

the same material as the dress, edged above with guipure and two rows of insertion, and below with insertion and lace, similarly to the second flounce. The jacket is trimmed in the same manner as the dress. The sleeves are full at the elbow and tight at the wrist, with a small wristband of lace.

2. The dress is muslin and has three flounces of gaufered muslin, the third being the deepest. Above each flounce are rows of folded muslin, three above the first and second, and four above the third. The jacket is trimmed to correspond with the skirt. It is cut square below and is worn with a capuchon, with a black velvet rosette and streamers.

CHILD'S DRESS.

The dress, of white cambric, is trimmed with a broad border of diamond pattern. A similar pattern goes round the neck and shoulders. The sash should be of a bright colour—pink or blue.

SACQUES AND PANIERS.

Over a silk dress grenadine is the proper material for the panier. Long sacques, forming both waist and panier, are very much worn. They may be trimmed with lace or fringe, the trimming passing around the lower edge of the sacque, the neck opening and the sleeves. The sleeves are worn full and loose at the wrist, sometimes cut square as in No. 2.

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THE PEACE-KILLER; OR, THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

BY S. I. WATSON.

[Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.]

CHAPTER II.

THE MESS-ROOM.

On the evening of the day of the Council of War, mentioned in our last chapter, a party of officers were assembled at supper in one of the casemates of the Fort of Cataraqui. The place of honour was assigned to M. de Callières, and none could fill it better. He was a perfect type of the French gentleman and officer; kindly and courteous to his juniors; affable with his equals, and regarded by his soldiers as a father. At his right sat the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, who first won a soldier's reputation at the siege of Valenciennes; and some of whose descendants governed with credit the colony for which their ancestor had come to do battle. There sat also round the table Lavaltrie, Berthier, Grandville and Longueuil, each the chief of a battalion of Provincial troops—officers whose names are immortalized in the nomenclature of localities with which we are all familiar. Lieut. de Belmont, too, had his place at the table, and opposite him sat a Lieut. Vruze, who acted as a sort of military secretary to the Marquis de Denonville. Next to Vruze sat one of the best known men about the fort; he was quarter-master. His name, as entered on the military pay-sheet, was Jacques Tambour; but those of the officers with whom he was on familiar terms were fully aware that this was not his real patronymic; and that as far as regarded birth and education he was their equal. He was a general favourite, and was known to have but two open enemies in the fort—and these were the Lieut. Vruze, of whom we have already spoken, and the Serpent, the chief of the Abenakis. According to the common report, one reason why Tambour was hated by the lieutenant was that, under the régime of the predecessor of the Marquis de Denonville, he had refused to become associated with Vruze in a dishonest transaction in peltries. The reason for the hatred of the Serpent will appear in the course of the narrative.

Lieut. de Belmont, who was the youngest officer in the company at table, felt less at his ease than on any previous occasion in the mess-room. He knew that his action, which had saved the life of the Huron captive, had been the theme of conversation among his brother officers; and that the words of commendation spoken by the Marquis had been repeated from mouth to mouth. Still, with that predominant sense of modesty which is nearly always the characteristic and accompaniment of merit, he shrunk from taking his usual part in the conversation, lest the events of the previous period of the day should be made the topic of the table.

The quick eye of M. de Callières detected that the young man was more than usually reserved. The veteran at once divined the cause, and in order to restore de Belmont to himself and the company, commenced an attack on the rampart behind which this false shame of the young officer had entrenched itself.

"Lieutenant de Belmont," said the veteran, "you performed to-day a well-timed and praiseworthy act. But you had better be careful how you signalize yourself in future; for your friends would much rather you should

win no praise than you should become stricken with dumbness."

A general laugh followed this attack; but it was the laugh of cordiality and good-nature, not of spleen or ridicule.

"M. de Callières," responded Lieut. de Belmont, "if I seem to be somewhat silent to-night, it is because I feel that there was nothing in my action to-day that deserved any special commendation. I happened, by accident, to follow the crowd of Abenakis who were conveying the prisoner into the Council-room. I overheard the Serpent informing some of his companions, in the Abenakis tongue, that, in order to show his independence of the French, he was determined to kill the prisoner in presence of the Governor himself. And fearing that the course the Marquis was sure, in that event, to pursue, would have the effect of detaching the Abenakis from us on the eve of our expedition, I resolved to keep watch over every movement of the Serpent. But I am quite certain that any other officer in the fort, had he been in my position, would have done precisely the same thing; and would have regarded it as I do, that is to say, in the light of a very insignificant and ordinary affair."

"Well spoken," remarked the Chevalier de Vaudreuil. "It is just such attention to the circumstances by which he is surrounded, such presence of mind and such promptitude in action, that makes the successful soldier."

"M. de Callières and M. de Vaudreuil speak, of course, with authority," observed Lieut. Vruze. "But Lieut. de Belmont and three or four other officers, now present, have the advantage of us who were born in Europe, and accustomed to fight against civilized men. These gentlemen have always been associated with the savages, and know their habits better than a European soldier could ever hope to know them. It would be a great service to the War Administration in France if Lieut. de Belmont or some of his colonial confrères would publish a book on Indian tactics."

These words were uttered in a deliberate and sneering tone, to which the scowling expression on the speaker's face lent an additional bitterness of emphasis.

Lieut. de Belmont, and Captains Lavaltrie and Berthier at once sprang to their feet. But a word from M. de Callières caused them at once to resume their seats.

"Lieut. Vruze," said the veteran, speaking in a slow and measured voice, "may find it convenient to sneer at Canadian-born soldiers and at Indian tactics. But had a Canadian-born soldier been where an acquaintance of mine happened at one time to find himself—that is to say, in the trenches before Namur—he would not have turned his back upon a sortie of the enemy, as this acquaintance of mine did; nor would his tactics have led him to the rear of the baggage-waggons before he halted."

Lieut. Vruze turned pale but made no reply. He was well aware that de Callières knew his history; and that silence was the best safeguard.

"I am sorry," continued the veteran, "that anything unpleasant should occur where I preside. But I would advise Lieut. Vruze to be less satirical in future."

"M. de Callières," said Lieut. Vruze, who had by this time recovered his self-command, "will permit me to say that it is only amongst those who have seen little of the world outside of camp, that humour is mistaken for satire. I, for one, do not grudge Lieut. de Belmont all the honour he can make out of the incident of to-day. And he will allow me to add the hope that it will give him additional recommendation in the eyes of Mdlle. Julie de Châtelet."

Here de Belmont interposed. "I will not permit Lieut. Vruze," exclaimed the young man in a voice of anger, "to drag the name of Julie de Châtelet into any conversation in which he takes part, and of which I may be a listener. The Lieutenant has always enjoyed a reputation for prudence. Let him take care lest wine and the memory of disappointment together, may not prove too strong for that useful and enviable faculty."

Lieut. Vruze paused for a few moments, and replied in the coolest and most provoking tone he could assume. "Why should Lieut. de Belmont concern himself about Mdlle. Julie de Châtelet? He knows no more about her than I do. In fact, who is there in this Fort, that knows anything whatever about her parentage, or whether she has the right to prefix to her surname the two letters which designate nobility. We are all aware that she is the ward of M. de Callières, but that gentleman is not bound to furnish us with a table of her genealogical descent. He might, however—"

"Stop, sir, stop, on the instant," roared out M. de Callières from the head of the board, unable any longer, in spite of his habitual self-command, to listen unmoved to the cowardly innuendoes of Vruze.

The veteran's face was almost livid with passion. His blood was fairly up; and Vruze, unable to endure the fiery earnestness of his gaze, fixed his eyes on some imaginary object on the wall opposite where he sat. Young de Belmont was chafing with rage, and kept glaring on Vruze as a wild animal glares on its prey, before it makes the spring.

De Callières spoke. "I have no intention," he said, "to gratify the ignorant curiosity which Lieut. Vruze has so maliciously expressed. But there are others here who may expect an explanation of the position in which I stand to Mdlle. Julie de Châtelet; and it is to them, and not to Lieut. Vruze that I must be understood to address myself. The lady is of noble birth, by both her parents. Her paternal grandfather, who was a nobleman, and descended from the best stock in Brittany, offended Cardinal Richelieu, had his estates confiscated, was imprisoned in the Bastille, and died there of a broken heart. He had but one son. This son, after his father's death, managed to scrape together from the wreck of his fortune, a pittance on which he thought he might venture to marry. His wife died a few months after giving birth to a daughter. M. de Châtelet, now a widower, in order to escape from the sorrow that bowed him down, rushed into military life. He and I were brother officers in the same regiment. He made me his confidant in everything; and it was a request of his, often repeated, that in case he should die before me, I should act as the guardian of his child. The day we assaulted and carried Valenciennes, he and the chevalier de Vaudreuil, who now listens to me, mounted the breach almost together. But less fortunate than the chevalier, M. de Châtelet paid for glory with his life. As we were lifting him from under a heap of slain, he spoke but once—the words were addressed to me, and they were: 'Be a father to my Julie.' I have endeavoured to fulfil the dying request of my old friend and comrade in arms. I brought the girl with me when I embarked with my regiment from France for Canada. She has been to me more than a daughter; and, as I have no relatives, all the tenderness which is left in an old soldier is centred in the child of the friend of other days. And now, gentlemen, you have, in brief, the history of Julie de Châtelet."

"And if," said the Chevalier de Vaudreuil, regarding Vruze with a look of scorn, "there should remain any man in Canada, or for that part, even in France, who dare to doubt the word of de Callières, I can add my testimony to the accuracy of what he has stated. And I could say what his modesty left unsaid, that had it not been for his self-sacrificing devotion to the dying request of his friend, the same M. de Callières, to-day might be—"

"Stop, stop," M. le Chevalier, interposed the veteran. "Let us change the subject."

At this moment there came a knocking at the door; an orderly entered, and announced that the Marquis desired to see M. de Callières and Lieut. Vruze. The veteran installed the Chevalier in the seat of honour, and preceded by Lieut. Vruze, left the mess-room.

"Gentlemen," said Monsieur Jacques Tambour, who planted himself in the seat of Vruze after the door had closed upon that personage, "The events of this evening have converted me to a belief in the transmigration of souls."

"It is not hard to convert you to anything, Monsieur Jacques," replied the Chevalier de Vaudreuil. "But how have you come to adopt this new creed?"

"Very easily and rationally too," answered Monsieur Jacques, helping himself to a glass of wine. "We are informed by the best historians—that is to say, by men who never saw the countries they describe, and who generally manage to live a thousand years or so after the events happened which they undertake to narrate,—that the Egyptians, in order to prevent themselves from getting merry at their feasts, were accustomed to place a skeleton in their chambers of entertainment. Now, I am convinced, by a process of reasoning which it would take me too long to explain, that the soul—or, more correctly speaking, in his case—the animating principle of Lieut. Vruze, was ensconced, before death, in the ugliest skeleton that ever grinned at an Egyptian banquet."

A loud burst of laughter followed this sally; and the more so, because the person against whom it was directed, besides being one of the most unprepossessing, was also one of the vainest men in the Fort.

"I should like very much to know," observed Captain Lavaltrie, who wished to change the current of the conversation, "what is the intention of the Marquis de Denonville, regarding the deputation of Iroquois Chiefs who came to the Fort a few days ago, for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a peace."

"The conduct of the Governor," said Capt. Berthier, "is scarcely a fit subject for our criticism; but it seems to me that it is a strange course to detain the men in the Fort, for nearly a week, without letting them know whether they are to have peace or war."

"Perhaps," remarked Capt. Grandville, "the terms brought by the Iroquois Chiefs were such as required a good deal of time for deliberation on the part of M. le Marquis."

"I do not understand it in that light," remarked Captain Longueuil. "The Governor has had time to make up his mind to open a campaign against the Iroquois. Everything is arranged, and as far as preparation is concerned, we could start to-morrow morning. This being the case, I cannot see why these Iroquois chieftains should not by this time have an answer, in one shape or other, to the

propositions they have made. Has any one here seen these Indians lately?"

"I," said Lieut. de Belmont, "accompanied Monsieur Tambour to their place of detention this afternoon, with our Quarter-Master."

"And in what light do they regard the delay to which they have been subjected?" asked Capt. Longueuil.

"They say they have been deceived," replied de Belmont.

"And I heard one of them say," put in Monsieur Tambour, "that he believed the deputation was destined to be murdered."

At this stage of the conversation, M. de Callières entered the room. The veteran's brow wore a look of anger, and he had the air of one who had lately been labouring under great excitement.

"Gentlemen," he said, abruptly, "you all know the Iroquois chiefs who came here a few days ago, to negotiate a peace?"

"M. de Callières," replied Capt. Longueuil, "we were just discussing them when you entered."

"Well, they are to be put in irons, and, before sunrise, sent to Quebec; and thence to France," said the veteran.

The officers stared at each other in amazement, but said nothing.

"I opposed this determination of the Governor's, even to the verge of personal quarrel," said M. Callières. "I represented that such treatment of their chiefs would render the Iroquois a thousand times more implacable towards us than they have been hitherto. I told the Marquis that such an act would meet with the stern disapproval of the King of France, and the unanimous abhorrence of the colonists. He replied that he had the sanction of the King for what he contemplated. I went so far as to challenge the Marquis to produce his authority. He took from his private cabinet a missive, signed with the King's seal. I read it, and could say no more. And now, gentlemen, I want to know which of you will volunteer to escort these Iroquois chiefs by water to Quebec. They must leave the Fort before sunrise."

The officers made no reply.

"Come, gentlemen," said the veteran impatiently, "I must have an answer."

Capt. Lavaltrie replied, "I think, M. de Callières, that you will find no officer here who will undertake that duty."

"I expected as much," observed the veteran, who, at heart, was well pleased with the refusal. "But I must try and find a volunteer elsewhere. In the meantime, however, I would advise each of you to retire to his quarters. Take as much sleep now as you can afford to take; for the time is coming when, although you may have the desire, you will not find the opportunity."

The advice was obeyed; and, in a few moments more, the officers retired, and the lights in the mess-room were extinguished.

To be continued.

An elderly farmer living in Devonshire died recently. When he became conscious that death was approaching he gave the most particular directions as to the disposal of his property and the arrangements for the funeral, and almost with his last breath enjoined, at upon his wife and daughter to have the funeral procession leave the house at an early hour in order that they might get home in time to milk the cows before dark.

Napoleon, while visiting a carriage manufactory in Paris, the other day, was approached by a workman, a native of Corsica, who remarked, with familiarity enough, that they were cousins, since a Bonaparte married one of his ancestresses in the last century. "My cousin," said the Emperor, "I am *incognito*, be you equally so."

A gentleman asked a clergyman the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relation of his. "I really do not know," said the clergyman "how to refuse you; but if the young man can preach better than I can, my congregation would be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he should preach worse, I don't think he's fit to preach at all."

A lawyer built himself an office in the form of a hexagon or six square. The novelty of the structure attracted the attention of some Irishmen who were passing by. They made a full stop and viewed the building very critically. The lawyer, somewhat disgusted at their curiosity, raised the window, put his head out, and addressed them—

"What do you stand there for, like a pack of blockheads, gazing at my office? Do you take it for a church."

"Faix," answered one of them, "I was thinking so, till I saw the devil poke his head out of the windy."

It may be worth noticing, that the first thing the Church of England Ritual Commissioners' Third Report does, in the "Revised Table of Lessons proper for Sundays," is to stop short, Isaiah xxviii. verse 19. The verse left unread is a very significant one containing the words—"Morning by morning shall it pass over, by day and by night, and it shall be a vexation only to understand the Report."