



Life, Literature and Education.

[Contributions on all subjects of popular interest are always welcome in this Department.]

SELECTIONS FROM THE POETS.

Back to the Farm.

[By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi.]

Back to the farm!

Where the bob-white still is calling
As in remembered dawns when youth
and I were boys,
Driving the cattle where the meadow
brook is brawling
Her immemorial wandering fears and
joys!

Home to the farm for the deep green
calms of summer,
Life of the open furrow, life of the
waving grain—
Leaving the painted world of masquerade
and mummer,
Just for the sense of earth and ripening
again.

Down in the hayfield where scythes glint
through the clover;
Lusty blood a-throbbing in the splendor
of the noon—
Lying 'mid the haycocks as castling
clouds pass over,
Hearing insect lovers a-piping out of
tune.

Caught in the spell of old kitchen-
garden savors—
With luscious lines retreating to hills
of musky corn,
And clambering grapes that spill their
clustering flavors—
Each in fragrant season filling Plenty's
golden horn.

Off to the wood-lot where brier bloom
runs riot,
And wary forest creature no hunter's
snare deceives,
Virgin growth beguiling the solemn-
hearted quiet,
With songs of winter fires a-ripple
through the leaves.

Up to the bars in the twilight's soft
reaction—
Winding through the ferny lane to barns
of stooping eaves,
Welcoming at nightfall to simple satis-
faction,
When the reeling swallow her dusky
pattern weaves.

Out in the dews with the spider at his
shuttle—
In that half-dreaming hour that awakes
the whippoorwill,
And sets the nighthawk darting sinister
and subtle,
Ever the full moon complacent loiters
o'er the hill.

Back to the farm!

With the friendly brute for neighbor,
Where youth and Nature beckon, the
tryst who would not keep—
Back to the luxury of rest that follows
labor,
Back to the primal joys of hunger and
of sleep!

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM: THE MEMORIALS.

Upon my word, I don't know where to begin to-day; my brain is in a whirl by reason of the impossibility of telling about all we saw, and the necessity of choosing the most interesting things—but one must make the plunge somewhere.

I haven't told you about the Pageant, but every newspaper in the country has. It was, I believe, generally considered the grand feature of the celebration, but, to tell the truth, it interested me, personally, much less than the many sights of the city itself, things that are part and parcel of the place, and not merely got up for the occasion. Of course, we saw it—from a good seat on the grand-stand, too; and, of course, it was very fine, the more especially since, at the time, there was a thunderstorm raging away beyond the field that answered as a stage, to the westward. It was the first time in our lives that we had ever watched a play with a real thunderstorm for a background, and the effect was, to say the least, rather striking.

I shall not attempt to describe the scenes in detail—where would be the use? As an American woman said, "You simply have to see the Pageant to know anything about it." She also added that it was the finest thing she had ever seen in her life, and that she hoped it would go to New York. . . . The Tercentenary Pageant anywhere but on the Plains

In reality, there was comparatively little acting. The pageant was, rather, a succession—lasting for three hours—of brilliant spectacular effects. You watched cavalcades of courtiers in magnificent array, velvet and gold braid, silks and satins, riding slowly down from the far-away grove beyond the Plains of Abraham, until, perhaps, two or three hundred at once occupied the great arena at your feet; you watched the Indians—real Indians from the Caughnawaga reserve across the river they were, too—skulking through the bushes and firing on the blockhouse, or dancing their curious war-dance; you looked on brilliant court scenes of old France, and enjoyed to the full the dancing of a stately old Pavane—but that was all. You were never free from the idea that the whole was just a magnificent spectacle, an ephemera of the hour, and you turned once more with a new zest to the dear, quaint, jumbled, modern, medieval, sometimes dirty, yet always beautiful and interesting, city, where so many stirring scenes, real dramas, had been enacted in the long ago. . . . One interesting detail I forgot to mention, viz., that the replica of the Don de Dieu (Gift of God), Champlain's ship, which lay opposite the King's wharf, in striking contrast with the huge warships looming beyond, during the greater part of each day, was invariably brought down to The Cove for the pageants, and placed at anchor at some little distance out, where it could be clearly seen from the big grand-stand. Such a curious

near the Wolfe monument, which we had not hitherto had a chance of examining. It stands a little to the north-west (if I am not mistaken) of the gaol which forms so ugly a blot on the plain, and marks the spot to which Wolfe was carried when he fell, mortally wounded, and where he breathed his last, on that to him fatal yet glorious 13th of September, 1759. The actual spot where he was shot, and where the thickest of the fight took place, is now, unfortunately, covered with houses; but the broad commons over which the British troops hurried after their ascent up the precipice, leading from what is now known as Wolfe's Cove, is still, for the great part, exactly as it was upon the day of the great battle. It is to be made into a beautiful park, surrounded by a driveway seven miles long, as a result of the Tercentenary celebration, and, no doubt, the trees and walks and fountains, the flower-beds and statuary, will please the majority of the citizens and the tourists who every year flock to the historic spot, more than the bleak old common. For my own part, I hate to see the innovation. I would prefer to leave the plain as it is, with its hollows and hummocks, its sun-burned grass, its straggling bushes and thin fringe of trees. Never did I look on these without imagining how the scene must have appeared on that momentous occasion; darkness over sky and river and height; over the edge of the cliff Wolfe's men appearing, one by one; the silent gathering, until all were assembled; the hurrying over the hummocks and the burned grass; then the charge, and the red fires gleaming to the eastward, where, on the crest overlooking the city, volley met volley, and death and sorrow, and triumphal gladness and glory, fell in one mad rain—a day of great rejoicing to Britain, yet of little shame to France, for her soldiers had fought as good soldiers should, and her gallant general, ebbing out his life-blood down there in the old house on St. Louis Street, had died with a magnanimous tribute to Britain and to Wolfe on his lips.

It is interesting to know that, during the Tercentenary, Mr. George Wolfe, a collateral descendant of General Wolfe, and the Count de Montcalm, a collateral descendant of the Marquis de Montcalm, visited the Plains together; also the "Wolfe and Montcalm" monument, which stands in the "Governor's Garden," near the foot of the glacis, and which bears an inscription in Latin, regarded as one of the finest bits of memorial composition on the continent:

"Mortem, Virtus, Communem,
Famam Historia,
Monumentum Posteritas,
Fedit."

Translated:

"Valor gave them a common death, history a common fame, and posterity a common monument."

When on the Plains, one of them was asked what his emotions were. He said he supposed them scarcely as "conflicting" as those of his predecessor—wicked man, to dare to pun on such a subject!

The Plains of Abraham, by the way, derive their name from one Abraham Martin, who, in December,



Scene from the Pageant: King Francis and His Court.

of Abraham! The Coliseum anywhere but in Rome!

As you know, the scenes were supposed to cover the various incidents connected with the history of Quebec: The coming of Jacques Cartier to "Stadacona," and his return to the court of Francis I. with his news of the strange new land; Champlain receiving his commission from King Henry IV. to go out to "New France"; his arrival at Quebec; his intercourse with the Indians; the arrival of his girl-wife in the colony, and, later, of the nuns, "Mary of the Incarnation" and the Ursulines; Dollard's encounter with the Iroquois at the Long Sault—so on and so on, until the whole closes with a grand parade of the armies of Wolfe and Montcalm, and all the others who have taken part in the changing panorama—about 4,000 in all, so we were told.

little vessel, like a white wraith against the blue water; a frail shallop, indeed, to dare a voyage across the broad Atlantic, and brave men, in very truth, who would dare its navigation thither! . . . We heard that a few wealthy Americans from some city across the border had tried negotiating for the purchase of this vessel for their city, but, so far as we know, the bargain was not closed. Oh, those Americans!

We crossed the Plains from the Pageant in a rainstorm, which came up just as the last of the grand final parade left the "stage." . . . What a helter-skelter—cabs, automobiles, calesches, pedestrians by the thousand, in a mad race, with little thought of appearance or decorum—never, surely, had vanquished band retired from the big, bleak plain with such precipitancy. We were rather glad of the misfortune, however, since it drove us quite