

THE CHORD OF LOVE.

Strike the chord of love!
Rouse the heart from slumber!
Rapture from above
Thrills in every number.
Love—O who but knows?
Whose soul has not been shaken.
When its feeling goes
The dormant heart to waken?
Strike the chord of love!
Wake the heart from slumber!
Rapture from above
Thrills in every number.

We are doom'd to live
Not a life of gladness;
Earth can only give
Half pleasure and half sadness.
Love can never fade;
Man is woman's brother;
He and she were made
Expressly for each other.
Strike the chord of love!
Wake the heart from slumber!
Rapture from above
Thrills in every number.

Gloomy "life's dull stream"
Would have been, and weary,
Had not love's glad beam
Lit the prospect dreary.
Happy! Oh! the day,
When, within us gleaming,
Love's celestial ray
To our hearts comes beaming.
Strike the chord of love!
Wake the heart from slumber!
Rapture from above
Thrills in every number.

Maid and youth, then, hear?
Youth's the spring-time season,
Meant the heart to cheer,
In love's vernal season:
Grasp it while 'tis nigh,
Be not left to mourn—
Fast the moments fly
Never to return!
Strike the chord of love!
Wake the heart from slumber!
Rapture from above
Thrills in every number.

"DUNBOY."

FOR THE NEWS.]

A GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER OF THE OLD REGIME.

BY J. G. BOURINOT.

"We have no title-deeds to house or lands:
Owners and occupants of earlier dates
From graves forgotten stretch their dusty hands
And hold in mortmain still their old estates."
LONGFELLOW.

On the coast of "hundred-harbored Maine," formerly a part of Acadia, there is a sleepy ancient town, built on the sunny slope of a peninsula, whose history goes back to the days of the French occupation of Canada. This town still bears the name of one of those "gentlemen-adventurers" who have left the impress of their achievements on the northern half of this continent. For many years it was neglected and forgotten, until one day it, too, was reached by the tide of travel which had inundated even the heights of Mount Desert. The picturesque surroundings and historic traditions of this "Sleepy Hollow" of Maine will fully account for the crowd of inquisitive tourists who, during the summer months, take possession of every available corner in the old houses, whose owners can hardly yet understand the reason of this abrupt invasion of their quiet homes. No where in Acadia is there a spot more interesting to the student of the old annals of this continent than this quaint town, embowered in foliage, and resting by the side of the beautiful Penobscot Bay, gemmed with fir-clad islands. Somewhere in the neighborhood of this bay, was supposed to stand the fabulous city of Norumbega, in quest of which many a Frenchman ventured into the wilderness, just as Raleigh, in his old age, sought El Dorado in the wilds of Guiana. Champlain, La Tour, de Pontreucourt, Phipps, D'Iberville, many famous Frenchmen and Englishmen, knew Penobscot well in the early days of the struggle between France and England for the supremacy on this continent. It was Champlain who gave a name to the craggy summits of the picturesque island, which has been well described as one of the wardens of the bay.

"There gloomily against the sky
The dark isles rear their summits high:
And Desert Rock, abrupt and bare
Lifts its gray turrets in the air."

But Champlain's name has not been perpetuated amid the scenes of his adventurous voyage around the shores of the bay. One name alone had persistently clung to the historic peninsula, and it is that of Baron de St. Castin, one of those restless spirits, who would have been probably forgotten ere this had not a kindly fate kept his memory green in the pleasant nook of the old Acadian land.

Though the Americans with their usual acquisitiveness have long since obtained possession of this historic ground, yet they will deny that the adventurer from whom the town of Castine takes its name belongs as much to Canadian history as do the founders of Quebec and Port Royal. It is true that Baron de St. Castin may not be placed in the same rank with Champlain and de Pontreucourt, but inasmuch as he represented an important element in the early colonization of this continent, his career is replete with undoubted attraction to those who take an interest in our country's history. He played no leading part—he was only a subordinate figure in the drama of the past; but yet such as he were necessary for the establishment of French dominion in America. If he had not the genius of a founder of new States, yet he was one of

those instruments without which the master-spirits of an age can never achieve their great purposes.

Jean Vincent, Baron de St. Castin, was born in the quaint town of Oleron, in the district of Béarn, within sight of the Pyrenees. His family was one of rank and influence in the country, and like young men of condition in those times St. Castin chose the army as his profession. He first served in the King's body guard, and some time later in the famous Carignan regiment, which he accompanied in its campaign against the Turks, who were threatening Germany. Immediately after the close of the campaign, St. Castin accompanied the regiment to Canada, where its services were required against the Iroquois tribes, then constantly harassing the towns and settlements. The Governor of that day, M. de Tracy, erected additional posts at Chambly and Sorel on the Richelieu River, which led from the Iroquois country directly into Canada, and was the route generally pursued by those intrepid savages. He then marched at the head of the Carignan regiment against the Agniers or Mohawks, and succeeded in inflicting a blow on the tribe that gave the French a peace which lasted for nearly twenty years. In this memorable expedition St. Castin distinguished himself, although the mode of warfare must have been in strange contrast with what he had seen in Europe.

St. Castin does not appear to have settled with other members of the Carignan regiment in the Richelieu district, for we find him living in 1667, soon after the disbanding of the troops, at the mouth of the Pentagoet, or Penobscot, in a house which he had built close to the fort, formerly occupied by M. D'Aulnay de Charne-say, whose feud with La Tour was one of the most memorable episodes in the history of Acadia. This fort is described as comprising a little chapel, and a stone magazine, besides several other small buildings for the accommodation of the inmates. It was never at any time a formidable affair, although its position was such as to make it an important base of operations against the Indians could come down the Penobscot river or arrive from distant parts of Acadia and attack the New Englanders who had settled in the adjoining country. At that time the total population of Canada did not exceed twenty-five thousand souls, scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence, from Tadoussac to Montreal. The only place of importance in Acadia was Port Royal, where de Pontreucourt once hoped to make his home. In New England, Boston had already become a town of considerable size, and settlements of English colonists were already extending over the present States of Vermont and New Hampshire. The French and English were now fairly engaged in the great conflict, which was not to end until Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham.

St. Castin's house is described "as a long, low irregular building, constructed partly of wood and partly of stone, and presenting rather a grotesque appearance." Here he lived for many years, fraternizing with the Tarratine Indians of the surrounding country—a clan of the Abenakis, who were themselves a branch of the great Algonquin family. He married a daughter of Madockawanda, sachem of the Tairtines, who appears to have been a person of influence in Acadia. We have no accurate historical description of the appearance of this lady, called the Dame Mathilde in the parish registers, but Longfellow has thrown around her figure that charm with which he has surrounded Evangeline and all the creations of his poetic fancy:

"A form of beauty undefined,
A loveliness without name,
Not of degree, but more of kind:
Nor bold nor shy, nor short nor tall,
But a new mingling of them all.
Yes, beautiful beyond belief,
Transfigured and transused he sees
The lady of the Pyrenees,
The daughter of the Indian chief."

Perhaps if we knew more about this lady, she would be found quite as interesting a character as Pocahontas, who has had more than her due share of fame. Whatever were the faults of this youth, St. Castin appears to have settled down after his marriage, and to have become a model man in some respects. The Baron St. Hontan, who visited him towards the close of the seventeenth century, admitted that "he never changed his wife," by which means he would give the savages to understand that God does not love inconstant folks." Could the old Baron say as much for the people of New England in these degenerate days when divorce has become a popular institution among the descendants of the old Puritans?

For some years St. Castin traded largely with the Indians, and succeeded in amassing a fortune of two or three hundred thousand crowns "in good, dry gold." His success in this way appears to have brought on him the enmity of Perrot, the Governor of Acadia, who wished to have so profitable a field to himself. But all accounts agree as to St. Castin's readiness to assist his countrymen whenever they called on him for aid. He was much feared by the New Englanders, for he was one of those impetuous, daring spirits, ever ready to resent anything like an insult or an injury—ever ready to take up the sword and harass his English neighbors. The first blow St. Castin received was directed against his traffic by the New England Government. During the year 1688, Governor Andros arrived off St. Castin's house in the English frigate *Rose*, but the French fled precipitately into the woods and left the English to take possession of all the property within their reach.

This expedition was considered as very ill-advised by many people in New England, who feared the reprisals that were sure to follow. Increase Mather, with more emphasis than elegance, asked at the time: "What good did that Frigot do New England! Unless this were so, that it fetched home the Plunder of Castaine, upon which began the Bloody War."

The result was St. Castin took an active part in the series of attacks that were made on the New England settlements by Canadian Frenchmen assisted by their Indian allies. The inhabitants of several villages were either massacred or taken prisoners, and New England did not forget those raids for many a year. "Children as they gambled on the beach; reapers as they gathered the harvest; mowers as they rested from using the scythe; mothers as they busied themselves about the household, were victims to an enemy who disappeared the moment the blow was struck, and who was ever present where a garrison or a family ceased its vigilance."

The next affair of importance in which St. Castin was engaged was the attack made by the French in 1696 upon the fort which had been built not long before at Pemaquid—the strongest work of the kind then possessed by the English in America. The French expedition was commanded by M. d'Iberville, one of the most distinguished Canadians of those times—whose name is indelibly imprinted on the pages of the early history of our country. Colonel Chubb made a gallant defence, and when called upon to surrender replied that "though the sea was covered with French vessels, the land with Indians, he would not surrender until forced to do so." Brave words in the face of the tremendous odds against him. He was at last forced to give up the fort which was razed to the ground.

This was the last event of importance in the career of St. Castin. It is believed he visited Europe towards the close of the century for the purpose of taking possession of his ancestral estate in Béarn. Longfellow, again with poetic license, represents him returning amid the rejoicings of the old retainers and friends of his family:—

"The choir is singing the matin song:
The doors of the church are opened wide:
The people crowd and press and throng
To see the bridegroom and the bride.
They enter and pass along the nave:
They stand upon the furthest grave:
The bells are ringing soft and slow:
The living above and the dead below
Give their blessings on one and twain
The warm wind blows from the hills of Spain
The birds are building, the leaves are green.
The Baron Castine of St. Castine
Hath come at last to his own again."

But we know that St. Castine had been married many years before he returned to the Pyrenees, and that he was then no longer a young man. We would like to believe with the poet that St. Castin's last years were passed in peace and happiness on the paternal acres within sight of the hills of Spain. But the fact is we know nothing of his life after the capture of Pemaquid—he disappears suddenly from the history of Acadia. It is thought that he was robbed of his property in Béarn and actually returned to the country where he had prospered and wielded an influence among the Indians just as powerful in its way as that enjoyed by some European lord among his feudatories. If he did come back, then there would be truth in the graphic description which Whittier has given us of this picturesque figure of the old Acadian times:

"One whose bearded cheek
And white and wrinkled brow bespeak
A wanderer from the shores of France,
A few long locks of scattering snow
Beneath a battered mortar flow
And from the rivets of the vest,
Which girls in steel his ample breast.
The slanted sunbeams glance
In the harsh outlines of his face
Passion and sin have left their trace:
Yet save worn brow and thin gray hair
No signs of weary age are there.
His step is firm, his eye is keen,
Nor years in broil and battle spent,
Nor toil, nor wounds, nor pain have bent
The lordly frame of old Castine."

The probability is, however, that the old Baron died among the scenes of his youth, and that the St. Castin whose name frequently appears in the history of Acadia was his eldest son Anselm. We know that the latter took a prominent part in the defence of Port Royal, when it was attacked on two occasions in 1707 by the New Englanders, and it is to his bravery that the French attributed their success in repelling the Colonial forces. He was also present at Port Royal when the French were obliged to give up the fort to General Nicholson. After the capture of the place, which practically ended the war for the possession of Acadia, we find the name of St. Castin flitting from time to time through the annals of New England, and there is a story told of his having been brought on one occasion a prisoner before the Council at Boston. As he stood up, in the uniform of a French officer, he spoke these fearless words in reply to the charge that he had attended a Council of the Indians as one of their chiefs:

"I am an Abenaki by my mother. All my life has been passed among the nation that has made me chief and commander over it. I could not be absent from a Council where the interests of my brethren were to be discussed. The Governor of Canada sent me no orders. The dress I now wear is not a uniform, but one becoming my rank and birth as an officer in the troops of the most Christian King, my master." Nearly two centuries have passed since the times of the elder St. Castin. Summer tourists

now haunt the peninsula which was the scene of so many stirring events in the history of Acadia and New England. Curious antiquaries, full of the history of the past, wander over the site of the old fort, whose lines can even now be traced about a quarter of a mile from the quiet town. Old coins and other relics are unearthed at times, to recall the memory of the adventurous Frenchman; but of his descendants we have now no trace. Anselm and Joseph, the sons of St. Castin, disappeared among the forests soon after the former was released from his confinement in Boston. We know that their sisters married in Acadia, and perhaps there are still in some quiet spot in the valley of the Annapolis or by the side of the Basin of Minas, families who can trace their descent in this way to the old Béarn soldier. Or it is more probable that the remaining members of the family disappeared with the Acadians when they were driven from the land they loved so well.

"Friendless, homeless, hopeless they wandered from city to city,
From the great lakes of the gulf to the sultry Southern Savannahs,
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in the sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth."

Though his name has disappeared from the old town among the Pyrenees, and no one perpetuates his race even in his American home, yet we can say that Baron de St. Castin has not after all been more fortunate than many of his compeers who have a far better claim to be remembered in the countries where they were the pioneers. As long as that old town slumbers by the side of bright Penobscot Bay; as long as the poems of Longfellow and Whittier continue to charm thousands of homes, there will be always some one to turn to the pages of history and recall his adventurous career amid the forests of Acadia.

CALGARY: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

It has been said, "Happy is the place that has no history." The past of Calgary lingers but in the recollection of a few old-timers and Hudson's Bay men, who tell how the old Bow Fort, some 70 miles up among the foot-hills, had to be abandoned on account of the constant attacks upon the Company's boats by the once war like, now peaceful, and in the case of the Stonies, semi-Christianized Indians. But the vale in whose bosom

"The bright waters meet,"

has been long preparing by Providence for the advent of the wave of men that will ride along on the iron horse. Age after age of luxuriant grass has been dying down and rotting into the rich, black, vegetable mould that forms the valley, surrounded by the foot-hills of the Rockies; the meeting of many waters and many trails, with belts of spruce and pine upon the slopes of the everlasting hills still virgin to the lumberer's axe. The deposits of solidified heat and sunshine and steam power stored up in the coal deposits that underlie the vast tracts of luxuriant grazing lands point naturally to the site of a city which will be a resting-place for the Canadian Pacific Railway to accumulate material ere it attempts to surmount the gigantic barriers that block its way to the sunny slopes of the Pacific.

The westward-bound pilgrim, weary of the treeless wastes and immeasurable miles of waterless prairie he has passed over, loses self-control when he begins to think of the future of this still almost untenanted valley. He pulls himself together, probably with the reflection that man cannot live alone on slap-jacks and scenery. But if he encounters some of the herds of the Cochrane ranch, and reflects how soon the iron way will supply everything succulent to an infant city, and that as in the past the trail of the savage has invariably been followed by bullock teams of the western pioneer, and, finally, by the railroad that brings eastern enterprise and wealth. He will see that the meeting of many trails will be the meeting of many iron roads, and if he be a Western man, will philosophize "thusly":

"The C. P. R. Syndicate and the Almighty both make town sites. The former boom first, but the latter last longest." But what if for once in a while the all-powerful Syndicate and what we call Providence should have agreed? Well, is it hopeless to hope that the rights of early settlers, those who have butted from the beginning against the difficulties that ever beset early settlement will be regarded in the conflict with the interests of far-off speculation in Eastern cities. In any case, it is to be hoped that settlement will not be delayed by the continued reservation of four townships, as has been intimated.

A NEW and simple way of giving a ball has been discovered. There is no occasion to turn one's house upside down. Nor is it necessary to hire some public hall at a considerable expense. It is easy to find a house agent who is willing to let an unoccupied mansion for an evening. Somebody comes in and puts red baize on the stairs, and furnishes supper and a band. This arrangement has been found so convenient that there is quite a demand for empty mansions for festive purposes.