

My father tried to collect money enough to take him to Quebec, but failed. Money was scarce in those days, so he gave me what he had got and says he, 'Weel, laddie, you can travel cheaper than I can, and gang your way back again; I will meet you when I get some mair siller.' I did so, and succeeded in taking the family up to Point Fortune, where my father met us. My father settled on a farm in the Indian Lands, Glengarry, where I remained with him until I got married in 1839. I purchased 200 acres of land in the township of Roxborough, where I still remain. The taxes for my first two hundred acres was only one dollar a year. We now pay \$80 or \$90 yearly. I have held several offices in the township, having been township clerk for five years and assessor and collector for the same time. In going down to Quebec for the family I remember bathing in the river St. Lawrence at Montreal, in front of the town. There were no wharves there then.

Jameson's Ride.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN, POET LAUREATE.

I.

"Wrong! Is it wrong? Well, maybe;
But I'm going, boys, all the same.
Do they think me a Burgher's baby,
To be scared by a scolding dame?
They may argue, and prate and order,
Go, tell them to save their breath;
Then, over the Transvaal border,
And gallop for life or death!"

II.

"Let lawyers and statesmen addle
Their pates over points of law;
If sound be our sword and saddle,
And gun-gear, who cares a straw?
When men of our own blood pray us
To ride to their kinsfolk's aid,
Not Heaven itself shall stay us
From the rescue they call a raid."

III.

"There are girls in the gold-reef city,
There are mothers and children too!
And they cry, 'Hurry up! for pity!'
So what can a poor man do?
If even we win, they'll blame us;
If we fail they will howl and hiss.
But there's many a man lives famous
For daring a wrong like this!"

IV.

"So we forded and galloped forward,
As hard as our beasts could pelt,
First eastward, then trending norward,
Right over the rolling velt;
Till we came on the Burghers lying

In a hollow with hills behind,
And their bullets came hissing, flying.
Like hail on an arctic wind!

V.

"Right sweet is the marksman's rattle,
And sweeter the cannon's roar,
But 'tis bitterly hard to battle,
Beleaguered, and one to four.
I can tell you, it wasn't a trifle
To swarm over Krugersdrop glen,
As they plied us with round and rifle,
And ploughed us—again and again."

VI.

"Then we made for the gold-reef city,
Retreating, but not in rout;
They had called to us, 'Quick! for pity!'
And He said, 'They will sally out,
They will hear us and come. Who doubts it?'
'But what if they don't, what then?'
'Well, worry no more about it,
'But fight to the death, like men.'"

VII.

"Not a soul had supped or slumbered
Since the Borderland stream was cleft;
But we fought, even more outnumbered,
Till we had not a cartridge left.
We're not very soft or tender,
Or given to weep for woe,
But it breaks one to have to render
One's sword to the strongest foe."

VIII.

"I suppose we were wrong, were madmen,
Still I think at the Judgment Day,
When God sifts the good from the bad men,
There'll be something more to say.
We were wrong, but we aren't half sorry,
And as one of the baffled band,
I would rather have had that foray
Than the crushings of all the Rand."

Canadian Novelists.

Canadian romance, like Canadian poetry, has, of recent years, won prominence in contemporary English literature. It has been owing to the appreciation of the editors of the United States magazines of the highest class that Canadian poetry has become known to the English-speaking world. On the other hand our Canadian novelists have found publishers among the oldest and most conservative publishing houses in England, and at first their most appreciative public was found on the other side of the Atlantic. Of late, however, Canadian poetry has gained recognition in England and Canadian novels are appreciated in the United States, and, most noteworthy of all, both have become popular in Canada itself, so that Canadian writers may at last be said to have got the ear of the English-speaking world.