

amount of stores spoken of would seem a culpable breach of duty; and an insane-like injury to his officers and men in the matter of prize money. It is only by accepting the fact that the French Captains would not surrender, and fought their ships to destruction and till they were stranded, and under such conditions valueless as prizes, that Captain Byron's reputation can be relieved from the imputation of reckless destructiveness.

But this fighting of four French ships of war to destruction, including the blowing up of one of them with all on board, whose crews would amount to about six hundred men, seems utterly inconsistent with the statement in Murdoch's "Nova Scotia," that the number of French killed and wounded in the whole affair on the Restigouche was only thirty. Mr. Murdoch, however, might well be mistaken as to that, for though he gives a narrative of the affair, he thinks that it must have taken place at Miramichi, showing how little was generally known of this passage of Canadian history.

It may be thought remarkable that in that exceedingly valuable though somewhat caustic manuscript,—"Memoires du S. C. contenant l'Histoire du Canada durant La Guerre" from 1754 to 1760 (with the first publication of which by the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec forty-four years ago I had the privilege of being slightly connected) there is no notice of this affair at "La Petite Rochelle." But as the manuscript shows that it was briefly closed with the capitulation of Montreal, without taking any notice of so important a subject as the coming out of the French fleet with reinforcements and necessary supplies intended for Montreal, it is not surprising that it contains no record of the fate of it.

A RIDE ON A SHAGGINAPPI.

There was bread needed at the other house, which house had been given over into the hands of the plasterers, only affording bed and board to the workmen employed on the homestead, for by the kindness of a neighboring friend we had been spared the living in, and, I might almost say, on the lime and mortar that covered and permeated everything. We had still, however, to cater for the house, and, in spite of daily baking, it was chronically "out of bread." The backboard waggon, horses and men were away at different villages or cities within a radius of twelve miles, and nothing but the pony, or a Red River cart, drawn by an intractable ox, left as a means of conveyance. Seizing the occasion as a happy chance, I took advantage of it and had my first ride upon a Shagginappi. To wear a habit was of course out of the question, as I would have to "tidy up" the preceding meal and put the next in readiness. The clouds threatening a repetition of the storm that had swept over the prairies an hour before, made a coarse straw hat, guiltless of trimming, tied right under my chin, the most economical finish to my costume, of frilled grey and brown lustre, which, made after the fashion of the present day, was scarcely wide enough in the skirts to allow of my putting my knee over the horn of the saddle. Fastening the bag of bread round my waist to ensure its safety, I set out. I had not been on horseback for ten years or more, all my reminiscences were too, confined to rather "go-as-you-please" riding on a French-Canadian horse that had seen its best days, when it seemed easy enough.

Piloting my shagginappi, not, I will confess, without some difficulty, past the trail to her feeding-ground, which she showed unmistakable signs of being both to leave, I jogged on my way, crossed the big ravine and arrived at my destination without any adventure, beyond nearly losing the bread from the weakness of the strings that tied it, wholly losing my hair-pins, from the short steps of my steed and an absence of union between us which is, I believe, supposed to be incompatible with good riding, and encountering a team at the crossing of the main trail, the driver obligingly pulling up to allow his load of recently-arrived emigrants, "going west," to see what manner of being I was, anything and everything being of interest in the new country.

Slipping the rein over the gate-post and putting the end of a rail upon it to prevent her taking French leave, I left Souris, while I went into the house and accomplished my task. Delayed by the difficulty of finding things that I wanted in the general muddle of furniture and baggage piled up in the dismantled rooms—I kept Souris waiting longer than I had intended. No squire of dames was at hand to help me mount, so, stripping my bundle upon the saddle with a picture cord, I procured a kitchen chair "where-with to climb," when, a happy thought striking me, that I would need the rein, I lifted it from its fastening. Whether from indignation at her long detention or what, Souris no sooner felt the weight removed than she shied, shaking her pretty head until she had broken one rein, freed her mouth of the bit and left only the strap of the bridle about her ears intact, and one end of the rein fastened to the now useless bit; the bundle I had imagined so securely tied slipped to one side, and by its restless bobbing about increased the pony's activity, but, with the courage of despair, I held on; for did not visions of the shock it would be to my relatives, to see a riderless, bridleless pony return; of the sorrow endured at my untimely demise; but to have me turn up unhurt half an hour afterwards! Pulling off my gloves with my teeth and throwing them beside my whip lying on the ground,

I managed to get hold of the pony's ears and by voice and touch soon calmed her. The bridle was the next question; I could not mount with it in its present condition, even if Souris had been obliging enough to come back to the kitchen chair, and to mend it was beyond me. Standing on tip-toe I scanned the surrounding landscape, but saw nothing; no living thing save a quiet, good-natured looking cow, feeding upon the long grass bordering a slough. Just, however, as I had made up my mind to pocket my pride and return ignominiously on foot, with Souris in tow, a distant "Gee! Whoa! Haw!" came with its welcome sound over the silent prairie. Half a mile's coaxing and gentle pulling brought me to the spot from whence it came. It was five minutes' work for the ploughman's fingers, aided by a piece of the picture cord, to mend my bridle, and, utilizing the plough as a step, I was again in the saddle and on my return trip. Between expressing my gratitude to the man, a sudden fear that I detected in Souris' pricked up ears an inclination to join some other ponies feeding near, and anxiety to avoid that, by striking across the prairie to reach the trail lower down, I gave no thought to the hastily discarded gloves and forgotten whip; the former were, however, looked after by the puppy, puppies having a natural affection for such things, although slippers are generally supposed to be the *pièce de résistance* of their ordinary diet; the latter I was to feel the want of sadly, for though Souris is without exception the prettiest little beast in the whole country side, and might be quoted as "without vice," she has the failing of a good many of her sex, a quiet, persistent obstinacy, against which there is no use fighting, without proper weapons, so she jugged on at her own pace, following her own sweet will, and, like a celebrated pony you wot of—

"Would fain have cropped the yellow daisies as she passed."

Trying the efficacy of the remnant of the cord still in my pocket without success, as she only twisted her tail about her a little more energetically, as if to brush off a more than ordinary sized mosquito dining on her flank, I had to resign myself to my fate and let her have her way. Sitting well back in the saddle and hugging my bundle on my knee, I gave myself up to the inevitable and a thorough enjoyment of the beauty of my surroundings.

The country through which my road lay is like English park lands, with broader, more extensive stretches of view in the openings between the bluffs, these stretches of prairie clothed with its most gorgeous garb of flowers; tall scarlet lilies rearing their rich petals beside the delicate harebells, while anemones, feathering laurestines, blue gentians, purple lupins and pale penstemon with their neck like spikes of blossoms, mingling their shades, separated only by the long tendrils, delicate leaves and many colored flowers of the wild pea, while everywhere roses of every shade, from white to the deepest carnation, full blown and in bud, grew amongst the yellow cowslips, their heavy scent vying with the rose in sweetness; here and there a stately foxglove turned with the glowing evening primrose its petals to the sun, shining in a broad white strip of light from the horizon. Overhead a heavy curtain of thunder cloud hung like a pall over the light, the muttering thunder from its folds, when riven by the long, narrow flashes of lightning, a mockery of the beauty of the flower-clad, nature-planted world beneath. While along the beaten trail stalked a messenger of woe, that bird of ill-omen, a black uncanny-looking crow, its mate echoing the thunder with its melancholy croak.

A few, not angry drops of rain fell e'er I reached the house, then the clouds lifted and rolled away to the south, to return with redoubled force some hours afterwards.

So ended my first ride upon a shagginappi, or as some one here said, "the ride that was a walk."

OTTAWA.

A DREADFUL MOMENT.

A merchant in a small town was about to celebrate one of those domestic festivities which afford the man of business pleasant and welcome relief from the cares and labors of the counting-house. It was his daughter's wedding-day. A group of elegantly-dressed young ladies surrounded the bride, and the father gazed with delight on the gay and merry throng. Leaving the company shortly afterwards to make further preparations for the entertainment of his guests, he met in the passage one of the servants, a country lass who had but recently entered his service, carrying a lighted candle in her hand without a candlestick. He reproved her for her untidiness, and then stepped into the dining-room to have a little talk with his wife about the arrangements for the supper.

Directly afterwards the servant girl returned from the cellar, carrying several bottles of wine in her arms, but without the candle. It suddenly occurred to the merchant that several barrels of gunpowder had, that very day, been stored in the cellar, and that one of them had been opened in order to take out a sample for a customer.

"Where is the light?" he eagerly inquired.

"I had my hands full of bottles and could not carry it upstairs," said the girl.

"Where did you leave it?"

"I stuck it in a barrel that is filled with black sand."

The merchant rushed downstairs. The passage leading to the cellar was long and dark. Breath-

less and trembling in all his limbs, he felt as if death had laid its icy hand on him and all the inmates of his house.

On reaching the open door of the cellar immediately under the apartment occupied by the bridal pair and the wedding guests, he espied the fatal gunpowder barrel, filled almost to the brim, and sticking in it the tallow candle with a long glowing wick in the middle of the dull red flame. The sight almost petrified him, and the merry laughter of the company upstairs made his blood run cold. A few moments he stood motionless, staring at the light, but incapable of moving a step forward. The fiddlers above him now struck up, and dancing began with such spirit, that the floor shook and the bottles in the cellar rattled again. The panic-stricken merchant already saw in imagination the candle totter and fall—with an effort of despair he ran forward. But how was he to lift the candle out of the barrel? the slightest touch might shake the glowing wick into the powder. With indescribable presence of mind he enclosed the light in both his hands, grasped the flame and the wick firmly between his fingers, and thus lifted it safely out of the barrel; his hand was burnt, he heeded it not—his mental agony had been too great—at the end of the passage he dropped to the ground unconscious, overcome with terror. He fell into a violent fever, from which he did not recover for many weeks.—*Deutscher Herald.*

ECHOES FROM LONDON.

LONDON, July 29.

It has all but definitely been decided that Cetewayo shall have an interview with the Queen in the course of his stay in England.

ADMIRAL Sir Beauchamp Seymour is, it is said, to be elevated to the peerage in recognition of his services in connection with the bombardment of Alexandria.

THE Journalists' Club, just about to be started, has two secretaries. One is a teetotaler, the other is not, consequently the joke is to designate one Sec., the other Heidseck.

THE South-Eastern Railway Company and the London, Chatham, and Dover Company have called meetings of their respective shareholders to consider the Bill in Parliament for the construction of a deep-water harbor at Dover.

THE enormous sum realized by the sale of the literary and artistic contents of Hamilton and Blenheim Palaces is bringing other collections into the market. This week the collection of porcelain, decorative objects, and pictures of Lord de Clifford has been sold at Christie's.

THE Queen having expressed a desire to inspect specimens of the mitrailleuses which were employed with such destructive effect at Alexandria, arrangements have been made for conveying to Osborne a Gatling, a Nordenfolt, and a Gardner gun, the three types of machine weapons used in the navy.

MRS. LANGTRY'S performance in Nottingham on Saturday last marks the conclusion of her present tour, which began on May 1st, and has extended through twelve weeks and included as many towns. She has made no less than £8,000 by her tour. Mrs. Langtry is said to be studying the part of Rosalind in "As You Like It."

At present the color that is the rage in the fashionable world is a compromise between grey and fawn, with a tendency to grey. Moonshine blue comes next in popularity, but it is not everyone who can stand it. In a fashionable color very much indeed is in a name. The name of the new color is *fielle*. *Fielle* sounds soft, feminine, and almost girlish. "Twine color" would be intolerable.

It seems rather odd that Lord Charles Beresford does not get honorable mention in Admiral Seymour's despatch. Every officer concerned undoubtedly did his duty; but seeing that the action of the *Comor* was rewarded with a special signal of approbation from the flagship, it is surprising that "Well, done, *Comor*," does not appear in the Admiral's account of the bombardment.

It is said that the German giantess at the Alhambra is fed on sweetmeats, and that her favorite recreation is playing "hop-scotch" by herself on the roof of the lofty building in Leicester square, where a level space has been railed off for her daily exercise and pastime. During the afternoon crowds assemble in the square to watch her head, looking an enormous size even at this elevation, bobbing up and down among the minaret towers while she is hopping about to push with her large foot a big oystershell into one of the chalked partitions.

So far nobody has adopted Mr. Mitchell Henry's ingenious plan of expressing the utmost contempt for not offending parliamentary etiquette. "The honorable member for Galway," said Mr. Healy, in an unreported passage of arms, "is a swell, and so we naturally differ about the character of the Irish magistracy."

"If I am a swell," retorted Mr. Mitchell Henry, "the honorable member is something else beginning with an S; but as the epithet may be out of order, I will not proceed further than the S." This did not commit the member for Galway to any particular term of opprobrium, and left the imagination of the audience a tolerably wide choice of abusive terms.

WHERE was Mr. Gladstone on Saturday? No one knew then; no one knows yet. Mr. Childers was left to make a blunder of a million in stating the amount of the vote of credit; but still no one knows why Mr. Gladstone was not there himself. It is strange, but it is no less true, that whenever his presence is most positively anticipated, whenever the ordinary obligations of business or courtesy appear to render it imperative, the grand old man is conspicuous by his absence. We can hardly attribute it to bashfulness; we cannot persuade ourselves that it is due to any overpowering sense of his own deficiencies or of the superlative advantages of silence. But so it is that just when Mr. Gladstone is most wanted we look for him in vain. We all remember a notable instance in the spring of 1881, when the Prime Minister missed a certain train. We can recall how, on the day of a historically memorable funeral, he was to be found in Downing-street receiving an insignificant deputation. We can, without any great exercise of memory, recollect the opening night of the present session, when Mr. Bradlaugh's prominent champion was *non est*. On a later occasion connected with the painful history of Irish outrage Mr. Gladstone's expected place had to be filled by a colleague. And on Saturday we had another example.

ECHOES FROM PARIS.

Paris, July 29.

THE latest novelty is the representation of "Romeo and Juliet" by two orang-outangs. It is given at the Porte Maillot. Lovers of Shakespeare are earnestly requested to patronize.

THE Ambigu announces a new piece for the 5th August, which will have enough tableaux to form a gallery—fourteen! The production is called, "Bertrade de Montfort."

A COMPANY has been started to open a new circus in the heart of Paris, behind the Opera, at the corner of the Boulevard Haussmann and the Rue Mogador. The price paid for the ground alone is 1,500,000 francs.

A SPECULATOR named Nicole has appealed to the Legislature for permission to remove the ruins of the St. Cloud Palace, and to erect a Crystal Palace on the most approved Sydenham pattern on their site. He demands permission to enclose a considerable portion of the beautiful park for that purpose.

A SOCIAL gathering took place the other night at the Variétés—that is to say, the public were not admitted; but there was, nevertheless, an audience of distinguished dramatists, journalists, political men, and members of society to witness the effect of lighting the house with the electric light, and to hear Mlle. Judic sing under its rays. The light and the lady were great successes.

A CORRESPONDENT gives the following advice to persons visiting Paris:—It will be well if you look sharply after your change at all cafés and restaurants, save a few establishments where the honesty of the waiters is beyond suspicion. The Paris waiter is not free from some very disagreeable characteristics, in spite of his smoothness, celerity and polish, and among his little failings is a propensity to filch whatever he can out of the coin he fingers. The dishonest devices of the waiters are numerous. Some invariably bring back the change for any sum one or two sou short, by which means, if they are frequently successful, a not inconsiderable sum may be amassed in time. Others, lying at higher game, are overtaken by such unaccountable fits of abstraction when they are bringing back the balance for a ten-franc piece, for instance, that they always give change for five; or if the coin tendered be a *louis* for ten. In the case of the angry remonstrance which is almost always ready, nothing is easier than to assume an air of injured innocence, and allege an error; while if with some absent-minded customer the trick goes down, there is a five or a ten-franc piece to the good without any difficulty. Another of the "change-lifting" dodges is to slip two or three coins under the bill for dinner, when bringing back the scattered remnants of the sum given to defray the cost of the repast. If the diner be large-minded about money-matters, he carelessly pushes away the plate, which is removed as soon as possible. In several large and much frequented cafés of the boulevard, these and various other ingenious tricks are put in practice every day.

MR. OSCAR MARTEL, the distinguished Canadian violinist, during a late concert tour in the New England States, made the acquisition of a splendid Bocquet, from which he justly expects brilliant effects.