

he wished to load her.

"You refuse to comply with my request!" exclaimed the Major, "you refuse! I expected it. Rest assured, madam, that I will not leave this house without your promise to accept my offer."

"But, sir—"

"I asked you to listen to me," said the Major, grasping the widow's hand; "listen to me. I am going to speak to you about your husband. I had the honor of being at Waterloo. You need not suppose I am going to give you a full history of the battle. I must, however, speak of the episode—which is the most painful to you. The French were beaten. Those who were not dead or wounded took to flight, except at the field of battle. I could perceive from an elevation on which I was stationed with my regiment, about twenty grenadiers of the young French guards, who still maintained their ground, and who, in expiring, dealt death and destruction on the five hundred Prussians that surrounded them. I went immediately to disengage them; for if war, Madam, has any attractions for courageous men, it is when the chances are almost equal, and not when the conqueror abuses his victory by slaughtering his equals, when they are unable to defend themselves. I came up to the Frenchmen, put a stop to the firing, and was about protecting the retreat of those brave men, when a ball, fired but a short distance from me, struck their chief, who fell into my arms. It had pierced his chest. That chief was Capt. Mathieu, it was your husband. I had him brought into my tent, and delivered him into the hands of my friend, and experienced Surgeon; I had for a moment the hope of saving him. He, however, had no hope of recovery."

"Major," said he: "Major, your name?"

"I told him my name. We were alone; the surgeon left us to see the others that were wounded, and in leaving us, he made a sign by which I entertained no hope for his patient; your husband said to me: 'I die unhappy, because I do not die altogether—my wife, my child.' 'Captain,' answered I, 'I will take care of them, I am rich.' He looked at me for a moment. 'You are not an Englishman?' said he. 'I am, my friend, one of the truest sons of old England. Die in peace. I say to you again, I will take care of your wife and child. 'Well then,' said he, 'you are a Mason?'"

"And you?" He gave me the sacred sign by which the Masons of the two hemispheres recognize one another. I seized his hand and kissed it. Then the vanquished of Waterloo, the son of France, the faithful servant of the great Napoleon, unbuttoned his shirt, which was covered with blood, and drew from a small wallet placed on his breast, an object equally covered with gore, through which the ball that killed him had passed, carrying away at the same time one of the branches of his cross of the legion of honor, which is under the portrait, and which I sent to you as soon as possible."

The Major ceased speaking for a moment, and then placed before the widow an Apron, of lamb skin, surrounded by a blue ribbon, in the middle of which might be seen three roses, made of ribbon of the same color. This small Apron, folded without doubt in four folds in the pocket of Captain Mathieu at the moment he was wounded, had four round holes, which marked the passage of the ball; and although originally white, it was now spotted with blood. The Major continued:

"Brother Melville," said the dying man, "there it is. I place it in your hands. Although we are of two different Orientals, and although our two countries are at war, we nevertheless are friends—we are BROTHERS. What will you do for my widow? What will you do for my daughter?"

"The half of my fortune," cried I, "belongs to them from this moment."

"No, no, that is too much."

"My Brother, my entire fortune."

"No, no."

"Well then! more than that; I will do all that is humanly possible."

"He gave me his hand and expired."

During this narration, the widow was melting with tears. She wanted to grasp the bloody relic that was before her eyes; and wished to press it to her lips. The Major stopped her.

"Pardon me," said he, "it is the gage of my promise. My regiment, instead of coming to France was sent to England. I could not come to see you, but I ascertained how you was and how you lived. While I was contemplating in what way I should fulfill a promise made a Brother, that died in my arms, I lost my wife. My various projects were laid aside, for I knew what I had to do. I know that I should offer something besides charity; I owed you an entire protection, I owed your daughter all the happiness and protection that the youth of my son could afford. Notwithstanding, madam," said the Major, while the widow held his hand within her own, mutually clasped, "perhaps my son Edward may not love your daughter, or Julia may have no affection for him; but they have seen one another, and the proof is enough!—for us."

"We also have seen one another," said the widow, with a voice broken by sobbing.

"Miss Julia, Miss Julia!" cried the good Major, in opening the door that led to the shop, "come here it is your stepfather that calls you." The young girl hesitated for a moment, but at last obeyed; she went into the back room, but not alone; a handsome young man, Edward Melville, followed her; and they both implored the blessing of Mrs. Mathieu. That same day, Sir John Melville said to his friend the Count of Cerney:

"I announced to you my friend, a marriage; we are going to have two: I am to marry the widow of Captain Mathieu, who died on the field of honor at Waterloo; and my son is to marry their daughter; I wish to invite you and the Countess and the lovely Aldergonde to the wedding." But the Count was deprived of the pleasure: he had an engagement for that day at the castle, the Countess had the headache, and Miss Aldergonde was

unfortunate enough to sprain her foot the night before in dancing at the Marsan Pavillion. The double marriage was not the less cheerful. The MASTER'S APRON which bears the bloody marks of the courage of the captain, was deposited with the Royal Alpha Lodge, in London, of which the Major, Sir John Melville, is one of the distinguished members; and this relic is looked upon by the Brothers, as the most valuable in their collection.

OBEYING ORDERS.

The "oldest inhabitant" perfectly remembers the widow Trotter, who used many years ago, to occupy a small wooden house away down in Hanover Street, in somewhat close proximity to Salutation Alley. Well, this widow was blessed with a son, who, like Goldsmith, and many other men distinguished in after life, was the dunce of his class. Numerous were the floggings which his stupidity brought upon him, and the road to knowledge was to him a "vale of tears."

One day he came home, as usual, with red eyes and hands.

"O, you blockhead!" screamed his mother—she was a bit of a virago. Mrs. Trotter was—"you've been getting another lickin' I know."

"O, yes," replied young Mr. Trotter, "that's one of the regular exercises—lickin' me. 'Arter I've licked Trotter,' says the master, 'I'll hear the rithmetic class.' But, mother, to change the subject, as the criminal said when he found the judge was getting personal, is there enny arrant I can do for you?"

"Yes," grumbled the widow; "only you're so eternal slow about anything you undertake—go get a pitcher of water, and be four years about it, will ye?"

Bob Trotter took the pitcher, and wended his way in the direction of the street pump; but he hadn't got far, when he encountered Joe Butler, the mate of a vessel, issuing from his house, and dragging a heavy sea-chest along after him.

"Come, Bob," said Joe, "bear a hand and help me down to Long Wharf with this."

"Well, so I would," said Bob, "only you see mother sent me after a pitcher of water."

"What do you care for your mother—she don't care for you. Come along."

"Well," said Bob, "first let me hide the pitcher where I can find it again."

With these words he stowed away his earthenware under a flight of stone steps, and accompanied his friend aboard ship. The pilot was urging the captain to cast off and take advantage of the wind and tide, but the captain was waiting the arrival of a boy who had shipped the day before, and wishing no good to his eyes for the delay he had occasioned. At last he turned to Bob, and said—

"What do you say, youngster, to shipping with me? I'll treat you well, and give you ten dollars a month."

"I should like to go," said Bob hesitatingly, "but my mother—"

"Hang your mother!" said the captain. "She'll be glad to get rid of you. Come will you go?"

"I haint got no clothes."

"Here's a chest full. The other chap was just your size; and they'll fit you to a T."

"I'll go."

"Cast off that line there!" shouted the captain; and the ship fell off with the tide and was soon standing down the bay with a fair wind, and every stitch of canvass set. She was bound for the Northwest via Canton and back again, which was then called the double voyage, and usually occupied about four years.

In the meanwhile, the non-appearance of Bob, seriously alarmed his mother. A night passed, and the town crier was called into requisition; a week, when she gave him up, had a note read for her in the meeting, and went into mourning.

Just four years after these occurrences, the ship got back to port, and Bob and his friend were paid off. The wages of the widow's son amounted to just four hundred and eighty dollars, and he found, on squaring his accounts with the captain, that his advances had amounted to the odd tens, and four hundred dollars clear was the fruits of his long cruise.

As he walked in the direction of his mother's house, in company with Joe, he scanned with a curious eye the shops and the people that he passed. Nothing appeared changed; the same signs indicated an unchanging hospitality on the part of the same landlords, the same lumps were standing at the same corners—it seemed as if he had been gone only a day.

With the old sights and sounds, Bob's old feelings revived, and he almost dreaded to see, debouching from some alley, a detachment of boys, sent by his ancient enemy, the schoolmaster, to know why he had been playing truant, and to carry him back to receive his accustomed wallop.

When he was near home he said:

"Joe, I wonder if anybody's found that old pitcher?"

He stooped down, thrust his arm under the stone steps and withdrew the identical piece of earthenware he had deposited there just four years ago. Having rinsed and filled it at the pump, he walked into his mother's house, and found her seated in her accustomed arm chair. She looked at him for a moment, recognized him, screamed, and exclaimed—

"Why, Bob! where have you been? What have you been doing?"

"Gettin' that pitcher of water," answered Bob, setting it on the table. "I always obey orders—you told me to be four years about it, and I was."

AN ENORMOUS CABBAGE.—A tailor, living at Middleton, near Manchester, cut out of a Spanish cloak sufficient to make a complete suit for three of his boys, a waistcoat for a fourth, a cap for a fifth, a Polka jacket for his wife, and a pair of gaiters for himself! This is the largest cabbage ever known on record!—Punch.

STICK TO HIM, JIMMY.—Two brothers from the Emerald Isle, a few years since, purchased a piece of land not far from the Kennebec, and went to work to clear it up. After cutting down the large growth and burning over the underbrush, they proceeded to contrive a plan to get the fallen trunks together for the purpose of burning also. The land lay upon the side of a hill, and they concluded that if they could roll a large log which lay near the summit, and place it about half way down, they might pile the rest against it, and thus secure the object. But how were they to prevent it when once under way, from rolling to the bottom, and thus defeating their plan. To accomplish this, they obtained a rope, and making one end fast to the log, one of them was to hold on to the other end to prevent it from going too far, while the other was to start it. Fearing that he might not be able to prevent the rope from slipping through his fingers, Jimmy, who was the steersman, tied it to his body.

"Start him aisy, Phelim," said he, after convincing himself that all was right and tight.

Phelim did start him, and as the log commenced its progress, the rope caught in a projecting knot, and began rapidly to wind in. It soon drew poor Jimmy chock up. First he went over the log, and then the log over him, and so they continued their circumgrations and somersets. Phelim stood still and watched their progress for a moment, and then sung out:

"Stick to him, Jimmy—faith you're a match for him, any way—you're on top half the time."

PAT AND THE OYSTERS.—An Emerald, just transplanted, was sent by his master to the quay, to purchase half a bushel of oysters, and was absent so long that apprehensions were entertained for his safety. He returned at last, however, puffing under his load in the most musical style.

"Where in the deuce have you been?" exclaimed the master.

"Where have I been? Why, where should I be, but to fetch the oysters?"

"And what in the name of St. Patrick kept you so long?"

"Long! by my soul, I think I have been purty quick, considerin' all things."

"Considerin' what things?"

"Why, considerin' the guttin' of the fish to be sure."

"Guttin' what fish?"

"Whatfish? Why bur-an-ouns the oysters to be sure."

"What do you mean?"

"What do I mane? whv I mane that as I was resting myself down forint the Pickled Herring, and takin' a drop to comfort me, a jintleman asked me what I'd got in my sack. 'Oysters,' said I. 'Let's look at 'em,' says he, and he opens the bag. 'Och—thunder and praties,' says he, 'who sould you these?' 'It was Mick Carney,' says I, 'aboar'd Powl Doodle smack.' 'Mick Carney, the thief of the world, what a blackguard he must be to give you them without guttin'.' 'Ain't they gutted?' says I, 'what will I do?' 'Do,' says he, 'I'd sooner do it myself than have you abused,' so he takes 'em in door, and guts 'em nate and clane, as you'll see." At the same time emptying his bag of oyster shells!

About two o'clock on a December night, when the thermometer stood in the neighborhood of Zero, a party of wags hailed a farm house in a very boisterous manner. The farmer sprang out of his bed, drew on a few articles of clothing, and ran out to see what was wanted, when the following interesting dialogue occurred:

"Have you any hay, Mr. —?"

"Plenty of it, sir."

"Have you plenty of Corn?"

"Yes."

"Any oats?"

"Yes."

"Plenty of meat and breadstuffs?"

"Well, we are very glad to hear it; for they are useful things in a family."

The party then drove off, leaving the farmer to his reflections.

A SHREWD ONE.—A deacon in a certain town in Connecticut complained to a landlord of some bad conduct of his boy in his absence. The boy denied the charge, and said it was like the deacon's other stories, on which the landlord ordered the boy to be silent, and learn better than to contradict a person of the deacon's age and standing. Soon afterwards the deacon addressed a physician present, and wanted to know what would be good for a sore finger which pained him very much. The doctor replied that he would find benefit by putting it into lye. The boy being called on to prepare the medicine, shrewdly observed:—"Doctor, let the deacon put his finger in his mouth and tell that story again—it must answer the same purpose!"

SMART GIRL.—A girl at Greenwich, during the holidays, being asked to play at kiss in the ring, replied that she should like to play at kiss after the ring, and was soon taken at her word.

A tailor in New York has just invented a new fashion coat—it has neither seam nor opening. To get into it, you have to crawl out of your trousers.

At a Graham boarding house, the bill of fare for breakfast consists of shingles, fried in pump water—dinner of the soup left by the shingles, thickened with saw-dust.

About a century since, a man in England by the name of Vernon followed a butterfly nine miles before he could catch him. How tickled he must have been when he nabbed the crittur!

MEAN MAN.—He who does not patronize his home paper.

MEANER.—He who takes the paper and don't pay for it.