

HERO FOR THE YOUNG.

LIFE OF JAMES WOLFE RINGS OUT LIKE A BUGLE CALL.

Sketch of His Biography Which Has Just Been Added to the English Men of Action Series—Had Served Through Seven Campaigns When Only 23 Years Old—Reasons for Welcoming Death with Open Arms on the Heights of Quebec.

It is enough to make a man wish he was a boy again to read the biography of Wolfe by A. G. Bradley in the "English Men of Action" series. It is easy to imagine the thrill which such a personal would give one in the sensitive days of youth; for Wolfe was essentially a boy's hero. Immortality he secured at the age of 32, dying in the victory that crowned his career. There was really nothing left to live for except gray hairs, and perhaps disappointment. Truly the ancients were wise in saying that those whom the gods love die young. Wolfe was already at that age when his playfellows in the Kentish Town of Westhaven were thinking of their tops and marbles—that is, he was 13½ years old—when he nearly persuaded his soldier father to take him to the wars, Cartagena expedition being about to start. An illness (for James Wolfe was always in delicate health) kept the child at home and gave him two years at school. At 15, "a lanky stripling," he was appointed an Ensign and at review carried the colors of the Twelfth Foot before George II. He was only 16 when for gallantry at the battle of Dettingen he was appointed Lieutenant. When he was 23 he had served through

SEVEN CAMPAIGNS

and was a Lieutenant-Colonel. He had narrow shoulders, long and awkward limbs, his forehead and chin both receded sharply from his pointed nose; he had a colorless and muddy complexion, very red hair, and cheekbones high and prominent. Still, a wig covered his fiery locks; his blue eyes were bright and eager; his awkward figure was at least erect and soldierly, and his deportment was amiable. He was always a ladies' man in the better sense of the words.

It was Pitt, the great Minister, who sick of blundering Generals and titled incapables who had brought disgrace on English arms, that picked out Wolfe to bring matters in America to an issue between France and England. In 1758 he gave the young soldier the post of Brigadier in the army which was to be sent against the French at Cape Breton. How he captured the fortified town of Louisbourg on Cape Breton Island is vividly described. Louisbourg was the Halifax of the eighteenth century, commanding the mouth of the St. Lawrence and dominating the North Atlantic. It was after subduing this fortress that Wolfe wrote to his mother in this vein of prophecy: "North America will some time hence be a vast empire—the seat of power and learning. There will grow a people out of our little spot, England, that will fill this vast space and divide this great portion of the globe with the Spaniard."

Pitt now determined to drive the French out of Canada. In the summer of 1759 Wolfe sailed up the St. Lawrence to Quebec with about 9,000 men. He found Montcalm entrenched on the north shore, just below the city, with perhaps 16,000 men. Wolfe landed opposite, on the Isle of Orleans, and, pushing further westward,

CAPTURED POINT LEVI,

whence he could bombard Quebec, which he proceeded to do. Next he crossed and attacked Montcalm, but with his inferior force accomplished little. One assault was repulsed with a loss of 443 killed and wounded. In all he lost about 1,000 killed and wounded, and there were perhaps 500 in the hospital. In these straits he made his memorable move above Quebec, to scale the high cliff west of the city. Montcalm had thought "there was no part of it that a hundred men would not defend against the whole British army." The story of the boats silently dropping down the river from the point where Wolfe landed, and of the bold placing of 4,500 men on the Plains of Abraham is familiar history. Many pet traditions are being destroyed in these days, but one would regret to lose the story which the present author tells, as follows:

Slowly and noiselessly the thirty boats with their armed freight crept along in the shadow of the north shore. The flow of the tide was so strong that the sailors worked their oars with scarcely any effort and with so little sound that the click of the rowlocks and the dip of the blades were inaudible to many of the sentries and outposts they had to pass. The General himself led the way. Not a human sound broke the stillness of the upper river. The crickets trilled from the woods, the bullfrogs boomed from the reedy backwaters, a screech-owl or a whip-poor-will answered from overhanging orchards. In the boats not a soldier stirred or spoke. Wolfe, at this supreme crisis of his life, when the slightest misadventure meant failure and almost ruin, was reciting in solemn and half-whispered tones to the officers about him the beautiful lines of Gray's "Elegy," then lately published. We know this through John Robertson, afterwards Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, who was at that time a midshipman and in the same boat with Wolfe. How deeply suggestive must the familiar stanza have sounded in after years to the fortunate few who could recall the hushed tones of

THEIR HEROIC LEADER

as he drifted onwards through the darkness to fame and death. "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave, Await like th' inevitable hour; The paths of glory lead but to the grave." "Gentlemen," said he, "I would sooner have written that poem than take Quebec." "No one was there," says the historian Parkman, "to tell him that the hero is greater than the poet." The two heroes of Quebec, Wolfe and Montcalm, appear to have welcomed death

with open arms; to the latter it came with honor, to the former it came with immortality. The present author thus describes Wolfe's conduct in the battle: Wolfe had an almost exaggerated scorn of danger, so much so that even his military friends have left on record their dread of the consequences whenever he was called upon to take a conspicuous part in action. His wrist was shattered, but this he had probably forgotten; it seems likely that he was now singled out as a mark by the sharpshooters in the woods. A bullet struck him at this moment in the groin, inflicting a wound that would of itself in all probability have proved mortal. He paid no heed to it, however, and pressed at the head of his men. How long his indomitable will would have thus sustained him was not put to the test, for almost immediately another ball passed through his lungs. He staggered forward a few paces, struggling to keep his feet. Lieut. Browne of the Grenadiers was close at hand. "Support me," gasped Wolfe, "lest my gallant fellows should see me fall." The noble effort, however, was hopeless, and before Browne could reach him he sank to the ground. He shook his head at the mention of a surgeon. "It is needless," he whispered, "it is all over with me," and immediately sank into a sort of stupor. "They run; see how they run!" cried out one of his attendants. "Who run?" murmured Wolfe, waking up as if out of sleep. "The enemy, sir; egad, they give way everywhere!" "Go, one of you, my lads," returned the dying man, "with all speed to Col. Burton, and tell him to march Webb's regiment down to the St. Charles River and

CUT OUT THE RETREAT

of the fugitives to the bridge." Then turning on his side he murmured, "God be praised, I now die in peace," and in a few minutes, without apparent struggle or pain, the gallant soul had left the sickly and stricken frame.

Is there not a clew to a genuine desire for death in the last sentence quoted? Wolfe from childhood suffered from ill health. He was racked with disease at the time of the taking of Quebec, and he may have often longed for the soldier's death which he met then so resignedly.

It is idle to speculate on Wolfe's position amongst famous Generals, for circumstances have placed him apart and alone. It is not enough to speak of him as a promising leader, for the promise with him had already been fulfilled, for in every branch of a soldier's duty, in peace and in war he had shown the highest capacity. To every emergency, and these had been many, he had proved himself equal. Quick as lightning to see an opportunity in action, he was equally rapid in forming his plans and vigorous in carrying them into execution. With this he combined a thorough grasp of detail, and a careful attention to all the small but important matters vital to successful warfare that mark the born soldier. At the head of a charge, or amid the tumult of a battery, no man was ever more in his element; yet so far from despising, like most English officers of his day, the studious and painstaking part of a soldier's duties, he was indefatigable. His constant thought was to increase his knowledge of his profession and to make himself a complete soldier. We find him almost importunate in his request to be allowed to visit Flanders for the study of fortifications and mathematics, and he studied the history of war with energy. A soldier, who gave himself up even to the smallest of regimental duties, Wolfe was also a thinker. He it was who first conceived the scheme of forming an Highland regiment. A hater of all incompetence and pretense, he refused several lucrative sinecures, whether on the staff at Dublin or as tutor to a powerful young Duke. Indeed, his services for the campaign round Quebec were only secured by the promise that he should be allowed to choose men of merit to serve under him. He was of a Celtic strain, which might account for his joy in fighting.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Some wish they did, but no man disbelieves.—Young.
To proclaim our faults to the world is pride.—Confucius.
He who loves goodness harbors angels, reveres reverence, and lives with God.—Emerson.
Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance; but to do what lies clearly at hand.—Carlyle.
To make knowledge valuable, you must have the cheerfulness of wisdom. Goodness smiles to the last.—Emerson.
Every other sin hath some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of some excuse, but envy wants both.—Burton.
Man must be disappointed with the lesser things of life before he can comprehend the full value of the greater.—Bulwer.
What reason, like the careful ant, draws laboriously together, the wind of accident sometimes collects in a moment.—Schiller.
Alexander received more bravery of mind by the pattern of Achilles than by hearing the definition of fortitude.—Sir P. Sidney.
Epochs of faith are epochs of fruitfulness; but epochs of unbelief, however glittering, are barren of all permanent good.—Gosset.
Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry, and is as often trundling in a wheelbarrow as lolling in a coach and six.—Goldsmith.
Our cares are the mothers not only of our charities and virtues, but of our best joys, and most cheering and enduring pleasures.—Simms.
The voice of conscience is so delicate that it is easy to stifle it; but it is also so clear that it is impossible to mistake it.—Mme. de Staël.
In this great society wide lying around us a critical analysis would find very few spontaneous actions. It is almost all custom and gross sense.—Emerson.

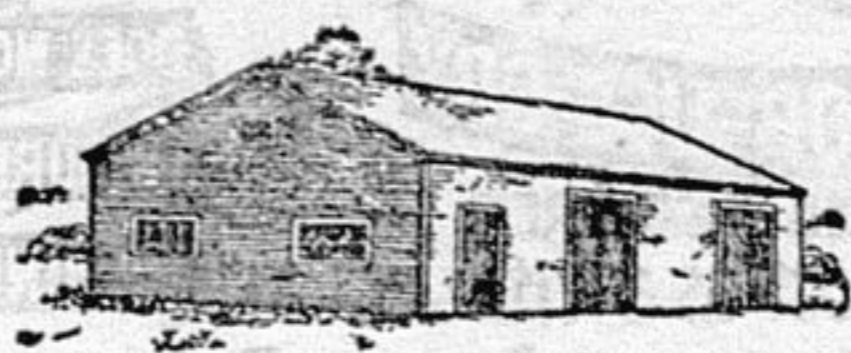
Wanted Horse.

A horse! shouted the tragedian. My kingdom for a horse!
The attendant bowed.
We are just out of horse, he answered apologetically.
With a sneer of discontent his majesty ordered liver and bacon, with German fried potatoes.

PRACTICAL FARMING.

Combined Workshop and Tool House.

Every gardener and farmer should have a workshop and tool house. The accompanying illustration shows a good plan for such a building. It has two large doors for driving in with carts, cultivators, etc., and one large pair of doors on the back side so that the team may be unhitched and driven out handily, or hitched in and the



FARM WORKSHOP AND TOOL HOUSE.

cart, or cultivator, driven out without backing or turning around. In the end of the building is a workshop where many garden appliances can be made and many necessary repairs executed. There is no chamber, but simply a loft, partially floored, where may be put up small tools that are out of season, lumber for construction and repairs, and many odds and ends that would otherwise be constantly in the way.

Dairy Notes.

One of the most common mistakes in making butter on the farm particularly during the winter, is in keeping the milk too long. A low temperature of the cream prevents, or rather retards, fermentation or souring, and it is often the case that the cream is kept until it is bitter in order to secure a proper acidity, and it is impossible to make a good quality of butter from bitter cream.

It is very questionable if it is advisable to keep a cow after she has passed her ninth year. The principle is that, although she may give fully as good a flow of milk, yet the increased cost of her keeping will materially lessen the opportunity for profit.

While it may be rather hard to say, yet it is the fact that one of the advantages in making the farmer, himself, do the milking and take care of the milk and cream, is that in a short time he will supply himself with all the necessary conveniences for doing the work with as little labor as possible. It may be difficult to induce him to do this as long as his wife does the work, but the necessity will become readily apparent if he is obliged to do the work.

It seems to be a small item, but when every item is to be considered, it is one that should not be overlooked, and it is, when a heifer is trained to be milked, teach her to allow any one to milk her without being worried or excited. If this is not done and it becomes necessary to change milkers, there will be a shrinkage in the amount of milk.
One thing is often overlooked, and that is the thorough stirring of the cream every time a fresh lot is added. In doing this, care must be taken to mix not only the bottom cream, but also from the sides, as cream adhering to the sides and not being distributed or mixed with the fresher, becomes decomposed in a measure and imparts a bad flavor to the whole lot of cream when it is put into the churn.

One of our best dairymen in an address before a farmer's institute said that during the summer, his pastures getting short and having no soiling crop, he commenced cutting off and feeding his milk cows his corn. He kept a close account and found it paid. This shows the importance of feeding well at all times if the flow of milk is to be maintained, and that it can be done profitably and a good product obtained.

The cows are kept on the farm either for their milk or their calves, or both, and this being the case, their breeding, feeding and management should be such as is calculated to secure the best development in the way indicated. It is hardly best to sacrifice either of these for the other. The fact that a cow gives a large flow of milk need not interfere with her bringing a good calf, nor should the fact that she brings a good calf when properly fed detract from her as a milker. In fact, a cow that is a good milker can generally be depended on to bring a good calf.

Another item that is often overlooked in the keeping of cows, and especially of dairy cows, is daily waste. This is practically the same, whether the animal is a good milker or a poor one. In all cases the food necessary for the support of animal life and to make up the daily waste must come first and then the milk or beef comes next after this is taken out. If the animal gives a small amount of milk, the cost of food as waste in proportion to the amount of milk secured is greater than with a large amount of milk, and of course, the profit is decreased accordingly. Feeding poor cows in the dairy is practically a waste of feed.

Sowing Turnips.

There are few crops grown that require as little work as turnips and in a favorable season there are few crops that yield as well. While in what may be termed a fair season they require but a comparatively short season for growth, yet taking one year with another the better plan is to sow reasonably early. From the middle to the latter part of July is a good time to sow, the exact time being largely determined by the season and the condition of the soil.

One item is essential and that is to have the soil prepared in a fine tilth in order to first secure a good germination of the seed and then a good start of the plants to grow.

The soil should be reasonably rich; new ground is best when it can be secured readily, but old ground can be used if it has been manured with rotted manure thoroughly incorporated with the soil. Too coarse fresh manure is always objectionable with this crop.

PLOW well and harrow until the soil is in a fine tilth. The seeds are so small that to sow on rough, cloddy or illy-prepared land is to lose a considerable portion of

them. Generally rather low moist ground will give better results in every way than high drier land.

At this time, when it can be done, it will be best to sow just after a rain in order to secure a quick and good germination of the seed. Use plenty of seed and sow as evenly as possible. A very good plan is to mix the seed with clean wood ashes and then sow, as by this plan there is less danger of getting them too thick.

One of the best varieties is the old standard purple top, strap leaved. The white egg, and also the yellow globe, are good varieties. They make a good feed for sheep or cattle so that all that cannot be marketed to good advantage can always be fed to the stock with benefit, and there is very little danger of growing too many.

ENGLAND'S RICHEST MAN.

The Great Fortune Made by Col. North in South America.

Few stories of to-day are more romantic than that of the rapid rise to wealth of John Thomas North, who was defeated for membership in Parliament by Herbert Gladstone. North is known as the "Nitrate King," both because it is that product that he owes his fortune, and because of his open-handed way of distributing his wealth.

Although now the richest man in Great Britain, his origin is most humble. A Yorkshire mechanic, he went to Chili when he was 23 years old, twenty-eight years ago, and riveted boilers in the town of Huasco. At this time the nitrate fields of Peru were beginning to be talked of as a good field for speculation. He believed that he could employ his mechanical ability there and left as soon as he could afford to make the venture. His work was largely in the nitrate fields, and he was one of the first to purchase nitrate. For twenty years he continued to purchase it. He mastered every detail of the nitrate business, and began to erect works here and there in Tarapaca.

It is needless to track the progress of the "Nitrate King" in detail through the successive stages which have led to the possession of a fortune exceeding \$100,000,000. His far-sighted business sagacity enabled him to see opportunities for money-making that were not apparent to others. Gradually he secured control of the greater part of the nitrate beds. Water is a precious commodity in that region, so North got control of the water companies. He needed ships and railways for transportation of freight and passengers, and he built them. When the war between Chili and Peru broke out he found new openings for the rapid accumulation of wealth, and promptly availed himself of them, getting control of railways, gas works, and other corporations, which, in his hands, paid as they never had done before.

After Col. North had become one of the world's richest men, he placed his South American affairs in competent hands and returned to England to enjoy the fruits of his toil. Far from resting, however, he engaged in new enterprises, the chief of which was the manufacture of cement in Belgium, which has proved almost as lucrative as the production of nitrate of silver. Even to this day he personally supervises all of his vast business interests. In Great Britain Col. North quickly became famous. His prodigal liberality, the magnificence of his entertainments, and the palaces which he made for himself quickly made his name the cynosure of all eyes. His wealth opened the doors of society to him, he became a friend of the Prince of Wales, and from that time his name has been on the public tongue, though of late it is said he has been more judicious and less lavish in the distribution of his favors.

Col. North is well known as the patron of the turf, his racing stables being the best in England. He is also a dog fancier and an admirer of the work of artists. His country house at Elham is filled with costly objects of art, and he is always ready to buy any that come into the market.

Barn Ventilation.

The discussion of the subject of tuberculosis in cattle necessarily involves the subject of the causes of the same which are often found in illy ventilated barns. The tendency of the farmer in winter is to get a large amount of warmth for his cattle so as to save the cost of feed. To secure heat he has supplied little room for his cows and has shut out the cold air as much as possible. An authority upon the health of the cow says that the stable to be healthy, should be well ventilated and free from draughts, and to accomplish this air should be admitted at the floor line and sufficient space should be provided at the apex of the roof to allow the heated air to escape. Six hundred cubic feet of air is necessary for Shorthorns and their grades, and less, of course, for the smaller breeds.

But many a farmer will be confronted by the impossibility of building a larger barn for the purpose of securing the necessary extra amount of air space. The system of ventilating named above is a poor one, as it is not economical of fresh warm air and it subjects cattle to direct draughts of cold air. It is the system that has been long condemned by architects. To supply men or animals with pure air at lowest cost, the impure air should not escape at the highest point, but at the lowest point near the floor.

Fresh air should be admitted near the floor by a shaft reaching to the outside of the barn. Another shaft a foot or more square should run the whole height of the barn and pierce the roof outside. This shaft should extend to within a foot of the bottom of the stable. As the air taken in from out of doors becomes heated it rises and as it becomes impure it will seek an outlet at the only point it can get it, up the shaft. Thus the air in the stable instead of being cold all the time will always be warm, and, being continually changed will be fresh.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

THE CRACK SHOT IN WAR.

FINE MARKSMEN WHO HAVE BEEN OF SIGNAL USE.

Stories of Sharp Shooting in the Indian Campaign—What Bisley Men Can Do.

It has been frequently asserted by cynics, who sneer at the art of rifle shooting as exemplified at Bisley, that your crack shot is absolutely valueless in actual warfare, that he finds moving men very different from stationary targets, and that all sharp-shooting in action is mere hazardous guess-work, in which the duffer is just as likely to do execution as the expert. There may be some truth in that view of marksmanship, but there have been cases in which the services of crack shots have been invaluable, the following instances will prove.

At the time of the Indian Mutiny, young Hercules Ross, son of the famous sportsman and marksman, Capt. Horatio Ross, and brother of Edward Ross, the winner of the Queen's Prize at Wimbledon, was the crack rifle-shot of India. He subsequently won the Indian Championship three years in succession, and on the third occasion put on ten consecutive bull's eyes at 1,000 yards. He was also a mighty tiger-slayer. But he proved the value of his deadly skill with the rifle against more formidable foes than the jungle could produce. His greatest and most memorable feat was the following:

He had ridden nearly 100 miles to a ford on the River Gogra, where it was expected that a large force of mutineers intended to cross. It was of absolutely vital importance to

KEEP THEM AT BAY

until the women and children and the sick and wounded could be removed from an English station close by. Hercules Ross heroically undertook the task. He had a pit dug on the bank of the river commanding the ford. Here he took his post, with a dozen good rifles by his side and four attendants to load for him. The heavy rains had swollen the river, and the ford was impassable; but the enemy had a large boat, and with this proceeded to make the passage of the stream. But Ross, from his rifle-pit, picked off the rowers one by one with marvellous skill. Time after time the boat put back, time after time it came on again; but the quick and deadly fire which that swift rifleman kept up prevented the oarsmen from ever getting more than a third of the way across.

Armed only with the old Brown Bess, the Sepoys could not touch the occupant of the rifle pit. For three hours, with unflinching skill and nerve, Hercules Ross shot down the rebel rowers whenever they attempted to cross, till at last a body of English troops with three guns came up, and the Sepoys sullenly retired. By his splendid marksmanship, coupled with unflinching steadiness and courage, young Ross undoubtedly saved the lives of those English women and children with their helpless sick and wounded companions.

Another and even more remarkable instance of the practical value of marksmanship in action occurred at Lucknow, during the long and terrible siege. The Sepoys had hauled a couple of eighteen-pounders on to a flat roof of one of the palaces which surrounded the Residency in which the English were at bay. If they could only mount these guns they would be able to

A PLUNGING FIRE

down upon the defenders of the Residency, which would soon have made the place untenable and compelled the English to surrender. It was imperative, therefore, that those guns should not be mounted.

Sergeant Halliwell, of the 32nd Foot, was the crack shot of the little garrison. He was supplied with the best rifles that the officers possessed, and he was posted in an angle of the Residency, with orders to prevent the Sepoys from mounting those guns.

The part of the building in which he took up his position had already been battered by the Sepoys guns into a heap of ruins, and behind the shattered masonry he lay at full length—there was just cover enough to protect him in that posture. For several days he remained there, never once rising to his feet or even to his knees, for to do so would have been to court instant death from the swarms of rebel marksmen in front of him. The only change of attitude in which he could indulge was by rolling over from his back to his stomach, and vice versa.

His powers of endurance were almost superhuman. He was a man who hardly seemed to know the need of sleep. He kept his eye night and day on those dismounted guns. Whenever the Sepoys attempted to mount them his deadly rifle was at work, and he picked them off one by one, till they dared no longer expose so much as a finger to the unerring aim of this mysterious and invisible death-dealer. In the dead of night provisions were conveyed to him by men crawling on their hands and knees along the slight barricade, which was all the shelter they had from the cannon and muskets of the foe. The guns were never mounted, and, at last, the place was captured in a sortie and blown up, and Sergeant Halliwell's long and painful vigil was at an end.

Burned to the Water.

Accidents? said the old sea Captain. No, we never have any to speak of on this line. Why, one trip, about a year ago, the ship caught fire down in the hold and we never discovered it until we got into port and began to unload.

That's strange. What put the fire out? Why, it burned down there to the sea and the water put it out. Couldn't burn the water, you know.

And the Captain walked away smiling, while the interlocutor was so astonished that he never thought to ask why the ship did not sink.

To carry care to bed is to sleep with a pack on your back.—Halsburton.