



CANADIAN COINS.

ISSUE OF 1882.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

ON THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL is a little monthly issued from the Book Store of Mr. W. R. Haight. It contains some interesting selections, chiefly on subjects of Canadian History, and proposes to devote itself principally to Canadian Literature of the past, the field of which is very fair. —*Toronto Truth*.

W. R. Haight is issuing a little Monthly called THE CANADIAN JOURNAL, whose object is to further the Canadian idea. It has a good field. —*Toronto World*.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL is another addition to the band of Independent Canadian Literature, and if it can shake off the somewhat excessive clerical element, will be a welcome ally to those journals who desire Canada to be above all else, Canadian. But we don't want too much church. Otherwise the new CANADIAN JOURNAL commends itself to our sympathy. —*Yorkville News*.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL is a neat little Monthly, published at 92 King St. East. The subscription price is only 50 cents per year. —*Grip*.

THE CANADIAN JOURNAL, a new venture by our spirited citizen, Mr. W. R. Haight, 92 King St. East, has reached our hands. It has a worthy if somewhat ambitious object, and one which will make a larger sheet necessary to be successfully interesting. In adopting the motto "Canada for Canadians," however, Mr. Haight has laid an embargo on success, since it only requires to be asked, "Who are Canadians?" to expose the fallacy of the idea that this motto has come to represent. We hope Mr. Haight will choose something more truly patriotic for the motto of his next issue, and we have no doubt that he will find thousands of readers of all "The Legends of Canada" and kindred folklore that he can give us. —*The Toronto Citizen*.

We have received the initial number of a new monthly entitled "THE CANADIAN JOURNAL." It is a neat little quarto of twelve columns, and as its name implies, is devoted to the production of Canadian items of interest, and the cultivation of purely Canadian sentiments among the people. The subscription price is only fifty cents per annum. The new venture has our best wishes for its success. —*The Toronto Tribune*.

The effort to raise a Ryerson memorial fund among the schools of the province has been a failure. From thirty-eight counties, eight cities and fifty-six towns no response has been received. Remittances were sent from twenty-one inspectorial divisions, two cities and five towns. The committee has issued a second circular and hope it will be more liberally responded to.

THE GOOD OLD SETTLER DAYS.

Written for THE CANADIAN JOURNAL.

It is doubtful if our present generation of Canadians—not speaking of North-West pioneers—either experienced so many sufferings or enjoyed so many real blessings as our ancestry whom we refer to somewhat vainly as the "old settlers of Upper Canada." Certainly our little round of social and political strife and social and political achievements are transcended by the records of the old United Empire Loyalists who, as one of our Canadian history's tells us, "imperiled their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor to maintain as a United Empire Britain and her colonies." My grandfather at the time of the American Revolution, owned a farm and a comfortable house in New Jersey when, as he refused to join in the rebellion, he was hunted out by the victorious insurrectionists, and shot at on his own threshold. He, like many others, however, escaped, and after the perils known only to fugitives who are called to run the gauntlet of the man-slayer, arrived at length on the banks of the Niagara, in which region political sentiment was less uncompromising, and where the wild woods extended the charitable shelter which their fellowmen denied.

My grandfather and grandmother found themselves on the Canadian side of the Niagara with their two children and with one poor horse and a bag of potatoes as their sole possessions. The only road open before them was an Indian trail, tortuous and narrow and overhung with trees. My grandfather led the horse, while my grandmother rode, with one child clinging behind her, the bag of potatoes balanced before and the other child in her arms. The monotony of their journey was broken by the occasional appearance of a party of Indians, who would sometimes greet their grotesque appearance with shouts and derisive laughter. Having settled in one of the virgin glades beside the shore of Lake Ontario, they, with a number of others, who were driven into the wilds by the circumstances of the war, shared the privations of life in rude huts with scant protection against the rigors of the climate and precarious supplies of common sustenance—as completely in the hands of Providence as ever was Robinson Crusoe. The woods fairly "boomed" with game, yet there were but one or two weapons among the party with which to bring down an animal; the streams that flowed lakeward fairly teemed with fish—yet where were the nets and tackle with which to catch them? The ground rejoiced in unlimited reproductive strength, yet how slow and how weary the task of felling the stubborn trees and clearing even half an acre. How a deer was brought in, and divided among hungry neighbors after days of disappointed hunting, by the inexperienced woodsman, how fish were caught at length with wooden hooks, or nets made of roots and fibres, how the first crop of potatoes and wheat were raised on the little "clearing"—these were items that occupied many a winter's night, when subjects of talk were at all scarce, and pointed the moral of many a reproof to youthful squeamishness and childish complaint.

When we represented that an hour's extra work at the "wood pile" would bring about a

state of physical exhaustion that would probably entail serious constitutional derangement, we were invariably crushed by a comparison of such "mere play" with the feat of carrying a bag of grain through the woods on your back, to the mills fifteen miles away—and having to see it ground, and return with it before anyone would get enough to eat. And when any of the youngsters ventured to comment on the bread being heavy or burnt, how completely would further criticism be extinguished by a reference to the time when they had no ovens at all, but baked their bread in cakes in the ashes of the hearth. I sometimes wished, on being knocked over with these reminders, that that United Empire Loyalist, had not been so "truly loyal," but stayed at home on his New Jersey farm, and sent his wheat to mill by the hired man, and had his bread baked at a regular bakery, so as to have given a little scope for legitimate criticism. But then if this had been, I would not have been the grandson of a United Empire Loyalist, and never have kept the village post-office at fifteen dollars a year—and so I feel resigned to my lot.

But then, after the old settlers had gained a little experience in hunting and fishing, and had planted their first crops, what glorious times they had. The antlered deer the prime and fat wild turkey and the lovely whitefish became common food for every table and those precious "clearings" brought forth produce a hundred and a thousand fold. There were no bugs in the magnificent potatoes that grew in this ground, there were no midge or weevil or rust in the wheat, there were no pests on the cabbage; and no moths in the wild honey which could be gathered in almost any part of the woods. Ah those were halcyon days—the true Indian Summer of our national life, in the peace of which many of the old stock passed away to their greater peace. Will our grandsons, hearing the tales of our own time, look back as we have done and sigh "O for the Lorne and the Dufferinian age?"

B.

GEN. MONTGOMERY'S RESTING PLACE.

St. Paul's Chapel is situated on Broadway, opposite the beginning of Chatham St., and with the cemetery adjoining, occupies the whole of the square fronting Broadway, Vesey, Fulton and Church Streets, being 400 by 160 feet which is enclosed with a substantial brick wall. Fronting on Broadway but separated from the street by a handsome iron railing, is a portico of the Ionic order, consisting of four fluted pillars of brown stone, supporting a pediment with a niche in the centre containing a statue of St. Paul. Beneath the portico and under the large window, is a handsome marble monument erected by order of Congress to the memory of Gen. Montgomery, who was killed at the storming of Quebec, in 1775, and whose remains were brought to this city in 1820, by order of the Legislature of New York, and reinterred with great pomp and military ceremony. *The Picture of New York*.