

Cap. Ball

# LAND WE LIVE IN

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

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Written for the "Land We Live In."



## Waiting for the Tide.

A SONG.

I'm waiting for the tide, dear,  
Or I would have come before;  
It seems so long in breaking, dear,  
As I wearily stand on the shore.

REFRAIN.

The waters moan,  
As I stand alone  
Waiting by the sea of Time,  
But a radiance bright

Of golden light  
Like a glory, far away doth shine

Ah! to you, it came too quickly, dear,  
And took you away from me;  
You did not have to wait, dear,  
And gaze o'er the shadowy sea.

Refrain. The waters moan,  
As I stand alone  
Waiting by the sea of Time, etc.

For it broke with a mighty rush, dear,  
And swept you away from my sight;  
And ever since then, my dear, my dear,  
Life has been one long, long, night.

Refrain. The waters moan,  
As I stand alone  
Waiting by the sea of Time, etc.

The years have come and gone, dear,  
Since you left me here alone,  
More years may come and go, dear,  
Ere the tide will bear me home.

Refrain. And the waters moan,  
As I stand alone  
Waiting by the sea of Time, etc.

So I'm waiting for the tide, dear,  
Or I would have come before.  
Oh! it seems so long in breaking, dear,  
As I wearily stand on the shore.

Refrain. The waters moan,  
As I stand alone  
Waiting by the sea of Time,  
But a radiance bright  
Of golden light

Like a glory, far away, doth shine.

AMELIA A. BALL,  
Lakeside, Magog, Que.

## Sandy Bay, Lake Megantic.

This is an engraving prepared for us by Frank C. Ormsby, Syracuse, N.Y., from a photograph taken by Captain J. P. Jones, Echo Vale. It is taken from the farm of Robt. McLeod, through which parties visiting Lake Megantic had to pass, prior to the advent of the railway. It is a very steep pitch from Mr. McLeod's down to the lake shore, and here an extensive sand beach extends the full width of the bay. It is a favorite resort for camping parties, owing to the superior bathing facilities and its protection from storms. It is seldom that much more than a ripple disturbs the water at the upper end of the bay. On our first visit to Lake Megantic, over 25 years ago, Lieut. John Boston McDonald (who now lives within a mile of the place), occupied a cottage adjoining the sand beach. On that and many subsequent trips it took us two days to reach the Lake from Sherbrooke. Now the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the point shown in the picture

and Echo Vale Station and Post Office are situated within a few rods of the Upper end of Sandy Bay. From here to Megantic Village (which is hidden by the point) is four miles by water, and here on the Chaudiere River the outlet of the lake was our favorite camping ground in the days when John Boston was the only resident anywhere round the lake. The September trout fishing in the Chaudiere then, could hardly be surpassed in the province, and even now it retains a little of its former reputation, although the fishermen are nearly as numerous as the trout. Megantic is a divisional terminus for the local passenger and freight trains of the C. P. Railway. Through some

For The Land We Live In.

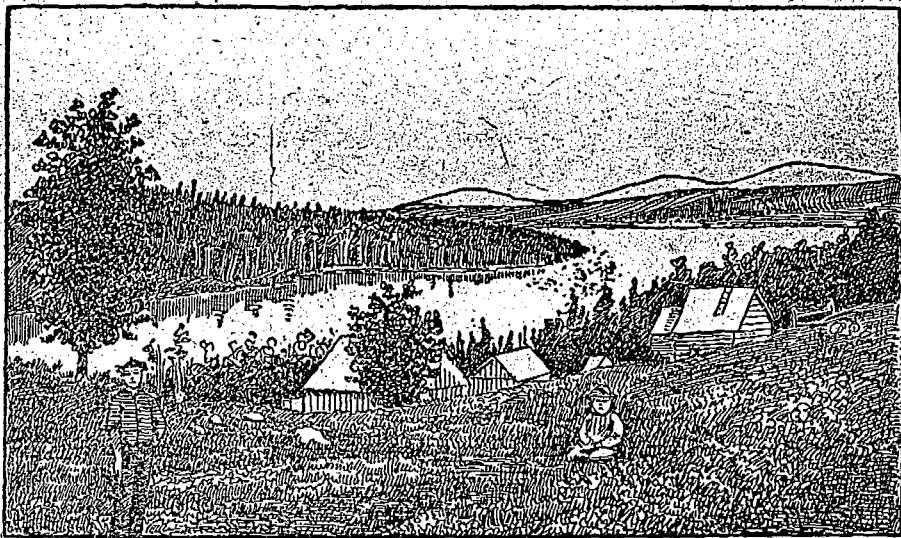
## Christmas Eve, in a Bivouac.

Christ! the Saviour! In a Bivouac!  
The pure one! Listening to lewd talk and to drunken ribald songs—Cal, go back to your shanty; too much scribbling hath made thee mad.

May be, may be!—"peut-etre" as my old friend Beaudette used to say—"on dit que tous les hommes sont fous" (Beaudette was a philosopher and thought all men were a little shaky in the upper story) and as to the women; on pardonne tout aux dames," but I am getting off the track of my tract.

which had been indelibly impressed upon me at school, where I had been his devoted fag.

We arrived at our destination at four of the afternoon and took up our quarters at Buzzell's tavern where we were allowed two small close bedrooms and our horses were stabled in a large and very airy barn. At six we were served with supper which consisted of ham and eggs, good bread, butter and cheese and a large dish of lake trout, for which our host apologized, saying that butchers' meat was scarce and that fish was the staple article of food in those parts. We soon put Boniface at ease on the score of vivres by assuring him that we were all devoted, if not de-



SANDY BAY, LAKE MEGANTIC.

blundering on the part of the authorities and misrepresentation on the part of others, there are two post offices, one on each side of the river within a few rods of each other (Agnes and Lake Megantic) which lead to endless confusion in the delivery of mail matter, and necessitates enquiries for mail at both offices. Next issue will contain a view of the lake looking south from Echo Vale Station.

We have a cheap indestructible Fire Kindler, which absorbs coal oil enough to last from three to five minutes, or long enough to light wood or coal fuel. All that is required in lighting of fire is to touch a match to the Kindler. By mail 25 cents.

The National Magazine, published monthly at 147 Throop Street, Chicago, for \$1 a year will be clubbed with The Land We Live In, a whole year for \$1, to such subscribers as remit us that amount before 1st January next. After that date the clubbing rate will be \$1.30 a year.

I, Calestigan, hunter, fisher, scribbler, and a very garrulous old man, was during the years of christian grace and of Canadian dis-grace 1837-8 a full private in H. M's Light Horse. I was very young, mercurial and thoughtless, but taken en bloc, which was a small one, I was considered by my comrades-in-arms, not a bad sort of a fellow! and by the fair ones out of ditto, "quite a pretty man! I use the Americanism as being the expression of the period.

Cavalry being found of no use as part of a corps d'armes, in a campaign, which though formidable at first sight, resulted in a mere suppression of brigandage, was wisely employed by the Commander-in-chief in the duty of escorts, patrols and outposts and in the transmission of despatches.

To one of these outposts, a wild desolate hamlet at the outlet of Memphremagog Lake, I and three other troopers were sent on the 1st December 1838, one of these called Charles Hill was my intimate friend and Fidus Achates. I had the most implicit faith in his superiority, a faith

vout, Catholics in regimen and that we had no objection to fast for our days a week on trout.

The following morning after a hearty breakfast of fried pork and delicious herring-like fish, cooked by the lake people shad-waiters, we set to work to carry out our instructions which were to inform ourselves of the topography of the place and neighbourhood and to erect a suitable hut to shelter the patrol or guard which we were to keep on the lake shore. It took us two days and some long rides to accomplish the first part of our duty and two more were passed in building a rough shanty large enough to shelter two men and their horses. The sight we selected for our bivouac was a thick balsam grove situated on a point of land which jutted into the lake some four or five miles above our quarters at its outlet. We cut and opened a bridle path from our camp to the main road which led to Georgeville a small village about twelve miles from Buzzell's tavern.

Time slipped away peacefully and pleasantly. Our days were passed in riding