

capture of Montreal; was in the French and Indian war; had command in Florida in 1767, and in June, 1778, succeeded Sir Guy Carleton as governor and commander-in-chief of the Province of Quebec. He held the position until November, 1784. Everything which occurred in the Northwest during his administration appears in letters from and reports to his official headquarters. His officers at Detroit, St. Joseph, Sandusky, Vincennes, Michilimacinae, Kaskaskia, and other Western posts, reported to him the current news, the movements of the Indians, the operations of George Rogers Clark, and every sort of information. The papers cover the whole period of the revolutionary war. These invaluable documents, after a custom of the time which has now happily passed away, were regarded as the private property of General Haldimand; but in 1857 they were presented by the family to the British Museum. The Canadian Government has been at the expense of copying, arranging and printing a calendared list of them for the use of historical student. Our Government, when it has made its own archives accessible, should show a similar enterprise, copy them and print those which relate to the United States. The State of Michigan, in the collections of its Pioneer Society, has begun the printing of such of the Haldimand papers as relate especially to the history of that State. The papers printed, however, relate quite as much to the whole Northwest as to Michigan. The entire collection ought to be printed by the United States Government, or, if that cannot be done, by joint appropriations of all the Northwestern States. On February 24, 1779, Henry Hamilton, Governor of Detroit, surrendered himself as a prisoner of war at Vincennes, Indiana, with Fort Sackville and its garrison, to Col. George Rogers Clark, a victory which completed the capture of the Northwestern Territory from Great Britain. On that day Col. Clark wrote to Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia, describing his painful winter march across the flooded prairies from Kaskaskia, the storming of the fort and the victory. The letter he despatched by a messenger to Williamsburg. The messenger was waylaid by Indians and killed, and the despatch was supposed to be lost. Col. Clark, two months later, when he had heard of the killing of his messenger, made another report to the Governor from Kaskaskia. The first despatch, having been lost for more than a century, now comes to light in the Haldimand papers, with nine other letters captured at the same time. This precious document, giving details of the campaign and surrender which nowhere else are found, has never been printed, and, so far as I am aware, has never been used except in a brief summary.

RED AND BLUE PENCIL.

I have received, wrapped in buff covers, a little pamphlet, sent with the compliments of the *Evening Gazette*, St. John, N. B., containing three short poems, the whole under the title of "Our Country." The first is "Our Acadie," by Wm. P. Cole; the second, "Our Loyalist Fathers," by my friend, James Hannay, one of the editors of the *Gazette*; and the third, "Our Country," by H. L. Spencer.

OUR LOYALIST FATHERS.

Turn back the book of time,
And, on its fading page,
Read of the men sublime,
Whose virtues o'er their age
Shone, as the morning star
Shines o'er the sleeping earth.
Whose rays, beheld from far,
Herald a new day's birth.

One hundred years ago,
Our fathers landed here;
The hills were white with snow,
The landscape bleak and drear;
Driven forth an exiled band,
Scorned, outlawed, robbed, oppressed,
In this unpeopled land,
They sought and found their rest.
And here they lived and toiled;
Beneath their sturdy blows
The forest vast recoiled;
Here a fair city rose,

Whose fame has grown world-wide;
Whose name is heard and known
Where'er its stout ships ride,
In ports of every zone.

Like men they played their part,
New homes and hearths to rear;
'Till, stilled each loyal heart,
They died; their graves are here.
Their lives run into ours,
As streams that downward flow,
Fed by the mountain showers,
To mighty rivers grow.

All that they gained at length,
To us, their heirs, remains;
The fulness of their strength
Wells in their children's veins.
Theirs was the buried past,
With all its wasted powers;
We hold their memory fast;
The future days are ours.

Ours are the hopes which rise
To welcome better days;
Ours are the brighter skies,
Through which the sun's bright rays
Shine, with unclouded might,
Over fair land and sea;
Ours is the ungarnered light,
The light that is to be.

—James Hannay,

I receive the following from "Carl," of St. John, N.B.:

Please pardon me for not before replying to your question concerning Mr. Betts, the translator of Béranger. I have been much occupied with other and more prosy things. Mr. Betts is a St. John man, and an old schoolmate of mine, though I have not seen him for some years. He is at present living in New York. In regard to our taking the lead in letters down here by the sea, of late, it is certainly so. I tell you the intellectual development of this portion of the Dominion is proceeding apace. But then have we not always produced far more than our quota of distinguished men in all the walks of life? Why, half of your nabobs up in metropolitan Montreal have very little idea of the greatness and glory of these Maritime Provinces! However, we are, by degrees, becoming a united people, and may the bond of a common Canadian Literature, in its growth, unite us still more closely.

Yours sincerely,
CARL.

P.S.—I only to-day noticed the question repeated in the 19th January number of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED. What a splendid paper you are making of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED! C.

There is no end to the outflow from those Lower Provinces. Here are simple and easy lines from Helen M. Merrill, of Pictou, and sent to me without a word, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. Thanks!

REST.

There is no rest. The golden day declines,
The silent night her lonely vigil keeps,
Low-breathing where the world in shadow sleeps,
But still on distant shores the sunlight shines.
There is no rest. Beneath the tilting vines
The tide appeareth still, but o'er the steepes,
Soft-veiled in shining foam the river sweeps,
In peace again to flow by flowery shrines.
Ah! no; there is no rest. We cannot stay
One little moment in its gentle flight—
Like sun-birds flocking in the golden light,
We sing till sleep steals softly in at night—
But Time moves steadily along his way.
There is no rest. Behold the new-born day!

Pictou.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

Knowing now from "Carl" who Craven Langsbroth Betts is, I turn with pleasure and renewed interest to my copy of his Béranger, kindly presented to me by Mr. John Reade, in the following Latin inscription:

Musarum parvus, sed non ingratus, alumnus
Hæc Berengarii, Spes Optima carmina mitto,
Accipe, cum libro, mea vota, O dulcis amice!

Glancing through the pages of the dainty little volume, I found all the best and well-known stand-bys of the old singer, whose portrait, in etchings, with the inscription: MES CHANSONS C'EST MOI, graces the first obverse page. There are several which Thackeray has imitated, adapted or parodied, in his own matchless way, such as *Le Roi d'Yvetot*, *Les Gueux*, *Le Chant du Cosack*, *Le Caporal* and *Le Grenier*, with the famous refrain:

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans!

which Mr. Betts translates rather stiltedly:

Blithe in his garret is gay twenty years!

Thackeray is far ahead of this.

Béranger's masterpiece is known as *Les Souvenirs d'un Peuple*, which our author has handled very well indeed.

Long his glory will be told—
In the cabin told with tears—
Humble roofs, for fifty years,
Will no other history hold.
Then the village folk will go
To some story-telling dame—
"Mother, tales of him you know,
Charm our evenings with his fame.
Though they say he did us ill,
Still the people him revere—
Yes, still revere!
Mother, still of him we hear!
Mother, of him still!"

Children, with a train of kings,
He did through this village go!
'Tis a long time past, you know!
I was doing household things.
Up the hill, at foot at that—
I observed him on his way.
He had on a little hat
And an overcoat of grey.
I stood near him, trembling, weak;
Then he said: "My dear, good day!
My dear, good day!"
"Mother, did he speak that way?
Mother, that way speak?"

Next year, I, poor woman, came
Paris one fête day to see.
Going with his court was he
On the way to Notre Dame.
Hearts did all to gayness run,
All admired his splendid train:
"What fine times!" said every one.
"He doth all his blessings gain."
Ah! his smile was very sweet!
God a son had given him, too!
Yes, given him, too!
"Mother, what a treat for you!
Mother, what treat!"

But when poor Champagne did yield
To the foeman's arms a prey,
He held dangers all at bay—
Seemed alone to keep the field.
One night came a knock, as 't were
Now—the door I open threw;
He, good God! was standing there
Guarded by a faithful few.
He sat on that very chair;—
"Ah, these wars! these wars!" he cried.
"These wars!" he cried.
"Mother, sat there by your side?
Mother, he sat there?"

"I am hungry," said he. I
Bread and sour wine supplied;
Soon his dripping clothes he dried;
Then he dozed the fire by.
Waking, he observed my tears:
"Dame," said he: "Bonne Espérance!
I'll for all her ills and fears,
Verge in front of Paris, France!"
Then he went. A treasure still
I have kept his glass till now—
His glass till now!
"Mother, what? You have it, how!
What, you have it still?"

Here it is. But fortune led
To his doom our chief renowned.
He whose head a Pope had crowned,
In a lonely isle lies dead.
Long they thought it would not be;
"He'll come," they said. "We know;
He is hastening o'er the sea,
And will master still our foe."
When we found it was not true,
Ah! my grief I can't forget!
I can't forget!
"Mother, God will bless you yet!
God will bless you yet!"

This tender ballad comes back to my mind to-night, when I recall that, in 1856, I attended the funeral of the genial composer of *Opéra Comique*, author of *Le Chalet*, *Le Brasseur de Preston* and *Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*, which Wachtel, the robust German tenor, made immortal by the ring of his voice and the crack of his whip. I remember that when we sauntered out of the Madeleine, the organ murmured the refrain: *Dieu vous benira, grand mère*. It was Adam who had written the music for Béranger!

TALON.