comforts to which they had always been accustomed.

But another trial awaited them, which, though not unexpected, was still severely felt. The father was unable to recover from the shock he had sustained; and in spite of all that medical skill could do, he gradually declined, and at last departed from their midst, rejoicing at the severe trials he had suffered, feeling fearful that, had Providence continued his abundance, in his prosperity he might have died unmindful of those great verities to which his misfortunes had so forcibly directed his attention.

The bereaved couple had hardly recovered from the first pangs of this new calamity, when they received notice from their solicitor in London that the policy of £2,000, with bonus additions which raised it to £2,400, was payable to their order in the course of three months; and a week had scarcely elapsed when a letter arrived from Mr. McLeod (Mrs. Marshman's father) announcing that he being one of "certain trustees" in whose gift was the Rectory of Dunston Magna, had naturally interested himself for his reverend son-in-law. At the last meeting of the trustees he had laid his case before them, and the result was his appointment! The value of the living was £600 a year, with a good residence, and twelve acres of fine arable and pasture land thereunto attached.

The first act of this worthy couple was devoutly to thank God; and, as soon as the legal formalities had been complied with, Mr. Marshman broke the matter to his parishioners, and received such an ovation, at a meeting in the school-rooms, as no clergyman in that parish had ever received before.

The life policy was now seen to be a boon of incalculable value. The two sons were sent again to the excellent school from which they had been reluctantly withdrawn, and the worthy clergyman, who had become embarrassed in his pecuniary affairs, by means of the £2,400 from the assurance company, set all these matters right. The Rectory of Dunston Magna had been suffered to fall into a state of decay by the previous incumbent, who for years had felt that his tenure thereof would not be long, and his motives to keep the house and estate in good order were therefore but feeble. A considerable sum was required to put the place also in thorough repair —and the life policy provided for this.

It was some time before the new rector could receive the revenues of his living, and money was required to sustain them in the interim—the life policy provided also for this.

After so forcible a proof of the advantages of making that easy forethoughtful provision for those dependent on us, which Life Assurance enables us to effect, the rector's first thought was to assure his own life in the same office for the same amount, for the sake of his wife and sons.

But he postponed taking out the policy till "a more convenient season," which he thought would arrive when he should become somewhat "settled down," as he expressed it in his new sphere of labour.

Whether the "more convenient season" ever arrived will be seen by the sequel.

(To be continued.)

CELEBRATED HORSES.—"ECLIPSE."

He was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and sold at his death to Mr. Wildman, a sheep salesman, for seventy-five guineas. Colonel O'Kelly purchased a share of him from Wildman. In the spring of the following year, when the reputation of this wonderful animal was at its height, O'Kelly wished to become sole owner of him, and bought the remaining share for one thousand pounds.

Eclipse was what is termed a thick-winded horse, and puffed and roared so as to be heard at a considerable distance. For this or some other cause, he was not brought on the turf until he was five years old.

O'Kelly, aware of his horse's powers, had backed him freely on his first race, in May, 1769. This excited curiosity, or, perhaps, roused suspicion, and some persons attempted to watch one of his trials. Mr. John Lawrence says, that "they were a little too late; but they found an old woman who gave them all the information they wanted. On inquiring whether she had seen a race, she replied that she could not tell whether it was a race or not, but that she had just seen a horse with white legs running away at a monstrous rate, and another horse a great way behind trying to run after him; but she was sure he would never catch the white-legged horse if he ran to the world's end."

The first heat was easily won, when O'Kelly, observing that the rider had been pulling at Eclipse during the whole of the race, offered a wager that he placed the horses in the next heat. This seemed so highly improbable, that he immediately had bets to a large amount. Being called on to declare, he replied, "Eclipse first, and the rest no where!" The event justified his prediction, all the others were distanced by Eclipse with the greatest ease; or, in the language of the turf, they had no place.

In the spring of the following year, he beat Mr. Wentworth's Bucephalus, who had never before been conquered. Two days afterwards he distanced Mr. Strode's Pensioner, a very good horse; and in the August of the same year, he won the great subscription at York. No horse daring to enter against him, he closed his short career of seventeen months by walking over the Newmarket course for the King's plate, on October 18th, 1770. He was never beaten, nor ever paid forfeit, and won for his owner more than twenty-five thousand pounds.

Eclipse was afterwards employed as a stallion, and produced the extraordinary number of three hundred and thirty-four winners, and these netted to their owners more than a hundred and sixty thousand pounds, exclusive of plates and cups. This fine animal died in 1789, at the age of twenty-five years.

The skeleton of Eclipse was, a few years ago, in the possession of Mr. Bracy Clark, the celebrated veterinary surgeon, who paid one hundred guineas for it.

RIFLEMEN'S LIFE ASSURANCES?

Dear Mr. Punch,—I have the good fortune to be married to one of the handsomest, and I am sure and certain, one of the bravest of men, and how nobly my Ebenezer would look in the costume of the Edgware Road Rifles you can hardly imagine. A fond and devoted wife (which I may say that I am) would rejoice to behold the husband of her heart in the uniform of her Queen.

But, Mr. Punch, my beloved Ebenezer shall not, if I know it (and he does very little, I can tell you, a dear fellow, that I do not know all about), join a Rifle Corps, try on a uniform, or even look into a gun-maker's window, until I have my mind made comfortable upon the following point.

When I consented to become his happy bride, my dear parents insisted upon my Ebenezer's assuring his life, and he loved me too well to think of hesitating. He assured himself in either the *Ineligible* or the *Unamiable* Assurance Office, I forget which. To the sum thus secured, I, and the five darling children at present composing our happy circle, have alone to look, in the event of dear Ebenezer exchanging this mundane world for a celestial.

Now, dear Mr Punch, I know that most of the Assurance Offices provide that they shall not have to pay anything if an assured life becomes extinct by duelling (and very proper), or by shooting yourself (and very proper too, only that the loss falls upon your family), or by your being hanged (which is not likely to happen to a respectable person), and I am told that in some offices they provide against paying if *you fall by the hand of an invader.*

Now, this is the point. If our Riflemen's assurances are not made safe, whatever may happen to them in the discharge of their guns or their duty, no man who has a wife and children, and loves them, is justified in enlisting. If he cannot protect his own home by assurance, he has no call to be protecting other people's by valour.

My Ebenezer shall not join, until he has it distinctly agreed that if anything happens in reviews, or in exercises, or in case the enemy comes, and Ebenezer rushes to glory (as I know he will) and meets a hero's doom, the money shall be paid by the *Ineligible* or the *Unamiable*, or whatever it is. Not that I should long survive, of course, but I choose to have the money.

I should think that the Assurance Societies would not be such idiots as to refuse to make this agreement with all the Riflemen, *for if the country* were left undefended, what would become of the Assurance Offices? Why, my dear Mr. Punch, the French would turn them all into *cafés*, and very nice *cafés* they would make, with their large tables and plate glass doors.

However, that is their business. If I were the offices, I would at once let the Rifles know what my intentions were, and if I were you, Mr. Punch, I would publish a list of the offices *to* which a brave Rifleman may safely go, and provide for his innocent family before encountering his ferocious enemies. No man will take such a steady aim at a wicked Frenchman as the man who knows that all is right at home.

"Lay the proud invaders low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
But before to fight you go,
Mind your policy."

Pray, bring this question forward in your own way, and believe me, dear Mr. Punch,

Your devoted admirer,

Connaught Terrace. CORNELIA CORNABAY.

P.S.—The Insurance Offices that hinder gentlemen from enlisting, by the threat of forfeiting their policies, are surely enemies to the Queen and country, and might be *prosecuted for high* treason, and their money taken away towards the expenses of the war. You might mention this.

A LEAP YEAR VALENTINE.

It is the year when verse or song
From woman's lips may tell her love;
Nor grave mamas pronounce it wrong,
Or maiden aunts reprove.
Custom permits each timid fair
Her heart's fond secrets to declare,
When Cupid lights his fervid shrine
Upon thy morn, Saint Valentine!

Four circling years must pass ere Cupid
Again will let my pen express,
What long ere this (but men are stupid),
Looks should have made you guess.
Now then—or never—to explain,
But soft, a word to such a swain
Is quite enough;—the rest he knows,
The cue is given—he will propose;
And all the joys of hope are mine,
Upon thy morn, Saint Valentine!