarks and a prayer."

Of a truth, a home without a girl is only half-blessed; it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A house full of sons is like Lebanon with its cedars, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

SAM recently got married, and told his wife that she might retain all the change which dropped on the floor out of his pockets. What was his astonishment, on Monday morning, to find no money in his pants. He has since ascertained that his wife hangs his pants upside down.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN woman recently visited a married woman, and said to her: "How do you manage to amuse yourself?" "Amuse," said the other, "don't you know that I have my housework to do?" "Yes," was the answer, "I see that you have it to do, but as it is never done, I concluded you must have some other way of passing your time."

A CELEBRATED French preacher, in a sermon on the duties of wives, said: "I see in this congregation a woman who has been guilty of disobedience to her husband, and in order to point her out I will find my breviary at her head." He lifted his book, and every female head instantly ducked.

A YOUNG lady, after passing the Cambridge local examination, suddenly broke off her engagement with her sweetheart. A friend expostulated with her, but she replied, "I must merely say that his views on the theosophic doctrine of cosmogony are loose, and you must at once understand how impossible it is for any true woman to risk her happiness with such a person."

"YOUR daughter has treated me very curt"—and the young man was lifted by the parental hoof from the door of his girl's house to the middle of the horse-car track. He arose as quick as he could, and mildly explained that he hadn't finished the word, which was "courteous," and Alphonse was taken under the un hospitable roof once more, and his pants mended, was done up in salve, and then sent home to his ma in a hack. Thus is true greatness rewarded, and impetuosity rebuked.

A WIDOWER of sixty-five, with countenance serene,
Under the marriage altar leads a miss of sweet sixteen;

The priest steps down, in stole and gown, with grave and solemn air,
And to the font, without a word, he leads the blushing pair,

"Why bring us here!" the groom inquires,
The sober priest replies,
"I thought that thee had brought to me this infant to baptize."

WEATHER RECORD.

Jan. 16. Mild and greyish day. Sleighing excellent, and it being Sunday, much driving indulged in.

Jan. 7. Somewhat colder. Light snowfall.

Jan. 8. Roads in capital condition, both in and outside of the city.

Jan. 10. Cold and bright. More snow.

Jan. 11. Blustering and drift.

Jan. 12. Snow during the night. River lumpy and shore ice broadening.

Jan. 13. Keen breeze. Much sleighing.

Jan. 14. Raw and heavy snowfall during the afternoon and evening.

Jan. 15. Very cold. Thermometer down to 16 below zero.

Jan. 16. Intensely cold.

Jan. 17. Weather moderated. More snow and splendid sleighing. River still resists the last cold snaps.

Jan. 18. Light snowfall. Beautifully mild weather.

HUMOROUS.

A BOSOM friend—The baby.

MARY had a little lamb. It was roasted and she wanted more.

A SMALL boy and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrific combination.

To keep apples from rotting put them in a cool place—where there is a large family of children.

THE affections of the year-old baby for its maternal ancestor is second only to its ecstatic admiration for the fathomless depths of the kitchen coal hod.

A MULE's head does not contain a brain capable of culture and refined rearing, but it is wonderful to what an extent the other end of him can be reared.

A BANKRUPT was condoled with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, I'm not embarrassed at all," said he, "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

If the average school-girl ever has a chance to witness a tornado she will clasp her hand and exclaim: "Isn't it gorgeous? Isn't it too comical for anything?"

AN illiterate farmer wishing to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition, wrote as follows to the secretary of the society: "Enter me also for a jackass." And he took the prize.

A SMART scholar had this question put to him by an inspector. "Well, my boy, do you know what 'syntax' means?" The child of a teetotaler answered: "Yes, sir—the duty upon spirits."

A VOLUME in a line. At a temperance celebration in Newmarket, a little lad appeared in the procession bearing a flag, on which was inscribed the following: "All's right when Daddy's sober."

THE tramp may not be able to square a circle; but only give him the chance and he'll prove to you that he can get 'round a square meal with a mathematical completeness that will astound you.

AN old picture represents a king sitting in state, with a label, "I govern all;" a bishop, with a legend, "I pray for all;" and a farmer, drawing forth reluctantly a purse, with the inscription, "I pay for all."

Two bad little boys of Tartentum
First borrowed some pins, and then bent 'em,
When their pa took a seat,
They both beat a retreat,
As did likewise the fellow who lent 'em.

MARK TWAIN, describing the beauty of a certain evening in the Be mudas, says it was sufficient to have directed his thoughts heavenward had there not been just enough of amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the other place.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook on a boy who climbs a tree to steal apples: "The apples are the objective natural motive; the boy's appetite is the subjective natural motive; his intention is his moral motive." It is hardly necessary to add that the boot or board the owner of the orchard applies when he catches him at it is the boy's natural locomotive.

ONE of the compliments a man can receive is to hear a friend say to him: "The very sight of your pleasant face is enough to drive away the blues." But the satisfaction with which one hears such speeches is marred by the anticipation of the remark that is almost certain to ensue: "By the way you haven't got two dollars that you," etc.

A LITTLE three-year-old girl in Augusta uttered a good thing recently. Her mother was telling her the story of Adam and Eve's temptation. The child listened attentively, and, at the close of the recital said: "Mamma, if God had put a good little girl in that garden she would not have ate the apple, would she?" "Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings cometh wisdom."