

THE CHARGE O'ER THE ICE.

On the 23rd of February, 1813, McDonnell, of the Glengarry Fencibles, led his men across the river from Prescott and captured Ogdensburg. He had been in the habit of drilling the men on the ice for some time before the assault, consequently the enemy allowed him to approach quite near before they offered any resistance.

As we tramped o'er the ice,
Hard at work at our drill,
To the front in a trice
Rushed the Colonel at will,
Pointing up the hill,
Where the enemy's flag—
A tattered old rag—
Hung like a bag
On its staff.
With a grim ringing laugh,
He said: "Boys, we will go
Across the broad stream
And that glacier of snow,
And before the lads know,
As they doze and they dream,
What a trick we are at,
We will jerk out of that
You dirty old rag,
And hoist up the flag
Of our own bonny land!"
At the word of command
Then our lines wheeled about,
And we choked back a shout
As we rushed on our way.
I could hear the waves play
With a dash
And a splash,
And expected to crash
Through the thin creaking ice
Right into the flood,
But I clung like a vice
To my well beloved gun,
And the turbulent blood
Through my veins did run
With a feverish might,
Each comrade's face,
That I there could trace
On my left and right,
Was rigid and white,
But not with affright;
With wild eyes ablaze,
And with lips set tight
Did they fiercely gaze
For the coming fight.
Thus on did we glide,
Slip, jump, and slide
Past gaping holes
Where the seething waves
Invited our souls
Unto watery graves.
Then we reached the shore,
And we climbed the steep,
While the cannons' roar,
Both loud and deep,
Re-echoed around.
O'er the snowy ground
We plunged and ran,
And the fight began.
Then man after man
Fell into the snow,
And the crimson flow
Of his life-blood sank,
Smoking and hot,
A burning spot.
In the crystal bank,
Then the din grew wild,
And the smoke grew thick,
And we fastly fled
On the double-quick
Around a bend
To our journey's end,
Where a blighting flame
O'er our pathway came.
As we rushed pell-mell
Right into—Well
I reeled and fell
In the gateway then
Mid heaps of men
With my arm shot through,
And naught I knew
Of the conflict more,
Till I saw our flag
Had supplanted the rag,
That the flag-staff bore,
And the fight was o'er.

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TRIED.

Lisle Mercur went home early this evening. Little Pet had said good-bye, after dinner, with heavy eyes that followed him all the way to the bank, and kept reminding him of some they had once closed in death in that same household.

Willie was buried just three years ago tomorrow. The father went lightly up the stairs, straight on his way to the nursery. As he turned at the head of the staircase Mrs. Mercur stepped out of her dressing-room door into the blaze of the hall lights, elegantly arrayed for an evening party. She paused in surprise at seeing her husband home so early. Pretty and piquant as she stood before him, her delicate beauty, as soft and ethereal as the dress she wore, quite dispelled the stern expression on his lips, and the reproach in his tones died down to simple surprise, as he asked: "Are you going out to-night, Fanny?"

"Yes. Why not?" she inquired, in her fluttering, girlish way.

"Your baby, dear," the husband said, in a sad, reproving style.

"Pshaw, Lisle, she's only a little unwell; and Lette will sit by her. She says the child is fond of her, and begs of me to go and enjoy myself. She is thoughtful of me," the young wife added, casting a reproachful glance at the earnest face, looking with sure, disappointed inquiry into hers. "She says I must not shut myself up like a nun."

"Do you think your French maid cares more for you than I do, Fanny?"

The small hands worked uneasily, opening and shutting her fan. She was always lost when this strong man's love spoke to her in this twofold unappealable way. So she ignorantly pushed aside the steady hand that would have guided her into beautiful womanhood, and said the least bit peevishly: "Come, Lisle, don't be always making me solemn. Say good-night and kiss me and tell me to go and be happy."

The husband bent over and kissed the red lips held up coaxingly to his, and encircling the slight waist for a moment with his arm, said in his deep, sad way: "Go and be happy, Fanny."

She glided down the stairs and sprang into the carriage waiting for her at the door, but could not shake off the strange feeling that her husband's manner had inspired, until fairly launched into the brilliant whirl of giddy enjoyment at Mrs. Grange's. Lisle Mercur watched her graceful, retreating figure until it went out of sight. As the front door closed after her he turned heavily, with the great want his beautiful wife so lightly comprehended, and walked to the nursery door. It stood slightly ajar. A little querulous voice kept repeating:

"No, no; Pet wants Flynn."

"Sh! sh! Lette's here. Lette's better than Flynn."

Pet turned on the pillow and looked at the fussy French girl with childish incredulity.

"Pet wants Flynn."

Lette was becoming annoyed at the child's persistency, and pushed back her chair impatiently.

Mr. Mercur was about to open the door and go in, when he heard a rustle at the foot of Pet's bed, and a pale, weary-faced woman glided in from a room adjoining the nursery, and stooped over the restless child. Her lips touched the hot cheek, and two fat arms went around her neck, like love-chains from an angel's heart. Pet was quiet now. She needed no hushing. The touch of Flynn's cool hand was always enough for her. Lette went bustling stidly through the door at the foot of the crib. After a while Flynn unlocked the fingers clasped about her neck and holding them in her own, sat down by the bedside and looked at the head nestled on the dainty pillow. Her white illegible face was partially turned toward the hall door where Lisle Mercur stood with a father's pardonable curiosity. He always regarded his young sister's governess as a calm, gentle woman, with soul enough for her position. To-night he caught a glimpse of something more. That strange power toward which childhood leaps instinctively, watched, unslumbering, self-guard in her steady gaze, thrilled in the low, sure utterance of her conscious words; asserted itself in her lightest touch. Lisle saw why his child wanted Flynn. She was one of those women who, when one once knows them, breathe poetry to the very elements, even though they shrink from talking or singing it. To such, it must not go through many hands, all dabbling at its freshness. So she took to this fair child, and whispered her sweet thoughts to her. And they grew so quietly and naturally together, that even the clear-sighted father never knew of the union until the night when accident showed him Pet's companionship. And his pretty wife flashed back in his face the truth that as for spiritual communion he was alone.

Pet lay so still he thought she must be falling asleep. Then he heard her say, softly,

"Mamma's gone, Flynn."

Flynn smiled.

"Mamma was pretty."

"Mamma was very pretty," Flynn said.

"Why didn't God make Flynn prettier?"

"God knew," Flynn said, reverently; and the child raised her eyes as she did in prayer. They came back brightly again.

"Mamma wore beautiful flowers!"

"Where?" asked Flynn.

"Here." And the little hands went together over Pet's bosom.

"Pet's Flynn's flower."

The sweet face brightened with a mischievous smile.

"Wear yours where mamma wears hers."

Flynn understood. She gathered the little form up in her arms, and pressed it close to her loving woman's heart. This bud she was nurturing would open one day into Flynn's beautiful blossom—not mamma's.

So thought papa as he walked outside the door, while the pale governess walked the nursery floor with the burden on her breast, and at last laid it down sleeping on the bed. Then he went back to his room and waited for mamma. She came home long after midnight and slept late into the morning. When she met her husband at dinner she said in her childish way, quite exultingly, "I knew Pet would be well enough off. Lette said she was quiet and slept well."

The father thought of weary feet going to and fro in the nursery, and the low lullaby hummed softly in his baby's ear. Thinking of the subtle music of this woman's voice, he forgot what mamma was saying, or that she was there. So no revelation was made.

Mrs. Mercur grew feverishly fond of excitement and party-going. Her husband's remonstrances were unheeded; and at last, growing weary of her weak accusations and insinuating comparisons of his conduct and Lette's, he gave up the attempt of restraining her, until he saw that her health was rapidly giving way. Then he pleaded with her, gently but earnestly. She laughed at his fears, and turned to the pleasures she was madly pursuing with renewed eagerness. Duty urged him to more decided action. He led her to her mirror one morning after a night of dissipation, and bade her confront the sunken cheeks and glassy eyes staring back in her face like a solemn warning. She gazed for a moment like one transfixed, and the truth fastened slowly on her unwilling consciousness. She could not bear it. She turned fiercely toward him, and, with a wild gesture, almost shrieked: "Stop your idle prating. I will live while I do live."

The end of her race was reached at last, and she lay down to die. It was a grim place she was verging on. The phantoms and shadows were all passed. The real chasm, the genuine gloom, were just outside. Should she go back, seeking

aid of the pleasure-hunters, through this place they had led her to? Ah! they were cheerless guides now.

"I am dying, Lisle," she whispered hoarsely. He gathered her cold hands in his warm ones, but he could not remove the chill.

"I am dying, Lisle!" she shrieked, piteously. He bowed his head over her pillow till his lips touched her damp forehead; but they had no comfort for her here.

"Help me, my husband!"

He could have helped her once. He could only turn, in his deep distress, and groan now. A quick thought flashed through him hopefully.

"Shall I call Flynn?"

The dying eyes looked up imploringly. She came white and marble-like, as she who lay there in her agony would be soon. Lisle could not see the hope which he longed to read, if there were hope of life in his wife, the lids lay down so heavily on her eyes.

Fanny turned to her, with a wild plea in every lineament of her suffering face.

"Help me, Flynn!"

"God must do that," said a firm, sustaining voice, close in her failing ear.

"Where is He?" gasped the whitening lips.

"Here, Fanny, closer than I can come to you."

"If I could see Him! if I could feel Him!" she cried, clinging, as if reaching out in the dark.

"Call Him as you call me. Ask Him to help you as you ask me. He loves better than I. Fanny. He can go further than I. He is right here. Can't you see Him—can't you feel Him?" said the low voice, in tones that thrilled one with the consciousness of an invisible presence.

The look of terror went from the ghastly face, and the faint shadow of a coming smile paused on the dying lips that only had breath to say:

"Y—e—s."

She was gone where they could do no more for her.

Lisle Mercur left Pet with Flynn, and went abroad. Two years passed, and he did not return. Then came a letter, saying he would sail in two days more, in the *Solitaire*.

Toward the close of summer, just at twilight one evening, they two sat alone in the window-seat of the library, looking at the old lighthouse far up the beach on the Rocky Point.

"It looks ugly—don't it, Flynn?"

"Yes," said Flynn, thoughtfully. "It looks lonely and bare and grim in the daylight; but how was it last night?"

Pet remembered how the storm raged and the sea roared all night, and how she clung to Flynn, wild with fear lest they should all, home, sea and winds, be whirled together in terrible destruction. Then, shining in through the chamber window, gleamed that solitary light from the old tower, and Flynn said: "Look, child, what is it like!"

"Like a star of hope, isn't it, Flynn?"

Flynn said, "Yes," and hoped it might be such to those at sea. She did not whisper the dreadful fear she had in her heart—that a vessel, homeward bound, might go down at dismal night. She soothed the little head that might be fatherless, and wove that in her prayers.

Later in the evening came a messenger saying that the *Solitaire* had foundered in the storm the night before, and it was reliably reported that all on board had perished. Almost within sight of home! Flynn had learned to fear cruel tidings. So no one knew how she felt. The servants gathered, whispering, in the hall. She went out, and bade them disperse, in a husky voice, until Pet was asleep. The lamps were not lighted, and they could not see her pallid face.

She took the child to her chamber and sat beside her until she was asleep. Then she moved like a statue down the stairs into the presence of the cowering servants, who were waiting, as if by instinct, for her commands.

"We will have no lights to-night," she said in a voice that thrilled through darkness. "Let all retire and the house be quiet; tomorrow will be soon enough." There was no need to say for what it would be soon enough, and they went from her presence awe-stricken and oppressed with gloom. When they were all gone she went back to the window-seat in the library, where she had been sitting with Pet, and, kneeling down, buried her face in the cushions. The murmur of the waves breaking softly on the beach came in at the open window.

Lisle Mercur had sailed a week in advance of the *Solitaire*, contrary to his expectations when he wrote. When the news of that vessel's wreck reached his family he was already impatiently moving toward home. It was still comparatively early in the evening when he alighted from the coach in front of his own house. Surprised at finding it closed and dark, he went around toward the back part of the premises, intending to arouse one of the servants. As he passed the library window he observed that it was open, and, springing to the low balcony, he was going in when something suddenly arrested his attention. Stooping over to examine more closely, he was startled by the sight of a human face half-buried in the crimson cushions. Just then the moon came from under a cloud and shone full upon the object, at which he stood gazing with deep perplexity. He saw now that it was Flynn, half kneeling, half reclining, as if she had fallen asleep in the midst of prayer.

He called her softly by name, but she did not

move. Then he spoke in a louder voice, almost roughly, but there came no response. He grew alarmed. The strong man shook like an aspen. He raised her head reverently and tenderly, and laid it against his bosom, smoothing back the wavy, ruffled hair and gazing fondly into the face he had looked upon ignorantly, unappreciatingly, times without number. How precious it seemed to him then, as he groaned aloud: "Great God! have I come back for this?" He thought she was dead—that a now and deeper desolation than he had yet known was upon him.

As he gazed the nostrils slowly dilated, the thin lips parted, and those dark mysterious eyes opened full on his. The sea breeze, the murmur of the waves, were not strange to her; the moonlight coming in at the open window, all this was natural, but this face with its passionate energy, this breast against which she was held so tightly—what did it mean? She would see what it meant; so she made a strong effort, and sat upright. She had passed through a great agony, and she had dreamed a short, sweet dream. It was over now, and she must go back to her self-sustenance. In a moment of mutual silence she called up her old habit of calmness, and said as firmly as her weakness would permit her to:

"We feared you were drowned."

"I knew you would, and hurried home on that account."

"The servants are horror-stricken, but, thank heaven, Pet is spared what I feared she must know soon."

"Flynn—the pale face turned so that the moonlight would not strike it so broadly—'did any one else grieve for me?'"

She trembled visibly, and tried to say something verging close on propriety.

"Spare me this, Flynn," he said, pleading.

"Come down from this distance at which I have viewed you, and tell me for once what I ask."

"How far would you have me come?" she asked, with a quiet significance that he understood at once.

"Not beyond the borders of female delicacy. I forgot in the intensity of the moment that I had not met you there with a broad avowal of my love—love such as men seldom give to women, Flynn."

She looked at him as if to comprehend his meaning, and said, musingly: "I have wandered so long I am lost now."

"Come home, Flynn," he said, reaching out his arms to her. "Lay your head where it lay helplessly a moment since. Trust me. Be mine."

Her head dropped where it was to rest henceforth.

"Tell me why you knelt here like one dead?"

"For you," she said, shivering. "I thought you were dead."

"Then you loved me?"

"Oh, Lisle!" The fervour of her words thrilled through his soul.

"How long has this been, Flynn?"

"Since I came here as your sister's governess."

He started suddenly.

"Before Fanny?"

"Yes," said a voice, tinged with long-borne sorrow.

"Flynn, Flynn, you have suffered!"

She smiled a smile born of deep, soul struggles.

"It has not been in vain." The mask was all off now. Lisle Mercur saw the loving, purified character shining through the face he held to his lips.

"You shall suffer no more alone, darling."

SINCE that part of Paris which is built over the Catacombs shows signs of dropping in, not a few persons visit the ancient quarries out of which living Paris has been built, and where dead Paris is interred—as evidenced by over two millions of skulls, and stacks of femurs, tibia, and fibula. Eighty-nine steps bring the visitor and his lantern twenty-two yards below the sewage and gas pipes of the capital. The pillars supporting the vault are rather in marl than in rock, and crumble very easily.

The Emperor of Germany has appointed the fifteenth of October next as the date for the ceremonious consecration and opening of the lately-finished Cologne Cathedral, when his majesty and most of the members of his house, together with other distinguished persons, will honor the occasion by their presence. The date selected is the birthday of Frederick William IV., the emperor's deceased brother, to whose piety and love of art was due the resumption of the architectural labors which were so auspiciously brought to an end about a month ago.

The feat performed of old by "the amorous boy Leander" is no longer considered marvelous. The difficulties of Leander's passage are not to be measured by the absolute distance between the two shores, which is about three kilometres. The stream is swift and the waters are chill at all times of the year. The low average temperature of the Black Sea is but slightly raised in the Sea of Marmora; this surface warmth hardly affects the Straits of the Dardanelles, where the current mixes the waters of all depths together. The passage has been accomplished scores of times by Americans and Englishmen since Lord Byron undertook to dispel the illusion of its great difficulties. The time required by a good swimmer is generally a few minutes less than an hour.