

J. P. McIndoe

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A VERY VALUABLE WORK.

**The Illustrated History of the Centennial Exhibition, with a full description of the Great Buildings and all the objects of Interest Exhibited in them.** By James D. McClellan, author of "The Centennial History of the United States," &c. Embellished with over 300 fine engravings of buildings and scenes in the Great Exhibition.

There is a universal demand for a work which shall embody a complete and carefully written account of the great Centennial Exhibition, sketching its wonderful and varied features, and presenting to the reader not a dry list of the articles exhibited, but a brilliant and graphic description of the most magnificent display of the results of human skill and industry ever gathered together. Such a work The National Publishing Co., have supplied in this superb volume. It is from the pen of the well-known author, James D. McClellan, of Philadelphia.

The book is a complete and vivid description of the Great Exhibition. The Author has written from his own personal knowledge, having gone through every part of the great World's Fair, note-book in hand, recording the vast and varied information contained in this work. He has received the constant and sympathetic assistance of the Centennial authorities, and has enjoyed peculiar advantages in its preparation. The Author takes us through the Exhibition grounds, and makes us familiar with every object of interest in them. We are then taken into the Main Building, and are carried successfully through it, roof through every building, large and small, in the grounds. We are told the story of the construction and arrangements of each of these edifices, and the rare, beautiful and wonderful collections which they contained are graphically described.

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Published by Thomas & Talbot, 23 Hawley Street, Boston, Mass.

## LITERATURE.

### THE EMPEROR AND THE STRAGGLER.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

It was a dreadful cold season that winter of 1834-35, which the allies spent in the trenches before Sebastopol. The troops suffered greatly from the inclement weather, and from exposure when on duty, and the hospitals were soon filled with the sick. The English were especially martyrs to the hardships of the siege, for their Government had not provided for them as liberally as had that of the French for its troops. The Emperor Napoleon III. was the friend of the soldier, and, with all the cares and temptations of his high position, never forgot to see that the brave men who were upholding the honor of France in a distant land were as comfortable as he could make them. When the New Year came, he sent from his private stores presents of wine, brandy and tobacco to the army, and a liberal allowance, at that.

The French had a very merry time when these presents came, and, with their usual frank generosity, shared their "good things" with their English allies, whose government had not been so thoughtful for them. Many little social gatherings were held in the Gallic quarters, and many warm friendships were formed and cemented between the companions in arms, thanks to the emperor's kindness.

There was in the French army an old gray-headed general of division, who had spent his whole life in the service, and who had fought his way up from the ranks. No man in the whole army was more popular than General Dampierre, and the troops of his own division loved him even better than they did Napoleon himself. He was a genial, kind-hearted man, and very fond of company. He gave many dinners and suppers at his quarters, and always had some of the English officers present. Some of these entertainments it was my fortune to attend, and I shall always look back to them with delight as the pleasantest of all the hours I spent before Sebastopol. I owed my good luck to the fact that I was on the staff of General Sir De Lacey Evans, of the English army, who was a warm friend of General Dampierre, and not to any merit of my own.

Well, to cut the explanation short, a few days after New Year, my commander said to me, during the afternoon, that he was going over to the French camp to dine with General Dampierre, and that I was invited. He wanted me to hurry up my preparations, and ride over with him. I was soon ready, and in a couple of hours we were seated in the cosy quarters of the French general, where we found half a dozen officers of the Gallic army. General Evans was a favorite with our allies, and we met with a warm reception.

The dinner passed off pleasantly, and as we set around the table over our wine, General Dampierre proposed the first toast: "The Emperor Napoleon the Third, to whose generosity we owe this excellent Bordeaux."

"You are fortunate in having such an Emperor," said General Evans, after we had resumed our seats, for we had drained our glasses standing. "I wish we had him."

"Yes," said our host. "He's a trump, as you English say, and we don't care to lose him. All of us have cause to love the Napoleon, and none greater than I have."

"That reminds me," said General Bosquet, who was present, his grim face relaxed into a social glow, "that you promised us an account of your first meeting with the great Napoleon—I now claim the fulfillment of your promise, Dampierre."

"No, no!" said our host, smiling. "It might have been my last meeting with him, and doubtless would have been, had he been less noble. Well, it was in the year 1813, and the French army was on its memorable visit to Russia, to encounter, for aught I know, some of the very men who are holding that city over their heads against us now. I was a strapping then—a mere lad of eighteen—and I was in the ranks. It was my first campaign, and I was, in the true sense of the word, a raw recruit. My father, a brave old grenadier—Heaven rest his soul!—was in the Imperial Guard, and a better soldier was not to be found in the army.

"We were on the advance to Moscow, and had not yet learned what fearful trials were in store for us, and how few of our mighty host we were to carry back over the frontier. We were full of hope, and I was among the gayest of the gay. I was fond of women in those days. Ah! you laugh, gentlemen. Well, it is a pardonable weakness, and I shared it to a larger degree than usual. I rarely missed an opportunity to flirt with the girls in the villages along our route, where they were friendly enough to permit it. It was all well enough at first, but as we went on into the enemy's country, the orders became positive that no one was to leave his command without permission from his colonel. All stragglers were to be shot by the patrol, or, if arrested, to be executed without court-martial. It was a harsh regulation, but it was necessary for the good of the army.

"We had gotten very far into the country of the enemy, when we halted for a few days at a pretty little village, expecting the Russians to attack us. Of course at such a time it was madness in any one to think of looking after women; yet I was silly enough to do so. I found a lovely young girl in the village about a mile from my camp, and in a few hours I managed to learn from her that a visit from me would not be disagreeable in the least. Fool that I was, I determined to see her that night. I knew it was impossible to procure leave to do so, and I made up my mind to try it without permission. When night came, I marked the exact localities of the sentries, and I under cover of the intense darkness, stole out of the camp towards the village. I reached it in safety, found my girl, and I was enjoying myself very much, when I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and a jabber of Russians outside the house. In an instant I found that a party of Cossacks had made a dash into the village, which was held by a slight picket of our army. A sharp rattle of firearms followed. With a bound I sprang through the door, and darted off toward my regiment. I could see nothing in the darkness save the flashes of the guns in the picket skirmish; but the long roll of drums and the blasts of the bugles told me that the French camp was alarmed, and that the troops were getting under arms. I knew I would be missed from my company, and there was no hope of escaping the consequence of my folly. Still, I resolved to make an effort to regain the camp unseen, hoping that I might be able to take my place in the ranks before the line was formed. In my excitement, however, I missed my way, and before I knew where I was, I was right opposite the camp of the Imperial Guard, who had now gotten into line. I turned about to retreat my steps, but as I did so, I heard the click of a musket lock, and then came the sharp challenge, "Who goes there?"

"There was no help for it. If I went back I should be shot by the sentry, so, with a feeling of desperation, I answered, "a friend," and was told to advance. To my surprise, I found that the sentry was my father. His astonishment was equal to my own, and forgetting his character of sentry, he demanded angrily to know why I was skulking beyond the lines at such a time, and I explained to him the cause. As we were talking, a group of horsemen drew near. My father challenged them, and received the countersign, and they rode up.

"Who have you there, sentinel?" asked the officer in advance of the rest.

"My father glanced at him in surprise, and then giving the salute, replied: "It is a straggler who has deserted his post, your majesty. I have halted him here, and was about to call for the guard, when you came up."

"A deserter, eh?" exclaimed Napoleon, shortly. "A straggler? Shoot him on the spot, sentinel. You know my orders."

"Sire," said my father, impulsively, "it is my son."

"Your son, grenadier? Why then did you not let him pass through the lines quietly, without getting him into trouble?"

"I belong to the Guard, sire," said my father firmly.

"What! You refuse to shoot your son, and yet are willing to deliver him to others, who will not spare him? How is this?"

"Sire, I am an old soldier. I was at Arcola, at Lodi, at Marengo, and at Austerlitz, and I know how to obey orders."

"The Emperor then questioned me as to the cause of my folly, and I told him frankly the whole truth.

"You are a young man," he said, sternly, "and that is much in your favor; but young men must learn obedience. Grenadier," he added, to my father, "your son has deserved death. It is your duty to shoot him down."

"Sire," broke in my father quickly. "Silence! commanded the emperor. A grenadier of the Guard should know how to obey. I myself will give the word of command, and you must do your duty."

"Ready," said Napoleon. My father's musket clicked sharply. "Present." The gun covered me with a deadly aim, and I closed my eyes as I listened for the word "fire."

"It did not come, however, and the next moment I heard the emperor say, 'Recover

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my father's musket fell to the ground, and he sank on his knees at the emperor's feet, Napoleon's voice was very soft and kind now, and a new hope sprang up in me.

"What is your name, grenadier?" asked Napoleon.

"Pal Dampierre, sire," replied my father, falteringly.

"It was a hard trial, my friend," said the emperor, kindly, "but you have borne it nobly, and have proved yourself a true Frenchman and a soldier. Have you had the cross yet?"

"Yes, sire," the poor man stammered, "I won it at Austerlitz."

"Well, then, Paul Dampierre, I make you a sergeant. Take back your boy, I pardon him for his father's sake. Teach him his duty, and make good soldier of him. Young man, he added to me, "let this be a warning to you, and in the future let nothing tempt you from your duty."

"The change was so sudden that it made me almost delirious with joy. I stammered 'Ah! my thanks, but could not make myself intelligible. Then, inappropriate as it was in such a place, I swung cap up and shouted, 'Vive l'Empereur!' at the top of my lungs, and my father joined me right heartily. The emperor laughed, and turned to ride away, and as he did so the line of battle caught up the shout, and rolled it through the night for miles away.

"Well, gentlemen, I learned a lesson that night which I have never forgotten. I have tried ever since to do my duty, and I think I may say, I owe my present position to the kindness of our greatest sovereign.—"There now, Bosquet," said the general, smiling as he turned to his heroic comrade who had redeemed my promise, and you know now, how I met the Emperor Napoleon the First."

Boston has a woman newspaper carrier who is eighty-seven years old.

Susan Jane must have been scantily dressed when she was looking out for her lover and sang: "He'll come to-night; the wind's at rest. The moon is full and fair; I'll wear the dress that pleased him best—A ribbon in my hair."

Yesterday an old citizen was nailing a Tolren' card on a vacant house; a pedestrian halted and re-marked that 'how's' was not the right way to spell 'Detroit'." "How long have you lived in Detroit?" asked the old citizen, scowling savagely. "Fifteen years," was the reply. "Well, I've lived here for thirty," continued the old man, "and I guess I know how to spell as well as you do.—Detroit Free Press.

'Homeward Bound' is the heading over obituary notices in Pomeroy's Chicago Democrat.

It is said that the Digger Indians are never known to smile. They are grave Diggers.

The hair of a young lady in Vermont turned white in a single night. She fell into a flour barrel.

Mrs. Gubbins says her husband is like a tallow candle; he always smokes when he goes out.

'Remember,' said a trading Quaker to his son, 'in making thy way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar.'

The individual who called tight boots comfortable defended his position by saying they made a man forget all his other miseries.

"Did any of you ever see an elephant's skin?" inquired a teacher of an infant class. "Yes, sir." "Where?" "On an elephant."

White duck pants look well and are fashionable, but the trouble is a man must always be looking around after a napkin if he wears them. You can't wipe the least bit of dirt off your fingers on the log of white duck breeches but what some one will notice it.—Fulton Times.

Whatever you have to say my friend, whether witty, grave, or gay, Condense it as much as ever you can, and say it in the readiest way. And whether you write of household affairs, Or particular things in town, Just take a word of friendly advice—Bull it down.

When writing an article for the press, Whether prose or verse, just try To utter your thoughts in the fewest words, And let them be crisp and dry; And when it is finished, and you suppose It is done exactly be woe, Just look it over again, and then Boil it down.

Boarder.—"Has the red-haired girl gone away?" Landlady: "Yes sir." Boarder: "I thought so. I found a black hair in the butter to-day."

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**A GOLDFISH'S AFFECTION.**—A lady possessing a goldfish of which she was very fond, and which she accustomed to caress with her hand, left home for several days. On her return she was told her pet was sick, and going immediately to the globe of water, she found him lying on his side near the bottom, and evidently much out of order. She put her hand at once into the water, and while it was still three inches from the sick fish, he began to stir and feebly attempt to reach it. Succeeding in this, he nestled into the hollow of the friendly hand, and lay there perfectly quiet and contented, sometimes nibbling softly at the ends of her fingers as if in satisfaction. Nothing could be done for him and he died the next day, to the last seeming to find comfort and pleasure in the frequent presence of his mistress's hand.

**The Florida Mocking-Bird.**—The mocking-bird of Florida is described as rather a dissipated character. He forges about, singing in his neighbor's vine yard while he robs him, until the berries of the Pride-of-China are ripe, then he proceeds to have a regular frolic; acquires a habit of intoxication, and gets as drunk as a lord. It is curious to see a flock of these birds at this time. They become perfectly tipsy, and fly round in the most comical manner, hiccoughing and staggering like men, mixing up all sorts of songs, and interrupting in the most impudent manner the politeness and decorum that usually marks the intercourse of all well-bred society, whether of birds or men. They will fly about promiscuously, intrude on domestic relations, forget the way home, and get into each other's nest and families, just like the lords of creation. After the berries are gone, and the yearly frolic over, they look very penitent, make many good resolutions, and join the temperance society.

**THE POLAR BEAR.**—The Polar bear is found throughout the whole of the Arctic region which has as yet been explored, preferring, however, the northern to the southern part of the country as a habitation. The seal appears to be its chief food and in capturing it, the bear exercises great ingenuity and patience, rivaling the Esquimaux in the manner in which he will sometimes sit for half a day watching it on the ice, getting quietly into the water to leeward of his intended victim, and gradually nearing it by a series of short dives until he at last comes up just under the spot where the seal is lying. If this manœuvre is successful, there is no chance for the seal, as by rolling into the water it falls into the paws of the bear, while if lies still its pursuer, by a powerful spring, pounces upon it on the ice. But if the seal perceives the bear in time, and escapes by a dive into the water, Bruin's indignation knows no bounds, and is ludicrous to behold. When approaching a seal on the ice, the bear doubles up his fore paws under him, and pushes himself along by means of his hind legs until within easy distance for a spring, and consequently the upper part of his fore paws gets raised quite bare.

The *Western Times* asks: "If Necessity be the mother of invention, will some sharp paragraphist please inform us who is the father?" Why, the husband of Mrs. Necessity, of course. Is not this apparent enough?

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