

Who shall be the last great seer That the world goes forth to hear?

Few and short the words he speaks; Plain and straight the goal he seeks;

"Change the heart and soul and mind, Dark for bright and hard for kind;

Thus appeared the heaven-sent man; Foremost in the battle's van,

TWO LITTLE JACOBITES.

"What can be done?" he said, striding up and down the room. "We can't defend the place; we can't hide him anywhere."

But the excitement had somehow penetrated to the tower room, and the Prince had made his way through the passages, and now stood before them.

"It means that my poor roof is not to have the honor of sheltering your Highness for a night," said Sir Eric, and he briefly explained the state of the case.

"The only feasible plan I can think of," he added, in conclusion, "is for me to take a boat and row up the loch, and the soldiers will follow me on the shore."

"Eh! say, Sir Eric, he's speakin' sense," cried Elsiebeth, her fear for her master's safety overcoming her awe of royalty.

"Bless your kind little woman's heart," said the Prince; "but Heaven forbid I should take advantage of it!"

"But you shall, my lord," cried Sir Eric. "Archie has rowed the little boat up that way a hundred times."

"Then they pushed off. The father stood gazing for an instant at the brown head bent over the oars, and at the golden hair, that was so like the Prince's."

But to return to our two adventurers in the boat. As soon as they got out from beneath the castle they saw the soldiers coming down the road which led along the shore.

Then they pushed off. The father stood gazing for an instant at the brown head bent over the oars, and at the golden hair, that was so like the Prince's, gleaming in the moonlight.

off, so Archie had a start. Still he knew it would require all his strength to keep his pursuers from finding out who the real crew of the Flora were too soon.

"So sore!" echoed Shiela, in a sympathizing voice; "but haven't we been away two hours yet, Archie?"

"Not more than one," answered he, shaking his head; "and father and the Prince can't be much farther than the Keltie Burn yet, so it won't do to give in."

"Who are you, sir?" exclaimed the enraged officer. "Archie Forbes, sir," replied the boy.

"And who is that in the boat?" demanded the officer. Archie thought silence was his safest course.

"It's him himself, sir," cried one of the men. "I know him by the yellow hair the lassies rave about. Forbes has sent his son to row the Prince."

"Well," said the officer, sulkily, "put this chap out of the road, and if I don't get hold of that scamp in the boat, and that before I'm a quarter of an hour older, my name is not John Burton."

And when they reached the boat they lifted the Prince's bonnet, and saw the innocent little face and the golden hair that was so like the Prince's.

Verdi's Popularity.

Verdi, the celebrated composer, led the grand chorus and orchestra a few days ago during the performance of his "Mass" at the Scala Theatre, Milan.

He poised his baton in the air for a moment, and then, with a sweeping beat, drew forth the first delicious harmony of this sublime composition.

Would that some of our societies could have heard this music rendered by these two hundred perfect singers. It was grand, the orchestra perfect, the chorus perfect, the music sublime.

The continued concentration of large bodies of troops in the north of Italy is beginning to be viewed with suspicion in Austria, which has only 9,500 infantry, 940 cavalry, 1,400 field artillery, 700 garrison artillery, and 200 engineers.

But besides producing an effect upon the health and mind, this physical defect often leads to a personal deformity, for it has been shown that of those who are cross-eyed, eighty per cent, is due to the fact that they have too short an eye.

At the prisoner's wish the report he made on the night of the first of June was put in and read. Its main points were that the escort ought to have had, in addition to the

ZULULAND.

Lieutenant Carey's Defence.

The following is the address delivered by Lieutenant Carey before the Court-martial: At the next sitting of the Court the prisoner said he had then to address them in his defence against a serious charge as any which could be brought against an officer, for the interpretation of misbehavior before an enemy could only mean cowardice.

Before proceeding to the evidence he must ask the Court to dismiss from their minds any bias which they might have received from his having been dismissed from employment on the staff. However deplorable might be the death of the Prince—and no one regretted it more than himself, for he would willingly have changed places with the Prince—yet he should assume, if he was guilty, he should have been equally guilty if by his conduct he caused the death of the humblest soldier in the force.

The escort was said to be under his charge, but such charge had never been put upon him, and he believed he was accompanying the Prince Imperial as a brother officer of junior rank performing similar duties. At the same time he recognized that whether senior or junior it was his duty to do all in his power to rescue the Prince from his perilous position, and he hoped to show that he had done so.

His own impression was that two men rushed past him, and all left together. It might be said why not rally at the kraal and charge the enemy? But was such a course possible when there were but six men with unloaded carbines, no swords, and the horses bolting along across an unknown country?

He would, however, address himself to both points. With regard to the possibility of rallying between the kraal and the donga they might reflect for a moment on the evidence of Letook, who, on passing Grubb, urged him to spur faster as the Prince was down and the Zulus were upon them, while he himself was riding on his stomach in the saddle and could only recover his seat when over the donga.

Lovers.—Marriage is so often the result of circumstances which throw two people together—of a consideration of the fitness of things—of momentary impulse or of cool deliberation—that that which should be the happiest state of things is often the unhappiest. And people speak of a wedding as they would a lottery, where there are more blanks than prizes.

The atmosphere in some of the New York tenement houses has been shown to be thirteen and one-half times as foul as the atmosphere of a tannery.

six white troopers of Bettington's horse, six Basutos, who, however, had never joined; that the prisoner had differed with the Prince as to the place for affixing the Prince to remain on the ridge, while the Prince insisted on going nearer the river; that he had suggested saddling-up at thirty-five minutes past three p.m., but the Prince said wait ten minutes longer, though in five minutes more he had given the order to stand by their horses.

FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Capt. Brander, in summing up, first dealt with the question of the command of the escort, asserting that there was no ground for the prisoner trying to evade that responsibility, seeing that Captain Molynseux's evidence showed the Prince to have no status in the British Army, and therefore no authority over any of Her Majesty's officers or men. Colonel Harrison, R. E., also showed that he had specially charged the prisoner with the duty of looking after the Prince, showing that the Prince had been committed to his special care, and that the charge was founded. The prisoner himself had admitted that it was his duty to rescue the Prince, and he had gone on to say that he hoped to convince the Court he had done what he could; but he had utterly failed to do so, and for the very good reason that nothing had been done whatever. All had galloped away, and the evidence of Grubb went to show that the prisoner had put spurs to his horse, and was the first man to start after the volley. No orders had been given to rally or fire, though Letook said that after getting 700 yards away they might have done so and yet got away. Colonel Harrison's evidence showed that no attempt had been made to help the Prince, and he expressed surprise that it was not done. The prisoner had no right to take credit for saving any of the escort, for it had been a clear case of each man for himself. It was shown by the evidence that the Prince had been seen in the donga, so that he had been able to run 250 yards after the vanishing horsemen, and yet nothing had been done, and he had been left to his death by a party of men armed with breech-loading rifles, who had not fired a shot in his defence. Only Letook, who had dismounted to get his rifle, and Rogers, who was seen taking aim at the kraal, had come well out of the affair. As to the possibility of rallying, the evidence of Sergeant Willis and of Letook showed that it was quite possible to rally on the further side of the donga, while it was there that Grubb had caught the Prince's horse. It was the prisoner's duty, after passing the hut, to see that the Prince was mounted or not, and that he was safe. He had not done so, and it was for the Court to decide whether the evidence did not establish the words of the charge, that the prisoner had been guilty of misbehavior before the enemy.

The officiating Judge Advocate also summed up against the prisoner, enforcing the points referred to by the prosecutor, and the Court was then closed to consider their sentence, which would not be published until approved by the Lieutenant-General, and probably the High Commissioner, if it should not even be sent home for the Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief.

"Punch."

Just as I was Constant Traveller—"Hullo, Johnson! you here? Have you left the 'Great Mudley goods yard'?" Retired Shunter—"Yes, sir. There was a tan of us when I joined eight years ago; so, as the others were all smashed, I thought it was about time for me to leave!"

"He had a FRUGAL MIND."—Mourner—"Look here. I shan't wear 'em at the ground. Couldn't you stand a pair of slate-color instead?" Undertaker—"Very sorry, sir, but we never do anything in 'mitigated!'"

ETYMOLOGICAL.—From a Harrow Boy at Lord's. Bowled. A man is said to be bowled, from the Latin, "quia non est cautus"—because he is not caught.

PROVERBIAL ACQUITTNESS.—"Drought never bred dearth in England," says one old English proverb. "It never rained flour in England," avers another. Of these two opposite saws one is probably quite as sharp as the other.

Curious Natural Phenomena (during the late Eton and Harrow match).—A gosling producing two duck's eggs!

ARTISTIC AMENITIES.—Bellamy Brown (picture ignotus) on a picture by Rigby Robinson—"Quite a poem! Distinctly precious, blessed, subtle, significant and supreme!" Jordan Jones (to whom a picture by R. Robinson is as a red rag to a bull, as B. B. knows)—"Why, hang it, man, the drawing's vile, the color beauty, the composition idiotic, and the subject absurd!" Bellamy Brown—"All works of the highest genius have faults of that description!" Jordan Jones—"Have they? I'm glad to hear it, then, for there's a chance for you, old man!"

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An enthusiastic temperance woman at Fort Collins, Colorado, has given a supper to all the young men in the town who had not imbibed alcoholic liquor for sixty days previous.

The atmosphere in some of the New York tenement houses has been shown to be thirteen and one-half times as foul as the atmosphere of a tannery.

The Lieut. Governor's Tour.

Reception by Lieutenant-Governor Cauchon—Accident on the Canada Pacific Railway—Undignified Arrival at Winnipeg.

WINNIPEG, Manitoba.—The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario and party arrived this morning at Cross Lake, one hundred miles east of here, after thirteen days' journey over the Dawson Route. They were received by Lieutenant-Governor Cauchon, who had been in waiting there for four days in anticipation of their arrival. After dinner the party embarked in a special train on the Canada Pacific Railway for this city. The train was made up of two box cars and a passenger coach, and was in charge of Mr. Charles Whitehead, superintendent of section fifteen. The Indians who paddled the Ontario party from Prince Arthur's Landing occupied one of the box cars and the luggage was stowed in the other. After leaving Selkirk, and when within fifteen miles of Winnipeg, a smash up took place. The train was travelling at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, when all at once the tender, which was foremost, jumped the track. The engine driver, Conell, immediately reversed the engine, but it too left the track, as also did the two box cars. In this way the train ran about a hundred and twenty feet and then came to a standstill, the engine and cars lying all piled up in a heap. The tender was upturned on the left side of the track and the engine had fallen over to the right, while the box cars crushed over both. The shock was very great. The Indians, numbering about thirty, were hurled one on top of the other into a corner, and in this position they remained until the train stopped, when they jumped helter-skelter from the doors and windows. The engine driver stuck to his lever until he was thrown from the cab, being followed by the fireman, Richard Smith. All was confused in an instant, and the party in the passenger coach, which remained on the track, rushed out in alarm to ascertain the fate of the other passengers. Fortunately none were fatally injured. A brakeman named Kirkup had his shoulder dislocated; the engine driver was out about the head and different parts of the body; the fireman suffered seriously from the concussion, and three or four Indians were wounded about the head. The others escaped uninjured beyond a severe shaking and some slight bruises. Dr. Thorburn, of Toronto, and Dr. Herriman, of Lindsay, who were on the train, dressed the men's injuries and reported favorably concerning all. In the meantime Mr. Whitehead hurried here on a hand car for assistance, and in three hours returned to the scene of the accident with five hand-cars, no other means of conveyance being available. The gubernatorial party accordingly came into this city on hand-cars, arriving here at eleven o'clock at night, and the Indians and luggage followed later.

A Fearful Tragedy.

North of Dundas street there lives a monster who defies nature in the attempt to learn to play the flute, lying in the face of the decree that he is fit for nothing but sawing wood. He has already succeeded in achieving three bars of "My Grandfather's Clock," and the air fairly quivers with anguish as he boldly grapples with the fourth and tries to get the best of it. If he tried this in the winter time the people might stand it; but it is hard this weather for everybody to have to close their doors and windows, and fill every crack with wool and nail strips over them.

The other night he went home about ten o'clock, and at once the neighbors ran in and proceeded to barricade.

The able-bodied flute player paid no attention to this tribute to his genius, but at once proceeded with his attack on the fourth bar of "Grandfather's Clock."

It was a striking and immediate success. Every window in the neighborhood came down with a crash, and a panic seemed to seize a few stragglers on the lawns.

The gifted imbecile played on, tearing the music out by the roots, till he had crushed out the four bars, then he took a rest. But not for long. An inspiration seized him and he boldly tackled "Baby Mine."

A howl of despair arose from a house a couple of blocks off and a man hastily threw a rope out of the window and slid to the ground. As he touched bottom, he drew from the back of his neck a long knife, the edge of which he tried on the ball of his thumb.

The result was satisfactory. At a sharp pace he set out for the domicile of the musician. The glare of the panther glore in his eyes as he hurried on his way. Once or twice he was compelled to retreat owing to a particularly aggravating and atrocious note reaching his ear, but he rallied and finally reached the spot.

With stealthy tread he crept up to his unsuspecting victim and raised the knife aloft. The long steel blade glittered and shimmered in the moonlight for an instant and was lost to view.

A weary traveller passing that way in the morning found the cold corpse of the musician. The knife was found embedded deep below the fifth rib, and it was evident that death had been instantaneous.

A placard was pinned to the dead man's breast, bearing this legend:

Soc. i. e., tyre

quire dit,

X X 1879 V. S. O. P.

A coroner's jury was empanelled, but one glance at the flutist was sufficient and a verdict of death from sunstroke was at once rendered.—London Advertiser.

"I knew that I had arrived in a civilized country," wrote a celebrated traveller, "for the first object that met my eye after I passed the frontier was a newly painted gallows." If plenty of penal institutions indicate civilization, Russia stands first as a civilized country. The Czar has just issued orders for the construction of six new State prisons, to accommodate 3,600 convicts, and has decreed thirty millions of roubles for their building and fitting up. Two other huge State prisons are being erected, one in Siberia and one in trans-Caucasia, to accommodate some ten thousand offenders. This throws an instructive light on the struggle now going on in Russia.

Agonistic polo is played in San Francisco. The game resembles football, with the difference that in the one the ball is kicked along the ground, and in the other it is pushed along the surface of the water.