



HOW ROYALTY IMPRESSES A BABY.

BABIES are babies all the world over, and respect neither rank nor wealth, as we all know well; but just see how one royal baby behaved when brought before royalty. Perhaps other children would like to hear in his own mother's language. That mother was the Madame d'Arbly, who, under her maiden name of Miss Burney, wrote several of the most popular novels of her day—'Evelina,' 'Cecilia,' 'Camilia,' etc.—and in whose letters, published by her daughter after her death, this account is found,—a homely, loving, motherly sketch of her child, which brings him before one just as he was, and makes one fancy him absolutely present as one reads the record.

Madame d'Arbly had, in her girlhood, made one of the household of the Queen of George III., and after her marriage and a long residence in France, she returned to England with her little boy. The rest we give in her own words:

(On March 8th I received the following billet:—

March 7th, 1798.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — The Queen has commanded me to acquaint you that she desires you to be at the Queen's house on Thursday morning, at ten o'clock, with your lovely boy. You are desired to come in the Princess Elizabeth's apartments, and Her Majesty will send for you as soon as she can see you. Adieu. Yours most affectionately, M. PLANTU.

A little before ten, you will easily believe, we were at the Queen's house, and were immediately ushered into the apartment of the Princess Elizabeth, who, to show she expected my little man, had some playthings upon one of her many tables, of which she had at least twenty in her principal room. The child, in a new muslin frock, such, etc., did not look to much disadvantage, and she examined him with the utmost good humour and pleasure, and finding him too shy to be seized, had the graciousness as well as sense to play round and court him with sportive wiles, instead of being offended at his insensibility to the royal notice.

She ran about the room, peeped at him through chairs, clapped her hands, half caught without touching him, and showed a skill and tenderness which made one almost sigh that she should have no call for her maternal propensities.

Just then they are called into the presence of another princess, and, says Madame d'Arbly:

'She received me with her usual sweetness, and called the boy to her. He went, fearfully and cautiously, more powerfully drawn by the curiosity which the operations of her hair-dresser inspired (the princess was at her toilet) than by her commands. He would not be touched, however, lying to my side at the least attempt to take his hand. He now examined her fine carpet. I would have apologised, but she cried:

"'Tis so natural that he should be more amused with those bright colours than with my stupid questions."

Princess Elizabeth then entered, attended by a page, who was loaded with playthings, which she had sent for. You may suppose him caught in a net; he seized upon dogs, horses, chaise, a cocker, a watchman, all that he could grasp, but he would not give his little person or cheeks for any of them, to my great confusion. I called him a little savage, a wild deer, a creature just caught in the woods, whatever could indicate his rustic life to prevent their being hurt; but their good-nature made my excuses useless, except to myself.

'Now came Princess Amelia, and strange to relate, the child was instantly delighted with her.

He left his toys to nestle in her arms, and despite his mother's entreaties, would notice none of the others. When summoned to the queen's presence he desired to take all his toys with him, and was as obstinate as such young gentlemen usually are at home, utterly refusing to show any respect to the queen's dwelling.

'The queen,' says Madame d'Arbly, 'was all condescending indulgence, and had a Noah's ark ready for him.

"And how does papa do," asked the queen.

"He's at Telesca," said the boy [Chelsea].

"And how does grandpapa do?"

"He's in the coach."

"And what a pretty frock; did mamma make it?"

But the little boy would not answer, and pulled me about. I was a good deal embarrassed, but she had the goodness to open the Noah's ark for him herself. He was soon in raptures as the various animals were produced; he capered with joy and uttered their names as:

"Oh, a low, low!" But at the dog he clapped his hands and cried, leaning on her majesty's lap, "Oh, it's a bow-wow."

"And do you know this, little man?" asked the queen.

"Yes," said he, jumping as he leant against her, "it's name is called pussy."

'At the appearance of Noah, he cried: "Oh, it's the shepherd boy."

After this, Madame d'Arbly's naturally democratic infant oversets the queen's workbox, insists upon having the implements therein, and finally makes his way 'into their majesty's bedroom, in which were all the jewels ready to take to St. James's for the court attire.'

'I was excessively ashamed,' says the mother, 'and obliged to fetch him back in my arms and hold him.

"Get down, little man," said the queen; "you are too heavy for mamma."

He took not the smallest notice of this admonition.

The queen, accustomed to more implicit obedience, repeated it; but he only nestled his little head in my neck and worked about his whole person, so that I with difficulty held him. The queen now imagined he did not know what she meant, and said:

"What does he call you? Has he any particular name for you?"

'Before I could answer, he lifted up his head, and called out in a fondling manner:

"Mamma! Mamma!"

"Oh," said she, smiling, "he knows what I mean."

"Perhaps he is hungry," she now said, and rung her bell and ordered a page to bring some cakes. He took one with great pleasure, and was content to stand down and eat it. I asked him if he had nothing to say for it. He nodded his head and composedly answered:

"Sanky, Queen, sanky."

Meaning, of course, "thank you, Queen."

Could any young republican have invented a more free-and-easy form of address? Indeed, Madame d'Arbly ends the picture by saying that she departed, 'thankful that he had not come to disgrace, by actual mischief or rebellion, and that she left the royal family, all smiles and gracious news.'

COWARDICE.

THE extent to which everything depends upon the point of view is illustrated by a little dialogue between a boy who is a mighty hunter for his age and a lady of his acquaintance.

'A rabbit,' said the young hunter, 'is the most awful coward that there is in the world. My! How he dafes run from a hunter!'

'So you think the rabbit is a coward, eh?'

'Why, of course.'

'Well, let us "suppose" a little. Suppose you were about six or eight inches tall.'

'Well!'

'And had good, strong, swift legs.'

'Yes?'

'And didn't have any gun, and a great big fellow came after you who did have one. What would you do?'

'What should I do? I should streak it like a whitehead!'

'I think you would. And I think, also, that you would have your own ideas as to who was the coward.'

PET LIONS.

AN amusing sketch of two lion whelps which were adopted as pets during the writer's residence in South Africa, is given by a contributor to *Forest and Stream*. The lioness appeared to amuse herself by playing pranks on human strangers of her own sex, lying in ambush for them under the dining room table.

Fearing that something serious might occur if I allowed my pets their liberty any longer, I had a large cage constructed, and for the first week or two was obliged to spend much time in it with them. The lioness fretted a great deal, and the only way I had of quieting her was to go in and lie down, using the lion as a pillow, while she stretched herself beside me with her head on my chest.

One day the sheriff informed me that he had a summons in his office for me to serve as a jurymen. I begged off, but he was in exorable. A few days afterward he rode up to my gate, and I called my servant to open it for him while I hurried to the lion's cage.

Presently I heard him calling me, and on my answering he gradually found his way to the den, in which I was seated on the lion's recumbent body, while the lioness sat behind me with her chin resting on my shoulder. As soon as he saw me he sprang back, and cried:

'Come out of there!'

'Hand that summons in here, and I will do so.'

'Do you want my arm torn off?'

'No, but I want you to make a legal service of that paper by handing it to me.'

'I shall not take any such risk, but I will tear up the paper if you will only come out and save me from seeing you torn into pieces.'

'All right, do so, and I will try to get out alive.'

The paper was torn up, and I stepped out of the cage, much to my friend's relief. A short time after I met the judge in the street, who wished to know if my mode of dodging jury duty was the one commonly practised in my own country.

ABOUT SOME OLD RHYMES.

'SING a Song of Sixpence' is as old as the sixteenth century. 'Three Blind Mice' is to be found in a music book dated 1609. 'The Frog and the Mouse' was produced in 1580. 'Three Children Sliding on the Ice' dates from 1639. 'London Bridge is Broken Down' is of unfashioned antiquity. 'Boys and Girls Come Out to Play' is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; so is 'Lucy Locket lost her Pocket,' to the tune of which 'Yankee Doodle' was written. 'Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been' is of the age of Queen Elizabeth.

'The old woman tossed in a blanket' was written in the reign of James II., and is supposed to allude to him. Some of these skippy verses were incorporated with 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' and suggested some of them. Mother Goose was a real, and not a fictitious, person. Her maiden name was Goose; she came of an excellent family, and was born in Boston. Her daughter Elizabeth married Thomas Fleet, a printer. They were blessed with a son, to whom grandmother Goose became very much attached. It was for him that she composed and sang the ditties. Mr Fleet, her son-in-law, was a shrewd fellow. He saw that money could be made out of the nursery rhymes, and so he issued them in a book under the title of 'Mother Goose's Melodies,' and they became widely known and instantly popular.

'Little Jack Horner' is said to be founded on fact, and it is a very old jingle. There are several versions of the story, but the accepted one is that the Abbot of Glastonbury had offended Henry VII by building his kitchen so substantially that the destroyers of the monasteries were unable to throw it down. In a rage the king sent for the abbot, who, hoping to appease the monarch, sent to him his steward, John Horner, with a wonderful pie, the interior of which was composed of the title deeds to twelve manors. But as John Horner sat in the corner of the wagon that carried him to the king, he was induced by curiosity to lift up the crust and to abstract therefrom a title deed, which, on his safe and successful return home he showed to the abbot, and told him that the king had given him the deed for a reward. The deed was that of the Manor of Wells.

OUR NEW COOK.

I HAD a pain in my forehead,  
I had an ache in my thumb,  
And, 'Oh!' said I,  
'I believe I shall cry  
To think of the bread and pudding and pie  
I must make if a cook doesn't come.'

Hark! a rat, tat, tat! On the threshold  
A dear little maiden stood  
In her grandmother's veil,  
And offered for sale  
Some fresh mud pies in a shabby tin pail  
Which she said were exceedingly good.

I bought them and paid her in kisses,  
And declared such a cook I'd employ;  
Then she offered to bake  
A delicious mud cake;  
And my forehead and thumb forgot to ache,  
As I thought of the feast we'd enjoy.

ANNA M. PRATT.

A HUNTER'S RUSE.

MONTAIGNE says that a man's wit is a man's danger unless he knows how to use it. But a witty Florida hunter, of whom an exchange chronicles an anecdote, showed himself master of his situation. He proved his property and covered his risks. Many years ago, near a place called Enterprise, on a point jutting into Lake Monroe, during all bright days a big alligator used to lie basking in the sun.

He was well known to the whole neighbourhood. The entire coterie of sportsmen at the only hotel used to call him 'Big Ben,' and proud hunters would talk and even dream of the time when a well-aimed rifle-shot would end his long career. But Big Ben was as cunning as a serpent, and whenever any one, afoot or afloat, came unpleasantly near, he would slide off into the water—which meant good-bye for the rest of the day.

One fine morning a sportsman paddling up the lake, luckily with his rifle in his canoe, came upon Big Ben so sound asleep that he stole up within range and put a bullet through the alligator's brain. What to do next was a problem. He could not tow the monster all the way to Enterprise with his tiny canoe.

A bright idea struck him. He put his visiting-card into the beast's mouth and paddled swiftly back. Several hunters were at the wharf, and the slayer of Big Ben hastened to inform them that while out paddling he had come within easy range of the 'gator, which was no doubt still lying motionless on the point. A flotilla of boats and canoes, manned by an army with rifles, instantly started for the point. To avoid confusion it was agreed that all should go down together, and that the entire party, if they were lucky enough to find Big Ben still there, should fire a volley at the word of command.

As they approached the point, the hearts of all beat quickly; and when, with straining eyes, they saw Big Ben apparently asleep and motionless upon the bank, even the coolest could hardly control his feelings. Bang! bang! went a score of rifles, and Ben, riddled with bullets, lay motionless upon the point. With a cheer of triumph the excited sportsmen leaped ashore, and fastening a rope round the dead alligator towed him to Enterprise.

There the original slayer awaited them on the wharf. When the creature was laid upon the shore he opened its mighty jaws and disclosed his visiting card, at the same time thanking them most politely for their kindness in bringing his alligator home.

HEROISM IN PLAIN DRESS.

AT one moment in the battle of Waterloo Wellington sent alone, his aides-de-camp having all been sent with messages to different parts of the field. He was sorely in need of a messenger, and looked round anxiously when a gentleman in plain clothes rode up to him, saying, 'Can I be of any use, sir?'

Wellington, looking him over, said, 'Yes. Take this note to the commanding officer over there, pointing to a part of the field where the battle was hot and fierce. The gentleman at once galloped off, rode through the thick of the fight, and delivered the note.

After the battle the Duke made long and anxious inquiry, but he never found out to whom he was indebted for that special service.

'I consider it,' said he, in telling the anecdote to Lord Shaftesbury, 'one of the most gallant deeds that ever came under my notice, for the gentleman who did it could have had no prospect of reward or honour.'

The deed recalls Shakespeare's eulogy on

The constant service of the anxious world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed