

He stepped across two stools and three :
"Come, lovely maiden, come with me !"

The maiden put in his her hand,
Deaf to or counsel or command.

And priest and people followed not,
Rooted by wonder to the spot ;

So 'scaped from all the company,
They sped unhindered to the sea.

Then, earth ne'er reared the wingèd horse
Could overtake them in their course.

He led his horse into the sea.—
"Bring back, bring back my bride to me !"

The waves rose ; rose the tempest's roar ;
The ships all sought the sheltering shore.

The father's breast was filled with fear :
"Bring back, bring back my daughter dear !"

Horse, knight and maiden all are gone ;
The sire and lover weep and moan.

Oft, when the sea to rage is stirred,
The maiden's shriek may still be heard.

Who hears it says, "Like doom to me
He given, should I as faithless be !"

Benton, N. B.

ON THE GATINEAU.

BY L. L.

FORTY or fifty years ago the Gatineau district, in the Province of Quebec, was a very wild stretch of country, and settlements were few and far between. Supplies were carried up to the more remote sections in canoes, and as there were many cascades in the river, the voyageur was frequently obliged to disembark, and carry his canoe and its freight overland, until he reached a point where he could trust himself to the stream again. It is difficult to picture this mode of travel, in these days of rapid transit.

There existed, at that time, in that part of Canada, a body of men whom the public called "Shiners." This organisation was principally recruited from the ranks of the Irish emigrants who were then coming in great numbers to Canada, and who were not content to let the feuds and faction disturbances of the old country rest in peace, but sought to perpetuate them, in a measure, in this country. In the old land the Orange and the Green had been at war for long, bitter years, and in the new land neither side seemed to wish to bury the hatchet. The "Shiners" were the Irish Roman Catholic element. The survivors of those early days can relate many stirring tales of the small value that was then placed on human lives.

The operations of the "Shiners" extended from Ottawa (then By-town) to many miles up the Gatineau, and ill fared the unlucky individual who fell under the ban of their displeasure.

Early in the "forties" a Scotchman named Ronald Stewart took up a large tract of land on the Gatineau, about one hundred and fifty miles above Hull, and thither he brought his family composed of his wife and three children.

All his friends condemned his act as madness, and told him it was a barbarous thing to take his delicately-bred wife so far away from civilisation. No amount of opposition, however, could deter Stewart from the execution of his project. His intention was to take up so much land that it might afterwards be divided into homes for his children, who would in time become, he probably thought, the "Stewarts of Stewartville". A log house was put up in the wilderness, and there Stewart brought his wife and little ones.

Trials and hardships not a few were encountered by the settlers. Their provisions were nearly exhausted during the first long and severe winter, and in the following summer Mrs Stewart fell ill and nearly died. Then a small grave was dug near the house, and in it was placed their first born boy.

Any other man meeting with half the discouragements Stewart did, would have abandoned the place, and gone back to civilisation, but not so this stern, unyielding Scot.

When Stewart had been living up the Gatineau about six years, an incident happened that well nigh cost him his life. Party feeling was running high between the "Shiners" and their opponents. An election had been held at Hull, and Stewart, having been down there at the time, had indulged a little more freely than usual in the wine cup, and had afterwards expressed himself in a manner displeasing to the "Shiners."

He made the return journey safely, but a few days afterwards received information that the "Shiners" would pay him a visit shortly. That meant trouble, but Stewart laughed the threat to scorn. Not so his wife, who spent the following days in agony of apprehension. Three days afterwards an old Scotch priest, Father Paisley, and a companion, who were travelling down the river, called at Stewart's house to rest. Three of the Stewart children were then unbaptised, and, although the family were Presbyterians, they determined to seize this opportunity of giving their children Christian baptism. Father Paisley performed the ceremony, and, as it was then late in the day, he was prevailed upon to remain overnight.

About one o'clock the next morning a loud knocking was heard at the door. Stewart without opening the door asked "Who is there?" "We want you to come out", was the reply, and then he knew that the "Shiners" had come. In a moment all the household were aroused. Impatient of delay, the people outside were trying to force open the stout door, and Stewart was standing with his loaded rifle opposite to it. Mrs. Stewart was in a corner on her knees, with the children around her, lifting her hands to heaven in dumb entreaty. The door was giving way ; in a moment the would-be murderers would have