

Strange responded to his ghostly visitant in the following original composition:

"Tis Hugh McQuarters, and his comrades brave,
Tonight have risen from their glorious graves—
They owe our standard still unfurled,
Yet flaunt its lofty defiance to the world!

God grant in dangers we prove as true,
In duty's path, as nobly brave as you.
This night we pass in revel, dance, and song,
The weary hours you watched so well and long.
Mid storm and tempest met the battle shock,
Beneath the shadow of the battle rock:
When foemen found their winding sheet of snow,
Where broad St. Lawrence wintry waters flow.

Yet once again these echoes shall awake,
In thunders, for our ancient comrades' sake:
The midnight clouds by battle bolts be riven,
Response like Frontenac's may yet be given.
If woman's foot our sacred soil shall tread,
We seek not history's bloody page to read,
For us no beautiful words aggressive burn,
Forgotten, few, but undimmed we stand.
The guardians of this young Canadian land,
Oh, blessed peace! thy gentle pinions spread,
Until all our battle flags be furled
In the poet's celebration of the world.

For us will dawn the new centennial day—
Our very memories will have passed away,
Our beating hearts be still, our bodies dust;
Our joys and sorrows o'er, our swords but rust.
Your gallant deeds will live in history's page,
In legends, stories, told to youth by age;
But sacred writ still warns us not to stray,
How soldier's science and his colour's vain
Unless the Lord of Hosts the City keep.
The mighty trouble and the watchmen sleep,
Return grim soldiers to your silent home,
Where we, when duty's done will also come."

It will not be easy for those fortunate enough to have witnessed the impressive and natural way in which this *enrêlé* was arranged to ever forget it. Taken either as a *tableau vivant* of a possible historic event, or as an example of truthful spirited eloquence, on both sides it was a perfect success. This striking portion of the entertainment concluded, the guests after visiting the supper rooms, resumed their promenading and dancing, and the most charming episode in our social life, which has occurred for very many years, came to a very happy termination at 11 a. m., every one on departing giving Colonel Strong, who was the progenitor of this remarkable *tableau*, their most sincere and hearty thanks for his urbanity and welcome. Last any of those gentlemen who contributed to the perfection of the arrangements which so materially conduced to the pleasure and comfort of the guests should think they are forgotten, we may state that Captain Lampson provided the flint muskets and last century accoutrements for the trophy. The brass gun which was so conspicuous in the same arrangement was lent by Mr. Tapp, whose ancestors had transmitted it to him as a heir-loom. The sword of Montgomery, as we have before told our readers, is the property of Mr. Thompson Harrower of the Treasury Department. Mr. Gregory of the Marine Department gave valuable assistance in the illuminations, aided by Sergeant Donaldson. Captain LaRue, assisted by Sergeant Major Lynden and men of the B Battery, put up all the decorations and superintended the wanderings of the Phantom Guard. Hardly had the midnight salute died away from the Citadel heights when a second brilliant pyrotechnic light was observable, which upon enquiry proved to be from the house-top of Captain C. E. Howell. Many splendid rockets and other descriptions of fireworks were discharged, and the heavens which had got clearer were illuminated with the ruby and emerald showers from these peaceful projectiles. It has been very recently mooted and general approbation, and certainly coincided in by us, that if it could be arranged that the costly and magnificent dresses which saw the light on Friday last could be utilized by their fair and gallant wearers at another ball to be held in the Music Hall and to which their friends could be admitted by ticket to the gallery to view the exquisite taste and gracefulness of 1775 dress and costume, a great deal of good might be done. What ladies and gentlemen require at a costume ball is dancing, space and fair opportunity of displaying that which has cost so much thought, manual labor and expense. Would it not be possible for some of our energetic bachelors to get something of the sort at a reasonable rate, be economical in their refreshments and give the proceeds to the poor? No one would be the worse off and many would be benefitted. On New Year's Day the whole of B Battery turned out in light marching order, with a field battery of four guns garlanded with peaceful looking wreaths of flowers and foliage. They proceeded to Diamond Harbor where Montgomery fell and fired a gun in *memoria mori*. A further salute would have been given, but the reverberation shifted some snow and shale, and it was deemed advisable not to fire again. On returning to Durham Terrace a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. In connection with the movements of the battery it may be said that the non-commissioned officers gave a sumptuous supper at half-past twelve on Friday night to their citizen friends and a very happy time was passed. Never was New Year more happily inaugurated than this of 1876, and we tender our congratulations to the gallant commandant of our garrison, Colonel Bland Strange and his amiable spouse, on the perfect success of the Montgomery commemoration. The house in Lewis street wherein the warrior was laid out previous to burial was very prettily decorated by day and illuminated by night.

MR. BAILEY'S COURTSHIP.

The case of Bailey vs. Bailey came up in the Superior Court at Norwich, Ct., and was finally settled. Mr. Bailey's evidence as to his courtship was as follows:—

She came to my house visiting. She stayed all night. My daughter left us in the room together. She says to me, "Is your daughter about to be married?" "Perhaps so," says I. "What'll you do for a housekeeper?" says she; "you'll want one, won't you?" "Where can I get one?" says I. "I'll be your housekeeper," says she, "if you'll have me." "Have you?" says I; "marry you?" "Yes," says she. "When?" says I. "Right off," says she; "now or never." "Hadin't we better wait four or five weeks?" says I. "No," says she; "I always meant to be married before folks knew it, and if you'll marry me before I go home, all right." "I looked at her," said Mr. Bailey. "She was a rugged-looking girl; looked strong and handy like. She stayed that night, and asked in the morning if I had made up my mind. I finally told her we would go to the minister's and get married, and accordingly we went to the parson and got married. But my mind was full of forebodings all the way."

After this account of his courtship Mr. Bailey proceeded to give his matrimonial experiences. The following was the moral which was drawn from these cases:—

The moral of this case is plainly to be seen. That William should have thought when he courted Josephine:
When a widower of fifty wants a girl both young and gay,
He must take care that his courtship lasts longer than a day.

By an arrangement between the parties Mr. Bailey withdrew his petition and made no defence to the wife taking the decree of divorce.

THE BLUE ROOM:

THE LAIRD'S STORY.

BY D. LANG.

There had been a quiet wine party in my room, and most of the men had gone. A few remained, smoking by the fire-light, rather silently and thoughtfully, for it was late in their University time, examinations were casting their shadows before, and they had, as men always do on Sunday evening, discussed the main questions of metaphysics and religion. The subjects of ghosts came up, of course; it always does on Sunday evening. I think they strayed into it out of the immortality of the Soul. We all knew some one who had seen a ghost, and some of us had even heard one ourselves in old houses in the country. One remembered an inexplicable knocking that always occurred at four o'clock in the morning, and how he had become used to it, and had awakened once, saying sleepily, "Come in," and then reflected that it was "only that fool of a ghost." Another had heard how a frightful head appeared reflected in the bright silver cover of a dish, thereby adding a new horror to the duty of carving. On the whole the best authenticated tales seemed to be those which represented some scene of terror constantly recurring in the rooms it had once defiled. "Who knows?" some metaphysician guessed. "Time and space are only relative after all. A man looking down from Jupiter would see Pharaoh building the pyramids, for light must take some thousand years to get from Jupiter to us. Then there may be states of nerves, and ganglions, and so on, in which our ordinary limitations of space and time are weakened, or widened; and we become impressed by the most impressive facts that have occurred in the room where we find ourselves. That would account for the sound of shrieks and of tearing up of paper in the closet where the horrible woman in the story tortured the child to death for making blots in her exercises. You know that blotted copy-books were found in a locked cupboard in that house many years after. Or, to take an instance in my own experience. The wife of a man in the Indian Civil Service was travelling with her husband in the hills. One night she had dreams and visions beyond ordinary nightmares. She did not learn till long afterwards that among their servants was a Hindu who had to point out the place where certain murdered Europeans had been buried. In the morning he found that the party had camped in the dusk over the very spot of the murder. Then why is the house in Sloane street haunted? Cagliostro lodged there, and another living medium, and the atmosphere somehow has become favourable to the laxness of nervous force, in which we see the past or perhaps the future." "I wish you would explain your explanation," some sceptic replied. "You talk about nerves like a vague Herbert Spencer, and you borrow your facts from Mr. Dale Owen. I've known two people who behaved sensibly in spectral matters. One was the Marquis of Gairry Owen. When he heard that the ghostly drummer, who always plays before the death of the head of the Gairry Owens, had been going about the house, what did he do? He insured his life heavily. That was twenty years ago; it was a capital thing for the insurance company. The other was young Adams of the Cleugh. His family had an old Venice glass, and the luck was to leave the house when it was broken. They kept it in an iron safe—somebody's patent. Adams was showing it to the present Mrs. Adams one day, there was one one else in the room, and she had the luck to break it. What did he do? He said nothing, collected the pieces, and got Salvati to make an imitation. The old people keep this specimen of Murano ware in the safe religiously, and no harm happened to any body."

I was sorry he said this, for if you begin to talk about glass, you get into ceramics at

large, Nankin, Worcester, Chelsea, and you work round to Mr. Whistler's paintings, the Japanese school of art, and so on. So it was a relief when Jardine woke up in the easiest arm-chair, and seemed interested. He was a large Borderer, who had been a fast and was now a very quiet man. His character had completely changed after the Easter vacation. All the Lent Term had been a particularly hard and disagreeable one for men like him. The floods had covered the face of the earth, till people thought of recording the depth of the water, and of their boredom, no less durable material than bricks, to be deciphered by some George Smith of the future.

Hunting was impossible; the eight could only have been properly coached out of a balloon. The result was whist after luncheon, and whist led to loo, and loo, I am sorry to say, yielded to the fascinating sport of buccarat. The result was that a good deal of paper, and a general feeling of discomfort, was prevalent in college, and when the vacation came, Jardine went down, as it was supposed, a very heavy loser. In summer, he came up late, with a hamper of books, and a streak of grey in his brown hair. He gave up play, and took to reading, and seemed, like Grethir, in the old Saga, after the battle with the Vampire, to be unhappy when he was alone. This is a feeling so very common among undergraduates that no one noticed it particularly, and these that did observe a change in Jardine were the last to be likely to ask for an explanation. Now, I felt that one was coming, that the Laird, as he was called, had that influence on him, that makes a man speak and relieve his soul.

"It's all very well to chat," he said, "but there are more things on earth than can be accounted for in your philosophy, you unbeliever. As for Jones, with his ganglions, and time, and space, he could account for anything; much good may it do him in the schools. . . . I speak of what I have seen. You remember when I went down last Easter? I was twenty-one, and not in a very happy state of mind for the festivities at my majority. But I explained the whole affair of my losses to the chief; it was soon over, and the rejoicings and the roasted ox, and the beacons, and a happy tenantry, and the rest of it went on, as the Mori D'Arthur says, 'in the most orgulous manner it could be done.' When all the toasts had been drunk and the reels worked through, the chief came to me with a serious face. He said, I must do what the heir always has to do in our house on the night of his majority—sleep in the Red Lord's room. Now, we are a superstitious clan in Galadale, and I had heard, of course, something vaguely about the Red Earl, but nothing to remember clearly. Every child about the place knew of the ghost of the Spanish girl in the tapestried passage, and how the last of the family wizards was burned with his wife on the Warlock's Loan, and how he foretold the passing of the peerage from the family. That happened in the Forty-Five; but about the Red Earl there was only a 'sough,' as we say."

"Now, the castle is an old Scotch chateau, with nothing remarkable about it but its grey weather-beaten look, and this, that there is a window facing the north, with no corresponding room. When we were children, and played at hide-and-seek, we found that out, and looked for the door often enough, for there we would have been safely hidden. It was to that door the Chief took me that night. Heaven forbid I should enter it again till the hour I take my first-born there."

"I was left in a room with deep walls, hung with a faded blue tapestry, wrought with figures in a darker dull blue. The bed was as old and rickety looking as Queen Mary's in Holyrood, but the sheets, of course, were white and glistening, and there was a bright fire of wood burning. The furniture was older and simpler than that of the rest of the house. In the midst of the room was a small round table, whereon stood a wine-glass, covered with cobwebs; a plate, on which lay what must once have been food, and a dice-box with a cast of dice—the cast was deuces. The whole looked as if it had been untouched for generations, and the dust lay thick on two great chairs, one drawn up to the table, the other fallen on its side.

"I stirred the fire and made it blaze, and pondered over the enigma, till I nearly fell asleep. It was about three in the morning; in two hours it would be dawn. The whiskey, the claret, the speeches had their way, I yielded to sleep, and went to bed.

"I do not know how long I may have lain, when I awakened with the sound of a horrible oath ringing in my ear.

"A chair fell, there was a scuffle of dragging feet, the door was shut heavily, I heard the sound of a weighty body falling outside. After one moment of paralyzing fear, in which all my life seemed to retreat to the centre of its being, I sprang with a blind, involuntary impulse to the fire. One or two wild blows made the flames leap up. Was I alone in the room? No; in the chair drawn to the table one was sitting with his head fallen on his hands, and his face mercifully hidden. There was dust on the hat and trailing feather, white dust on the long brown curls, rust on all the steel of sword and breast-plate. I needed not to raise the face, I knew it was that of one centuries dead.

"There was silence, and I heard no voice. The hours went by, till the dawn. The light broke grey through the narrow panes, the figures stirred on the tapestry. I opened the casement, and the morning air came in, the scent of pines, the drowsy notes of birds. The ordeal was over,

and when the grey light turned to red upon the wall, I crossed the threshold that I shall never cross again.

"The tale I heard that morning was brief enough. Earl Randal had been with Charles Stuart at the Hague, and, strangely, the King did not forget him when he came to his own. But the subject and the monarch's friendship was broken by no light feud, and Lord Randal went down to make the name of the Red Earl hated on the Border. If a Westland Whig was tormented, if a girl disappeared, if a tower was burned, he got the credit of the exploit. But these amusements palled on his active mind, and he passed his nights playing high with the French lords who came to the Duke of York's court at Holyrood. One morning the Duc de Jouy was found senseless in a passage of our chateau. This was not so strange as that red Lord Randal was found never more on earth. And the Frenchman swore that he had lost all to him the night before, down to a stake I will not name, and then, invoking ruin on his soul, had passed from his sight, in a manner that found credit with the lairds.

"Certainly there is nobody, no 'handful even of white dust' in the laden coffin in the vault, where Lord Randal should be sleeping with his fathers and his children.

"That is my simple tale, and now let Jones explain it out of Herbert Spencer, or by a judicious mixture of John Stuart Mill and Kant. You will see that the point is rather the converse of most ghost stories. It was not the flood spirit of a body certainly mouldering somewhere that I saw, but the lost body of a lost soul."

Mr. Jones's system could not solve this case, and every one retired in fear and trembling to grope his way up his darkling staircase, where the decree of an economical Bursar had long ago caused the lights to be extinguished.

RECEIPTS.

BAKED INDIAN PUMPKING.—Scald a quart of milk, and while boiling thicken it with a pint of cornmeal, remove from the fire, thin with cold milk to the consistency of batter, add two well-beaten eggs, a cup of raisins, sugar to taste, a little salt, cinnamon or nutmeg, and bake two or three hours in a moderate oven.

BREAKFAST MUFFINS.—A dainty substitute for bread and tea: Two eggs well beaten, one cupful of sugar, and a lump of butter the size of an egg; to this add one pint of milk, with one teaspoonful of soda, one quart of flour, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. Bake in muffin rings on top of the range, or in gem pans in a quick oven.

POTATOES are adapted to be eaten with lean meat—the starchy potatoes furnish the fattening and heating elements which lean meat lacks, while the lean meat supplies the bone and muscle-making elements not afforded by potatoes or fine flour bread. Fat meats afford heating and fattening elements, like potatoes, but in a form less easily digested by most persons.

HUMOROUS.

A New Hampshire man sends fourteen of his children to one school, and when they combine against the teacher he knows he can safely bet on the result.

MRS. SMITHSON, of Fulton, is old-fashioned, and calls rather "rather" and "neither" "neither," but you eat a piece of her mince pie once and you'll never stick up your nose at her again.

INFANCY appeals to the better feelings of all of us, and we do not suppose that any young man ever took a neighbor's baby on his lap and dropped it suddenly without good cause.

THE man who imagined himself wise because he detected some typographical errors in a newspaper, has been trying to get a perpendicular view of the rainbow.

P. T. BARNUM has resolved to be a travelling showman no longer, but when it was announced that New Haven had a two-legged horse, his wife had to hide his hat.

AN Aberdeen man, on being told by a generous Highlander that he would give him barrel of ale, asked him if he could bring it to his house. "Certainly," replied the former, "with pleasure." "Well," said the grateful recipient, "what will you pay me for the barrel when the ale is gone?"

OLD Lord Alphinstone was asleep at church, while the minister, a very pious preacher, was holding forth. At length the parson stopped, and cried, "Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone." A grunt, and then, "I'm no sleepin' minister." "But ye are sleepin'." I wager ye dinna ken what I said last." "Ye said, 'Waukin, my Lord Alphinstone.'" "Ay, ay; but I wager ye dinna ken what I said last afore that." "I wager ye dinna ken yourself."

CHAPTER I.—It was New Year's morning. He had been thinking deeply for a day or two, and there was a Spartan look on his face as he sat down to breakfast. He was unusually quiet, though he said he never felt better in his life.

CHAPTER II.—Rising from the table he drew forth his tobacco box and said to his wife: "Hannah, I'm going to quit the weed."

"No!"

"Yes, I am. I've been a slave to the disgusting habit for forty years; but now I'm done with it! Come here, Hannah."

She followed him at the door, and he flung the box far out into the back yard.

CHAPTER III.—Four days had passed. Dried pumpkin, cloves, spices, gum, and dried beef had been chewed in place of the accustomed quid. The family cat had been kicked out of doors; the dog had fled; the hired girl's nose was up; every peddler in town came to the door.

"But you will stick to your resolution, won't you?" asked the wife.

"I will or die!" he replied.

CHAPTER LAST.—'Twas dark. Man sneaked around the house—on his knees on the grass—pawed around—fingers clutched an object—lid flew open—moved his right hand to his mouth—"Yum! yum! But what a fool I was!"

MORAL.—Don't chew.