

The Family Circle.

AT THE HOSPITAL.

When night wraps earth close in her deepest fold

Of darkness, and her corridors grow still,
Hours of sweet sleep steal in with peace to fill
Poor helpless souls whom days in tortures hold;

Till one by one forgets the pain untold
That tried the heart to vanquish, till the will
Would in its madness pray to God to kill
The spirit's withering house of writhing mould.

Should some worn soul from quiet slumber wake

Feeling those darts Disease, Death's son, will throw

For sin's remembrance and avengement's sake
To rouse the senses to the throbbing throes
Of agony intense, then oft-times Nurse,
Thy skill and kindness conquers nature's curse.

Sarepta, in The Week.

HOW WOLFE TOOK QUEBEC.

The mightiest fleet that ever ploughed the North American seas was ready to sail out of the harbor of Louisbourg on June the 1st, 1759. Twenty-two great line-of-battle ships and as many frigates and transports, crowded with 9,000 soldiers and sailors, composed the colossal armament. Pitt meant to strike a deadly blow at French power in North America, by besieging the fortress of Quebec. The men chosen to direct the attack were worthy of the vast responsibility. The senior naval officer was Admiral Sir Charles Saunders, one of the bravest and most skilful commanders in the King's service. Under Saunders were Holmes and Durrell. But the hopes of Pitt and of all England were centred on the courage and talents of a young man of thirty-three, to whom the success of the bold enterprise had been entrusted.

Young as he was, James Wolfe had already seen eighteen years of the most arduous military service, and had acquitted himself with distinction on some of the hardest fought fields of Europe. He was at Dettingen, Fontenoy, Culloden and Rochefort. The military genius and valor he displayed at Louisbourg had made his name a household word throughout all England, whilst his exploits were the subject of song in every barrack room of the vast British Empire. Wolfe was endowed with many high qualities. Though somewhat petulant and impatient of delay, his good judgment, prompt decision and dashing fearlessness won for him the confidence and admiration of his soldiers. He was the strictest of disciplinarians and forgave no negligence in officers or men—yet this only heightened his popularity amongst those who knew that he disregarded comfort and even health in his zeal for the service and his enthusiastic devotion to its interests. From childhood he had been a confirmed invalid. His was, as Burke said, "an enterprising soul lodged in a delicate constitution." He seldom had an hour free from pain, yet when his presence was necessary in the camp or on the field, he never betrayed the severity of his sufferings. Well hath it been said by one of old, "The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity." Though his inclinations were social and his feelings generally tender, he was at times capable of exercising that severity which is a prominent characteristic of every great general. Wolfe's brigadiers-general were Moncton, Murray and Townshend, all men of commanding talents, all zealous for the service. In one vessel was Adjutant-General Barre, a brilliant and courageous young Irishman, one of the most popular officers of the fleet. He too wrote the "Letters of Junius." He was destined to a strange and adventurous career, and lived to serve the King under the burning East Indian sun. In the Porcupine was a young officer, John Jervis, whose after achievements named him "Father of the British Navy," and raised him to the peerage as Earl St. Vincent. In another vessel, was Navigator Cook, acting as sailing-master. He had yet three times to circumnavigate the globe—to discover far-off islands, and like a mighty necromancer to exhibit to a wondering world the thousands of coral reefs and other strange formations on which myriads of insects had been laboring for untold centuries.

The great fleet began to weigh anchor, and set sail on the 1st of June, but it was the evening of the 6th before the last vessel had cleared the harbor of Louisbourg. Durrell, who had intercepted a French frigate sailing to the relief of Quebec, had only succeeded in capturing two vessels. The craft were of little value, but on board were found several well executed maps of the St. Lawrence, which were of great use to the British in overcoming the difficulties of the river navigation. By showing false colors the British inveigled some French pilots into their hands, but the bearing of these captives was so offensive that the insulted Englishmen dispensed with their services, and sailed without accident, even through the Traverse Channel between Orleans Island and the north shore. The fleet anchored off Orleans Island, and Wolfe, with a small body of troops, disembarked, and took station on its western point. He had much to contemplate. The scene was one of entrancing beauty. The great river dividing itself into two channels, the well cultivated shore country dotted with pretty farm houses—above all and scarcely four miles distant, the mighty rock of Quebec, surmounted with ramparts, standing sentinel over the town on the strand at its base. All this was calculated to affect the sensitive mind of the young general. Not Balboa, "gazing from a peak of Darien" on the noble expanse of the newly discovered Pacific, could have been more entranced. As Wolfe keenly examined the north shore and saw how strongly fortified and how seemingly inaccessible it was, the greatness of his undertaking and the uncertainty of its accomplishment, impressed him strongly. He could not clearly discern the shore line beyond the citadel, but the suspicion raised by Navigator Cook, who had examined the river charts, that encamping on the Plains of Abraham was impossible, was strengthened in the mind of Wolfe. This was part of the plan he had communicated to Pitt.

The breaking dawn disclosed to straggling Canadians 5,000 armed troops on the Plains of Abraham prepared for the work of death. Wolfe was confident—even exultant. And yet his position was a critical one. Montcalm could face him with a superior force, aided by the guns of Quebec. Bougainville could attack him in the rear. In case of defeat escape was impossible. His troops could not descend the path by which they had reached the Plains. He might well have burned his boats. His men were formed in a long line with their right resting on the height above the cove, their left well towards the River St. Charles. The regiments, in order of formation from left to right were the 35th Grenadiers of Louisbourg, 28th, 43rd, 58th, 78th and 47th. Wolfe commanded the right, Moncton the centre, Murray the left. The 15th and 60th, under Townshend, protected the left flank; the 48th, under Colonel Burton, formed the reserve in the rear.

The sun was not an hour high when skirmishing parties of Canadians and Indians began firing from the cover of bushes on the extreme left. This irregular fighting was kept up all morning.

Montcalm was riding towards the city from his headquarters near Beauport when his eye caught the long line of scarlet uniforms extended across the Plains of Abraham. He remarked to his companion, "This is serious business." But his resolve was quickly taken—"to scalp them before noon." The French regiments encamped along the Beauport shore were at once ordered into the city. At half-past nine they came pouring out of the gates and formed bravely into line with their comrades who had been encamped by the St. Charles. Montcalm commanded a magnificent force—the very men he led to victory at Oswego, Fort William Henry and Ticonderoga, his brave Canadians and his faithful Indian allies—in all 7,500 men. Bougainville had been summoned from Cap Rouge, and in the event of a prolonged fight he would attack the British in the rear with 1,500 men.

Truly Wolfe had accepted a terrible alternative. For him it was "to do or die." His men, with muskets primed, stood silent and motionless, awaiting the charge of the enemy. The first movement was from the French left, which rushed down upon

Wolfe and the English right. Soon Fall Montcalm's line was in motion and firing rapidly. The English, who were losing many men, had not returned a shot. Nor did they till the French were within forty yards. Suddenly Wolfe gave the order, and from 3,000 muskets burst a storm of fire and lead which arrested the onward rush of the enemy. The second volley completely disordered the ranks of the French and sent them flying back in the direction of the city, leaving the ground littered with dead and dying men. Then, through the noise and confusion of battle, was heard the clear, ringing voice of Wolfe, ordering the charge. He himself led it on the right. He had not advanced three paces when he was shot in the wrist. In that supreme moment it is likely he did not feel the pain. He pressed on, regardless even of a second shot, but a third entering his breast brought him to the ground. He had but a few moments to live. To him indeed the "inexorable hour" had come. He left some instructions for his generals, and with a look of triumph passed away, saying, in his last faltering accents, "Now, God be praised, I die in peace." His was the death most splendid, "that of the hero in the hour of victory."

This on the right. But what movement is that on the left? It is the terrible Highlanders, armed with the claymore of death rushing like a mighty whirlwind on the retreating foe. It is one of those grand historic charges before which the most invincible of nations have been swept helplessly away! Their tread shakes the earth, their shout makes the air tremble! The cowering foe can neither resist nor evade. The clansmen sweep along, destruction marking their course, avenging the massacre of Fort William Henry and the bloody day of Ticonderoga. Only the guns on the city walls prevented them from entering the very gates.

In the surging crowd, driven towards the ramparts, Montcalm, endeavoring to maintain order, received a deadly wound. His end was sad. He saw the French cause was hopelessly ruined. He had played his part well but fate was against him. It had been his intention to make a final stand for France among the marches of Louisiana. That now was impossible. He refused to give orders for further resistance. Of his last hours little is known. When he died is uncertain, and the story of his burial rests upon doubtful tradition. It was his youthful ambition to be enrolled among the members of the French Academy. That honor he never enjoyed, but in the annals of a continent his is one of the few names historians call immortal.

On September 17th Quebec was surrendered to the English. The French made brave attempts to retake it, but they were invariably unsuccessful. In the next campaign Montreal was taken by Amherst, and the whole colony placed under military rule. The treaty of 1763 ceded Canada to the British Crown.

The change from the old regime to the new was a blessing to an abused people. They were encouraged in every department of industry—their earnings were safe from official rapacity. The price of their produce was governed by the laws of supply and demand. Even the laws they preferred were granted them. "Though vanquished, they were victors of the field."

—G. F. Sherwood, in The Week.

WOOD-PATHS IN WINTER.

Wood paths, one can scarce follow them, their beaten ways are snow drifted, yet the trees and the juniper bushes help to direct you, and one trudges on with perhaps a thought for the vanished summer and a wonder: where are the flowers? the hepaticas, the gold violets and blue. There are berries still on some bushes, scarlet berries; leaves too on trees, bleached leaves of beeches hung bright like fretted silver against the dark boughs of pines and firs. Autumn has deserted her palace, its silken hangings of scarlet and gold are fallen, and the winds sweeping the almost bare walls break at times among the white leaves with shivery sounds, sad like the haunting voice of departed days. Gone, too, is the gold from the white columns, the fair white trees of the north, the Canadian birches. Canadian!

How prone one ever is to repeat that dear word. Canadian land and sky and water—not that they are altogether unlike those of other countries, only one cares to imagine them so and know them forever—Canadian.

At present Bunny is lord of the mountain, his footprints are legion in a light fall of snow over the white snow-crust, and here and there on the hillside are traces of mad frolics, and, too, occasionally one sees a bare patch of crust and lines of ploughed snow where Bunny has had a grand slide in his wild racings among the trees and the bushes. Take up a trail some fine day for amusement, with perhaps a hope that you may find a rabbit at the end of it. It is like attempting to put salt on a bird's tail. Sooner or later you give it up. The trail crosses and is crossed by many another, with once in a while a loop and a deplorable tangle. "Br'er" Rabbit has given you a Chinese puzzle. However, the following of trails is at all times more or less interesting, even to take up one on a sandy beach in the summer time, to find presently, perhaps, a dead lizard. One wonders what caused it to die, and why just there.

Bunny is not alone on the mountain. There are also a few squirrels, partridges, woodpeckers, numerous chickadees, and other inoffensive creatures. For the partridge, a word or two. He is a prime favorite in your bowers. You always enjoy coming across him, his starting suddenly from your path, perhaps but a yard ahead of you, his rapid whirl off among the trees. A wing, you admire his plump grey body, he is such a comfortable-looking fellow. Then, too, you find him in the heart of the winter, with always an atmosphere of sunlight about him, hinting of the merry spring days, May days when the swamplands are wild with his drumming—ah! those are days. Thought on thought brings you again to the present, and you think probably of the thousand things that beneath the snow await the coming of the sun. There are blossoms somewhere and wild black bees, incense and song and innumerable exquisite creations hidden away in darkness. And here, pull away this loose bark from this wreck of a tree; there! you have a mourning cloak; dead? No, only apparently lifeless in a cold sleep. It has crept in there for the winter, that is where the early butterflies come from, those you see in the woods in the springtime, from under the bark of old trees and out of hollows. Take it home, warm it, it will soon fly; give it a pine bough, some blossoms and some sugar and water, you have cheated it with a belief that the sun has already come.

—Helen M. Merrill, in The Week.

A correspondent of the *Speaker* has been residing in a Scottish manse, and has been enjoying it. "The manse," he says, "gives character alike to the place and to the people. For the manse is perhaps the most potent and typical institution in rural Scotland. The 'big house,' or whatever the place may be that corresponds to the English manor or hall, is much less important and characteristic. The clergy have been for the past three hundred years the real aristocracy, the true leaders and heroes of the people, interpreting and educating the national mind, possessing the popular imagination, filling the common heart. The lords and gentry have been largely educated in England, have lived there for the greater portion of the year, have had their social and political ambitions and have grown too alien in mind and feeling either to understand or influence the people. But the clergy have been the most distinctive products of Scottish education, which, so far from separating them from the people, has really qualified them to be their representatives and teachers. Much of the national love of learning was due to the way in which learning was embodied in the manse, and the dignity it gave to him who was esteemed as the father even more than the pastor of his people." No truer words have been spoken. The separation of the present land owning class of Scotland from the interests and mind of the people is so complete that now no real understanding between the two seems possible.

Mrs. Frances Cosby, who wrote "Safe in the Arms of Jesus," is 51 years old. She has been blind since her childhood.