

COLONEL NORTHEY.

Few officers of Her Majesty's army were better known in Canada than Captain Northey of the 60th. An unusually long term of service in the country had made one battalion or the other of the regiment well-known at London, Hamilton and Toronto, at Montreal, Quebec and Halifax. The men were quiet, orderly and well-conducted, the non-commissioned officers, among whom were many singularly intelligent and deserving soldiers, took often an active part in much of what was useful in civil life; and every effort towards mental or physical improvement was sure of sympathy and co-operation from the officers themselves. The tone of the mess and ante-room was more domestic and less professional than that of any regiment we remember, and to all that was bright and pleasant in society the officers always brought ready and cheery assistance. Amongst all the gallant men who joined with hearty good-will in such efforts, few, if any, were more esteemed than Captain Northey. Of an old-fashioned English race, the Northeys of Epsom, he was by descent and tradition a soldier. A granduncle lost a leg at the siege of Quebec—another retired a general officer. An uncle was a Colonel in the Coldstream Guards; another in the 71st Highland Light Infantry. Captain Northey's father served in the Peninsular war, and at Waterloo in the 52nd, that distinguished regiment of the Light Brigade, of Sir John Moore, commanded by Colonel Colborne (afterwards Lord Seaton), described by Napier as "a man born with a genius for war," never better exemplified than at Waterloo, where, by a quick and unexpected change of front, he threw the regiment in the flank of the charging French column and contributed largely to the success of the day; and so from generation to generation the cadets of the house served the Crown, whilst the Squire of Epsom kept up its old-fashioned hospitalities at Woodcote House, in view of many a "Derby" and many an "Oaks."

Captain Northey was born in 1838 and educated at Eton. He joined the 60th on first entering the army in 1855, and obtained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in 1877. With his distinguished regiment he served in the Orde campaign, including the action of Biswah and the capture of Mertowlie. He married in 1869 a daughter of Col. Gzowski, of Toronto, who was recently made one of Her Majesty's military aides-de-camp.



THE LATE COLONEL NORTHEY.

On the march to relieve Ekowe the 60th were under the command of the gallant officer whose death we deplore, Col. Pemberton, his senior officer, who was also well-known in Canada, being on Lord Chelmsford's staff. The relieving column were, after a night's rest, breaking up their camp at early dawn on their road to Ekowe, when they were unexpectedly attacked by the Zulus. Almost the first shot struck Col. Northey; he was at the moment getting his men into order. They carried him back under cover, and he lingered for a couple of days in much suffering, but with every assistance which could be rendered. The wound proved mortal, and his remains were buried not far from the banks of the Tugela. A rumor reached us that he had been hit by a chance bullet from one of his own regiment, but it was not the case. His funeral, attended by all the officers off duty belonging to the relieving column, was followed by a firing party of his own regiment. The tears which coursed down many a bearded cheek told of the affection towards him cherished by his regiment. Peace to his memory!

Our portrait of this gallant soldier and worthy gentleman is from a photograph by Mr. Ewing of Toronto.

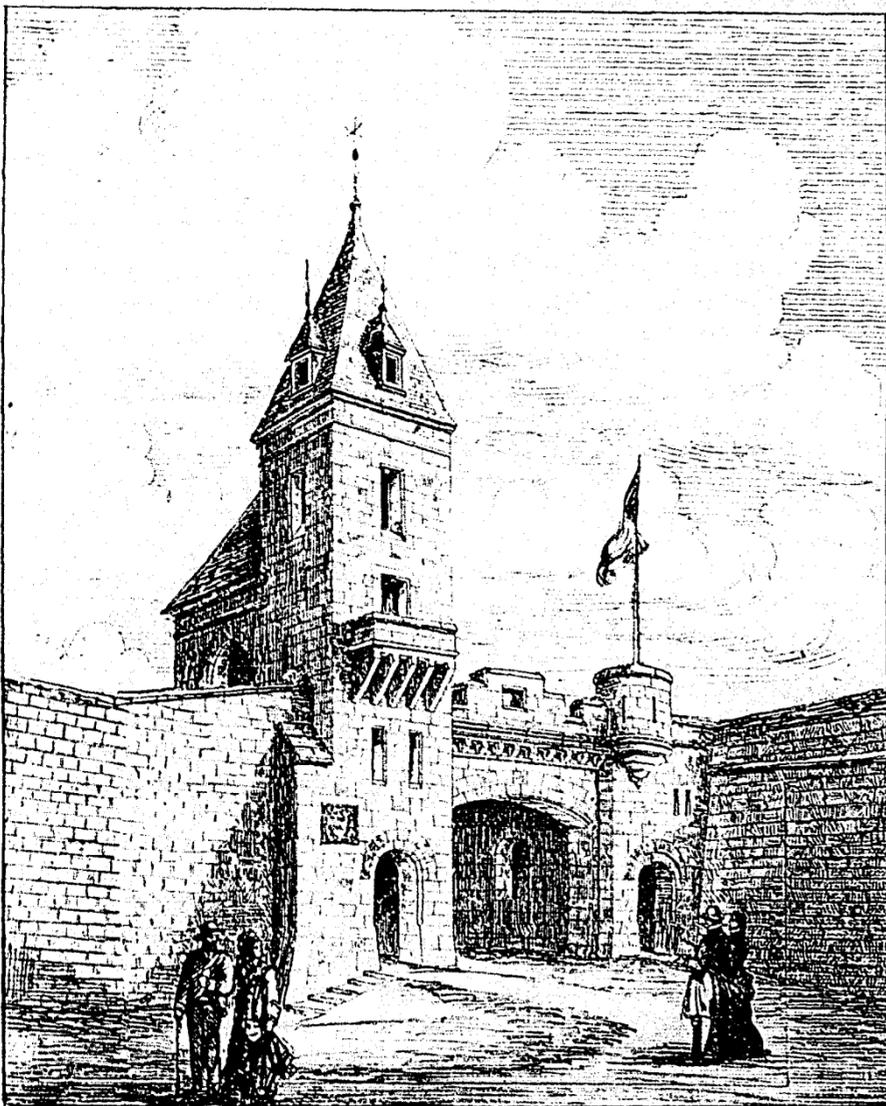
The puzzle which careful mothers try to solve is how to train the girls and how to restrain the boys.

The Boston Courier relates the following: A prettily dressed little girl fell on a muddy street-crossing the other day, and a gentleman hastened to her assistance. After cleaning off her clothes, he asked her if he shouldn't escort her home. "No, thir," answered the dignified little damsel, "if you please, we ain't been introduced."

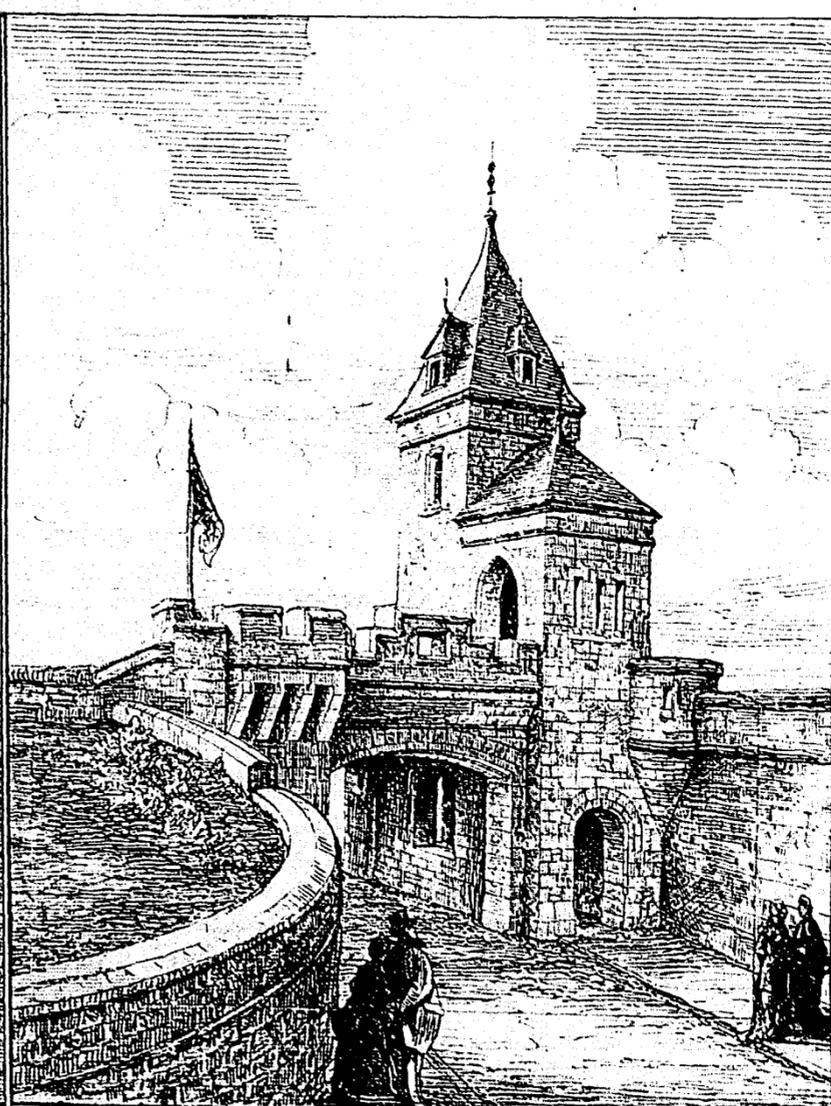
SAD, sad are they that know not love,  
But, far from Passion's tears and smiles,  
Drift down a moonless sea, and pass  
The silvery coasts of fairy isles.

But sadder they, whose longing lips  
Kiss empty air and never touch  
The dear, warm mouth of those they love—  
Waiting, wasting, suffering much.

But clear as amber, sweet as musk,  
Is life to those whose loves unite:  
They bask in Allah's smiles by day,  
And nestle in his heart by night.



KENT GATE, FRONT VIEW



KENT GATE, BACK VIEW.

THE VICE-REGAL VISIT TO QUEBEC.