

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 Chattegway;" "Buck-wheat and Breastworks;" "Cabbagetown under the old Regime;" "The old vet;" etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

"MORE power to yir elbows," said DAVIN, as LYALL and himself led the two panting damsels to a seat near the bar after the reel was concluded. "Faith ye'd make proud CUMBERLAND prance again if he heard ye, sure JOHNNY COPE himself couldn't cope wid ye." At this little witticism on the part of the Milesian the two highlandmen looked rather fierce, not relishing his allusion to the "tales of the Borders," but luckily at this moment ULYSSES changed the subject by asking his new friends what were there schemes for the future. "For my part," said he, "I'm a goin' to try my luck further west, when I was a boy a neighbour of ourn, old HORACE GREEN, patting me on the head at a quiltin' bee, said, 'Go west young man, go west.' I've often thought of it since, and now I've made up my mind to go, what do you say if we all start for the west?" "She'll gang for ane," and "She'll gang for anither," said the two Scots, (whom we shall henceforth call JOHN and SANDY respectively). "An' he japers I'll go likewise," said DAVIN, "Sure the idea of goin' fills me poetic soul wid song. I'll give yez a little impromptu stave on the head av it:

To the west, to the west, to the land of the free,
Where the mighty St. Lawrence rolls down to the sea,
Where a man is a man if he only strikes oil,
And the Grits sell the Crown Lands at ten cents a mile."

Accordingly the next morning the four adventurers, after providing themselves with a blanket and portage strap each at the Hudson Bay Factory, bade adieu to the landlady and the girls, who wished them *bon voyage*, tied the ends of their straps around their effects, put the bight of the straps over their foreheads, and started in good spirits for Lachine, where after buying a canoe from, and engaging the services of a Caughnawaga brave, set out in the canoe towards the great lakes. JIBBENANCE, the Indian, was an old *voyageur* and piloted them safely, notwithstanding the unavoidable dangers by rapids and portage, until they struck the comparatively still water above the Gallops Rapids, whence they paddled gaily up the river, and encamped where the city of *Prescott* now stands—*Prescott* with its countless factories, its beautiful public buildings and forests of masts flying the colours of all nations, its magnificent docks, where float the clipper ship laden with tea from Hong Kong, the stately East Indiaman, the Japanese Junk, the Dutch Galliot, not to mention the numberless steamships from all the ports of Europe, which thanks to the National Policy, and the consequent enlargement of the canals, they have been enabled to reach—and better still to return to the *effete* old world laden with the products of our own factories, fields, and forests!

But we digress.—The travellers were glad enough when they unloaded their canoe, and pitched their tent on the banks of the flowing river, so after partaking of a hearty supper of bread and pork, almost the last of their sea stores, stretched themselves under the canopy of their tent and were soon fast asleep, lulled to gentle repose by the buzz of the playful mosquito and the anti-Dunkin refrain of "More rum" from the Queen's Nightingales in an adjacent marsh. About eleven o'clock, just as the moon was lighting up the tops of the maples in the forest primeval, JIBBENANCE being after the nature of his race, a light sleeper, was awakened by the unfamiliar sound of a strange voice speaking in the English tongue. Ever wary, he noiselessly arose, and quietly awakened each sleeper. "Hush," said he, "White men near here, hear 'em talk, no understand." "Perhaps it is an owl," whispered ULYSSES, "Ould or young we'll have a look at him whoever it is," said DAVIN, whereupon both of the Highlanders sprang to their feet, "Gie me the claymore," said they, "and be the—!" "Be aisy boys," said DAVIN, "let's go out quietly and see who it is, there's no use of any violence, if he's anyway hostile we can easily dhrop him in the river." "Jest so," said LYALL. Accordingly they all stole from the tent to reconnoitre the supposed enemy. Hearing a rustling among the branches of the under-wood, and the crackling of the dry twigs on the ground, they all took post behind a log, and awaited the approach of the mysterious one, when shortly they beheld a tall figure stalking in the direction of the river, noiselessly following him they watched his progress until he stopped at the edge of the river bank, ascended a huge boulder. He was clad in a black robe long and flowing, and in his hand he carried a large blue bag, closed by a thick silken cord. Gazing up to the moon now in full view, he struck an attitude like unto Mr. BOWLER in the role of *Don Cesar de Bazan*, and they heard him apostrophise it thus:

Hail gentle Luna! sailing slow but sure,
Augmenting on the path like bill of costs
'Gainst chancery client who with mind obscure
Appeals his case, for many winter's frosts
And summer seasons have passed o'er thy head,
E'en as thou wert made party, in the cause aforesaid.

"The gommert's daft," said SANDY. "Clean crackit," said JOHN. "Who are ye anyway," asked DAVIN, "what's y'er name ye omadhon?" "My name exclaimed the mysterious stranger is—no matter—I am known as *The Sweet Singer*, hear me recite an ode yet unpublished in BELFORD'S:

Through blue Ontario's sylvan glade,
E'er yet the silvery sun goes down,
The mink and muskrat joyous wade,
And laugh to scorn the white man's frown;
The tiger soon will be along,
From "Erin's banks" a hideous strain
Is heard! 'tis the dread Indians song
Expected down by evening train,
Domino! Domino!

"Bad luck to you and your dominoes! I'm thinking your mind is double blank," said DAVIN. Just then the Indian who had been staring at the stranger uttered a loud whoop! "How! How!" said he, "*Sweet Singer* all same as squaw up in Michigan. *Cowin a shin shaganaus Cowin we weep!*" and ran for the canoe. The others followed his example, folded their tent; and made for the river. "Great JACKSON," said ULYSSES, "I'm doggoned tired, but I swan I'd paddle ten mile to get clear of that poet," and all hands betook themselves to their paddles and stopped not until they reached the foot of JONESS' narrows, where they encamped for the night.



WHO ever saw the devil fish?

JAN. came and thaw and conquered.

THEY speak of A. T. GALT's Spainful mission.

ONTARIO has only 1,620,000 population so there's not "millions in it."

WHEN the Speaker takes the chair at 3 o'clock where does he take it to?

THE proposed starch factory at Moncton ought to stiffen up the backs of the Ministry.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS was Scott in a snow-storm which prevented her first appearance here.

THE Ministry are learning the Doxology so that they can dismiss Reform office holders properly.

"NOT local purposes" begins the high-sounding motto of the *Mail*. Why don't it dismiss its local staff then?

BISMARCK says he will make the Communists toe the mark. No doubt they would rather toe the (Dis) marck.

ONE of the most comic things ever done in public life is the dismissal by the premier of men on account of their drunkenness.

A MAD cow was shot in the streets of Weston. The account don't state what the cow was mad about, although it was no doubt about the low price of butter.

ALD. PIPER wants to supply pipes of oil to the lighthouses and if the Government wants to throw oil on the troubled waters of Toronto politics now is the time.

BYE Baby BUNTIN,
RIORDON went a huntin'
To find a daily sheet for sale,
And so bought the *Toronto Mail*.

THE *London Free Press* has an editorial entitled "More economy on foot," and it goes on to show how the abolishing of the office of General Superintendent of the Intercolonial R. R. and the doing away with the agencies at Toronto, Halifax, St John, and Montreal is economy. It may be so, but it is economy on the rail not economy on foot.

"Ever since the Princess and the Marquis left Ottawa they have been as it were, under the eye of Chief O'Neill, of the Dominion Police."—*Globe Report*.

Now GRIP has no hesitation in saying that this is scandalous. It is true the young people have been in this country but a short time, still they come with the best of recommendations, and the police authorities have no right to shadow them in this manner. Cannot the landlord at each hotel look after his own spoons? What did Chief O'NEILL expect to see the Marquis put in his pocket? It is to be hoped this matter will be looked into. We boldly demand that the Government shall show why it was thought necessary to keep the eye of the police on his lordship in this insulting way.