

our halt to rest between seven and midnight. As we know, this delay was specially arranged, so as to time the arrival of troops, just as dawn broke, close up to the entrenchments. But its effect upon the Arabs was to persuade them that we meant to make no attack that night; and after midnight the reserves were dismissed back to camp, only the trench guards or first line being retained, but even their officers went to bed. Probably most of the men themselves slept calmly through the rest of the night; but they had their open cartridge-boxes at their side, and at all the batteries we found after the works were taken enormous piles of shot and shell ready to be hurled at our men.

On the other hand, although betrayed at the last moment, Wolsley was well served by his own Intelligence Department, under Colonel Redvers Buller and Colonel Tulloch; the latter, from his longer experience, being simply invaluable. A regular system of daily information was kept up by spies who came and went between our camp and Arabi's lines. From them our General learnt full particulars of Arabi's strength, of the position of his forces, the relative strength of the various bastions and other parts of his works, more particularly of the number of guns mounted along the line of entrenchments. Perhaps the most important intelligence supplied to Sir Garnet, which no doubt encouraged him to hazard an attack, was the knowledge that the Egyptian army kept little or no look-out at night. They had no regular system of outposts, and, except a sentry or two in the front pretty close to the main body, were quite unprotected from surprise, and we were upon them without the slightest notice of our approach. Had they been warned, we should have met with a very different reception, and the fight might have had a different result. The works would probably have been carried all the same, but it would have been at a terrible expense—perhaps of half the attacking force.

The night march which preceded the attack was well managed, and, making due allowance for the difficulty of moving through sand ankle-deep and in pitch darkness, there was wonderfully little confusion or mixing up of the columns. The troops were formed in two lines of half-battalions in double companies, each half-battalion being supported by its other half in the second line. The reserves, or supporting line, were linked with the first by a chain of men at a few yards apart, who thus kept up the proper direction. The advance was due westward. It was literally "steered" from about the centre of the line by poor Rawson of the navy, who was killed, a most promising and intelligent officer, who had been with Wolsley on previous campaigns. Sir Garnet himself, with the head-quarter staff, was about the centre of the line of advance, near the railway, along which ran a line of telegraph-posts. By means of these and the wire temporarily laid down, as the movement continued, he kept up his communications with the cavalry on the extreme right, and Macpherson's Indian contingent on the left. Besides these measures to assist the advance, the Royal Engineers, the day before, had erected a few posts, which were useful so far as they went. No orders were given above a whisper. The march was conducted in absolute silence; nothing was to be heard but the slush of the long line of feet through the sand and the muffled rattle of the wheels of the artillery. No lights were allowed, but now and again a staff-officer struck a match inside his helmet, and anxiously examined his watch. Time was stealing on, and it was important to know that the dangerous road was nearly traversed before the daylight, which breaks as quickly as night comes on, betrayed the attack to the enemy.

The Highland Brigade must have got to their work—that is to say, within a couple of hundred yards or so of the entrenchments—just before dawn. They were then detected. Two shots were fired in the air, to give the alarm; then came a volley, fortunately aimed high, as the enemy thought our men were a long way off. After that a pause; then a second volley, which made great havoc, and gave some idea of what would have been the slaughter had the advance been longer and in broad daylight. The order given to our troops at the first volley was to press on at once at the charge, and the lines went on just as they were, in double companies. Only one regiment, a little to the rear, had been halted by the sound of bugle, blown no one can say why; and they were preparing to open fire, when they were stopped, just in time, by a staff-officer, and sent on at the double. The ditch of the trench was deep, the slope on the other side difficult and long; but the men got up by making a ladder of one another's shoulders, and, although the first few to crown the parapet were shot dead, and fell back, others got over by twos and threes, and gradually the whole line was inside the trench. After that there was little opposition. Indeed, the enemy's confidence had been shaken almost from the very first at the appearance of what they described as a great black wave coming towards them. As soon as the trenches were carried, it was a regular stampede; our own troops pressed on in such hot haste that they too lost all formation, and were more like a confused mob—men of all regiments intermingled; among those leading, and in the very first flight, was Sir Edward Hamley, the divisional general, and near him was Sir Archibald Alison, the Highland brigadier. The panic-stricken Egyptians streamed away across our front to the left, little knowing that the Indian contingent were on that side of the canal. They found small mounds of Macpherson's men. Some eight hundred dead bodies were found

hereabout, and yet the Indian contingent had only two or three killed.

Our people was greatly blown in their race to the entrenchments. A rather good story is told by an officer who went back to hurry up all the men he could find, and who came upon a small party, under a sergeant, halted, the whole utterly dead beat. He pressed them to push on, but exhausted nature could do no more. Still, they were ready to try if they could only get a mouthful of food or water. There was none of either to be had. Only a smoke then, said the sergeant. The officer said he could not help them, having neither pipe or tobacco. He was told they had everything but a light; whereupon he produced a match box, and, to the intense delight of all, passed it round. "Hech, mon!" said the Highland sergeant, forgetting his respect, "ye've got a match!" After that, and with three short whiffs, they were so re-invigorated that the little party again raced forward at the double.

All accounts are agreed as to Sir Garnet's demeanour both before and after the fight. His coolness and self-reliance were extraordinary. On the morning before the battle, when he took all the generals and their respective staffs, to reconnoitre the enemy's lines, he dismounted within a couple of miles of Tel-el-Kebir, and, gathering the others around him, explained exactly what he meant to do. With a short stick he pointed to the entrenchments as he might to a black board in a lecture-room, and quietly indicated in turns the position of each part of the attacking force. He had the whole thing off by heart, knew and explained in exact detail what every regiment had to do. While they were thus occupied, protected only by a small cavalry escort, the enemy sent out a party to observe them, but made no further demonstration. Wolsley's "lecture" finished, they all remounted, and rode back to camp. After the battle was practically won, Sir Garnet came to the bridge across the canal communicating the right with the left attack, and, getting off his horse, quietly began to write his telegram announcing the victory on a scrap of paper handed to him by one of his staff. Here too he received the reports from the various staff-officers of divisions and brigades, asking more particularly as to casualties. "Are you quite sure!" he always said. "Don't give me wrong figures. Don't mention any officer's name unless you are quite positive he is hit." All this time he was giving orders right and left, now to one staff-officer, now to another, and through it all, confusing and embarrassing as the situation might well have been, was perfectly quiet and unconcerned.

It seems more and more certain that Sir Garnet kept his own counsel as to the move to Ismailia. No one whatever seems to have been in the secret. Possibly one or two confidential friends on his own staff; but even this is unlikely, and it is almost positively stated that the divisional and other generals were quite in the dark. The force left at Alexandria had its detailed orders to move out from Ramleh the following morning to cooperate in the attack upon Aboukir, and were only stopped at daylight, when the general commanding, Sir Edward Hamley, had opened and read a sealed packet intrusted to him. So complete was the take-in that a special steamer left Alexandria with three hundred passengers on a pleasure trip to witness the bombardment of Aboukir. They arrived at Aboukir to find only one ship left, the *Téméraire*, acting as guardship, and returned to Alexandria very much sold. The chief commissariat officer was also in ignorance of the real move, and was directed to load the ships with four or five days' rations, in order to feed the troops on landing at Aboukir. Contracts had actually been made some time previously in England, to deliver stores and goods at Ismailia; but these were for the moment countermanded, to carry out the deception. All things neatly are permissible in war, provided they succeed. Sir Garnet can laugh now at the indignation of those he took in, but they would have raised a fine chorus of disapprobation had he failed.

Some of the correspondents had a rough time of it. One eminent artist, representing an illustrated paper, owing to the strict limitation of numbers, had to get to the front concealed in a truck full of hay. Hay must be worse than dust in a draughtsman's eyes, and the correspondent's sketches were made under considerable difficulties. The question of supplies, where every one had to be fed by the commissariat, was a delicate one, as also was that of progression, seeing that, being *en cachette*, he could not show himself much, and at no time could he ride, having neither a horse nor rations to give one. Fortunately for him, the other representative of his paper fell ill, and he was allowed to take the place.—*The World*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The illustration on our front page gives one of those charming little character studies for which the artist is so famed. The devotional aspect of the girl cannot be mistaken, and besides her beauty there looks out from her eyes that goodness which makes us feel that the angels have already carried her prayer upon their wings and laid it at her father's feet in Heaven.

On another page we give an illustration of the successful maidens at the recent beauty tournament in Hungary. This original idea, which Barnum has already threatened to carry out in this country, was a feature of the fair held at

Budapest. The ladies who deemed themselves worthy to compete for the prize, entered the lists solemnly, and after due consideration were arrayed in classes according to the judges' decision of their relative merits from an artistic point of view. A careful comparison of the types with our own ideas of beauty only serve to prove that beauty is after all a good deal a matter of taste, and partially of nationality and climate.

The inspection of the Brighton company of engineers, a sketch of whose work appears in this number, took place on the morning of the 11th ult., at Sussex Camp. The corps were inspected by Lieut.-Col. Walker, who, after the marching past was over, called the officers to the front, when Lieuts. Tompkins and Connell in turn took charge of the company. Lieut. Tompkins put them through the manual exercises in a most satisfactory manner, after which the details and commands for company drill were correctly given by Lieut. Connell, the corps marching to front and rear and forming to right and left very correctly. After the parade was dismissed, the company again fell in with picks, shovels, axes and other working tools, and marched up to Morrison's field, where, after some instructions from Col. Walker, they were divided into three parties. One squad, under Lieut. Tompkins, constructed a casemate or shelter at the foot of the hill to the north of the camp grounds; Lieut. Connell went with a number of men to the gun pits, which they connected by a prolongation of the trench in rear of and parallel with the face of the works, throwing forward the dislodged earth, to form a revetment parapet, under which they hollowed out a magazine four feet deep. While these operations were in progress, party number three in charge of Sergt.-Major Swyny dug a hasty shelter entrenchment for infantry, the regulation time for which is half an hour, though the work was performed in 23 minutes. Another shelter pit for troops kneeling, the loop-holes being formed by laying a small spruce pole along the top of the breastwork, and thrusting the handle of a pick through at intervals of two paces, a quicker and more substantial method than that usually adopted. In the afternoon the work on the gunpits was completed by the party in charge of Lieut. Connell, who constructed a second magazine and lowered the parapet and embrasures several inches. The squad under Lieut. Tompkins were engaged in laying the roadway on the bridge, during which Col. Irwin made a sketch of the bridge as seen from the rear of the 73rd Battalion's quarters, which we reproduce on another page. The Colonel expressed himself as delighted with the proficiency of the Engineer corps, stating that he had never seen a better officered and manned company in the militia of Canada—high praise, coming from such a source. Sergt.-Major Swyny, meanwhile, was actively employed with his men on the hill, constructing a deep rifle-pit capable of holding a large party of sharpshooters, and perfectly sheltered from hostile fire, being covered in with timber and eight inches of clay. Col. Walker is not demonstrative, but was highly pleased with the alertness of the corps and the capacity of the instructors. Major Vince is justly proud of his command.

NEVER WRITE ON YOUR CUFFS.

"The fact is," said Jim Keene, the great New York rival to Jay Gould, "that no matter how clever and thorough a man's system of stock operating may be, there is always occurring some little unforeseen and apparently insignificant circumstance that is for ever knocking the best laid-out plans into a cocked hat." "As how?" "Well, for instance, about a year ago I was doing a good deal in Lake Shore, and counted on making a big clean up. I discovered, however, that there was some hidden influence in the market that was always against me. It didn't exactly defeat my plans, but it lessened my profits. I soon saw that there was some operator who was kept informed as to my movements in time to make me pay for his knowledge." "Broker gave you away," said several. "Not at all. I never gave an order in advance, and, besides, I used as now half-a-dozen brokers, and also gave 'cross' and 'dummy' orders in plenty. One day, while I was standing at the window of my up-town place, cogitating over this state of affairs, an elegant private coupé drove past, and stopped just round the corner of my door. It contained a richly-dressed lady and a ragged-looking girl. The latter got out, rang my basement bell, and was admitted. I sent for my man-servant, and inquired who the girl might be. "She comes for the wash, sir," he said. "Does she generally come in a coupé?" I inquired. "Why no sir," said my man, very much surprised; "her mother, the washerwoman, is very poor." Just then my own carriage drove around for me, and as it passed the other I could see the lady eagerly sorting the soiled clothes in the coupé on her lap. This excited my curiosity, so I had my driver follow along behind. Pretty soon the coupé stopped, and went into a brown stone front on 29th street. The coupé then kept straight down to Wall-street, and stopped in front of a broker's office, where the lady alighted with my entire lot of soiled shirt cuffs in her hand." "Shirt cuffs?" cried the entire company. "Exactly, shirt cuffs. I saw through it all in a moment. You see I am, or rather was, a great hand while at dinner or at the theatre in the evening, to think over my plans for the next day, and to make memoranda on my cuffs, to consult before starting down

town in the morning. My washerwoman had found this out, and had been quietly "coppering" my game by means of my cuffs for over a year." "Well, by Jove." "It's the cold fact," continued Keene. "In less than eight months she had cleaned up over \$600,000, and was washing my clothes, at least the cuffs, in an \$80,000 house. She had diamonds and horses until you couldn't rest." "You didn't make any more cuff memo's, after that?" laughed several. "Well, not many—just a few," said the great operator. "I believe I kept it up about a month longer, at the end of which time I had raked in the washerwoman's banking account, and even had a mortgage on the brown stone house. It was a queer coincidence, wasn't it? But perhaps the information she found on the cuffs after that wasn't as exact as it had been, somehow, or as reliable."

HOW TO CHOOSE A MINISTER.

Some very painful evidence was given at a meeting of the Presbytery of Gariocha, to examine witnesses against the settlement of a minister presented to that parish. One farmer objected that the minister's composition of a sermon he delivered in the kirk was faulty: "He did not bring out the spiritual doctrine that he should have brought from the text." Another farmer deposed as follows: "I didn't love his discourse. I didn't think much of him. He was paying close attention to what he was reading off o', and wasna looking through the kirk. He had always one hand on the paper; but whether he was pointing with his finger or not, I couldna say. I heard him vera weel. He read the same as you and I or anybody would hae read a chapter, wi' little or only alteration in his voice. I wasna altogether pleased wi' his manner. I dinna think I could esteem him for his works, that I ever heard him do. I mean by his works his preachin' and readin' oot o' the pulpit. He didn't show by accent in his delivery any liveliness towards the congregation. My own intention is, that if he be placed, I want to be here very often. My intention is to leave the kirk; I won't say when, but it will be very soon, if he be placed here." The witness further explained what a minister's manner should be like in the pulpit: "He should be a good lively speaker, and nae tied to his book, and should be able to look frae ae en' o' the kirk to the ither and try to attract his hearers." Such was not the case with the unfortunate minister who was the subject of the inquiry. He looked up "vera little. He might hae gonn a short glimpse up at a time. It was," added the witness, "my thoct he kept his hand on the book to keep his place. He didna every now and then look up and around the church. He might, for a second, have looked at a time at one end and anither at the ither end. I watched him pretty close, and had my eye upon him." It would appear from this testimony that the minister was evidently in the wrong place. He should have been in the body of the church, and the congregation in the pulpit.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE Bey of Tunis will spend the winter in Paris.

EX-GOVERNOR HENDRICKS' condition continues favorable.

FOUR hundred Mormon converts landed at New York on the 3rd.

HEAVY frost and thick ice in different parts of New York State.

LIEUT. COL. IRWIN succeeds Major-Gen. Strange as Dominion Inspector of Artillery.

NEW regulations governing the admission of cadets to the Royal Military College, Kingston, have been issued.

A GANG of burglars from Chicago visited the American express office at Winnipeg on Wednesday night, and stole \$11,500 in money.

THE candidate in Edinburgh for the Commons who favored immediate disestablishment of the Scotch Church has been defeated.

THE ex-Empress Eugénie is reported to have made her will in favor of Prince Victor Napoleon, who inherits the Napoleonic succession.

OUTRAGES against the Jews have been renewed in the district of Presburg, Hungary, which was recently placed under martial law in order to prevent such outrages.

THE Department of Justice will recommend His Excellency to commute the sentence of death passed upon Constable Albert to twenty years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

HEAVY snow-storm in New Brunswick on the 2nd. The ground was covered three inches deep in some places.

THE annual report of the Supervising Inspector of Steamboats at Washington, states the casualties at 205, or 73 less than the previous year.

THERE is a mile of forest fire in the Catskill's, opposite Germantown, N.H. The flames seem to be working rapidly toward the mountain summit.

PERSONS arrested for complicity in the September anti-Jewish riots at Presburg, in Hungary, have been sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

THE mortality from yellow fever at Mier, N.M., was horrible, and the fright so great that parents deserted their afflicted children and the children their parents.