

A SPRING REVERIE.

Now veiled in mist by sunbeams rent
Comes spring, lovely maiden sent
To wake the sleeping flowers:
She steps the earth in her warm tears,
And straightway countless glittering spears
Of emerald wave above the mold
Jewelled with diamond showers:
And daisies open their eyes of gold
And waxen lips from marble beds
To drink the drops sweet spring times sheds.

Her magic voice is on the breeze,
Her magic touch is on the trees
Within the forest deep:
And lo! transformed each monarch stands,
And each young sapling claps her hands
To feel her pulses leap!
A resurrection angel, fair,
With cloudy train and dewy hair
Lovely spring walks through woodland towns,
And weeps and whispers to the flowers.

Her feet in fields where she has trod
Have left their impress on the sod
In buttercups and violets blue,
And from her mine of wealth untold
She coins the dandelion's gold,
And strews it o'er the pastures old
Gleaming with gems of dew:
Which children gather, little things,
And think themselves as rich as kings.

The zephyrs linger as they pass
O'er pale spring beauties in the grass
To whisper they are fair:
But soon they leave behind the heath
Hoping to catch a sweeter breath
Where pansies' purple eyes unclose,
Each sparkling with a tear,
Where faintly glows the early rose
And golden flowers of Easter-time
Start up to hear the joy-bells chime.

In yonder bow on spring's brow
How bright its beauteous colours glow
Reflected in the wave!
God formed it when old Time was young
Ere yet the song the bright stars sung
Had through heaven's vastness rung,
And He this promise gave:
That day and night should never cease
But every season know its place—
While earth remains, each circling year
Should bring the blade and ripened ear.

FRANK OAKES ROSE.

Montreal.

THE Cities and Towns of Canada

ILLUSTRATED.

VI.

PRESCOTT, Ont., No. 3.

A PRESCOTT BOY—MAJOR WALSH—"SITTING BULL'S BOSS"—SAMPLES OF STORES AND RESIDENCES—IMPORTS AND EXPORTS—DANIELS' HOTEL—THE PUBLIC SCHOOL—ST. JOHN'S AND THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

(Continued.)

MAJOR WALSH.

of the North-West Mounted Police, is a Prescott "boy." He was born 1842, and is of Irish parentage. At school young Walsh was chiefly noted for being at the foot of the class, except when geography was the study; in this branch he excelled. Out of school he was "cock of the walk," taking very kindly to athletic sports. As a boy he got the nick-name of "Bul," which, later on, became "Bob," by which cognomen his fellow-townies to this day delight to call him, though his initials are J. M. When he reached man's estate he was chosen Captain of the Fire Company, and in that capacity evinced the qualities which have served him so well in his dealings with the aborigines. His advent in business was as a dry-goods clerk, an occupation which did not prove congenial. He next went to learn to be a machinist at the St. Lawrence & Ottawa R.R. shops, and subsequently tried the life of an engine-driver. After that he went "clerking" once more. He was next heard of as an exchange broker. When the Fenian raid of 1866 startled the Dominion, Mr. Walsh joined the volunteers. Having passed the Military School at Kingston, he was soon made an Ensign, and, later on, Acting-Adjutant. When the battalion known as the Lisgar Rifles was formed, he was not long in attaining a Captaincy. In 1868 he entered the Cavalry School. When he had completed the course, Col. Jenyns highly complimented him, declaring him to be the best drilled and pluckiest cavalryman that had passed through the school. In 1870 he married a daughter of Mr. John Mowatt, of Brockville, and settled down to civil pursuits—this time as proprietor of the North American Hotel, Prescott. But the passion for military life and adventure proved too strong for him. In 1872 he organized a troop of cavalry, which he commanded till the fall of 1873, when he went to the North-West with the first detachment of the Mounted Police, holding the position of Sub-Inspector. The following year he returned with Colonel French, and was engaged in recruiting service, purchasing stores, horses, &c. While at Toronto he was promoted to the rank of Superintendent and Inspector. He left with the second detachment in May, 1874, and marched from Dufferin to the Rocky Mountains—some 1,400 miles—establishing the post now called Fort Walsh. In September last he took a leading part in negotiating a treaty with the Assiniboines, which ceded a large and important tract of land to the Dominion.

From the fact that Major Walsh has had charge of the Sioux Indians since they came across the border, the American press has dub-

bed him "Sitting Bull's Boss." The epithet is by no means undeserved, for no man seems to have had better success in the management of the aborigines than this "Prescott boy." Major Walsh regards Indians as human beings, and believes in treating them as such. In this he differs widely from the average American frontier soldier and U.S. Indian agent. When Sitting Bull was interviewed he said he and his people had been driven from their homes by the Americans, and had come to look for peace; that they had not slept soundly for years, and were anxious to find a place where they could lie down and feel safe. At the interview with the American Commissioners, Sitting Bull said to General Terry: "For sixty-four years you have kept and treated my people bad; what have we done that caused us to depart from our country? We could go nowhere, so we have taken refuge here. We did not give you our country, you took it from us." Another Chief said: "Don't like you at all; you came here to tell us lies; when you go home take them with you." Referring to the arrival of Sitting Bull and his people on British soil, Lieut.-Col. Irvine, Assistant-Commissioner North-West Police, reported to the Government: "They were five months travelling from the Yellowstone, and lost all their lodges by a sudden rising of the Missouri the day after they crossed. Poor people! had they been one day later at that river, few of the men, women and babes I saw at their camp would have been alive to-day to tell their story, for troops were marching up the south side of the Missouri, and 'kill all who talk' are their usual orders in Indian warfare. They all seemed greatly relieved on my assuring them that they would be protected while on this side, and that white men and Indians were punished alike when they did wrong. I remained in camp all night, and the Indian heart indeed appeared glad. I never saw a happier lot of people. My interpreter said it was the happiest night they had spent for many a weary month. I might add that I was somewhat surprised at receiving a visit from Sitting Bull after eleven at night. He sat on my bed until an early hour in the morning, telling me in a subdued tone his many grievances against the 'Long Knives' Americans."

Commissioner Macleod, in one of his despatches, says of the American Indian policy: "It is a matter of common notoriety all through this western country that the Indians are systematically cheated and robbed by the agents and contractors. The former, on a salary of \$1,500 a year, have, many of them, been known to retire with fortunes after a few years' incumbency of their offices. The Indians know of these scandals, and, as a consequence, have lost all faith in the Government under which such frauds are perpetrated."

I was actually asked the other day by an American who has settled here, whether we had the same law as on the other side, and if he was justified in shooting any Indian who approached his camp after being warned off.

This may appear to be digressing from my subject, but my purpose is to show what influences have been at work to instigate the Indians against white men. It is a wonder the poor persecuted people have not ere this sworn eternal enmity against all pale-faces. But the good name of the British is still potent, and it only requires that our Indian policy shall be dictated by common sense and a spirit of fair play, to ensure the good-will of the original lords of the soil. In making laws for these people it is most essential that the opinions of experienced men shall be well weighed. This hardly seems to have been done in the case of the buffalo law, which is represented to be utterly unproductive of good, while it exasperates the British Indians, as they know the herds they are prevented from hunting are being slaughtered by Americans.

The official reports show that Major Walsh has led an active life in the North-West, and worthily fulfilled the expectations of those who knew him as a youth. I have only space for one characteristic incident. In June, 1877, a Saulteaux Chief, named Little Child, came to Fort Walsh and reported that he and his people, numbering about 150 souls, were camped with a large party of Assiniboines. When the former intimated their intention to move away, an Assiniboiner, named Crow's Dance, declared that they must first get his permission; he having previously formed a war lodge and gathered about 200 warriors around him. Little Child protested against this, and said he would inform the "White Mother's Chief." However, when the time came for starting, Crow's Dance and his gang attacked the Saulteaux, firing guns recklessly, killing a number of their train dogs, behaving very badly and threatening to do worse. Finally the two bands separated, and Little Child reported, as aforesaid. Major Walsh started off with fifteen men and a guide to arrest Crow's Dance and his head men. They travelled from 11 a.m. till 3 a.m., when they came up with the camp. I will let the Major tell the rest of the story: "The camp was formed in the shape of a war camp, with a war lodge in the centre. In the latter I expected to find Crow's Dance with his leaders. Fearing they might offer resistance Little Child said they certainly would. I halted, and had the arms of my men inspected and pistols loaded. Striking the camp so early, I thought I might take them by surprise; so I moved west along a ravine about half a mile. This brought us within three-quarters of a mile of the camp. At a sharp trot we soon entered the camp and surrounded the war lodge, and found Crow's Dance and nineteen

warriors in it. I had them immediately moved out of camp to a small butte half a mile distant, and then arrested Blackfoot and Bear's Down and took them to the butte. It was now 5 a.m. I ordered breakfast, and sent the interpreter to inform chiefs of camp that I would meet them in council in an hour. The camp was taken by surprise, arrests made and prisoners taken to the butte before a chief in camp knew anything about it. At the appointed time the following chiefs assembled: Long Lodge, Shell King, and Little Chief. I told them what I had done, and that I intended to take the prisoners to the Fort and try them by the law of the White Mother for the crime they had committed; that they as chiefs should not have allowed such a crime to be committed. They replied that they tried to stop it, but could not. At 10 a.m. I left council and arrived at the Fort at 8 p.m., a distance of fifty miles. If the Saulteaux, when attacked by the Assiniboines, had returned one shot, there would, in all probability, have been a fearful massacre."

In reporting this affair to the Government, Lieut.-Col. Irvine wrote: "I cannot too highly write of Inspector Walsh's prompt conduct in this matter, and it must be a matter of congratulation to feel that fifteen of our men can ride into an enormous camp of Indians and take out of it as prisoners thirteen of the head men. The action of this detachment will have great effect on all the Indians throughout the country." It was certainly a plucky act. In his reply, the Secretary of State desired Col. Irvine to convey to Inspector Walsh his appreciation of the courage and determination shown by him and the officers and men under his command in carrying out the arrest.

The above incident illustrates how British authority is respected by the Indians, and demonstrates the fitness of Major Walsh for the position he occupies.

During his sojourn in the North-West, Major Walsh has learned sufficient of the Sioux and Blackfoot languages to be able to converse in both slowly. The Peigans call him the "White Chief of the Assiniboines." The latter call him "The One that Ties," from the fact that he shackled four of them on the occasion of his first visit to punish some wrong-doers. The Sioux know him as "Long Lance," because sometimes his men carry lances.

From the official report I glean that the North-West Police force, in November last, numbered 329 all told, and cost an average of \$1,000 per man per annum, or one-third less than the cost of a U.S. mounted soldier. During the year the officers of the force collected duties amounting to \$12,104 at Fort Macleod, and \$10,400 at Fort Walsh. It is stated that "the efforts of the police to prevent the introduction of liquor from the United States have been eminently successful." The Hudson Bay Company last year applied for a detachment of the force to prevent the introduction of liquor into the Peace River District from British Columbia, "but the appropriation of Parliament for police service would not permit compliance with the request of the Company."

I must now ask the reader to forget the prairies and prepare for a short ramble in fancy through Prescott town.

On Water street, a few steps east of the Town Hall, is the establishment of

MESSRS. E. MCCARTHY & CO.

Forwarders and Shippers, Custom House Brokers, Commission Merchants, and dealers in flour, grain, pork, coal and wood. The block which is the property of Mr. J. D. Purkis, one of the firm, who established the business over twenty years ago, also accommodates the Custom and Excise offices, Dominion Telegraph Company's office and other tenants.

The steamer *Armstrong*, which does regular ferry service between Prescott and Ogdensburg winter and summer, leaves this wharf, which affords excellent accommodation as regards public waiting-rooms, landing-water's office, warehouse room, &c. Mr. Purkis has been the lessee of the ferry from this side for many years. The firm of R. McCarthy & Co. own the powerful steamer *Trent* which performs the railway ferry service for the Canadian and American lines, carrying three cars per trip.

THE CUSTOMS OFFICES.

are conveniently situated and commodious, the only want being a vault or safe. As I mentioned in a previous issue, the Collector is Doctor, or Colonel, Jessup, as he is variously called—he having learned the healing art and also taken up arms in defence of his Queen and country, being now in command of the 56th Batt. Dr. Jessup is a fine old gentleman, cheerful and chatty, possessing a good memory and a keen sense of humour, deservedly respected by all who know him. I had several interviews with Dr. Jessup, and from his conversation gleaned a good deal of information respecting the settlement of the town, and the Windmill affair, in which he, then Captain Jessup, took an active part. Many of the streets of Prescott are named after members of the Jessup family, but the bulk of the property long ago changed hands, thanks to "the glorious uncertainty of the law" and the vanity and vexation of political life. But I believe the worthy Doctor is just as happy as if he still owned the whole town site.

The exports and imports of Prescott during the past few years tell a tale worth pondering. In 1870 the exports from Prescott amounted to \$746,215; during the year ended June 30th, 1877, they amounted to only \$249,136, and for

the half year ended January 31st, 1878, to only \$91,242. In 1870 the imports amounted to \$394,076, and for the year ended June 30th, 1877, they amounted to \$314,607.

Mr. Matthew Dowsley, Chief Clerk in the Custom House, is a fine sample of what a public officer ought to be—active, attentive and affable. Mr. Dowsley's residence is on Dibble street. The grounds are prettily laid out, and in summer are very attractive, being pleasantly diversified with fruit trees and ornamental shrubbery.

SPLENDID BUILDING SITES.

Messrs. McCarthy & Perkins have over one hundred beautifully situated building lots for sale cheap. These lots are located in the western part of the town and command magnificent views of Ogdensburg and the St. Lawrence. They are close to the proposed G. T. R. station and within easy distance of the business centre. As a place of residence Prescott offers many attractions; it is the pivot point, as it were, of a number of railroads, and a port at which all steamers touch. Whatever pleasure there is in a visit to the States is easily attainable, as the city of Ogdensburg may be said to be almost part and parcel of Prescott or vice versa. The river is very beautiful and affords good boating, while excellent fishing is to be had close by. My enquiries lead me to believe that Prescott is a cheap place to live in; it is exceedingly healthy, the site being on a rocky formation which slopes gently to the river.

THE WARRIOR MOWER.

manufactured by the Warrior Mower Company of Prescott, has been thoroughly tested and is held in the very highest estimation by all farmers who have tried it. The illustration herewith gives a good idea of the general appearance of the machine. Upon examination I found it to be simple and compact while possessing every convenience for easy management. The workmanship is perfect, and though utility is not sacrificed to beauty, yet in the latter respect it stands second to none. The manufacturers have not aimed to make a cheap machine which will do fair work for a little time and afterwards prove an annoyance, but their endeavour has been to furnish the best machine that can be made at the lowest possible price. Their aim is never to sacrifice quality of work to economy of manufacture; never to consider anything "good enough" which is susceptible of improvement. That the "Warrior" possesses exceptional qualities has been conclusively proved after severe trials with the leading mowers of the day. At a trial at Cornwall the "Warrior" cut an acre in thirty-two minutes—very fast work, as every farmer will admit. Among the numerous trials where it has proved victorious may be mentioned the following:—Ottawa 1873, 1874 and 1875; Carleton County Fair, Perth, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and South Grenville. The Company have a host of flattering testimonials from farmers in all parts of the Dominion; the particular points of excellence noticed being: lightness of draught; adaptability to all kinds of land; the gearing and knives so guarded as to render clogging impossible; rapidity of execution and general durability.

The Company also manufactures the Randall Pulverizing Harrow, which is claimed to be the most thorough Pulverizer known. It does away with the drags and substitutes a far more rapid and efficient mode of preparing the land for the seed. It economizes both time and labour, making twelve furrows at once and by its perfect action insuring large crops. The testimony of leading farmers goes to show that crops are increased one-fifth by the use of the Randall Harrow. Both these implements are sold by agents throughout the Dominion.

KING STREET.

is the main thoroughfare where are to be found the Town Hall, Bank, Market, Hotels, Post Office and retail stores. The old Fort looms up at the eastern extremity as though its builders had placed it so that its guns could sweep the highway. Within the last five years some creditable blocks have been erected and others are contemplated. If the "times" ever do "mend," the work of pulling down the old shanties will doubtless be vigorously carried on, and if the new buildings are kept up to the standard of the blocks already erected, the street will eventually be right worthy of its royal title. Chief among the leading business establishments on this street stands

MAYBERRY'S BLOCK.

Though young in years, Mr. John Mayberry is one of the foremost merchants of Prescott, and his handsome block is a credit to the town. Mr. Mayberry has been in the general grocery trade nearly twelve years, having in that period prospered so that more extensive premises became a necessity. The present store was built in 1871; it is sixty by forty-two, and in the rear is a brick warehouse sixty feet long. Mr. Mayberry deals in general groceries, wines and liquors, china and glass, field and garden seeds, buys butter, eggs, grain, &c., from the farmers, and altogether sets a considerable amount of money in circulation. His well-stocked store at all times has a brisk, bustling air about it, indicating that "the nimble penny is preferred to the slow shilling."

The top storey of the building is used by the Oddfellows as a lodge room. Amity Lodge, No. 80, I.O.O.F., has a membership of about 125, and is stated to be in a flourishing condition. The lodge room is commodious and nicely fur-