

## Miscellaneous.

little more conversation on the same topic, the whiskey being all finished and Chessington showing no signs of any intention to produce a fresh bottle, we all retired to bed.

I had just dropped off to sleep when I was suddenly aroused by a brilliant glare in my bed-room and shouts of fire from the street. Hurriedly throwing on some clothes, I ran into the passage and came into violent collision with Chessington, who had just emerged from his room and was vigorously giving the alarm. We soon discovered that the fire was in a neighbouring block, and our fears for our own immediate safety being consequently allayed, I had leisure to congratulate Chessington on the coolness and presence of mind he had displayed in the arrangement of his attire, his nether habiliments being tied round his waist by the legs after the manner of a kilt, a purpose which they very inadequately answered, while he carried in his hand a small satchel, into which he had stuffed his night-gown, hardly the most valuable portion of his wardrobe. He retorted by a pointed allusion to the state of my own garments, which were certainly not arranged in a manner contemplated by the artists who constructed them; and after the exchange of a few more compliments we adjusted our apparel and sallied out to the scene of the disaster.

Our mode of dealing with fires in our city is peculiar, but can scarcely be called effective. The first proceeding is to ring violently sundry hideously discordant bells, which are intended to call the firemen to their duty; then the streets immediately become pervaded by bands of youthful loafers who rush frantically along every quiet thoroughfare frightening timid people into fits by horrid shrieks and yells. Soon after a rattling old fire engine makes its appearance, and is dragged by men and boys, also yelling, to the scene of action. Should there happen to be no pumps or wells available, as is too frequently the case, we calmly contemplate the progress of the devouring element until a barrel of water on wheels is brought to the spot and emptied by two or three vigorous squirts of the engine.

Another interval of waiting, and the same performance is repeated *ad libitum*. It may therefore be easily imagined that our fires are extinguished more from lack of material to feed upon than by any efforts of ours.

On our arrival we found the fire had originated in a nest of wooden shanties and stables, and fanned by a brisk wind, was threatening a terrace of houses of a superior class immediately adjacent. The terrified inhabitants were hurriedly removing their household gods, and there was no lack of notable examples of the peculiar presence of mind usually called forth by these calamities.

Things most common and worthless seemed to be regarded by their owners as their most inestimable treasures; old stove-pipes especially were objects of the most idolatrous affection, and we saw at least a dozen persons hugging affectionately to their bosoms very rusty and dilapidated specimens as if their whole future welfare depended on the preservation of these not very combustible articles. Chipped and damaged glass and crockery, battered old metal teapots and coal oil lamps, flower pots containing very seedy looking floral specimens, were carefully carried out by the excited owners and deposited in places of safety with a tenderness worthy a better cause; while valuable articles of furniture were rudely dragged from the doorways or hurled from the windows in the very wantonness of destruction.

I noticed one elderly gentleman fully attired carrying a small wooden box filled with papers carefully in his arms, and I pointed him out to Chessington as an example of at least one person who had retained his coolness and presence of mind. A few moments afterwards we saw this self-possessed old party throw box and contents into the road with an air of disgust, and our curiosity leading us to examine the contents, we found it filled with old newspapers.

As we moved about from point to point, watching the progress of the flames, we were accosted by an old Irishwoman, who earnestly besought our aid in moving the furniture from her little shanty, to which the flames were just approaching. As she seemed to have no one to assist her, we turned to with a will and in a very short time had all the old lady's furniture safely deposited in the street, and none too soon, as the roof was then beginning to blaze.

"Is this all?" we enquired, as we carried the last table out of the kitchen; "I think that's all, *except the childer!*" said the old dame coolly. "Good heavens!" exclaimed Chessington, "you don't mean to say there are children in the house?" "Sure there's two of them upstairs," responded the affectionate relation. We ran up the steep ladder and found two little archins quietly asleep in an old cot in the garret, the room being even then tolerably filled with smoke. We carried them down stairs and asked the old lady what we should do with them.

"Devil a one of me knows," she quietly responded, and walked off to look after her furniture.

"Well that *is* cool," exclaimed Chessington, as he curiously regarded the little two year old in his arms. He is contemplating matrimony, and naturally takes an interest in these productions of nature.

"Do all babies smell like this?" he enquired, sniffing suspiciously.

"I can't say," I replied, "but I fancy these are unusually high-flavoured specimens; any how, we had better see about getting rid of them unless you want to adopt them."

So we started off, and after some difficulty succeeded in depositing our charges in a neighbouring house, and then showed our own presence of mind by going quietly home, taking a stiff glass of toddy, and turning into bed.

W. H. F.

Perhaps it is the highest test of good breeding to be able to accept and bear an unusual load of obligation without allowing the friend who confers the favour to think you feel over-burdened. Well-bred people, who are ill-at-ease in their company manners, generally meet all proffered courtesies at first as though they could on no account think of accepting them. Thus, when the gentleman who carves the chicken asks you which bit you prefer, believe that he asks because he would be pleased to know, and tell him, instead of saying what is obviously a what-d'ye-call-it, that it makes not the slightest difference; and when the lady at the other end of the table proffers you a second piece of pie, if you want it say so. It is the least compliment you can pay her for giving you a seat at her table. Don't keep on, in the old New England fashion, of saying "No," with a tone and glance which convey the unmistakable gloss, "Yes, but I want a little urging."

Purify the blood by using Dr. Colby's Pills.

## A Novel Exhibition.

London is to have, when the exhibition of Oriental curiosities closes, a show of all the articles connected with babydom, such as cradles and perambulators, feeding-bottles and feet-jars, lollypops and toys, squills and night lights, soothing syrups and clothing. Literature will not be neglected; from A B C's up to *Cinderella, Jack and the Bean Stalk*, and kindred infantile classics, will find a local habitation.

## Accident and Misfortune.

Speaking of Prince Napoleon, a Paris correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* writes:—The late Emperor knew his relative well, as the following answer to his son proves:—"What," asked the Prince Imperial, then not more than six years old, "What is the difference between an accident and a misfortune?" "If," replied the Emperor, "your cousin fell into the Seine, that would be an accident; if any one pulled him out, it would be a misfortune."

## A Tree that Needed Transplanting.

M. Paul Doussset, an inconsolable widower in Paris, was recently found by his friends stationed in a large flower-pot, and vigorously refreshing himself with a watering-pot. In reply to kind inquiries, he stated that his better half had carried off a portion of his soul. "I have only sufficient remaining for a plant," continued he, "and have been changed into a cypress tree. Now transplant me to a cemetery." It is needless to say that M. Doussset was "transplanted," though not to the garden he had selected.

## Cultivation of Fish in Ditches and Ponds.

Much attention is now being paid in Germany to the cultivation of fish in ponds and ditches, and it has been found, contrary to the generally received opinion in reference to such localities, that they are more favourable for the purpose than other large bodies of water, apparently fresh and pure in their character. This is doubtless owing to the great abundance of animal life, as well as to the more decided concentration of vegetable substances in the form of living plants of different kinds, including the algae. This produces a constant evolution of oxygen needed for the respiration of the fish, and allows a larger mass of life to be crowded together in a given space. The reproduction of the species is also unusually rapid, and the young grow very quickly.

## A Railroad Ghost.

There is a new kind of ghost on the New York Central Railroad, who is occupied just at present in harassing engineers. He frequently appears at night-time with a red signal lantern, and by vigorously waving it stops the express train, only to vanish without assigning any reason for his conduct. At other times, he leaves his armor or legs, detached from his body, by the side of the track, or throws himself under the locomotive while it is under full headway. The engineer who stops to pick up the supposed bits of macerated passenger, of course finds nothing to reward his search, and is compelled to believe that he has run over nothing more substantial than a ghost. The only explanation that can be given of the affair is that the ghost was formerly a railway director, and is now undergoing punishment for the murders and mutilations to which he was accessory in the flesh.

## Bismarck and His Employees.

Dr. Krummacher of Brandenburg, in an address delivered at the Evangelical Conference at New York related the following anecdote of Prince Bismarck:—Hearing one day that the workmen of his estates were in the habit of working on Sundays, he immediately ordered that they should not do so any longer. The steward said that the workmen, who were busily employed during the whole week for the landlord, required the Sunday to till their little fields and gardens. To which the then Count replied:—"I will not allow God to be bereft of what in His own estate, therefore things must be arranged otherwise. If my workmen want to till their own field, or if their corn is ripe, they must have the preference, not I. Sunday labour ends with this day." Ere long the steward notified that the new order was attended with profitable economical results.

## "Caved in" or "Caved In."

Mr. Edward Peacock, of Botesford Manor, Brigg, Lincolnshire, England, writes to *Notes and Queries* the following as to a certain word much in use in this republic: "John Wesley was born in Lincolnshire, and like a wise man, as he was, did not disdain the folk-speech of his childhood. In this part of the world we all say *caved in*, never *caved in*. I remember well the first time I ever heard the word. I was a little boy, and spoke our vernacular much more fluently than I did book-English; but this word was unknown to me, when one day I was walking with my father to look at some 'bankers' who were engaged in widening a drain. Suddenly three of them jumped out of the cutting, shouting out, 'Tak' heed, lads, there's a *cavil* a-comin'!' I, in my simplicity, looked around for the calf, which, as I imagined, had escaped from the fold-yard."

## A new Boat for the Raging Canal.

A canal boat to run by air has been invented in Maine. The machinery consists of a small upright engine of about six-horse power, a fan, and two cylindrical air compressors. The engine runs the fan, and also works the valves of the air compressors, from which the air is forced through a pipe to the bottom of the boat by the admission of steam at the top. The bottom of the boat under the stern has an inclination of about thirty-five degrees, the inclination beginning twenty-five feet from the stern. The air is let out at the bottom of the boat, at the base of this incline, through a valve which keeps the water from coming in, and, as it naturally seeks the surface in a straight line, it rushes along up this incline, and thus pushes the boat ahead, or really the boat slides along on the air. The force thus obtained is equal to twenty-six horse power, and is calculated to propel a loaded canal boat along at the rate of five or six miles an hour.

## Cleanliness vs. Godliness.

As a rule, the British railway stoker does not attend church, even when he is not required to work on Sundays. Similarly, his wife habitually absents herself from church. No matter how pious a married couple may be, if the husband becomes a stoker they never afterwards attend church. Recently, according to a writer in *Good Words*, a clergyman undertook to investigate this matter, and, on asking the wife of one of his stoking parishioners the reason that "he and her husband absented themselves from church, he was astonished to find that she was occupied during the whole of Sunday in scouring her husband. That unhappy man, having had no time to wash during the week, was necessarily excessively black by the time Sunday came round; and his wife, after devoting the whole day to scouring him with a scrubbing brush, was satisfied if she could bring him to a light brown color by night. With what poetic pathos would Dr. Watts have described the laborious Sundays of the stoker's wife had he lived in the day of railroads.

## Rudeness and Royalty.

An amusing instance is related of the *bonhomie* of the King of the Belgians. He was recently at Ostend, attired in a simple bourgeois costume, wearing a felt hat, and without gloves, sitting on a bench on the public parade, his only attendant being the Count d'Oultremont, who was also in bourgeois. The King strolled into the Kursaal and sat down, placing his feet on another chair. Presently some one came in with a lady, and coolly, without

saying a word, took the chair from under his Majesty's feet. Another was at once brought to the King, but this the new-comer took for himself, and sat down in front of the King. Presently, finding himself annoyed by the sun, he pushed his chair back, and the King had to push back out of his way. This continued till the King had been pushed up to the wall, when some one told the person in front who was behind him, amidst the laughter of every one in the Kursaal, including his Majesty himself. The consternation of the rude visitor, who at once rose and hastened from the Kursaal, may be imagined.

## The Height of Meanness.

Boston rejoices in the last piece of dirty villainy. A young man had just returned from a five years' whaling voyage, with his earnings, about \$100, in his pocket, and also a watch he had bought in San Francisco. He hoped to return to his parents, and commence life upon land with his little fortune. When he reached New Bedford, he heard that both father and mother were dead, and, grief-stricken, he started for his home in Maine to look upon their graves. While passing through Tremont Street, Boston, he was accosted by two young men, who recognised in him a brother sailor, and who told him they were almost starving. With the remark, "I won't see any body hungry," he took them into a Holly-Tree eating-house, paid for a dinner for them, gave each forty cents, shook hands, and took leave of them with their most earnest thanks. Two minutes after they had gone the generous but credulous young sailor felt in his pocket, and found his earnings all gone, with the watch. A meaner deed can scarcely be conceived. We trust Boston detectives will not suffer the criminals to escape punishment.

## A Dangerous Impromptu.

It is said that the poet Moore, while stopping one day at an inn in Scotland, was continually troubled by the landlady with the request that he should write her epitaph. Therefore at night he gave an impromptu as follows,

"Good Susan Blake, in royal state,  
Arrived at last at heaven's gate—"

and stopped, promising to finish it in the morning.

The good lady was in a transport at this inscription, and treated Mr. Moore with every possible attention. In the morning he was about leaving, when the landlady reminded him that he had not finished the epitaph. "That is so," said he, and immediately added,

"But Peter met her with a club,  
And knocked her back to Beelzebub."

It is said that Mr. Moore's horses were in motion just as he had finished the last line.

## The Death-bed of Napoleon I.

The following incident from the pen of the celebrated ecclesiastical historian, Abbé Roulbacher, contradicts the irreligious stories that have been circulated in reference to the death of the great Napoleon: "When near his end, after having received the sacrament, he said to General Montholon, 'General, I am happy; I have fulfilled all my religious duties. I wish you at your death the same happiness. I had need of it. I am an Italian—a child of the rank of Corsica. The sound of the bell affects me; the sight of the priest gives me pleasure. I wished to make a mystery of all this, but that would not be right. I ought to, I will, render glory to God. I think He will not be pleased to restore me to health.—There is nothing terrible in death; it has been the companion of my pillow during the past three weeks, and now it is on the point of seizing me forever. I should have been glad to have seen my wife and son again, but the will of God be done.' On the 3rd of May he received the second time the holy viaticum, and after having said adieu to his generals, he pronounced these words, 'I am at peace with all mankind.' He then joined hands, saying, 'My God!' and expired on the 5th of May at six at night."

## The Light of Love.

According to the *Springfield Republican*, a young man was reading the advertised letters in the Post-office rotunda recently. "He held a match aloft, like a beacon, while he shaded his eyes with the other hand. Slowly he read and muttered 'She'd order writ,' but then the match was all consumed, and, with cheerful willingness to accommodate itself to circumstances, the flame gently wreathed his fingers. Undoubtedly the heat suggested the place which he instantly mentioned: then there was darkness, and then silence, out of which came, presently, the odor of brimstone and a sulphurous light—then suddenly gloom. The match had gone out. 'Damn it,' observed the youth, and tried another, while an immense shadow cast by the street lamp apparently tried to kick its own face and lift itself by one hand at the same time. 'Wonder if there don't nobody but women get letters in the town,' queried the match-holder. In a minute or two he heard him again, 'Gosh! there's the men folks up there. What a durned fool! to stand here and read the wrong ones. 'Bout out of matches, too,' he said as he lighted the tenth. He held it too near, and the unpasted edge of paper blazed up beautifully. A small boy thrust his head into the room, screeched 'Fire,' and disappeared; the hotel windows began to open, and a few belated travellers rushed in to find our hero dancing about and fanning the fire with his hat. Gently, they reassured him, another match sputtered into light, and six eager faces glowered on the burned list. It was the wrong one, dated four weeks ago. We came away then—anybody would that had any regard for personal safety; but, from the comparative security of the hotel stairs, we could hear that deceived young man scratch matches and give directions regarding the ultimate disposition of the whole human race."

The following tale, which we have never met with in English, is from the *Amstrem Courant* (Netherlands):—"Many years ago an East Indian Rajah, who was a great admirer of his English mastery, and had even learnt the language, after a fashion, frequently visited the Viceroy at Calcutta. On one of these visits he noticed a copy of the *Edinburgh Review* on the Viceroy's table, and borrowed it. Some time after he returned it, and upon the Viceroy's inquiring whether he had found anything interesting in it, he replied, 'O yes, many beautiful things, but also many disconnected articles.' How so? said the Viceroy. 'See here,' said the Rajah, 'this begins with 'Hunting the Orang-Outang,' does it not?—and now turn over the page and here you have the 'History of Mary Stuart.' The Viceroy laughed. The book was uncut, and his vassal had read it through without discovering it. He therefore took from his table an ivory paper cutter, with beautifully carved handle, and explained its use to the Rajah, who was much pleased, but could not help wondering how they contrived to print the inside of the leaves before they were cut open. This also was explained, and the Rajah departed, carrying with him the paper cutter, which the Viceroy had given him. About a year after, when the matter was almost forgotten, the Viceroy saw from his window a gallant troop entering the court, in the centre of which was the Rajah, mounted on a young elephant. As soon as the latter perceived the Viceroy he cried, 'Do you happen to have an uncut number of the *Edinburgh Review*, if so, please toss it to me.' The Viceroy threw out the book, which was caught by the elephant and placed between his tusks, which, to his surprise, the Viceroy saw had been turned into paper cutters, even to the carved handles. In a moment the intelligent beast cut open the leaves, and then handed the book to the Viceroy. The Rajah dismounted, and, pointing to the elephant, said to the Viceroy, 'He is yours. I return to you your paper cutter alive.'"