

## DOLLARD.

[The colony of New France had been repeatedly scourged by the Iroquois, and was, in the spring of 1660, in terror and despair, expecting another attack. It was known that large numbers of Iroquois had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa, and that they intended making a descent on Montreal. Dollard, a young officer, 25 years of age, commandant of the garrison of Montreal, conceived the idea of saving his country by a display of heroic valour. With the consent of Maisonneuve, the Governor, he persuaded sixteen brave men to join his enterprise, all of whom bound themselves by oath to fight to the death, and neither to give nor take quarter. They met the enemy at the foot of the Long Sault rapids of the Ottawa, which had been called "The Thermopole of Canada"]

The priest was at the altar, where  
The open missal lay,  
While, through the window, stole the fair  
First streaks of breaking day;  
Adown the chapel, in the crowd,  
A solemn stillness fell,  
While, in the tower, rang aloud  
The startled sanctus bell.

Before him knelt, of France's sons,  
A score of hearts as true  
As e'er received God's benisons,  
Or love of country knew.  
With falt'ring voice he turned and spoke,  
And bade them truly swear  
Their death oath, while the incense smoke  
Wreath'd upward through the air.

In low, stern words they made their vow  
Before the Sacred Host—  
Come joy or sorrow, weal or woe,  
They would not count the cost  
To save their country in its need—  
Like rocks to stem the sea,  
Or dare again the Grecian deed  
Of famed Thermopole.

The Mass is sung and Ville Marie  
Is gathered on the shore  
To say the parting word, to see  
What love-lit eyes of yore  
Beheld from many a moated keep,  
When knights, with banners gay,  
Troop'd o'er the bridge, rode up the steep  
Green hill, and spur'd'd away.

The river gleams in summer hues,  
The lush grass trampled lies,  
Where late were beached their bark canoes,  
Where now a thousand eyes  
Strain westward, o'er the path of light  
Across the river run,  
And where the billows, green and white,  
Leap up to kiss the sun.

And then suspense! From out the town  
No toiler drives his plough  
Afield, where fertile acres down  
Slope from Mount Royal's brow;  
And women weep within the fort,  
Or start, as if they saw  
The phantom of each wild report,  
The scourging Iroquois.

But Dollard leads his band to death—  
Five days they stem the stream,  
Then, watchful, pass, with bated breath,  
Saint Anne's fair isles between;  
Along the river's marge they glide,  
Across the Mountain lake,—  
The loon calls o'er the waters wide,  
The night hawk in the brake.

They meet, where rushing, half amazed,  
In many a light canoe,  
The dusky foe, his war-cry raised,  
Comes tumbling down the Sault:  
The poplar shivers at the sight,  
The trillium hangs its head,  
The lily shows the garish light,  
And shrinks within its bed.

A fort, built by Algonquin braves,  
Twelve moons ago or more,  
Gives shelter, where the water laves  
The long, low river shore;  
And day and night, bereft of sleep,  
In smoke, and blood, and grime,  
At bay the savage hordes they keep,  
And calmly bide their time.

Seven hundred braves are Dollard's foes,  
His men are scarce a score,  
And truly every hero knows  
For him life's dream is o'er;  
No more he'll see Mount Royal's crown,  
With hue of maple green,  
Or hear the great waves rolling down  
The rapids of Lachine.

They fought for God and France, they fell  
As heroes only may;  
They smote the Mohawk ranks so well  
They slunk in fear away—  
In haste they crossed the gleaming wave  
For far Oneida's shore;  
New France, which Dollard died to save,  
Had rest and peace once more.

We all must die! Then better far,  
For home or country's weal,  
The bullet in the thick of war,  
The sharp, quick thrust of steel,  
Than coward ease; and better fame  
Adown the ages rung,  
Than only an unhonour'd name,  
Unknown, unloved, unsung.

Kingston, May, 1889.

K. L. JONES.

## RICHARD COBDEN'S DAUGHTER.

Miss Jane Cobden, the first woman elected a Country Councillor in England, is barely thirty-five years old, but her hair is snowy white. The expression of her face is refined and gentle, and she wears picturesque and becoming costumes, which complete a very attractive personality. And yet, with all her gentle womanliness, no one has done peripatetic agitation more persistently than she. She has lectured and spoken all over the country on all manners of topics. Her name is, of course, a very valuable piece of political stock in trade. It cannot be said that she really speaks well, and she dislikes it above all things, and yet her name, her pleasant voice and her obvious sincerity and genuineness never fail to make an impression. She is certain to carry her audience with her. Miss Cobden lives alone in a cosy little house out at Hampstead. Two of her married sisters are well known in the artistic world, one as the wife of Mr. Sanderson, barrister and artistic bookbinder, the other as the wife of Mr. Sickert, one of the cleverest members of the "Impressionist" school. The farmhouse at Midhurst, Sussex, where Cobden spent his declining years, still remains in the family, and his political daughter has always made use of the connection to keep alive a little spark of local liberalism in the heart of one of England's most Tory counties.

## OLIVES.

The olive is one of the oldest trees mentioned in history. The ancients had almost a religious regard for it, and its branches early became the emblems of peace and good will. In this age it is valued chiefly for its oil. In Southern Europe, where it is extensively grown, the fruit, which is a small green oval, is gathered when rare-ripe and spread for several days to dry and ferment. It is then crushed in a mill, the stones being so adjusted as to avoid breaking the stone of the fruit. It is then put into coarse bags and the oil is expressed by a screw press. The crushed mass is ground a second and sometimes a third time, to obtain lower grades of oil. Besides its very extensive use as food, the oil is valuable for its medicinal qualities and for cutaneous application. The refuse, after the oil is extracted, is used to fatten hogs, and as a fertilizer. The green fruit, pickled in salt water and spiced, is esteemed by many as a relish.

## NIGHT AIR.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one-half of all the diseases we suffer from are occasioned by people sleeping with windows shut? An open window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in twenty-four hours. I could better understand shutting the windows in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room, then, from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—*Sanitary World.*



"HAVE you ever been through the St. Lawrence rapids?"  
"No; but I married my third wife last week."

A GREAT many girls say "no" at first; but, like the photographer, they know how to retouch their negatives.

TEACHER (to pupil): "Johnie, what is a demagogue?"  
Johnie: "A demagogue is a vessel that holds wine, gin, whiskey, or any other liquor."

GIBSON: "I don't think I shall put my yacht into commission this season. It costs too much money—a regular fund, eh?"  
Dumley: "Yes, or a floating debt."

"WHAT are you doing, Patrick?" "Wakin' up your husband, ma'am." "But why?" "Because it's tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give him the dhrops to make him sleep."

"THIS heading, 'French Duel; a Man Hurt,' doesn't fill the line by about three-quarters of an inch," sung out Slug 47. "Fill out the line with exclamations points!" thundered the foreman.

"ENJOYED your party, Bobby?" "Oh, awfully." "Well, what little girls did you dance with?" "Oh, I didn't dance. I had three fights downstairs with Willie Richardson, an' I licked him every time."

When some one with a monster foot  
Comes down upon your corn,  
How clearly you recall the fact  
That man was made to mourn!

"Pretty bad under foot," said one citizen to another, as they met in the street. "Yes, but it's fine overhead," responded the other. "True enough," said the first; "but then very few are going that way."

"Sing Sing!" shouted the brakeman, as a Hudson River train slowed up at that station. "Five years for refreshments!" yelled a passenger with short hair and bracelets, as he rose to leave the car, in charge of a deputy sheriff.

"MA," said Bobby, "is it wrong for little boys to tie tin kettles to dogs' tails?" "Decidedly wrong, Bobby. I hope you'll never do such a thing as that." "No, indeed, ma," replied Bobby, emphatically; "all I do is to hold the dog."

THE night before May—"Call me early, mother, dear, for I'm to be Queen of the May." "Don't be a fool, Maud. I'll call you early enough. Take up your bedroom carpet the first thing, and after that I'll find enough to keep you hustling."

SANDY BURNET, a canny, well-to-do tailor in G—, was one night aroused by his wife with the cry, "Get up, Sandy, there's a burglar in the hoose." "Wheest, then, till he get's something worth while, an' we'll tak' it frae him. I ken burglars," said the poor tailor, who was all of a tremble.

THE grave of Miles Standish has been discovered at South Duxbury, Mass., but it has been decided that the skeleton found therein has been that of a woman. When a woman crowds a man out of his own grave, the woman's rights movement has gone about far enough. We had a different opinion of Miles.—*Norristown Herald.*

AFTER breaking the wishbone—She: "There, it's yours. Now wish; but mind, you musn't tell your wish or it will never come true." He (tenderly): "But may I not tell you?" She: "Oh, dear, no." He (pathetically): "It never can come true unless I do tell you." She (shyly): "Well, then, in such an exceptional case, perhaps you had better tell me."

A GENTLEMAN was once in a company where it came to be disputed whether it was better for a man to have sons or daughters. When asked for his opinion, he gave the following sage response: "I ha'e had three lads and three lasses. I watna whilk o' them I liked best sae lang as they sooked their mither; but de'il ha'e my share o' the callants when they began to sook their faither."

A LEARNED Irish judge, among other peculiarities, had a habit of begging pardon on every occasion. On his circuit his favourite expression was employed in a singular manner. At the close of the assize, as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him that there was one of the criminals on whom he had not passed sentence as he had intended. "Dear me!" said his lordship. "I really beg his pardon. Bring him in."

"YES, Jennie," said the young lady's beau, as he clasped her small hand in his and gazed lovingly into her melting eyes, "although I'm in comfortable circumstances now, I've seen the day when I've been hard pressed." "Indeed?" she said. "Yes, indeed; pretty hard pressed." "I don't remember," she said, with a shy look, "of ever having been hard pressed." She was a moment after.

AN Irish judge tried two notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the Court the jurymen found them not guilty. As they were being removed from the bar the judge, addressing the jailer, said: "Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep these respectable gentlemen until half past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five o'clock, and I should like at least to have two hours' start of them."