

## SPRING.

FROM CHARLES D'ORLEANS.

The year has cast aside its dress  
Of rain, of tempest and of cold,  
And rapt itself in cloth-of-gold  
Of sunlight's shining cheerfulness.  
There is no creature, young or old,  
That in its speech does not confess:  
"The year has cast aside its dress  
Of rain, of tempest and of cold."

Fountain, brook and river-stream  
Wear, in smiling liveliness,  
Drops of gilt and silvery gleam  
Bright with flashing tracery.  
Each clothes itself in fairer fold  
And sings into the silence:  
"The year has cast aside its dress  
Of rain, of tempest and of cold."

Montreal.

W. D. L.

## TORBAY STATION.

It was a lovely afternoon in September, 1874, when I first beheld that part of Torbay where now stands the Direct Cable Company Station. We had been sailing all day, and as the dying sunbeams were shedding their rays over the tall tree tops, and tipping the distant hills with gold, our boat rounded a small headland when a magnificent scene presented itself. Directly in front of us, on the sloping of a fir-clad hill, overlooking a beautiful beach of white sand profusely strewn with silvery-like shells sparkling like myriads of diamonds in the fast fading sunlight, while on this shining strand the silent waves of the almost calm Atlantic sported in thousands of glittering wavelets, lapping and dancing in restless splendour, some half dozen tents were erected forming a detached circle while the "Union Jack" was gaily streaming from a high tree in the centre. The white smoke was issuing from the clear canvas roofs and slowly curling heavenward. Several young fellows attired in top-boots and guernseys were scattered about the camp, some seated on fallen trees cleaning their guns, one gambolling with a magnificent dog of huge dimensions, others chatting and smoking. The melodious strains of an invisible flute mingling with an occasional peal of hearty laughter stole sweetly over the quiet waters, well indicating the happiness reigning in that picturesque camp. The wind had now completely died away; our sails gently fell from side to side, our oars were put out, and almost instantaneously with the dip came a ringing cheer such as only can proceed from British throats. Guns were thrown aside, the flute ceased its melody, and the fellows came bounding down the hill to welcome their fellow countrymen to a future home.

One thing here is particularly worthy and deserving of remark, that is the remarkable display of forethought exhibited on this occasion, as notwithstanding their impetuosity and our sudden appearance, one individual, whose nasal organ showed outward signs of his partiality to "tippie," produced from his pocket a suspicious looking bottle no doubt of alcoholic matter, whilst other members with equal dexterity withdrew from their respective coats implements necessary for investigating the contents thereof.

Another observation is necessary here: it is the abnormal state of the Nova Scotia palate, the contents of the above mentioned bottle being the only drop of good and tickleable liquor I had tasted since entering the country, notwithstanding a vigorous search for the same (as my respected friend the Bishop can testify). After the usual preliminaries—introductions and so forth—I looked about me with a critical eye and concluded I had dropped into a delightful region, everything around seeming so strange and beautiful. Being suddenly removed from the great city across three thousand miles of saltwater, and deposited in a spot where all was tranquility and where trees predominate, where the rattle of the cab, the melancholy cries of the street vendor and the distressing howl of the sweep ceased to be heard, it appeared like coming to another world, tho' yet we might refer to the distant shores of Ireland, as "thou art so near and yet so far." Not having any house or civilized dwelling, we were of course compelled to use the tents, which I infinitely preferred to the finest mansion. Tent life in this wild and lonely locality was, to say the least, extremely grand—sleeping around the embers, the ruddy glow from which blended with the clear moonlight that gently stole thro' the aperture in the tent roof, and played upon the faces of the sleepers who no doubt were dreaming of home and friends in a far off land. Often have I lain awake, listening to the melancholy roar of the surf, only roused from my reverie by some familiar voice calling out, "I say, old fellow, put a stick on the fire." "Thanks," and then to sleep again.

When the pale moon is struggling thro' the hazy masses of clouds, which frequently hide her from view only to shine forth more brilliantly than ever, when the incongruous mass of clouds parted, a silvery streak was thrown upon the broad ocean, and looking seaward thro' the shady opening in the fir, vessels might be seen flitting hither and thither across this silver ribbon, their white sail reflecting in the moonlight. When the moon is high in the heavens and shining brightly on the Atlantic, which appears as a sea of molten lead gently heaving in the distance, when the branches of the withered trees are clearly outlined, and when the moonlight streams into the tent, lighting it up so as to enable one to read, it is then that tent life is enjoyable.

At this time there were no roads; therefore leaving the camp was deemed unwise. The only strange face seen for weeks would be that of a

stray fisherman, and from such visitors we learned that the nearest settlement of any consequence was Guysboro', a distance of twenty-four miles. At this information we looked back upon chignons and dress-improvers as sights calculated to be beneficial to any individual whose visual organs were affected. We also learned that the neighbourhood abounded in game, wild fowl especially, and with slight apprehension heard of bears being near to the camp, and might be had by any adventurous spirit; but we had an idea that the bear might have us, therefore we wisely concluded to allow that animal to roam in peace. I had seen bears in the "Zoo" and calmly viewed them, but I had not any inclination to judge the animals in their native forest.

Being temporarily under a German officer, we were likewise subject to German discipline, at which we collectively manifested our disgust. With the new addition to the staff, provisions began to get very low and famine was imminent.

The dining tent was an erection well suited to the quality of the provisions consumed therein—a log hut plastered outside with mud and grass. A lantern suspended from the roof, and swaying to and fro, enabled a man with difficulty to convey the food to his mouth, and the table which had at one time unquestionably performed the duties of a door in a more civilized locality, whilst around this festive board were oatmeal casks, herring tubs, oilcasks, etc., which articles served as seats, and dangerous seats they proved to be upon several occasions. I have witnessed members of the community flop down on a cask and immediately spring up with a dismal yell; upon examination a nail has been discovered protruding about two inches from the cask's top and bearing an exquisitely sharp point. Such exhibition brought wrath to the Teutonic eye, as the old scamp observed the strictest etiquette at meals, while the staff preferred consulting their personal comfort and their appetite.

I have frequently heard an animated argument as to the possession of a pickle tub in preference to an oatmeal cask, but when the portly figure of the major darkened the doorway, eloquence subsided and the strictest silence would prevail. The much coveted seats were those distant from where the carving tools were laid, as not one of us could carve with any degree of confidence anything but a pudding. I invariably became possessed of a strange and unaccountable feeling when in proximity to the much dreaded knife and fork. I had an idea that my ability in this respect would shortly be tested and trembled for the consequences. One day I happened to be last in to dinner, and not until having gone too far to meditate a retreat did I observe the only available seat was that immediately opposite the Teuton, into which I reluctantly deposited myself, and upon catching a glimpse of the carving materials lying before me I trembled, moved uneasily in my seat and waited results.

My anxious face wore a very troubled look, when a goose was placed before me for dissection, and my feelings, were indescribable. I had faced a bear, or rather that animal had faced me, but I had not experienced the same feelings of dread as I did at the sight of the goose.

To add to my discomfiture, the devils around the table apparently enjoyed my dilemma, as they indicated this distressing fact by divers contortions of the visage and stranger inward ramblings. Their appetites on this particular day appeared to be particularly partial to fowl, which they evinced by numerous demands for the same. The major eyed me blandly. I recklessly seized the dissecting implements and commenced a demoralization of the bird, and in my endeavours to detach a leg my trembling hand slipped, the fowl shot off the dish, and made for the major, striking that gentleman full in the chest. Out came the dressing imparting a coating of grease to the iron cross of Prussia, which ornament adorned the major's breast. The scene that ensued beggars description; the battle-stained, or, to be more exact, grease-stained warrior indulged in some terrible language, I regret to say. Had he given vent to a round of good English oaths it would have been bearable. The major roared, swore and stamped his feet and left the tent amidst the smothered laughter of the staff.

After this episode I could not bear the sight of a goose. Not so the major. That worthy demonstrated his respect for the bird by not having another killed during his stay amongst us. I carved no more and think the major would have rather faced the whole French army than have sat opposite me at dinner. His benevolent visage invariably assumed a nervous apprehensive look whenever he observed me handling the knife and fork, and he seemed particularly interested in my operations with the same.

D. O.

(To be continued.)

## GEN. RICHARD MONTGOMERY, 1775.

(Sketched by his wife.)

(Continued.)

In the preceding chapters, we gave four or five out of the nine original letters written to his wife, Janet Livingston, by Brigadier General Montgomery, a few days before his death: we shall close this short memoir with an extract written by Mrs. Montgomery and, we think, now given for the first time, in her memoir, to the public.

General Montgomery traced his origin from that Count of Montgomery, who, unfortunately, in playing with foils with his King, Henry II.,

of France, wounded him in the eye, thus causing his death. For this mishap the Count was brought to the scaffold. His family afterwards went to the Low Countries. One of their descendants came to England with William, Prince of Orange, and commanded a regiment during the wars of Ireland, where, either by his prowess or his wealth, he owned three estates. General Montgomery was born in Dublin, and was educated in the college of Dublin. His father, Thomas Montgomery of Donegall, had three sons, Alexander, John and Richard, and one daughter married to Count Ranelagh. The eldest son, Alexander, was an officer under Wolfe, in the conquest of Canada, and forty years member of Parliament for the county of Donegall. John died at Lisbon a noted merchant. Richard was the third son. His mother was an English lady of fortune, whose estate was settled on her younger children, the eldest son having inherited the estate of his uncle. Richard was placed in the British Army in the 17th regiment by the advice of his brother Alexander, his senior by many years. He was at the taking of Cape Breton, with Amherst. The latter marched to reinforce Wolfe. He used to say that his march from Albany under General Amherst was very severe. Amherst did not go to Quebec; when he heard of the victory he returned to New York. Lord Monckton, who was Colonel of the 17th regiment, was then Governor of New York. The duty on this expedition was very severe. All the duty of this regiment was in America. For this reason, when the stamp act was to be enforced, order was given to employ that regiment, then in England, which Montgomery receiving, with several others, declared publicly that, having lived so long in America, they would throw up their commissions if the order were persisted in.

Montgomery had the promise of a majority in the year 1771, and had lodged his money for the purchase, when he was overlooked and another purchased over him. This gave him a disgust for the service. He immediately sold out, and in 1772-3 came to New York, purchased a farm at Kingsbridge, and in July, 1773, was married. He then removed to Rhinebeck, where he built and laid the foundation of a house.

Unknown as his modesty led him to suppose himself to be, he was chosen, early in 1775, one of the Council of Fifty to New York, from Dutchess County. Although he received this call with surprise, and left his retirement with no small regret, he hesitated not a moment. The times were dangerous, but he shrank not from the duty of a citizen. While thus engaged, Congress determined to raise troops in defence of our rights. Philip Schuyler was appointed the Major General, and the appointment of Brigadier-General was tendered to Montgomery. Before accepting it he came to his wife's room and asked her to make up for him the ribbon cockade which was to be placed in his hat. He saw her emotion, and marked the starting tear. With persuasive gentleness he said to her: "Our country is in danger. Unsolicited, in two instances, I have been distinguished by two honorable appointments. As a politician I could not serve them: as a soldier I think I can. Shall I then accept the one, and shrink from the other in dread of danger? My honor is engaged."

Mrs. Montgomery took the ribbon, and he continued: "I am satisfied. Trust me. You shall never blush for your Montgomery."

On his departure he remained only a moment to bid Judge Livingston farewell, who said: "Take care of your life." "Of my honor, you would say, sir," was Montgomery's reply. In passing his own villa he said: "I must not suffer myself to look that way."

We must now close this agreeable gossip indulged in by a loving wife, respecting the brave soldier, whom it was fated she never would meet again, and whilst enjoying those titbits of information dear to antiquarians, one regrets to light on the following: "A sword said to be his, and lately on exhibition at the Museum of Morris College in Quebec, has been purchased and presented to the University of Virginia." These few words embody many inaccuracies. Montgomery's sword is yet on exhibition, not at the Museum of the Morris College, but in that of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec: it has never been purchased and presented to the University of Virginia, but is still and has been for years a valued heir-loom in the possession of James Thompson Harrower, Esq., of Quebec.

J. M. L.

Quebec, 1st April, 1877.

## THE GLEANER.

LAGUERRE, who gave a name to the daguerreotype, is to have a monument in Paris.

It is not an uncommon thing for Turks to smoke from sixty to eighty pipes of tobacco daily.

The King of Holland has offered to send to the Paris Universal Exhibition a collection of 40,000 tulips.

A FRENCH gymnast near the Champs Elysées has introduced music during exercising hours, as it is said greatly to facilitate the efforts of the gymnasts.

The Duke of Wellington, as is well known, stood as godfather to the Duke of Connaught. On the Prince's birth the warrior received an odd rebuff from the nurse. He asked simply enough, "Is it a boy or a girl?" and received the crushing reply, "It is a Prince, your grace."

Four tons weight of valentines have been returned to the Dead-Letter Office in London from all parts of the kingdom, and this immense mass of amatory rubbish is to be worked into pulp before being sold to the papermakers. Most of the valentines were not taken in at the houses to which they were addressed.

A NEW fashion in ladies' stockings is being introduced in Paris. The stockings are of thick white or pine silk, the clock being of solid but flexible gold, something like an ordinary snake-chain, about as thick as a man's little finger, and ornamented with pearls. The price of these simple articles of dress is only 500 francs a pair.

In Germany the bag-pipe is called the "Ehreitendupflungendameitrolingliessend ueh-tespielermichtregespalterduichtenhauser." What? Haven't I? Well, leave what you've got up standing and telegraph for more type to Chicago, and set the rest when it comes. Try and get it up in time for the inside of the weekly.

A NEW device in the use of flowers has just come into use in Paris. It is the wearing of a small bunch of natural flowers on the shoes, in place of the lace and ribbon rosettes of a few seasons ago. The favourites are primroses, yellow on one shoe, purple on the other, or mixed on both; violets are much worn, and daisies are just "coming in."

The last interpretation of "Kaiser-Hind," the Queen's new Indian title, is given by the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham, who informs disputants that "Kaiser" or "Caesar" is neither Etruscan, Latin, Greek, Arabic, Persian, nor German, but Punic. The Julian family are supposed to have received this title, which means elephant—as "an augmentation of honour" after the fall of Carthage. The real translation of the new Imperial title therefore should read "Elephant of India."

The trades of the hunter, fisher, archer, bow, a bow, fletcher, (fêche, an arrow), smith, glove-maker, etc., have given us many surnames. Grosvenor (grus venor) was chief huntsman to the Norman dukes. All the Reeds, Reeds or Reids were originally red men. Bunker was so named from his good heart, (bon cœur.) But few have observed that old Dan Chaucer had a French shoemaker in his ancestry, (chaussier,) and that Spenser was by lineage a butler, whose place was in the spence or buttery: not need he be ashamed, for his company is that of the Lord Despenzer.

GO BANG is the rather odd name of a new society game, which is all the fashion just now in the best circles. The play is harmless and innocent, similar to checkers, only more amusing. It is played with an ornamental portfolio, on the inside of which the requisite number of square spaces is printed. There is a box, the compartments of which contain counters of different colors. Each person puts down a counter of his own color in turn, the object being to get five in a row, diagonally or straight. The winner, placing his fifth counter, says, "Go Bang." The game, which is learned at sight, may be played by two, three or four persons, and affords rare amusement for young or old.

## HUMOROUS.

M. QUAD says that "one of the landscape scenes in Nevada is an English tourist wiggling over the ground to get in a position to kill a mule, believing that he has a sure thing on a grizzly."

A house in Bellaire, Ohio, has this legend on the gatepost:—"Nineteen agents have called here this morning: we always shoot the earliest." No agent has touched the bell knob since the placard was posted.

An elderly darkey was inquiring of a policeman if he knew anything of his son Pete. The policeman replied that there was a young darkey in the lock up for breaking up a prayer meeting with an axe-handle. "Dat's him!" exclaimed the overjoyed parent. "He told me he was going to 'nouse himself!'"

BASSOMPIERE, French ambassador to Spain, was telling Henry IV how he entered Madrid. "I was mounted on the very smallest mule in the world," said the ambassador. "Ah," said the King, "what an amusing sight to see the biggest ass mounted on the smallest mule!"—"I was your majesty's representative," was the rejoinder.

A CRUSTY tenant of a miserly Scottish laird pressing him to complete some piece of work which had long stood over, the laird craved further delay, adding that he would give his word of honour—nay, his written bond—to have the thing done before a certain day. "Your word!" exclaimed the tenant; "it's woe ken'd that will do me little good; and as for yer writing nobody can read it."

An article which has long been sought after and but recently made known in this country is *Luby's Parisian Hair Reviver*. A few applications as an ordinary hair dressing is all that is necessary to restore gray hair to its natural color, after which one application a week will be sufficient. It imparts a most beautiful perfume and gloss to the hair and keeps the head cool and entirely free from dandruff. It is quite a favourite toilet dressing with ladies, as it does not soil the most delicate head dress. It can be had of all chemists in large sized bottles 50 cent. each. DEVINS & BOLTON, Druggists, Montreal, are agents for Canada.

## NOTICE TO LADIES.

The undersigned begs respectfully to inform the Ladies of the city and country that they will find at his retail Store, 190 St. Lawrence Main Street, the choicest assortment of Ostrich and Vulture Feathers, of all shades; also, Feathers of all descriptions repaired with the greatest care. Feathers dyed as per sample on shortest delay. Gloves cleaned and dyed black only.

J. H. LEBLANC, Works: 547 Craig St.