

theatre in that city, who accompanied Jean François Gravelet, better known as Blondin, in one of his famous passages over the Niagara Falls. Colcord crossed upon Blondin's back on the 19th of August, 1859; and his account of the performance is graphic. Blondin directed him to lean all his weight upon his (Blondin's) shoulders, and to clasp his body tightly with his knees, so as to leave his bearer the free use of his legs. "My position," he says, "was far from comfortable, and three times I asked Blondin to stop to let me rest myself, when I put one foot upon the rope and he supported me. Blondin was so sure of himself that I gathered confidence from him, and I neither heard nor saw the waters which roared below." When they were half way across, the cord began to sway violently, and it was with the greatest difficulty that Blondin retained his footing; indeed, it was only by getting over the last few yards at a run that the acrobat succeeded in saving their two lives. Mr. Colcord states that he would not repeat his mad exploit "for all the gold in the world."

THE Crofters of Tiree have taken affairs into their own hands, and have for the time defeated the police there. It has, indeed, been necessary to send a force of Marines to the island to re-establish order. On this state of affairs, "One of the Mass" (not one of the classes),—writes in ironic indignation to the *Times* of July 29, to point out that "the vast majority of the inhabitants of this island, brooding over the wrongs inflicted upon them and their ancestors since the days of King Edward I., oppressed by the recollections of Flodden, Glencoe, and Culloden, are determined to insist upon having the management of their own affairs, especially in such purely local matters as the ownership of land and the payment (or non-payment) of rent." "Can it be possible?" he asks, "that to such a reasonable demand civilization has no other reply than a recourse to the old brutality of coercion?" The writer declines to believe that the gunboat and the Marines can be intended to oppose the islanders. The proper course, at all events, is clear [according to the Gladstonian system of government]. The Sheriff should arrange at once with these brave islanders for the complete surrender to them of all their demands, and, if it should be insisted upon, "for the immediate execution of the Duke of Argyll" (to whom Tiree belongs).

THOSE who look for the emancipation of the unenfranchised sex will read with peculiar interest the article on "The Status of Primitive Woman," printed elsewhere in this journal. It will be clear to them that man now occupies a usurped position: to woman, not man, belongs by original institution the headship of the family. The steps by which this usurpation has succeeded are clearly indicated in the paper: the step that proved fatal to woman seems to have been taken when she weakly allowed her numerous husbands to go out and fight for her. Of course they got beaten, and she was made prize of war in consequence. If she had gone herself, and left her husbands at home, this might never have happened, especially if she had systematically raided the hostile tribes, carried off all the young men (as the men did afterwards with the young women), and reduced them to slavery. But perhaps this is what primitive woman did do!—and got too many husbands; and Rebellion and a grant of Home Rule was what upset the balance. However, the family ship is righting itself again, fast; that of the "headship" of the family has, we suppose, never been anything but an illusion indulged in by unmarried men; and thanks to the woman suffragists, not much longer will the married ones be able to keep up even the Bagnettian pretence of "maintaining discipline."

ARRANGEMENTS of colour is the principal item of success in a bouquet. The best known primary colours are red, blue, and yellow, and amongst the compounds are orange, green, and violet. To combine all these well we must turn to the artist, and he will tell us the good contrasts are orange and blue, yellow and green, yellow and purple, red and blue, red and violet, red and green, etc. White may be termed a dead colour, and can come in almost anywhere, except between a very dark and bright colour, where grey is better. Black does well to divide conspicuous colours like red and orange, for it does not produce such a violent contrast as white would do. If the bouquet is to be entirely shades of one colour, red is valuable, commencing with deep scarlet in the centre, and putting round it rings of brick-red, deep carmine, pink, pale red, rose, and a boundary of white or green. Care has to be taken to choose flowers that will keep their petals, and for this, flowers in bud or just opened are the best. It is bad to see a bouquet of flowers like full-blown geraniums or primulas, for in a very short time the bouquet will be a mass of vacancies. In putting the flowers together, it is better to start with a substantial central flower, like a rose or camelia, and bind the others round it, keeping the size, shape and arrangement well in view. If the stalks are short, lengthen them with wire, and never put on a fresh flower till the last is well secured, or often, just as the bouquet is finished, the centre will fall out.

JACK TARTAR.

JACK TARTAR was a British salt, deserter from his ship. Before him frown'd the jungle's gloom, behind—the bosun's whip! Was Jack dishearten'd? Not a bit of it, though twelve rupees And a roll of Limerick twist comprised his earthly wealth; yet these, Combined with native impudence, brought him, at last, before The scimitars and tulwars of Baroda's Guicowar. And just in time to hear the Gekwar's proclamation read, Offering one quarter lak for a decapitated head Whose blood-stained fangs and tongue had torn and lapp'd the crimson tide Of life from human veins.

"Wy blow my heyes! I'll 'ave 'is 'ide," Quoth Jack; "if I goes back I gets five score, or wuss, trust 'em for that; I'd better face them tiger claws than back the bosun's cat." No sooner said than done. His dwindling wealth secured a gun, Knife, ammunition, and a shikaree. Ere set of sun, Bold Jack, accompanied by his guide, had sought the jungle's gloom For weal or woe—Wealth—or a tiger's stomach for his tomb. Rare luck was his—sailor's proverbial luck—on the next day They stood beside a running stream, and the Bengal stood at bay. Flash! Bang! A hideous roar—and Jack—oh, where was he? Weep not! That nimble strategist had scaled a friendly tree In the liveliest style; in time, and only just in time to see The stricken beast make collops of his shikaree. But who may e'er resist his fate? Kismet! another roar!—Clawing, and tearing at the earth, and the striped one was no more. Jack clambered down, sliced off his dead foe's head, scooped out a hole For his dead guide, and made a bee line for the Gekwar's dole. Baroda reached, a native wine shop met his thirsting view; To see it was to enter.

Amid the motley crew Assembled there, was one—a Parsee bheestie-wallah, in whose eyes The baleful spark of envy gleamed at sight of Jack's rich prize. "By Zarathustra's envy of light" (thus thought that low Parsee), "And shall such dazzling wealth enrich a hateful Feringhee? Nay! by the sacred Zend Avesta, it must, it shall not be, But one shall have this great reward, and that same one is—me." Accosting Jack, this trickster ask'd him if he didn't think His "innards" would be none the worse for the matter of a drink; Nor was Jack loth, glass after glass of arrack Tartar quaff'd, And when the fiery draught had done its work, his tempter laugh'd, Snatched up the tiger's head unseen, nor was it long before His form was cringing in the presence of the Guicowar. A craven cur, the Gekwar thought, and then, aloud he said, "You killed this beast?"—"Iss, Sahib!"—"And you cut off his head?" Salaam! "Iss, Sahib!" Yet still the Gekwar was possessed with doubt. "Approach! Dost see this gray hair in my beard?—well—pluck it out." The craven moved, with trembling hand, to snatch it from its mates, When, snap! the rajah made a bite at him. As if the Fates Were fronting him, the Parsee backward leapt, in wild affright. "A jackal-cur," the Gekwar cried, "Bah! put him out of sight!" A motion of his hand. Guards! Scimitars!—one slashing blow And—out o' window fired—a head rolled in the square below.

Anon the dawning mists of drunken stupor rolled away, And Jack arose.

And then there was the very deuce to pay. In five short minutes after he had miss'd that tiger's head, He'd cleared the whole shebang, and left the landlord there for dead. Then, bull-dog like, renew'd the fight outside, and many felt The qualms of lusty thumps delivered 'neath the belt. A punkah-wallah *fann'd* his ire, and felt the sad surprise Occasioned by a British fist, applied between the eyes; A passing Brahmin, who had interfered to quell the row, Fell gasping, with the brand of *self-defence* upon his brow; And when a pious Mussul hinted at the drunkard's doom, Jack swept the pavement in a jiff, and that Mussul was his broom, And the atmosphere was blue with oaths, and Asiatic d—ns That rose from the proprietors of shatter'd diaphragms. Ah me! it was a battered up procession, when, at last, By force of numbers only, they had bound Jack Tartar fast, And led him to the Presence.

"Loosen his bonds," the Gekwar cried, "And what dost here?"—"I wants my pay," undaunted Jack replied, "For killing that ere cat wot's eated up so many men." "You killed the man-eater?"—"In course I did, my buck, and wen I snickers horf 'is 'ed, I steers for 'ere to get my pay, But, blow me tight! some swab has cribb'd the tom-cat's nob away." "His looks are honest, though his speech is free," the Gekwar said, "We'll try his courage as we did the other's." But instead Of testing Tartar's nerve himself, the wily Guicowar Made much-detested Ramsetjee, Jack's interlocutor. Now Rahmatoola Ramsetjee was pompous to a T And stout, so stout, his fatness was a sight for saints to see. "Approach me! child of Frangistan!" in haughtiest tones, he cried, And in a second (rather less) the *child* was at his side, "Dost see this gray hair in my beard?"—"I does."—"Well! pluck it out." "In course I will, my hearty," and a most unusual shout Of laughter rose, when Rahmatoola, with an elephantine roar,