

from the lips of women. Opposite the General's home, Colonel Elliott, the Quartermaster General of the district, falls into the procession on horse back; the only mounted man there, for the field officers of the Black Watch are thus early practically accustoming themselves to the absence of horses on the Gold Coast. Out side the Gun Wharf the men of the Royal Artillery have gathered, and give their comrades of the line a volley of hearty cheering as they tramp past. On the Common Hard, that historical centre of nautical Portsmouth, the crowd is thicker than ever; and out of compliment to the black-eyed Susans and lovely Nans of the Hard, the band changes to "The girl I left behind me." As the rear guard presses its way through the throng that has closed in at the dock yard gate, there is a heaving and commotion on the Hard behind, over the sound of which exclamations rise high in the broadest Scottish Doric, "Clear the gate, ye deevils" "Hanns aff," "No, deil anither drap," are some of the cries we hear; and then we see, battling his way through the crowd with determination, but also with many a lurch, the absent man of the Black Watch. Yes, there had been one man absent, although for shame's sake the fact had been kept quiet. Could it be that he was skulking to escape the service on which his comrades were going, or was it that he had forgotten himself and got too drunk to "come up in time." There he was to answer the question, had his condition rendered it in the slightest degree necessary to ask it. He had been awakened from a drunken sleep by the music of the passing bands, and here he was struggling vehemently to overtake the regiment, obviously under the impression that if he did not do so incontinently he must be left behind and incur eternal disgrace. Fate was kind to him, for he reached the rear guard before it got to the jetty, and having been duly made a prisoner of, staggered along in that capacity in a condition of the sereneest contentment.

The *Sarmatia* looms large in the berth where lay the *Victoria* and *Albert* when she received the shah on board of her, on his visit to the British fleet at Spithead. The regiment forms into line, and stands halted for a while—a "thin red line" in the midst of a dark sea of civilian humanity—till the arrangements are announced as complete. Then the files begin to move away from the right, and passing up a gangway near the ship's bows, so enter the 'tween decks. At the foot of this gangway comes the last good bye. By some judicious flank movement, a number of the women of the regiment have got down here as soon as the men, and have taken up this advantageous position by the gangway. It must be said that, under the circumstances, the files move on board somewhat slowly. It is not quite easy for a man, no matter how strong his sense of discipline, to stride past his wife on such an occasion as if he sees her not. Over the murmuring of the parting salutations rise the homely, familiar, tender strains of "Auld Lang Syne," played by the band of the 100th. The minutes wear on till the curtain falls on a drama that was not to be witnessed without some emotion. The last private has filed over the gangway into the bowels of the ship, and the women, like Lord Ullin's daughter, are left lamenting. Yet, accepting the fact that they are soldiers' wives, they have much to be grateful for. Sympathy with and consideration for them have been manifested in high quarters. Women married with leave and without leave alike have the option of quarters in barracks

while their husbands are going, or of being sent home to their friends, and are to receive sixpence a day allowance, and threepence for each child.

About noon there is a new sensation on the dockyard jetty. The hundred and forty volunteers whom the 79th have given to the Black Watch, having arrived from Aldershot by train, march on to it with a firm, springy tramp. From the teeming deck of the great ship rises a fervent cheer, "Hurrah for Scotland!" and the officers of the Black Watch note with satisfaction that the sister regiment has given it no "wasters," but its very best men. There is another cheer when Sir Archibald Alison, distinguishable by his sleeveless left arm, is seen at the gangway. With him are Capt. Russell, Lieut. Fitzgerald, and others of the Aldershot contingent. Behind them comes a young gentleman in plain clothes, but he, it seems, cannot pass. The sergeant sentry blocks the way with, "I beg your pardon, but my orders are to allow no civilian to to pass." "But I'm no civilian," replied the young gentleman, laughing. "You're not in uniform, sir," persisted the inexorable sentry, "and my orders are strict." "I'm a captain in the Rifle Brigade, and my name's Prince Arthur," says the gentleman in categorical satisfaction of the honest sergeant, who on this presents no further obstacle. The Prince has come down to see the last of his querry, Lieut. Fitzgerald, and of his Aldershot friends. But the time that the 79th are all on board, the dinner bugle has sounded, and Colonel Elliot proceeds to make his official inspection of the troop deck, accompanied by Prince Arthur, the officers of the regiment and some of the ladies and gentlemen who were on board. Both as regards messing and accommodation, the well being of the troops has been most carefully and successfully studied. Tomorrow, morning, at eight o'clock, if present arrangements hold good, the *Sarmatia* will steam out of Portsmouth Harbor, and her speed is so great that she is expected to make the voyage to the Gold Coast in fifteen days.

A GOOD OLD BOOK.

THE ORIGINAL RECORD OF WASHINGTON'S LITTLE HATCHET.

Few and pitifully ignorant must be those citizens of the United States who have never heard the story of George Washington and his little hatchet. Yet we question whether, out of the millions who have been familiar from childhood with that pleasing anecdote, there are more than a few hundreds of this generation who know to whom they are indebted for communicating it to posterity. Hence it gives us more than common pleasure to be able to present the story to our readers in the very words of the biographer who first committed it to print, and give some account of his book, famous in its day and not yet out of print, which has marks and merits of its own that notably distinguished it from all other books of its kind. It has no likeness in all the range of English literature. It could have been written by no man that ever lived save its author. It is all his own; and we do not hesitate to assert that, in spite of the eccentricities of its style, which sets all the established canons of criticism and rules of taste at utter defiance, it is the best book ever written on these shores to inspire the young with a burning love for their country and a reverence not to be shaken for the fathers who

comprised its independence and established its free government.

The copy of this book which lies before us is an old one, thumbed and dog-eared by hands that were young when they turned these faded pages, but which have long ago gone to dust. We transcribe the title page in full:

THE LIFE  
OF  
GEORGE WASHINGTON,  
WITH  
CURIOUS ANECDOTES  
EQUALLY HONORABLE TO HIMSELF AND EX-  
EMPLARY TO HIS YOUNG COUNTRYMEN.  
SEVENTH EDITION.

A life how useful to his country led!  
How loved while living—how revered, now  
dead.  
Lisp! lisp! his name ye children yet unborn,  
And with like deeds your own great names  
adorn.

By M. L. WEEMS,  
FORMERLY RECTOR OF MOUNT VERNON PARISH.

PHILADELPHIA:  
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.  
1808

We regret that we know little of the history of Mason L. Weems. But we have met aged persons who have seen him in the flesh, and from these we have heard nothing but praise. He was a brave, sincere, enthusiastic, honest clergyman—the enemy of gambling, intemperance, and the prevailing vices of his day, against which he wrote books that had great popularity; and he was the outspoken but genial and winning advocate of virtue and religion, the warmth of his heart endearing him to people wherever he went and preparing them to give a fond ear to his fervid appeals for truth. Above all, he was a patriot whose enthusiasm for the liberties of his country was the master passion of his soul. He was the pastor of the old church at Pohick and the friend of Washington, who attended his preaching, and he was for many years a familiar visitor at Mount Vernon. His love for Washington bordered on worship, and when he came to write the life of his hero his whole heart was thrown into the work, and fancy and imagination, which held sway over all the other faculties of his mind, were not sparing of tints to complete the portrait of the perfect man. We have been informed that Mr. Weems lived to a great age, but of the time and place of his death we have no information. He had a son who was a reputable member of Congress sixty years ago, and that is all that we know of his family. But he still lives, and we trust for the honor of his country he will always live, in his book.

The opening of the first chapter of this curious volume is an admirable introduction to what follows, presenting in a single paragraph a fair specimen of Weems's original method of writing biography. We transcribe it:

"Ah, gentlemen," exclaimed Bonaparte—"twas just as he was about to embark for Egypt—some young Americans happening at Toulon, and anxious to see the mighty Corsican, had obtained the honour of an introduction to him. Scarcely were past the customary salutations when he eagerly asked, "How fares your countryman, the great Washington?" "He was very well," replied the youths, brightening at the thought that they were the countrymen of Washington, "he was very well, General, when we left America." Ah, gentlemen,"