

ber waves on the beach hard by, made its way into the peaceful domestic scene. But Master-five-year-old of the golden aureole, on his settle mid-way between the cat and the kettle, was not subdued by sounds within or without, and, tired of watching, asked for a story. A story was always forthcoming, sometimes beyond the hearer's years.

"Jack, if you've any clothes, for the love of Heaven lend me your breeches—mine have a good waistband truly, but the fringe therefrom will never pass muster. May the devil fly away with the C.O. before we are inspected this day."

"Sure you're welcome to what I have, but they're fitter for Alec McLean yonder than for a man of your style. I'm six feet two in my socks myself, and I'm thinking these days 'tis a pity I can't be clad in me brogue. Man, man! But kilties are fine things for a campaign."

The speakers, a veritable pair of Jacks, were two young men, who, as time waned and the Peninsular war over, were both well-known in Canada, one being Sir John Colborne. Of the other it is enough to say that his handwriting is still seen on some of our Canadian walls, and there are warm friends even yet left who attest to his cheery hospitable Irish heart and his straight integrity of character. He loved to find interested hearers for his stories of Waterloo and those old times of war, hard fighting and harder living; but one of the tales which pleased him best was built on the foregoing conversation. The future Sir John Colborne, Governor of Upper Canada, was then a stripling, who, with the singer of "Dhrim an dhu Delish," was not above spinning yarns while lying in the trenches, with nothing particular to do but wait for a stray shot to mark his story with a full stop. But the carelessness of life shown by these two and their like is not a trait for us to cavil at now, when that same carelessness formed one of the factors of their plucky existence. The old gentleman's sword now hangs within my sight, and as I look at it I confess to a semi-British thrill of pride in Ireland's dash and pluck in those old days.

But the loan of the breeches—which, by the way, were never returned, as far as I know—only had its final result when Governor Colborne was fairly far on in his luck and my old friend was correspondingly down on his. Lumber business took the latter to Bytown once, when he heard there were gay doings on account of the Governor and his friends. When some of the Captain's acquaintance asked if he were not engaged for that evening he not very amiably replied that society's doings had little interest for him, under existing conditions; but, as the conversation grew, he felt a curiosity in this Governor who seemed so popular. "Colborne—what Colborne? Egad, the name never struck me before. I'll be (something we would rather not repeat) if it's not Jack," and off he went to call on the Queen's representative.

Arrived at the door he was stoutly refused admission, as "His Excellency was at dinner, and could on no account be disturbed, as there was a dinner-party."

"You'll take in my card and bring me an answer or I'll smash your ugly little head," was the choleric retort. I fancy a second look at the tall soldierly figure with its handsome head and clear cut face, (that Roman nose and keen blue eye made many besides a footman trot to do the owner's bidding), convinced the menial that per-

haps, in spite of the visitor's somewhat shabby coat, his will, if done, 'twere well done quickly; but at any rate the message was delivered. No reply was sent; for the Governor, bounding through the hall and wildly waving his dinner-napkin in the air, cried, "It's Jack—and he's come for his breeches!"

No common handshake sufficed for such a meeting, and many a "whack" between the shoulders accompanied the questions and answers that rained. The footman, no longer in doubt as to the propriety of having admitted such an authoritative visitor, saw the latter dragged off under the arm of the excited host, who, scorning any idea of dress or undress, placed his friend at his right hand and made him the guest of the evening.

"And from that time," quoth the old man, "my luck was all right, as long as Colborne was in the country. Man, man! But we fought some queer battles over again at dinner that night! And now, ye young spalpeen, I'll tell ye no more."

But he did tell us more, and many a tale have I treasured up of Bishop Strachan and the Family Compact, and John Galt the First and the Canada Company, with the better loved stories of stormy local times in Ireland and bread riots in several countries; and last and best, the battle of Waterloo and all that came before and after. His sword which most commanded my youthful admiration, was one on which a fleck of rust had been allowed to stay, which spot I *knew* must have been Napoleon's blood at the very least. But sad was the discovery when I found the instrument of war, with its gay tassel and scabbard, was only a militia presentation, and the real Peninsular blade a very unpretending affair. In these days I like that dingy old leather covered one the best.

K. M. LIZARS.

JOHN GRANGER'S POMES.

JONG BATTEESTE.

I dunno' what to make out o' Jong Batteeste,
He ain't quite a man, and he ain't no beast;
Than our averidge Canadian he's shorter by a neck,
And he ploughs with baby horses in his own Quebec.

But he's sober and he's stiddy, and peaceable
and kind,
Yet thinkin' ain't his forty, for he's short o' mind;
He sells corn by the bushel; and taters by the peck,
And raises bad tobaccker in his own Quebec.

His farm is like a ribbon what's been loaned to a friend,
With a queer cross-timbered shanty on the highest end;
His door ain't never bolted, its allers on the sneck,
For he ain't afeerd of bugglers in his own Quebec,

'Tain't much he's got to buggle, for his priest,
you may be shore,
Is minded that his duty is to keep Jong pore;
And his pockets must go empty, and his farm must go to wreck,
All to plant tin-roofed caytheedrales in his own Quebec.

For Batteeste, he is pious to the stretch of his tether,
Since the priest is boss of measles and of crops and weather;

And the presbytare verander is a captain's quarter-deck.
For that high and mighty muckamuck of all Quebec.

So Jong in Sunday homespun toddles off to church,
With fourteen boys and girls, none the worse of the birch,
And his *famme* in stiff starched linen without a crease or fleck,
The fat and smilin' maker of his own Quebec.
Sometimes there comes from city ways an avocah,
He looks at Jong and Jong's *famme*, and says,
"Oh pshah!
Yore ways is old and stupid, and not what you'd expect
From a free enlightened citizen of old Quebec."

It's time you took an interest in politics,
Subscribed for some good Gawzette, showin' up the tricks
That you, yore fourteen *ong fongs* and yore *famme* might help to check,
Of the naughty English enemies of our Quebec."

Says Batteeste, "when my farm I shall have to divide
Among my fourteen children, only five yards wide
Will be the strip of each one, and a great big hypotheek
Restin' on 'em will make hard times in old Quebec."
Then, if they don't take to drinkin', the pore man's cuss,
They'll have to go for avocahs or somethin' wuss,
Where there's readin' and there's writin', of which I don't know a spee,
They never teach'd us them things in old Quebec."

The avocach goes home, and the party tool
Prints his long savage letter, calling Jong a fool,
And other names that savour very much in disrespect,
Which are liable for libel in old Quebec.

But for Jong Batteeste the law has no charms,
He carts his manure off to other people's farms,
Makes a pore but cheerful livin' by things as incorrec',
And afore him the deluge comes on old Quebec.

So, I dunno' what to make out o' Jong Batteeste
What with his fourteen *ong fongs* and the parish priest,
His thrifty shiftless ways and his banker's hypotheek,
He's the fifty thousandth happy fool in all Quebec.

J. CAWDORE BELL.

Many changes have come to pass since Mr. H. J. Morgan published his "Celebrated Canadians." Thirty-two years (well nigh the third of a century) is a long period in the life of any nation; in that of a young nation like ours it may be called an age. The leaders in politics, business, the professions, industry, education and religion, who were in their prime in 1862, have long given place to younger men, and in many instances their successors, too, have gone the way of all flesh. Mr. Morgan has often been asked to publish another edition of a work which was long without a rival, but not until recently did he decide to do so. A circular informs me that a "Handbook of Canadian Biography" on the model of the English "Men of the Time," containing sketches of all persons of prominence in the Dominion, will be issued during the present year. It is only fair to say that all Mr. Morgan's volumes—his "Celebrated Canadians," his "Bibliotheca Canadensis," and his "Annual Register"—the cessation of which was universally regretted—have been useful and trustworthy, and as works of reference have been prized both in Canada and abroad.—John Reade, in the Montreal Gazette.