

nism of William II. So Mentor has allowed Telemachus to march alone.

Germany wants her commercial rivals to help her to compete with them; to lend her a stick to whack their own backs. At the same time the emperor flattered himself he could solve social questions by diplomatic protocols, and reform society as readily as change a button on a gaiter. He relinquished his first project, that of regulating the industrial production of the universe by international restrictions, and definitely stopped at a programme of hygiene. Prince Bismarck has avoided the sanitary philosophers; he lent them the banqueting room of his palace, and while they palavered about the kind of plaster suitable for wooden legs, he went to see the trees coming into leaf in the "Unter den Linden."

But will nothing at all flow from the deliberations of the international Areopagus? It is likely that public opinion will be focussed on the question of State intervention in the solution of economical and social problems. The idea has not yet crystallized, but it is undoubtedly in the air. It is a struggle between the eighteenth and the "twentieth" century of economists. Putting aside the hygienic mercies due to the workers, the State can aid in developing mutual help societies, and insurances against accidents and death, as well as assistance for the invalids of industry and old age. Is it legitimate for the State to intervene, or should all these ameliorations be left to individual initiative?

If the State is to intervene, it is not an autocratic government like Germany that can handle the problem, though Frederick the Great once said, "I will be the king of the beggars." William II. is the young man in a hurry. Time and manners will bring about the desired changes and under free governments; but no international legislation can fix the elements of competition, and now less so than ever, when States are barricading themselves in with protective tariffs, and when Europe is divided and armed to the teeth.

Belgium is noted for its industries. It can boast of a new one, that of "potted frog." Till this year it was permissible to catch and sell frogs all the year round, for they are considered a very delicate food. Only the thighs are eaten in Belgium as in France, but in Italy, the remainder of the body is made into a soup. Perhaps no country in the world turns out so many parallel kitchen curiosities and mysteries, as Italy. So great is the demand for frogs' legs in Belgium, that in order to prevent the extinction of that "fresh-water fish," a royal decree has just been issued, declaring, that henceforth, from the 1st February to the 20th March shall be a close season. It is to have supplies of the delicacy beforehand, that a Frog Canning Company has been formed.

The frog ranks as fish in Lenten observances, and the "queen of the ponds" is in high favour for its delicate and savoury flesh. But the breeding ponds were becoming exhausted, so great was the demand. It is the aquatic green frog that lives in water, and that indulges on summer nights in serenades before the nightingale commences to warble its love, that gourmards esteem. In winter, this frog buries itself in the mud at the bottom of the pond, till the severity of the winter be passed. Emerging, the females commence to lay eggs in bunches, which, in the course of a few days, are hatched into the *têtards*, or bull-heads of the streams, to become full comestible frogs in three months. Z.

MONTREAL LETTER.

OUR Street Railway Company is in the habit of receiving no small amount of pokes in its adamant ribs. Taunts, sneers, threats and jokes have all in turn been tried against its invulnerable sides. The service is said to be irregular. The cars are dirty. The men are careless and shabby. The horses are said to be in their dotage, and the speed is set up as a mark for street Arabs and newspaper cuts. But, to give even the Tram Company its due, things are looking up. If we are not in certain expectation of better cars, at least we are to have more of them. The system is to be extended, if not improved. A route is to be opened from Place D'Armes to the western limits by way of St. James, Windsor, Peel and St. Catharine Streets, taking in the chief hotels and railway stations. The hotels and railways have urged the matter upon the attention of the Council, and the Tram Company itself has approached the Council for permission to lay the track.

The Harbour Commissioners have presented their Report of Business for the year. The revenue and the tonnage have increased 15 per cent. An Appendix to the Report gives an interesting bird's-eye view of the growth of the shipping in the port of Montreal since 1853, when the first steamer sailed up the river from the ocean. Last year the total tonnage amounted to 763,783. The Commissioners expect that the new wharves at Hochelaga and Maisonneuve will be able to be used in part as soon as navigation opens, and that the prospect of a more general and extensive harbour improvement may be the result of the visit to the West paid by the officers of the Trust by the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. During the past year the Trust bought from the Grand Trunk Railway Company the tracks which are laid along the wharves, so that now all tracks on the wharves are on one system, and managed for the good of all railways. The Government disbanded the Harbour Police last autumn, and the city is now to attend to the protection of the wharves. The plans for harbour improvement, for

which provision was made by the civic grant of one million dollars, are at present under consideration.

In close connection with these plans comes the proposed bridge over the St. Lawrence at Longueuil, and all good citizens must hope that both will be considered as bearing a very important relation to each other. The Council has just received a deputation of the promoters of the scheme, and during the interview the pros and cons came in for a share of discussion. The spokesman for the bridge urged that the plans had been laid before the Harbour Commissioners and the Board of Trade; that for a distance of 80 feet the bridge was to be 176 feet high; that the greatest height of mast last year was 180 feet; that for these exceptional cases the bridge could open over the river channel; that an uninterrupted communication between the north and south shores of the St. Lawrence at Montreal was an absolute and urgent necessity; and that the scheme now submitted in no way interfered with navigation. After some discussion as to form and "order" a motion was put and passed that the Council approve of the passage of an Act of Parliament to authorize the construction of a bridge for general traffic of pedestrians, vehicles, trams and railways, provided that the bridge do not interfere with the safe and convenient navigation of the harbour, that the streets be not tampered with without the consent of the Council, and that the plans be submitted to and approved by the Dominion Government.

A Committee of the Home for Friendless Women has called a meeting of citizens to consider the necessity of establishing a School of Industry for young girls who pass through the hands of the Recorder. The opinion of other benevolent institutions and of the public in general is to be consulted. There is a Provincial Reformatory for boys at Sherbrooke, but all young girls, even after their first offence, have to be sent to the common prison with hardened women.

VILLE MARIE.

GLOOSCAP.

GLOOSCAP is gone from Glooscapweek,
In anger he has gone;
Vainly his sorrowing people seek
Their chief on Blomidon.

His kettle he has overthrown,
It is an island now;
His faithful dogs are changed to stone
Before the mountain's brow.

Strange ships invade his beaver-pond,
Strange wigwams line its shore;
The waving of his magic wand
Brings heat or cold no more.

The ancient dame that cooked for him,
The boy Abistanauch,
Are buried 'neath the basin's brim,
Or turned to lifeless rock.

The moose and cariboo that came
Fearless at Glooscap's call,
Have felt the stranger's ruthless aim,
And now are vanished all.

But Glooscap will return—at least
Such is the Micmac's faith,
As day by day he scans the east,
And the sun's shining path.

Glooscap will come, and bring again
The Micmac's golden age,
And wrest from grasp of stranger man
The Indian's heritage.

MATTHEW RICHEY KNIGHT.

Benton, New Brunswick.

A BATTLE DESCRIBED FROM THE RANKS.

DAWN was just breaking. I could dimly see some objects in front of us looking like a lot of kangaroos hopping backwards and forwards—they were Egyptian cavalry we afterwards learned. I nudged my companion, and Rawson whispered, "We are not far off now!" Suddenly a shout was heard, then two shots were fired from opposite our left front, and a man of F company fell dead. No notice was taken of this, and the brigade marched on silently, every man on the alert. All at once a whole sheet of musketry fire flashed out, lighting up the scene far to the right and left. Above the crackle of the rifle-fire sounded loud the roar of artillery. Regardless of these portents, our regiments marched steadily and silently on. The order to "Fix bayonets!" was given; when it had been obeyed and the men sloped arms, the rattle of the bullets on the bayonets was like the sound of hailstones striking against glass. Some men, but not many, fell wounded. The 79th had marched quite 100 yards with their rifles at the slope when the command "Prepare to charge" was given. Down came the rifles of the front rank of the unbroken line, the "Charge!" sounded, and as the last note of the bugle died away a tremendous cheer was raised, the pipers struck up the slogan, and with our gallant colonel in front shouting "Come on, the Camerons!" the ranks broke into double time, and still cheering with all their power, swept forward on the enemy's position. One of the pipers, just as he began to play, had his bagpipes pierced by a bullet, and most discordant sounds escaped from the wounded instrument. "Gude faith,"

cried the piper philosophically, "but the bullet's a deevil-itch sicht better through her wame than through mine!" Shoulder to shoulder on we rushed for quite 200 yards under a shower of bullets, which fortunately were aimed too high and therefore wrought little harm. Suddenly our charge was checked by the first trench, twelve feet deep and the same in width. Many fell into it headlong, and others dropped on the brink under the fire of the enemy on the top of the front bank. The first man up among them was a brave young soldier, Donald Cameron by name, who had rushed to the front, determined to show the way. I saw him fighting desperately hand-to-hand against a throng of Egyptians, till a bullet through the head finished him and he tumbled back stone dead into the trench. It was full of Highlanders trying to clamber up the steep further face, and slipping back again, for there was no foothold. I tried in vain three times, and at last, calling to a comrade, "For God's sake, Finlay, give me a leg up," I succeeded in mounting. Once on the summit, such was my state of excitement, I was for a moment bewildered, and scarcely knew what to do—the enemy swarmed around us like bees, all in white with red fezzes, some brown-faced, some black-faced, and all showing their infernal white teeth. I plunged my bayonet into one of them; the man falling towards me, his weight toppled him and me back into the trench, and we fell together on top of one of my comrades; but I was soon again on the further bank, assisted by four of my mates, and then took part in the charge of the regiment onward towards the second trench.

Cheering vigorously, and clearing our way with the bayonet, we were soon up to and across that obstacle. Just as I got on my feet after clambering out of the trench I was felled by a blow across the legs from the clubbed rifle of an Egyptian, and as I fell saw the cold steel coming at me; but my comrade saved me, and in a moment I was up again, too excited to feel any pain. Suddenly there were shouts of "Retire! retire!"—word ran along the ragged front, causing an immediate and general check, and indeed a retirement on the part of many who thought they were obeying a command. Fortunately a staff officer in the nick of time galloped forward shouting, "No retirement, men! Come on! Come on!" There was a general rally, and then forward we went again. Those cries of "Retire" had been treacherously raised by a couple of "Glasgow Irishmen," who had somehow evaded the precautions that were in force since the days of Fenianism to prevent the enlistment of disloyal characters. They had been proved cowards or something worse on two occasions when the regiment was before Kafr Dowar; and, in virtue of instructions coming through the captain, the non-commissioned officers of the company appointed a sergeant and a corporal to watch the conduct of these two men in the battle. They were charged to use their own discretion, and if that step became necessary to put them summarily to death. When the treacherous dogs raised their shout of "Retire," the non-commissioned officers appointed to watch them promptly did their duty. I saw Sergeant ——— kill one of them with a thrust of his sword-bayonet; and also saw Corporal ——— fire at the other, who fell dead, but whether he was killed by the corporal's bullet or by one from the enemy I cannot undertake to say. The regiment was unanimous that both richly deserved to die, in which conviction every honest soldier will concur.

By this time it was clear daylight, and it was now apparent that in the semi-darkness, the scramble at the trenches and the hand-to-hand fighting, the brigade had fallen into confusion, and that in the charging and struggling whirl the four regiments had got all mixed up and intermingled. There was a short halt in order to reform, and, this roughly and hastily effected, the brigade swept down towards Tel-el-Kebir lock, driving all opposition before it. Just before this halt I received another "butt-ender," which smashed my water-bottle to pieces and knocked me down, but I was immediately dragged up on to my legs again by my fighting chum, who, exclaiming, "Steel for leather! take that, you —!" sent his bayonet into the Egyptian who had felled me. The regiment, when re-formed had suffered from a cross fire coming from the trenches on either flank, to silence which skirmishers were thrown out to the left. They speedily cleared the trench, and drove the enemy along it through a cross trench into trenches further to the left and rear. The detachment attacking the former came on a gun, the gunners belonging to which stood their ground and fought to the last man; they were killed, the gun was taken, and then brought into action against its owners.

As the regiment was pursuing its advance, I had the misfortune to be detached by an order from the sergeant-major to take charge of a prisoner, a man over six feet high and as black as coal. He was sullen and would not move; I tried to stir him with a hint from the butt end of my rifle, on which he bolted, and I had to stop his flight with a bullet. Setting out to follow the regiment I came suddenly face to face with a big Egyptian officer, revolver in one hand, sword in the other. He fired and hit me on the right hand, but the bullet glanced off a ring I wore, and I rushed at him with the bayonet. He warded off my first thrust and my second; I then feinted, he swung his sword round for the parry and had not time to recover it before the bayonet was in him. A pull on a blue seal hanging from his tunic brought to light a silver watch, which I still keep as a remembrance of him. When I reached the crest of the hill overlooking Tel-el-Kebir lock, there lay before me the many hundred tents of the Egyptian camp, and I could see the enemy swimming the canal, and running like deer across the desert in thousands. The