

CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The Little Hunchback.

I'm nine years old, an' you can't guess how much I weigh, I bet!
 Last birthday I weighed thirty-three! An' I weigh thirty yet!
 I'm awful little for my size—I'm purt' nigh littler 'an
 Some babies is! an' neighbours all call me "The Little Man!"
 An' Doc one time laughed an' said: "I 'spect, first thing you know, You'll have a spike-tail coat, an' travel with a show!"
 An' nen I laughed—till I looked round an' Aunty was a-cryin'—
 Sometimes she acts like that, 'cause I got "Curv'ture of the spine!"
 I set—while Aunty's washin'—on my little long-leg stool,
 An' watch the little boys and girls a-skipin' by to school:
 An' I peck on the winder an' holler out an' say:
 "Who want to fight the little man 'at dares you all to-day?"
 An' nen the boys climb on the fence, an' little girls peeks through,
 An' they all says: "'Cause you're so big, you think we're feared o' you."
 An' nen they yell, an' shake their fist at me, like I shake mine—
 They're thist in fun, you know, 'cause I got "Curv'ture of the spine!"
 At evening when the ironin's done, an' Aunty's fixed the fire,
 An' filled an' lit the lamp, an' trimmed the wick an' turned it higher,
 An' fetched the wood in fer night, an' locked the kitchen door,
 An' stuffed the old crack where the wind blows in up through the floor—
 She sets the kittle on the coals, an' biles an' makes the tea,
 An' fries the liver an' the mush, an' cooks a egg for me;
 An' sometimes—when I ough so hard—her elderberry wine
 Don't go so bad for little boys with "Curv'ture of the spine."
 But Aunty's all so childish like on my account, you see,
 I'm most afeared she'll be took down—an' 'ad's what bother's me!—
 'Cause of my good ole Aunty ever would git sick an' die,
 I don't know what she'd do in heaven—till I come, by an' bye—
 For she's so ust to all my ways, an' every-thing, you know.
 An' no one there like me, to nurse, an' worry over so—
 'Cause all the little children there's so straight an' strong an' fine,
 They's narry angel 'bout the place with "Curv'ture of the spine!"
 —James W. Gilcomb Riley.

Crusoe's Island.

OPPOSITE the harbour of Valparaiso stands the island of Juan Fernandez, sacred to the memory of Robinson Crusoe "and his man Friday, who kept things tidy, and listened to the tales that his master told."

There isn't a boy where the English language is spoken who hasn't read a description of this island better told than I am able to give it, and it is only necessary to say that Daniel Defoe, or whoever wrote the book, must have studied the place with great attention, or had the island created to suit the picture he gave of it. The little harbour is there, with its rocks and caves, just as it was when Robinson went ashore; the cave is in good order still, and the cliffs up which he and Friday used to chase the mountain goats. The goats are there, and the armadillos, the birds of wonderful plumage, and the crawfish among the rocks. Every boy in the United States who has read the story recently could go all over the place without a guide, and could find everything except Robinson himself and the faithful Friday.

The island belongs to Chili, and is leased to a cattle company, who have 20,000 or 30,000 head of cattle, and as many more sheep grazing over the hills. There are about fifty or sixty inhabitants, ranchmen, with their families, under the charge of a Frenchman named Crawe; and besides the stock, they raise a quantity of poultry, and ship chickens and eggs, with some vegetables to the Valparaiso market. The timber on the island is said to be of an excellent quality, but is not much used. No one ever goes there without bringing away a cane or two as a memento, and the brush from which these canes are made is of very beautiful fibre and polishes well. Excursions go over frequently from Valparaiso, and the interest in Robinson Crusoe's experience is much stimulated by those who come this way.—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE tune of the smoker and the tobacco-chewer is the spit tune.

BARBARA HECK

A STORY OF THE FOUNDING OF UPPER CANADA.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER VII.—THE SIEGE OF QUEBEC.

As a consequence of the disaster recorded in our last chapter, the commandant at Fort St. John, despairing of relief, and short of both provisions and ammunition, surrendered to the Americans after a siege of fifty days, with a garrison of five hundred regulars and Canadian militia. The greater part of the regular troops in the province had now been captured, and Montgomery advanced unopposed to Montreal.

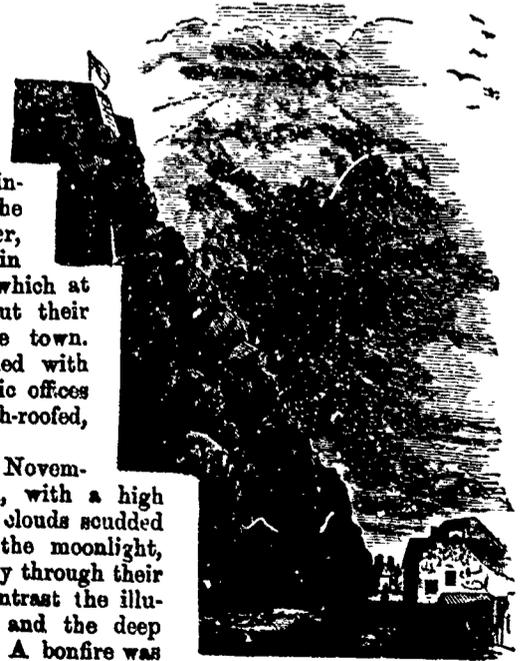
Dire was the commotion in the little town as the overwhelming force of the enemy approached. Orderlies galloped wildly through the streets, and the loud roll of the drum and sharp blare of the bugle pierced the ear of night. The little handful of troops were marshalled by the torchlight in the Place d'Armes, in front of the old parish church, which stood in the middle of what is now Notre Dame Street. It was a low-walled, high-roofed building, with semi-circular chancel at the east end, and with dormer windows in the roof. At the western end was a square tower, crowned with an open belfry, in which hung the small bells, which at the canonical hours rang out their sweet chorus over the little town. Around the square now lined with stately stone banks and public offices were a row of quaint, high-roofed, many-dormered buildings.

It was a wild night in early November, the 11th of the month, with a high wind but without rain. The clouds scudded swiftly across the sky, and the moonlight, from time to time, burst fitfully through their rifts, bringing into sharp contrast the illumined fronts of the houses and the deep shadow of the parish church. A bonfire was burning in the square, its ruddy gleam blending strangely with the wan light of the moon,

and flashing back, now from the burnished bayonets, now from the polished accoutrements of the troops. These—only a hundred and twenty in all—were drawn up in heavy marching order, to advance against the invaders. An earnest colloquy was proceeding between General Carleton and a number of the leading merchants of the town. It was argued that as the handful of troops was quite inadequate to cope with the large invading force, the only result of an engagement would be a serious loss of life, from which no advantage would be derived, and the probable destruction of the town by the exasperated enemy. General Carleton, therefore, harangued his little company of soldiers, and informed them that the best interests of the King and country would be promoted by a retreat upon Quebec, which was really the key of the possession of the colony. They were therefore marched back to the barracks, and during the night employed in destroying such army stores as they could not carry off, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. Early next morning the little band, under command of Brigadier-General Prescott, with deep chagrin written on their faces, marched out of the eastern gate of the town just as the strong force of Montgomery blew open with a grenade the western gate.

General Prescott and his command were intercepted at Sorel by a force of Americans, with an armed vessel and some floating batteries. Governor Carleton escaped only by being rowed, with muffled oars, by night, past the American guards; and so reached Quebec, which was now menaced by Benedict Arnold. The American General, Montgomery, promptly occupied Montreal, but treated the people with much consideration, and won their goodwill by his generous disposition and affable manners. He made provision for the maintenance of public order and administration of justice, and for nearly eight months the town remained in the hands of its captors.

The chief struggle for the possession of Canada, however, took place around the walls of Quebec. The stirring events of that winter campaign we shall briefly trace before proceeding with the narrative of the private fortunes of the actors in our little story.



THE PLACE WHERE MONTGOMERY FELL, QUEBEC.