

## The Rockwood Review.

the end of which the Count got the Stainer by agreeing to give the old man 150 dollars in money at once, free food and shelter for life, free light and wood, one new suit of clothes annually, one-half bushel of wheat and three dollars monthly, all the hares he could eat, a measure of wine daily, and two huge barrels of beer every year. The old man lived almost twenty years after having made this contract, played almost daily on his adored instrument before the Count, and consumed fully 6,000 dollars worth of the Count's money and provisions. His violin is still preserved intact. It was last played in 1854 at the marriage of the Emperor Franz Josef of Austria.

The maker of all "Stainers," as well as the father of the German violin, was Jacob Stainer, of Absam, in the Tyrol. He lived from 1621 to 1683.

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Some one asks to give a correct version of "Lac St. Pierre." I cannot promise to do that, for I have seen more versions of it than I have fingers, but I can give that which seems to be generally accepted.

The poem was written by Dr. W. H. Drummond, of Montreal, although several MODEST authors have claimed it.

### A BALLAD OF LAC ST. PIERRE.

'Twas one dark night on Lac St. Pierre,

An' de win' she blow, blow, blow;  
When the crew of the wood-scow  
Jule La Plante

Get scare an' run below.

For de win' she's blow like hurri-  
cane;

Bime-by she's blow some more;

An' de scow buss up on Lac St.  
Pierre,

One harpent from the shore.

Decapitan she's walk de front deck;

She's walk de hind deck too;

She's call de crew from up de hol';

She's call de cook also.

Dat cook his name was Rosa.

He's come from Mo'real,

Was chambermaid on a lumber barge

On that big Lachine Canal.

De win' she's blow "from nor' eas'  
wes',

An' de sout win' she's blow too;

When Rosa say, "Oh, capitan,

Vatever shall we do?"

De capitan den she's frow de hank,

But still that scow she drif';

An' the crew he can't pass on dat  
shore,

Because he's lose de skiff.

De night was dark like one black  
cat,

An' de waves roll high an' fass;

Wen the capitan take poor Rosa,

An' she lash him to de mast.

Den de capitan put on de life-  
preserve.

An' she jump into de lac,

An' say, "Good-bye, my Rosa dear;

I go down for your sake."

Nex' mornin' very hearly,

'Bout half-past two, three, four,

De capitan, cook and wood-scow

Lay corpses on dat shore.

For de win' she's blow like hurri-  
cane;

Bime-by she's blow some more;

An' de scow buss up on Lac St.  
Pierre,

One harpent from de shore.

Now all you wood-scow sailor-mans

Take warnin' by dat storm,

Au' go an' marry one nice French  
girl,

An' live on one nice farm,

Den de win' may blow like hurri-  
cane,

An' s'pose she's blow some more,

You von't get drown on Lac St.  
Pierre,

So long you stay on shore.