

THE APPLE WOMAN.

GEO. MARTIN.

She often comes, a not-unwelcome guest,
With her old face set in a marble smile,
And bonnet ribbonless—it is her best,
And little cloak—and blesses you the while,
And cracks her joke, ambitious to beguile
Your heart to something human,
Then sets her basket down—a little rest!
The Apple Woman.

Her stock is trade that basket doth contain;
It is her wholesale and her retail store,
Her goods, and chattels,—all that doth pertain
To her estate, a daughter of the Poor;
O ye who tread upon a velvet floor,
Whose walls rich lights illumine,
Wound not with word or look of high disdain
The Apple Woman.

She is thy sister, jewelled Lady Clare,
"My sister! sting this insult in my face?"
How dare you then, when in the house of prayer,
Utter, "Our Father?" the difference of place
Nulls not the consanguinity of race,
And every creature human
Is kin to that poor mother, shivering there,
The Apple Woman.

She sits upon the side-walk in the cold,
And with her scraggy hand, hard-shrunk and blue,
And corded with the cordage of the old,
She reaches forth a *fameuse*, sir, to you,
And begs her ladyship will take one too,
And if you are a true man
Your pence will out: she never thinks of gold,
The Apple Woman.

She tells me—and I know she tells me true,
"My Good man,—God be kind!—had long been sick,
And one cold morning when the snow storm blew,
He said, Dear Bess, it grieves me to the quick
To see you venture out,—give me my stick,
I'll come to you at gloaming,
And bide you home,"—she paused, the rest I knew,
Poor Apple Woman.

Behold her then, a type of all that's good,
Honest in poverty, in suffering kin;
And large must be that love which strains for food,
Through wind and rain, through frost and snows that blind,
For a sick burden that is left behind:
Call her but common;
God's commonest things are little understood,
Poor Apple Woman.

Two April weeks. I missed her only two.
Missed her upon the side-walk, everywhere,
And when again she chanced to cross my view,
The marble smile was changed, it still was there,
But darkly veined, an emblem of despair;
A God-knit union
Grim death had struck, whose dark shock shivered through
The Apple Woman.

A widow now, she tells the bitter tale,
Tells how she sat within their little room
In yon dark alley, till she saw him fall,
Sat all alone through night's oppressive gloom,
Sat by her Joe as in a desert tomb,
No candle to illumine
His cold dead face! God only heard her wail,
Poor Apple Woman!

Now, when you meet her of the Basket-Store,
Her of the little cloak and bonnet bare,
Reach forth a friendly hand and something more,
When your pertemonnaie has a coin to spare.
Dear are the boxes that mitigate thy care,
Dear the unbought communion
Whose tall vine reaches to the golden shore,
Poor Apple Woman!

CANADIAN HISTORY.

The Fort George Massacre, (1)

AUGUST 9TH, 1757.

"Kill me," cried Montcalm, using prayers and menaces and promises, "but spare the English who are under my protection."—*Bancroft's United States, Vol. IV.*

Of the many stirring incidents which marked the "seven years war" culminating in the conquest of Canada, few have been more loudly denounced than the deed of blood perpetrated by the aborigines on the garrison and inmates of Fort George, called by the British Fort William Henry, subsequent to its capitulation; few occurrences of that day have left, between the initials of New France and New England, more bitter memories. Neither "2,000" nor 1,000, nor 500, not even 200 individuals were slaughtered on this occasion; there were enough, however, to exhibit in its true features Indian warfare in former times. The barbarities to which British soldiers and New England colonists were subjected, in direct violation of the articles signed by General Montcalm and accepted by the thirty-six Indian tribes present, have furnished those inclined to make capital out of national wrongs a welcome pretext to charge the French commander with being, in some degree, accessory to the commission of these horrors. Cooper's attractive novel "*The last of the Mohicans*," and other works, (2) have also helped to render current a belief to which the whole of Montcalm's career, as well as history, gives the lie. True, the American novelist does not go so far as to accuse the Marquis with counselling the deed, but he asserts that, during its execution, the French showed "an apathy which has never been explained." Here is a grave accusation levelled at the fair name of the chivalrous rival of Wolfe; fortunately for his posthumous fame, there is such a thing as historical truth; there are also honorable men, whose nature spurns the cheap popularity acquired by circulating a lie calculated to ruin or vilify a national enemy. To this class belongs George Bancroft, the gifted historiographer of the United States. Let us now quote from his beautiful writings:

"How peacefully rest the waters of Lake George between their ramparts of highlands! In their pellucid depths, the cliffs and the hills, and the trees trace their image, and the beautiful region speaks to the heart, teaching affection for Nature. As yet (1757), not a hamlet rose on its margin; not a straggler had thatched a log-hut in its neighborhood; only at its head, near the centre of a wide opening between its mountains, Fort William Henry stood on its banks, almost on a level with the lake. Lofty hills overhung and commanded the wild scene; but heavy artillery had not, as yet, accompanied war-parties into the wilderness.

"Some of the Six Nations preserved their neutrality, but the Onondas danced the war-dance with Vaudreuil. 'We will try the hatchet of our father on the English, to see if it cuts well,' said the Senecas of Niagara; and, when Johnson complained of depredations on his cattle, 'You begin crying quite early,' they answered, 'you will soon see other things.' (3)

"'The English have built a fort on the lands of Ontario,' spoke Vaudreuil, governor of New France, to a congress, at Montreal, of the warriors of three-and-thirty nations, who had come together, some from the rivers of Maine and Acadia, some from the wilderness of Lake Huron and Lake Superior. 'I am ordered,' he continued, 'to destroy it. Go, witness what I shall do, that, when you return to your mats, you may recount what you have seen.' They took his belt of wampum, and answered—'Father, we are come to do your will.' Day after day, at Montreal, Montcalm nursed their enthusiasm by singing the war-song with the several tribes. They clung to him with affection, and would march to battle only with him. They rallied at Fort St. John, on the Sorel; their missionaries with them, and hymns were sung in almost as many dialects as there were nations. On the sixth day, as they discerned the battlements of Ticonderoga, the fleet arrayed itself

(1) We copy this interesting article from Mr. Le Moine's valuable collection, the *Maple Leaves*, 2nd series. The speech recently delivered by Major General McClellan, and which has been so ably taken up by a writer in the *Chicago Tribune*, gives fresh interest to this point in our history. (Ed. J. of E.)

(2) "This treaty of capitulation was violated by Montcalm in a manner which fixes eternal disgrace on his memory."—*Boore's Indian war in the United States, p. 194.*

(3) Vaudreuil to the Minister, 13th July, 1757.