

Goreham's, McCurdie's, Rogers' and Stephen's, and at Fort Duquesne, in November, 1758; there were also troops from Carolina, Maryland and Virginia.

APROPOS of regimental colours, there is a curious incident in the mutiny of the British troops at Quebec shortly after the conquest. The circumstances of this well-nigh forgotten episode have come down to us in a letter written at the time by an officer of the garrison. He relates that on the 18th of September, 1763, in consequence of orders received from the Commander-in-Chief in America, General Murray gave out orders to stop fourpence sterling for each ration of provisions to be issued to the troops under his command, the 15th and 27th Regiments, and the 2nd Battalion of the 60th. This order being made known to the soldiers, that very evening, immediately after roll-call, they assembled to a man, but without arms, and paraded before the General's house. Before they saw him, some of the English merchants having the boldness to reproach them for this behaviour, they began to pelt them with stones. Some officers interfered and drew their swords, on which the soldiers ran in a tumultuous manner to their barracks, took their arms, and marched in good order, with drums beating, towards St. John's gate. They were met by the General, but refused to listen to him, and loudly declared their resolve to march to New York, with two pieces of cannon, and lay their arms at General Amherst's feet; professing at the same time that they loved and esteemed their officers, but that it was impossible for them to live without their provisions. General Murray, who came from visiting the guards, was attended only by a few officers and sergeants, with whose assistance he opposed their going any further, the gates having been meantime closed by the town-major. Enraged at this opposition, some of the mutineers fired their guns, and several officers were struck; but happily no serious mischief was done. By the urgent solicitations of the officers the soldiers were at last prevailed on to march to the grand parade, where they were addressed by Murray, and they then returned to their barracks and were quiet during the remainder of the night. The garrison being the strongest in America, it was feared that should these mutineers obtain their desire, their example would be followed by all the troops throughout America. The next three days were spent in incessant endeavours to induce the soldiers to submit to the order, but with small success. Murray then ordered the garrison to be under arms next day, the 21st, at ten o'clock, on the grand parade. When they were assembled, he himself read the articles of war, and declared his fixed resolution, with the assistance of the officers, to oblige them to submit, or perish in the attempt. He commanded them, in sign of compliance, to march between two royal colours planted for that purpose. They did so, and returned with cheerfulness to their duty, expressing sorrow for their behaviour. General Murray then declared they had recovered their character as good soldiers, and restored the battalions to their colours.

THE title of the 60th Regiment, the 2nd Battalion of which took part in the mutiny, was at that time "The 60th, or the Royal American Regiment of Foot." It had been raised in 1755 for service in America only, and was distinguished for its bravery at the siege of Quebec, in 1759. There is a tradition, preserved in the records of the 1st Battalion, that in consequence of "the alertness and intrepidity" of the 2nd and 3rd Battalions before Quebec, the present regimental motto of *Celer et Audax* was conferred upon them by General Wolfe. The exact date is not given; but it is said that it was probably on the 31st July, on the occasion of the engagement at Beauport Flats. For some unknown cause this motto was either forgotten or disused, and was resumed only in 1824. The chronicler of the 60th notes the following curious coincidence in the history of the regiment: The 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the 60th, as part of the first English garrison of Quebec, were present in September, 1759, when the English Ensign was hoisted over the Citadel by an officer of the Royal Artillery; and, in November, 1871, one hundred and twelve years afterwards, a detachment of the 1st Battalion of the 60th, the remnant of the last English garrison of Quebec, consigned the Imperial Flag to the keeping of another artillery officer, whilst the flag of the Dominion was hoisted in its stead.

TOTO-SAN AND KAKA-SAN.

[By Pierre Loti. Translated for THE WEEK from the Christmas Number of *Figaro*.]

THEY were old, old; everybody knew them; those who had lived longest in Nagasaki never remembered them as ever having been young. They were beggars. Toto-San, who was blind, drew a little box on wheels in which sat Kaka-San, who was paralytic. Once they used to be called Hato-San and Oumé-San (Monsieur Pigeon and Madame Prune), but that was so long ago every one had forgotten it. In the Japanese language Toto and Kaka are the pretty, soft words which on the lips of childhood signify papa and mamma. No doubt it was on account of their great age they were called thus, and in this politest of countries they honoured these familiar names by adding San, which means either monsieur or madame (Monsieur Papa and Madame Mamma), and the youngest Japanese child never neglected to use this form of etiquette.

Their manner of begging was essentially discreet and *comme il faut*; they never annoyed the passers-by with supplications, but silently held out their hands—their poor wrinkled hands, so wrinkled and yellow that they looked more like those of mummies. The people gave them rice, the heads of fish, sometimes the remains of yesterday's soup.

Very small, like all the Japanese, Kaka-San looked almost doll-like when seated in her box on wheels, which, alas! was badly hung—so badly,

indeed, that she was often terribly shaken during their long ramblings—not that her husband walked too quickly; poor little man, he was so good, so careful! She guided him by the sound of her voice, and he, with ear ever strained to catch the lowest tone of that weak voice, followed its prompting—a wandering Jew in eternal obscurity—the leather band across his shoulders, and feeling his steps with a long bamboo staff.

The grave moments in his life were those in which he must mount the steps of some steep street, or cross a brook or crevasse. How did Toto-San manage this? Look! Ah, poor old Kaka-San, what agitation! That anxious face, those eyes shining with quivering suspense even through the dust which innumerable years had blown over their brightness—very evidently the fear of being upset was now the keenest sensation in her broken existence.

What thoughts passed through the minds of these two old people, who adored each other! What tales did they tell each other in the evening quiet? What souvenirs of their youthful years were exhumed, as they lay in their hammocks hung side by side, Kaka-San with her head tied up in a blue cotton kerchief? Did they discuss future lines of march—to-day's like yesterday's and to-morrow's like to-day's—the same battle for bread, the same decrepitude, the same misery? Could they boast of any joys, little rests of hope? *Enfin*, did they think at all; and if so, why did they persist in dragging out the remainder of such a life when the earth was there, so ready to receive them, ready to throw over them its last clod—a little more dust, and suffering were at an end? They never missed any of the religious *fêtes* celebrated in the temples. At an early hour, long before the arrival of the first worshippers, they installed themselves under one of the huge cedars that shadow the sacred places of prayer; and while the pilgrimage lasted, many of the passers-by stopped to speak to them—young girls, with doll-like figures and tiny, cat-like eyes, dragging their high wooden shoes; long lines of Japanese children, holding each other by the hand, and looking most droll in their voluminous robes; pretty, coquettish women, with wonderful chignons, coming to the pagoda to pray and to laugh; peasants, with their long hair; merchants, all the marionettes imaginable of this merry people, passed before Kaka-San, who could see them, and before Toto-San, who could not. Every one smiled upon them, and every now and then some one would leave a group to come and give them alms; many even bowed, as they passed, as to very proper people, so well were they known, and so polite is every one in this country—and on these occasions they, too, smiled. When the sun shone, and the breeze was mild, the pain of age slept in their tired limbs; Kaka-San, exhilarated by the murmur of the light and laughing voices around her, tremblingly returned her ancient coquetties, played with her shabby little paper fan, and gave herself the air of being quite as much interested in the amusing things of this world as other people. But when night came, bringing darkness and cold under the cedars—when suddenly a horror, mysterious, religious, floated about the temples, through the avenues lined with huge monsters—the two little old people were as one weakness leaning upon another. The fatigues of the day seemed to have found in them a resting-place; their wrinkles were more wrinkled, and their figures were eloquent of misery and of the fear of death. A thousand lanterns gleamed in the dusky branches and illumined the faithful worshippers still kneeling on the steps of the temple. The sounds of mirth, strange to foreign ears, came from the hosts of people, filled the avenues and sacred pathways—an odd contrast to the rigidity of the huge stone monsters guarding the idols, to their unknown and awe-inspiring symbols, to the vague fear-shadows of night-time. The *fête* lived as long as the lights; and if to heaven it may have seemed more of an irony than an adoration, surely it was an innocent, childish one; nay, mixed with great charity, and certainly of unmitigated enjoyment. All the same, the sun once set, nothing of all this warmed to new life our two human *débris*—positively, it made one shudder to look at them, propped up against their little box, ill, livid, like two old monkeys, exhausted, dying, eating in a corner the crumbs of their alms. At such moments were they troubled with profound thoughts of eternity, that such an expression of utter anguish should creep over these death-like masks? Who knows what was passing in the souls of this little Japanese man and woman? Perhaps they were a blank, after all! Perhaps they fought the good fight merely to prolong for a little longer their terrestrial existence; they each, with the aid of tiny chop-sticks, helping the other with tender care; they covered their old bones carefully from the night dews; they nursed each other as best they could, that they might live to-morrow and commence again, one guiding the other, their meagre, uncertain wanderings.

In their little box on wheels there was, beside Kaka-San, all the objects of their *ménage*: two small dishes, notched in many places, of blue porcelain, for their rice, miniature tea-cups, and red paper lanterns, which they lit every evening.

Once a week Kaka-San's hair was carefully dressed by her blind husband. She could no longer raise her arms high enough to arrange it in proper Japanese fashion, but Toto-San had learnt the art. With tender touches, with trembling fingers he caressed the poor old head that lent itself with such childish abandon to the operation, of which nothing reminded one more vividly and more pathetically than the mutual toilet of two old monkeys. Her locks were not abundant, and Toto-San found nothing much to arrange on this bit of yellow parchment, as full of wrinkles as a winter apple. He succeeded, however, in forming two puffs in true Japanese style—which his little wife, deeply interested, inspected in a piece of cracked mirror: "A trifle higher, Toto-San! . . . A little more to the right, ever so little to the left." When it was finished, and two long horn pins had been fastened in, which gave a certain genre to the coiffure, Kaka-San adopted an air of a *grand-mère comme il faut*, borrowed something from the silhouette of a *vieille bonne femme*. Alas! when they had accomplished this toilsome tribute to civilisation which the approach of death rendered