

ENTWICKLING OF CHANGES IN BRITISH MILITARY

some changes introduced in the British service. In every instance the old smooth-bore muzzle was superseded by the rifle, the weight of which, as fixed by the Hythe Ministry School on the 1st of January, 1860, with beyond fixed, was 10 lbs. 3 oz.; and the weight of sixty rounds of ball-cartridge, with accoutrements, are pronounced

new weapon were drilled as riflemen, the grenadier and light companies of regiments were assimilated with those of the battalion. The old swallow-tailed coat—the last relic of the era of the Revolution, and Anne's were—were given to the lunatic; and all epaulettes and wings were, in some instances, most unwisely abolished;

as Guards and Light Infantry, being organized as a number of units and companies. In 1836, all regiments serving in India and the tropics were ordered to adopt light summer frocks in lieu of shawl-jackets, with f-rings and shoulder-straps bearing the regimental number.—*British Battles on Land and Sea.*

Chenepaque and Joe Shannon, in which our grandfathers took a greater interest than we did in that of the Keenrags and the Alabamas, is reported to have just died in an Irish workhouse. This man, indeed, was more than a mere victim, for he bore a part in the celebrated engagement. He was a soldier named McGeehan, and was slightly over twenty old at the

remains he had been taken prisoner, along with some other young seamen, by an American privateer, and was kept in irons for several days, until, in one of the many chances of that most fluctuating war, he and his comrades in misfortune were rescued by an English ship. We do not know by what combination

received 700 from those that lay, 10; but was

could precisely tell why. The poor seaman of the American war may, perhaps, have suffered from the lack of the popular and dramatic interest which liked to make heroes out of the veterans of other fights. The old sailor was not as old, however, as the lady who only wanted four months of her century.

daughter of the auldman, as it were, in the olden days (Scottish title), could remember having known in her childhood many persons who followed the Young Chevalier in 1745. Her early talk was of Culloden, and Preston Pans, and Bonny Prince Charlie. This makes the Chesapeake and the Shannon seem, in comparison, like events of yesterday, or like prose com-

"PUNCH'S FANCY BALL."—Over the mantel shelf in the dining room at the office in Whitefriars used to hang Leech's original picture of "Punch's Fancy Ball"—a cartoon of especial interest and humour. The following instrumentalists compose the orchestra: Mark Lemon, conductor, raising his arms with *Ladies! Ladies!*; Mr. J. B. Crompton, violin; Mr. G. H. D.

removal Legion, earnestly engaged upon the double bass; Doyle and Leech, side by side, playing clarinets; Tom Taylor, presiding at the piano; Thackeray, his big face screwed up with the exertion of producing high notes, plays the flute; and Morris Mayhew is blowing the cornet. Douglas Jerrold, his hair thrown back and his eyes glaring with the inten-

describe the dangers they are the leading political personages of the time, Punch, of course, being the lion of the party. In July, 1854, another picture of the staff appeared, in which Mark Lemon and Gilbert A'Beckett are playing at battledore and shuttlecock, Horace Mayhew is "setting a back" for Tom Taylor, who is going over with a will. Leigh

Leach, for the 2,000, of motion already Monday.

Leach, who was very fond of hunting, is riding a hobbyhorse,

Brooks is preparing to follow Tom Taylor in the game of leap-frog over "Ponny Mayhew." By the way, let me tell you that "Alice in Wonderland" was one of Shirley Brooks's favourite books, and that the picture of the knight who was always falling off his horse is an exaggerated portrait of his friend Mayhew. When Tenniel drew the picture, he sent a proof to Mayhew.

—*London Society.*

A little boy, who was nearly starved by a stingy uncle with whom he lived, meeting a lank greyhound one day in the street, was asked by his uncle what made the dog so thin. After reflecting, the little fellow

RAVAGES OF THE GRASSHOPPERS.—Early last spring, an old woman, near Milwaukee, dug up a panful of dirt in which to plant flower seed. She put the pan under the stove, not once thinking of grasshopper eggs, and went out to see a neighbour. Upon her return, after an hour's absence, she found thousands of well-developed grasshoppers feeding on the plants.

They first attacked the green shades of the windows, and then a green dustpan. A green Irish servant girl, asleep in one of the rooms, was the next victim, and not a vestige of her was left. The stove and the stove-pipe were next eaten, and then the house was torn down so that they could get at the chimney. Boards, joists

ware, everything, in fact, the house contained was eaten up, and the last the good woman saw of the place, two of the largest hoppers were sitting up on end playing "poker" for which should have the cellar.—*American paper.*

A young mechanic recently got married to the girl

keeping. After the honeymoon was over, the young wife discovered that her hubby's temper was none of the sweetest, and that attempts at mollifying him by sweet smiles and kisses were generally flat failures while his "dander" was up; so, like a sensible young woman, she resolved on another plan of action, and soon had an opportunity to try it. Hubby was rather

"It's rather tough," said hubby, one day; and it's not cooked half enough!" The young woman smiled; but made no defence. Then hubby got fearfully mad; he lifted his plate and dashed it to the floor, with the remark, "Hang that steak!" His wife raised up her plate, too, and dashed it on the hearth, with the re-

his wife, then at the door, and said, "Why, Miza, you should not mind me. If I am a little hasty, I soon get over it." And so he did.

YANKEE DUCK SHOOTING.—"Speaking of shooting ducks," said Dr. F——, "puts me in mind of the great storm that occurred when I lived on the island. As

“Well,” says Smith, “did ye shute any of ‘em?”

“That’s what I was coming at. I went into the house and got my double-barrelled gun, and discharged both

they arose in the air, leaving not a solitary duck in the pond." "Good gracious! ye don't say so," says Smith. "Didn't ye hev any shot in yer gun, or what was the trouble?" "Well, I was coming to that," said Dr. F.—. "It astonished me at first; but as soon as the ducks rose a few hundred yards in the air, and began to

you believe it or not, I picked up twenty-nine barrels of ducks, and it was a poor season for ducks too. You see, the ducks were wedged in so solid in the pond that when they rose they carried the dead ones into the air with them, and when they separated down came the twenty-nine barrels of dead ones."

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