

## THE BELLE OF THE YACHT CLUB BALL.

SHE came at last, 'twas nearly ten,  
I saw her in the entry hall  
Surrounded by her sailor men,  
The belle of all the Yacht Club ball.

See there she goes with twinkling feet,  
And look, is she not faultless fair?  
Such eyes as these but seldom meet  
Beneath such glistening golden hair.

She lost her fan—a fault of hers—  
Somewhere, she really couldn't tell,  
She sends that man with all the spurs,  
Of course he goes, for she's the belle.

I saw her leave, 'twas nearly two,  
I saw her in the entry hall,  
Quite satisfied, but never knew  
She was the belle of all the ball.

NATHANAEL NIX.

## FORT WILLIAM HENRY.

MONTCALM left a detachment to hold Fort Ticonderoga; and then, on the first of August, at two in the afternoon, he embarked at the Burned Camp with all his remaining force. Including those with Lévis, the expedition counted about seven thousand six hundred men, of whom more than sixteen hundred were Indians. At five in the afternoon they reached the place where the Indians, having finished their rattlesnake hunt, were smoking their pipes and waiting for the army. The red warriors embarked and joined the French flotilla; and now, as evening drew near, was seen one of those wild pageantries of war which Lake George has often witnessed. A restless multitude of birch bark canoes, filled with painted savages, glided by shores and islands, like troops of swimming water-fowl. Two hundred and fifty bateaux came next, moved by sail and oar, some bearing the Canadian militia, and some the battalions of Old France in trim and gay attire; first, La Reine and Languedoc; then the Colony regulars; then La Sarre and Guienne; then the Canadian brigade of Courtemanche; then the cannon and mortars, each on a platform sustained by two bateaux lashed side by side, and rowed by the militia of Saint-Ours; then the battalions of Bearn and Royal Roussillon; then the Canadians of Gaspé, with the provision-bateaux and the field-hospital; and, lastly, a rear guard of regulars closed the line. So, under the flush of sunset, they held their course along the romantic lake, to play their part in the historic drama that lends a stern enchantment to its fascinating scenery. They passed the Narrows in mist and darkness: and when, a little before dawn, they rounded the high promontory of Tongue Mountain, they saw, far on the right, three fiery sparks shining through the gloom. These were the signal fires of Lévis to tell them that he had reached the appointed spot.

The earthen mounds of Fort William Henry still stand by the brink of Lake George; and seated at the sunset of an August day under the pines that cover them, one gazes on a scene of soft and soothing beauty, where waters reflect the glares of the mountains and the sky. As it is to-day, so it was then; all beautiful repose and peace. The splash of some leaping trout, or the dipping wing of a passing swallow, alone disturbed the summer calm of that unruffled mirror.

Fort William Henry was an irregular bastioned square, formed by embankments of gravel surrounded by a rampart of heavy logs, laid in tiers crossed one upon another, the interstices filled with earth. The lake protected it on the north, the marsh on the east, and ditches with *chevaux-de-frise* on the south and west. Seventeen cannon, great and small, besides several mortars and swivels, were mounted upon it; and a brave Scotch veteran, Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, of the thirty-fifth regiment, was in Command.

The trenches were opened on the night of the fourth—a task of extreme difficulty, as the ground was covered by a profusion of half-burned stumps, roots, branches, and fallen trunks. Eight hundred men toiled till daylight with pick, spade, and axe, while the cannon from the fort flashed through the darkness, and grape and round-shot whistled and screamed over their heads. Some of the English balls reached the camp beyond the ravine, and disturbed the slumbers of the officers off duty, as they lay wrapped in their blankets and bearskins. Before daybreak the first parallel was made; a battery was nearly finished on the left and another was begun on the right. The men now worked under cover, safe in their burrows; one gang relieved another, and the work went on all day.

The Indians were far from doing what was expected of them. Instead of scouting in the direction of Fort Edward to learn the movements of the enemy and prevent surprise, they loitered about the camp and in the trenches, or amused themselves by firing at the fort from behind stumps and logs. Some in imitation of the French, dug little trenches for themselves, in which they wormed their way towards the rampart, and now and then picked off an artilleryman, not without loss on their own side. On the afternoon of the fifth, Montcalm invited them to a council, gave them belts of whampum, and mildly remonstrated with them. "Why expose yourselves without necessity? I grieve bitterly over the losses that

you have met, for the least among you is precious to me. No doubt it is a good thing to annoy the English; but that is not the main point. You ought to inform me of everything the enemy is doing, and always keep parties on the road between the two forts." And he gently hinted that their place was not in the camp, but in that of Lévis, where missionaries were provided for such of them as were Christians, and food and ammunition for them all. They promised with excellent docility to do everything he wished, but added that there was something on their hearts. Being encouraged to relieve themselves of the burden, they complained that they had not been consulted as to the engagement of the siege, but were expected to obey orders like slaves. "We know more about fighting in the woods than you," said their orator; "ask our advice, and you will be the better for it."

Montcalm assured them that if they had been neglected, it was only through the hurry and confusion of the time; expressed high appreciation of their talents for bush-fighting, promised them ample satisfaction, and ended by telling them that in the morning they should hear the big guns. This greatly pleased them, for they were extremely impatient for the artillery to begin. About sunrise the battery of the left opened with eight heavy cannon and a mortar, joined on the next morning by the battery of the right, with eleven pieces more. The fort replied with spirit. The cannon thundered all day, and from a hundred peaks and crags the astonished wilderness roared back the sound. The Indians were delighted. They wanted to point the guns; and to humour them, they were now and then allowed to do so. Others lay behind logs and fallen trees, and yelled their satisfaction when they saw the splinters fly from the wooden rampart.

Day after day the weary roar of the distant cannonade fell on the ears of Webb in his camp at Fort Edward. "I have not received the least reinforcement," he writes to Loudon; "this is the disagreeable situation we are at present in. The fort, by the heavy firing we hear from the lake is still in our possession; but I fear it cannot long hold out against so warm a cannonading if I am not reinforced by a sufficient number of militia to march to their relief." The militia were coming; but it was impossible that many could reach him in less than a week. Those from New York alone were within call, and two thousand of them arrived soon after he sent Loudon the above letter. Then, by stripping all the forts below, he could bring together forty-five hundred men; while several French deserters assured him that Montcalm had nearly twelve thousand. To advance to the relief of Monro with a force so inferior, through a defile of rocks, forests and mountains, made by nature for ambushes, and this, too, with troops who had neither the steadiness of regulars nor the bush-fighting skill of Indians, was an enterprise for firmer nerve than his.

By this time the sappers had worked their way to the angle of the lake, where they were stopped by a marshy hollow, beyond which was a tract of high ground reaching to the fort and serving as the garden of the garrison. Logs and fascines in large quantities were thrown into the hollow, and hurdles were laid over them to form a causeway for the cannon. Then the sap was continued up the acclivity beyond, a trench was opened in the garden, and a battery begun not two hundred and fifty yards from the fort. The Indians, in great numbers, crawled forward among the beans, maize and cabbages, and lay there ensconced. On the night of the seventh, two men came out of the fort, apparently to reconnoitre with a view to a sortie, when they were greeted by a general volley and a burst of yells which echoed among the mountains, followed by responsive whoops pealing through the darkness from the various camps and lurking-places of the savage warriors far and near.

The position of the besieged was now deplorable. More than three hundred of them had been killed and wounded; smallpox was raging in the fort; the place was a focus of infection, and the casemates were crowded with the sick. A sortie from the entrenched camp and another from the fort had been repulsed with loss. All their large cannon and mortars had been burst or disabled by shot; only seven small pieces were left fit for service; and the whole of Montcalm's thirty-one cannon and fifteen mortars and howitzers would soon open fire, while the walls were already breached, and an assault was imminent. Through the night of the eighth they fired briskly from all their remaining pieces. In the morning the officers held a council, and all agreed to surrender if honourable terms could be had. A white flag was raised, a drum was beat, and Lieutenant-Colonel Young, mounted on horseback, for a shot in the foot had disabled him from walking, went, followed by a few soldiers to the tent of Montcalm.—*From Parkman's Montcalm and Wolfe.*

## MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE is a marvel of his age, and may prove a great puzzle to posterity. The author of "The State in its Relations with the Church" must have been a very different man from the Minister subsequently associated with Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain—the statesman who disestablished the Irish Church and was mainly instrumental in passing the Burials Act. When from time to time the great leader changes his mind, he does so from honest conviction, mixed with an appetite for applause, and then he sees his old friends in the light of a company of blind fools.

You cannot realize the Liberal Chief, or form a picture of the man, solely through a study of his interminable speeches, books, pamphlets, letters and post-cards. You must see him in the flesh, upon the platform, indoors, and out of doors, in the House of Commons, in Opposition to the left of the speaker, or lolling with the air of an invalid upon the Treasury Bench. There, in office, sits the First Lord of the Treasury and leader of