

GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1773.

(Sketched by himself.)
(Continued.)

Among the papers inserted in this memoir, are the letter of Montgomery to Judge Livingston, asking for the hand of his daughter, and Judge Livingston's reply. This correspondence shows the stately steps by which matrimony was approached in the olden time.

KINGSBRIDGE, May 20th, 1773.

"SIR,—

"Though I have been extremely anxious to solicit your approbation, together with Mrs. Livingston's, in an affair which nearly concerns my happiness and no less affects your daughter, I have, nevertheless, been hitherto deterred from this indispensable attention by reflecting that from so short an acquaintance as I have the honor to make with you, I could not flatter myself with your sanction, in a matter so very important as to influence the future welfare of a child. I therefore wished for some good natured friend to undertake the kind office of giving a favorable impression; but finding you had already had intimation of my desire to be honored with your daughter's hand, and apprehensive lest my silence should bear an unfavorable construction, I have ventured at last to request, sir, that you and Mrs. Livingston will consent to a union which to me has the most promising appearance of happiness, from the lady's uncommon merit and amiable worth. Nor will it be an inconsiderable addition to be favored by such respectable characters with the title of son, should I be so fortunate as to deserve it, and if to contribute to the happiness of a beloved daughter can claim any share with tender parents, I hope hereafter to have some title to your esteem.

"I am,

"With great respect,
"Your most obedient servant,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY."

To which the learned Judge thus replied:

"CLAREMONT, 21st June, 1773.

"Sir,—I received your polite letter by the hands of Mr. Lawrence at Poughkeepsie, from whence I returned last night.

"I was there so engaged in the business of Court, both night and day, that I had no time to answer it and though I would have stolen an hour for that purpose, it required a previous consultation with Mrs. Livingston.

"Since we heard of your intentions, solicitous for our daughter's happiness, we have made such enquiries as have given a great deal of satisfaction. We both approve of your proposal and heartily wish your union may yield you all the happiness you seem to expect, to which we shall always be ready to contribute all in our power. Whenever it suits your convenience, we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here, and in the meantime, I remain with due respect,

"Yr most humble servant,

"ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON."

We next alight on an epistle of rather a discouraging nature, for the cause of the Continentals:

"ISLE-AUX-NOIX,
"Sept. 12th, 1776.

"I am, my dear Janet, so exceedingly out of spirits and so chagrined with the behavior of the troops, that I most heartily repent having undertaken to lead them. I went down the river the other day with 800 or 900 men, in order to cut off the communication between St. Johns and Montreal. The detachment marched off from the boats at night, and in less than half an hour, returned in the utmost confusion, some little noise having been made by a few of our stragglers in the bushes. They gave way near the front, and the panic spreading, they were like sheep, with some few exceptions,—nor can I say who behaved worst. With solicitation, entreaty and reproaches, I got them off again, and in less than an hour they came back, having behaved almost as infamously as at first. In their last excursion, the advanced guard surprised a Canadian officer and some Indians in a hut; the officer and one Indian were killed, but the firing of two or three shots set the whole line a-firing without any object. The commanding officer, who was Ritzma, represented the impracticability of getting the detachment off. The next morning I tried again with a little success. In short, such a set of pusillanimous wretches never were collected. Could I, with decency, leave the army in its present situation, I would not serve an hour longer. I am much afraid the general character of the people has been too justly represented. However there are some whose spirit I have confidence in they are taking pains with the men, and they flatter me with hopes of prevailing on them to retrieve their characters. We were so unfortunate as to have some Canadians witnesses of our disgrace! What they will think of the brave *Bastonnais*, I know not! My own feelings tell me they are not likely to put confidence in; such friends. Show this to your father only; it can't be of service to our common cause to make known our weakness. May I have better news to write hereafter!

"Adieu, my dearest Janet,

"Believe me most affectionately yours,

"RICHARD MONTGOMERY."

The fall of Fort Chambly, St. Johns, of

Montreal, of Sorel, of Three Rivers, soon after reached the ear of the loving, absent wife; welcome news, but alas!...

J. M. L.

Quebec, 25th March, 1877.

EPHEMERIDES.

A pretty and hitherto unpublished anecdote which I find in a Paris paper.

Beranger was intimate with David d'Angers. One day, on visiting the sculptor, he found him before a block of marble which had just received the last touches. It was a statuette representing a nude child standing on tip-toe under a branch of vine, with long-curling head thrown back, and holding in his hand an enormous bunch of grapes which his lips barely touched. Beranger, on seeing the delicious work, uttered an exclamation of surprise and joy, but immediately after sent forth a cry of horror.

"What is this, David?" he asked, and his finger pointed to a serpent which the artist had wrought behind the child and which seemed on the point of stinging its heel.

David explained his motive. He had wished to exhibit pain, the poison following in the wake of pleasure.

"Well, my dear friend, so much the worse for your allegory," replied the poet. "If you desire to do me a favor you will at once suppress the hideous beast and let this lovely vagabond eat his grapes in peace."

David smiled and bowed. Then seizing his chisel, with three strokes he sent the serpent flying off the marble.

I read in the Quebec papers that a great and vigorous effort is now being made towards the erection of a *Monument* *same house* in the Jesuit Barrack yard, facing on St. Anne street, and it is expected that by the 10th April it will reach to as great a height as the cross on the French Church steeple. About five hundred carters are busy carting snow, ice and *garbage* (the latter to be used as cement) daily from sun rise to sun set, and as there is ample accommodation in the yard, it would be well if all the philanthropic snow contractors in the city would turn their attention to this spot, and so hasten the completion of this noble structure. The medical men look upon this work with great satisfaction, as it is expected to yield them a handsome return, business in their line having been rather dull the present season.

Durham Terrace! The very name has poetry in it for every one who has visited the grand old city of Quebec. This winter it has been unusually piled with snow and the usual promenade, with its unrivalled view, could not be enjoyed. The corporation was too poor or too lazy to remove the snow, and hence a number of gentlemen volunteered to do the work at night to the accompaniment of ladies' prattle and a big brass band. The band did not turn out, but the ladies, and the work was done with success. The poet of the *Chronicle* thus chronicles the event:

"Forward the Snow Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the heroes knew
The city had blundered;
They did not make reply,
They did not reason why,
They did but do and try:
On to the Terrace then
Marched the half hundred.

Snow to the right of them,
Snow to the left of them,
And snow in front of them
Frozen and solid,
Stormed at with sleet and rain,
Boldly they worked again,
Into that mass of ice,
Into that pile of snow
Marched the half hundred.

Flashed all their shovels bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Severing the snow piles there
Clearing the Terrace, while
All the world wondered:
Plunged in the misty smoke,
Through the snow piles they broke;
Ice and snow, snow and ice
Reeled from the shovel stroke
Shattered and sundered,
Then they came back again
Noble half hundred.

When can their glory fade?
O the good work they made!
All the world wondered,
Honor the work they made!
Honor the Snow Brigade,
Noble half hundred.

Here is a story of Brillat-Savarin, the great French gastronomist which is worthy preserving. He was travelling with two ladies whom he had promised to escort as far as Melun. They had started early in the morning, and arrived at Montgeron with threatening appetites. But, alas! at the inn where they put up there seemed absolutely nothing left to eat, owing to the ravages of three "diligences" full of travellers, to say nothing of post-chaises. Only an excellent leg of mutton turned before the fire in the most approved of fashions. Unhappily it belonged to three Englishmen, who had brought it with them, and who were sitting upstairs drinking champagne and awaiting its arrival. "But, at least," said Brillat-Savarin to the cook, "you could dress us some eggs in the gravy." The cook assented, propounding the more than questionable doctrine that the gravy belonged to him of right as his perquisite. While he was engaged in breaking the eggs, Brillat-Savarin approached the leg of mutton and drew a large pocket-knife on fell designs intent; therewith he inflicted twelve deep wounds on the unresist-

ing meat, which soon gave up the last drop of its vital juice. By and by, the French party was making a delicious breakfast on *œufs brouillés au jus*, with cups of steaming coffee and cream; and laughing merrily at the thought that they had the substance of the leg of mutton, while the luckless English were endeavoring to masticate the fibrous tissue, which was all that remained of it.

THE FREE LANCE.

Cauchon is going to survey the boundaries of Alaska. Alas!

The fisheries are declining in the Lower Provinces. Nova Scotia has lost its seal.

Cheval amuses himself with a jewsharp in the House of Commons. That's what I call horse-play.

A good political maxim.
Tell me whom you praise and I will tell you whom you hate.

A wicked Grit paper says that the investigation into the accounts of the Northern Railway has made out a clear case of black-mailing.

"Have you seen 'The Bastonnais'?"
"Oh, yes; bought two copies of it."
"That was sensible. But why two?"
"Because I found it so interesting that I wanted to read it twice."

A begging lady rang at the door of an aristocratic mansion on Sherbrooke street.

"Missus don't receive to-day," said the servant.

"That's no matter. I don't want her to receive, but to give."

That was a boss cartoon in a late number of *Punch*. A magnificent American ox, drawn in Tenniel's best style, is represented goring a stout British butcher and tossing him high in air. The title is "Bos Americanus," or Yankee Beef and British Butcher.

A sick man refused to follow the prescriptions of his physician, and doctored himself.

"Do as you like now," said the physician in disgust, "you are lost."

"If I am lost, then I had better take your remedies."

He did so, and the joke was that he recovered.

Bad example is contagious. I instanced some time ago, the atrocity of the London *Advertiser* which tortured the harmless French words

Pas de Lien
Rhone que nous.

into "Paddle your own canoe."

Now comes the Ottawa *Citizen* with the following:

"Ten mais, mais que rhoneur far heure on qu'elle."
which is worked into:

"Tommy, make room for your uncle."

LA LEDE.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

As we were the first to announce the opera of "Jeanne D'Arc," by Messrs. Prune and Lavallée, we are pleased at being again the first to publish the programme. These gentlemen have just concluded their arrangements with the directors of the Academy of Music. The representation will take place about the middle of May. The outlay for costumes, scenery and other accessories will amount to more than \$2,000. 239 persons are engaged. In the opera proper there are 34 active parts, 10 silent parts and 40 figurants. The chorus, already well trained, consists of 80 voices. The orchestra will number not less than 50 instruments. The following is the programme:

Jeanne D'Arc.....	Madame Prune
St. Catherine.....	Miss Gauthier
St. Marguerite.....	Miss Desmarais
Laysa, a page.....	Miss Hone
King Charles VII.....	Mr. Chas. Labellé
De Thouars.....	Mr. Louis Labellé
Lafleur.....	Mr. Paul Watton
Jacques D'Arc.....	Mr. Paul Dumas
Maître-Jean.....	Mr. Leblon

VARIETIES.

THREE EMINENT PHYSICIANS.—As the celebrated physician Desmoulins lay on his death-bed, he was visited and almost constantly surrounded by the most distinguished medical men of Paris, as well as other prominent citizens of the French metropolis. Great were the lamentations of all at the loss about to be sustained by the profession, in the death of one they regarded as its greatest ornament; but Desmoulins spoke cheerfully to his fellow-practitioners, assuring them that he had left behind three physicians much greater than himself. Each of the doctors hoping that his own name would be called, inquired anxiously who was sufficiently illustrious to surpass the immortal Desmoulins. With great distinctness the dying man answered, "They are Water, Exercise, and Diet. Call in the service of the first freely, of the second regularly, and of the third moderately. Follow this advice, and you may well dispense with my aid. Living, I could do nothing without them; and, dying, I shall not be missed if you make friends with these, my faithful coadjutors."

AGED BEAUTIES.—History is full of the accounts of the fascination of women who were no longer young. Thus Helen of Troy was over-

forty when she perpetrated the most famous elopement on record; and as the siege of Troy lasted a decade, she could not be very juvenile when the ill-fortune of Paris restored her to her husband, who is reported to have received her with unquestioning love and gratitude. Pericles wedded the courtesan Aspasia when she was thirty-six, and yet she afterward, for thirty years or more, wielded an undiminished reputation for beauty. Cleopatra was past thirty when Antony fell under her spell, which never lessened until her death, nearly ten after; and Livia was thirty-three when she won the heart of Augustus, over whom she maintained her ascendancy to the last.

Turning to more modern history, where it is possible to verify dates more accurately, we have the extraordinary De Poitiers, who was thirty-six when Henry II.—then Duke of Orleans, and just half her age—became attached to her; and she was held as the first lady and most beautiful woman at court up to the period of the monarch's death and the accession of Catherine of Medicis. Anne of Austria was thirty-eight when she was described as the handsomest queen of Europe, and when Buckingham and Richelieu were her jealous admirers. Ninon, the most celebrated wit and beauty of her day, was the idol of three generations of the golden youth of France, and she was seventy-two when the Abbe de Bérail fell in love with her. True it is that in the case of this lady, a rare combination of culture, talents and personal attractions endowed their possessor seemingly with the gifts of eternal youth.

Bianca Capello was thirty-eight when the Grand Duke Francesco of Florence fell captive to her charms and made her his wife, though he was five years her junior. Louis XIV. wedded Madame de Maintenon when she was forty-three years of age. Catherine II. of Russia was thirty-three when she seized the Empire of Russia and captivated the dashing Gen. Orloff. Up to the time of death—at sixty-seven—she seemed to have retained the same bewitching powers, for the lamentations were heartfelt among all those who had known her personally. Mile. Mars, the celebrated French tragedienne, only attained the zenith of her beauty and power between forty and forty-five. At that period the loveliness of her hands and arms, especially, was celebrated throughout Europe. The famous Madame Recamier was thirty-eight when Barras was ousted from power, and she was without dispute declared to be the most beautiful woman in Europe, which rank she held for fifteen years.

HUMOROUS.

THE man who knows of a good trout stream is now actively engaged in keeping his mouth shut.

Blue glass has achieved another triumph. It cured a book agent of lockjaw, but it was paid as a ghost when it got through.

THE secret of running a boarding-house profitably is to find out just what your boarders don't like, and then feed 'em lots of it.

WHEN Robert Burns died he forgot to take a pair of silver sleeve-buttons with him, and they are now in the possession of several hundred different people.

IT warns the charitable heart to see the smile of peaceful satisfaction that creeps over the face of the man who bays in these hard times, a few days more of wear in a pair of discarded boots.

WHEN a man discovers that his boy has been using his razor to sharpen a slate pencil with, his faith that he is to be father of a President is temporarily eclipsed by his anxiety to find the boy and a piece of lath.

HALF the fools in Canada think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick; two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the ministers preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editors running the papers.

THE ground is bare in spots and cats may be planted to advantage. You cannot plant cats any too early, nor is it possible to get too many of them in a hall. You may not raise anything where the cat is planted, but the cat will not raise anything either, and that is where the enormous profit comes in.

THERE is no more striking and saddening picture of extreme poverty and suffering of the poor, these cruel times, than to see a half-clothed, shoeless, stocking-less child seated on the cold curbstone, his old rope-handled basket half full of charity's dry crust at his side, and himself lost in reverie through the contenting influence of an old sugar butt.

THE late Dr. Erskine, one of the ornaments of the Scottish National Church, was a clergyman of deep and earnest piety. One day, when something had occurred to irritate him, and to put him into as violent a passion that language seemed to be denied him for the time, Christianity putting a curb on the refractory tongue, the beadle rather archly queried, "Would an alth relieve ye, sir?"

A CLERGYMAN, meeting a little boy of his acquaintance, said, "This is quite a stormy day, my son."—"Yes, sir," answered the boy, "this is quite a wet rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he ever knew of any other than a wet rain. "I never knew personally of any other," returned the boy; "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a very wet rain."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELINA PATTI receives \$1,050 in gold every night she sings in Europe.

OXFORD, the English dramatic critic, once said that during all his long career, he had never written a line which would send an actor home in despair, to find his wife and children in tears.

MR. SIMS REEVES, the great English tenor, is getting well on in years, and grows more capricious as he grows older. It is said that he now often refuses to sing at concerts where he has been announced, from no reason but the merest whim, and he is inflexible in his determination to respond to no encores. He sings just exactly the number of pieces that he is paid to sing, neither more nor less. He refuses to go outside of England, and declined for this reason a very lucrative engagement offered him in Australia and New South Wales. He preserves the beauty of his voice in a marvellous degree.