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Poetry.

The Hero of the Commune.

—:0:0:0:—

I.

"CARCON!—You—you, Snared along with this cursed crew? (Only a child, and yet so bold, —scarcely as much as ten years old) —Do you hear? Do you know Why the *gendarmes* put you there, in the row— *You*—with those Commune wretches tall, With face to the wall?"

II.

"'Know?'—To be sure I know! Why not? We're here to be shot; And there by the pillars the very spot, Fighting to. France, my father fell. —Ah, well! That's just the way I would choose to fall, With my *back* to the wall?"

III.

"(*Sacre!*—Fair, open fight, I say, Is right magnificent in its way, And fine for warming the blood; but who Wants wolf h work like this to do? Bah? 'Tis a butcher's business.)—*How?*

(The boy is beckoning to me now; I knew his poor child's heart would fail;— Yet his cheek's not pale.) —Quick! Say your say! for don't you see, When the church-clock yonder tolls out *Three*, You're all to be shot? *What?*

IV.

'*Excuse you one moment?* O ho, ho! D'ye think to fool a *National*, so?" But, sir, here's a watch that a friend, one day, —My father's friend, just over the way— Lent me; and if you'll let me free, (It still lacks seven minutes of *three*) I'll come on the word of a soldier's son, Straight back into line, when my errand's done."

V.

"Ha, ha! No doubt of it! Begone! —(Now, good Saint Martin! speed him on! The work will be easier since *he's* saved; For I hardly think that I could have braved The ardor of that innocent eye, As he stood and heard Me give the word, Dooming him like a dog to die."

VI.

"*In time!*—Well, thanks to my desire Was granted; and now I'm ready. Fire! —One word; that's all: You'll let me turn my *back* to the wall!"

VII.

"*Parbleu!*—Come out of the line, I say! Come out!—(Who said that his name was *Nay?* Ha! France will hear of him yet one day!"

—*Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, in Scribner's Monthly for April.*

As It Should Be.

—o—

"THERE is the most horrible—horrible—awful—strange—sick-looking man down by the gate, Fan, that ever you saw in all the days of your life. He don't look exactly as if he was intoxicated, altho' he may be something's the matter with him anyway; and little Kate Archer, a auxen-haired, rosy-cheeked girl caught her breath, and contemplated for a moment, in laughing silence, the group she had interrupted.

Three young ladies occupied a rustic seat by the side of a pleasant stream, protected from the mid-day sun by a row of noble old elms, which might have stood for centuries, such veterans in ruggedness did they seem to be.

Fanny, the one addressed, the sister of Kate, and some three or four years her senior, leaned back, in an apparently nonchalant mood, and listened to the conversation of her companions. She had evidently not been particularly interested, for her beautiful dark eyes showed no signs of fire—a sure indication with her of lack of interest.

Fanny Archer's good looks could be summed up in the following brief inventory: She had fine eyes, splendid hair, and two rows of white, even teeth, especially noticeable on account of a large mouth. She had very little color, and very little expression when her face was in repose; but let her once become interested in a subject, and the play of feature was something to wonder at.

'What does he look like, Kate? Describe him more particularly. Say, girls, just as likely as not he's an adventurer. Good gracious! I have been sighing for something romantic all day, and here 'tis right at a body's hand,' said Mabel Lynn, the beauty of the group, and perfectly conscious of the fact.

'But what are you going to do about it? drawled Rosanna Lee, who was always asking questions, and suggesting difficulties; about whom there was nothing remarkable in character or appearance, save a constitutional laziness, which made her the laughing-stock on every occasion.

'You know there isn't anybody at at the house, and I forgot we all promised to get tea. What a horrid bore! But, then, there won't be anybody at home but ourselves, and I reckon we can manage somehow,' continued the drawler, looking quizzically at Fanny, who had arisen, and seemed for a moment undecided what course to pursue.

'Where are you going, Fan?—

'I am going to see what's the matter with that man,' she answered, decisively. 'I do [illegible] all away. Come along, girls!' and Miss Fanny started ahead, to [illegible] a little annoyed, it is true, but really [illegible] and willing to do her duty.

'Oh! isn't this jolly? Anything to break the monotony,' laughed Mabel, skipping gaily ahead.

'Even though a man break his neck to accomplish it!' said Fanny, a little bitterly.

'Oh, mercy! here he is,' remarked Mabel, with a little shriek, reaching the spot first. 'Ugh! what a condition he is in! His face is all covered with blood, his clothes are completely satured with mud! Well, I don't wonder Kate said he was a horrible looking object. Do let's go away and leave him. He's only drunk, and will come to his senses after awhile—time enough to go on another spree, you may be sure.'

In the meantime, Fanny had knelt by the side of the unconscious man, and vainly strove to discover some signs of life.

'I do believe the poor fellow is dead, girls,' she said, after a careful examination. 'Run, Mabel, and bring me some water, will you? Do be quick, child!' and Fanny, without a thought of the sick man's mutilated and disfigured condition, lifted his head to her lap, and with her broad-brimmed hat shaded the poor, bruised face from the scorching rays of the sun.

'I'll get the water; but I know he is drunk; horrible creature,' replied Mabel, with a pout.

'And Rosanna, you rub his hands and wrists. That may do some good,' continued Fanny, her voice laden with sympathy.

'Me! rub those dirty hands? Me! Why, I should as soon think of bathing the paws of a pig.'

'Rosanna Lee, you are worse than a brute,' and Fanny's eyes were expressive enough now. 'If you won't do this then go to the house, and wheel out mamma's garden chair. And go at once.'

'But what are you going to do with it, after you have got it,' inquired this feminine slow-coach.

'You and Mabel and Kate and I, are going to lift this man in it, and take him to the house and put him to bed, and send for the doctor. Do you think you know now, and will you for once in your life exert yourself a little?'

Fanny's tones were imperative, and Rosanna turned to obey, adding as she went:

"If I must, I must. Dear me! how unfortunate that there are no men around. For mercy's sake, do give me the cleanest place there is to get hold of.'

Fanny, whose sense of the ludicrous was unusually keen, could not, notwithstanding her anxiety, refrain from laughing as the disgusted Rosanna uttered these last words. Just then, a pair of fine eyes slowly unclosed and looked the smiling girl full in the face, while their owner tried to smile back again.

'I am not dead, nor am I drunk,' he said, in a whisper. 'But I am very badly hurt. I was thrown from my carriage, and I am afraid my hid is dislocated. I do not believe [illegible] and the poor fellow was off again in a dead faint.

Shortly after Mabel arrived with the water, and five minutes later, Rosanna appeared in sight dragging the chair. It was a comical situation, those four young girls trying to lift the unconscious man into this wheeled vehicle. Mabel, finding that the tips of her dainty little fingers would not suffice for the lift she was expected to raise, with an indignant protest against the folly of such behavior, wound her handkerchief about the knee, applied both hands to the work, and performed her task with credit. With great difficulty on the part of the charioteer, and great suffering on the part of the wounded man, he was at last safely landed on the library lounge. Kate saddled her pony, and galloped for the doctor. Fanny sat by the invalid, and tried to rub the breath of life in him. While Mabel and Rosanna tried to [illegible] a poultice of [illegible] meanwhile, the doctor came, and pronounced a compound fracture of the thigh; the patient was sent to bed, another M. D., summoned, and the case pronounced very serious.

By evening the rest of the household had returned, and with the true spirit of charity, gladly did all in their power for the relief of the sufferer. Five weeks passed, during which time the gentleman had scarcely a lucid moment. He talked of business from morning till night, occasionally calling for his mother. At such times Fanny was the only one who could have the least influence over him, and under her magnetic touch he was sure to grow quiet. Six weeks passed before any one knew the name of residence. He was then found to be a Mr. Paul Merriam of New York, and by profession a lawyer. No more questions were asked, nor did he seem desirous of conveying other information. At the end of two months he was so far recovered as to be able, with the aid of crutches, to hobble along on the piazza. It was very difficult to suppose that this gentleman, with the fine, intellectual face, fine eyes and dignified manners, was the same man the girls had dragged in from the road. Fanny, who had been constant in her attendance, had naturally become well acquainted with him; but the young ladies had never, until he was able to leave his room, been treated to a glimpse of his face.

Discovering that the invalid was really a gentleman by birth and education, and, to all appearance, in excellent circumstances, they had at once signified to Fanny their willingness to be introduced, which hint Fan, remembering their indifference on the day of the accident, was not taken the least notice of; but when the invalid had so far recovered as to be able to walk about on the piazza, an introduction could no longer be avoid.

'Now, Miss Fanny,' said the gentleman, one beautiful morning, after [illegible] the young lady was [illegible] enough, and if you will [illegible] I will sit here awhile. It is so very pleasant. In a few days I shall be able to assist myself, and relieve you. What a care and trouble I have been to you, child. But what should I have done without you? Fanny Archer, you saved my life! Do you know it?'

And for a moment the gentleman turned away from the beautiful eyes which seemed reading his very soul, to hide the tears he was ashamed to have seen.

Just then Mabel, picturesquely clad in muslin, her golden hair floating around her shapely shoulders, danced out of the low parlor window, and, with an ecstatic start of surprise, and a little 'Oh!' which did seem so natural, stood by the side of the invalid and his patient little nurse.

Mr. Merriam, who had had all he could do to arrange himself comfortably in a sitting position, had not yet glanced at the beautiful vision; but when he did, the effect upon the young lady was but a little short of marvellous. With a knowing smile, Fanny said: 'Allow me, Miss Lynn, to make you acquainted with Mr. Merriam.' Mabel paled and reddened, then said, eagerly, drawing close to the gentleman, who, calm and indifferent, surveyed her changing countenance: 'Colonel Merriam, I am overwhelmed! Believe me, had I known that you were lying ill under this roof, I should have been by your side. How could I have been so deceived? Fanny, why didn't you tell me?' 'Miss Archer knew nothing to tell, and I didn't propose she should have the first intimation of the actual state of things.' Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he continued: 'How was I to know of your presence here? I returned from Europe two months earlier than I intended, on account of business, and met with this accident the very next day.'

'And I thought it was so strange that I got no letters. I wrote home yesterday to see if they had neglected to remail them to me!' and Mabel's tones had about them a pathetic quality which was entirely new to Fanny, who, finding that the pair were old acquaintances, and, to all appearances, something nearer, drew her chair away to the other end of the piazza. Mabel cooed, and signed, and asked questions. She felt of the sick man's pulse, inquired about his diet, and pronounced him feverish, all of which he received without comment. When she declared that he had been sitting up too long, he replied that he thought he had been out quite long enough, and finished by calling Fanny to his side, who immediately answered the summons.

'I will assist you, dear,' said Mabel, with a frown, as Fanny went carefully about her work.

'No. I thank you,' replied the Colonel. This little girl knows exactly how to do it. I should't dare trust myself to your tender mercies, Mabel. I'm a little cleaner than I was the day you saw me lying by the road, am I nnt? I must have been a horriole looking object! You see, Mabel, I had been dragged a long distance; and the truth is, that but for the sweet charity and womanly tenderness of this dear girl I should have been in my grave. I recognized your voice that day, and heard every word you said, although too weak to make myself known; and, after that, I confess to not having the slightest desire for your presence. These are plain words, Mable. You know me for a plain man. I have always told you the truth, and these are the truest words I have ever spoken. Faults I could have forgiven, because none of us are perfect; but inhumanity, never!'

'Now, little girl,' turning to Fanny, help me quickly, for I am very tired.'

Mabel had sense enough to walk away without a word; and Colonel Merriam moved slowly to his room.

'You did not imagine, Fanny, that I heard all the conversation that day?' inquired the invalid, from the comfortable lounge, ten minutes later.

'I am sure I did not,' was the quiet reply. 'Don't let us talk any more about it, please. It is all over now. Let me read you something?' and Fanny opened a book with a very determined manner.

'Read presently,' said the invalid. 'I must talk now, and you must listen. I was engaged to Mabel Lynn. I loved her everything she was amiable and womanly, and but for this accident I should have married her. Thank God for a broken limb! In comparison with a broken heart, it is nowhere.'

'Yes, Mr. Merriam, very true. Now, you'll read, please,' interrupted Fanny, eagerly. 'Presently, I haven't time just yet. Fanny, come here.' And Fanny went. What he said, no one but she said I cannot tell; but after a moment a blushing face was hidden under some very handsome whiskers, a pair of arms thrown round a sensible waist, and—But how excessively stupid it is to describe love scenes. When the Archers left for their city home, Colonel Merriam accompanied them; and the Colonel and Fanny are to be married the coming spring.

The Edinburgh *Scotsman* holds a reputation for tall talking in Great Britain akin to that of the New York *Herald* in this country. A recent article in it says that in case of war with the United States an army of 180,000 Canadian volunteers, with Quebec for a base, would soon be able to march from one end of the States to the other. Moreover, that three months after war was declared the Canadian army would find itself before New York.

The Queen's John Brown.

—o—

(London Correspondency N. Y. *Times*.)

It is not quite clear who first seized O'Connor, when he presented his unloaded pistol at the carriage window, but the *Court Circular*, which is drawn up under the personal supervision of the Queen, gives the credit of the capture to John Brown. John is rather a celebrated character in his way, and was regarded with much curiosity when he appeared as a witness in the Police Court. He is an Aberdeen man, from the neighborhood of Balmoral, and was Prince Albert's favorite ghilly when the Prince went out grouse-shooting and deer-stalking. The Queen frequently accompanied her husband on his sporting expeditions, and was much struck with Brown's evident attachment and devotion to his master, as well as by his shrewd remarks and independent judgment on all matters on which he was consulted. Brown was always prepared for every emergency. If the clouds gathered suddenly overhead, if a change of wind brought a biting air with it from the snow-tops of the mountains, it was invariably found that Brown's foresight had provided for it; the shawls and wrappers had been stowed away somewhere, and that everything was forthcoming when required. Brown knew the most camping places, the safest roads and the best way of managing everything. After the Prince's death he became the chief personal attendant of the Queen, and has ever since retained his supremacy in the household. He accompanies Her Majesty on all occasions, leads her pony or rides in the rumble behind her carriage. In his tartan kilt and plaid, stalwart, shaggy, hard-featured, he is a genuine specimen of the North country Scot; and he is also a thorough Scot in character and temper—very quiet, cool and imperturbable; reserved in speech, although outspoken enough on occasion; "canny" and deferential, but also resolute and pertinacious. He belongs to the type of Scotch retainers of whom several samples are to be found in Scott's novels, who identified themselves with "the family," believed in it, worshipped it with intense, passionate fidelity, but at the same time had no hesitation in expressing an honest opinion on any question, even at the risk of differing with the master or mistress. The Scotch have always been remarkable for this personal loyalty and trustiness. It is commonly supposed that a sovereign, with a great household always at call, must necessarily be well served; but the value of all service depends on the spirit in which it is rendered; and amidst the retinue of State, a monarch is especially qualified to appreciate the watchful attention of personal loyalty and attachment. The position which John Brown holds in the royal household is alike honorable to the Queen and himself. In the Police Court he gave his evidence with a strong Scotch accent and quaint homeliness of language. "He just catched the boy" he said, "by the scruff of the neck, and keepit him till there was enough round about to take charge of him."

THE LADY TWISS SCANDAL.

(From the Rochester Democrat.)

The cable has made brief mention of the libel suit against Lady Twiss, wife of Sir Travers Twiss, Her Majesty's Advocate General, by Alexander Chaffins, an elderly man and a solicitor. Chaffins was arrested for libel, and, while the case was in progress Lady Twiss suddenly and mysteriously disappeared, thereby establishing, in many eyes, her guilt according to the charges preferred by Chaffins. This man Chaffins is probaly the meanest man in the world, though, unfortunately, his charges against Lady Twiss are probably not true. The lady's maiden name was Marie Pharailde Vandyselle, and she married to Sir Travers Twiss in August, 1862, at Dresden, in the Kingdom of Saxony. She is a native of Belgium, and, according to statements of Chaffins, resided in London for several years previous to 1862, and always went under the name of Marie Gelas. She was a courtesan, and was well known as such. Chaffins confesses to intimacy with her, and mentions other names in the same connection. She told him of her intimacy with Twiss, and that that gentleman had agreed to marry her. "I have," he says, "frequently seen the said Marie Gelas at the Argyll rooms, different music halls in the Haymarket, and at the Holborn casino. On one occasion I saw the said Marie Gelas dancing at the Holborn casino with her hair all hanging down her back, so misconducting herself that the master of the ceremonies had to speak to her." The girl evidently gave Chaffins her confidence, and he has made use of it ever since to extort money from her. Threatening exposure, he has been frequently bribed to silence by Sir Travers and Lady Twiss. Finally these extortions could be borne no longer, and accordingly Chaffins was arrested for libel, in the vain hope of saving the woman's character and at the same time of disposing of the black-mailer who has followed her so relentlessly. The result has been told by cable. The lady has disappeared, and the charges of Chaffins will be believed. He has shown sufficient to prove that the woman "is not a fit character to be presented at Court," and has accordingly disgraced her and her husband, beyond reparation, and rendered of no avail her evidently earnest effort to retrieve the mistake of her girlhood. Perhaps the disgraced parties have earned this unhappy result; but there is certainly an affection the one for the other that will insure for them as much of pity as censure. But what shall be said of Chaffins? The law cannot touch him; but there is not a thief or murderer in all London who is not his superior in everything pertaining to honor and manliness.

AN ENGLISH DESDEMONA.

—o—

The New York *Times* gathers from the English journals the record of a singular divorce suit. Miss Alice Watkins, a dress-maker, sued Mr. William Rainey, described as a negro from Sierra Leone, and an English barrister, to recover damages caused to her lacerated heart by that gentleman's failure to fulfill his plighted troth. In consequence of her engagement with Mr Rainey, Miss Watkins asserts she had refused two offers of marriage, one from a Welsh gentleman, the other from the son of a barrister of long standing. From this she would appear to have been a young woman either of unusual personal attraction or some social standing. Yet by her own admission her first acquaintance with the defendant was made while walking in the street one evening with her sister. It was evidently a case of love at first sight. Othello promised at once to marry the fair dress-maker, and Desdemona coyly consented. Only to save time all tiresome formalities were waived, and the happy pair repaired at once to the barrister's chambers. On parting, the dusky swain presented his spouse with a sovereign, and put her in an omnibus. After a while Rainey returned to Sierra Leone, where he kept up an animated correspondence with his intended. In many of his letters his promise to marry was renewed, but at his request all these valuable epistles were carefully destroyed by the confiding plaintiff. In spite of the defendant's energetic denials, the jury promptly rendered a verdict against him for £330. Perhaps this is not more absurd than most breach of promise cases, but it certainly looks on its face like a scandalous preversion of justice.