

PETERBOROUGH.—On 3rd, (Sunday) Barometer 28.457. 8th, slight fog, with smoke in distinctly defined strata close to the ground. Sudden rise of barometer from 9 p.m. Saturday to 9 p.m. Sunday, 10th, range 1.036. being greatest in the month. Sudden wind shift from due S. to N. in 50 minutes, on 9th, from 9.10 a.m. till 10 a.m. 10th, (Sunday), a colder day than that noted in abstract, mean temp. being—1° 73. Fogs, 8th and 9th. Rain on 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 12th, 13th, 16th, 23rd, 24th, 25th. Snow on 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th, 18th, 22nd, 23rd, 26th. Although the wind was easterly 21 times, the motion of clouds was in no instance from NE, E, or SE.

SIMCOE.—On 8th, sudden change of wind from SW to NW; thaw during day. 9th, snow storm and drifting. 23rd, rapid thaw during day; rain began at 7 p.m.; afterwards froze very hard during night. 25th, clouds, upper current from E, under current from W, east registered. 27th. Shooting stars NW. Rain on 2nd, 8th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 23rd. Snow on 4th, 9th, 20th, 21st.

STRATFORD.—Storm of wind and snow began on morning of 9th, and ended 10th (Sunday) about 2 p.m.; wind varied from NW to N, depth of snow 3 inches. Storms of wind also on 2nd, 3rd, 11th, 16th, 23rd. Fogs, 4th and 14th. Rain on 8th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 23rd, 24th, 28th. Snow on 2nd, 4th, 5th, 9th, 10th, 22nd. The barometer on Sunday 3rd fell to 27.897.

WINDSOR.—On 16th, wind storm increasing to velocity 7, at noon. 17th, double lunar halo. 18th, lunar halo. Storms of wind on 2nd and 20th. Fog, 13th. Rain on 2nd, 4th, 13th, 16th, 23rd, 28th. Snow on 3rd, 9th, 13th.

VI. Papers relating to the History of Canada.*

1. MASSACRE AT FORT WILLIAM HENRY (LAKE GEORGE)* 1757.

A Legend of the 42nd, or "Black Watch," Regiment.

BY WILLIAM PITTMAN LETT, OF OTTAWA.

'Twas when the 42nd marched, the brave "Black Watch" of yore,
To old Fort William onward with Pibroch and Claymore,
Loud shrieked the slogan as they trod among those ancient trees,
The burst of proud defiance swelling on the morning breeze.
They saw a painted savage amid that forest wild,
Who held within his ruthless grasp a little fair-haired child,
The column halted, horror-struck by the unwonted scene,
That stately Indian, and that child, in that deep forest green;
Fire! cried the leader of the host; fire on the lurking foe!
A kilted clansman poised his gun and laid the chieftain low:
Sore wounded was the Iroquois, prone stretched upon the ground;
Unharm'd the little fair-haired boy the FORTY-SECOND found;
They bore them to the woodland Fort, the deed was nobly done,
The highlanders had rescued its Commander's only son.
The dusky warrior writhed in pain, but scowled with scornful eye,
And told them how Orono the Iroquois could die.
Fain was the father to avenge in blood the savage deed,
But a daughter of the Highlands saved him from the doom decreed.
She dressed his wounds with tender care, with woman's gentle hand,
For woman, to affliction, is the same in every land!
By words and signs of kindness she soothed his savage grief:
Orono was a chosen brave, a warrior and chief,
A chieftain of the Iroquois with scalp-lock proudly drest,
And the scars of many a war-path upon his tawny chest!
Ere many days the Iroquois recovered from his wound,
Sprang on a sentry, knife in hand, with tiger stealth and bound,
When morning dawned, the soldier in death was lying there,
But the Panther of the Iroquois had sought his native lair!
Then soon the legions of Montcalm came marching through the wood,
And his scalping Indian allies thirsting for the foeman's blood;
The cannon roared, and shot and shell crashed through the riven air.
And death in every fearful form was then seen every where;
But still the Red cross waved afloat, and still the daring few
Who manned the fated fortress fought like Britons brave and true!
The brave ROYAL AMERICANS and old BLACK WATCH were there,
To rally round their country's Flag, its honor was their care;
And many a gallant son of France, before their fire fell,
Whilst hosts of whooping Iroquois the mounds of slaughter swell.
Six days the work of death went on; Monro, stern, proud and brave,
Held out, expecting aid, his little garrison to save;
But aid came not, his falling ranks grew thinner every hour,
The shot and shell rushed through them like a devastating shower;
The little fort's defences were sadly rent and torn,
His men with constant fighting were wasted, wan and worn.
The foe in overwhelming force was rushing fiercely on,
The best that gallant hearts could do was well and bravely done!
A flag of truce went forth at last to save the remnant few
Who to the glories of the past had valiantly proved true.
The terms were made, with colours and war's honours out they came,

The little band of heroes who had won a deathless name!
Into the howling wilderness they wend their trackless way,
While savage hordes are prowling round impatient for their prey,
And she was there, the Scottish Girl, among the gallant band
Far from her native heathery hills, in that dark forest land;
She who had saved the Savage Chief from the uplifted arm
Of the old commander of the Fort—and shielded him from harm.
And there, too, was the chosen one, with whom long, long ago,
She had wandered through the passes of her native old Glencoe,
Among the kingly regiment his was a name of fear
For death was in the Slogan when McGillivray was near!
Short was their passage through the woods, 'till with a bursting yell
Upon the fated clansmen the savage foemen fell;
Like Locusts gathering with the blast that yelling, dusky host,
Hemmed them around on every hand 'till hope was almost lost.
The clansmen fired one volley, then threw their muskets down,
Loud swelled the boding slogan, the last sacrifice to crown.
Then back to back, with sword in hand, they fought with might and main,
And piled around them as they died dark heaps of mangled slain,
Fearful the mighty draughts of blood, the claymore sharp and true
In that red carnival of death with trenchant fury drew!
The tartan's variegated hue was grimly purple o'er
On every hero, as he fell, with the dark foeman's gore.
The Pibroch's wail grew fainter, as the war-whoop filled the air,
And thousands rushed upon them like tigers from their lair.
But still like monarchs of the wild the kilted clansmen stood,
Shoulder to shoulder in the fight on that dread day of blood.
The proudly blazoned legends which their waving colors bore
Were deeper dyed, while round them lay weltering in their gore,
The children worthy of their sires—the old "Black-Watch" of yore!
But fiercer waxed the conflict round a baggage waggon, where
Stood the daughter of the heather with her streaming golden hair!
A tall and grim faced savage saw those shining locks of gold,
He wound his blood-stained fingers in their thick and drooping fold,
As with a glance of deadly hate he grasped the maiden fair,
He waved his red right hand aloft, the scalping-knife was there;
But ere the stroke could reach her heart, a chieftain laid his hand
Upon the fell assassin's arm, 'twas the leader of the band.
Who, who art thou that dares to stay this arm in the fight,
When raised aloft with vengeance the white enemy to smite?
Orono of the Iroquois! I claim her as my own,
Touch not her scalp. I save her for the kindness she has shown
To the wounded Panther when he lay within the palisades,
A stricken prisoner beneath the "Long Knife's" glistening blades;
Go! still the battle rages, touch the maiden not again,
There's blood beneath yon tartans in the hearts of dauntless men!
Off strode the cowering painted chief, but ere his knife he drew,
A keen and sweeping claymore cleft his naked form in two.
Orono gently bore her from the scene of blood and woe,
And in his forest wigwam laid the daughter of Glencoe;
Her parting glance ran wildly o'er that slaughter-laden field,
Few were the Highland bonnets there, but not a man would yield!
The Pibroch's final blast she heard upon the evening air,
Then no sound but the war-whoop of the Iroquois was there.
Foul was the treachery which gave such brave hearts to be slain,
But the broad-sword drank its vengeance deep again on Abraham's Plain!
The chieftain's aged mother with a woman's gentle hand,
Sought to soothe the stricken lone one in the far-off forest land.
But nought could cheer her spirit laden with its crushing woe,
And paler grew the fading cheek of Mary of Glencoe;
She died; they gently laid her beneath a tree to rest,
And the forest leaves fell lightly on her fair and gentle breast.

2. CHAMPLAIN AND THE DISCOVERY OF HIS TOMB.

BY JOHN GILMARY SHEA, LL.D.

Last Christmas was the two hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the day when the people of the little French town of Quebec, a mere dot amid the Canadian snows, followed to the grave, their great leader and guide, Samuel de Champlain, who had amid every discouragement and in spite of all obstacles, struggled to plant a permanent colony in the New World.

He expired on the 25th of December, 1635, after an illness of two months and a half, attended by the Jesuit missionaries, with whom he had lived an almost conventual life after the departure of his wife for France,* closing, in the utmost peace and calm, a life of much vicissitude and many a stirring scene.

Born at Brouage, in Xaintonge, in 1567 or 1570, of a respectable, and it would seem even noble family, he had early sought a military career, and in the struggles of Henry IV. to reach the throne, young

* He married Helen Boullé, sister of a fellow-navigator, who, though at the time a Protestant, returned to the ancient faith, and on her husband's death, became an Ursuline nun, under the name of Mother Helen de St. Augustine. She died at Meaux, December 20, 1654, at the age of fifty-six, in a convent which she had founded (*Cronique de l'Ordre des Ursulines; Les Ursulines de Quebec, 352*). They left no issue, the only heir appearing to claim any right in his estate being a cousin.—SHEA'S *Charlevoix*, ii., 88.

* The historical incident here referred to will be found detailed on pages 101 and 102 of the "School History of Canada," published by Mr. John Lovell, Montreal, 1886.