

## The Duke of Kent's Visit to Niagara 20 Years Ago.

(Concluded.)

### SIMCOE'S RANGERS.

A gregarious crowd around the door  
With various surmises the scene rehearse,  
Who filled the ample court before,  
And of the coming grants discourse.

Fiercer now the contest wore,  
For Simcoe's about to take his way  
Westward, to lay out acres more,  
And make the acres broad his followers pay.

A noise is heard, a settler calls,  
A hurrying here and there they come,  
Adown the stairs and through the hall,  
Still'd was the sound and hushed the hum.

Nor pageant's wont to grace the scene,  
Nor men with lace, scarlet and blue,  
Staffmen and voyageurs I ween,  
All wait, the great man's will to do.

But first in visage there appear,  
A veteran band in martial men,  
Their steeds were poor, furnished their gear;  
But rare a goodlier band is seen.

He passed on until the serried band  
Before the house had met his eye,  
Saluting with uplifted hand,  
With eye elate, which all did spy.

He turned and spoke one other word,  
Respectful stood they all,  
And as he spoke then could be heard  
The noiseless pin drop fall.

Companions of my arms, he said,  
I know the hardships that ye bear,  
I know the heart that keeps ye up,  
I know the men ye are.

But now towards the West I go,  
For you my friends new land to bear,  
And for my faithful followers, so  
New and happy homes prepare.

First to the Mohawk station  
With blankets a good store,  
Nor ever yet has Britain's band  
Forgot the Sagamore.

The pressing crowd the Chief surrounds,  
Sympathetic glances cast,  
And make the neighbouring banks resound  
With shouts, that echoing last

He mounts and westward takes his way,  
The loud buzz from the veteran band  
Arose, and all him heard do pray  
Success attend bold Simcoe's hand.

For a brave man was "Simcoe,"  
And a brave band were they,  
Strive they till the strife is o'er,  
And then the work repay.

They felt the toils of war require  
From one that they command  
Returns, and well did Simcoe pay  
The true devotion of his band.

Fors oldiers fight and soldiers die,  
Till they decide the day,  
And then the sword into a plough,  
The spear a hook made they.

### WILD FLOWERS.

Late in the day the company find,  
The clearing past in wood that confin'd,  
As now the escort to the wood  
Parting, upon the clearings stood,  
Struck at all sights when all are rare,  
And idly sauntering here and there.

And backwards turned along the road,  
No more their friends from wood are heard,  
Observe a cottage hid with green;  
Gazing they stood, admired the scene,  
The cottage all that summer day  
Detained the company. And away  
Scarce could the pleasant party break,  
And onward still their journey take.

Long at the landing lay the barge,  
Long there his crew true to their charge;  
And still it seemed as if a spell  
Had bound him,—and to say farewell,  
Why still so hard, he could not tell.

You ask a bouquet to bestow,  
Of flowers that in our wilds do grow,  
When summer cheers the glorious scene  
With blossoms, interspersed with green.

Accept this simple nosegay here,  
From one not distant would appear,  
No perfumed flowers give I to you,  
Our flowers are scentless but yet true:  
They smell but slight, but yet they show  
As deep a dye as those you grow.  
Despise not productions of the wild,  
The cultivated man was once a child.  
If this, my floral gift, should please,  
A liberty allow to add with these;  
As it may meet due favour in your eyes,  
A sentiment conveyed may also prize.  
So self-denying acts may move,  
And approbation follow fruits of love.  
Grant me the wish, a summer round the year,  
Changes flower to fruit the sight to cheer,  
As the revolving season onward flows,  
A winter garnished with richest fruit that grows.

At length the barge the party reached,  
To mount the stream each nerve was stretched,  
And when the centre foot was gained,  
Slow progress upward they attained;  
Why was't? The sight upon the shore  
Added regret to them the more;  
And when impatience forced to wait,  
Reproached the current with their fate,  
The barge propelled by labouring oar  
Glides by itself along the shore,  
The change at once awakes surprise,  
The question and reply arise.

The guide at hand to his desires,  
The knowledge gives that he requires;  
The current passing downward ever  
By opposing points is turned up river.

Where doth this chasm vast disclose?  
Where issuing out the water flows,  
A whirlpool sweeps with noiseless might,  
That stoutest hearts it doth affright.

For tree or bark within its eddy  
Sails round and round and circles steady,  
But once in this, the shore again,  
Your bark nor you shall e'er attain.

The voyage pursuing, Edward hies,  
The Falls not yet had met his eyes,  
As forward of his convoy goes,  
The presence of a fall he knows.

Needless to say surprise, not wonder,  
A mountain seemed as torn asunder,  
Like a vision before him passed,  
The scene upon his eye so vast.

Resounding flood, surrounding wood,  
Astenlashed as at distance stood,  
When first to traveller's anxious eyes  
Appeared this fall—vast thoughts arise.

Forgive if to his 'stonished ken  
More grand appeared the cataract then;  
Forgive if, as too careless pass'd  
The first explorer's views were vast.

The convoy came, the camp they make,  
And of a generous supper take;  
Then each one's course he does pursue,  
And separate round the Falls they view.

A ladder of a pine-tree made,  
To reach the foot affords its aid,  
They ne'er before the like did see  
Till then, such grandeur, all agree.

### FIRE-WATER.

Backward again, portage halpasted,  
And men and oxen painfully tasked;  
When nearing now the mountain meet  
A denizen of the woods complete.  
Accosted fair, the wild man stood,  
And half laid off his savage mood.

When we the red men held command,  
Silence prevailed o'er all the land,  
Nor scared the wild bird from the wave,  
Nor ceased the deer his sides to lave.  
The white man trod along the way,  
And then was drove our game away;  
Their constant passing by the flood  
Deprived us of our ample food,  
The buffalo binds he to his load,  
And trails trees on where once men trod.

You see those bleach'd bones through the wood!  
The remnants of the buzzard's food;  
We met them on their careless way,  
And then our wrongs did amply pay.  
The sight was that the blood to freeze,  
And yet the savage seemed to please.  
As spake his form, dilate with pride,  
The voyager's load he casual spied;  
Kegs with their stores, along the track  
Were borne in waggon, and on back.

Was changed the native of the soil,  
As gazing on the voyager's toil,  
"Fire-water" up the billows came,  
Have scarcely left us now a name?  
If with you came this pest not here,  
We would not now so disappear;  
Our greatest foe made us forlorn,  
A nation by its breath is gone.  
Finished his speech, his gun he takes  
And through the woods quick steps he makes,  
And like his race whose end so near,  
Through the dark woods to disappear.

### PART III.

#### VOYAGE DOWN THE RIVER.

Niagara, may I, as I downward go,  
My verse like thee in smoother numbers flow,  
Like the refraction of thy azure wave,  
Some truth impart, and from oblivion save.

Observation from the realm of mind,  
Suggested by and in this task designed,  
Increase the interest, and attention gain,  
As voyaging onward to the boundless main.

Into a strong raiment brought,  
And like a garment of fine tissue wrought,  
Or built on nature's ground, consistence gain,  
And like a nation's monument remain.

A people's chronicles, compared how small,  
Like the first streamlet of thy mighty fall,  
Convince the mind and stir the sympathies,  
Catch thy reflection from the azure skies.

The impression stamped as vivid, but as true  
As thy far front, superior Huron blue,  
Nor at the present alone remain  
But like thee travel till we reach the main.

#### FORT NIAGARA 100 YEARS AGO.

The sun was setting, and the hour  
When thought exerts its magic power,  
His rays cast on Niagara's banks  
Revealed its trees in neighbouring ranks.

The cloud of distant cataract gave  
Back to the sight a scene less grave,  
Edward, who yet had much to learn  
Of wild woods, stands upon the stern.

Ardent and bold old ocean's child  
He'd trust the deep, and shun the wild;  
His friend and guide those thoughts opined,  
Then to remove his love designed.

See you where trees less dense in ranks,  
Betoken clearings on the banks,  
To one like this we turn our prow,  
Patiently wait, we go not now.

Wait till I tell you how we fought,  
And gave the French their final rout,  
Niagara round—leaguered we stand,  
Decided at the Chief's command.

Now as July passed quickly by,  
And "Sol" darts arrows from the sky;  
And when men look in vain for aid  
The dubious trial of the sword assayed.

How lined in ranks promptly they try  
The issue; then the Frenchmen fly  
Back to their fort, and there  
Await the verdict of protracted war.

And then the sun the scene illumed,  
And then our force the siege resumed;  
At length the aid long looked for comes;  
No greeting shouts, no beating drums,  
But stealthily their gulle pursue,  
The fort to gain, and shun our view,  
The sentinel of outpost stands,  
With gun reeling in his hands;

A crack is heard from neighbouring wood,  
His ear it catches, that 'bodes no good,  
It is the deer—listless he droops,  
Nor needs the approach of hostile troops.

A pause ensues, and there is heard no more,  
Naught but the sound of cataract's roar.  
His thoughts are wandering forth afar,  
To Mohawk's banks, where naught's of war;  
The solemn music to his ear  
Seems like the tread was used to hear.

Ere war was earnest, and idle boys  
To train were wont, with boisterous noise;  
And all the neighbourhood resort,  
To enjoy a day of country sport.

The clouds break off, the wind once more  
Drives inward to the neighbouring shore,  
They seem to drive those trees along,  
Like them a dense and serried throng.  
A cannon from the fort awakes his trance,  
Before him sees the marshal'd hosts of France.

The day was breaking, and the time  
When nature shows in all her prime,  
And Edward now the journey o'er,  
As if through wilds he'd wander more,  
Musing thus he inward spake,  
Shall commercial toils this silence break?  
Thought oft men woul' break the spell,  
And business on the affections tell.

Then from the camp ere "Sol" arose  
To break the scene of deep repose,  
There appeared a tenant of the wild  
Along the bank, free nature's child,  
From the high steep she quickly sped  
And reached the fort with agile tread.

Surprised and pleased he views once more  
The siren of the day before  
As quickly pass'd, who art thou, maid?  
Sir William's daughter, sir, she said,  
Retarded, briefer her onward speed,  
And to his short discourse gave heed,  
Where go ye now? where do ye lie?  
To Brant's quarters, was the reply;  
Where they prepare the warlike feat,  
And give our father's son a treat.  
From thence go to the "Miami,"  
From thence to go the Anglaize;  
Where lit up is the council fires  
Our Indian bands to raise.

A sigh escaped—he said no more,  
This very day I leave your shore,  
And never see this land again,  
I take my passage o'er the main,  
My PROGENY may view this land,  
I ne'er again shall press your strand  
One look she gave, the "traveller" learned  
The interest he had early earned,  
He lingers—sadden'd at the thought,  
And loth to break the feelings wrought.

Not long he mused until the sound  
Arose from sleeping tents around  
Of a hasty meal; despatch is made,  
And to return the troops arrayed.

### DEPARTURE.

The farewell taken, the parting o'er,  
Adieus returned from boat to shore;  
As they upon the billows bound,  
Sounds like this from shores resound.

Frail bark, my heart beats in pity for thee,  
Unknowing the fate thou mayest see,  
With bustle and shouting, with running and noise,  
Your attention engages and your time employs;  
But when all is finished, the white sail ye raise,  
And you cast on the land the last parting gaze,  
You think of the dangers to your far distant home,  
Talk of its comforts when no more you will roam,  
The sea lies between you with its dreary alarms,  
The perils of ice and its dark winter storms,  
But trust ye in Providence, He will procure  
A landing of safety, a haven secure.  
The pathway of honor still may you pursue,  
More enduring than power will it prove to you;  
An obelisk firmer than brass will be found,  
A name than emblazoned more ample resound.

### A FRIEND IN NEED.

Three gilded balls outside told of a pawn-  
broker's shop. Within, a young girl stood by  
the counter, holding a large package for the  
dealer's inspection. Her eyes followed his mo-  
tions wistfully as he took it and removed the  
paper wrappings, displaying the lustrous folds  
of a silk dress, made in a quaint, old-fashioned  
style.

"How much do you want?" he questioned at  
last.

"My mother thought five dollars would be  
little enough for it. The silk is very good. It  
was her wedding dress."

The man raised his eyes and hands in astonish-  
ment. "Five dollars! the little miss is not in  
earnest. I will geef but two."

The child's lips quivered, but she did not  
speak.

"Well, I will say three, but it's too much.  
The—vat you say? The shtyle is too old—too  
old," and with a deprecating suggestive shrug  
of his shoulders, he placed the money in little  
Adelaide's outstretched palm. As she received  
the dingy-looking bills and the accompanying as  
dingy pawn ticket, she turned with a disap-  
pointed sigh toward the door. What followed  
was the work of a moment. A rough-looking  
young hanger-on about the place saw the bills  
in her hand as she came out into the street,  
caught them from her with a jeering laugh, then  
ran swiftly away with his booty.

For a moment she stood bewildered, hardly  
realizing what had happened. Then with a cry  
of "Oh, my poor mother!" she sank down  
upon the steps and began to sob bitterly.

But help was near. A passing stranger had  
witnessed the theft and had given indignant pur-  
suit and forced the young miscreant to disgorge  
his plunder. Then hastening back to the side  
of the sobbing girl, he said: "Here is your  
money, little one. Don't ever be so careless again,  
especially in a neighborhood like this."

By this time a group had gathered around the  
two, watched them with sinister looks, evidently  
in full sympathy with the young ruffian who had  
been so summarily disposed of by Gerald Car-  
man's strong arm.

He took in the surroundings with one swift  
glance, and determined not to leave the help-  
less girl until she was in a safe place.

"If you are willing I will walk a little way  
with you," he said, in an undertone. "I like  
not the company hereabouts. They look as  
though they might work you more trouble."

"Thank you," said the girl, gratefully. "I  
was never here before, but mother was so sick  
she had to send me."

She had a wee bit of a thing, and looked even  
smaller walking beside her protector. Her face  
was an interesting one, though wan and pale;  
and her eyes were of that deep gray color, which  
in the shadow of the long, dark lashes looked  
like black. They shone out from beneath a  
tangle of curly hair, which glistened in the sun  
like molten gold. But Gerald thought not of  
any promise of beauty in the child. His memory  
was busy in the past, when he had pressed a  
lingering last kiss upon the forehead of a little  
sister who was to be laid away from his sight  
under the daisies. Often had he threaded his  
fingers through her curls—just such another mass  
of gleaming, tendrillike gold; and his heart  
warmed to the owner of the hand nestling so  
confidently in his own broad palm, while she  
told in artless words her simple story as they  
walked along.

Her father had been a sea captain. He had  
sailed away on a three years' voyage, hoping to  
come home rich enough to stay for the rest of his  
life with his family. But the news of his death  
and reached them, and they had nothing since.

"Mamma had lived in the country," said  
Adelaide, in conclusion, "and when our money  
was nearly gone she thought it would be easier  
to find work here, so we moved. She has not  
felt able to sew lately, and has had to pawn one  
thing after another, until all was gone but her  
wedding dress. She was too sick to take it this  
morning, so she had to trust me. She was afraid  
I would get lost in the big, wicked city; but I  
told her God watched over the little birds, and  
He would surely do the same by me; and so He  
did. It was God who sent you," and she turned  
and looked up into his face with admiring, rever-  
ential eyes.

Gerald flushed a little, but her simple child-  
faith was too refreshing to disturb by any com-  
mon-place disclaimer; so he said, to turn the  
subject from himself: "Was your mamma not  
very sorry to part with the dress?"

"Indeed she was. I never saw her cry so but  
once before, and that was when we heard that  
papa was dead."

It was easy for the sympathetic listener to form  
an idea of the destitution which threatened the  
little family. A paltry three dollars only bet-  
ween them and want!

They had by this time reached the door of the  
dwelling-house which sheltered the widow and  
her child.

"May I come in?" he said. "I would like  
to speak to your mother of a friend of mine—a  
young doctor. He is very skilful, and might help  
her."

"Oh, sir," said Adelaide, brightly; then her  
face clouded; "but we have no money to pay  
him."

"That will be all right," said Gerald.

The girl bounded up the stairs with a light  
heart at these words and disappeared for a mo-  
ment. Then she came out and beckoned to him.

"Please to come in; mamma will see you."

Lifting his hat, he entered the room softly.

All within was cheerful and pleasant. A few  
flowers, brought from their country home, were  
blossoming upon the window sill, and a sweet  
voiced canary trilled its tiny-throated music  
above them. But his attention was at once con-  
centrated upon the hectic-painted face resting  
upon the snowy pillow.

She smiled faintly as she met his eyes, with  
their expression of kindly interest.

"You are very good," she said. "My little  
girl has told me of your offer. I shall be glad to  
accept it for her sake; but I fear I am past help."

"When there is life there is hope," said  
Gerald, cheerily, "and my friend, Dr. Gilbert,  
though young, is very skilful. I will see him to-  
day and interest him in your case."

Then he wrote down her name in his note-book  
—"Mrs. Adelaide Harney, wife of Capt. Harney,  
of the ship Adelaide, No 3—street."

"May I come in and see how you get along  
under his treatment?" he asked, as he rose to go.

Mrs. Harney looked at him for a moment with  
eyes rendered almost preternaturally bright by  
her illness. Gerald felt as though his very soul  
was being laid bare under that searching gaze, but  
he did not blench. He had been reared by a ten-  
der Christian mother, and though one of the gay  
world in position, he had reached manhood singu-  
larly unspotted by its vices. So he could bear  
the scrutiny of those clear eyes, without uneasi-  
ness; for there was no leprous spot in his life to be  
brought to light.

"Come when you like," she said at last, "and  
if my days are numbered, oh, kind sir, watch over  
my child, my poor little Adelaide! She must earn  
an honest living. Will you see that she is put in  
the way of it? You have a good face and I feel  
that I can trust you. If you never have an earthly  
reward, the God of the widow and of the fatherless  
will bless you."

She closed her eyes wearily, exhausted by her  
emotions, and Gerald, deeply moved, went in  
quest of Dr. Gilbert.

Gerald Carman was junior partner in a large  
shipping house. One of their finest ships had  
arrived in port but a few days since, and its  
captain—a bluff, hearty sailor—had a peculiar  
charm to the young man. He spent several  
evenings with him, and had an engagement to