

ledges being placed here and there along the back of the stage, a carpenter was instructed to wheel the loaded barrow to and fro over the ledges. The play was "Lear," and the rumbling upon the hollow stage as the heavy barrow jolted along its uneven path, did duty efficiently as the storm in the third act. Unfortunately, however, while the King was braving in front of the scene the pelting of the pitiless storm at the back, the carpenter-thunderer's foot slipped, and down he fell, wheel-barrow, cannon-balls, and all. Straight-way the nine-pounders came rolling quickly and noisily down the slope of the stage, gathering force as they rolled, struck down the scene, laying it flat, and made their way towards the footlights and the orchestra, amidst the amusement and surprise of the audience, and the amazement and alarm of the *Lear* of the night. He had been prepared for the thunder, but not for the thunder-bolts, which rolled towards him from all directions, compelling him to skip about to avoid them, with activity singularly inappropriate to his years, until he was said to resemble a dancer accomplishing the feat known as the egg-hornpipe. Presently, too, the musicians had to scale with their instruments the spiked partition dividing them from the pit; the cannon-balls were upon them dropping heavily into the orchestra; there was real reason for their consternation. Meanwhile, at the back of the stage lay prostrate beside his barrow, the innocent invoker of the tempest he could not allay: not at all hurt, but very much frightened and bewildered.

After this catastrophe the cannon-ball and wheel-barrow style of storm was abandoned in favour of safer and more approved patterns.

DUTTON COOK.

### THE ENGLISH PEAR.

AN English orchard's boughs among  
Fragrant and golden-ripe it hung,  
The autumn sun looked warmly down,  
And changed its yellow tints to brown.  
Plucked from its native shade away,  
It brings, this dark December day,  
A glimpse of rural light and bloom,  
To fit across this shrouded room.

It came by kindly hands supplied,  
By gentle words accompanied;  
And faint wan lips on this far shore  
Oped for its cool delicious store.  
For no vain destiny it grew—  
Nor sped the Atlantic waters through;  
Long may the bounteous branches bear,  
That waved beside this English pear.

Unknown, the spot of parent soil,  
The nurturing hand of skilful toil,  
The sheltered homestead who can tell,  
Near which its transient blossom fell.  
Perhaps on Devon's sunlit air,  
Came wafting down the petals fair,  
Where children gay in youths' unreat,  
Sported upon her emerald breast.

Or flourished long the gracious tree,  
Bending her laden boughs to see,  
Their mellow fruitage pictured nigh,  
In thy clear wave (romantic Wyo).  
Stream of a wild historic land—  
Now murmuring down a softer strand—  
Thy gleaming waters blithely sound  
Through famous Hereford's orchard-ground.

We know, its devious travel past,  
The perfect fruit is ours at last.  
Its growth, its progress, never heed,  
It reached us in our day of need,  
So give it welcome. Honour due  
Award to flavour shape, and hue,  
And grateful sing to who will hear,  
The virtues of the English pear.

Halifax, N. S.

Io.

*Slave*.—A human epitaph on human feelings.  
*Marriage*.—Going home by daylight after courtship's masquerade.

*Labour*.—The wooing by which nature is won.  
*Alchemy*.—A rosy cloud at the dawn of science.

### THE INDIAN'S SACRIFICE.

Translated from the French for the Saturday Reader.

IT was on one of those evenings when the rich as well as the poor gather round the home-stead fire; when the wind roars outside the dwelling, and the oak log burns slowly in the large fire-place.

In a comfortable old Norman house was an old man seated at the fire; around him were collected his children and grand-children, who looked up to him with mingled love and respect. The evening was fast advancing in silence and pensiveness—none opened their lips—all seemed wrapped up in thought. To the young, the prevailing silence was oppressive—they wished for the tumult of conversation to enliven them: they longed to hear some marvellous tale of by-gone days. Presently a young girl, with keen bright eyes, over whose head sixteen springs had scarcely passed, approached the old man—"Father," said she, "amusement has flown with the summer season; the hoar frost has iced the ground; there are no longer romps upon the grass—no strolling beneath the great poplar trees in the garden. My dear father, if you would only tell us something of your long travels through Canada—you have assisted in its discovery—you have witnessed terrible warfare, tell us of the wonders you have seen."

So spoke the maiden, patting her venerable grandfather with her white hand. The old man smiled at her amiable playfulness.

"Child," said he, "your voice is sweet and your words touching—you shall not be refused. Draw near me, my children, and listen to a page from my long journey through the paths of this world."

The group gathered more closely around their beloved head, who forthwith commenced thus without further preamble:

"You know my children that a long time ago I lived in a distant part of Canada, and that for many years my arm was at the service of our king. There, a thousand events passed under my eyes—one, above all others, is impressed on my memory too strongly for time to efface.

"I had left the French fort and withdrawn to the forest crowning Cape Diamond; and in order to escape the observation of the vindictive savages in the neighbourhood, I had covered my shoulders with a bearskin and carried a hunter's spear in my hand. The incident I am about to relate occurred upon one of those tranquil and passive nights when everything looms forth in melancholy and the mind settles into a state of profound thoughtfulness; the lunar rays emitted with difficulty their soft light, and the silence of the forest was broken only by the cries of nocturnal birds startled from their resting places by the sound of my footsteps. I loved walking and thinking in these vast solitudes, where the venerable oak recalled to my mind the glory of God; and where love of country was awakened with fullest force in my heart. I dreamed of the beautiful skies of my native Normandy—where, when young, I had tasted life's sweetest enjoyments, and reflecting upon my present position—an exile in a strange wild place. My eyes have often filled with tears; but on this night I was suddenly aroused from my meditations by the footsteps of a band of Indians who were gradually approaching me.

"Excited by curiosity, I cautiously followed them; we marched on quietly for a considerable time, at last we arrived at the very highest point of Cape Diamond, where a flourishing town is now arising, which Heaven, I doubt not, will reserve for a great future—then, there was only a steep rock, overlooking the river, from which the eye plunged into the deep abyss beneath, and discovered the falls of Montmorency rolling forth its clear waters into the basin of the St. Lawrence. The deep silence of the night, the calmness of the water, the brilliancy of the stars, all seemed united to give greater contrast to the deed of horror about to be committed.

"Arrived upon the promontory the Indians formed a circle, in the centre of which appeared

a diviner or prophet. He was an aged man of venerable aspect, a long thick beard flowed over his chest, and in his hand he held a lighted brand; for a moment he remained perfectly still in the middle of his companions, then, in a strong sonorous voice, he broke forth in these terrible words:

"Brave children of Stadacona! will you never awake from your sleep of shame? Will you never oppose the cruel designs of your enemies; you are the timid fawn who allows the hunter to approach and destroy him. The French, impious and sacrilegious, have trodden down your faith; chains of servitude bind your arms—yours—children of freedom!

"Listen to the proud inhabitants of the other world—they promise you prosperity and peace. As numerous as the clouds of the tempest, they come to us as waves of the sea; hence say they, your forests belong to us; for us live the swift deer and the thickly furred bear—take up your cabins, and say to the ashes of your fathers, follow us. Brave children of Stadacona! Awake from your sleep of shame—arise against the designs of your oppressors—arouse yourselves, warriors. Brandish your war clubs; consult the manito, the oracle of your councils; then fly to your enemies—your perfidious rulers—you shall drink their blood, and their scalps shall be for ornaments in your dwellings!"

"At these words the barbarians shook with anger and rage; they pressed their arms against their teeth, and uttered a low, wailing sound, resembling the noise of the sea during a storm; but this was only the prelude to a scene of horror.

"Hurriedly they constructed a tent upon the rocks; it was gloomy in appearance, and a black flag floated from the top; the diviner withdrew into the interior, and the warriors of the tribe gathered around it with an air of mystery. Suddenly a rumbling and prolonged noise was heard; it sounded like the rolling of distant thunder approaching insensibly the spot. At last the diviner muttered aloud some unintelligible sentence; the hut shook, and the flag on the summit became violently agitated, but the warriors without preserved a calm demeanour; they sat without moving a muscle. A long time elapsed before the diviner appeared, and when he did, he was pale as death, and shook in every limb; his long hair, whitened by age, waved in wild disorder around his head.

"Brave warriors," said he, "Areskoni, the god of war, has listened to our voice. He demands the sacrifice of an innocent virgin, and at this price only will he deliver our perfidious enemies to our vengeance. Warriors! may your hearts experience no wavering, like the hearts of cowards. Above all, let the love you bear your country animate you in your resolve."

"The savages applauded these horrid words with ferocious joy, and shook their glistening tomahawks under the rays of the moon.

"A moment afterwards, the chief of the tribe advanced upon the summit of the rock; he held his young daughter by the hand, and declared his intention to sacrifice her to the prosperity of her race. Alas! the poor victim had scarcely seen fifteen springs; her mind seemed divided between superstition and love of life; tears coursed down her cheeks, and at times she cast supplicating glances on those around her; resting her head sometimes upon her father, she appeared to seek refuge in him, her murderer, from the fears that were agitating her bosom. But at this instant the diviner approached her; I saw him whispering in her ear, and such is the power of fanaticism, that the young girl's sentiments seemed suddenly to experience a complete change; her face became animated; she advanced towards the precipice with a firm step, and, in a melancholy and plaintive voice, bid farewell to her existence in words like these:

"I was the tender vine, clinging to the parent stem; life was opening before me like a beautiful flower—like the dawn of a glorious day—and now I must leave it—forever. Kondiaronk, of the lovely hair, said to me: 'Darthula, my sister, my swift canoe reposes on the border of the river; the sky is calm, and the moon shines brightly upon the forest trees; come, sister, let us fly together on the surface of the waters.'