

INTERIOR VIEW OF THE SAFE MANUFACTORY OF MESSRS. TAYLOR, TORONTO.—[See Page 95.]

THE SUNKEN ROAD AT WATERLOO.—An odd numerical coincidence, twenty-six battalions were to receive these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, under cover of the masked battery, the English infantry, formed in thirteen squares, two battalions to the square, and upon two lines—seven on the first and six on the second—with musket to shoulder and eye upon their sights, waiting calm, silent and immovable. They could not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers could not see them; they listened to the rising of this tide of men; they heard the increasing sound of three thousand horses, the alternate and measured striking of their hoofs at full trot, the rattling of the cuirasses, the clicking of the sabres, and a sort of fierce roar of the coming host. There was a moment of fearful silence, then suddenly a long line of raised arms brandishing sabres appeared above the crests, with casques, trumpets and standards, and three thousand faces with grey mustache, crying 'Vive l'Empereur!' All this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the beginning of an earthquake. All at once,

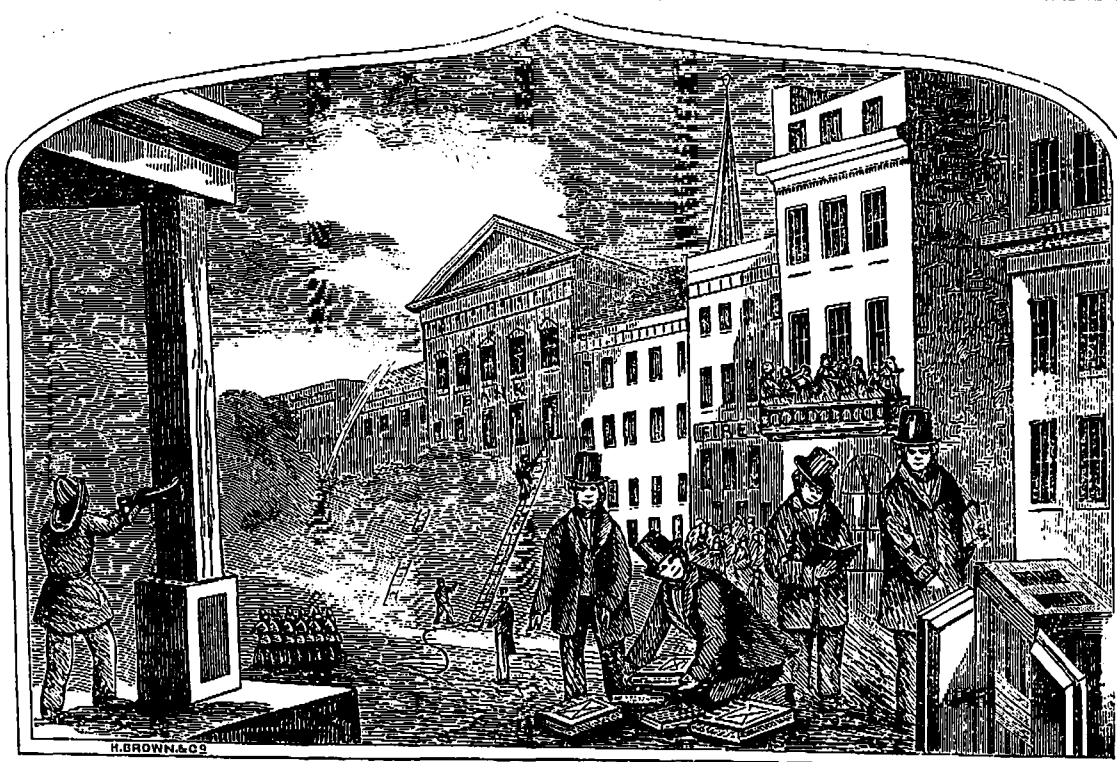
tragic to relate, at the left of the English, and on our right, the head of the column of cuirassiers reared with a frightful clamor. Arrived at the culminating point of the crest, unmanageable, full of fury, and bent upon the extermination of the squares and cannon, the cuirassiers saw between themselves and the English—a ditch—a grave. It was the sunken road of Ohain. It was a frightful moment: there was the ravine, unlooked for, yawning at the very feet of the horses, two fathoms deep between its double slope; the second rank pushed in the first, the third pushed in the second; the horses reared, threw themselves over, fell upon their backs and struggled with their feet in the air, piling up and overturning their riders, no power to retreat—the whole column was nothing but a projectile. The force acquired to crush the English, crushed the French; the inexorable could not yield until it was filled; riders and horses rode in together, pell-mell, grinding each other, making common flesh in this dreadful gulf, and when the grave was full of living men, the rest marched over them and passed on.

Almost a third of the Dubois brigade sank into this abyss.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM BEGGARY.—One of the Russian nobles—a man of wealth, but fearfully devoted to gambling—endured in one night both the agony and exultation which form the leading incidents in a gamster's life. Many years ago, this nobleman was well-known in the fashionable circles of London and Paris. He lost his money, his houses, his lands, his jewels, and even the very carriage which brought him to the gambling-house, and afterwards the horses that were attached to the carriage; and, incredible as it appears, he recovered the whole of his losses by staking the harness of his horses. Finding that fortune had taken this friendly turn in his favor, he instantly left off play; and as a memento of his marvellous escape from beggary, he caused the harness to be placed under a glass case, and to stand in the most conspicuous part of his drawing-room at Moscow. Amidst the thousands that are overwhelmed by the infatuation of gambling, it is pleasing

sometimes to meet with instances in which men by a vigorous effort have roused themselves to a sense of their peril; and, by the firmness arising out of the threatened desolation of their affairs, have saved themselves at the twelfth hour. An English peer had unfortunately given himself up to this fearful vice, and one night—or, more correctly speaking, one morning—after a fearful run of illfortune, he refused to play any longer; and, hastening to his home, he set about taking an estimate of his affairs. The result was that he discovered that after the payment of his enormous losses there would be some thousands of pounds available. He resolved to place himself out of the way of temptation; therefore the moment bankers and others opened for business, he hastened into the city, and before his return he had secured, by means of the residue of his property, an annuity of £1,000 for the remainder of his life. Having secured his annual income, which kept him from poverty, he made a vow never again to play, and faithfully kept his word.

FORESTS OF THE CASCADES.—To have started with dawn in a proud and exhilarating recollection all the day long. The most godlike impersonality men know is the sun. To him the body should pay its maternal devotions, its ardent, worshipful greetings, when he comes, the joy of the world; then is the soul elated to loftier energies, and nerved to sustain its own visions of glories transcending the spheres where the sun reigns sublime. Tame and inarticulate is the harmony of a day that has not known the delicious preludes of dawn. For the sun, the godlike, does not come hastily blundering in upon the scene. Nor does he bounce forth upon the arena of his action, like a circus clown. Much beautiful labor of love is done by earth and sky, preparing a pageant where their Lord shall enter.—



TRIUMPH OF MESSRS. TAYLOR'S SAFE.

Slowly, like the growth of any feeling, grand, masterful, and abiding, nature's power of comprehending the coming blessing develops. First, up in the colorless ranges of night there is a feeling of quiver and life, broader than the narrow twinkle of stars—a tender lucency, not light, but rather a sense of the departing darkness. Then a grey glimmer, like the sheen of filed silver, trembles upward from the black horizon. Gray deepens to violet. Clouds flush and blaze. The sky grows azure. The pageant thickens. Beams dart up. The world shines golden. The sun comes forth to cheer, to bless, to vivify.

The clergyman of a small living in Yorkshire, on one occasion, received no fee for marrying a parsimonious couple, and, meeting them 12 months after at a social gathering, took up their baby, and exclaimed, 'I believe I have a mortgage on this child.' Baby's papa, rather than have an explanation before the company, quietly handed over a sovereign.