

sticks fly about "very promiscuouslike." Now the ball goes flying through the air straight like a bullet towards the target; now it sails aloft like a kite; now it sweeps across the field with a lovely curve like a rocket; and now it is running over the ground, chased and struck at, as if it were that wicked rat

"That ate the malt  
That lay in the house  
That Jack built."

Here you are. That man in No. 3 with the striped shirt, the man who has lost his hat in the general tussle has the ball. You see it lying in the net-work of his *crosse*. He is running as hard as he can towards his opponents' goal. He would carry the ball right up and throw it through if it were not for that other fellow in the white shirt. That's the way it often is in this world, boys; we would have won if somebody hadn't got in our way. But never mind; if we lose this game perhaps we will win the next. "If at first you don't succeed," you know the rest. In striving for a crown in heaven all may win, for the Captain of Salvation is on our side. If we obey Him we cannot fail.

The other man in No. 3 gets the ball, he throws it right across the field, and one of his friends catches it on his stick, when it is retaken by the other party, and is hurled back and forth for a long time, till at last, as you see in No. 4, a man stands facing the goal, that is, the two poles with flags and beavers. Those other two men with their backs to the goal are determined that he shall not throw it through, but by a quick sweeping motion which, perhaps, they are not expecting, he succeeds in sending it, right close to their heads, straight through between the poles with the flags, and the game is won for his side.

Soon after the cession of Canada to Great Britain in 1760 the red cross of St. George supplanted the lilled flag of France on the wooden redoubts of Presqu' Isle, De Beuf, Venango, Detroit, Miami, Michillimackinac, and other forts in the west.

A wide-spread dissatisfaction prevailed in the forest wigwams. This was fanned to a flame by the arts and eloquence of Pontiac, a celebrated Indian chief, who sought to exterminate the English and restore the supremacy of his race. With the wiles of a Machiavelli, he laid a deep conspiracy for the simultaneous rising of all the tribes on the shores of the Upper Lakes, in the Ohio valley, and on the borders of the Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania settlements. They were to seize the forts, murder the garrisons, and ravage the frontier.

With the exception of Fort Pitt, the fort at Detroit, on the beautiful St. Clair river, was the largest and most important in the entire West. It was a large stockade, within the limits of the present city, with walls twenty feet high, enclosing about eighty houses.

Pontiac resolved to attempt a regular blockade, and proclaimed that "the first man that should bring provisions, or anything else to the fort, should suffer death." The English, however, by means of their armed vessels, commanded the river, and also procured provisions from friendly French settlers. For fifteen months the savages, about 3,000 in number, closely beleaguered the fort,—an unexampled

siege in Indian warfare,—defeating successive forces sent to its relief. To obtain food for his warriors, Pontiac levied contributions from the French settlers on the St. Clair, and, in imitation of European finance, issued promissory notes drawn upon birch-bark, and signed with his own totem, an otter; all of which, on their maturing, were faithfully redeemed.

The other forts throughout the West, with scarce an exception, were reduced by stratagem, by assault, or by siege. At Michillimackinac, the savages engaged before the fort in an animated contest of lacrosse; an exciting game of strength and skill, in which two parties, armed with raquets, strive, the one to force a ball between two stakes erected in the field, while the other endeavours to prevent its reaching the goal. The soldiers and officers lounged around the gates watching the absorbing game, the commandant indulging his sporting propensity by betting on its result. Squaws strolled unnoticed into the fort. At length, a well-directed blow tossed the ball within the gate. As the Indians rushed after it, the squaws gave them the hatchets which they had kept hidden beneath their blankets. The work of massacre began. The garrison was overpowered, and all who were not slain were made prisoners.

Such were some of the episodes of the bloody conspiracy of the Indian tribes under the influence of this forest Mithridates \*

#### HISTORY OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS.

**T**HE *Toronto Mail*, in a very favourable notice of Withrow's "History of Canada," makes the following remarks, which are here quoted as appropriate to the U. E. Loyalist Centennial shortly to be celebrated:

"In the earlier chapters we have a vast amount of curious and interesting information respecting the discovery of this continent, its early exploration, the character and condition of its aboriginal inhabitants, its early colonization, the trials and triumphs of the Jesuit fathers, the pioneers of the cross in the Western world, and of the conflicts of civilization with barbarism incident to laying the foundation of the state of things which happily now exists. In this part of the work we have preserved the substance of many a pithy tale of marvellous adventure which can scarcely fail to move the heart of 'Young Canada' and kindle patriotic feeling.

"Nor does this romantic interest disappear as the narrative is brought down nearer to our own times. The events of a hundred years ago, in which the chivalrous band of United Empire Loyalists were the chief actors, have done as much to excite the imagination and to kindle the feeling of patriotic devotion as those of a remoter period in which Cabots, Jacques Cartier, Champlain, LaSalle, and their contemporaries and immediate successors, were the chief agents. The part which was played by this heroic band to whom loyalty was something more than a name, or a sentiment, or even a passion—a principle stronger than death and who literally sacrificed

\* Withrow's History of Canada. New edition, chap. xix. "The Conspiracy of Pontiac."

everything that they possessed but their fidelity to their convictions—deserves to be had in everlasting remembrance by the people of this country. The graceful and well-deserved tribute paid to them in this volume will be read with interest in this the year in which the centennial of their arrival in Canada is to be celebrated. Unless the children of these people be degenerate sons of noble sires, we have the material in the population of this country which affords the amplest guarantee of its future progress and prosperity. Only let the roots of the present generation strike down deep into the past, and draw from thence the elements of patriotism, loyalty, and heroic devotion to the right which were so conspicuous in the early settlers of this country, and we need not fear to meet the enemy in the gate.

On the whole, Dr. Withrow has performed his work well and done an important service to his country. It is pleasing to learn that at least one of the universities of the country has included this work in its honour course. It deserves to be widely circulated and generally read, especially by the young people of the Dominion. Nothing is better calculated to create and foster that national and loyal spirit upon which so much depends in the future of this great country than that its past history should be more accurately and thoroughly known by the Canadians. In view of these facts, Dr. Withrow's 'History of Canada' is cordially recommended to the public."

#### ROYAL CHRISTIAN.

**K**ING GEORGE III., desiring that himself and family should repose in the same sepulchre, and in one less public than that of Westminster, had ordered the tombhouse at Windsor to be constructed, and Mr. Wyatt, his architect, waited upon him with a detailed report and plan of the design, and of the manner in which he proposed to arrange it for the reception of the remains of royalty. The King went minutely through the whole; and when finished, Mr. Wyatt, in thanking his Majesty, said apologetically, he had ventured to occupy so much of his Majesty's time and attention with these details, in order that it might not be necessary to bring so painful a subject under his notice. To this the King replied: "Mr. Wyatt, I request that you will bring the subject before me whenever you please. I shall attend with as much pleasure to the building of a tomb to receive me when I am dead, as I would to the decorations of a drawing-room to hold me while living; for, Mr. Wyatt, if it please God that I should live to be ninety or a hundred, I am willing to stay; but if it please God to take me this night, I am ready to go."

If a man who lives in Michigan is a Michigander, then an Illinois man must be an Illinoyster; and a Vermont man a Vermonster. A dweller in Wisconsin is undoubtedly a Wisconsiner; and a New Hampshire man can be nothing but a New Hampshyster; while one living in Indiana can lay claim to being only an Indiandiron. Is a dweller in Chicago, therefore, a Chicagoat? and one who lives in Boston a Bostunner?

#### THE VAUDOIS' TEACHER.

J. G. WHITTIER.

"**H**, lady fair! these silks of mine  
Are beautiful and rare—  
The richest web of the Indian loom,  
Which beauty's self might wear;  
And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,  
And with radiant light they vie;  
I have brought them with me a weary way—  
Will my gentle lady buy?"

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,  
Through the dark and clustering curls,  
Which veiled her brow as she stooped to view  
His silks and glittering pearls,  
And she placed their price in the old man's  
hand,  
And lightly she turned away;  
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,  
"My gentle lady, stay!"

"Oh, lady fair! I have yet a gem,  
Which purer lustre flings  
Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown—  
On the lofty brow of kings—  
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,  
Whose virtue shall not decay—  
Whose light shall be a spell to thee,  
And a blessing on thy way!"

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel  
Where her youthful form was seen—  
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks  
waved

Her clasping pearls between:  
"Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,  
Thou traveller gray and old,  
And name the price of thy precious gem,  
And my pages shall count thy gold."

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,  
As a small and meagre book,  
Unchased by gold or diamond gem,  
From his folding robe he took:  
"Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price—  
May it prove as such to thee!  
Nay, keep thy gold—I ask it not—  
For the word of God is free!"

The hoary traveller went on his way—  
But the gem he left behind  
Hath had its pure and perfect work  
On the high-born maiden's mind;  
And she hath turned from the pride of sin  
To the loveliness of truth,  
And given her human heart to God  
In the beauteous hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray halls,  
Where an evil faith hath power,  
And the courtly knights of her father's train,  
And the maidens of her bower;  
And she hath gone to the Vaudois' vale,  
By lordly feet untrod,  
Where the poor and needy of earth are bound  
In the perfect love of God!

#### HOW BOYS' MARBLES ARE MADE.

**A**LMOST all the "marbles" with which boys everywhere amuse themselves in season and out of season, on pavement and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighbourhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown up, the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bedstone, having its surface grooved with concentric furrows; above this is the "runner," which is of some hard wood having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bedstone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish a bushel of good marbles, ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill will turn out 160,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however, to the other.