

feet off, hanging himself outside to a lamp-post. One of my fellow pupils was David, a nephew of Miss Edgeworth, and another, Boyd from Monahan, almost a woman-hater, and I made a bet with him in '57, of twenty pounds, that he would be married in twenty years,

Trips to Paris, Belgium, Cologne, the West Indies, and parts of South and Central America, must keep for another edition.

One of my experiences was lecturing on Immigration and teaching school one winter in Marbleton, 24 miles from Sherbrooke. I preserve one little incident, because it may be a warning to teachers against hasty judgment. I had a volunteer dictation class after the regular school had been dismissed. In the middle of it, bang came a snow ball at the outside door. I ran out and collared Brazeland another boy at the gate. They held their ground, denying the throwing. There were no tracks on the snow leading to the side of the school house, and no one in sight on the road. I felt that one of them must have done it. However they solemnly denied it and I never encouraged them in peaching. A year afterwards, Katie Healey, one of the scholars, on her death-bed sent for me, and confessed that she had thrown the snowball and hidden under the school house, which was not banked, and where I never dreamed of looking.

Rev. T. S. Chapman did more to develop that section of the country than any ordinary dozen men, acting as agent for the Liverpool sales of the hop growers, and being the chief promoter of the railway from Sherbrooke: I spent several hours once with Hon. John Henry Pope, Minister of Agriculture. He foresaw the absolute necessity of the C. P. R., from and before the dawn of Confederation. We wound up on an argument on Northern vs. Southern races. I closed up "Ancient Rome was held by a Southern race." "Yes, but the Goths conquered it," was his parting shot.

In 1869, appeared my national song, written in Marbleton, and called the "Maple Leaf," published first in the Belfast Newsletter, then in the Sherbrooke Gazette and Montreal papers, and which was set to music and sung at concerts in the eastern townships. A phrase in another of my Dominion songs, "For this is our Natal Day," has been quoted by Davin and other patriotic orators. I got a very cordial letter from Sir George Cartier, approving of the "Maple Leaf."

The people were very primitive and unsophisticated in their ways. Many of them had never seen anything larger than Sherbrooke, then a poky little town as compared with the fine city of to-day. They had lived and intermarried, as a sort of hermit community, and if a man was not "Bishop" he was pretty sure to be "Lothrop." Everyone was a cousin to everyone else. The school-teacher boarded round. The scholars' fathers' oxen hauled the logs, chopped and split by the bigger boys, while the girls took turns at scrubbing the floor. There was a loom and spinning wheel in every house, and all the petticoats for the women and shirts for the men of the family, were made of the same pattern, so that if you saw in the distance the skirts, dark grey and red squares, of a girl, crossing a log in the bush, you knew she was a "Bishop," probably Sarah, while the black and light red shirt following must be a "Lothrop." A girl who had the assurance to buy a dress piece for herself at Morkhill's, in Sherbrooke, was looked at as of evil example, and something to be remembered against her, for she was