

## THE MELANCHOLY YOUTH.

(A Translation.)

Oh, sight the festal joy to chill!  
 Yon stripling's grief-imprinted face,  
 Wherein deep-graven lines of sorrow  
 The brief year's mournful story trace!  
 His brow the breeze in pity fans  
 And gently stirs his tangled hair;  
 The maidens, too, sweet pity moves,  
 Their hearts unite for him in prayer.  
 From joys for which he has no heart  
 He turns, and to the forest flees;  
 There he will share in Nature's gladness,  
 Hear Nature's music fill the breeze.

But suddenly the bird-songs fail,  
 A mournful murmur all he hears,  
 When, amid the forest whispers  
 The Melancholy Youth appears.

## Moral.

Methinks (as sentimental Tommy would have it), the spring of happiness hath its hidden source in the heart; if that source be polluted, all the pure waters of heaven will not purify the flow, but will rather themselves be tainted by mingling with it.

SYNONYMOUS.

## ANOTHER FREE TRADE FAILURE.

We didn't get any ducks that morning. The length and breadth of the *Rond Eau* gave us only one shot. That was a big black drake; as the Commodore, Cyprien and myself each gave it a barrel, it was unequal to the task of coming to the top again. After that we punted about among the rushes and let Cyprien talk. Silence was always painful to him. We had not long to wait. After squirming about for a time he asked tentatively: "W'at you tink of free tret, dat w'at dey talk in 'lection?"

Knowing he was leading up to something we did not venture an opinion, but asked him what he thought of it himself.

He promptly burst out: "He's de mos' gret fraud I'll ev' hear, dat free tret. 'Ave I ev' tail you of de 'lection seex sev'n year 'go? No? Ver' wail, I tail you now."

"Dat time hol Cooan he run in Essex, an' he meck ver' gret speech 'bout free tret. He say: 'Dat w'at you hall want, he'll be free tret,' an' we say: 'Dis free tret, w'at is he?' An' hol Cooan, he say: 'Sometime w'en you good *Canadiens* go at Weensor for go 'cross to D'troah, you can' get dere widout pay money if you teck any hay or cheeken or buttr' or anything.' An' we say: 'Dat de true,' an' he say: 'He'll be ver' gret shame to teck de money from good *Canadiens* for geeve heem to de *Haméricains*.' An' dat ver' true too. An' he go on for say dat free tret, he mean we don' got to geeve no more money to de *Haméricains* for teck ting at D'troah. By gare we tink free tret is de mos' bes' ting we ev' hear.' Hol' Cooan, he feenish to say: 'You vote for me if you want free tret. De odder fell', he don' like free tret 'tall.'

"We go to *m'sieu le curé*, an' he say, 'Hol' Cooan he tail de true;' an' aft' dat he say some odder tings, but we don' care for dem. De 'lection day he come 'long an' we *Canadiens*, we hall vote for Cooan, an' bagosh Cooan he's 'lect'! We near go houtside ourself for de joy, an' my cousin, B'teest Dorval, w'at de mos' reech man of hour village, he say: 'T'morr' we teck hall de hay an' buttr' an' cheeken an' haigs we can carr', an' we go at Weensor an' den 'cross to D'troah, an' for dat we don' got notin' to pay an' more, w'en you sail you' load you come at the market, an' I'm goin' for meck de mos' gran' *fête* you ev' see. We're hall prett' glad, but B'teest he get so dat he don' want hees braikfas' de nex' day; an' keep sayin': 'You wait for see dat *fête*.'

"Wail, we hall go in togedder. *Mon dieu*, dey nev' be so many wagons go from hour village. W'en we come at Weensor we feel de whole ferr', an' some peop' say: 'W'at de rack' wid de *Frainchees*? ' An' we don' say notin', but hall smile so dat we can' meck de mout' to close.

"Bime by we get 'cross, an' leave de ferr'. B'etst, he go hoff de firs'. *Mais*, by gare who is at de shore but dat same hol' *Haméricain*, who meck us geeve de money. We hall laugh for tink at hees misteck, an' B'teest, he's on hees load hay, he kees hees han' to heem, an' crack de whip *bien gai* an' start hoff. Bagosh, dat *Haméricain* he make grab for de horse' haid, an' we hall got to meck stop. *Mais* B'teest, he don' get mad, no. He just near to die for laugh, an' call hout: 'I tink you don' know dat hol' Cooan be 'lect', *hein*? We don' got to pay no money an' more. But de *Haméricain*, he hony smile like we don' like, an' speet hon de groun' ver' qu'it, an' say: 'I tink for yase.'

"Den we cry hall togedder: 'See in de journals, de pepaires, an' you'll be know it's de true.' An' B'teesh, he say: 'You teck de hand hoff my horse,' an' swear at heem ver' leetl', but dat's in *Frainch*. I'll holl' hout: 'Hol Cooan, he free tret, ain' he be 'lect'?' An' dat *Haméricain*, he say: 'To ail wid hol Cooan.' He ver' bad man, dat.

"Xavier Blanc, he cry: 'You read de journals. You don' know notin' bout free tret.' An' he hony shake hees feest, an' say yet one time: 'To ail wid free tret.'

"Dat meck us hall like for bust hourself, for he so fierce hinside, an' B'teest, he jomp hup, an' holl': 'Free tret, he mean we don' got to pay notin'. *M'sieu le curé*, he say dat heemself.' De horse' keep to pool and keek, and dat *Haméricain* get more red dan de turk', an' shake hees feest some more, an' shout: 'To ail wid de *curé*!' By gare, I nev' hear notin' so bad like dat.

"B'teest, he throw heemself hoff hees load like flash of tunner, an' he sprung to de naik of dat *Haméricain*. *Mon dieu*, 'ow he tear heem! He geeve heem tousan' keeks! He keel heem for sure 'nough, but de odders, dey be pool heem hoff. An' B'teest, he chew hees teet' togedder, an' for dat he don' know w'at he say, he swear '*tabernacle*.' Dat's de mos' bad swear for *Canadien*. Once dere's a man leeve at Hool, an' he go hup at de shanty for work in de winter. W'en he come at home he fin' hees wooman she run hoff wid nodder man, an' teck hall she can carr' 'way; an' hees chil'n dey weep beside de floor, hall togedder. He fall down an' eat hees moustache, an' keek hees laigs, an' before he tink, he say '*Tabernacle*!' He stop prett' quick den, an' tink he see de devil come at the door; an' he nev' stop to run till he get to de *curé* for ve confess'! Dat's how bad word is *tabernacle*.

"Wail w'en B'teest, he swear like dat, we don' do notin'. We look for see heem be dead w'ere he rest. *Mais*, de poliss, dey don' geeve heem time. He be grab on bot' side, an' de peop' shout, an' I tink we'll hall be keel'. We run aft' de odder, an' I don' know how he come, but prett' soon I'm in de poliss-court wid B'teest. I'll not be 'rest', me, but I'll feel more worse like I was. Some fell' near me, he keep sayin'—he say—"Cyprien pulled off his grey felt and swept it about in the boat—"How you call it w'en de ch'loupe feel hup an' you teck de water out? It's ver' strange word."

"D'you mean 'bail'?" asked the Commodore.

"'Beel, baeel', dat's heem. He say dat word. Bagosh, he'll tink he 'ave some joke at us. I nev' know 'ow he fin' hout dat B'teest don' teck no braikfas' an' 'ave notin' in heem. But, hall same, he keep sayin': "Baeel heem hout." "Baeel heem hout," till I want to weep for be so fierce.

"Wail, B'teest he got to rest in preeson tree, four weeks. W'en he come at home, an' we say free tret at heem he swear ten, twent' tousan' sacrés. Bagosh, we *Canadiens* nev' vote free tret no more."

A. E. McFARLANE.

(Feste.)