

'But it will take you a long time to save that while you've your mother to help,' said Michel.

'But I can wait,' answered Fanchon. 'Folk that live single may die as happy and go to heaven as fast as the married ones.'

'That's true,' said Michel thoughtfully; 'but it's better to marry.'

Here Michel fell into a reverie, out of which he by and by awoke, declaring that he was nearly dying with hunger and had nothing to eat.

'Not so bad as that neither,' said Fanchon. 'As we came through the wood I plucked the chestnuts that were bobbing in my face, and when I lighted the fire I set them on the ashes. They must be about done by this time I think; and if they're not enough for you you can take one of the birds you brought for your intended, and I'll roast it for you betwixt a couple of stones, as we used to do the larks we caught on the hill when I kept the sheep.'

'What a brute I am never to remember that you gave your bread and cheese to Lep. Why you must be starving, Fanchon. I had a good dinner before I started, and yet I'm as hungry as a wolf!'

'It's all habit,' said Fanchon: 'you are accustomed to your three or four meals a day at the farm, but I am used to fasting, and don't miss a meal.'

'That's another excellent quality in a wife,' said Michel laughing.

'But I'm not a wife, nor like to be,' said Fanchon.

Here Michel relapsed into another deep reverie.

'He'll be no fool that chooses you for a wife,' said he.

'I hope not,' said she, 'I should not like to marry a fool.'

'I daresay you think me a stupid fellow,' said he, after a pause; 'for I can do nothing and you can do everything. But you see Fanchon I was set to the plough, and to guide oxen through the furrows, when I was but a little lad; and as I only worked on my father's farm, I found my meals ready when I wanted them; and then I married young, and my poor Marguerite took care of me; but I've nobody to mind me now.'

'Couldst Fanchon take care of you, papa?' asked little Lep, who had been awakened by the smell of the cookery, and was now sitting up and waiting for his share.

'To be sure I can,' said Fanchon, who was far from thinking of Michael as a husband for herself, that she was not in the least embarrassed by the child's question; for Blaise Pastor was esteemed a rich farmer in that part of the country, and Fanchon's mother was in a great degree dependent on the charity of the family.

'Come,' said she to Michael when he had finished his supper, 'I see you can't keep your head up to talk, so you had better lie down by the child, and go to sleep at once, and I'll watch the fire.'

'No, it is you that must lie down, Fanchon,' said Michel, 'and I'll watch you both; for I have fifty things stirring in my head, and though I were to try never so, I could not sleep a wink.'

'Fifty things! That's too many for one head,' said Fanchon, merrily.

'Well, if I haven't fifty, I have one that I haven't been able to get out of it for the last two hours, and I should like to tell you what it is.'

'I think I could tell you,' said Fanchon: 'you wish you were at home and in your bed, instead of running over the country after a wife.'

'I woman that I have never seen,' answered Michel. 'I have nine minds to go back again, Fanchon. What do you say? Will you go with me?'

'I go with you! No,' said she. 'What would my poor mother do next winter if I loose the situation she has got for me with so much trouble? And as for you, I say you'd be very wrong. Why should you take such a prejudice against a girl you have never seen. Think of your good parents too, that wish you to marry. What's your objection?'

'None, if I may choose for myself,' answered Michel.

'Wait till you see her,' answered she. [To be concluded.]

From the London People's Journal.

**ALFRED IN THE DANISH CAMP.**

'When Alfred observed this symptom of successful resistance in his subjects, he left his retreat; but before he could assemble them in arms, or urge them to any attempt, which, if unfortunate, might in their present despondency prove fatal, he resolved to inspect himself the situation of the enemy, and to judge of the probability of success. For this purpose he entered the Danish camp under the disguise of a harper, and passed unsuspected through every quarter. He so entertained them with his music and facetious humour, that he met with a welcome reception; and was even introduced into the tent of Guthrum their prince, where he remained some days.'—*Hume.*

The great names of history come through the mighty past like bright stars in a wintry sky, all the more splendid and attractive from the contrast with the surrounding darkness; and Homer, Plato, Charlemagne, Alfred—claim for themselves, and claiming, obtain, the love and homage of all future ages. This is natural; for hero-worship is the one great characteristic of humanity—the attribute common to all nations, kindreds and tongues;

the mind-chain that binds alike the rich and poor, and fuses into one general, never-failing, unmistakable, family likeness, all the peoples of the earth, both past and present.

The master-minds of England and America, Carlyle and Emerson, have recognised this principle, and given to the world, in deep prophetic utterances, their dictum that in the belief in great men exists the master-note of progress, the touchstone of love, ambition and chivalry. It is good to believe in the greatness of humanity: the mythology of the ancients abounds in demi-gods,—the songs of the poets tell of their wondrous deeds, and the annals of all nations' infancy teem with relations of great deeds and noble actions, ever and anon performed by men who lived in and yet beyond their age. "The gods of fable," says Emerson, "are the shining monuments of great men. I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty. He is great who is what he is from nature, and never reminds us of others." And such a man was Alfred, at once the law-giver, poet, priest, and king of his own time and people—the embodied idea of learning and greatness; and his name, albeit but seldom spoken, bears a kind of spell about it to take us back a thousand years, and teach us, in the comparison of his time with ours, to acknowledge how much we owe to his endeavors.

"A thousand years ago,  
A mighty spirit came,  
To earn himself, through weal and woe,  
An everlasting name."

And, sitting by our fire-sides—with floors, no longer rush-strewn, any more than that wisdom and learning are confined to monks and lawyers—we may take our well-thumbed "History" in our hands, and learn from the story of the Saxon king, how many a lesson of fortitude and bravery; patience under suffering, and hope in affliction; how many an incentive to virtue, truth, charity, meekness, and reliance! Far away in time, but near enough for example; removed in destiny and sphere of action, but living with us still in the spirit of all great and noble deeds! What matters it to tell his history here? Of what avail to speak of his early talent and noble birth—his genius, first roused by the recital of rude Saxon poems, sitting on his mother's knee—(oh, glorious queen, mother of our king, how much we owe thee!—but no less, perhaps, though, than every son of every virtuous mother could say of his own parent)—his battles with the rude usurping Danes—his despair and flight, concealed in a shepherd's hut, and unwittingly reproved because his thoughts were distant from the burning cakes upon the hearth—his noble daring and courageous spirit, when, in fierce conflict, he overcame the great Danish Hubba, and seized the said-to-be enchanted standard of his foes—his bold spirit in venturing disguised into the Danish camp, and singing before the warrior Guthrum in his tent; and, marking the supine security of his enemies, making haste to call his followers together, and meeting them near Selwood Forest, boldly marching against the invaders of his country—his victories and triumphs—his magnanimity and noble bearing with the conquered—his energy in rebuilding his ruined cities, and founding schools and colleges for his people—his love of justice and his practice of mercy—his propagation of a matchless code of laws, and his institution of civil rights and military discipline—his encouragement of morality and good government—his victory, in his own person, over selfishness and love of power—his labors as an author, a warrior, a law-giver, and a monarch—his prudence, learning, justice, valour, and death;—are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of England?

"All hail, our own, our ancient peerless  
boast!  
From thee thy Britain loves her all to date;  
Proud of a king, so wise, so good, so great,  
Who poured the liberties we value most,  
The sacred rights we chiefly venerate,  
In rich abundance round our sea-girt coast;  
Where is thy tomb among us? where the spot  
Ennobled by some record of thy worth,  
True father of thy country? Have we lost  
All love of thee? Hath England then forgot  
Her patriot-prince, her law-giver, her sage;  
Who taught her, nourished her, and sent her forth  
Rejoicing on her way, from age to age,  
Queen of the seas, and empress of the earth?"

Who can gaze on this picture  
"Unstirred by those brave memories of old,  
When the seed-acorn of our English oak  
First from the soil with stubborn sinews  
broke,"

or not feel the enthusiasm which the memory of a noble deed recalls in every honest breast?

Alfred was born at the village of Wantage, in Berkshire, on the 5th of October, 849, and died in the year 901, in the full strength of his faculties, after a glorious reign of twenty-nine years and a-half. He was the youngest of the five sons of Ethelwolf, the second king of the Saxon Heptarchy; three of his brothers—Ethelbald, Ethelbert, and Ethered, the first two of whom conjointly shared the throne—reigned before him, and he was twenty-two years of age when he succeeded to the cares and grandeur of monarchy: he is distinguished from all other of our kings by the appellation of THE GREAT.

"Tis just a thousand years to-day—oh, years  
are swift and brief!—  
Since erst uprose in majesty the day-star of  
our chief;

Since Wantage bred a wondrous child, whom  
God hath made the cause  
Of half the best we boast in British liberties  
and laws.

Arouse thee, royal Alfred! in majesty look  
round;  
On every shore, in every clime, thy conquer-  
ing sons are found—  
By kingdoms and dominions, by continents  
and isles,  
The Anglo-Saxon realm is fifty hundred thou-  
sand miles.

Aye, smile on us, and bless us in thy loftiness  
of love!  
The name of Anglo-Saxon is all other names  
above:  
By peoples and by nations, by tribes, and sept,  
and clan,  
Two hundred millions claim it in the family of  
man."

To Alfred the Great, king of England, the old maxim, "let nothing be said of the dead but what is favorable," does not apply; for the historians have recorded no act of his which detracts from his character as a man or his honor as a king.

**NEW WORKS.**

**THE USEFUL MORE ENDURING  
THAN THE BEAUTIFUL.**

The tomb of Moses is unknown; but the traveller slakes his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs, with its cedar, and gold, and ivory; and even the great temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself—are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever. Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust, but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration. The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun, at Tadmor, in the wilderness, has fallen; but its fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged the lofty colonnades. It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save confused mounds of crumbling brickwork. But the works of Nature are imperishable. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now. And if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a palace nor a temple, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the mist of antiquity it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great work of national utility and benevolence. This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation—imparting to its works something of its own immortality, and, in some degree, rescuing them from that ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition, or mere magnificence.—*Edinburgh Review.*

**THE COPENHAGEN FOLK.**

The joyous population of Copenhagen is always in motion, always going to and fro. It is always in quest of some novelty, seeks to amuse itself, to enjoy the hour and the day. In winter there are theatres, masks, museums—all that can excite the taste for the beautiful or the comic. In spring, it is the woods. When the beeches are in leaf, all the population of Copenhagen rushes forth to see the woods. Charlottenlund and Dyrehaven are crowded with people. Whole families dine out and drink tea in the shadow of the beech-groves, where the nightingales sing in the blooming thorn. 'Have you seen the woods?' is the general question in Copenhagen at this season to the stranger; for the stranger is not forgotten in Copenhagen. He must partake of the best that the people have; he must share of their good things; he must, in spring go out and see the woods; be present at the family festivity in Dyrehaven, just as in winter he must see Thorwaldsen's Museum, Holberg's comedy and other master-pieces of the Danish stage.—*Frederika Bremer.*

**THE KILKENNY CATS.**

I would feel obliged if any of your correspondents could give me information as to the first, or any early, published allusion to the strange tale, modernly become proverbial, of the ferocity of the cats of Kilkenny. The story generally told is, that two of those animals fought in a saw-pit with such ferocious determination, that, when the battle was over, nothing could be found remaining of either combatant except *his tail*; the marvellous inference to be drawn therefrom being, of course, that they had devoured each other. This ludicrous anecdote has, no doubt, been generally looked upon as an absurdity of the Joe Miller class; but this I conceive to be a mistake. I have not the least doubt that the story of the mutual destruction of the contending cats was an allegory designed to typify the utter ruin to which centuries of litigation and embroilment on the subject of conflicting rights and privileges tended to reduce the respective exchequers of the rival municipal bodies of Kilkenny and Irishtown; separate corporations existing within the liberties of one city, and the boundaries of whose respective jurisdictions had never been marked out or defined

by an authority to which either was willing to bow.

Their struggles for precedency and for the maintenance of alleged rights invaded commenced A. D. 1377, and were carried on with truly feline fierceness and implacability till the end of the seventeenth century, when I may fairly be considered that they had mutually devoured each other to the very tail, as we find their property all mortgaged, and see them each passing bylaws that their respective officers should be content with the dignity of their station, and forego all hope of salary till the suit at law with the other 'pretended corporation' should be terminated—and the incumbrances thereby caused removed with the vanquishment of the enemy—Those who have taken the story of the Kilkenny cats in its literal sense have done grievous injustice to the character of the grimaikins of the 'faire citta,' who are really quite as demure and quietly disposed a race of tabbies as it is in the nature of any such animals to be.—*Notes and Queries.*

**GOVERNMENT IN THE EAST.**

During the evening two other Mahomedans came in, one of whom was a Mollah of the village. They began to talk very loudly against the tyranny and oppression of Mahomed Pasha, who had lately imposed some rather heavy taxes on the village. The following colloquy ensued between us:—

Mollah—'Why are you people coming to take the country?'

Myself—'I can hardly tell you, seeing that, to the best of my knowledge, they have no such intention of doing anything of the kind. But tell me, Oh Mollah, you who are a servant of the prophet and a priest of his religion, why should you wish that Christians might rule over you?'

Mollah—'Kowajah (Sir), God is great, and knows all things. If it be His will that we should become Christians, or that Islam should fall, He can bring it to pass whether we desire the change or no. Why, then, should we be anxious for the future destiny of religion, when the Exalted One takes care of it?'

Another—'I have heard say our mosques were once Christian churches; and, Allah knows, they may be so again. Anything, however is better than this dog of a Pasha. May he sleep in Gehennam!'

Mollah—'Mohammed Pasha is in one respect a just man; he robs Jews, Christians and Moslems alike.'

A year ago he sent for a student of my acquaintance, a humble and holy man. 'O man,' said he, 'it grieves me to hear that you are behind with your salian.' 'I am poor, Pasha,' was the reply; 'and my patrimony is small. My crop, also has not been prospered by Allah; and the Kurds have carried off several of my sheep.' The Pasha grew wroth like a Sheitan as he is; and interrupting the student, he roared out, 'You dog, you unclean! I pay you shall, or the bastinado shall compel you.' So the poor man returned home in great fear; and he had to sell his books to meet the demand. Shall such a Moslem as this go to Paradise? Shall he not rather be tarsted down to the lowest pit of Gehennam, even below the accursed Jews? Myself—'But the Cadi and Mufti of Mosul; surely they are, or ought to be good Mussulmen: can they not help you, or moderate the tyranny of the Pasha?'

Mollah—'Kowajah, the Pasha is a drunken infidel; and as for the Cadi and Mufti, they excellent men, are worse than he.'—*Fletcher's Notes from Nineveh.*

**RETORTS ON BARRISTERS.**

Searjeant Cockle, who was a rough blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right of fishery he asked the witness:

'Dost thou love fish?'

'Aye,' replied the witness, 'but I donna like cockle sauce with it!'

The roar of laughter which echoed through the Court rather disturbed the learned serjeant.

There is an anecdote similarly related of Serjeant Davy, a great lawyer of the last age. A Gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench to give bail the sum of three thousand pounds. Serjeant Davy wanting to display his wit, said to him sternly:

'And pray sir, how do you make out that you are worth £3000?'

The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £2940.

'That's all very good,' said the Serjeant, 'but you want sixty pounds more to be worth £3000.'

'For that sum,' replied the gentleman, in no way disconcerted, 'I have a note of hand of one Serjeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honor soon to settle it.'

The laughter that this reply excited extended to the bench; the serjeant looked abashed, and Lord Mansfield observed in his usual urbane tone. 'Well, brother Davy, I think we may accept the bail.'

Dunning, while examining a witness, asked him if he did not live at the very verge of the court. 'Yes I do,' was the reply.

'And pray why have you selected such a spot for your residence?'

In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of *dunning*, was the retort.

A witness with a *Bardolphian* nose coming in Dunning's way, he said to him, 'Now, Mr Cepper nose, you have been sworn, what do you say?'

'Why upon my oath,' replied the witness, 'I would not exchange my cepper nose for your brazen face.'—*Law and Lawyers.*

A good character is a fortune.