

**The Lyall Family.***From the Archives of Canadian History.*

BY DR. GONOFF.

Author of "The Life of VON SHOULTZ;" "The Windmill;" "We will gather by the River;" "Chippeway and Chatteguay;" "Buckwheat and Breastworks;" "Cabbagetown under the old Regime;" "The old vet;" &c., &c.

## CHAP. I.

It was in the spring time, many, many years ago; before the first contract was given on the York roads; before the *Globe* Printing and Publishing Company was formed; before the Pacific Scandal, or the Railway connected therewith, was thought of; when the dusky Chippeway camped in the Queen's Park, and dried his coon skins nailed to the trees on the site of the University, (ah, think of that ye B.A.'s, while ye make "draw shots" in the Rossin House billiard room) and his squaw picked huckleberries in the (now) Normal School grounds; when the only indication of the white man's presence in this region was the odour of gin and the crack of the *fusil* of the *courier du bois* on his hunting and trapping excursions from Montreal. Yes, it was a long time ago, when old ULYSSES EPHRAIM LYALL took passage from the city of Boston in the Schooner "*Wallflower*," for Halifax. It was just after the surrender of Lord CORNWALLIS, when old U. E. L. found that it would be uncomfortable for him to live anywhere among rebels, for had he not like a sturdy old Tory as he was, served as a sutler in the old times under BRADDOCK and the afterwards arch traitor WASHINGTON, against the French and Indians, and narrowly escaped on several occasions having his hair raised by the latter in that disastrous campaign; and still later had he not served the cause of that most respected Monarch of beloved memory, King GEORGE THE THIRD, by selling cows and other produce to Col. CARLTON and his officers to appease the appetites of the brave Hessians in their command? And, moreover, his commissariat transactions brought him into a decidedly bad odour with the "Rebs," on account of his occasionally driving off their cattle and selling them to the troops in mistake for his own, his excuse being that "Anyway, it was for the cause of King and Country," which excuse though an excellent one at the time, was now in the language of one of his Hessian friends, Quarter Master Sergeant LAGERDRINKEN, *aus ga spiel*, especially the first portion thereof. So on the receipt of the news from Yorktown, the good old man sold his stock and effects, barring his wardrobe and an ancient sabre, which he had erstwhile flourished among the rear guard of the Royalist armies, and embarked as before related for the inhospitable shores of Nova Scotia, just as the sun was setting, and as the old patriot looked sorrowfully westward over his ungrateful country's shores, from Bunker Hill and the adjacent heights to his disgusted senses came the ear piercing notes of the continental fifes playing

"Yankee doodle, doodle doo,  
Yankee doodle dandy,  
We'll all go down to Boston town,  
And eat molasses candy."

On his arrival at Halifax, U. E. L. was but coldly received by the Blue-noses, who stigmatized him as a blanked Yankee; while the gentle Acadians denounced him for a *Sacré Bostonnais*, one of that accursed race that each year beat them out of their hard earnings by purveying upon them hickory hams and nutmegs manufactured out of basswood. Like the celebrated exile "who came to the beach" he might well have uttered in the language of the poet

"Sad is my fate  
A home in a country remains not for me."

But the old man had very little sentiment and although a Tory he had a good deal of grit in him. So refreshing himself with a "chaw" he said "By the great horn spoon! These infernal blue nosed lobster catchers and French pea soup swillers can go to thunder! I'll go west up to Canady and try my luck dickerin' with the Injuns areound Lake Ontario," and the next day he set sail on board the "Polly Ann," brig of Bristol, LLEWELYN AP JONES, Master, for the Port of Quebec.

(To be continued.)

**The Wonderful Christmas Adventure of Mr. Bounce.**

A Hundred Thousand Million Pounds.—it sounds quite large in rhyme, And is more money than I've had in pocket for a time; In fact, when money, in the bank parlance, was rather tight, I've known when its possession would have been an object quite, And Mrs. B. (my name is BOUNCE, an ancient Norman name, In conquering WILLIAM's fiery troop my great ancestor came, DE BOUNCE of ancient Bounceforthbras)—yes, Mrs. BOUNCE to me Has mentioned that she wished some pounds and shillings frequently, When I had no such articles—for had I such possessed, By all the souls from bodies dashed when he laid lance in rest— Yes, by his mighty battle-axe and boots of black bull hide— I had no patience known till I with her should all divide. I had them not; yet I of late did such full stern refuse. Ay, more, a treasure to enrich a thousand greedy Jews,

Beyond their utmost avarice, as I will to you show.  
Prepare yourselves to hear a tale of wonder and of woe.

Beyond the Burgh of Clark—a place where I do now reside,  
Mid snow and ice in glaciers piled in cold profusion wide,  
I lately found a pleasant road unknown to common men,  
I would give all—but Mrs. BOUNCE—to find that road again.  
How I approached I know not, and its gate doth no one know,  
Oh, there no winter tempests roared; oh, there no ice nor snow;  
Oh, all the gales of Araby perfumed its foiests wide,  
And crystal rivers rolled their floods through pastures green beside,  
And happy shepherds ruled their flocks beside the pleasant way,  
It surely was old Arcady had sprung again to day.  
To what a castle there I came, of pearl and diamond all,  
What welcome shouted from the gate and thundered from the wall,  
How courteously its owner's words of kind reception fell,  
Past, past what I can picture far, far past what tongue can tell.  
How lordly was the banquet spread within the rooms of state,  
How page and squire and seneschal did in attendance wait.  
What beauties and what sages thronged, what knights of valour keen,  
How rich the pageant flashing all in gold and silver sheen,  
Full mirrored back by walls of glass, by sculptured ceiling crowned,  
What heavenly music rose and fell with stange enchanting sound.

How long endured this revelry I may not think to say,  
But had it been a thousand years, untired I there might stay.  
Yet paled the light, yet ceased the dance, yet fell the voice of song,  
And every reveller reposed on gorgeous couch along,  
Of richest velvet and of silk, all wrought and brodered rare,  
With sparkling fringe of jewels great encircled everywhere.  
O, of these stuffs could I convey one hale to Mrs. B.,  
She would not change for Meaford town nor little Thornbury.

How shall I tell what next befel, if I would credence gain?  
But ah, the fearful record is imprinted on my brain.  
Forgetful of that injured spouse, the faithful Mrs. B.,  
Next day that noble lord and I embarked for Italy,  
For he with foreign travel meant to exorcise dull Care,  
And I agreed—O, tell her not—his pilgrimage to share,  
I should not so have acted—I—what matter though one's mate,  
Occasionally scold—but I was driven on by Fate.

We sailed, and from our vessel's wreck we two alone saw land,  
Before our arms in Grecian woods recoiled each dark brigand,  
What grizzly hordes of famished wolves on Russian steppes we slew!  
How flashed down Ganges' cataracts our desperate canoe!  
We charged amid the deadly shock of Europe's armies vast,  
In dread sea fights we nailed the flag against the shattered mast,  
We shared the wars and shared the sports of Afric's negro men,  
We tracked the tiger to his lair—the lion to his den,  
We saw the ancient pyramids, and dug in ancient Troy,  
We sailed to far Australian lands, and to Chinese Amoy,  
We lived beneath the quator's glow, and at the frozen Pole,  
We rode express by railroad cars, and sailed where oceans roll,  
Through courts, and towns, and palaces of all the world we passed,  
Then home returning, came to where we started from at last.  
Now said my noble comrade straight. "Remain, good friend of mine;  
And I'll give you—" he named the sum I state in my first line,  
"Alas," I cried, "though friendship's ties would bind me here to thee,  
I have but stol'n myself; I do—belong to Mrs. B.!!

I pass a blank that intervenes; I know not how it came,  
I lay upon a sofa; one was calling me by name,  
And said "If one will be a pig, a hog, a brute, a beast,  
And make a perfect gobbling match from harmless Christmas feast,  
And lie like that till twelve o'clock—" I cried, "Her voice; 'tis she!  
Back from ten thousand dangers, love, I have returned to thee."  
"The only danger was you'd choke;" she said, "I heard you dream,  
I'm off to bed." She went, I too, perplexed in the extreme.

I don't care what she says—I mean—but anyway, you won't  
Repeat that slight remark. I say, Philosophers, they don't  
Agree what time is, and it may be possible that we  
May live for years elsewhere while here we seem asleep to be,  
I know I those adventures had, and when my road I find—  
But somehow its approach has passed completely from my mind.  
I wander past the village bounds to find where it has got,  
Past HIRAM ANDRUS' new brick house, and up by HOLDSHIP's lot,  
I climb by MARSH's domicile all whitened on the hill,  
And though I haven't found it yet, I'm loo'ing for it still,  
And, for her unbelieving ways, when I it find, you see,  
I don't know that I shall so soon return to Mrs. B.

—R. W. P.

THE *Globe* dramatic critic says, "The snow-storm scene again called forth the plaudits of the audience. Miss WARD carried the house by storm."

THE London *Advertiser* is writing a series of articles under the startling heading, "What will become of us?" Well, JOHN, if you don't get those unspeakable Tories out of office soon, we don't really know what your fate may be. Perhaps MCKENZIE BOWELL will dismiss you, and give the *Advertiser* to the poetical editor across the street.