

glades and clearings there is a tropical wealth of vegetation, including the Canada lily, and I don't know how many kinds of ferns, while in the parallel valleys, and sometimes in the valley itself, one can be tolerably certain of getting a shot at a grizzly—and the fine Assulkan glacier with its great *mer-de-glace* is quite within a walk. After the Glacier House we stopped at Sicamon to fish and shoot deer round the exquisite Shushwap lakes, at Kamloops to see the ranching country, a favourite field for foreign investors who require a fine climate, and at North Bend to see the myriads of salmon, red with bruises, still forcing their way up river at this late season, distinctly visible in the water from the windows of the train as it dashed along. But it was worth while getting off to see the Indians standing on their frail platforms over the mad river, whisking them out with nets that looked like lacrosse bats.

Vancouver at last—less than four years old, with 16,000 people, interesting to all Englishmen as England's one great Pacific seaport on the mainland of North America, a city that must some day be as large as San Francisco, and giving the finest opportunities for investment in real estate of any place in the world. What a line this C. P. R. is! We have travelled 3,000 miles, and so easy is the motion and so good the sleeping and dining accommodation that we are less tired than we often have been by a journey from London to Edinburgh—they take such care for one's safety all the way through the mountains. A handcar travels about half an hour before every train to remove or give warning of obstacles; and equal care for one's amusement, because they have duplicate lines for summer to see the scenery running outside the snow sheds which guard the trains in winter.

Vancouver come, Vancouver past! We left Vancouver in the taut ship "Parthia." It was lucky that she was taut, for it was never fine enough to stay on deck from the day we left the Canadian shore till the day we sighted Japan. Her cabins and saloon are too far aft for the bottom end to be comfortable in bad weather, and her fittings do not belong to the same era as the "City of Paris" or even the P. and O. boats half a dozen years old, like the "Rome," the "Carthage" or the "Ballaarat;" but for all that I would rather travel in her, for she has big and clean cabins (for two persons only), and her officers know the difference between discipline and red tape, which it takes most sea officers such an eternity to learn. The Chinese cabin stewards also are an immense improvement on white men, because they take your orders instead of giving you theirs. The purser keeps them and the cook in excellent order. I never had better cuisine in all the voyages I have taken.

I need not describe the route beyond Yokohama, though we found it a great addition to our pleasure to be able to see Nagasaki, with its Hill of Temples and City of the Dead, and Shanghai with its queer Chinese town and stately European settlement. We should have been sorry to go by a line which made us miss Nagasaki and Shanghai, for these are places which the average traveller only takes *en route*.

A NEW LIGHT.

The invention of Mr. William J. Norton is likely to be a dangerous rival of the electric light. He has invented what is alleged to be the cheapest light ever known, and yet "a light as intense and as accurate in its illumination of colours as the sun at noonday." It is claimed that a 500 candle-power light of the kind in question can be run at the nominal cost of a halfpenny an hour. The light in question is essentially a chemical discovery rather than a mechanical idea, and consists of a peculiar tape that is fed by a simple clockwork. While it is peculiarly adapted to street or other stationary purposes of illumination, yet it is said to be also applicable to portable or hand lamps, and in point of intensity it is not surpassed by electricity, its light is much softer, and far easier to the eyes. It feeds itself, requires neither pipes, wires nor other connections, and in size may be produced from 300 to 7,000 candle-power. It is absolutely non-explosive, emits no smoke or objectionable vapour, is applicable to any purpose, and can be handled with equal safety by a child as by an adult.

THE WAR OF 1812.

(CONTINUED FROM NO. 92.)

It was as yet uncertain what movement the enemy intended to make; whether it would be a combined one to overwhelm both provinces at once, or if the main force would be thrown on the Niagara frontier. On the 4th October General Van Rensselaer sent over a spy to the British side, who returned with the false statement that the British had moved on to Detroit with all the force that could be spared. On hearing this, General Van Rensselaer at once set about making preparations for an attack on Queenston Heights. The first attempt was made on the morning of the 11th, but through the neglect of the officers the boats were not ready. Early on the morning of the 13th the forces were again concentrated at Lewiston, opposite to Queenston Heights. At this place the river is scarcely a quarter of a mile in width, with a strong current and eddies; the part chosen for crossing was not fully exposed to the two batteries of the British, one an eighteen-pounder on the Heights above and a twenty-four pounder some distance below the town, while the American battery of two eighteen-pounders and two six-pounders completely covered the opposite shore, where musketry could be used in opposing a landing.

Everything being now ready, the troops quickly filled the thirteen boats provided and pushed off for the opposite shore, eager for the anticipated victory, and with the longing to see the stars and stripes float on the Heights, which rose in rich undulation from the shore to a broken and tortuous ascent of some 250 feet, where Brock's monument now stands. British sentries, seeing the movement of the enemy, quickly gave the alarm, and brisk fire was at once directed upon them, while Captain Dennis, of the 49th, who commanded at Queenston, at once went down towards the landing place with a small detachment of the 49th Grenadiers and militia and a three-pounder. Colonel Van Rensselaer had already landed with two hundred and twenty-five regulars, besides officers; he formed his men and waited the arrival of the next boats. Captain Dennis at once opened a well-directed fire upon them, killing and wounding several officers and privates and driving the enemy close to the water's edge. The remaining subdivisions of the 49th Grenadiers and of the militia, now joined Captain Dennis, while the 49th Light Infantry, under Captain Williams, stationed on the brow of the hill, commenced firing down upon the enemy. Shortly after, the well-known form of General Brock was discovered galloping along to the hill battery from Niagara. He had been aroused in the dawn of the morning by the ominous sound of the cannonade, and with his usual quickness of movement was on horseback and on his way to the scene of action before any one could follow him. About half way to Brown's Point he was met by Lieutenant Jarvis, of Captain Cameron's Flank Company of York Militia, which, with Captain Howard's, was stationed at what was called the "Half-moon Battery," midway between Queenston and Niagara. Lieutenant Jarvis' horse bore him past the General before he could succeed in stopping him, so he shouted to his chief to stop as he had most important news to tell him. But the General beckoned him to follow, as he was impatient to reach the scene of danger. Lieutenant Jarvis succeeded in gaining the General's side, and told him that the Americans had already landed at Queenston and were continuing to cross over in large numbers. Without lessening his speed, the General listened, and then gave his orders—that he should go to Fort George and order up Major-General Sheaffe with the whole of the reserve, and that the small party of Indians encamped near the fort should occupy the woods, while the reserve advanced to his support. On the way to Fort George Lieutenant Jarvis fell in with Colonel McDonnell, aide-de-camp to General Brock, and who, in his hurry to overtake him, had forgotten his sword. Hearing that the General was only a short distance in front, he begged Lieutenant Jarvis to lend him his sword, telling at the same time where he would find his own and asking him to make use of it for the day. And as he hurried after his

chief, little did the gallant Colonel dream that never again would his hand grasp the sabre left behind.

As soon as General Brock perceived the strong reinforcements crossing over, he at once ordered Captain Williams to descend the hill and support Captain Dennis. No sooner did the enemy observe the departure of the men than they resolved to capture the guns. Accordingly some of them who had landed higher up made their way to the Heights by an almost inaccessible fisherman's path, which had been reported to Brock as impassable. Firing a volley from the height above, which had with great difficulty been gained, the enemy made a rush for the one-gun battery. Completely taken by surprise, Brock and the twelve men who manned the battery, had quickly to retire.

Captain Williams and his men were at once summoned back, and General Brock, placing himself at the head of his force, amounting in all to one hundred strong, called out "Follow me." The men broke forth into loud cheering, while not a regular or militia man among them but felt ready to follow him and carry the heights now in possession of the enemy, who had by this time been strongly reinforced. Waving his sword aloft, Brock led his men on at double-quick time, and though raked by a heavy fire from the enemy's riflemen, who were posted among the trees on the summit, they pressed onward, animated by the sight of their beloved General at their head and the sound of his voice heard above the din of the firing. So the gallant little band swept onward. When suddenly one of the sharpshooters of the enemy, noticing the undaunted bearing of the leader of this band, advanced and, taking deliberate aim, fired, and Brock, the noble, the idol of the army, sank never again to rise. For a moment his men, paralyzed by their loss, paused; then, with loud cries of "Avenge the General!" they charged the enemy with such force as to compel them to spike the eighteen-pounder and retire from their position. But just at this time Lieutenant-Colonel McDonnell, aide-de-camp to General Brock, who had on the fall of his chief led the men on to the attack, was fatally wounded, as well as Captain Williams, of the 49th. The loss of so many of their leaders dispirited the men and they retired to the outskirts of the village to wait for the expected reinforcements, leaving the Americans in possession of the hill, with the precipice at their backs and a foe in front, whose strength they knew must increase—a position of great danger, from which nothing could save them except a retreat or reinforcements, which latter Colonel Van Rensselaer had crossed back to Lewiston to hasten over to the support of their comrades. But these men, who a few days before were clamouring to be led to battle, now absolutely refused to go, making a paltry excuse of not wanting to leave their own country; and so their brave comrades on the opposite shore were left to their fate. In vain did Colonel Van Rensselaer plead and threaten by turns with these former "enraged democrats," whose ardour seemed now to have suddenly ended. Go they would not, and there was nothing for it but to send word to Major-General Wadsworth, whom he had left in command, about the state of affairs, and tell him to do whatever he thought best under the circumstances.

RONDEAU.

Sweet violets, fresh washed with dew
In their green leaves half hid from view;
Beneath the forest trees they lie,
Under the branches tossing high
Against the springtime's sky of blue.

Of gold, and white, and purple hue,
Peeping the hiding greenness through,
Knowing their sweetness, yet half shy,
Sweet violets!

Ever when springtime comes anew
The violets come, forever true,
Though plans may fail and sweet hopes die
Where forest trees toss 'gainst the sky;
We're sure in spring of finding you,
Sweet violets!

Bill Nye says "the peculiar characteristic of classical music is that it is really so much better than it sounds."