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Poetry.

Hurrah for our Riflemen.

BY ELIZA COOK, Marrah for our Riflemen ; men of the land, Who have sprung with a brave-hearted yearning; Not willing or eager to kindle War's brand, But to guard what the brand might set burning.

They have limbs for a march, they have fronts for a blow; Show them laurels, and see how they'll win them ; They have hands fer a trigger, and eyes for a foc, That will prove the true Briton is in them.

Then here's to the Grey, and the Green, and the Blue; Never beed in what color you find them ; through,

Ere the chain of a Despot shall bind them.

Let them come from the loom, from the plough and th

Let their bugles ring louder and louder; Let the dark city street, and the deep forest gorge, Prove that labor makes Valor the prouder.

Let them dwell in sweet peace, till a moment may come Whom the shot of an enemy rattle ; And the spirits that cling the most fondly to home Will be first to rush forth in the battle.

Then here's to the Grey, and the Green, and the Blue ; Never heed in what color you find them But be sure they'll be dyed a blood red, through and

Bre the chain of a Despot shall bind him.

THE LOTS UPON THE RAFT

Some years ago I happened to be wind-bound in the port of L____. A furious westerly gale had set in at the full of the moon, and raged with a violexce which can be appreciated only by those "who go down to the sea in ships," and "behold the wonders of the deep."

Right heartily did our hardy crew enjoy the shelter of that quaint old haven; grouped around their cheerful, cosy forecastle, the caboose giving forth a merry, homely, social blaze, they yarned away of by-gone dangers and hair-breadth escapes, which caused the older seamen to shake their heads in grave attestation of the narrators' truth, and the green boys to listen with open-mouthed wonder. tkinking, and perchance heping, that the day might come when they too should be enabled to relate

similar wonders of maritime adventure. The hurricane whistled willy through the rig ging : great sheets of surge, beaten into foam-froth over the rough breastwork of rocks under whose shelter we lay, were whirled aloft through the spars, showing against the black send that careered above, like clouds of snow-drift flying through the pines on a dark mountain side.

From boyhood I have been a lover of Nature, in calm and in storm, in smiling peacefulness and dire wrath ; by land and by sea have I studied her beauties: but of all the scenes I love to dwell upon is that of the sea, when lashed into wild fury by the rearing tempest

Such a scene had I now before me; in the bottom or rather, as a sailor would call it, the "bight" of a deep bay, lay the little haven of I, securely sheltered by a massive breakwater of granite rock on the night, as you looked seaward, the margin was defined by rugged precipices and outlying cliffs, lefty mountains; obliquely up this bay was now raging a south-westerly gale, hurling the giant waves of the broad Atlantic into confused masses of foaming broken water; ever and anon tremendous squalls would sweep down the hill sides with resistless force, marking their paths by dense masses of moke-like mist torn from the mighty surges that rolled along in solemn grandeur, until broken by erag and eliff and solid rock wall, they roared a dull great roar of impotent rage, as though they would shake earth's foundations, and open a passage to the ravening waters. Turning from the fierce battle of the elements that raged without, the peaceful secumerry voices and jocund laugh that occasionally re- port after a voyage, there are those at hand to give the crew spoke up, there the thing ended. sounded from her decks, formed such a picture of the tempest-tossed mariners a cheery welcome home. tough old pilot, Murtagh Moriarty, smote upon my

"Hardy weather, hardy weather, yer honor, exclaimed Murtagh, ducking his head as he spoke, No: a deep and ominous gloom appeared to hang world without rubbing a few bright spots in id. to avoid a sheet of foam that arched over the rocky

"Ay, ay, pilot; for the poor fellows outside, it's

rough and wild work indeed!" "Troth, id just is what yer honor says-wicked, wild, cruel work; an' shure id make one's heart bleed for thim poor coasthers that's sint to say in sich wild winthery weather, an' wid vessels ill-found, wid ropes as said and as rotten as haybands; short manned, too, the way they may bring long profits to their naygur-hearted owners; ay, in troth, yer hener, many is the brave hearted stout sayman that has had to give in whin human nathur couldn't stand agin hardships that id break a frame uv iron; an', eh Lord a mercy, sir dear! isn't it cruel wringin' to a sthrong man's sperit, when he finds himself in the pride uv his prime, an' health and stringth, sowld may be to save a few fathoms uv rope or a few feet uv new plank; an' hurryin' on in the broad light uv day agin the tall cliffs that stan' up like a tombetone forninst him, wid his white shroud bilin' up an' roarin' all round him !"

"Sail ho! a saft, Misthur Moriarty! A sail, Murtagh jewel!" exclaimed two or three fishermen

who had joined us.

We peered anxiously to seaward, and in the intervals of the drift and mist, just under the lofty eliffs, and almost within the broad belt of snowy breakers that foamed at their base, was a gallant ship under close-reefed topsails and courses, staggering under the pressure of the latter, as if carried on with a reckless desperation akin to despair, in order to extricate her from the fearful position into which over confidence or the thick haze of rain and surge had betrayed her.

"God be merciful! Bud by the living-"

lantly, coolly, and with stern resolve she was held Gardiner—the outcast of God and of man! in our ears; no mortal hand could help; no human aft. aid could reach them. Suddenly her helm was put

down; as she came up in the wind the thunder of of poor Letty Lorimer?" her shivering canvas sounded like the knell of doom; she lifted buoyantly to the giant sea, rose upon its hat, would be refreshed by damping!" handing him, pp to be lastin' and too fleetin' to be true. advancing crest, as if with the last great effort of as I spoke, a stiff compound of Admiral Vernon's . "The little that was left her she spent in charity exhausted strength, burst through the curling ridge favorite mixture. of white foam, and, falling off on the other tack, disappeared from our fevered gaze in a column of cabin to resound again, "bedad, its curious yer

spray-smoke and rain-mist. "Bravely done! Bravely and well done!" shouted old Moriarty, in intense excitement. "Ay-av -by my sowl, the child that sails her is no chicken!

He knows every shtick in her timpor, too, or he'd never thry such a divil's thrick as that wid her. If a rope varn failed him, his sperit id be on the road to glory now. The Lord be praised for his mercy in sparin them! Ids down on ther knees they ought to be this blessed minit!"

"Th'er no sthrangers here any how, Murtagh! "Thrue for you, Billy Duncan, alanna, av, indeed, that th'er not; here she comes now, squared away afore the wind; but my old eyes are so mil dewed wid the say dhrift, that I can't make out

"Whist, boys, whist! Spake aisy, can't you?-Ye'll know what she is now. Don't ye see who's

comin' along the pier?" All eyes were turned from the rapidly approach ing vessel, in the direction indicated by the speaker. A tall and stately looking female was striding along the rugged causeway, heedless alike of the furious tempest or the pitiless peltings of rain and spray She was clothed in garments of rusty black, which barely sufficed to cover her poor weak frame, much less to protect her from the inclemency of the elenents. In the hard-drawn lines of her aged and care-worn features, could be traced the vestiges of early and wondrous beauty-the wreck of one of earth's fairest flowers. A look of patient suffering strangely contrasted with the expression of her bright dark eyes, from which a baleful, almost ferocious. fire gleamed fitfully. Her hands were clasped with feverish energy, as if in carnest, ceaseless supplica-

tion: her gaze wandered not: it was fixed upon the approaching ship. She moved through pointed rocks, and across yawning chasms, like a being of another world. Ever and anon her lips moved as if in prayer, yet she spoke to none, nor seemed to be ware of the presence of a human being. The moment she gained the lighthouse platform she knelt at its margin, lonely, sad, and weird looking, swaying her body backwards and forwards, her hands raised in prayer. Her voice now rose in incoherent murmurings, and soon died away; but the same ntensely vengeful light gleamed ever from her eyes.

"Letty Blair, God help her!" exclaimed Murtagh, "If I was Black Will Gardiner, I'd sooner my bones were washing under von cliffs than face such a welkim as this afther every vy'ige!"

" For Heaven's sake, Murtagh! what is the meanng of all this? Surely the poor creature must be nad: she will die from such exposure. Let us renove her to shelter and warmth."

"Hist, yer honor, hist! it's poor Letty Blair. She's goin' to curse Black Will Gardiner, the skip-

over the ship and her crew. At this moment the

envy. His swarthy features were convulsed in a things began to go cross wid the poor ould masther. manner fearful to behold: hatred, rage, fear, de- -first one ship was wracked, thin another, until its followers, reigned in turn: the veins upon his "Well, the time kem when something must forehead stood out like knotted rope yarns; his done wid young Donald-he'd no longer his grand- shall never sparkle more but in madness. Terrible powerful grasp clutched at everything within reach father to look to, so bedad the heritage uv his poor as though he fevered to grapple with a deadly foe. drowned father was bestowed upon him-and he was The struggle for mastery over his feelings were ter- sint to sarve out his time wid Will Gardiner : oh ! rible. The short quick walk along the quarter-deck ceased the moment he caught sight of that kneeling had parted wid his last ship to him, an' in sending still frequent the little pier of L-, and Black woman. He stood glaring like some ferocious beast his darlin' grandson wid him id seemed like a last about to spring upon his prey. A howl of torture -the pent-up cry of racking mental agony-burst from his lips. It increased into a half-shriek, halfroar. His hand shook like a man's with ague, as,

sounds! That ship and her crew just gliding into the safe and sheltered haven, escaped as by a marvel voices upraised in glad thanksgiving for mercy gotten: little knowin', the black-hearted villain! vouchsafed, to hear that awful shout of ribald blasphemy rising high above the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind! And then that weird- her that night wid the scowl upon his brow and the for all political aspirants to step into office, who in the front parallel. He was sitting in the trench, looking kneeling woman, wrapped in her graveyard curse upon his lips. Whatever else the old pilot would have said died garments of woe, muttering forth incoherent ejacuupon his lips; a mighty wall of waters came rolling lations, in which invocations of Heaven's wrath of the Carlo Zeno. The poor mother was well night

to clear the point of greatest danger; for a moment The visitation that destroyeth the body and the soul beside himself. At last one fine day who should she wavered on her course, as though her helmsman was prayed for in the same breath as the exemption come back, as if the finger of fate Fate was on him was paralysed at the appalling peril; it was, how- of the innocent from the doom of the guilty! By but Black Will himself, and nobody else wid the exever, for a moment only; again she lay over to the the night or by the day, in the calm or in the storm, ception of Art Sullivan, a very old man, who was hurricane squall, until all her broad decks were visi- by the land or by the sea, sleeping or waking, in carpenter of the ship; she had foundered at sayble; there was a great sheet of hissing surge boiling health or in sickness, that "the worm which dieth the crew escaped on a raft; but after days of awful out from under her lee bow, which showed the tre- not, and the fire which is never quenched," might sufferin', the only two that were picked off that him, and the darkness became peopled with the demendous velocity with which her desperate crew prey upon the spirit, blast the hope, wither the fatal raft was himself and the carpenter. were forcing her through the broken water; gal- strong frame, and dry up the life's blood of William "The measure of poor Clement Lorimer's bitter-

on that fearful course, as if gathering up her speed | The close of that eventful day saw the storm un- and everything pass away from him, and now the and her strength for the last great struggle to es- abated, the good ship the Gipsey Bride safely moor- only being that bound him to earth, that his poor cape destruction. Already was the towering mass ed, her captain bestowed wherever his evil spirit old heart clung to, the fair golden-haired laughing upon her, another moment and she would be rolled could find a resting-place; the mysterious visitant boy, whose presence was like sunshine to him, and broadside on into that seething caldron, a mass of of the pier, I trust, where her broken heart and fe- whose life was wrapt up in his own, he was gone, riven planks and timbers, the chaos of despair, of vered mind were lulled into forgetfulness of the too, and all the world was black and dreary to him. But be sure they'. I be dyed in a blood-red, through and death! We held our breaths in terturing anticipaterrible past, and myself awaiting the pilot and his He longed for rest, the rest that knows no brakin' tion of what was to follow; already the cry of the promised yarn; at length, having satisfied his cra- till the last day comes, and the poor broken-hearted strong swimmers in their agony seemeed resounding ving for a pipe of Maryland, he made his appearance sowl was not long findin' it. We laid him in his

"Perhaps, Murtagh, your memory, like an old owhood to mourn the days that wor past-too hap-

"Ough-ah!" coughed the old pilot, making the loved best had gone before her. thing !"

"Now, then, pilot!" I exclaimed, "to develop this mystery that has puzzled me all day."

"Av, yer honer. It's now many a long year since ould Clement Lorimer was a big man, an' a sthrong shipowner in this same port of Lowned ships that wint to a great many places beyant the say, an' his word was as good as another man's bond. Well, Ciement had a daughter, the poor wake crayther yer honer seen to-day, an' och ! weary me! ids myself that remimbers poor Letty Lorimer, the purtiest Colleen Dhas that ever tossed a spidther's web from a grass brake on a May mornin', an' becoorse all the gay young chaps about these parts used to be cocking their caubeens at her, but heat by day soon sent most of them mad, and they Letty id have none of 'em; she was grandlike in jumped into the say, where the sharks made short her idayies, an' was given to readin' about great men that wint across the says, and med great fortins. Well, there were two apprentices sint to ould fine boy! he kept our spirits goin', day by day, and Clement—the sons of marchints he used to have da- bid us cheer up, although the poor darlin's bones ins wid—one was a fine, dashin' young Scotchman.

none uv yer hard-lined, skin-the cat kind of chaps, bud a great, big-hearted, jovial chap; och! shure, ed him, he gave me a taste now and then, but never they said he was descinded from the great King Robert | a morsel nor a sup would he give the brave child the Bruce; anyhow no matter who was at the beginning of him, he was a raale fine, handsome, slashin' sailor, an' no two ways about him; to'ther whisper, and his little eves would flash, 'What the fellow, they said, was a side wind from Spain, bud he'd an English name at all events, an' was a great big-limbed, dark-lookin' customer, -morose and self-given like,-nobody fancied him, but bonny black thief was sthrong through his own cowardly Donald Blair was in everybody's mouth; and the way he'd dance the reel of Tullogorum, an' sing the Laird o' Copen, bedad it id bring the tears into him; but that boy was a hero, if ever there was yer eyes wid fair delight. William Gardiner was one born. At last the day came that all was gone ould Lorimer's favorite, at all events; whether his another and another followed, and Black Will Garpeople had more money nor Donald's nobody knew rightly, bud people said that Letty was to be married wasn't much consulted at first, bedad she was daytermined she'd have her own way; so the very day drivelling old fool to cant about mercy to a worth-Donald Blair was out uv his time the two uv them less brat.

"Clement Lorimer, to make up wid him like, gev and save him; but no, I was feebler than he was him the command uv one uv his best ships, an' to show there was no ill-will betwixt nor between them, he sent Danald Blair out as chief mate; she was as forced it upon me, too, and bound me by fearful fine a bark as ever ver honer clapped eyes on, oh! a loaths never to reveal what I do know, but I could raale beauty, called the Carlo Zeno: that was a woful vy'ige for poor Donald, poor, light-hearted, Meanwhile, the vessel which had caused all this gay Donald Blair, he never kem back; he was logged exctiement had drawn nigh, and her bowsprit now and washed overboard in a squall of the Great Piton rity of the well-sheltered little harbor, our own good appeared as she rounded the pier end, in such close Rocks, near the island of Saint Lucia; there was little ship looking so neat and trim, as if hugging proximity that a man might have stepped on to her whisperins of foul play, but Will Gardiner challenherself in the enjoyment of such good quarters, the bulwarks. Usually, when a vessel returns to her ged 'em all, an' as the log was found all square, an'

lification there was; nobody envied him but one,

oaths he swore about the revenge he'd take on Dor-

"Not wid poor Letty, though, the poor craythur! war an? peace, that being lost in silent contempla- Some few stragglers had joined us, but, save an odd she never lifted her head from that day; and the tion, I was not aware of a companion until a light cry of recognition, her dripping and startled-look- poor ould masther, too, wid all Donald's wild ways touch upon the arm, and the gruff tones of our ing crew were grouped forward in sullen silence : was fond uv him, for who wouldn't; the poor lad no joyous outburst welcomed the wanderers of the was as honest an' open-hearted as the light uv day. deep; no triumphant cheer acknowledged the gal- only fond uv his jokes an' his divarshun, small lant battle for life that had been fought and won. blame to him, ids a sorry sowl that goes through the

> Gipsy Bride arrested my attention. He was a man the father did in that boy, only he had the mother's. Donald is coming to him, and that she is coming in the prime of life, of colossal stature, powerful to the back of all uoor Donald's dash an' bravery; and athletic frame, but withal of a stern, gloomy, he grew fast, an' ould Clement began to regard him and forbidding aspect; and if ever the face of man as the apple uv his eye, couldn't bear him out of his gave index of the mind, his might be read without sight for a minit; but the dark times wor at hand, spair, all the evil passions which crime entails upon at last, the only one he had left was the Carlo Zeno. her poor lost son-once the pride of the heart that

but that was a sorry partin', for Clement Lorimer and, for aught I know, the poor maniac mother may hope that he'd bring back the fortune that was gone. Many, many was the requests he made uv Will that | ced are not the real ones. he'd behave to his poor boy; an' do by him what he had done for Will Gardener to make him an honest pointing to the form which bent over him from the sailor an' a Christian man. That same night, Black nice is this being a printer! A public servant, and rocky platform, like that of an avenging angel, with Will, as we have always called him, had a long talk withal a servant of the devil. A good natured fela burst of fearful imprecation, he thundered forth: with Mrs. Blair, an' he asked her the question that he believe to everybody—must low—must always smile—bow to everybody—must low—must low—must always smile—bow to everybody—must low—must low—must always smile—bow to everybody—must low—must always smile—bow to everybody—must low—must low—must always smile—bow to everybody—must low—must lo "Eternal fires! will no one strike that old hag had been the aim and object of his life: he asked It was a solemn sight, accompanied by fearful ed as only a woman can love—once; but he spoke thing that would not accord with the strictest to him. But there was little chance of saving him; way he met Benjamin, senior, returning home with uv him that was dead and gone, of the man with whom he'd broken the same bread, and drunk the of Providence from a horrible death, and instead of same cup as a ne'er-do-well that desarved to be for- muggins' if he is not always posted; must please the woman he had to dale with. Oh, my jewel! it was Letty that up an' gev him her mind, and he left

down upon the hapless bark just as she was about were strangely mingled with supplications for merey. disthracted, and as for ould Clement, he was fairly man without a shadow." shooting for a wager at the men in the trenches.— was needless thenceforward.—Philadelphia Press.

ness was now full; he had seen ships and money last restin'-place, an' all that remained of the once "I'm thinking yer honor is aiger to hear the story great ship-master was a narrow grave and a plain

"Well, ver honer, one night Letty was told that honer, that two of us should be thinking the same a dying man wanted to make his peace wid de world, and that he should see her.

> " 'Do you know me?' says he to her when she wint into the wretched cabin, where he was lying on a lock uv sthraw. "' You're Art Sullivan!' says she, 'a faithful servant of my poor father's.'

"'Av, God help me, Miss Letty!' says he; I was once honest, and had a clear conscience, bud for that black villain Will Gardiner!' says she. " What about him? What of him? says she Oh! Art Sullivan, asthore machree! if you know

anything of my poor lost boy-as you are now about to appear before your Judge- tell me! "Listen, my poor Colleen!' says he. 'Listen, 'twas for that I sint for you. Whin we escaped on the raft young Donald was safe and sound, and wor all the crew, but we had days and nights of awful sufferin'-hunger and thirst and the killing work of them, and the rest died of fair starvation. At last none were left but Will Gardiner, myself, and young Donald Blair. Oh! but he was a brave wor peepin' through his skin. That terrible man had a little store of rum and biscuit, for I kept my eve on him night and day; when he knew I had discoverthat was dying before his face. I took it, and tried to make the little Donald swallow some; but no. he had the sperit of a lion. No! he used black rascal would not give to the poor men that's gone shall never pass my lips!' It was a just rebuke to myself, a big man, to hear that from the lips of a child; but I was wake and feeble, and the great selfishness—so, what could I do? When a man driven to death by inches, he craves for life more than ever—pride, manliness, everything is wake in sets off an' daycently married, and a powerful jol- overboard, but the coward was afraid of his conscience—he feared being alone. At last, he spoke out hold, and said the time was come we should draw

the lots were drawn falsely! and poor little Donald -Oh! God shield that sight from my memory!there was that arch-demon struggling wid that poo small child. I screamed: I tried to rise and hely and at at last the blow was struck : ay, God forgive him, that man-devil! he murdered poor little Donnot die aisv. Oh, mercy! mercy. Miss Letty! am goin'-I am-' The wild cry alone answered, the spirit of the old man had fled, and with the senses of poor Letty Blair.

"And is it possible, Murtagh," I exclaimed, that nothing has ever been done about this?" " God Bless ver honer!' said the old man, wha could we do?' Letty told me the story herself in few odd clear moments she had after the first shock passed away, but then she got worse than ever. Our only witness was dead, and who would take a man's ife on the word of a poor crazed woman? Bud his day will come, ver honer, sooner or later! The finger is on him; sure and fixed! He tried sailing from other ports, bud he always comes back to this. Bud tell me, ver honer,' said the old man with intense cagerness, 'do you believe in the appearance of spi-

'Why do you ask the question?' ' Because poor Letty often wanders by the sayside

its from the other world?'

and the last whin he goes away. God forgive her poor wandering broken sperit, it's not Christainshall never bloom again, the light of the eyes that

will be the fate of the man that wrongs the widow-

The old pilot ceased, and I shall do the same good

reader. I tell you the tale as it was told to me Will Gardiner may still be prosperous; but as sure as the old pilot said it, his day will come. I need hardly say that the names I have introdu-

-must always be a dear duck of a man, always propriety of the most precise old maid, and must always be correct in everything he does; he is always expected to know the latest news, is styled ing it. everybody, and is supposed never to need the one the end is not yet. thing needful; must work for nothing and board "More nor a year passed away, and still no news consider the printer at best a sorry dog who cannot wardly, when the wound gave him a twitch. It was

THE WOMAN IN GREY.

were encamped before Sebastopol, was naturally balls clean through it. suggestive of many superstitious fancies among the 'Whirrah!' said Pat, as he comically surveyed troops. The outlying sentinel, with his eye at the the damage, 'here's a patent ventilator.' uppermost degree of attention to detect some crouching spy, eventually saw imaginary forms around fancy of the credulous soldier; but there are one or formed of strong materials.' two authentical stories of ghosts, one of which I will tell here, as I heard it from the lips of an Pat was not at all put out.

night told the same story the most incredulous began against a ball sent by Russian powder. Hilloh! to believe. When a week had passed away, and what's their game now, I wondther?" headstone; and poor Letty was left in solitary wid- tain of the day thought it high time to interfere. - Forgetting all caution, They sprang on the breast-Patrick Leary, a Color Sergeant, who was popular- ted a sortie. They were in perfect safety, however Ty supposed to fear neither man nor devil. The all the bullets were at present directed at a single and preparin' herself for the home where those she ding him fire if he found it absolutely necessary, but speed. Our men cheered heartily, as the stranger

to do his best to capture the woman alive. Mr. passed on, utterly reckless of the shower of lead, and Pat took a hearty drain of rum and went on sentry- some two or three fellows, Leary at their head, rushgo much to the relief of the men warned for that ed out to rescue him. Great was the Sergeant's

Some how or another though, he began to grow very retired behind a cloud in disgust, and there was silonely, and almost wished the ghost would come, lence for the rest of the night, near that Pat was enabled to challenge—

'Who goes there? 'A friend!' replied the stranger, in a musical,

he Screeant mechanically

upon him, and he made ready for action, the woman did not seem inclined to obey. The bacco at a shop, not a hundred miles from Leicester moonlight had evidently destroyed the stranger's Square, and was requested to wait and see Father calculations. She fell back a step or two, and then Constantine, who has a very comfortable engageturned to fly. But it was too late; Pat was after mens as interpreter at one of our police courts .her with a tiger's bound, and, impeded by her pet- With him I smoked a refreshing pipe, and he conticoats, she stumbled and nearly fell. In a second firmed all the details of the story I now lay before however, she recovered, and turned on the sergeant the reader.

with a most uncomfortable vataghan. 'Tear and 'ouns,' the Sergeant shouted, 'the

lips, as he tried to get between Pat and his musket. which conveyed the party was reached by descendwoman, and caught at her capote. The next mo- by four lamps. The sewer is an archway, fifteen ment the vataghan had passed through the fleshy feet high and of equal breadth, with a ditch or canal part of his arm, but he did not relax his hold. He about ten feet wide, wherein all the dirt and filth of grappled with the stranger, but meeting with an Paris is carried away. On the side-walks, which unexpected resistance, he drew his revolver. The together are about four feet wide. The whole is stranger clutched at it with frantic energy, and a built of beautiful white sand stone, and is kept reterrible struggle ensued, which terminated by the markably neat and clean. No stench or bad smell pistol suddenly exploding; and the stranger fell to was perceptible. The denser portion of the filth is he ground with a groan, while Pat, weakened by the | carried away through large drains beneath the side oss of blood, followed his example. The quarter- walks. guard, aroused by the shout, soon hurried up to the | The side-walks are excellent, and exhibited no spot, and both were borne into camy. The stranger | signs of dampness, while the walls of the archway was placed in a hut, and a surgeon fetched, and it are kept white-washed and are at all times white as was evident that the ghost in grey was a fine-look- the driven snow. The structure possesses the proungs. His condition was kindly explained to him, from each other. The echo is very strong and lasting. and he told his story readily enough.

secret police. For twenty-three years he had en- however, of rare occurrence: and when the campaign commenced he was compel- case it should be necessary to have the canal dry for led to risk his life nightly by going out to spy the a little while. progress the enemy made. Death stared him in the The whole work was completed in two years .-Why not desert you will ask? but the Russian po- er. These admirable underground works are acceslovely girl of three-and-twenty, was taken into the barracks, and should all the Parisians take a notion Governor's house, ostensibly to protect her from to barricade the streets in any portion of the city ove for his daughter, the only treasure he possessed | way: in the world, for his wife had succumed under the There is an end to shooting on the soldiers from the privations and exposure of a winter's journey across windows, and a revolution in Paris will soon only the steppe. Need I say that the father triumphed be remembered among things that have been, never over the man? Constantine was a nightly visitor to to occur again: Through these underground pasour lines, and by the cleverness with which he play- sages a prisoner can easily be taken from the Louvre ed the character of a French or English linesman, to the Seine without attracting attention, and thence

At length, a dreadful ordeal was offered him; he splendid system of sewerage was one of the pet was told that if he could only induce an English sol- schemes of the first Napoleon dier to desert, from whom some valuable information could be obtained, his sentence would be reversed, and he would be free to go where he pleased with main, as every one knows, a thrifty, kindhearted, his daughter. Maddened by the thought of free- and undoubtedly honest people; but in some of om, Constantine attired himself in feminine garb, them, even as among the "world's honest people," hoping thus to attract some sentinel from his post. love of filthy lucre will predominate. In one of He would then wound him, though not dangerously their farming communities lived friend Benjamin and and drag him into the Russian lines. In fact, it his son. It was their custom to buy up cattle to grew into a monomania with Constantine, that he fatten for sale. One day Benjamin ir., had selected must catch a Briton, alive; but unfortunately, in a choice portion of stock from a passing drove, and Sergeant Leary, he caught a Tartar.

considerable interest among the hearers. It reached dost thee think of them?' the ears of Lord Raglan himself, who visited the 'What does he ask? So much? I guess thee'l prisoner, and bade him be of good cheer; no harm get them for less. Offer him \$800 and wait till should befall him. But Constantine shook his head morning, if he don't trade.' in his backhone and there was no prospect of mov- wealthy as well as smart; he had taken an early

Pardon, reader, such a common place story, but

himself; must trust everybody, and is thought a Two days later, Sergeant Leary, who had bound want 'em all. great bore if he presents his bill; must be a ladder his flesh wound up, and laughed at it, was at work soon become independent, don't owe him anything, smoking a very dirty short pipe and growling inexpect any better treatment than kicks and cuffs; a lovely night, and double caution had to be exer- Benjamin; watch thy father.' and finally summing it up, he is expected to be a cised, for the Russians were all alive, and seemed

Pat philosophically took off his shake, and placed it on top of the earth-work. In five minutes he took The barren plateau, on which the allied armies it down again, and lo! there were three Minnie

' Lucky for yon, Sergeant Leary,' a young ensign remarked, 'that your head wasn't in it.'

Arrah, your honor, and do you suppose that nizens of another world. Many stories of ghostly those dirty bullets would go through my head? It's manifestation were current, very few of them pos- all very easy with a regulation shake, for we know sessing any other foundation than the imaginary what that is made of; but an Irishman's head is

A suppressed laugh ran along the trenches, but

officer of an Irish regiment, who was conversant 'Boys,' he remarked with solemn pathos, since the unlucky day that I landed in this filthy country. A soldier, on being relieved from guard one win- not a night has passed that I haven't put at least a ter's night, swore stoutly that he had been haunted pint of bad spirits into this carcass of mine, and during the whole period of duty, by a woman in there is not a man among you can say he has seen grey, who made signals to him, which he, good me the worst for it. It wants a purty daisunt head Catholic as he was, declined to follow. He was to stand the raki we get up here, for it would take laughed at; but when the sentry on duty the next the roof off a house; so I think my head is safe

each night the same occurrence happened, the The men jumped up involuntarily, for the firing regiment was so infected with alarm, that the cap- from the Russian guns had grown tremendous, .-For this purpose he summoned to his counsels one work, naturally supposing that the enemy meditacaptain lent the non-commissioned a revolver, bid- figure, which was crossing the open space at frantic surprise, though, when he recognized in the stran-It was a dark misty night when Pat commenced ger, the Woman in Grev. But there was no time his duty round, and it was enough to make any one for enquiry. The Russians had opened all their feel uncomfortable. The gallant Pat, however, so batteries, as if disgusted at not bringing down long as the effect of the rum lasted, whistled the their victim, and for an hour the very earth shook Night on which Larry was stretched,' sotto voce with the vibration, Suddenly the fire died away, stamped his feet to restore the chilled circulation. as we did not condescend to reply to it; the moon

only to bear him company. His wishes were soon In the meanwhile, Sergeant Leary had convinced fulfilled, for hearing a slight sound, and raising his himself that this Mr. Jones was not that Mr. Jones; rifle to his shoulder, he saw a dusky form gibbering the stranger, instead of wielding a yataghan, emat him in the distance. Pat began scraping and ployed a far more dangerous weapon in a pair of bowing in reply, and the woman, apparently encou- the most lovely eyes ever seen. Then, in a most raged by this, drew nearer. Pat laid his firelock on seductive voice, (Leary swore afterwards that he the ground as if to encourage the other, but placed understood every word but don't believe him,) she his hand carefully on his revolver. There was asked after her father's welfare. She spoke in nothing like being prepared, but if it were a wo- French, and, at any rate, the officer of the watch man- the thought of it fairly turned the honest comprehended her, and sent a party with her at once sergeant's mind. Ere long the figure approached so to head-quarters. Lord Raglan no sooner heard of the heroism she had displayed in order to join her father, than he gave direction that she should be treated with all possible kindness, and have free access to the prisoner. Her presence was better than covered, but Eudoxia's duties were not over then.-

'Advance friend, and give the countersign,' said all the doctor's stuff to Constantine; he rapidly re, Just as the figure approached, the moon broke By some stupid mistake, Leary managed to run his out from behind a cloud, and enabled him to see the renowned head against a Minnie ball, which sadly woman's features. The most astonishing thing was injured his personal appearance, and for some reason the immense grey beard the figure wore. Pat as a or another, Eudoxia insisted on nursing him. It traveler was accustomed to strange sights, but this may be that his repeated visits to her father had surpassed all. In a second though the truth flashed touched her heart, but what do I know? All I can say is, that I nursed Sergeant Leary's youngest girl 'Come here, my darling,' Pat said, artfully, but the other day, when I went in for an ounce of to-

A JOURNEY UNDER PARIS .- A correspondent of a woman's the divil. I can stand nails, but these are Sweedish Journal furnishes an interesting account of a subterranean voyage made through one of the A low mocking laugh burst from the stranger's admirably constructed sewers of Paris. The boat But the Sergeant was on his guard; pretending to ing a flight of steps to the depth of about forty-five he managed to bear down in the grasp of the feet. The boat, a flat-bottomed affair, was lighted

ng old man. He was, however, declared to be in a perties of an immense speaking tube, the workmen langerous state, for the ball had passed through his being able to converse at the distance of two miles The fabric is said to be built after a model of the His name was Constantine, and he was by birth a catacombs of Rome, aided by the last improvements. Pole. Having been engaged in the revolution in On both sides, at about two hundred yards distant 831, he was saved from the death that fell to the from one another, are openings; through which the lot of his comrades to endure a worse fate. He and workmen can ascend, by means of permanent iron his family were transferred to Russia, and he was ladders, in case a sudden rain storm should cause forced to perform the most degrading duties in the the water to rise over the side walks, which is,

dured the humiliation for the sake of his wife and | The contents of the sewer, of course, flow into child, but he little reckoned what was in store for the river Seine, and the current is sufficient to carry When the war with the allies became immi- along the boat used with considerable velocity. nent, he was ordered with his family to Sebastopol, Large reservoirs are constructed at intervals, into or he was a perfect French and German scholar; which the water can be turned for a short time, in

face either way; if he refused, the sentence passed Beside the main canal, there are many minor upon him at Warsaw still remained in force, while ones constructed under the principal streets, all of f he obeyed, he was in hourly risk of detection .- which can be made to communicate with one anothlice were Machiavelis. His daughter Eudoxia, a lible from the Louvre, the Tuileries, and from all the the horrors of the siege; but Constantine was given the imperial government might, at short notice, and fully to understand that her life depended on his without any person being aware of it, transport idelity: The poor father was sorely distracted; his troops, and, if there is time to make use of the reshatred of the Russians was counterbalanced by his ervoirs, so can cavalry also be transported the same

sent off by railway, which is near at hand. This

A Business Quaker. The Quakers are in the was about to buy, when Benjamin sr., came along. Such was the story he told, and which aroused 'Father, I am about to buy these cattle: What

that every kindness was shown the poor fellow, and morning, after caring for the stock, mounted his her to be his wife, an' to forget all she had ever lov- witty, and always dignified; he must never do any- the doctors vied with each other in their attention horse to try again to buy the cattle. But on his

start and bought the lot. 'Thee will let me have my portion; will thee not?'

' No, sonny, of course not; I've bought the whole; What! Isn't that a hard trick to play thy son?

and I trusted to thee! 'Ah, Benny, said pater familias, reprovingly, thee must be sharp and wide awake; trust nobody,

Quite likely for young Benjamin the admonition