

prayed for the church which she had been ready to betray, for her son, whom she had disinherited, for the Queen whom she had endeavoured to murder. She forgave her enemies, whom she had invited Philip not to forget, and then praying to the saints to intercede for her with Christ, and kissing the crucifix and crossing her own breast, "even as thy arms, oh Jesus," she cried, "were spread upon the cross, so receive me into thy mercy, and forgive my sins."

With these words she rose, the black mutes stepped forward, and in the usual form begged her forgiveness.

"I forgive you," she said, "for now I hope you shall end all my troubles." They offered their help in arranging her dress, "Truly, my lords," she said with a smile to the earls, "I never had such grooms waiting on me before." Her ladies were allowed to come up the scaffold to assist her; for the work to be done was considerable and had been prepared with no common thought.

She laid her crucifix on her chair. The chief executioner took it as a prerequisite, but was ordered instantly to lay it down. The lawn veil was lifted carefully off, not to disturb the hair, and was hung upon the rail. The black robe was next removed. Below it was a petticoat of crimson velvet. The black jacket followed, and under the jacket was a body of crimson satin. One of the ladies handed her a pair of crimson sleeves, with which she hastily covered her arms; and thus she stood on the black scaffold with the black figures all around her, blood red from head to foot.

Her reason for adopting an extraordinary costume must be left to conjecture. It is only certain that it must have been carefully studied, and that the pictorial effect must have been appalling.

The women, whose firmness had hitherto borne the trial, began now to give way, spasmodic sobs bursting forth from them which they could not check. "No criez vous," she said, "j'ay promis pour vous." Struggling bravely, they crossed their breasts again and again, she crossing them in turn and bidding them pray for her. Then she knelt on the cushion, Barbara Mowbray bound her eyes with a handkerchief. "Adieu," she said smiling for the last time and waving her hand to them, "Adieu, au revoir." They stepped back from off the scaffold and left her alone. On her knees she repeated the Psalm, *In te, Domine, confido*. "In Thee, oh Lord, have I put my trust." Her shoulders being exposed, two scars became visible, one on either side, and the Earls being now a little behind her, Kent pointed to them with his white wand and looked inquiringly at his companion. Shrewsbury whispered that they were the remains of two abscesses from which she had suffered while living with him at Sheffield.

When the psalm was finished she felt for the block, and lying down her head muttered—"In manus, Domine tuas, commendo, animam meam." The hard wood seemed to hurt her for she placed her hands under her neck. The executioner gently removed them, lest they should deaden the blow, and then one of them, holding her slightly, the other raised the axe and struck. The scene had been too trying even for the practised headsman of the Tower. His arm wavered. The blow fell on the knot of the handkerchief, and scarcely broke the skin. She neither spoke nor moved. He struck again, this time effectively. The head hung by a shred of skin, which he divided without withdrawing the axe and at once a metamorphosis was witnessed, strange as was ever wrought by wand of fabled enchanter.

The coil fell off and the false plaits. The laboured illusion vanished. The lady who had knelt before the block, as in the maturity of grace and loveliness. The executioner, when he raised the head, as usual, to show it to the crowd, exposed the withered features of a grizzled, wrinkled old woman.

"So perish all enemies of the Queen," said the Dean of Peterborough. A loud Amen rose over the hall. "Such end," said the Earl of Kent, rising and standing over the body, "to the Queen's and the Gospel's enemies."—*Froude's History of England*.

THE INDIAN HIGHLANDERS.

The hillmen enlist willingly in our service, and there is never any lack of recruits. After one of their villages had been burnt and destroyed for some time, fifteen of the inhabitants enlisted next day in the English force, one of them with a flesh wound in the thigh made by our troops. They are used to fighting, and do not much care on which side it is. The honor of the flag under which they are serving at the moment, not any feeling either political or personal, seems to be their ruling passion; but they are as wonderfully true to the salt they are eating at the time of their engagement as Dugald Dalgetty himself. "That standard is carried either by my father or my brother, it is the privilege of our family in the clan," a man has been more than once heard to say in the attack on a village; after which recognition he went on to the assault as if it had been against the devil in person. They sling stones with dreadful precision, and many of our officers have suffered in this way in the hillside warfare. It is no child's play. In one affray only three of them were killed and wounded, the life of the third being saved by the chain of his helmet which he had taken off to drink at a well a short time before; his troop having been surprised by the enemy, he had not had the time to fasten it properly, and he threw the chain into the crown of the helmet where it warded off the force of a large stone which would otherwise have crushed his head. On one occasion a smart looking young chief came up to enlist. "Such a dandy as you will not do for a common soldier. I dare say you are rich enough to have a wife? was the answer to his proposal. "Yes, I have three," he said with much pride. "How could you afford so many?" "Why, I have three sisters, and I exchanged them all for wives." After a day or two this fine gentleman, who evidently had only come up on some whim, repented himself, and as his engagement was not complete, was allowed to go home. We want no unwilling recruits. Nearly half of some of the regiments consist of Afghans, sometimes as many as 340 or 350 of 800 men. The rest are Sikhs, Rajpoots from the hills, and Punjabees. The different races eat apart, are not friendly, and are kept in different companies. They are useful as a check upon one another, *divide et impera* as usual. The Afghans have most dash, and are put in front when there is an attack; the Sikhs have more steadiness in their bravery and are kept as supports. The words of commands are given in English, and every new recruit must learn as much of the master tongue as to understand these and the non-commissioned officers a good deal more. The extreme frugality of the natives enables the soldiers to live on a fabulously small pay, but it has not been increased with the cost of living, and is now too low. Even the non-commissioned officers receive only £3 10s. monthly, and an ordinary private has 14s. a month, out of

which he is expected to feed himself and provide his shoes and clothing, with the exception of one uniform suit which is given him piecemeal, the trousers one year and the jacket the next. The boots come from England, and cost 2s. or 3s., but they are pulled off immediately after parade, and therefore last nearly as long as his engagement, which is a short one. Out of this pitance, however, he generally contrives to lay by something for his wife in the hills, and it is not considered "respectable" to have her at the English quarters, he lives chiefly on a sort of pulse, rice being a luxury. The independent way in which the force is managed gives each officer more individual responsibility than in the regular army, and increases his pride in his work and his influence with his men.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

RED RIVER.

St. Paul, Min., Jan. 15.—A Fort Garry letter, dated December 31st, written by Joe Dellette, a half-breed, to his father at Pembina, says the Sioux Indians at James McKay's place, near Fort Garry. They are well supplied with arms, ammunition, clothing and other supplies, and evince a strong inclination to march to Fort Garry and clean out the insurgents and their sympathizers. They were under the impression that the insurgents and Americans were at war with the English; they will, no doubt be pacified before making any trouble. A letter dated Pembina, Jan. 3rd, says Father Thibault arrived at St. Norbert on Christmas day, and Col. DeSalaberry will leave Pembina to-morrow for Fort Garry, his pass having been sent him by Riell. These two Canadian Commissioners will settle, if possible, the present difficulties; they will grant to the Red River people all their just demands, and make all reasonable concessions.

The Red River people will probably send a delegation to the seat of Government at Ottawa, with full power to treat with the new Dominion upon the most favourable terms, rather than run the risk of further complication or war. Gov. Smith, the new Hudson Bay Company's Governor, appeared before the Insurgents' Council on the night of the 27th ult., and acknowledged them as the Government of the country at the present time. Mr. Provencher, Secretary for Governor McDougall, remains at Pembina. All is quiet in the Red River, but business is stagnant and some way to get out of the present difficulties is anxiously looked for by the settlers.

The St. Paul's Press, in an editorial this morning on the Red River, says: There is a prospect of the negotiations of the Canadian Commissioners to the Red River having a successful result. If they agree on both sides, instead of a Winnipeg Republic or the State of Winnipeg, the people of Red River will settle down to a staid, slow, old-fashioned English Colony, and so the Red River quarrel may be considered ended, at least unless the Sioux Indians get in and spill the pacific broth.

BREAKFAST.—EPI'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite. The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"The singular success which Mr. Epps attained by his homoeopathic preparation of cocoa has never been surpassed by any experimentalist. By a thorough knowledge of the laws which govern the operations of the system, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table with a most delicately flavoured beverage which may serve as a lining water or milk. Made simply with hot water, and 1lb. tin sold by the Trade only in J. & Epps & Co., Homoeopathic packets, labelled—JASIE opa-