

create a division on the Hudson River in aid of Burgoyne was made, and that nothing but the imbecility of the naval and military authorities prevented the fleet sailing to Albany and effecting the primary object for which such an expedition should be undertaken.

The Ports were about 60 miles from New York and commanded the passage at King's Ferry thereby straightening the foraging operations of the British troops and restricting their supplies while they kept open the communication to New York from whence supplies of men and provisions were supplied to General Washington—they had been needlessly and foolishly abandoned immediately after their first capture, and the American troops had reoccupied and considerably strengthened the work—the object of the present expedition was to endeavor to draw Washington from his fastnesses on the western bank of the Hudson and compel him to risk a general engagement for the preservation of the posts, but that General knew well by experience the capacity of his opponent, understood his vacillation, and although no General in the scientific sense of the term, had sufficient patience to wait so that the expedition was as fruitless in results as any of the preceding. A division of the army was however landed seven miles below Fort Lafayette and the Commander-in-chief proceeded with the other within three miles of Stoney Point which stood on the western shore; as the works at the Point were unfinished they were at once abandoned by the American garrison, and as they commanded Fort Lafayette they were armed during the night of the 21st June and in the morning opened a hot fire on the Fort while General Vaughan invested it on the land side while the galleys and armed vessels were so placed as to prevent escape by water; surrounded on every side the garrison surrendered as prisoners of war. The whole loss sustained was one man wounded. After completing the fortifications at Stoney Point and putting garrisons into both Forts the fleet and army returned to New York—without pressing Washington to move or affecting the issue of the contest in any way.

An expedition was next planned against Connecticut—as before stated it was from this Province the recruits and provisions for Washington's army was principally drawn, and it was intended by occupying the Ports on the Hudson and destroying the towns on the sea coasts to check those operations, but as the pork, flour and cattle necessary for feeding the troops were collected in the interior and taken to Fort Edward, the head of navigation on the Hudson, the proposed expedition would not accomplish half its proper work—which could only be done effectually by occupying and commanding the whole line of the Hudson River to Albany. On the 4th July the fleet with troops designed for a descent on New Haven with the land forces consisting of 2,600 men under Major

General Tryon, sailed from New York; the fleet under Sir G. Collier. The town was taken possession of; all the artillery, ammunition and public stores and vessels in the harbour burned, but the town was saved although the conduct of the people hardly merited such a degree of consideration as sentinels placed on private houses to prevent plunder were fired on and wounded. The fleet next proceeded to Fairfield where the troops were again landed—a desperate resistance was offered and the town with all the public stores, vessels and every munition of war, or provisions, burnt and destroyed: Norwalk and Greenfield shared the fate of Fairfield, and an attack on New London was contemplated, but ammunition failing the fleet returned to Huntington Bay in Long Island. All this failed to move Washington from his position, though while inflicting lasting injury, made reconciliation hopeless and were valueless as military operations.

THE SUEZ CANAL.

The correspondent of the London Telegraph thus describes the arrival of the steamer *Aigle* at Ismailia, on the opening of the Suez Canal:

By the time I had got my billet and found my quarters, it was getting towards evening and the sun was very low in the west. When I got down to the coast of the lake, where the crowd had grown denser and closer ever since I passed through it a couple of hours before, already the tide of public feeling had turned, and strangers were beginning to congratulate each other on the success of the canal. The reason of this change in popular feeling was manifest enough. At the Suez mouth of the Canal, leading into the lake, there lay two steamers of the Messageries Impériales, which had come up straight from the Red Sea; and across the desert by El Guizar to the north, could see through a dark mass of smoke the tall masts of a vessel rising above the sand hills. From hillock to hillock, from group to group, the tidings had passed along that the masts belonged to the *Aigle*, and that the Empress of the French was on Board. No scepticism and no despondency could stand proof against the testimony of those taper masts which now with the naked eye you could watch moving slowly across the sandy horizon. The multitude so downcast an hour or two before by the anticipation of failure was now elated by the consciousness of success. Amongst the crowd there were few who had not some personal interest in the triumph of the enterprise whose final accomplishment had arrived, after so many years of delay, and difficulty, and hope deferred. Men shook hands with each other without cause or previous knowledge; cheers were raised from time to time and taken up heartily; people laughed, cheered and shouted by turns; and in many faces and many voices you could catch the symptoms of an excitement not far removed from hysterical passion. Surely, since the days when the Ten Thousand caught sight of the sea at last and shouted "Thalatta, Thalatta!" there can have been few emotions more vivid than those of the multitude on the shores of Lake Timsah as the masts of the *Aigle* rose clearer and clearer out of the pall of smoke.

On she came, winding slowly and surely through the turns of the Canal, and when

at last her hull came fully into view as she glided into the broad waters of the Lake, there was one loud, deafening cheer, which was drowned almost before it was begun by the roar of cannon. From the batteries on the banks the bang of the heavy guns came booming across the water; the sharp quick rattle of platoon firing followed, and the troops shouted with the hoarse, brief Egyptian cry, as the first sea-going vessel which had ever crossed the Isthmus steamed into the inland lake having on board the Empress of the French, the wife of the sovereign who, through ill and good report has been staunch in his support of the great enterprise which now stood tested, proved and accomplished. The last rays of the setting sun shone brightly on the low sand hills which surrounded the lake, upon the masts, and the groups of spectators clustered like ants on the bare black slopes upon the still blue waters, upon the flags which the *Aigle* fluted forth, upon the wide expanse of the desert stretching away into the far distance. And as the *Aigle* came on, the two French steamers which had come up from Suez passed out of the cutting, under which they lay moored into the lake. Then scarcely had the *Aigle* got clear of the straits ere she was followed by the *Leif* and then the Imperial Austrian yacht passed into view, bearing at the mainmast the yellow standard of the House of Hapsburg. There was a pause before any other ship bore in sight; and meanwhile the night had come on, and the crowd, seeing that the Empress was not about to land, dispersed hastily. Of the thousand lights that twinkled forth at the dusk setting in, of the vast labyrinth of lights crowded with dusky figures in every variety of garb, of the fireworks, the fair, the strange wild gathering of many nations, and of the evening which followed the entry, I must write to you by-and-by. It is late, and yet from my hut I can hear the sound of music and dancing in the Arab encampment; the rockets are still soaring at intervals into the sky, lighting up the darkness with a parting gloom and flash. But to night I can tell you nothing beyond the one great fact. I have sent word to you hours ago by telegram that the Canal is a success and a reality.

An Englishman, calling himself Mr. Shakspeare, is now going about Paris begging for subscriptions, and representing himself as a descendant of the immortal poet. He is in possession of a letter of recommendation from the well known critic, M. Arsène Hérépage, and gets a good deal of money.

In the old churchyard of Worth, Dorsetshire, is a tomb with the following inscription. "Benjamin Jesty, of Downshay, died April 16, 1616, aged 72. He was born at Yetminster, in this county, and was an upright honest man, particularly noted for having been the first person known that introduced the cow-pox by inoculation, and who, from his great strength of mind, made the experiment from the cow on his wife and two sons in the year 1774."

The Berlin papers tell a good anecdote of Bismarck. Not long ago the Count appeared at one of those balls where every one must pay a very high price. He there met his tailor. Kohlmeier, spoke to him freely, and asked him how the affair pleased him, whereupon the man of cloth, with a very serious face, replied, "It is pretty, your Excellency, but—somewhat mixed!" Bismarck tapped the tailor on the shoulder and pleasantly replied: "But my dear Mr. Kohlmeier, they can't be all tailors, you know."