

A War Reminiscence.

It was in the year 1813, one of the darkest periods of the war. The American army seemed bound by sheer force of numbers to crush out all opposition. Toronto had fallen. The disastrous battle of Moravian Town had been fought, Tecumseh, the noblest of our Indian allies, was slain. The heroic Brock had long since yielded up his life. General Vincent, with a small force, was compelled to retire towards Burlington Heights, pursued by an arrogant and overwhelming army of the invaders. Lawless hordes roamed at will over the country. Many of our volunteers had been compelled to return home to provide good shelter and protection for their loved ones. Yet there was no thought of yielding to the foe, and all were ready to rally at the call of their trusted leaders when an opportunity offered for striking a successful blow. At this time a widow woman whom we will call Mrs. L.—resided near Lyons Creek, in the county of Welland, on a farm laid waste by marauding bands. Many of her nearest of kin had suffered and bled in bygone years for their loyalty to the old flag. Yet she was willing still to manifest her loyalty by all the lawful means in her power. Hence she had cheerfully consented that her only grown up son should take his place in the ranks to resist the foe from whom she had hoped the soil of Canada would be a safe refuge.

Having occasion to visit a neighbor some miles distant, she started one morning accompanied by one of her sons, an active lad of 12 years, who volunteered to go on in advance and ascertain whether her pathway was free from danger and insult from lurking foes. They had gone some distance, the boy in advance, when suddenly he heard some one conversing with his mother who was concealed from him by a bend in the road. Hastily returning he saw by her side a soldierly looking man whom he recognized as a well known officer of the Canadian Militia. "Where did you come from?" said the boy, mortified to think his sharp eyes had failed to detect any lurking friend or foe. "It might not be best for me to tell where I came from or where I go sometimes, my lad," replied the officer. "Well, you weren't here when I passed by," said the boy. "Perhaps no one else was here either," said the officer, and sounding a whistle a dozen or more men stood erect on either side of the roadway, all wearing the well known uniform and cockade of the Canadian Flank Companies. If the widow and son were startled it was but for a moment, for they instantly realized that they were surrounded not by enemies but friends. Continuing the conversation the officer said: "You expect your son home to-night?" "Yes, I am sure he will come, replied the widow. "Well, tell him I want him and all the members of his company that can be collected to-morrow night at D—Corners, Stamford road, 9 o'clock sharp!"

He then separated his men and dispatched them to various localities commissioned to speak to the proper parties the welcome words, "Men, you are wanted! to-morrow night D—Corners, 9 o'clock sharp!"

At this time there was an American battalion having a general good time of it not many miles distant. With (as they supposed) no enemy near them worth respecting. They had such a "make yourself at home" sort of way about them that one could fancy they were impressed with the idea that individually and collectively they owned the whole country. Making free use of such supplies as were in reach, they were politic enough to offer good inducements to the farmers for additional supplies.

The day following the commencement of our tale an old Dutchman appeared at headquarters with a fine load of cabbages for sale. He was received with much civility and had no difficulty in disposing of his load.

Having informed them that he had more for sale they urged him to come again next day, but he had other important work to attend to and could not promise to come. He finally agreed to come that night. When about to drive away they informed him that he could not come to headquarters without the countersign in the night time. He was much disgusted with such nonsense as the "countersign," as he called it, but finally appeared to comprehend its meaning. There could surely be no danger in giving the important word to an honest old Dutchman, so it was imparted to him ere he wended his way homeward.

It may well be supposed the officers had a hearty laugh at the simplicity of the old Dutchman. They doubtless relished his cabbage, however, and well they might, for they had paid for the same like gentlemen. They could not think of cheating an honest old Dutchman, nor for a moment fancy him capable of cheating them.

As the shades of night are falling upon the American camp after the various routine duties pertaining to the same are performed, all is soon quiet and peaceful within and without its boundaries. Songs are sung and tales are told, and soon five or six hundred men lay down to rest and dream perchance of homes far away on the verdant slopes of the Green Mountain's the banks of the Ohio or in the beautiful valley of the Genesee. Homes which they should never have left on a mission of spoliation and conquest among a hitherto free and friendly people, homes which many of them will never see more.

A few miles distant in a south westerly direction, a different scene might meet the view of a close observer. Squads of men are silently gathering towards a common centre. They issue from lanes byroads and forest paths, and among them the word is spoken in whisper, "D—Corners, Stamford road, nine o'clock sharp."

At the common rendezvous a band of bold, determined men are soon gathered fully armed and equipped for the entertainment of their American visitors, and silently they move eastward at the word of command.

12 o'clock in the American camp and all is quiet save the regular tramp of the sentry and the occasional distant movements of patrol parties. Suddenly a few musket shots about the camp, a wild alarm is raised and hundreds of bewildered men spring to their feet in dishabille to be confronted by gleaming bayonets and hear the stern command, "Surrender or we fire!"

No true Canadian of the present day could wish to gloat over the agony of a baffled and defeated foe, hence we will not describe the scene which followed. Garneau, the Canadian historian, referring to this event says: "The chief of an American battalion, thinking his men surrounded by a superior force surrendered at discretion to Lieutenant Fitzgibbon." If the annals of the old settlers are true the Americans did not submit without a desperate struggle. A majority of them surrendered. Others managed to break away and escape while many half naked men made a most determined rush upon their Canadian foes and met with a soldier's death upon the soil they had wantonly invaded.

It is a noteworthy fact that at this critical period of the war three clever defeats were inflicted on the enemy in quick succession by our brave defenders, with very limited means, namely, that of Harvey near Burlington Heights, when Generals Chandler and Winder were taken prisoners; that of Fitzgibbon near Queenston, and the surprise and destruction of Black Rock by Colonel Bishop.

Many tales of bravery and endurance might be handed down to posterity of the pioneers of our country, but chief among them should always be the way Lieutenant Fitzgibbon played a Yankee trick upon the Yankees in the War of 1812.

Sagacious Monster.

Arthur Clay sends to the London *Spectator* the following instance of the sagacity of the elephant. It was told me, he says, by Mr. Quay—at the time a non-commissioned officer in the First battalion of the Sixtieth rifles, but now one of her majesty's yeomen of the guard. In 1853 his regiment was marching from Peshawar to Kopelvic, and was accompanied by a train of elephants. It was the duty of the mahout in charge of each elephant to prepare twenty chupatties, or flat cakes made of coarse flour, for his charge. When the twenty chupatties were ready they were placed before the elephant, who during the process of counting never attempted to touch one of them until the full number was completed. On the occasion related by Mr. Quay one of the elephants had seized the opportunity of his mahout's attention being distracted for a moment to steal and swallow one of the chupatties. When the mahout, having finished the preparation, began to count them out he of course discovered the theft and presented his charge with nineteen in place of the usual number. The elephant instantly appreciated the fact of there being one less than he had a right to expect, and refused to touch them, expressing his indignation by loud trumpeting. This brought the conductor of the elephant line (with whom Mr. Quay had been in conversation) on the scene. Having heard the explanation of the mahout, the conductor decided that the mahout was in fault for not keeping a better lookout, and ordered him to provide the twentieth cake at his own cost. When this was prepared and added to the pile the elephant at once accepted and ate them.

Murd's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

A Child's Corpse Preserved.

About one month ago the courts decreed that the bodies interred in the Methodist Protestant cemetery in Avondale, near Cincinnati, should be removed, and last week the work began. Yesterday morning an iron casket about three feet long was taken out of the earth and placed in the vault. It so happened that the casket had a lid over the glass, and the lid was fastened by one rivet only. This was rusted, however, and at first the lid could not be moved aside until one of the workmen happened to jostle it a little roughly, when to his surprise it sprung open and exposed to view the remains of a beautiful child that lay as if asleep.

In the afternoon the remains were seen by a reporter, who accompanied the casket to Spring Grove, where it was re-interred after being viewed by

THE ONLY LIVING RELATIVE

of the dead child, a sister, who still lives in Cincinnati. The story of the dead child, as told by the sister (who does not wish her name disclosed), is a strange one. Said she: "My sister died before I was born. She was buried at first in Wesleyan cemetery in November, 1856, but on that place being abandoned the casket was removed to Avondale. It happened that at the time of the removal—twenty-six years ago—I was old enough to accompany my parents, both of whom attended the removal. I was quite small, but I recollect very well that the lid was turned aside and that great pains were taken to show me the body of my dead sister. My mother declared that there had not been a particle of change in the features in the nine years. To me they seemed rounder and plumper than they did today. At that time the hair was a rich golden color, but I see it has changed to a dark red. My sister was just 4 years old when she died. She was always a delicate child, and was remarkably precocious. There was no embalming, and the body was simply wrapped in a shroud and placed in a hermetically sealed casket. My father and mother have been dead many years, and I am the only relative to accompany

LITTLE CLARA'S REMAINS

to their third resting place. I can assure you that it was not an unpleasant task to come out here and see my dead sister, and I am delighted to find her remains so wonderfully preserved. When this removal was made years ago my father took great care to keep the discovery of the marvelous preservation a secret from the public, and for this reason it was never found out."

The reporter scanned the features of the dead child very closely. The color of the skin has not changed in the least, and all who saw it declared that the flesh was as life-like as could be. The delicate eyebrows and eyelashes were still intact, and even the place of meeting of the lids could be seen distinctly. A closer scrutiny of the face showed the open pores. The mouth was not as perfect as it might have been, owing to the body being slightly twisted, presumably by the frequent handling it had received.

UNDERNEATH THE CHIN,

as if peeping out, could be seen something green. It resembled a rose leaf, but was probably the end of a ribbon that had been tied about the neck. The shroud was of a delicate pinkish white color, and its texture was plainly visible. All over it the nap of the woollen cloth could be seen slightly elevated, while the folds in the winding-sheet were as perfect as when finally left by the mother's hands.

The hair, as has been stated, was of a reddish cast. It lay perfectly smooth over the little head, and was parted and combed to either side, and had the appearance of having been done only recently. The place where the coffin lay was a low, wet spot. The soil is a yellow clay, and when the grave was opened the casket was completely incased in the sticky mud, which had to be peeled off. Everything about the body betokened moisture, and little beads of water could be seen standing on the hair and shroud, while the face had a wet, clammy appearance and seemed to be of the consistency of dough. Supt. Van Zandt, who is attending to the removal of the bodies, is of the opinion that if air should strike the body it would dissolve and lose its shape at once. It is the opinion of all who saw it that there is nothing left but a thin shell.

London is full of highly-cultured gentlemen, both young and middle-aged, who are able to do almost anything except earn a subsistence.

A stern father in Keya Paha county, Neb., with a large family of girls, has passed the cold idiot that each bean who frequents his domicile through the Winter must contribute a load of sawed stove wood.

White Slavery in Russia.

The writers (for there are evidently more than one) of the articles on Russia, which have appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* under the nom de plume of E. B. Lanin, have framed a terrible indictment against the Government of that country, both from an economic and a moral standpoint. The last article, which is devoted to Russian finance, describes the racking of the peasantry; and, after reading it, the conclusion likely to be arrived at is that whatever the oppression to which the Jews in Russia may be subjected, their condition cannot be worse than that of the peasants, who are forced to yield not only their flocks and herds, their crops and labour, homes and home-life, but also at last their very life-blood, at the bidding of the Czar. There has been, it is true, a rapid development of industrial manufactures in the Russian Empire, and the manufacturers have wonderfully prospered under the Government's commercial policy; but there are other important points of view from which the economic position of a country may be studied, and the chief of these in the present case is the state of agriculture. The agricultural class in Russia is carrying on a desperate struggle against adverse conditions. The land has been rapidly losing its productiveness, and has been in many places thoroughly exhausted; yet in proportion as the profits have diminished the taxes have been steadily increased. To pay these taxes the peasant is compelled to borrow at a high rate of interest, and in some districts it has become a regular custom for whole communities to borrow money for this purpose at 60 per cent. interest, although we are told that 100 per cent. is the usual rate of interest, and that in many cases from 300 to 800 per cent. has been obtained! Many wretches who have borrowed money and repaid it several times over have been obliged to sell their labour for the ensuing harvest, and others have been forced to toil for a number of years in the service of their "benefactor," who is called the "soul-dealer." These dealers scour the country in search of children, whom they buy from needy parents for a trifle and forward to St. Petersburg, where they are resold for double and treble the money to manufacturers and shopkeepers. Nothing even remotely approaching prosperity is visible in any corner of the Empire. Mendacity is becoming the profession of hundreds of thousands. Moneyless, friendless, helpless and almost hopeless, the peasantry are rising up every year in tens of thousands and migrating to the south, to the west, anywhere, not knowing whether they are drifting, nor caring for the fate that may await them. The moral effect of these hard conditions upon the peasants of the young generation is admitted even by Russian newspapers to be truly horrible. Sons persecute their fathers, and drunken fathers dissipate their property and abandon their families to despair. "This," one Russian official says in his report, "is not a proletariat; it is a return to savagery. No trace of any thing human has remained."—[Philadelphia Record.]

Travellers in Egypt.

Just at the time when hotel proprietors in the South of France and the Riviera are bemoaning the fact that most of their hotels are comparatively empty and their district deserted, the hotel proprietors of Cairo and Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son are saving to exercise all their ingenuity to find room to accommodate the great influx of visitors to Egypt. The result is that at the present time all the Cairo hotels are crowded, and the manager of each has had to take private rooms for a considerable number of guests, and Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son have had to throw open their large steamer *Rameses*, the mail steamer *Amenartas*, and the *Oonus* as floating hotels to relieve the hotel proprietors for a few days during the pressure on them, which was considerably augmented by the large number of travellers from the Augusta Victoria, who went to Cairo and visited Sakkara, the Pyramids, &c., and have now left to visit Palestine. It may be mentioned that between the 7th and 10th of February no fewer than 250 first class passengers left Cairo, under the arrangements of Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, for Upper Egypt, including 32 by the regular mail service from Assiut, and 33 by the new mail service leaving Cairo. At the present time Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son calculate that they have on the river and in the hotels at Luxor at least 700 travellers. This is the greatest number of tourists that has ever been recorded on the river at any one date, and there is no doubt that the large amount of money circulated in Upper Egypt will be fully appreciated by the natives and will be of great benefit to the country.—[Egyptian Gazette.]