

A GLIMPSE AT THE HOTEL DES INVALIDES.

Every sight-seeing visitor to Paris must needs "do" the Invalides, under the dome of which repose the ashes of, perhaps, the greatest man of his day or age—he upon whom "the sun of Austerlitz" shone victorious—the First Napoleon. Founded and completed by Louis the Fourteenth, this vast edifice for nearly two hundred years has given shelter and a home to many thousands of brouzed and war-worn veterans—the men who fought under Turenno and Vauban, Massena and Napoleon—who opposed our legions at Blenheim and Malpluquot, at Vittoria and Waterloo, and who, in more recent times, unfurled their colors side our own on the slopes of Alma. In the principal entrance is the Triumphant Battery, composed of trophies taken from the Austrian, Russian, Prussian, Dutch, and other nations; cannon and howitzers, too. My hope that their sincerity: let us charita. Over the portico is now done for ever. Over which we go of the chancel of St. Louis, in. Leon the now enter, is placed a statue of Napoleon the First; from the roof idly hang many tattered and tattered flags—but only a tiny one in comparison to what was displayed there two nights before the Allies entered Paris in 1814; next day they were all committed to the flames. This one with a double eagle some few years ago fluttered in the breeze over Sebastopol, while the white one opposite was taken when the Malakhoff fell; and, tell it not at Chelsea or the Horse Guards, two union jacks are paraded among that host of captured banners. Many of the paladins of Franco slumber beneath, among others Turenno, Lanner, and Jourdan, while the hearts of Vauban and Kleber, no longer pregnant with the fire of battle, here find an asylum; a priest lingers on the altar removing the candles, and before it an old soldier "keeps watch and ward." Retracing our steps we wander through the kitchen, dining hall, library, and other rooms, interesting to the student, the antiquarian, and the curious. The bullet that killed Turenno is there, and a couple of torches that the illustrious Marshal had used in one of his campaigns.

On the walls hang portraits of many of those men whose names will long live in the history of France, in the story of her battles and sieges—not the least among them the brave but unfortunate Ney.

Entrance to the dome from behind the altar is denied to visitors, consequently we wend our way to the Place Vauban and following the crowd, find ourselves under the dome at the tomb of Napoleon. The throng of visitors is very great, and as everybody talks in whispers a hollow murmur echoes through the building.

The sarcophagus in the crypt is of red-dish granite, from Finland, and weighs 135,000 pounds. Round the sides are 12 majestic figures, by Pradier, representing as many victories of the Emperor, while 60 flags resting on the floor testify to the valor of the French army. Right and left of the entrance to the crypt repose the remains of Duroc and Bortrand, silent sentinels over the master's tomb—fit resting-place for such men. Over the door is the well known extracts from the Emperor's will—"I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that people of France whom I have loved so well." On

the right, entering from the Place Vauban is the tomb of Prince Jerome Napoleon, composed of black marble.

H. M. S. "AURORA."

This fine frigate is not the first British man of war that wintered in Quebec. After the capture of Quebec in 1759, the fleet was ordered to return to England, and as early as the 10th October several of the ships dropped down to Coudro. On the 18th, Admiral Saunders, with the remainder of the fleet, weighed anchor, and saluting the garrison with twenty-one guns, which were returned by the land batteries, also dropped down to Coudro, to take the first favorable wind. He, however, left to winter in Quebec the *Racehorse*, of 20 guns, Capt. Miller, and the *Porcupine*, 18 guns, Capt. McCartney.

On the 22nd November, the French fleet, which had lain all summer near Three Rivers, came down in sight of the town. On the 24th they attempted to pass, between eleven and twelve at night, and the night being exceedingly dark the most of them succeeded; but according to Leut. Fraser, four were driven ashore by the fires of the batteries. Capt. Knox, however, in his "Journal," says all escaped but one, and recites a most tragic event which occurred in connection with this one. On the morning of the 25th, Capt. Miller, with his Lieutenant, and between thirty and forty men of the *Racehorse*, went to board the French ship, which had been driven on the South shore, and abandoned; but a train of powder had been lain communicating with the powder room, and a slow match placed in the cabin fire place; the vessel blew up, killing instantaneously the most of the boarding party. A *chilant* ventured on board soon after the explosion and discovered Capt. Miller, his Lieutenant, and two seamen lying in great agony. Procuring assistance, he carried these and six or seven others, whom he afterwards escorted, to his own house, where they were treated very kindly, and information was sent to the Governor, who caused them to be removed to the Ursuline Convent. Capt. Miller died on the 30th November, and the Lieutenant on the 1st December, and were buried with military honors.

The garrison suffered severely during the winter, being totally unused and unprepared for such a climate, and no less than six hundred and eight died between the 18th September, 1759, and 24th April, 1760; strange to say, the five hundred and sixty-nine women of the regiments were reported well during the whole winter.

Knox says that a violent storm took place about the 17th April, which broke up the ice, and Fraser informs us that about the 23rd or 24th the ice came down the river in great sheets. Preparations were now made for launching the sloops-of-war, and about two o'clock a. m., of the 27th, the watch on board the *Racehorse*, still in dock, hearing a noise of distress in the river, informed Capt. McCartney, who sent out a boat, which rescued a French soldier, who had been cast away. From him information was obtained that the *Levis*, with 12,000 men, was within 20 miles of the city, and that the French fleet of several frigates, armed sloops, etc., was coming down to the *Poulou* at Sillery.

On the 1st May, the *Racehorse* sailed for Louisbourg and Halifax, to hasten up the fleet and about eleven a. m., of the 9th, the *Leostag* frigate, Capt. De la, anchored opposite the city, bringing the joyful intelligence of the approach of the rest of the squadron; and on the evening of the 16th, the *Vau-*

guard, Commodore Swanton, the *Diana* frigate, Captain Schomburg, also arrived; and on the following morning, in conjunction with the *Leostag*, proceeded to attack two French frigates which were at anchor above Cape Diamond. These were attacked and destroyed; but after all was over the *Leostag* ran on a rock, immediately sunk, and was entirely lost. That night Levis raised the siege of Quebec, leaving behind all his art tillery, camp equipage and baggage, and the garrison found themselves entirely freed of very disagreeable neighbors.—*Quebec Chronicle*.

FOREIGN MILITARY ITEMS.

A great many northern soldiers were captured by ladies in the South, and still refuse to be exchanged.

BIRTHDAY OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.—On the 9th inst. his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales entered on his twenty-seventh year.

GAMBALDI's followers, according to the telegrams, are an extraordinary set of individuals. We learn that they went into action only one thousand strong, and yet eight hundred of them were killed, and two thousand taken prisoners by the enemy!

Paris is said to be overrun with Yankee inventors who have gone there to persuade the French Emperor of the wonderful performances their new discoveries in the art of gun-making are capable of. A correspondent remarks that "it is astonishing how many people there are anxious to save the French from being annihilated by the Prussians."

A good story is told of General Sherman. During his stay in Savannah, after his march to the sea, he sat at his dinner table when a lady complained of the devastation of his army. "Madame," said the General looking across the table with a peculiar expression, "what I have done in Georgia is nothing to what I shall do in South Carolina. Madame if a crow flies over my track in South Carolina, he will have to take his relations with him."

Several Fenian prisoners tried before the Special Commission at Manchester, for the murder of the Police Sergeant, Brett, have been found guilty, and have been sentenced to be hanged. The names of the principal culprits are Allen, Gould, and Larkie, who will certainly suffer. The government is at length determined to make an example. Hitherto its leniency has been misplaced; and England is becoming too hot for Irish Fenians. It is understood that the Fenians Kelly and Deasey have succeeded in escaping to New York.

AWFUL SLAUGHTER OF AMERICAN TROOPS BY THE INDIANS!—San Francisco, Oct. 20, 1867. A telegram from Jacksonville, Oregon, states that the military express had arrived from Fort Kismath, bringing the news that Gen. Crook was defeated, October 17th, near Goose Lake valley, by the Pint and Pitt River Indians. The fight lasted two days, and Gen. Crook was compelled to retire. His loss was 22 men killed and twenty wounded. Among the former was Lieutenant Manigan. It is thought that twenty Indians were killed, but it is difficult to ascertain their actual loss. Gen. Crook is supposed to be at the upper end of Goose Lake valley awaiting reinforcements.—*N. Y. Herald*.