

portion of his troops to Pizzaghettono to protect the small fortress there from a sudden attack and to keep the defile open for the passage of his artillery. If, however, our advance guard arrives in time, there will be something of a fight."—"Stuff! nonsense!" cried impatiently the hussar; "there is a great difference *selon moi* between blood and rain; I should'n't complain if I had to fight the whole night through, but it's the devil to be here wet through hour after hour. However, the will of God and Father Radetzky be done!"

"Amen!" exclaimed the staff-officer as he donned his green plumes; "but now let us reconnoitre; I fancied I heard cannon in the direction of Pizzaghettono—I should not be surprised if the Piedmontese were bringing up a fine lot of guns to cover the right bank of the Adda."

"In my opinion," said the guardsman, as he watched the light gray clouds slowly crossing the deep blue of the sky,—“in my opinion that is thunder from heaven."

"Well, I must be off,—adieu—or rather *auf Wiedersehen* in Milan!"

(To be continued.)

## READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

### BOAR HUNTING.

In India, when out shooting from an elephant, I once shot a boar, paralysing his hind quarters without killing him. I had been having good sport, and had only two or three bullets left. With the prospect of still needing these, I did not like to waste a ball on an animal unable to move and thought of getting down to despatch him with my knife. "Stop," said the mahout, when he learned my intention: "that is quite unnecessary. I will tell the elephant to kill him." The mahout accordingly communicated his instructions to the elephant, who evidently did not relish them. The more the mahout urged him to advance on the boar the more the latter showed his angry tusks, and the more the elephant backed away from him. Suddenly, as the result of repeated goading, the latter seemed to make up his great mind. He wheeled sharply round, backed upon the boar, got him between his hind legs, and fairly ground him up—I heard all his bones cracking.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

### WOMAN.

If men are always more or less deceived on the subject of women, it is because they forget that they and women do not speak altogether the same language, and that words have not the same weight or the same meaning for them, especially in questions of feeling. Whether from shyness or precaution or artifice, a woman never speaks out her whole thought; and moreover, what she herself knows of it is but a part of what it really is. Complete frankness seems to be impossible to her, and complete self-knowledge seems to be forbidden her. If she is a sphinx to us, it is because she is a riddle of doubtful meaning even to herself. She has no need of perfidy, for she is mystery itself. A woman is something fugitive, irrational, indeterminable, illogical, and contradictory. A great deal of forbearance ought to be shown her, and a good deal of prudence exercised with regard to her, for she may bring about innumerable evils without knowing it. Capable of all kinds of devotion, and all kinds of treason, *monstre incompréhensible* raised to the second power, she is at once the delight and the terror of man.—*Amiels' Journal*.

### LE SAGE'S "GIL BLAS."

FRENCH humour seems in general to tend either to harden into the grim and sardonic, or to effervesce into sparkling levity. But Le Sage's humour has body as well as brightness, breadth and geniality as well as shrewdness and point. He thus displays qualities which we are inclined to think peculiarly characteristic of English humourists—a fact to which the popularity of his work in this country may be in a measure attributed. . . . Le Sage possesses the art of describing, in a fresh, pure, and simple style, that which is not pure, and of touching the evils of his time lightly, but always on the weak spot. Gil Blas tells his own adventures and relates his illusions, his struggles, his failures, and successes, with unimpaired cheerfulness and good-humoured philosophy. He dilates and reflects on all he sees, and exercises his wit as well on his own history as on the actions of the persons among whom he lives. His narrative is simple and drawn from the life; and yet there is hardly a picture which does not aim at satirising the folly of mankind. Gil Blas spares nothing and nobody, and even his own shortcomings are exposed with sparkling drollery and vengeful frankness, though he gives himself credit—and others as well—for the upwellings of a better nature. He is a true type of man, kindly disposed and not evil-intentioned, but withal weak in the flesh and unable always to resist temptation, even whilst he knows that he will repent of it afterwards.—*Introduction to Van Laun's Translation of Gil Blas*.

### RUSSIAN JUSTICE.

On the Russian frontier it once happened that an officer, commanding the piquet de garde, was playing at cards with a friend, when a Jew was trying to smuggle himself into the Russian Empire without proper visé of his passport. The sentinel on guard arrested him and reported to the officer. "All right," said he, and continued his lansquenet. But it is to be feared that luck did not attend his venture, and he lost heavily. Just as he was going to recoup himself and seemed to win, hours having passed since the first report, the sentinel again appeared at the door, and asked what

he was to do with the Jew. Everybody knows the superstition of gamblers who, being disturbed, immediately fear to lose "la veine"—a very common idea. The captain, furious at being interrupted just as his luck returned, shouted, "Why, d— the Jew, hang him!" The Russian soldier is the most mechanical machine in the world—I do not say that to his disparagement, because it is well-known that a great French General said with regard to a Russian soldier, "It is not sufficient to kill him, you still have to push him before he falls, though dead"—I only mean that a Russian soldier never reasons, as we shall soon see. The captain went on playing until the morning, when suddenly remembering the prisoner, he called the soldier and said, "Bring in the Jew!" "The Jew!" said the amazed soldier; "but I hanged him as you ordered!" "What," said the captain, "you have committed murder?" He arrested him, and the judgment—death—went up to the emperor. Inquiring, before signing so serious a document, and learning how matters stood, the emperor decided that the soldier who, without reasoning, had implicitly obeyed so extraordinary an order of his superior, was to be made a corporal; that the officer who, while on duty, for the sake of gambling had given the murderous order, was to be sent to Siberia, and that his pay was to go to the family of the poor Jew who had so iniquitously been murdered.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

### LAWN TENNIS.

WE spoke last week of three different clubs which tended to improve the mental qualities of our *jeunesse dorée*; this week we will speak of another, which, though divided in name and degree, is yet united in object, that object being the development of their physical powers.

We believe the noble game of Lawn Tennis was introduced into England more than fifteen years ago by a military man, who brought the idea with him from India or the East; it soon became extremely popular, and rapidly supplanted the then fashionable game of croquet—the refuge of budding curates and mature spinsters. Tennis was pronounced a manly exercise, while croquet was condemned as an effeminate amusement, and its fate was sealed. At first men alone played tennis, and we think it was some time before it was recognised as a game in which ladies could join; but, this discovery once made, its success was assured. The fair sex rejoiced in a legitimate field for the display of shapely figures, pretty gowns, and graceful motions.

About twelve years ago Lawn Tennis found its way to Toronto, and the establishment of a club was mooted and agreed upon. The present grounds of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club, on the north side of Front Street, between York and Simcoe Streets, were secured, and several of our prominent citizens who were public spirited and open handed subscribed sufficient money to meet the necessary outlay of preparing and sodding the courts, and stood sponsors for Tennis, so to speak. A constitution was formed, rules and regulations drawn up, and the Club bloomed into exist, ence as an organised institution. The entrance fee in its early days was placed at a high figure, and even at the present time is far from a low one, \$25 representing the first admission, with a yearly subscription of \$5. The members are all elected by ballot. The success of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club has been fully established for several years, and we hear that its finances are in a flourishing condition.

Three years ago, the original ground was much increased and improved by the addition of a large piece of land on the east side, the new ground was laid down in cinder courts (one double and one single court), so that the club now possesses five courts in all—one double and three single grass courts and the two cinder courts above-mentioned. The latter have been found to answer admirably the purpose for which they were designed, namely to enable the members to play tennis after rain has fallen, when the grass courts are unavailable, and to secure an early opening and late close of the season, the use of cinders making a difference of three months in the amount of play which its courts offer. The only difficulty the Club has to contend with is the undrained condition of the ground; the clay soil in its low-lying situation absorbs any amount of moisture, and retains it, and for the last two years the grass courts have been unfit for use before the first week in June. All games played are paid for at the rate of 10 cents a single set and 20 cents a double set. Ladies are admitted as members of the Club, upon payment of a nominal fee of \$2 (no entrance fee being charged), and are allowed the use of the courts every morning of the week from ten a.m. to two p.m., and on Monday afternoons during the season. Invitations for the Monday afternoons are issued by the committee and members, requesting the company of their friends at the club grounds on a certain Monday and "subsequent Mondays throughout the season at four o'clock." On these occasions there is often a gathering of the representative beauty and fashion of Toronto, who meet, some to play, but the majority, we must confess, to look on and talk, and partake of the refreshments of tea and cake, provided by the members in a rustic arbour remote from the range of stray balls. Indeed the grounds of the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club present quite a brilliant appearance on a fine Monday afternoon, with a number of ladies and gentlemen either seated on the raised benches which command the courts, or grouped about the arbour, while various young men and maidens flit over the grassy sward—many arrayed in the effective colours of the Club, crimson, blue, and brown; and merry peals of laughter mingled with the dull thud of racquets and balls rise on all sides.

At one time there was quite a large contingent of lady members, representatives of the noble game, but for some reason or other, their ranks are sadly reduced at present. We hear that the Club, being essentially masculine in element and admitting the fair sex more from a sense of social