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# STEWART'S LITERARY QUARTERLY MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

## SPORTING SKETCHES IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND MAINE.

### A BUNCH OF SALMON TAILS FROM THE MIRAMICHI.\*

BY AN OLD ANGLER.

#### CHAPTER III.

OLD sportsmen acquire a habit of waking at any hour they please; eagerness for sport effectually banishes drowsiness, and but little time is lost in stretching and yawning. With the first lawn of day Charles and Harry woke almost simultaneously; they were speedily up and in bustling activity. To rouse the men, rake together the smouldering brands of the fire, pile on plenty of wood and raise a cheerful blaze, was their first care. While Charles saw to placing all things necessary in the canoes, Harry was preparing a delicious cup of chocolate. These preliminaries completed, Jim and Fred were roused from sound sleep, and informed that "Morn, in russet mantle clad, walked o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill," that "the ship it was ready, and the wind it was fair," if they were bound for the stream. Rising at once, donning thick, warm outer garments to protect them from the cool morning air, while seated inactive in the canoes, taking their guns and ammunition, and a spare rod each, they pronounced themselves ready for a start. Harry presented each with a "stirrup cup" of hot chocolate, which was drunk with great gusto, then taking their seats in the canoes, wishing us good luck, and receiving hearty wishes for a *bon voyage* in return, they were speedily *en route* for "fresh fields and pastures new."

Leaving Charles and Harry to their own good company and such luck as fortune may vouchsafe them, you and I, reader mine, will use our privilege, take each a seat in the canoes, and accompany Fred and Jim to report progress.

The morning air was chilly, but the aspect of the sky gave promise of another splendid day. After an hour's brisk poling, we arrived at Long Pond, the scene of Jim's intended operations, just as the sun rose above the horizon, and turned the dew-drops into glistening diamonds. Here we purposed breakfasting

after the pond had been thoroughly fished, so one man from each canoe was detailed to make a fire and prepare breakfast, while the others managed the canoes for our anglers.

Fred had taken down his salmon rod for greater convenience in stowing his well-laden canoe, not intending to use it except at the mouth of Lake stream. A light trout rod was kept in readiness for any tempting cast that might offer; with this he commenced fishing at the head of the pond, where the water, flowing down the rocky bed of the river above, tumbled over a ledge into a basin that had been formed in the softer soil. Jim took his station at the foot, which commanded a splendid cast, where the still water of the pond was broken into a rapid, as the bed of the river resumed its rocky character. He had scarcely made his second cast, when the fly was taken by a fine fish, which was so determined to go down stream that Jim was compelled to humor him, and follow in the canoe.

With a good canoe-man, one who combines judgment with skill, and also understands enough of the "gentle art" to enable him to second the wishes of an angler, a fish, securely hooked, rarely escapes a cool hand. A'e was skilful, and long practice with anglers had made him a first-rate hand in a chase. With Jim's skill and imperturbable coolness, and Abe's readiness at "playing into his hands," this fish had small chance of escape; after a short chase he was "brought to bay," handled neatly, and killed superbly in the short space of twenty minutes.

On reaching his former position, Jim saw Fred's slender trout rod sustaining a terrible strain, and threatening to break under the determined efforts of some unseen captive. The attention of all was now directed to Fred, who, fishing for trout, and not expecting nobler game, had "caught a tartar," that was put

\*The right of reprinting this sketch is reserved.

ting his Umbagog knowledge and Grand Lake lore to a very thorough test. For some time it was doubtful whether a graduate of these waters would pass examination for a higher degree on the rapid waters and among the stronger monarchs of the Miramichi; but bravely he acquitted himself, and very creditably did he sustain the reputation of these preparatory schools. The fish, foiled in his attempt to rush through the pond into the rapids below, tried his next dodge, and showed his length in the air. This, the first sight of his beauties vouchsafed to our anxious eyes, proving him to be a magnificent grilse, one of the largest that frequent the river, made us as well as Fred the more desirous of securing him. The slight rod acted splendidly, and Fred won high praise for his coolness and judicious management. Three times the fish threw himself out of the water, and each time the ready hand of our young artist thwarted the effort; the line was kept clear of danger, and always taut on the fish.

After his leaps, the salmon almost invariably makes a determined rush; on this occasion, fortunately, he headed up stream, and was met by the strength of the current as well as by the constant strain of the rod, "butted" to its full capacity. These combined soon told on the strength of the captive, and his head was turned towards us. To reel him home was comparatively easy, and one of the men, wading into the shallow water above the pond, dexterously gaffed the prisoner and bore him to shore. We all approached to see him weighed; even Jim was so much excited as to defer his own sport in admiration of Fred's feat. The prize weighed four and a half pounds, and when it is remembered that a grilse of that weight is stronger, much more active, and shows "more fight" than a trout of eight pounds, it will be admitted that Fred might justly boast of his feat.

While our anglers resumed their sport, one of the men, undertaking to prepare the grilse for breakfast in true hunter's style, proceeded to clean it thoroughly, after which he split it down the back, and then, laying it on the ever-present square of birch bark, he went in search of the few materials necessary for his purpose. Going to the nearest cedar, he stripped off a strap of the bark and split out a long chip, then cutting a stout young shoot from a neighboring birch, he returned to complete his task. With his "crook knife", a most useful implement in the hands of a woodsman or an Indian, he quickly fashioned three slender skewers from the chip, peeled the bark from the birch shoot, and splitting the small end about two feet down, brought the large end to a point. Preparing a thong from the strap of cedar bark, Tom had all that he needed for this simple, but excellent mode of cooking a salmon. Thrusting one skewer crosswise through the fish, just below the gills, one through the middle, and another near the tail, he placed between each skewer and the fish a small slice of sweet

fat pork; then inserting it, thus prepared, lengthwise in the cleft of the shoot, he bound the top of the cleft firmly with the cedar thong, stuck the sharpened end in the earth before the fire, and left it to toast quickly, taking care that it was turned often enough to cook equally, and to preserve, as much as possible, the juices of the fish.

Our anglers, meanwhile, had been busily engaged, with tolerable success; Fred had caught some fine trout, and Jim had added two grilse to his trophies, when a summons to breakfast brought them to shore. Our morning meal, if not so profuse as in camp, was still very tempting to a sharp appetite. A loaf of good bread, a pot of fine potatoes, rashers of bacon, the toasted salmon, and well-made coffee, left a hungry man little cause to grumble at the fare. The toasted grilse was a novelty, and was pronounced excellent; not so rich and juicy as Harry's *chefs d'œuvre*, but to some palates even more tempting. The slices of pork on the inner side had kept the fish well basted while toasting, and the delicate pink flesh came off, layer after layer, disclosing flakes of delicious white curd between each; so well was it relished that Fred determined to contest with Harry the palm for cooking salmon to perfection.

Breakfast was soon despatched; after which, as it was yet early, Jim proposed to spend another hour at the pond, while Fred, anxious to reach the Lake in time to prepare for the night, wished him good sport, and resumed his course up stream. We will leave Jim to pursue his fishing at the pond, and to join our other friends in Camp later in the day, where they can take care of themselves, while we accompany Fred in his cruise, and see what success Dame Fortune has in store for him.

The sun had now attained some height, and the morning was one of the finest that the month of August affords. A gentle breeze cooled the air, and relieved us from the heat of the bright sun. We smoked our pipes, and chatted gaily with that freedom from care which is felt only in the woods. Indulging in pleasant anticipations of success, we enjoyed the ever-changing scenery of the winding river, which, for many miles above Burnt Hill, presents every variety of surface, shore and bottom. Long stretches of low marsh, in which the wild duck rears her brood, alternate with steep, frowning banks, overhanging crags, and wild precipices. Sometimes the stream glides smoothly and placidly along, broods of well-grown ducklings sporting in security on its surface, or seeking their food along its shores. Anon a turn in the river discloses an entirely different picture; the calm, smiling stream changing to a succession of angry, turbulent rapids. The water, tumbling over ledges, chafing amid huge boulders, and foaming over sunken rocks, presents a scene of wild and picturesque beauty in the foreground, varied and relieved in the distance by the many-tinted hues of the surrounding foliage. The small,

graceful, quivering leaves of the birch, contrast finely with the broader and darker ones of the maple and elm, while an occasional gigantic pine rears his proud head to the skies, towering far above his less pretending neighbors.

The ascent of these rapids is a work of some labor, and incessant effort is requisite to force the canoe slowly up the swift current. We had ample time to admire the striking and beautiful scenery, which we enjoyed so keenly that, on reaching the mouth of Lake Stream, we almost regretted the shortness of the journey. A halt of two hours was decided on, in order to rest the canoe-men, get dinner, and allow Fred an opportunity of fishing in the confluence of the stream with the river—a famous cast, but not often fished, as most anglers make Burnt Hill the terminus of their upward journey.

While Fred was putting up his rod, a brood of young ducks, headed by the old one and her mate, was seen to turn a point above, and come scooting along the surface of the water directly toward us. Feather had as much attraction for Fred as fin, and seizing his gun from the canoe, he waited till their approach gave a chance for a good raking shot. Purposely avoiding the old ones, whose care might yet be serviceable to the brood, he fired into the tail of the flock, knocked over four fat young rascals, and wounded a fifth; taking deliberate aim with the second barrel, and putting the wounded bird out of pain, he left the rest untouched. The dead birds were speedily retrieved by the canoe-men, and were found to be well grown, scarcely inferior in size to old ones, plump and fat as a life of ease and abundance of food could make them. The men at once proceeded to pluck and prepare them for broiling; Fred resumed the adjustment of his rod, and was soon engaged in practising the lessons he had learned during his stay on the river.

The day was excessively bright, and the hour unfavorable for angling. Fred's dearest fishing succeeded in taking but a couple of grilse, where he had hoped to secure at least one fine salmon. After spending an hour in fruitless endeavors to coax the wary fish to rise, he took down his rod, stowed it away in the canoe, and assisted in preparing dinner, undertaking to broil the ducklings, while the men hurried with the rest of the cooking. Cold meat, hot potatoes, bread and butter, and tender ducklings nicely broiled, furnished the solids of a comfortable meal, followed by an excellent cup of coffee; the perfection to which condensed milk is brought, enabling the sportsman to enjoy this beverage in the woods, as well prepared as it can be in the city.

Being still some distance from the lake, and the course being up a small and difficult stream, no time was lost in getting off. Reloading the canoe and making all snug for the passage, we entered the mouth of the shallow stream and made our way through its tortuous windings with all the speed the nature of the course permitted. Our progress was slow and

tiresome, the stream being impeded by logs and windfalls; these had frequently to be removed to allow the canoe to pass; sometimes we shot under trees that grew aslant the stream—here we passed through low, stunted woods, reedy swamps and tangled alders, there we glided along past high banks, receding into hills wooded to the summit; anon we ascended a rapid that almost reached the dignity of a waterfall, a series of natural steps rendering the ascent practical to our skilful canoe men. About seven o'clock in the evening a turn in the stream showed the lake immediately before us, reposing in a hollow formed by densely wooded hills, whose soft and rounded outlines were reflected from its calm depths. Beautiful it looked in the waning light, a thin mist gathering on its surface, all the gorgeous hues of the setting sun tinging the surroundings, and making a picture that Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint. Long and silently we gazed upon the lovely scene, each unwilling to break, by a single word, the spell of its magic beauty. At length the impatience of our men recalled us from our dream of fairyland and reminded us of the duties of the hour.

Choosing a dry and elevated spot, the underbrush was speedily removed, the tent pitched, and preparations made for passing the night. As Abe proposed to "call moose" later in the evening, it was deemed imprudent to light a fire, and we contented ourselves with a cold snack for supper, but got everything ready for a good fire and a warm cup of tea, as soon as the more important business of the night should be finished. The shades of evening were now fast gathering round us, and having some distance to walk through the woods to a small "barren" or open plain, no time was to be lost; so, loading his double-barrelled rifle with more than ordinary care, and his gun, one barrel with slugs, the other with an S G Eley cartridge, Fred gave the latter to Abe, and we set off on our walk to the barren by an old lumber road which led to its edge.

The moose can be "called" only in the rutting season, which is earlier in New Brunswick than in Nova Scotia and other parts of the Dominion. In the latter places it is seldom that "calling" is successful earlier than September, but in the former Province the latter part of August is not considered too early. We had commenced our "outing" on the River in the last week in July,—it was now near the end of August,—and, though rather early for a good prospect of success, yet Abe hoped that it was possible to entice some roaming bull to answer the simulated call of the cow.

The night was a bright moonlight one, and we soon reached the edge of the barren. Noting in which direction the current of air set, Abe posted Fred in a clump of bushes that gave him a full view of the barren plain before him, impressing upon him that on no account must he speak or move; then going to leeward of him a few rods, he ascended a tree about twelve feet, and, using his "call," listened with ca-

ger ears for the slightest sound that might break the profound silence of the forest. This "call" is a trumpet of birch bark about eighteen inches long—the small end an inch in diameter and the large end about four or five. With this simple instrument, long practice enables a good hunter to imitate the lowing of the cow moose so perfectly, that the finest ear can scarcely distinguish between the real and the simulated sound. For a long time Abe repeated his "calls" at intervals, imitating the several peculiarities of the female lowing, but no other sound broke the stillness. For more than an hour had Fred impatiently waited, his eye sweeping the barren, and so still that he was conscious of every pulsation. He began to grow tired of this dull work, and several times was on the point of relinquishing hope and leaving his ambush; but remembering the parting advice of Abe, he determined that his own impatience should not be chargeable with their want of success. This was a wise resolve on Fred's part, for the practiced ear of Abe had detected a sound, and again the "calls" were repeated with all the skill at his command. At length an answering low, faint from the distance, reached the ear of Fred, and again his heart beat with suppressed excitement. Abe felt certain that his knowledge of the habits of the moose, male and female, would enable him to entice the bull within an easy shot, and, knowing Fred's certainty with the rifle, he had strong hopes of a successful issue to their hunt. He now changed his calls to a soft, low note; they were answered by a deep and resonant bellow from the bull. Presently the sound of dry underbrush, breaking under a heavy tread, was heard to windward of Fred's position, and indicated to him in what direction to look for the appearance of his expected visitor; after a few moments of intense anxiety, a large bull moose burst out of the thick woods that bordered the barren into open view in the bright moonlight. He paused, looked round and gave a low bellow; this was answered by a soft low from the tree beyond Fred, and the bull approached the spot in a direct line, so that he would have passed the bushes that concealed his foot. With rifle ready, Fred waited till the advancing animal was within forty yards of him, when taking deliberate aim at the breast, he fired. With a snort of fear and anguish, the huge bull tossed his antlered head and fell heavily to the earth. He immediately rose to his feet and made direct for the woods; this brought his side towards Fred, who instantly stepped from his crouching place, and before the wounded bull had made six paces the second barrel was discharged and again he fell, this time headlong to the earth. A desperate struggle to regain his feet was made, but when half up he rolled heavily on his side, and a few spasmodic kicks ended the career of a splendid specimen of the largest of the deer tribe.

Abe had dropped from his roost on the first report, and was now by Fred's side, congratulating

him on his success. As all necessity for silence was now over, they were both hilarious over their trophy. Abe took out his sheath knife and cut the throat of the nearly dead animal; leaving him where he lay till morning, they both returned to camp, quite delighted with their rare luck in "calling moose" so early in the season.

A few minutes after reaching camp, saw a cheerful fire, the kettle boiling, and our patient hunters prepared to enjoy a good meal after their long and tedious ambush. After talking over the incidents of this victory, and gaining much practical information from Abe's descriptions of former hunts in which he had participated, either as caller or marksman, and sometimes as both, we all betook ourselves to sleep, well pleased with the successful results, thus far, of our escapade from "Camp Comfort."

In the morning, when we woke, the sun was high; the first things that met our eyes as we stepped from the tent were the antlers of the bull on one side, and the skin stretched out to dry on the other. The men had risen with the sun, and leaving us to enjoy our morning nap, had gone to the barren, skinned the moose, removed the splendid antlers and the choice parts of the meat, had brought all to our rendezvous and prepared breakfast before we had shaken off our drowsiness.

We breakfasted off moose steak, with a roasted bone, full of delicious marrow, as gravy.—The moose is never very fat, and generally the steak, though tender and of fine flavor, is apt, unless carefully broiled, to be rather dry; but the addition of the rich marrow of the shank bones makes a luscious dish, and we all enjoyed it hugely.

Breakfast being over, Fred, not caring to catch trout after his more dignified sport, acceded to a proposal from Abe to spend the morning in visiting a beaver dam, some distance up a brook at the head of the Lake. Accordingly, we started in the light canoe, and were soon at the mouth of the brook. With some difficulty the canoe was poled, pushed and dragged up the stream, till the obstructions became so numerous and formidable that we concluded to haul her ashore and make the remainder of the distance on foot. Taking his rifle and giving Abe his gun, Fred was on the *qui vive* for game of any kind, but nothing offered to gratify his wish. After a pretty hard scramble up the rugged bed of the stream, having frequently to take to the woods to pass the deeper places, we came on the dam; but, much to our disappointment, it had evidently been deserted for some years. The dam was broken down, the round houses had fallen in, and nothing was to be seen but the interesting traces of former work. We examined the remains of the haunt with some curiosity. The size of the trees cut down by these ingenious animals and floated into the desired position, was astonishing. Smaller trees and branches completed a very strong structure, which had been rendered

water-tight by filling the intestines with moss and clay.

The effect of these beaver dams, in some places, is curious and important. The animals naturally select a part of the stream where the land is level, so that the force of the current may not foil their efforts to dam it. The dam causes the water to rise and overflow sometimes quite extensive tracts; the water kills the trees and vegetation generally, and deposits an alluvial sediment; in the course of time, when the beavers have deserted the haunt, and the trees have decayed, the broken dam lets off the water, and in a few years a natural meadow is formed—the grass grows rank and luxuriant where formerly dense woods and tangled underbrush prevailed. Throughout the Province, in the vicinity of lakes and streams, these wild meadows, resulting from the work of beavers, are to be found, and as they are of great service to the settler, furnishing him, with comparatively little labor, a large supply of hay, they add much to the value of the public lands.

After satisfying our curiosity and taking a rest, we retraced our steps to the canoe, and the descent of the stream being much easier than the upward journey, we were soon again on the Lake. Vast shoals of gaspereaux make their way to this lake to spawn, and the men informed us that earlier in the season the water was literally alive with them. No game presenting itself in the mid-day sun, we made our way to the tent, and stretched ourselves on the fragrant boughs for our siesta.

As Fred proposed to spend the next day and night on the Lake and in its vicinity, and as we can rejoin him later, let us now see what our friends at Burnt Hill have been doing. After a pleasant morning's sport, in the course of which nothing remarkable occurred, several fish having been secured and quite as many lost, Harry and Charles had got through a late breakfast and were busy in the dining-room, Harry imparting to his friend some of the mysteries of Fly Dressing, when they were joined by Jim, who, having fished the pond as long as fish would rise, taking one more salmon and two grise, had dropped leisurely down the stream. When about mid-way between the pond and the camp, the canoe-men called his attention to two otters sitting side by side on the top of a small rock in the middle of the stream. The canoe was instantly pushed to land; seizing his gun, Jim stepped ashore, and taking advantage of the cover afforded by trees which grew to the very edge of the river, he made a detour and came on them not fifty yards from their position. Taking aim, he fired and shot both—one quite dead, the other so badly wounded that he was unable to escape and was despatched by a blow on the head. Jim made his way to camp without any further incident worthy of note; after having detailed all the adventures of his morning's sport, Harry, Charles and Jim "resolved themselves into a committee of the whole, to take

into consideration the state of the Commonwealth."

The necessities of business limited Charles' absence from home, and as his proposed stay was now drawing to a close, it was decided that we should "break camp," and move down to Clear Water, some ten miles below, where the last two days of our stay should be spent. Harry had made the notable discovery that a bear had visited our quarters during the night, and had ventured within a dozen yards of the camp. We all examined the evidences of his visit with some curiosity, and much regretted that he had not made his presence known in some other way than by "leaving his card." A minute of this event was written out, an intimation of our change of base, and a word of caution to Fred that he might be on the lookout when approaching the camp on his return: this missive was secured in the cleft of a sapling, and the pole stuck firmly in the middle of the stream, at a turn about half a mile above the camp, so that it could not fail to attract the attention of Fred in time to put him on the alert, and give him a chance of surprising Bruin among the *debris* of our deserted camp. This done, preparations were made for an immediate removal, as it was resolved to have the evening fishing at the mouth of Clear Water Brook.

✓ With a speed and method that long practice in camping had given these three old sportsmen, rods were taken down, tents were struck, provisions packed, and our late comfortable quarters presented a totally different aspect.—Two canoes were loaded with such of our traps as were necessary for the night, the balance was safely secured till called for next day, and an early dinner was agreed on, in order that we might reach our destination in time to pitch the tents, and make all things comfortable for the night. To expedite matters, we all took a share in performing the cookery, and by two o'clock, having dined and packed away the dishes, we were ready for our voyage. Taking our seats—Harry and Charles in the light canoe, Jim in the other—and bidding farewell to "Camp Comfort," the spot where we had spent so many pleasant hours, and the scene of so much exciting sport, we set off, not without a sigh of regret that the sterner duties of life rendered a longer stay impossible.

For some miles of our way each was busy with his own thoughts,—Harry recalling the time when he had last taken leave of the spot, and the many eventful years that had since passed; Charles and Jim meditating on the pleasant scenes they were leaving for the first time, and wondering whether coming summers would permit them to enjoy such again.

There is always a feeling of sadness in leaving places where we have spent happy hours, and each left the other to his own thoughts, making no attempt at conversation, not even commenting on the splendid scenery we passed, as was our wont in gayer moods. Mile after mile of the distance was passed, each still busily weav-

ing the many-colored web of thick-coming fancies.

An exclamation of surprise from one of the men interrupted the reverie in which each was indulging, and changed the current of our thoughts. On looking to see the cause of this sudden surprise, we had a full view of a splendid moose, which, drinking in the stream, had been startled by the approaching canoes. For an instant he stood looking at us, but before a gun could be reached from its place, he had turned, given a toss of his antlered head, trotted up the narrow beach, and with one bound up the bank had disappeared in the thick woods that bordered the river. Great was our mortification at missing so splendid a shot.

"Served us all rightly," said Harry; "a sportsman should never indulge in day-dreams when out: he has ample time for this when cooped up at home. In the woods his wits should always be on the alert, instead of wool-gathering. Come, boys: let yesterday go and let to-morrow take care of itself; our business is with to-day; if we had not been 'caught napping,' we might have had moose steak for breakfast and the 'muffin' for dinner to-morrow; and let me tell you that we have missed a great treat by our want of attention to things around us."

This incident dispelled the visions we had indulged in, and once more cheerful conversation beguiled the time till, about five o'clock, we reached a broad, clear plateau, just above the confluence of Clear Water Stream with the River. Leaving three men to get out the stores, pitch the tents, cut boughs, prepare the couches for night, and make preparations for supper, which our early dinner would render welcome after our evening exercise, Jim and Charles took a canoe and the fourth man and went to the rapids below the confluence, while Harry, who rather liked wading mid-deep in the water, walked down the beach to the mouth of the brook, where he could command a very favorable cast, and all were soon at work.—Luck seemed to have deserted them; the fish, if there, determined to stay there, for not one gave evidence of his presence, and after two hours' careful fishing, our anglers returned to their new quarters without a single addition to their victories. This rather disheartening commencement did not, however, affect their spirits. They were thorough sportsmen, ever ready to accept the fortunes of the "out," be they good or bad, without a growl of discontent. A comfortable supper was eaten with good appetites, and after spending another pleasant evening, and hoping for better luck in the morning, they retired to comfortable couches and pleasant dreams.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Next dawn saw our anglers refreshed, not in the least discouraged by their lack of success the previous evening, but just as anxious as ever to pursue their favorite sport. It had been arranged before retiring to rest, that we should

take the canoes and drop down to Rocky Bend, a noted place about three miles below, leaving the casts in the near vicinity to rest till evening. Accordingly the men were soon ready to start. The stream here, and for some miles below, runs rapidly, and we glided by several picturesque and romantic spots on each side of the river. One place, in particular, was pointed out by the canoe-men as famous on the river, called "Dead Man's Landing," from the circumstance that the body of a lumberman, killed by a large stick of timber rolling upon him, was here embarked in a canoe for conveyance to his last home. Another spot was celebrated as the scene of a serious accident, and of great presence of mind combined with rare powers of endurance on the part of the sufferer. He was alone, and by some mishap broke his leg; far from a camp, and many miles from a house, his case was desperate. The only hope for the unfortunate man was to reach the settlement as soon as possible. Dragging himself to the side of the river, he managed to get astride of a log, and with his broken limb dangling in the water, he steered the log clear of obstructions and reached the settlement just as night set in. He soon got surgical aid, and after a few weeks was again in the woods. Every point and every rock had some legend connected with it, and this the canoe-men delighted to relate. Abe was usually the speaker, and as he had a quaint way of telling a story, a keen perception of its humorous points, and a good share of mother wit, his narratives were often very entertaining.

In half an hour we were all busy, now in the noes, now on the rocks, from which there are several splendid casts. As usual, Harry preferred his good legs, but Jim and Charles had each a canoe, and were using their best skill, the former at the top of the Bend, the latter at its foot. Harry went about midway down, waded to a rock, and was fishing a most promising stretch of water around him. Two hours' fishing afforded our anglers some good sport, and the trophies of the morning, though only two salmon and three grilse to the three rods, were quite encouraging.

We returned to camp, and enjoyed a comfortable breakfast, after which Jim, being anxious to catch some large trout, expressed his intention of taking one of the men with him, his rod and gun, and walking to the falls of Clear Water. The men had informed us that speckled trout, weighing from three to five pounds, were often speared in the pools below the falls, and Jim was curious to see these, of which he had often heard, but was still somewhat skeptical.

As this was the day for Fred's return, and as Charles was somewhat anxious about him, he and Harry decided to take a canoe, go as far as Rocky Pond, try their luck at the casts there, and while away the morning, in the hope of being joined by Fred in time for dinner.

After talking over our proposed break-up on the following day, and coming to a unanimous

decision on that point, Jim and his guide set out on their walk to the falls; Charles and Harry, with a canoe and two men, started for their destination, taking guns as well as rods, more strongly convinced by their late experience that when in the woods a gun should always be within reach. Leaving them to pursue their way and enjoy the beautiful morning, we will return to Fred, and see how he has fared since we parted company.

We left him taking his siesta under the shade of the tent, as the heat of the meridian sun indisposed him for activity or exertion. His prolonged sleep in the morning had amply satisfied the demands of nature, and he now lay dreamily enjoying the luxury of laziness. This is a feeling that few, except sportsmen, realize fully and enjoy entirely. Life in the woods, away from the bustle and cares of business, with no harrassing anxieties of mind to distract him, leaves him, surrounded by the beauties of nature, perfectly free to follow his inclinations, be they what they may. In this lies one of the great charms of camp life, and happy is he who, with a love of nature and a taste for sport, can look forward, as summer approaches, to the time when, turning the key of his office on all the cares it contains, he can seize rod and gun, hie to forest and stream, and enjoy a respite from the sterner duties of life. Fred felt and enjoyed all this, and pleasant pictures of future outings flitted before his mental vision. Rousing himself from these seductive reveries, he carefully cleaned his rifle and gun, so as to be in readiness for the evening hunt, overlooked and arranged his fly-book, examined his leaders, removing all chafed lengths and substituting others more reliable. In these congenial occupations he passed the afternoon till dinner time, after which, the declining sun having lost its fierce power, he proceeded to the outlet of the lake, and spent the evening in catching some fine trout.

As Abe had decided to change the scene of his operations, and to proceed to the head of the lake, where a favorable locality for his purpose was known to him, it was necessary to start early, make the passage of the lake, and reach the place by the time the moon rose. This was all done; an open glade in the forest was reached, Fred was favorably posted, and the operations of the previous evening were repeated, but this time without success. For several hours did Abe exert his utmost skill on the "call"; no answering low, no approaching tread rewarded his exertions; at last he gave up the attempt, observing that it was too early for calling, and that the success of last night was a rare piece of good luck. Our disappointed hunters returned to camp, and after arranging for an early start down stream next morning, betook themselves to repose, and soon forgot their chagrin in sound sleep.

Early in the morning they were all astir; striking tent, and loading the canoe, the antlers of the moose conspicuous in the bow, the choice portions of the meat carefully envelop-

ed in the hide, they were soon on their downward course to the mouth of the stream, intending to breakfast there, and thus give Fred another opportunity to fish the cast where he had been so fortunate on the upward trip. The passage down was quickly performed, for all the obstructions were, perforce, removed in going up; about seven o'clock they reached the mouth of the stream, came to a halt, and while Fred threw the fly, the men prepared breakfast.

The utmost exertion of Fred's skill lured only two grilse to their fate; these were taken in fine style, without any incident worthy of note. Despatching breakfast with a good appetite, Fred decided to lose no time in descending the river, so he took down his rod and placed his rifle within reach; the canoe, assisted by the current, was rapidly propelled on her course. The downward trip was even more pleasant than the upward one; Fred's success as a shooter of moose put him in a happy mood and disposed him to enjoy the ever-changing scenery brought to view in their rapid course; he thought with complacency of meeting his companions, and indulged a feeling of pride and triumph as his eye rested on the splendid antlers in the bow of the canoe. Two hours of vigorous exertion accomplished as much of the downward voyage as four hours of excessive toil did of the upward one. About eleven o'clock a turn in the stream brought the woodsman's primitive post-office full in view. The missive was soon read, its contents communicated to the men, and of course all were in a state of expectation and excitement. Abe felt certain that the bear was still prowling about the deserted camp, searching out the fragments of food, offal of fish and the various *debris* of an encampment; so a plan of approach was arranged.

Fred and Abe were to land at the mouth of the brook, and cautiously approach the site of the late camp by the path through the woods, thus taking advantage of the cover afforded by the trees. Tom was to drop silently down in the canoe, hugging the shore, so as to keep out of view, and be ready to bar the retreat of the bear should he take the water. Accordingly, Fred, with his rifle ready for instant use, and Abe with the gun, one barrel loaded with ball, the other with slugs, were put ashore at the entrance to the path, and cautiously approached the camping place.

Abe took the lead, with the understanding that if he saw the bear, he should fall back, give Fred the first shot, and be ready to lend his assistance if needed. They came, in this order, within sight of the deserted camp, and halted to reconnoitre. Seeing no indications of Bruin's presence, Abe directed Fred to remain quiet, and crawling on hands and knees, under cover of the bushes, he reached a spot that gave him a fuller view of the locality. Rising cautiously to his feet, he again scanned every inch of the camping ground. Although not visible, Abe's knowledge of the bear's habits made him



confident that he was in the immediate vicinity. Beckoning to Fred, Abe placed his bent finger between his teeth, gave a loud, shrill whistle, and both eagerly looked for signs of motion. Almost instantly a bear broke from a clump of bushes in a hollow, where the men had thrown the remnants of food, bones, potatoes, the multifarious scraps and waste that accumulate round human habitations. He immediately made toward the woods. Quick as thought Fred levelled his rifle and fired. The bear was evidently struck, for he gave a low growl, reared himself on his hind legs, and rolled over on the ground. Instantly he was on his feet, making tracks for the woods with all speed. Taking more deliberate aim, Fred fired the second barrel, and again Bruin bit the earth, mortally wounded. He recovered his legs, however, but instead of renewing his attempt to escape, he stood with glistening teeth, growling angrily. Fred reloaded both barrels of his rifle, when he and Abe broke cover and approached; the growling animal raised himself upon his hind legs and growled more threateningly. His breast now presented a fair mark; once more the rifle rang, loud and clear; poor Bruin, struck fairly in the breast, rolled over, tearing up the grass and stones in his dying struggles.

Tom, in the canoe, hearing the first shot, and knowing that further caution was useless, had dropped down to the landing in front of the camp, and now, joined Fred and Abe. Quite elated with his success, Fred determined to carry the carcass, intact, as a trophy to the new camp. It was dragged to the shore and deposited in the canoe. He was neither large nor fat, apparently a juvenile member of the ursine family, but then he was a veritable bear, and to Fred's notion worth a score of less formidable animals.

Taking a parting look at the pleasant scene where he had spent so many happy hours, and keenly enjoyed so much sport, Fred bade adieu to "Camp Comfort." Once more the canoe was rapidly propelled on its downward course, and reached Rocky Pond but a short time after Charles and Harry, having given up all hopes of coaxing a fish to rise, had commenced to enjoy their pipes and hold a friendly chat on the shady side of the river.

A loud shout heralded Fred's approach, and joyful was the meeting and greeting of the friends. Fred exhibited his trophies with pride, received the congratulations of his friends with evident pleasure, and recounted to them the many pleasant incidents of his cruise, which almost made them regret they had not accompanied him.

The canoe-men had "forgathered" and were exchanging long stories of the events that had transpired to each during their separation, and a pleasant hour for all passed quickly away, when thoughts of dinner warned us that it was time to return and introduce Fred to our new quarters.

The distance was soon passed; Harry volun-

ttered to prepare for dinner the muffle of the moose, which Abe, with the thoughtful care of an old hunter, had secured for the delectation of our party. The long upper lip of the moose, called by hunters the "muffle," when properly cooked, is a rare dish, and a real *bonne bouche* to the gourmand. The preparation of this dish was a feat in gastronomy of which Harry was proud; we cannot describe, nor could our readers appreciate, the complicated process by which the peculiar cartilaginous mass was compounded into a delicious soup, combining all the richness of the turtle with the peculiar game flavor of venison. We can only say that it was highly relished, and much shall we long for the time when the successful hunt of another moose will enable us again to enjoy this rare and delicious dish.

Jim was not expected to return till evening; with regret at his absence from the last dinner we should eat on the stream, we sat down to our well-spread table, and enjoyed the meal all the more because it was the last we should eat with such pleasant surroundings. We lingered long at table, picked our cheese, drank our coffee, talked over our pleasant "out," and our approaching return to city life.—till the declining sun warned those who intended to fish that it was time to prepare for sport. Fred was anxious to take at least one trophy from Clear Water as a souvenir, and proceeded in a canoe to the mouth of the stream. Charles and Harry decided to devote the evening to packing up, and take their last cast in the morning before setting out on their return. Abe was busy removing the skin from the bear, and cutting the hams into a slightly shape; the rest of the men were variously employed in making preparations for our departure.—some inspecting the canoes, stopping leaks, and planing off the bottom the roughness caused by hard work over the rocks and shallows. Thus busily employed, ere the shades of evening closed in, the principal part of our preparations were completed, and little remained to be done in the morning but to strike and pack the tent—take down and pack away the rods, collect the utensils and dishes used at breakfast, and load the canoes.

Fred returned as darkness set in, a solitary grilse being his only reward for an hour's industrious fishing. We gathered round the fire, anxiously expecting Jim's return, and preparing a warm supper to greet him on his arrival. Hour after hour passed in pleasant chat, interrupted at intervals by loud halloos, as a guide to Jim in the darkness should he be within hearing.

As we received no echoing shout in return, we began to grow anxious, fearing he had lost his way in the woods. The men, however, assured us that there was no difficulty in keeping the road, and we concluded that, finding the sport better than he had expected, he had staid for the evening fishing, that he would knock up a temporary camp for the night, and after the morning's sport would rejoin us for breakfast.

Under this belief our minds were at rest, and the hours flew by in pleasant converse, till the dying fire warned us of the hour, and urged the propriety of retiring to repose. As Harry raked together the brands of the fire, a distant shout was heard, which was immediately returned, and these signals were repeated at intervals. From the direction of the sound it was quite plain that our travellers had, either intentionally or by accident, left the road, for they were approaching us from below, while the road was above. In a short time Jim and his companion made their appearance, foot-sore, weary and hungry. They had lost the road in the darkness, but Jim's organ of locality led him at once to the stream, down which they had a weary tramp. The fire was immediately renewed; while Jim exchanged his wet garments for dry ones, a warm supper was prepared, and soon the troubles of the day were forgotten. The long and toilsome walk to and from the falls was rewarded by most meagre sport; no salmon, nor trout of any size, were in the pools. Jim's doubts respecting the large trout of the Miramichi settled into the most decided unbelief, and Harry's assurance that he had formerly taken them in large numbers as heavy as three and a half and four pounds, hardly removed his skepticism. Charles prepared a "night-cap" for Jim, of which Harry and himself partook, and with *buenos noches* we all betook ourselves to sleep.

The rosy tips that heralded the morn had scarce appeared in the eastern horizon, when Harry awoke, and rousing his friends, intimated to them that it was time to take their parting cast, and if such was their intention they must be up and doing. Jim preferred another nap, and said he should spend the morning in packing up. Fred preferred to kill another moose or bear in a morning dream, and so Charles and Harry had the casts to themselves and were soon at work. Luck had deserted them, for the sport was miserable. The choicest flies and the deftest fishing failed to attract the fish, if any were there, and they returned to camp with a grilse each as their only reward for early rising and industrious exertion. Harry was positive in the expression of his belief that their ill success at this famous salmon haunt was owing to recent operations of the spears, for he had never known the fish so few or so shy in all his former experience on the river.

Jim had quite recovered from his fatigue, and had regained his usual high spirits. Though he was sorry to leave the scene of his favorite sport, he was too good a philosopher to sigh over the inevitable. Fred was not so stoical; he loudly denounced the cruel fate that tore him from so congenial a life. Charles and Harry would fain have prolonged their stay—but serious duties required their attention, and their thoughts were turned on home and its cares.

When the fiat is once pronounced, when the irrevocable decision is made, your true sports-

man is as anxious to hasten his return as he formerly was to reach the scene of his sport. Having "broken camp" and turned our faces homeward, there was no disposition among our anglers to linger on the road and fritter away the time in "last casts." Our last fly was thrown at Clearwater. Had time been less pressing, a night spent on the lower part of the river, giving a chance to fish Rocky Bend in the morning, Salmon Brook in the evening, and yet reach Campbellton the same night, would probably have rewarded the anglers. It was decided, however, to make no stay on the way down; so we passed many a tempting cast, and many a promising spot, without stopping. The only pause was at the mouth of Fall Brook, where Harry called a halt for the purpose of showing his American friends a very remarkable and romantic waterfall.

Drawing the canoes to shore, we made our way up the bed of a small brook, a few hundred yards, and were rewarded by one of the most beautiful views that had gladdened our eyes during our stay on the river.

A circular spot, about thirty yards in diameter, was enclosed on three sides by a high and almost perpendicular wall of rock, densely wooded to the very brink, some trees slanting over the abyss, and looking as if the slightest touch would send them thundering down upon us. Immediately in front a narrow lane in the woods indicated the course of the stream, that leaped from the brink, and made its way in a series of beautiful cascades, about two-thirds of the distance down, whence it ran, in a more gradual descent by a zigzag course, to the bottom of the precipice, and fell into a basin beneath. The body of water was not great, but this, while it lessened the sublimity of the scene, added much to its romantic beauty. The height must have been nearly a hundred feet; the effect of the cascades, and the subsequent dancing of the slender thread of water down the crooked groove it had worn in the rugged face of the precipice, was very fine, heightened as it was by a succession of miniature rainbows at every cascade. We looked long and admiringly at this lovely scene, and Charles much regretted that the trouble to get at his drawing materials prevented his carrying home a sketch of this romantic place. One of the men volunteered to reach the top of the precipice by a circuitous route, and detach some of the rocks on the brink, in order that we might see the effect of a huge mass tearing and rumbling down its steep and rugged sides. In a few minutes Tom appeared on the imminent verge of the giddy height, looking scarcely so large as an infant. To chop down a small tree, trim off the branches, and make a long lever, was the work of a few moments; with this he detached some enormous rocks from the brink, which came thundering and ricocheting down the side, emitting a shower of sparks as they impinged on some projection harder than usual. The effect of the sound, confined in the narrow amphitheatre in which we stood, was very cu

rious. A pleasant half hour was spent in admiring the beauty of the cascades and the blending colors of the rainbows, after which we returned to the canoes and resumed our journey, making no other halt until we reached Campbellton. Our impatience to leave the river was heightened by a drenching shower, which threatened to settle into steady rain.

Well drenched and with ravenous appetites, we reached the comfortable home of the Palmers, two of whom had been our canoe-men. A speedy change of clothing, and a comfortable supper set us quite at ease, when, sending for William Wilson, whose house was a mile below, we arranged with him to take us to Fredericton, while Thomas Palmer undertook to transport our luggage.

Our wish was to start immediately, travel all night, and, if possible, reach Fredericton in time to take the morning boat for St. John, but the rain was incessant, and gave no hopes of passing off, for that night, at least. Bidding farewell to our obliging friends, the Palmers, and the rest of our canoe-men, we were driven to Wilson's house, where kind attentions and comfortable beds made amends for the chagrin caused by our unexpected detention.

While there we learned the cause of our ill-luck at Clearwater. Harry's surmise was correct; the pools had been speared a few nights before we encamped there, and these illegal depredations had been extended up Clearwater as far as the falls, which sufficiently explained Jim's want of success at that once famous place. Fortunately for Harry's veracity Jim here saw some of the mythical trout that had so long eluded his search. Wilson had some in a small pond, together with a fine salmon, all of which had been taken in a net. These trout ranged from two pounds to four, and we were informed that an unusually large number had ascended the river some weeks previously. Jim could not refrain from showering inverted blessings on the heads of the poachers who had deprived him of the pleasure of taking a few with rod and line, in order that he might compare their game qualities, strength and activity, with those of grilse, which some of the trout surpassed in size.

In taking leave of the Miramichi, the writer cannot refrain from pronouncing, with feelings of real sorrow, "Ichabod! Ichabod!" for its glory has, indeed departed. When he first visited the river, twenty years ago, and caught his first salmon at the mouth of Salmon Brook, it was the Paradise of Anglers, as regards both salmon and trout, though even then, it had begun to feel the effect of nets and spears. But then, lumbering on the river was in full activity, and the dwellers on its banks were busily occupied; since that time great lumbering operations have gradually died out; the inhabitants have had more time to devote to the work of extermination, until at present, what with illegal fishing at the mouth of the river, nets stretched entirely across it in some places, the utter neglect of the "close time," and above

all, the incessant operations of the destructive spear, fish are becoming so scarce and shy that the sport will hardly repay the expense of the journey. When the writer first fished the river, it was regularly visited by a number of American gentlemen, who, of late years, have entirely deserted it. Messrs. Cadwallader and Biddle of Philadelphia, Messrs. Prime, father and sons, of New York, and Messrs. Abbott and Higginson of Boston, are among those who used to frequent this once splendid salmon river, and with whom the writer has exchanged many and pleasing courtesies. It is matter of serious regret that the short-sighted folly of the owners of land on the river's banks, whose interest certainly lies in preserving the fish, should be aiding in their extermination. Like the fool who, in his greed, killed the fowl that every day laid him a golden egg, these foolish people do not seem to care for the consequences of their folly. In addition to the numerous obstructions which the fish have to surmount before they reach their spawning place, they are ruthlessly pursued and taken in the very act of depositing their ova. The writer has lain in his tent and seen forty salmon taken by the spear from the pools at Burnt Hill, and this while the regulations of the county entirely prohibit spearing. On one occasion the poachers were bought off, and left the place, but there were strong reasons to suspect that they informed their associates of this fact, and sent up a new party the following night to extort from the anglers a further sum as the price of their forbearance to set the laws at defiance. The want of a proper officer to see these laws enforced, renders it an easy matter to evade them, and the still profitable salmon fisheries of the Province, will soon be extinguished. The instinct of the salmon leads it to the river in which it was bred, to deposit its spawn, hence when once a river is depopulated, the fisheries at its mouth become valueless, and the only way to restore them is to introduce fresh spawn into the river. Many of our rivers that once teemed with salmon, are now almost destitute of them, and the few that still frequent them have to run the gauntlet of all kinds of obstruction. Nothing is wanted to restore these rivers to their former state, but fair play for the fish—sufficient fish-ways in dams, strict prohibition of throwing saw-dust into rivers and harbors, a proper length of net and size of mesh, and a due observance of "close time," at least one day in the week. It is impossible to estimate the harm done to both the coast and harbor fisheries by the want of a proper enforcement of the fishery laws, and if some stringent measures be not soon adopted there will be no salmon left to protect, and a source of wealth to the inhabitants and of sport to the angler, will be cut off entirely. The supineness of former governments is much to be censured, and future legislators will grieve over the blindness of present ones. Sportsmen are always ready to pay liberally for their favorite amusement, and the Mirami-

chi, as well as many other salmon streams in our Province, could easily be made, by judicious management, to repay the cost of their protection. Loud outcries have been made, time immemorial against the so-called oppressive Game Laws of England, but the justice and wisdom of these laws are now generally admitted and to the foresight of past legislation are the sportsmen of England indebted for the existence of fin, fur, and feather in the rivers, woods and moors. The time has arrived when some energetic steps must be taken, or the once teeming forests and prolific rivers of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia will be entirely depopulated, and coming generations of sportsmen will deplore the short-sighted folly of the present generation of law-makers. The writer intended to offer some practical suggestions as to the measures most likely to remove the evils complained of, but as the fisheries of the Dominion are now under the care of a minister fully competent to manage them, thoroughly awake to their importance, and intimately acquainted with their wants, he deems these suggestions superfluous, and he indulges strong hopes that a brighter era is about to dawn for anglers.

After a comfortable night's rest, our travellers were up with the sun, and were gratified to find that the rain had passed away, that the sun rose bright and clear, giving promise of a splendid day for our ride over the road between Boiestown and Fredericton, which, in the latter fifteen miles of its course, presents some charming scenery. A substantial breakfast awaited us, and as soon as that was despatched we were ready for the road. A comfortable, roomy spring wagon was at the door, a pair of fine horses paving the ground. Taking our places on well cushioned seats, we set off with light hearts and boisterous spirits on the "home stretch."

Tom Palmer had started an hour in advance of us with our heavy luggage and the trophies of our "outing" in a strong country wagon, with a pair of good horses, in order that we might be in time to avail ourselves of the night boat from Fredericton, if one should leave in the evening. Calling at the Post Office in Boiestown, Fred and Charles found letters from home, which brought the pleasing intelligence that *all was well*. This relieved the only cause for anxiety on the part of our American friends, and a merrier or happier party never travelled the road between Wilson's and Fredericton.

The day, fulfilling the promise of the morning, was bright and beautiful. The rain had cooled the air and laid the dust; the bright rays of the sun, playing on the drops that loaded the foliage, made our road a pathway through a gem-studded avenue, while the delicious odors borne on the morning breeze, and the beauties of the ever-changing scenery, combined to make our drive alone worth all the labor our trip had cost us. When not silently

enjoying the scenery around us, we were engaged in animated conversation. Wilson had many anecdotes to relate of former angling parties, and many wondrous stories of their success when he was a boy, and thus the pleasant way was beguiled of any approach to weariness. From the time we came in view of the Nashwaak valley, until we had left it far behind, our ride was one of unbroken delight. Every turn in the road gave us fresh views of this lovely, winding river, which, smiling, laughing, gliding, dancing, and rushing, was ever visible below us, while velvet meadows, flower-spangled fields, and sloping hills met the eye on every side. None of us will soon forget the pleasures of this delightful ride; a sigh of regret broke from each as a turn in the road left the beautiful Nashwaak behind, and brought us in full view of the broad St. John, with white sails, floating rafts, and puffing steamers dotting its surface; the tall spires of the "Cathedral City" piercing the blue sky on the further side.

We crossed the ferry about five o'clock, drove to the Barker House; as there was no night boat that evening, the accommodating landlord, Robert Orr, himself a keen sportsman, soon made us comfortable. After dinner we called on some brother sportsmen, and received calls from others, with whom we exchanged experiences in our summer's sport.

Messrs. R\*\*\*\*y and R\*\*\*\*r, the lessees of the Miramichi, to whose kindness and courtesy we were indebted for permission to fish it, called on us and shewed us every attention. They had returned from their excursion just two days before we commenced ours, and had met with much better success than we could boast of, but they also lamented the sad fact that every year the river was becoming worse for the angler.

After spending a pleasant evening, to which the attentions of our brother sportsmen greatly contributed, we returned at a late hour to the comfortable beds of our host of the Barker House, rose early, breakfasted, got all our traps on board the boat, exchanged farewells with our friends, who were at the landing to see us off and wish us *bon voyage*; we were soon on our way down the magnificent St. John, and another day was spent amidst some of the finest river scenery in the world.

The St. John has been so often described, and is so familiar to most of our readers, that the writer will spare them the infliction of a repetition; suffice it to say that after a pleasant passage we reached the wharf at Indiantown, a suburb of St. John, bundled ourselves and our traps into coaches, and were driven to "Stubbs' Hotel," where comfortable quarters and a good table will always meet the traveller.

Next morning at 7 o'clock, the "New-Brunswick" of the International line, rang her warning bell; all was bustle among our friends; baggage was got on board, state-rooms secur-

ed, and the few remaining minutes were passed in exchanging more "last words." The final bell rang—a parting shake of the hand was given, to each—the platform was drawn in—

the steam-whistle gave a dismal shriek—and our good friends were on their way to the "Hub," much pleased with their first visit to New Brunswick.

## THE HALF SISTERS.

BY MISS M— S—, FREDERICTON.

(Concluded.)

The following evening Frank called at his Father-in-law's house, Zella was in the parlor alone. She wore a thin, black dress, through which her arms and shoulders gleamed like marble. A single rose-bud nestled amid the braids of her beautiful hair.

"Zella, you can wear flowers, but not mine," he said, "but I'll not quarrel with you; it's so seldom you allow me to see you, I would not mar the pleasure with one harsh word."

She made no answer, nor looked up.

"Is father well, Zella?"

"My father is as well as usual, sir," she replied.

He winced a little at the pronoun *my*.

"I will tell him you are here," she said, going to the bell.

"No Zella, please, I wish to speak to *you* a moment."

"I do not wish to hear you, sir," grasping the bell-pull.

He caught her hand.

"Nay, Zella, listen to me a moment, I entreat you; your conduct implies something dreadful."

"Well, sir."

"You shun me, Zella, cruelly shun me."

"Well, sir."

"Be seated, Zella. Have you nothing to say to me but '*Well, Sir?*'"

"No," scornfully.

"I may as well go home then, to my lonely home. I foolishly hoped that by this time—"

"What has time to do with it, sir?"

"Leave off that formal 'Sir,' do, my—" he interposed.

"It is a time for cruelty and crime to flourish, for innocent blood to flow unavenged, and do you *dare* to speak to me of love, assassin?" she cried, rising and confronting him, with the majesty of an avenger in her bearing.

"Great heaven! you accusing me of murder, Zella?"

"Yes, monster."

"What right have you to do so?"

"I assert that you caused the death of your wife! Fond husband—tender friend!"

"This is horrible," said he, in great agitation, "I can scarcely believe that you are accusing me of such a dreadful crime, Zella."

"Dreadful, indeed."

"Does your father share your sentiments? but I know he does not."

"He is ignorant of your crime; he could not survive the knowledge of it."

"Why do you speak to me, Zella? Why don't you turn me out the door?"

She made no answer.

"You hate me, you turn from me with a shudder, you think me a murderer—but you wrong me. I am innocent," and he sought to take her hand.

"Never, with that dark brand upon your soul."

"Zella, hear me."

She made a gesture of impatience.

"But a moment."

"You cannot give me back my sister—wretch, you killed her."

"My God!" he cried, throwing up his hands as if to ward off a blow; his face wore the hue of death, his knees shook.

"Let me explain, Zella, you are mistaken, I mourn your sister's death as much as you possibly can."

"You waste time in denying your guilt, it is written in your face."

"You are aware that Grace fell from her horse, Zella, so how could I have had a hand in her death?"

"I am further aware that you heard her cries for help, and you never stirred. Nay, you stood at the window and watched, until the horse had made sure work of it. Yes, *you*, her husband stood and felt a satisfaction in witnessing her death agony." As she concluded she sank into her chair, shaking like one in a fit.

"I think it very strange, Zella, that you should harbor such dreadful thoughts of me. I can easily account for what, to *you*, seems so suspicious. I heard the cries, certainly, and went to the window to ascertain the cause, not thinking it anything serious, and was horrified—yes, horrified, Zella," he said, with a frightful look on his face. "Ah heaven! I seem to see her now. Why will you harrow up my soul by continually referring to this thing? You see I can't endure it. I shall go mad if you do not cease."

"You had better have gone down stairs and saved her life. I can endure no more, leave me, sir."

"By my hopes of heaven, Zella, I am innocent; believe, sister—friend. I flew to save our lost Grace as soon as my palsied limbs permitted, but too late, too late."

"I will ring for a servant to show you out. I am exhausted."

"Forgive me, Zella, for troubling you so

much; in my own sorrow I forget yours. Will you not believe me? I am innocent as yourself, Zella. Don't send me away with this mountain of misery on my heart," and he looked at her beseechingly. She turned her head slightly.

"Say no more now, sir; leave me for the present."

"Think of me kindly, if you can," and he went.

From this time Zella seemed to think more favorably of Frank, and he was not slow to take advantage of the slightest change. Not a day passed without the gardener at the Bluffs being sent to Mr. Graham's with some rare fruit or flower. Then the child was a bond of interest between them, and Frank began to cherish hope.

One morning when he called at Mr. Graham's, he had a white moss-rose in the button-hole of his coat. Zella noticed it.

"'Tis a fit emblem of our dear Grace; it grew upon her grave," he said.

He introduced the subject purposely, to see if she still thought him guilty. He took out his handkerchief large and white, as a widower's should be to hold the ocean of their tears; and covered his face with it. What he did, whether he laughed or cried, the reader can guess.

After what he considered a proper time, he withdrew the article from his face, adjusted his shirt-collar, which he feared had collapsed in the abundance of his grief, twisted the ends of his mustache, slipped one leg off the other, and looked over at Zella to see the effect.

She was looking out of the window, her thoughts apparently as far from him as heaven.

"This will never do," thought he, "I must interest her in some way."

He went over to her, and putting one hand under her chin, turned her face round, and said—

"My dearest friend, let this coldness cease. I have done nothing worthy of it; why then keep me at such a dreadful distance? For her sake, Zella, for the child's, let the past be forgotten and forgiven."

She raised her eyes, and oh, how sad they were, and said, "Let it be so, Frank."

"You do not think I connived at her death, Zella, anything but that," and out flew his white handkerchief, and in flew his face into it, and remained there so long that it got as red as a turkey's wattles. Instead of growing pale with his intense grief. All Zella's latent resentment was swept away by this deluge of woe. She looked almost sorry that she had dared to think evil thoughts of such a sorrowing, bearded widower. This was what he wished.

"Zella, you'll take back your cruel words, won't you?"

"Yes, Frank, entirely; forgive me," said she, holding out her hand.

"Forgive you, Zella, oh how freely; you used to call me brother, has your tongue forgotten the term?" taking her hand.

"No, Frank."

"Then why not use it?"

"Give me time—don't hurry me."

There was a pause, at length he asked—

"Where's the baby?"

"She's asleep," she replied, "she's a good child—she never will go to 'scep without matin her little pair," as she calls it, "for ganpa Gaham, papa Fank, aunty Zella, and I muttent pay for mama Dacy tause se's in hebben"—that's the way she concludes."

Frank sighed wearily.

"What's father doing?"

"He's walking on the back verandah, watching the rain, I think. There's the dinner-bell, you'll stay, Frank?"

And now there came to be long walks by moonlight, and rambles over the hills; there were wild gallops by the river, and very loving words spoken in old John Graham's garden on summer nights, beneath the soft light of the stars; and but for one thing—one fatal remembrance—Frank would have been happy. And Zella—it is enough to say she had never loved before.

The wedding was arranged to take place in September. Masons and carpenters were busy at the Bluffs, tearing down and building up. Frank's orders being to make it as different as possible from what it was before.

It had been remarked by the servants, that, since his wife's death, Frank had been totally unlike himself. They had their own talk about it, and the butler remarked to the cook—

"He's a changed man, is master."

"Deed is he thin, Mr. Thomas, I niver see a man more changed. So handsome as he used to be, and so fond of Missis and the child."

"He was a changed man frum the day Miss Zella come," said the hostler, entering the kitchen, clenching his remark by a significant whistle.

"My poor Missis, may she rest!" said cook, with a groan.

"Aye, may she rest," responded the butler, "but does she rest? There's quare sounds heard in this o' nights, Mrs. Finnigan. Master has never slept in it a night since her death."

"Where do he sleep at all, do 'e think, Mr. Thomas?"

"The fiend knows," interposed the hostler.

"I heard a noise t'other night, nigh on to one o' the clock. I slipped to head o' stairs; there was master, a flyin' down, and out he went o' the front door, like wan mad. I called an he went faster an faster, and clean down the road out o' sight. I watched till nigh on to morn, but he niver comed back."

"Strange doin's, thim," said cook. "I declare, Bessie," addressing the housemaid, "I feel quite ill with it all."

"A glass of porter will jist set ye on yer feet again, Mrs. Finnigan," said the Butler, taking the hint, and quickly handing her a glass of the article, foaming over. The portly dame had a

penchant for porter, and generally gave the butler a hint about a wakeness in the stomach, or a bit of a rheumatiz, whenever she wanted him to smuggle her a glass.

"Thank you, Mr. Thomas; I allus knowed ye wur a raal jintlemin. Yer health, Mr. Thomas."

"I'm bliged to ye, Mrs. Finnigan," replied Thomas, nodding his head.

"I wus allus used" said Mrs. Finnigan, as she emptied the glass, (a habit she had, like the old toper, who gave as his excuse for always draining the glass, his desire to see the pretty angel painted on the bottom; whereupon his wife had an imp painted there instead; but still he drained it dry, remarking "'twould be a pity to leave the imp a drop." Mrs. Finnigan's excuse was, "shure no wan wud drink after me.")

"I wus allus used," she continued, "to livin' in respectable families, and (crossing her arms, each the size of a stove-pipe,) if wust comes to wust, wan kin give warnin'."

"It jist make me shiver of nights," said pretty Bessie Wilson, "to hear master cryin' out ov evenins, most like a wild thing—'Grace, Grace!' jist fur all the world as if she wur there; and thin I be skeered to go down stairs."

"Why didn't ye call me, Miss Bessie? I'd a bin oino too happy to fetch ye down," said the butler.

"Now, Mr. Thomas, do hush," looking at him sideways.

"I would, pon honor," stroking fondly a few straggling red hairs on his lip, which he regarded as a love of a mustache, his last looks at night and first in the morning were bestowed upon this fiery pet; he watched its growth as a gardener his early nurslings.

"Where's Jessie Dean, Mr. Thomas?"

"Oh, now, Miss Bessie; hang it, you take a fellow up so short—aw—she—she's not to be mentione'd—aw hang it, no, in the same breath with you—you know."

"Ah, Mr. Thomas."

"It's a fact, Miss Bessie," bringing down his knuckles into cook's dripping-pan, instead of on the table, in his excitement, and dashing the rich gravy over his white apron, and into cook's face.

"Good gracious, Mr. Thomas, I'm drowned shure, in grease, and its all over yer pants too, and a drippin' down on yer boots."

"To be drowned in grease," said the hostler, grinning, "be a putty end for a cook."

"What shall I do?" said the butler, as the sound of a bell was heard, "I'm not fit to be seen."

"Didn't I know," said the hostler, "didn't I know what was comin'? Didn't I see 'em allus together? Didn't I say—wait? Wasn't my Missis' horse sold the day after she died? on the saddle I can't find this day."

"You don't say so, Mr. Jones?" queried cook, emerging from the gravy like a mermaid from the ocean.

"Fact, mam. I've hunted these here primises high days an' low days, mam, but all to no purpose, mam."

"Well, I'm beat, Mr. Jones."

"Fact, mam," shaking his head ominously.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE WEDDING.

The wedding-day dawned clear and bright. Soft south-western breezes just stirred the grass on Gracy's grave. Two figures stood beside it in the early dusk. They laid their daily offering above the dust that once was life. Tears fell like dew upon the rose-tree leaves that grew upon the grave. Hand in hand they departed in silent sorrow. They were the two Zellas.

The marriage took place in the church at ten o'clock, with much pomp and ceremony, as is usual on such occasions. There was a grand dinner at five o'clock, to which a large company were invited.

Frank thought his troubles all past now. Zella loved him; she had said so. She was his wife.

He had waited long for this—so long; but it had come at last. Surely he would now be repaid for all.

Zella was pleased to see him look happy once more; he had seemed so wretched since Grace's death; not all like himself—he had grown thin, very thin.

They walked in the garden before dinner, talking of past and present. Baby Zell, who had lived with her grandfather since her mother's death, hovered around them, or fluttered like bee from flower to flower, radiant in wedding finery, with large bows of ribbon on her shoulders acting for wings. A lively imagination might liken her to a huge butterfly.

Frank was genial, gay, even hilarious; he never was in such spirits. It appeared to him as if the storms and mists which had shrouded him so long—through which he heard fearful sounds and saw fearful sights, had suddenly lifted, and the welcome light of day was shining on his soul. He crowned Zella with flowers, such as he could find; wax flowers, pure as her brow, he said, and pansies, yellow, true blue, and royal purple, emblem of her noble mind.

"What does the yellow symbolize, Frank?" she asked mischievously.

"Oh! we will overlook that," he replied.

"I hope then," she rejoined, laughing, "you will exercise the same leniency with regard to my faults."

"You have none, my darling."

"Flatterer, will you tell me that ten years hence?"

"Yes, my angel, ten thousand years hence"—he was prevented from finishing his sentence by Baby Zell, who, flying round an angle of the walk, threw a handful of grass up at her father's face, with one of her old-fashioned shouts, and clapped her hands, crying—

"Oh, Aunt Zella, Papa's eatin' gass, like the man in the Bible."

"You little gipsy," he cried, and tried to get hold of her, but she ran, and was out of reach in an instant.

"What's this?" said he in terror; "what noise is this? Ho! who's there? Who's in the bushes?" He rushed away like a maniac, tearing his clothes and hands at every step, but found no one.

"I'm a fool, there's no one here; can there be, or is it only fancy?"

"Only fancy," was repeated, close behind him; he fled like one distracted.

No sooner had he gone than a man slipped from behind a tree. He carried a lady's saddle in his hand.

"Wasn't he skeered putty, though," he soliloquized. "It done me good, it did," and he chuckled to himself. "He'll be skeered worse nur that afore night, I reckon; but I'll bide my time." This man was Jones.

At five the guests took their seats at the dinner table, the old, white-haired father at the head, dispensed hospitality with a patriarchal air. In the midst of the festivities a domestic entered, and informed the bride that a person in the hall wished to see her, and would not be put off.

"Who is it, Jenkins?"

"Jones, mam, the hostler at the Bluffs."

Excusing herself to the company, she rose and went into the hall. There stood Jones, his hat in one hand, the saddle in the other.

"Well, Jones, what is it?"

"This be a sorry day, mam; an sorry I be to see ye, mam."

"What's wrong, Jones?"

"Everything's wrong, mam; ef I'd only knowed it in time. Now it's too late—yer wed, mam?"

"Yes, but what has that to do with it?"

"Everything, as ye shall hear, mam. Ye see I went out the day to get some twigs, to make the garden chair as ye spoke uv. As I was goin' along the bit of wood where the deep gully is, I see summat shining down in the bed uv the stream. Ye see, mam, there be no-water there now, but in spring it be deep, an go roarin' down the hills."

"Hurry, Jones."

"I will, mam. Well, I jumped down into the gully, fur thinks I, mebby there's gold here; and I begin to scratch and to dig at the shiny bit, an what should it be but the thrimmins like uv a saddle. I scratched it out uv the sand, all uv a thrimble, fur I been lookin' fur my lady's saddle over a year, and there it wur, mam, buried in the sand."

Zella was interested by this time.

"Yes, this is Mrs. Vining's saddle."

"Why was it thrown in the gully?"

"That's it, mam; that's what I said to myself, an turned it round and round, an here's what I found, the Lord preserve us," and he pointed to a strong, sharp iron nail, firmly secured in the under part of the saddle, in such

a manner as to pierce the horse terribly when the rider was seated.

Zella bent forward and fixed an eager gaze on the spot indicated. She staggered back, with eyes that seemed starting from their sockets.

"Bear up, mam, bear up, fur any sake. She's in heaven, I hope, poor lady."

Zella leaned against the wall groaning, her face the color of her wedding-robe.

"Oh my sister, my poor, murdered sister," she cried, putting her hands to her head, in a kind of crazed way; what perfidy! what cruelty! She was killed, Jones."

"No doubt of it, mam. May her soul rest in glory."

"Oh, unfortunate that I am, for I'm his wretched wife; but not one miserable hour will I bear the name. My father, my poor father, this will kill him."

"I hope not, mam."

"I fear it, Jones, but now I must act—tomorrow I can weep. Wait here a moment, Jones, and when you hear the bell, come."

"Aye, aye, mam."

She returned to the dining-room and took her seat silently.

"Nothing unplesant, I hope, love," Frank said.

Receiving no answer, he looked at her. Where was the lovely, radiant bride of a few moments ago? This is a pale, stern woman, with an eye like steel.

"Zella, for heaven's sake, what ails you?"

She fixed her eyes on him steadfastly; she tried to speak, but utterance seemed denied her. At last the words came, hollow but distinctly—

"Oh, for the power of Medusa, to look you into stone. Oh, that every hair upon my head was each a separate snake, to sting you with a thousand deaths; detested wretch, your hands are full of blood; *you killed my sister, man.*"

"For God's sake, Zella, compose yourself; you're not aware of what you're saying."

The one word, "murderer," hissed from her white lips.

The company rose to their feet; for one brief instant they stood looking at each other, as if horrified.

"This is madness," cried Frank, stamping, "yes madness, or falsehood, base and cowardly. Some enemy is doing this. Ladies and gentlemen," turning to the company, "I appeal to you; you are all aware that my late wife was thrown from her horse and killed?"

"Yes, yes," responded many voices.

"How then, I ask, can I be supposed to have connived at her death, or be implicated in it in any way?"

"Surely not," some one replied.

"Madam," turning to Zella, "you have been rather premature in bringing so serious a charge against your husband; you should have had proof."

"Cruel wretch!" she replied, "unnatural monster! thus perish every token of our hated



union." She then tore off her long bridal veil, stamped it under her feet; unclasping her jewels and drawing off her wedding-ring, she dashed them on the floor, exclaiming—

"Off, hateful trappings, gained by her dear loss. The signs of endless woe will better suit my state."

"What's this you say, my child?" said old Mr. Graham, coming slowly to his daughter's side, "if my old ears did not deceive me, you spoke of murder."

"Oh, my father," she cried, turning and laying her hand on his arm, "God comfort you, poor old man."

"Who is murdered, my daughter?"

"Alas! the dearest—the fairest one!"

Here Frank interposed.

"Produce your proofs, Mrs. Vining; mere assertion amounts to just nothing."

"Dare not to apply that hated name to me," she cried fiercely, her eyes flashing, the blood rushing to her brow, "never, never will I bear it."

"We waste time in this tragi-comedy, Madam; you accuse me of murder—I defy you to prove it."

She touched a small bell beside her; instantly Jones appeared with the saddle.

"Here be the witness, mam," said Jones, grinning and giving the saddle a slap.

Frank glared at it, and laughed—such a laugh.

"What have you to say now, Mr. Vining? here is the evidence of your crime."

"Yis, yer sold for certain, sir; this here witness don't tell no lies; here be the nail."

"*The nail!*" cried several voices

"Yes, the nail that he druv in the saddle, to make the horse throw the poor lady."

"Softly, fellow," said Frank, turning to the company, who were now examining the saddle in a state of great excitement, "the prisoner is about to speak. Granting that Mrs. Vining was killed, you have yet to prove that I killed her."

"Yes, certainly, that is so;" said several of the company, "you are supposed to be innocent until convicted."

"Well, sir, if I may speak, I can soon settle that little matter, said Jones." "The day before my missis wer killed, ye mind sir, ye sint me to town for a quarter poun av nail, the very make av this wan, an a small hammer; you wer goin to do some work, you said, an I wint in, wonderin why ye didn't sind for a carpenter, an thin a few hours before my lady wer killed, I see ye with her saddle in yer hand."

"These are very suspicious circumstances, certainly," said a magistrate, who was among the company.

"Ye demons! I am yours," cried Frank, now reckless of everything; there is no need of further evidence. I plead guilty to the indictment, and here stands my excuse," pointing to Zella. "This shining angel

'Once seen, became a part of sight—  
And rose, where'er I turned my eye,  
The morning star of memory.'

One kiss, fair bride." She shrieked, and all was commotion, with loud cries of "Seize him, seize him."

With a fearful oath he rushed through the crowd, flinging aside all who ventured to oppose his progress through the hall, and out of the door in an instant, and into the dark wood, which hid him from their sight.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CONCLUSION.

Frank Vining's body was found after many days, by his servants in the wood adjoining the Bluffs. It was terribly lacerated by the sharp-pointed rocks on which it was found. It was supposed he had cast himself down in a fit of insanity. In his pocket was found the following, written with pencil—

"Outcast from all humanity, — what now remains to me? To die—to rot in dark oblivion—a stagnant mass that once was man. But the spirit,—the animating principle,—ah! 'tis deathless; I cannot slay it with a sword, or burn it with fire, or drown it with water—that spirit is myself; 'tis not this flesh and blood, these nerves and sinews. No, 'tis something nobler far. Perdition! to live forever, and in torment. Hark! again that fearful cry—'Save me Frank, save me.'"

When Mr. Graham knew the truth respecting his favorite daughter, nature gave way. He died calling on her name. "My bird," he said, "my pretty Grace, how could he harm my lamb?"

There is little more to be told. Years after Zella made a second and worthier choice. She was a mother to Grace's orphan child. Often on summer evenings they might be seen, strewing flowers on her grave, and weeping beside the long home of Gracy Graham—the half-sister.

## TO EDITH.

Sweet flower of innocence and love  
That blooms in young life's flowery way,  
'Twere idle to interpret now  
The dreams that cheer thy opening day,  
For thou hast nought of grief or care  
To fill the pauses of thy mirth,  
But like the children of the air,  
Thy spirit knows no taint of earth.

The tendrils of a mother's heart  
Are round about thee close entwined.  
Ah! who can tell what thoughts of thee  
Arise within her watchful mind.  
O may thou that loved one obey,  
Her light, her joy, in future days,  
That when the march of life is o'er,  
Thy love shall find celestial praise.

SKETCHES OF ACADIE.

No. 1.—FORT NASHWAAK.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

Comparatively few of the thousands who, from the heights above Fredericton, have gazed on the Nashwaak, like a thread of silver winding away to the northward, were aware that this insignificant river had given a name to what was once the seat of the Government of Acadie, and that the low sandy point at its junction with the broad St. John, was the site of a fortress, which made no inconsiderable figure in the wars of that period. Indeed, it excites a feeling of surprise, if not of pain, to find that many of those who have resided all their lives in sight of this river have never heard of the scenes which were enacted there. Its history has almost been suffered to sink into oblivion, and tradition has not preserved a single reliable annal to reward the research of the Antiquarian. New Brunswick has but few historic shrines, and cannot afford that the memory of one of them should be lost—unlike older and less fortunate lands, all her hills have not been consecrated with blood, and it therefore becomes more important that the memory of those places, in which history has been enacted, should be preserved.

To enable the reader to understand the state of Acadie at the time when Nashwaak rose into importance, a very slight sketch of the early history of the Province will suffice. In 1604 DeMonts and Champlain discovered the river St. John, and made a settlement on one of the islands at the mouth of the St. Croix. In 1605 Port Royal was founded on the site of the present town of Annapolis, by the same parties, and Pontgravé, the lieutenant of DeMonts, was placed in command of the fort erected there. Port Royal was abandoned in 1607, but seems to have been settled again in 1610 by M. Poutrincourt, a gentleman of Picardie, who was with DeMonts in his first expedition; but in 1613 it was destroyed by Captain Argal, and a fleet sent from the English settlements in Virginia. In 1617 Biencourt, a son of Poutrincourt, was with a small French Colony at Port Royal, and two years later three Recollet fathers from the Province of Aquitaine were sent to reside on the St. John river to convert the Indians. England, about this time, laid claim to Acadie, and in 1621 the whole of it was granted by James I, under the name of Nova Scotia, to Sir William Alexander. He appears to have made some attempts to settle his new possession, and built some fortifications at Port Royal. He also gave permission to Claude de la Tour and his son Charles to build

a fort at the mouth of the river St. John, which was named Fort La Tour. This fort was on the western side of the harbor of St. John, on a point of land immediately opposite to Navy Island—its site being now used as a shipyard. It was built about the year 1625, and its history is sufficiently important and interesting to entitle it to be considered in a separate paper. It may be observed here that the sieges of this fort by D'Aulnay, and its heroic defense by Madam la Tour, have been erroneously credited by some writers to the fort at Jemseg, but the latter does not appear to have been built until the occupation of Acadie by the English in the time of Cromwell, between 1655 and 1666. It was on the point, on the south side of the Jemseg, and was described in its surrender in 1670 under the treaty of Breda as a square fort 40 paces long by 30 wide, enclosed all round by new stakes 18 feet high, connected by cross pieces and with pickets 9 feet high leant inside against the stakes. The gate was composed of three thicknesses of new plank, and three platforms, and three angles of the fort were made of the same material. There were 4 iron guns mounted, weighing 427, 427, 625, and 300 lbs. respectively, and a 5th iron gun not mounted, weighing 350 lbs. A house 20 paces by 10 was inside of the fort—with storehouse, forge, &c. We have been thus particular in describing this fort, because the fort at Nashwaak was of the same character, although on a larger scale, but unfortunately no reliable description of it can be found at the present day.

In 1676 Nashwaak was granted by Frontenac, the French Governor of Canada, to M. de Marson, who was at that time Commandant of Jemseg. This seignory was to be named Soulanges, and comprised two leagues front on each side of the river St. John, and two leagues deep inland. Soulanges was one of the titles of de Marson, but notwithstanding his anxiety to have this name given to Nashwaak, the old name seems to have prevailed, for it is nowhere referred to by the name of Soulanges except in the grant. In 1684 two brothers named d'Amours, Mathieu and René, received grants and settled on the St. John river. They were of a good family, and originally came from Bretagne. Mathieu obtained a grant of all the land along the St. John between Jemseg and Nashwaak, two leagues deep on each side of the river. He built a house on the eastern side of the St. John, immediately opposite the

mout. of the Oromocto, and gave to his seignior the name of Frenesse. A lot of land described as "on the river St. John from Medoctec to the *longue sault* two leagues in depth on each side" was granted to his brother, René d'Amours. These d'Amours appear to have been the first private individuals who actually settled on the river St. John. In 1686 M. de Meulles made an exploration of Acadie, visiting each settlement in person, and taking a census of the inhabitants. This census is very exact in its details, giving the name of every inhabitant, the number of fire arms in his possession, the amount of land he had cleared, and the number of his cattle. It appears from the return that the total population of Acadie was 915 persons, of whom 30 were soldiers. The number of guns of all kinds was 222, of horned cattle, 986, sheep, 759, and swine, 608—of cleared land there were 896 arpents, or rather less than the same number of English acres. This census is a sad commentary on the French system of colonization, which, after Acadie had been settled for 80 years, produced so small a result. The attempt to introduce the European feudal system, by which certain noblemen received large tracts of land, which were erected into seigniories and held by homage, caused the province to present the ridiculous spectacle of a country occupied by immense estates, but tenanted only by the wild animals of the forest. The land was thus locked against the poor settler, and was of but little value to the rich landowner in its uncultivated condition. Bad as was the position of the whole of Acadie in respect to progress and population, the land along the St. John river exhibited perhaps the most singular and painful spectacle of any. Here was a tract of territory unrivalled in richness, which had been explored and known for three quarters of a century, in which forts had been erected, which had been the scenes of extensive warlike operations, yet in 1686 there were only seven white inhabitants in the whole of the country along the St. John river. Three years later the population of Acadie was found to be diminishing, and by a census taken at that time the number of inhabitants was found to be only 803—a reduction of 112 from the number of the former census—yet further dangers were in store for the feeble French Colony.

In 1690 an expedition was fitted out in the British Colonies to attack Acadie, and sailed from Boston under the command of Sir Wm. Phips in May of that year. This expedition captured Port Royal, and M. de Menneval, the governor and most of the garrison were taken to Boston. Phips compelled the inhabitants of Port Royal to take the oath of allegiance, and, according to Charlevoix, plundered them besides. No attempt to occupy it permanently appears to have been made by the English.

The Chevalier de Villebon arrived at Port Royal in June, 1690, having been sent out from France to govern the colony of Acadie. Finding the fort destroyed, he determined to re-

move the seat of government to the river St. John, and the fort at Jemseg, which had been long abandoned, was selected as the head-quarters of Acadie. It was resolved to build a fort of stone there, but this design does not appear to have been carried out, and the fort at Jemseg was again abandoned, Villebon having removed his garrison to Nashwaak, where he commenced the erection of a fort. This transfer from Jemseg to Nashwaak appears to have taken place in 1692, although there is some slight obscurity about the exact date. The fort, like most others in Acadie, was made of pickets or stakes 18 or 20 feet high, strengthened by other stakes braced against them from the inside—the whole forming a protection sufficiently formidable to answer the requirements of the country. At least 8 cannon were mounted. Its exact site has been a matter of some difficulty to determine, but there is evidence enough to show that it was on the extremity of the point of land at the junction of the Nashwaak with the St. John, on the northern side of the tributary river. The constant wearing away of the soil by ice and water for nearly two centuries has had the effect of washing away the place on which the fort stood, although within the memory of living men some remains of it were visible on the site indicated.

The winter of 1693 appears to have been a busy one at Fort Nashwaak. Villieu, a French officer of some eminence, arrived from Quebec, and spent the winter at the fort. Preparations for an attack on Acadie were being made in Boston, and every thing betokened a vigorous summer campaign. The year previous Sir William Phips had threatened the fort with a ship and two brigantines, having 80 soldiers on board, hoping to surprise the garrison, but finding Villebon on the alert, he refrained from attacking him. But this commander knew that the danger was only averted for the time, and every preparation was made to strengthen the defences, and make it able to resist a vigorous attack. The English had almost succeeded in persuading the Indians into an alliance with them, and every thing looked ominous for the French Colony.

In May, 1694, Villieu was sent with a party of Indians to meet the Indians of Penobscot, and endeavor to put a stop to their negotiations with the English. He seems to have travelled on the river St. John by way of Medoctec—that being the canoe route to Penobscot—in those days. It may be interesting to note that canoe voyages by the upper St. John to Quebec were constantly performed at that period. Villieu was successful in his mission, and persuaded the Indians to continue at war with the English, principally through the influence of Taxous, an Indian Chief, who was the adopted brother of Villebon, and a man of some note. One of the tributaries of the South West Miramichi, improperly written on the maps "Taxes," is named after this Chief. The result of Villieu's mission was most disastrous to the outlying settlements of New England.

Men, women and children were indiscriminately slaughtered by the Indians, and the scalps sent to Canada to the French Governor. Yet in the same year the English had an ample revenge, for a contagious pestilence broke out among the Penobscot Indians, and numbers of them perished.

In June, 1695, a large number of Indians and Chiefs from Kennebec, Penobscot, Medocce, and Madawaska, were entertained by Villebon at Fort Nashwaak. The object of their meeting was the settlement of preliminaries for more extensive trading with the French, and arrangements for that purpose were accordingly made. Some prisoners, who had been captured and brought to the fort from an English vessel, by Baptiste, a privateersman, were ransomed the same month, and taken away by an English frigate, which arrived in Manawagoniche. In the winter of 1695-'6 great preparations were made for increasing the strength of the fort, and 2,000 palisades, 2,000 stakes, and 600 plank were prepared for that purpose. War had now become imminent, and an attack on the French forts in Acadie could not be long averted. In July, 1696, two French war vessels—the *Profond* and *Envieux*—with troops on board, and with munitions of war for Nashwaak, were attacked off the harbor of St John by three English ships, the *Sorlings*, *Newport*, and *Province* tender. An engagement ensued, in which, according to the French account, the *Newport*, of 24 guns, was captured by the French, the other English ships escaping in the fog. The French vessels which took part in this contest were part of a fleet intended to assist in the siege of the English fort at Pemaquid, which was captured by the French in August of the same year, Chubb, the Commandant, being sent to Boston and exchanged under the terms of the capitulation.

In the meantime, while the French were annoying the English Colony, an expedition was being fitted out at Boston to attack Acadie. It was to be placed under the command of Col. Church, who had been a noted leader in the wars waged by the New England settlers against King Philip. The expedition, which consisted of 500 men, left Boston on the 25th August, 1696, in a number of shallops and light vessels, and followed the coast, calling at Piscataque, Penobscot, and Kennebec. They then sailed for Beaubassin, (Fort Lawrence) at the head of Cumberland Bay, where they landed and committed various depredations, plundering the inhabitants, who fled to the woods. Church's experience in Indian warfare had probably unfitted him for strife of a more civilized character, for there was certainly something piratical in the conduct of this expedition, which appears to have started with no more definite object than to plunder and annoy the enemy. After spending several days at Beaubassin, they again set sail, and on the 29th September arrived off St. John Harbor, landing somewhere in the vicinity of Manawagoniche. Here Church was informed by a French soldier,

whom he captured, that 12 cannon were buried in the beach, which were probably part of the armament intended for the fort which was to be erected on the site of Fort la Tour. After taking possession of them, he sailed for the St. Croix, where he was joined by a reinforcement from Boston, consisting of the *Arundel*, the *Province* galley, and a transport, with 200 men on board. Church was here superseded by Colonel Hawthorne, who took the chief command of the expedition—a change which, by spreading dissatisfaction among the leaders, operated injuriously on the result of the enterprise.

Villebon, who was constantly on the alert, had early suspected that an attempt would be made to capture Nashwaak, and had sent an ensign, named Chevalier, with 4 men, to the mouth of the river to watch for the approach of the enemy. From a rocky point which overlooks the Bay, they could observe an English brigantine approaching, and soon after the rest of the fleet hove in sight. Some of the troops landed from the vessels with such celerity that Chevalier and his party were attacked, and had to take to the woods; and two days later, when he was returning to the coast, he fell into an ambuscade, and was killed, and two of his men taken by the Indians, who had allied themselves to the English. Intelligence of Chevalier's fate and the approach of the enemy were taken to Villebon, at Nashwaak, by a brother of the latter, M. de Neuville, who had been sent out to reconnoitre. Vigorous preparations were immediately made to resist an attack, which was now certain, and all the available aid in the vicinity at once called in. The garrison numbered 100 soldiers, and they were kept constantly employed in strengthening the defences and mounting fresh cannon. Nearly 80 years before a Recollet mission had been established among the Indians on the St. John, and at Aughpack, 7 miles above Fort Nashwaak, there was an Indian Village and missionary station, over which father Simon, a Recollet, presided. On the 12th October, when Neuville arrived at the fort, Villebon despatched a messenger to father Simon, begging him to bring as many of his neophytes as he could influence, to the defence of the Fort. On the 14th he arrived at Nashwaak with 36 warriors to join the garrison, who were still constantly employed in throwing up new entrenchments. Neuville was again sent out to reconnoitre, and on the 16th he returned, reporting that he had seen the English in great force a league and a half below Jemseg, and that their approach might be hourly expected. On the 17th the *generale* was beat, and Villebon addressed the garrison, exhorting them to be brave in the defense of their post, and reminding them of the prowess of their nation. To stimulate their courage still further, he assured them that if any of them should be maimed in the contest, his majesty would provide for him while he lived. This address was listened to with much enthusiasm, and at its close the cries of *vive le roy* awakened

the echoes of the wide spreading forest, and were borne down the river almost to the English fleet. The same evening Baptiste, the captain of a French privateer, with the brothers Renè and Mathieu d'Amours, and ten Frenchmen, who lived lower down the river, arrived at the fort. Villebon stationed them with the Indians, to endeavour, if possible, to prevent the landing of the English. Baptiste and Renè d'Amours were placed in command of this detachment.

That night the garrison lay under arms, as from the barking of the dogs, it was evident the enemy was near. Next morning, between 8 and 9 o'clock, an armed sloop rounded the point below the fort, and was immediately followed by two others, all of them being full of armed men. Villebon was attending mass at this time, but on the alarm being given, hastened at once to his post. The vessels approached until they were within half the distance of a cannon shot, when they were fired on from the fort, upon which they made for the shore, and effected a landing on the eastern side of the St. John, behind a point of land on the lower side of the Nashwaak. No attempt was made to oppose their landing, as the river Nashwaak intervened between them and the French. They advanced at once to a point opposite the fort, where the river did not exceed a pistol shot in width, and commenced throwing up earthworks in the form of a demi bastion. In three hours they had two guns mounted and ready to fire, and hoisting the Royal Standard of England, they commenced firing. A third gun of larger size was mounted in the course of the day. The contest was carried on with vigor,—the fire of musketry being heavy, and the guns on both sides well served, La Côte particularly distinguishing himself by the rapidity and precision of his firing from the fort. The Indians on both sides appear to have taken a considerable part in the contest, which was only terminated by the approach of darkness. The English, with singular negligence, had omitted to provide themselves with tents, and were consequently in a great measure at the mercy of the elements. That night was frosty and cold on the low land at the margin of the river, and the fires which they lighted were targets for the enemy's shot, so that they were obliged to extinguish them. In consequence of this, they suffered greatly, and were in poor condition to renew the attack next morning.

As soon as day dawned, the fire of musketry from the fort commenced, and about 8 o'clock the English got their guns again into operation. One of them was dismounted by a shot from the fort, and the firing became so severe that the others had to be abandoned in the course of the day. From the vigor with which the defence was conducted, it became evident that the fort could not be taken unless by a regular investment, while the absence of tents and the approach of winter made such an operation impossible. It was therefore decided to aban-

don the undertaking, and the same evening fires were lighted over a large extent of ground to deceive the French while the troops embarked. Villebon seems to have suspected the design, for he proposed to Baptiste and Renè d'Amours to cross the river below the fort and annoy the English in their retreat, with their Indians, but they declined so uncertain and dangerous a service. When the morning dawned, the English camp was empty, and Neuville was sent to see if they had embarked. He found their vessels (4 in number) three leagues below, and going down the river with a favorable wind. The expedition, according to the French account, lost 80 men from sickness on the voyage back to Boston. Thus ended the siege of Nashwaak. The loss of the French is stated by them to have been one soldier killed, a second losing his legs, and a third being wounded by the bursting of his musket. Mathieu d'Amours, who lived at Freneusse, opposite the mouth of the Oromocto, and who came to assist in the defence of the fort, was so much injured by exposure during the siege that he shortly afterwards died, and the English, on their way down the river, burnt his residence and laid waste his fields. The English loss in the siege was said to be 8 soldiers killed, and 5 officers and 12 soldiers wounded—a number which, considering the exposed position they occupied, and the vigor of the French fire, does not appear too large to be worthy of credence.

The whole of the winter following was employed by Villebon in strengthening the defences of the fort, so as to make it safe from 12 pounders, in case of another attack. On the 22d January, having cut a sufficient number of pickets, they commenced to dig the frozen ground, for the purpose of placing them, with the object of forming a new enclosure for the fort. The work was pressed on with such vigor that the number of sick was very large, one sixth of the garrison being generally in hospital; but it was finally completed by the end of April, 1697. In May the garrison was reinforced by a detachment from Canada—three of Villebon's brothers being with the party.

In June M. de St. Cosme, cure of Minas, came to the fort with 50 Indians of his mission, to receive instructions with reference to the conduct of his band in the expedition which was being fitted out for Penobscot. They left for that place late in the month, and early in July a party of Micmacs arrived and were despatched to reinforce them. Later in July, father Simon departed for Penobscot with 72 Indians of St. John river, with orders to capture the people of St. Croix on their way. Notwithstanding the preparations that were made, and the vigor of Villebon, who supplied the Indians abundantly with ammunition, enjoining them to give no quarter to the enemy, the expedition failed in its object, in consequence of the French men-of-war which were to meet them not arriving. One or two English villages were attacked and a number of people scalped, but no place of

strength was taken. Hunger drove some of the Indians home, and the remainder were attacked by some troops who landed from five English vessels near the Kennebec and driven to their canoes. In September peace was established between England and France, and Acadie once more for a short time was unmoles- ted by any enemy.

With the conclusion of peace the eventful portion of the history of Fort Nashwaak ceases. Villebon still continued in command; but it was in contemplation to rebuild the old fort at the mouth of the river on the site of fort La Tour, and this design appears to have been carried out, for it was in course of construction in 1698, and was probably finished early in the following year. The whole coast of Acadie and New England had for many years been infested by pirates, who frequently assembled in numbers sufficiently formidable to become dangerous to the settlements and even to the men- of-war of that period. Sometimes, however, they were less fortunate. In 1694 a corsair commanded by Capt. Robineau was driven by an English ship into the harbor of St. John and burnt. In 1697, Captain Basset, a pirate, was captured near Cape Sable by Baptiste, and taken to Fort Nashwaak, where he was kept a prisoner for more than a year, but contrived to get away on some pretext, his real character not being fully known to Villebon at the time.

Towards the close of 1698, the garrison at Nashwaak appears to have been much reduced. Villebon, having taken possession of the new fort at the mouth of the river, where, for lack of better employment, his principal officers appear to have used their time in sending letters, filled with ridiculous charges against him, to the Governor of Canada.

In 1700, M. de Fontenu was sent by the French government to enquire into the affairs of Acadie, and in his reply he advised the abandon- ment of the fort at Nashwaak—the frequent inundations of the river St. John, the difficul- ties of navigation and other causes, led him to this opinion. His recommendations were car- ried out and the fort abandoned accordingly, the last of its cannon being removed in 1701 to Port Royal, which once more became the capi- tal of Acadie; the fort at the mouth of the river was also dismantled at the same time. Villebon did not live to see the undoing of the work with which he had taken so much pains, for he died at the last named fort in July, 1700, and was buried there, leaving behind him a repu- tation for fidelity, capacity and courage, not often equalled.

From this time, for a long period of years, it is necessary to look elsewhere than to the river St. John for any portion of the active history of Acadie. The forts soon became ruinous, and the settlements, feeble as they had been before, declined still more rapidly. Port Royal was captured by the English in 1710, and never again held by France; the St. John, indeed, re- mained nominally in possession of the latter, but was deserted by its inhabitants, and not

settled again for many years. But it is not in- tended here to pursue the history of Acadia further; our business is with Fort Nashwaak, which, although abandoned and gone to decay, is still an interesting object to the antiquarian, or, indeed, to every man to whom the history of his native Province is a matter of concern. More than half a century passes before we again obtain a glimpse of the condition of the old fort. Some time in the year 1763, after the country was fully in possession of England, a survey of the St. John was made by Charles Morris, Esquire, for the government of Nova Scotia, and a copy of the map drawn by him is now in the Crown Land Office, at Frederic- ton. Of Nashwaak it says—"Here is the ruins of a French fort, and at present a factory for the Indian trade, which is the furthestmost Eng- lish settlement up the river." Immediately opposite, on the site of the present city of Fred- ericton, then called St. Anns, the map says— "Here was a French village, but the houses were all destroyed by the French and Indians." This village certainly did not exist at the time of the siege, and was probably of comparative- ly modern date, founded about the year 1731, when a number of French from other parts of Acadie went to the St. John. The statement with refer- ence to its having been burnt by the French themselves will, we fear, scarcely be credited by the practical people of the present day, who are not in the habit of destroying their own houses. Probably their friends, the Eng- lish, who took possession of the country in 1758, under Colonel Monckton, rendered them some assistance in this incendiary operation. As late as 1761 some 42 Acadian French were living at St. Anns, leading a sort of half savage life, in much the same condition as the Indians who were their neighbours. Even this small remnant was not suffered to remain, for Morris' principal mission to the St. John in 1763 was to require the Acadians who resided on the river to remove from thence.

After being abandoned as a fort for more than 166 years, it is not to be expected that much would be left to distinguish Nashwaak from the other points on the river. Indeed, a stranger might easily pass the place and never dream that it had been once the centre of French power in Acadia; and that its feeble pallisades were at one time the only barriers which inter- vened between the English and the possession of the whole of that province, and restrained the dominion of the Anglo Saxon race over it for more than half a century. On that beach which is now devoted to the lumbermen, French sentinels have paced with formal step, and thought of their own fair land, from which they were parted by three thousand miles of ocean. Within those wasted ramparts the home-sick soldiers spent the long Acadian winter, shut out from the world, and their horizon bounded on every side by an interminable and trackless forest. How many of those pioneers of empire were laid to rest beneath the shade of those trees which, like the race which they sheltered,

have been swept from the land by a more aggressive and indomitable people. Their lowly graves, undisturbed by the ploughshares of their enemies, have alone escaped the universal destruction which pursued them; yet, now and then the relic hunter chances to light upon some memento of their times, which carries him back to the "old colonial days" in which they lived and died, and awakens in his bosom reflections which no right minded man would desire to banish.

For the purpose of discovering if the site of the fort could be traced, or if any traditions of its history existed among the inhabitants, the writer visited Nashwaak several times during the summer. On the first occasion he was accompanied by Mr. E. Jaek, who is well known as an antiquarian of no ordinary research. We had little difficulty in identifying the site of the fort from the character of the embankments, which have been obviously formed by the hand of man. For many years the St. John river has been encroaching on the bank in this vicinity, and much of the ground has been washed away. The Nashwaak also has evidently encroached on its banks since the time of the siege, for it is now a much wider river than it was at that period, if the descriptions given of it by the French historians are correct. While examining the beach we were fortunate enough to find an Indian flint axe, which had evidently been used for the purpose of cutting wood. Its edge was very perfect, and, from the hard character of the material, it must have cost the Indian who made it an immense amount of labor. We then crossed to the other side of the Nashwaak and had little difficulty in locating the spot from which the fort was attacked by the English. Mr. W. Barker, who resides close by, informed us that he has frequently found grape-shot on the beach, and nearly every spring ploughs out some Indian relic. He presented us with an Indian tomahawk or hatchet made of stone, which he found this Spring in his fields. It is a very perfect specimen, being absolutely without any blemish, except that the handle is gone, which, being of wood, has of course decayed. The gritty character of the stone of which it is made proves that it must have been used for warlike purposes, and not for cutting wood. He informed us that some years ago part of the skeleton of a man was dug out in the field near the river, but the bones, on being exposed to the air, crumbled rapidly away. Some singular looking buttons which were found with it seemed to prove the skeleton to be that of a soldier, probably one of the New Englanders, engaged in the siege, but to whom now Montgomery's words might be applied—

"His name has perished from the earth—  
This truth survives alone."

On the second visit to the fort Mr. A. G. Beckwith accompanied the writer, and to him he is indebted for drawings of the various articles found there. We obtained from Mr. Jewett, who lives close to the site of the fort,

a cannon ball, which was found this Spring at a place where the ice had torn a portion of the bank away near its site. It was found protruding from the earth, where it had been buried for nearly two hundred years, it being probably one of those fired during the siege. It was a good deal rusted and weighed a trifle over eight pounds. He also gave us two leaden musket bullets, evidently of great antiquity, an Indian arrow head and a broken bayonet or boarding pike, all of which he had from time to time unearthed while ploughing his fields near the fort. The bullets were so completely crusted with earth from being so long buried, that it had formed on them a white covering nearly as hard as enamel, which could not be removed, and the fact of their being made of lead was only established by cutting into them with a knife. The Indian arrow head was an absolutely perfect specimen, and of the most beautiful construction; the boarding pike was triangular like a bayonet, and had evidently been fastened in a pole. During our visit, in examining the beach, we found great quantities of iron in various stages of oxidization, and were told that in former years it was to be seen there in immense quantities. We also picked up on the beach a quantity of large shot and a musket flint. Mr. Jewett informed us that some eight years ago he found a gold ring near the fort which he gave to Mr. Barker. We crossed the Nashwaak and called at his residence to obtain a sight of the ring, and were fortunate enough to borrow it for the purpose of having its design copied. This ring is, beyond all question, one of the greatest curiosities ever discovered in New Brunswick. That after the lapse of nearly two centuries such a relic should be dug up from the ruins of the old fort, in an almost perfect state, is a fact singular enough to invest it with a degree of interest of no ordinary kind; but when, in addition to this, the character of the ring, and the almost certain identification of its owner, are considered, we are compelled to regard it with feelings compared to which mere interest and curiosity are feeble and commonplace. The ring has evidently been worn by an ecclesiastic, as its design sufficiently testifies. The letters



I. H. S. are engraved upon it in large, bold characters, and from the centre of the H. springs a cross. The accompanying engraving gives an accurate idea of its appearance.

It is impossible to resist the conclusion that the ring belonged to father Simon, the faithful and zealous Recollet Missionary who was frequently at the fort, and who, indeed, is the only ecclesiastic whom history speaks of as having been there any considerable number of times. The reader will recollect that father Simon, rendered efficient aid when the fort was besieged, by bringing thirty-six Indian warriors of his mission to aid in its defence. He subsequently took part in the expedition to Penobs-

cot, and appears to have been as loyal to the cause of his country as he was zealous for the interest of his order and his church.

No doubt if a proper and systematic search were instituted, a large number of interesting mementoes of the French occupation might be discovered near the fort, on both sides of the Nashwaak, for the ploughshare, to the present day, is constantly turning up grape-shot, cannon balls and other curiosities of those times, large numbers of which are in the possession of people in various parts of the Province. If all the articles that have been found at Nashwaak could be collected, they would form a valuable and unique addition to any of our Provincial Museums, and might be the means of arousing in those who saw them a desire to search further into the early history of the Province, and who, while they slaked their own thirst for knowledge, might induce others to drink at the same fountain.

It is a singular, yet scarcely surprising fact, that tradition has not handed down to us a single reliable statement with reference to the history of the fort; yet this apparent wonder is easily explained. The race which resided on the St. John, at the time when the Nashwaak was a stronghold, has perished and passed away. For thirty years subsequent to the abandonment of the fort, it is doubtful if a single white man resided on the St. John river. The French Acadians, who settled there in 1731, probably knew little or nothing of its history; and between their expulsion and the settlement of the river by the English another hiatus occurs, sufficient to break the chain of tradition. It is possible that some legends of the fort may still

exist among the Indians, who are undoubtedly of the same race with those Miliceto warriors who went with Father Simon to aid in its defence, but Indian legends are notoriously unreliable. For any written account of it, the student of history must have recourse to Charlevoix and other French historians and writers, and the despatches of the French Governors of Acadie, copies of which were procured some years ago from the Archives of Paris.

There is little to add with reference to fort Nashwaak beyond what has already been said. Peaceful and smiling fields now surround it, and the river which gives it a name has become one of the centres of the great staple of the Province. Instead of the sombre forest which covered St. Ann's Point in the olden days, a fair city, the capital of the Province, and second to none within it in beauty, meets the gaze. The stately Cathedral, with its graceful tower, stands prominently in view; while further away, a tall spire, with a finger pointed to the sky, glitters in the golden sunlight. On every side rise the structures which religion, commerce or philanthropy have made their abodes; and the wharves, which spring from the river's brink, are the types of a better civilization which did not exist before. Every day the steamboats, on their way to and from the great emporium of commerce which has sprung up around the site of fort La Tour, cast the wave which follow their wake on the tide worn margin of Villebon's ancient fort. The old race has departed, the ancient aspect of the place is changed—nothing now remains as it was before, but the great river which still sweeps onward to the sea.

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## A BIT OF GOSSIP ON THE COLONIAL PRESS.

EIGHT or ten years ago, whilst discussing with some friends in Montreal the relative positions on the stage of civilization of Canada and the Lower Provinces, I took, as was natural, the side of the latter. After much had been said on both sides, I brought up all my reserves, and launched forth what I considered to be a tremendous broad-side against the French Canadians, and then referred especially to the many excellent establishments and institutions in Halifax—to the general comfort of the people of that city, and to the numerous ways they have of enjoying life; but I was utterly routed by the sarcastic rejoinder of one of the party who declared that he agreed with me, and that the best evidence of the superiority, intellectual and otherwise, of the Halifaxians, was the newspapers they printed.

There is no doubt that the newspaper press of a country affords an excellent standard by which to judge of that country's intellectual and material riches: for the press is now felt to be such a power that the acutest minds make it

the medium through which they communicate their thoughts to the people; the people are in turn educated according to the standard of the press, and they support the newspapers by the measure of their wealth and intelligence. Formerly, newspapers were simply mediums through which news—and very old news at that—was communicated to the public. The practice of inserting editorial articles grew out of the difficulty of getting material enough for the news columns. I have before me the volume of the *Edinburgh Advertiser* for the year 1811; there is not a single editorial in the whole volume, with the exception of lines introducing foreign or domestic news. A public journal that would now appear without its editorial article would, no matter how well supplied its news departments, not long retain its hold upon public favour. Within a few years, too, the range of topics treated upon, both in the editorial and news departments of the press, has been greatly enlarged, and there are now few subjects with which an editor will not deal.



The Colonial press has ever been pre-eminently bold, in pretty much the same way as the people have been made hardy, courageous, and even fearless by the fierce struggle with nature in this young country. The colonial newspaper, struggling with difficulties, physical and metaphysical, has made up by daring what it lacked in knowledge, and the skill which knowledge only can give. It has not yet reached that happy pinnacle of philosophical calmness from which it can discuss a question solely upon its own merits. Perhaps it never will do so, as far as the topics of the hour are concerned; for, after all, these are more or less mixed up with the success of individuals, and personality cannot wholly be avoided. We can rejoice, however, that the *Eatonswill Gazette* can no longer be taken as a type of the colonial newspapers, if, indeed, it ever could be.

The history of the colonial press will form an interesting chapter in the history of newspapers. The struggles of some colonial newspaper men have been really heroic. Poorly paid, and, consequently, poorly fed and poorly clad, they clung to their positions with the enthusiasm of martyrs, during the fierce struggles which resulted in our present responsible system of government—in the days of official terrorism, of family compacts, and of irresponsible government. At the present time we have no idea of the system that then prevailed. Officials appointed by the Imperial Government received and exacted homage almost regal. They snubbed the wealthy, treated the poor with contumely and tyrannized over the people generally. In Nova Scotia, one of the first men to lift his pen against this sort of thing was the editor of the *Nova Scotian*, now the Hon. Joseph Howe. A young man of good physical strength, great activity of mind united with great activity of body, and of a sturdy, independent nature, his high spirit rebelled at the treatment accorded to the people, and he inaugurated an open system of warfare which never ceased until, in the Lower Colonies, the system which sapped the energies of the people and neutralized their self-respect was destroyed, and the colonists made to feel that they were men, possessing all of the rights of manhood. This struggle extended over a long period, and Mr. Howe had many personal as well as literary encounters before the victory was finally won. His style was terse and pointed, but of late years it has attained a polish that is not observable in the early period of the hon. gentleman's career.

One of the most remarkable men ever connected with the press of the Lower Colonies was the late Mr. JOHN H. CROSSKILL, of Halifax. I think he was brought up to some mechanical business, probably that of a carpenter. His first connection with the press was as pressman, and, in the old days of hand-presses, he was one of the fastest workmen to be found in Halifax. He published a paper called the *Morning Post*, a journal that was as remarkable for the brilliancy of its editorials, and the vigor of its general management, as for its political

unscrupulousness. If ever a man was born an editor it was Crosskill. He had probably never read a book through in his life, yet he was acquainted with all subjects. The less he knew of a topic, the better he seemed to be able to deal with it. As a "paragraphist" he could not have been excelled by the whole tribe of Bohemians now in existence. Writing editorials was mere child's play to him; he would dash them off as fast as the pen could fly over the paper. Nor did he confine himself to this sort of composition; many pleasant little stories were to be found in his journal from his own pen, and his poetic contributions were often better than his selections. He gloried in being a Tory, and certainly no newspaper writer ever did the Tory party such good service in Nova Scotia; yet he was in reality a Radical.—The fierce partisanship of his paper, the uncompromising fearlessness of its tone towards its opponents, caused Crosskill to be alike feared and hated throughout Nova Scotia. He was nicknamed "Posty" from his paper, and, after the lapse of years, many ignorant country people supposed that this was really his name.—More than one anxious enquirer called at his office to ascertain if "Mr. Posty" could be seen. When the Tory party got into power they rewarded "Posty" for his political services by making him Queen's Printer. He at once converted the dry and generally barren *Royal Gazette* into a first-class family newspaper, filling it with excellent and useful reading matter. The free circulation of such a useful journal, as Crosskill made the *Gazette*, among the Magistrates of New Brunswick would prove very beneficial to that generally benighted class of our fellow subjects. Crosskill drew an enormous income from the *Royal Gazette* office and the government printing. He drove a pair of greys, and launched into extravagances that no colonial printer ever dreamed of indulging in before. When his political friends went out of office the Liberals appointed a new Queen's printer. Crosskill had previously made a bogus transfer of his political paper, or changed its head, or something of that sort, and he tried to hold on, but it was no use—he was decapitated like many others. The expensive habits he had contracted when his income was large still clung to him, and this eventually caused his ruin. The *Post* eventually became the *Times*, which was issued on one day, and the *Courier* on the next, and these were in the end united and made a tri-weekly sheet called the *Times and Courier*. After a chequered existence they died a natural death. Crosskill again entered the newspaper field as publisher of the *British North American*, which he conducted with his usual ability; but his expensive habits, inattention to business, and similar causes, prevented his success. He died some years ago in poor and under rather unfortunate circumstances. Some idea may be formed of the extent to which political feeling was carried in those days, as well of the nature of Crosskill himself, from the following:—At the close of a

political campaign, when he had made himself exceedingly obnoxious to the majority in Halifax, it was feared that his printing office would be attacked in the night by the mob and destroyed. Crosskill had shutters made to closely fit into the windows, to prevent a ray of light from passing out or in; every man stood at his "case" with a pistol, in addition to the more familiar shooting stick; and at the head of the stairs, on the first flat, directly fronting the door, was placed a small howitzer, with the ball and powder hard by, which would have dealt out a murderous reception to at least the foremost of those who essayed to take the place by storm. Fortunately, election day and nomination day passed by without violence. These preparations were never needed; and the worst use the cannon balls were put to was by the "devils," who spent many an hour in rolling them from top to bottom of the long stairway. I think the *Post* was the first penny paper in the Lower Provinces; at any rate, if it were not, it was the first penny paper that shewed any real ability. It was the forerunner of the present class of Halifax journals, not one of which exceeds it in brilliancy or vigor.—Crosskill was a man of good figure and face; passionate by nature, but, like all passionate men, kind at heart, and generous in his impulses. In his printing office he brought up a superior class of workmen, many of whom hold high and responsible places on newspapers, or in printing offices, in the neighboring States. The editors of two of the leading journals in St. John are graduates of Crosskill's office.

Another Halifax journal of some note was the *Sun*. This paper was started by Messrs. Nugent and Ritchie. The latter gentleman,—more recently the publisher of the *Sun and Advertiser*—was well known to New Brunswickers; he was drowned a few days ago at an excursion in Halifax. Mr. Nugent was, however, the enterprising man of the establishment. He learned his trade with Mr. Howe, and was an apprentice in the *Nova Scotian* office at the same time as Mr. G. E. Fenety, Queen's Printer in New Brunswick. The *Sun* was first issued tri-weekly, but it prospered so well that it was soon made a daily paper. Nugent was pushing and enterprising; he first introduced steam presses into Halifax, and although he did not write a great deal, yet he knew how to do so if it were necessary. His editor was a retired or reduced Episcopal clergyman; and, as a rule, the editorials smacked slightly of the sermon, though very little of religion. I hope all clergymen are not such unscrupulous plagiarists as this one was. He never hesitated to steal not only another's ideas, but the very language in which another clothed his ideas, and, if detected, coolly justified himself by saying that his ideas on the subject discussed were precisely the same as those of the writer, and if he (the editor) had written upon the subject he (might have used the very same language. The *Sun's* politics were Liberal. It flourished for a time. Mr. Ritchie left it and got the *Royal Gazette*;

but Mr. Nugent, too, commenced a course of extravagance, and after remaining some years at the very zenith of success, the *Sun* commenced to set. Mr. Nugent's intellect failed him, from what causes I am unable to say, and he died in an insane asylum at New York. His son, a promising young man, was one of the first Nova Scotians who fell on the side of the Northern States in the late war, and he was among the first victims of the struggle. The *Sun and Advertiser*, published by Mr. Ritchie, which may be regarded as the successor of the *Sun*, possessed very few of the energetic features of Mr. Nugent's paper. It sided with the North in the late struggle, and this was a great deal to do in Halifax; but its tone was apologetic and soothing, rather than that of the bold advocate. It is undoubtedly an honest, well-intentioned paper, with a strong leaning to the moral side, but it might have been more fearless without disadvantage either to itself or to its principles.

In our own Province the first penny paper was the *Morning News*. It was started by Mr. Fenety, who, after serving an apprenticeship with Mr. Howe, worked a short time in New York, spent a season in New Orleans, where, by hard work and rigid economy, he accumulated money enough to start his paper. He came to St. John unknown and friendless. The printers and newspaper men here laughed at the idea that a paper could be manufactured and sold for a penny. Indeed, the late Mr. Avery, in whose premises Mr. Fenety first commenced business, regarded him as a curiosity. At first it was up-hill work with Mr. Fenety's enterprise. People accustomed to a weekly paper had to be educated to the use of a tri-weekly. For years Mr. Fenety was his own compositor, pressman and editor, and probably he did duty many times as "devil." He made a good paper at the start and he kept it up to the end. A more indefatigable or devoted advocate of local improvements the city of St. John never had. In the days when the Liberal party of New Brunswick were fighting the battle of freedom, Mr. Fenety uttered no uncertain sound. Indeed the country can never repay him all that it owes him for his public services. As a writer Mr. Fenety was neither smooth nor polished; his manuscript was very bad, and bore evidence of the labor with which he worked. As a rule it might be truly said that he wrote double as many words as he printed, so numerous were the erasures; but he had a homely way of illustrating a subject that always made his writings popular. His record as a politician and public man, during the twenty odd years that he was before the people of New Brunswick is most creditable to him as exhibiting great integrity of character and political consistency. In later years his journal did not exhibit the enterprise and energy that a leading journal should have shown; but it was never fairly put upon its settle, for it never had a rival worthy of the name. The *News* has always had a large circulation, and

in the country districts of King's, Westmorland, and Albert, it has been regarded as an oracle, whose warnings were never to go unheeded. At the close of Mr. Fenety's public career, his paper passed into the hands of Mr. Willis, its present editor, who is a little more conservative in politics, and a little more enterprising than his predecessor, and under whose management the *News* still holds its own, despite all opposing influences. The *News*, when first issued, was a very small sheet, not quite half its present size.

The penny press has driven out of existence the class of weeklies that were formerly the standard press. The *Courier*—which was started by the late Henry Chubb, and had a very flourishing existence—had many competitors, but no rivals among the weekly papers. It fell, however, before the advancing influence of the cheap press, as did the *Observer*—the late Mr. Cameron's paper—and, indeed, several others. The two journals named were excellent papers of their kind. They were what might be called family papers; they gave good selections, and a fair summary of news, but they exhibited none of the political independence of the press of these days. The influence of leading politicians, the fear of "stop-my-advertisement," kept them in political thralldom. Nor is this to be wondered at. Their circulation was limited as compared with the present circulation of the papers, and the advertising patronage was so small that an editor might well hesitate before offending an influential patron, or a leading politician. The *Courier* was edited and published by Mr. Henry Chubb for many years. From small beginnings Mr. Chubb got to be a gentleman of considerable local influence, and was appointed Mayor of the City by the Government, in the times when the people were not supposed to be possessed of the necessary judgment and common sense to select such an officer for themselves. He commenced its publication in the year 1811. If the *Courier* was a little timid politically, it possessed at least the merit of being a pretty reliable journal. It had a good reputation. People believed in it much more implicitly than they do in the papers now-a-days. The most incredible story would scarcely be questioned if the *Courier* related it. The most likely one would not be believed unless the *Courier* endorsed it. Once, in its existence the *Courier* gave promise of perpetuating its existence in the penny press. The old weekly bore triplets, and the *Morning Courier*, issued three times a week, united the sprightliness of youth with the soberness of age. A printer's strike, or something of that kind, brought its existence to a sudden termination. The weekly edition, however, existed until the year 1865. No more valuable record of the progress of our Province and City for 54 years could be got than that contained in the *Courier*, and the generous proposal recently made by its late proprietors to place a complete fyle of it in the Library of the Mechanics' Institute of this

City, provided a suitable receptacle were prepared for it, will, it is hoped, be accepted. Every day adds to the value of such a fyle of newspapers, and fifty or a hundred years hence it will be worth a fabulous price.

A good, solid paper,—the counterpart in many respects of the *Courier*,—was the *Acadian Recorder*, printed at Halifax. It was started about fifty-five years ago by a man named Holland. It passed into the hands of Messrs. English and Blackador, who conducted it for years with marked ability, and with excellent judgment. Since their death it has been issued as a tri-weekly (the weekly edition being continued also) by the sons of the late Mr. Blackador; and it promises to live fifty-five years longer. Another weekly paper that flourished for a long time in Halifax was the *Journal*, a weekly paper, printed by the late John Munro. The *Journal*, *Recorder*, and *Nova Scotian* were the three principal papers in Halifax. The *Morning Journal*, now issued tri-weekly, is an offspring of the first named of these, and the *Chronicle*, a very ably conducted daily, is the paper from which the *Nova Scotian* is made up. Many persons profess to believe that the weekly press was more generally reliable and truthful than the cheap press of the present day. But this would probably be found to be a fallacy if it were closely examined; or, if found to be correct, a satisfactory reason might be given for it. The daily papers now chronicle a much larger number of events, occurrences and rumors than the weekly newspapers did, and, of course, this increase allows room for an increase of erroneous statements. It might be an interesting enquiry whether the errors have increased in proportion to the increase of business. Again, when a week elapses between each issue of a paper, ample time is likely to be allowed for the verification of everything of importance, concerning which reports or rumors may have reached the editor. The whole matter in that time may have fully developed itself. With the daily press this is not the case. There is a rumor of some important political or social event. The editor cannot ignore it. He seizes hold of it, and uses it to the best advantage. His paper may have been scarcely published before full and complete information places before him the exact state of the case, and he finds that unintentionally he has been led astray, and, in the same way, has led others astray. The advantage, as far as being correct is concerned, on the side of the weekly journal is, therefore, very great. On the whole, whilst many mourn over the decline of weekly political journals, the public have been great gainers, in the spread of early information, in the rapid transmission of news, in the better political education of the people, and in the ability to quickly concentrate thought, to speculate upon the future, to independently judge of events, which the daily press has gradually and, therefore, almost unobservedly brought about in these Provinces.

THE PAPER OF "CENTURY."

BY WACHUSETT.

SOME years ago a shrewd and enterprising grocer in London contrived to secure a very large patronage by advertising that he would place a guinea in one of a stated number of packages offered for sale. Recently, the scheme has been revived in the United States in various forms. A confectioner puts a gold dollar in one of every ten packages of candy; a music dealer wraps a greenback in a proportionate number of sheets of music; a tobaccoist advertises that he places a hundred dollar note in every given quantity of tobacco sent out from his factory. The scheme is popular, and likely to prove a success in each instance, for the desire of gain is innate in human nature; and the hope of drawing prizes induces people to buy, just as they invest in lottery schemes and gift enterprises.

Fritz Unger was one of those whom that glittering bait entrapped. He was a little well-to-do Dutchman, a mechanic by trade, with a wife tidy and thrifty, by name Wilhelmina. By judicious economy the twain were enabled to pay the rent of their three rooms, support their three children, and subscribe to the "Abend Zeitung." The daily paper was always a treat to Fritz after the day's labor was ended. It so happened one night, supper eaten and children in bed, that his eye fell upon an advertisement as he read. It was set off with a glaring head, thus:—

"\$100.—Each quantity of the "Century" brand of Tobacco sent daily from our establishment contains a Hundred Dollar Note wrapped in one of the packages."

"Mine Gott!" cried Fritz, "vat's dis? Ein hundred tollar pill mit paper of 'Century!' Py jinks dat ish goot! I goes straight mit der shop to der corner."

Whereupon he blew a cloud from his pipe and slapped the resolve into his knee. Wilhelmina was mincing sour krout at the table opposite, and the unusual noise attracted her attention; for Fritz's voice rose above the sound of the chopper. So she turned her head and piped forth shrilly—

"Hein?"

But Fritz was abstracted and answered nothing; he merely began a close computation, counting upon his fingers the cost of the venture.

"Let me see," reckoned he; "I buys von paper of Century and pays ten cent. Dat ish goot; I lose noting—de monish is wordt de tobacco. Very vel: mit hundred tollar I pays mine rents, mine frau she has new gown, te babies has ter shuzen, and eferyting is all rights. Den, py jinks I cares noting for nobody. Der lantlord may go to ter tuyval mit his little pill: my little greenpacks pill ish petter as his little

account pill. Very vel: next tay morgen te vorkmens at te shops, efery von is shakes hands mit Fritz. 'Dunder!' says de mens, 'how comes dis Fritz mit his kleiness gelt? Fritz, I guess, got goot pizness.' Ha! ha! yaw, I guess so, too. Anyhow, I buys der tobacco und te hundtred tollars und —."

Just here Fritz's reverie was abruptly broken. Surprise at his unusual mood had tied his wife's tongue hitherto, but her utterance found vent at last in that high key which women always adopt under such circumstances, and she emphasized it by a whack upon Fritz's shoulder. This started him out of his seat and his dreams together.

"Vat's de matter mit dese humbug nonsense all te whiles about hundtred tollar pills? Gaben sic me te Zeitung. Ah! I see. Vel, me dinks you get more tobacco as greenpacks, dat's all. Py-and-py you finds greenpacks grow on your nose, I pleeve."

Having expressed herself thus decidedly, she tossed the paper contemptuously into Fritz's lap and resumed her work, mincing the cold cabbage more vigorously than ever. Fritz looked a little sheepish, for he was half convinced that his wife was right. However, he was determined to try his luck in hunting for hundred dollar notes in the packages of 'Century' tobacco, and so stumped doggedly out of the room, leaving a parting whiff of smoke behind him, like a steamer out-ward bound.—When he presently returned again, the innate curiosity of the female mind betrayed itself in Wilhelmina's eager inquiry as to the result of his investment and purchase. Quite incredulous at the outset, her opinion was confirmed when she saw her lord doff his hat in silence, and moodily resume his seat and paper, the pipe emitting fumes in rapid, nervous puffs.

"Vel, mynheer," she said, after she had waited a moment in vain for the denouement,—and a roguish smile puckered her lips; "mynheer you buys de tobacco, eh?"

"Yaw," and a puff.

"Und te hundtred tollar?"

"Nein," with another puff.

"Wass? you gets no monish mit paper of 'Century'?"

"Nicht komme heraus! mine fraulein," and Fritz this time forced a smile.

"H in? Py jinks! I pleeves you play me fool mit your hundtred tollar pills. You tells me von whiles you find te pill, and den, py jinks, you no find him. Du beist ein humbug, mynheer Fritz."

"Ich bin nein humbug. I tells you dis time

de hundred tollar comes mit de wrong paper; next time I gets him all right, maybe."

Fritz was not more than half in earnest, and so the matter dropped, with a good-natured quiz from his wife. Nothing was said the next day or that following about the tobacco speculation, and Fritz privately determined to tempt fortune no more; only, when he had occasion to buy any tobacco in future, he would always select the "Century" brand, because, in addition to having equal merits with other kinds of tobacco, it offered the possibility of very considerable gain. This was a very sensible conclusion, and would have wrought no mischief if adhered to. But, unfortunately, the chance of realizing a small fortune from a trifling outlay had taken such strong hold of the poor Dutchman's mind, that he could not resist the temptation to try his luck again. Accordingly, on the third day, he bought a second paper, although he already had a superabundant supply; but this time he said nothing to his wife. The result, however, was like the first. Another paper soon followed, and another, and another, at frequent intervals, until at last he had spent several dollars, and accumulated a supply of tobacco far above his immediate wants—enough, indeed, to last him for a year or more. Having, therefore, no immediate use for it, he placed it away for safe keeping in a tin box in the pantry.

The truth is that Fritz had unconsciously contracted the mental disease which insidiously fixes itself upon all who permit themselves to indulge a taste for any description of gambling, whether it be in stocks, cards, lotteries, gift enterprises, or horse-racing. Seductive hope gleamed constantly before his eyes like an *ignis fatuus*, and the consequences were the same as inevitably follow in all cases of the kind. He was led deeper and deeper into the mire.

Now it is criminal enough and silly enough for a man with a fixed income and large surplus means to gamble; but for a man in debt it is the sheerest folly in the world. Seldom does fortune come to the relief of such a man's needs; and if she comes once, she is almost invariably driven away by subsequent importunate demands upon her bounty. Unfortunately for Fritz, he was already in arrears for rent when he bought his first paper of "Century," and the claims of his family were pressing. It is true that this necessity was his main incentive to grasp at the promise of speedy relief held out to him. His motive was laudable, but this does not excuse or diminish his folly. The attainment of that one prize, to be found in some one package among at least ten thousand, came to be a passion with him. This passion was intensified by his chancing to see one day the published names of some dozen lucky persons who had drawn prizes of "Century," among which was that of an acquaintance. This gave him renewed hope, so he went on. The result was all unhappy; he became stunted for means. The landlord's demand for the

month's rent was put off with a plausible excuse the more easily as he had always been prompt hitherto. The little comforts which he had been accustomed to bestow upon his family no longer came to cheer them. At last his wife even suffered for absolute necessaries. Fritz grew moody, fretful and abstracted. When matters had gone on for some time thus, his Wilhelmina was forced to say—

"Ah! Fritz, goot man, I fears du mochest dein pizness bad. It goes wrong with somewheres."

"Nein, fraulein, 'tis not so worse as dat. I haf bad luck mit te shop sometime, but we can't help dat."

"Ah! you plays me fool again now, I know. Ter tuyvel vill always show his earsmark, shust so shure as you lif." And Wilhelmina shook her head despondingly as she went about her work, for matters at home were not as they used to be. She had lost confidence in Fritz, and that fulness of domestic bliss which she once enjoyed. The cause she hardly suspected.

Meanwhile Fritz remained steadfast at his workshop. If he had neglected that, his case would have been sorry enough; and yet a very considerable proportion of his hard earnings went for tobacco, that should have helped to supply his daily wants. His altered demeanor, too, was noticed at the shop, and his fellow workmen began to shun his company. It was the secret which festered in his bosom that affected his temper, fully as much as his losses. Had that found vent, the primary cause of irritation might perhaps have been easily removed. But shame, disappointment, misfortune, and the consciousness of guilt weighed him down. So things went on until one early morning when he was trudging forth to his daily labor. It was Wednesday. He had but ten cents in his pocket, and pay day was not till Saturday. As he passed down town, his eye fell, as it had often donè before, upon a flaring placard, on which was printed:

"\$1500 FOUND IN PAPERS OF CENTURY TOBACCO!—MORE STILL MISSING!"

The names of the fortunate drawers of the prizes were printed beneath, with their places of residence. He looked but once: he thought of nothing but the glittering object to be gained. Instantaneously that fatal infatuation which leads all gamblers by the nose at will, hurried him into the store. He deposited his 'stamp,' and received the little package in return. His cheek was flushed and his blood fevered. His system craved some stimulant. Nervously he tore the shining envelope from its contents (for he had learned to chew since he found himself so constantly and so largely possessed of the seductive weed). He stripped off the inner covering of paper, and seized the bulk of a quid between his nervous fingers. It did not separate readily from the rest. Some foreign substance was evidently enclosed. His heart fluttered audibly as he tremblingly detached the extraneous portion. There could

be no mistake. It was indubitably *green*, and oblong. His brain grew dizzy as he unfolded it. One by one he laid open the little leaves, when lo! at length, a veritable greenback appeared to his delighted gaze—a \$100 note, embellished with a huge spread eagle and portrait of Abraham Lincoln!! Poor Fritz was hardly conscious of his own identity. He was completely bewildered and overpowered, so nearly had hope been crushed before.

“Gott in Himmel!” he cried, “vats dis? Shust so shure as I lif, tis te little pill! And dish ish mine, mine own hundtred tollar! Oh, Wilhelmina! I feel so goot, vat shall I do? Py jinks, I had rather tree tousand tollar as not to have find dat hundtred tollar pill!”

His excited language and accompanying capers of joy could not fail to excite the attention of the shopkeeper and customers present. All directly divined the state of the case. They clustered around him, and more than one congratulated him upon his good luck. There were two or three who even eyed the note with a hawk-like stare, as if they felt themselves entitled to a part of the plunder. However, they made little profit out of Fritz. He stowed the bill safely away, and prepared to hurry on to the workshop to resume his labor and communicate his good fortune to his fellows. Just as he was about to leave the door the shopkeeper called after him and asked would he be so kind as to leave his name?

“Vy not? My name ist Fritz Unger. You find mine house in 1st avenue, across te pump by der market, fort shtory mid te front plinds shust arount te corner. You have him all right now, eh?”

“Thank you, sir.”

Fritz could scarcely attend to his work that day. When he returned to his wife at night, she was completely dumb-founded by his wild capers and excess of joy. He came, bringing the evening paper, which he slapped down upon the table, with the cherished packet of Century beside it, then threw his arms about the neck of his wife, and hugged and laughed by turns, such demonstrations of ardent affection she hadn't enjoyed for weeks. When they both got breath, after the exertion, Wilhelmina managed to ask what was the matter.

“Tish mine—tish mine!” said Fritz.

“Vass?”

“Yaw—te hundtred tollar pill! I have him here. Py jinks, now I pays mine rents, and buys eberyting!” “Und see here!” he cried, opening the paper and searching wildly among the advertisements: “Ah? I have him now. You reads dis: you reads my name in ter prints. Py jinks, dat ist goot.” Then he read:

“\$100.—If Fritz Unger, who found a hundred dollar note in a paper of tobacco, will call at our office, he will receive a box of Century.”

This was signed by the advertisers.

“Vat you tinks now, eh? By ant by I haf so mooch tobacco as never vas, mit hundtred tollar besides.”

Wilhelmina was glad, of course, that he had got the money, but she was surprised to hear that he had not yet paid the last month's rent. She had not suspected this, he was usually so prompt. But neither she nor he knew as yet how bad the case really was, and how much he had fallen into arrears, for Fritz was but a poor business man, and kept little account of his expenses. The first thing he naturally did was to treat his fellow workmen and family to lager beer; then he paid his rent; next he purchased some articles of which his family stood much in need, and paid some small bills. When all this was accomplished, he was greatly surprised and chagrined to perceive that his funds were nearly exhausted. But a few dollars remained, and another payment of rent was almost due, for it was near the close of the month. Here was a fresh difficulty—not a really serious one, however, if he had striven properly to work himself out of it. But instead of earning the needed amount by extra labor and strictest economy, he stumbled into the same pitfall which those almost invariably do who once start upon the wrong path. He renewed his tobacco speculations. The box which he received from the advertisers contained no money, greatly to his disappointment, although he had carefully examined every paper. He felt positive that among so many packets, *one* must bestow good fortune. Day after day he invested his earnings fruitlessly. No more money came to light. Then his moroseness and sullen mood returned. His family began to suffer. The landlord became exacting. Nor was this all. He grew slovenly in his use of tobacco, and indifferent to spittoons. In spite of all the efforts of his wife, his apartments were never tidy, so that neighbors remarked the change. Wilhelmina well understood the cause of these difficulties now, and many a time had expostulated with her husband, but in vain. He would not or could not reform. Worse than all, he was frequently noticed to be under the influence of liquor. And so things went on from bad to worse.

The upshot was that he was ejected by the landlord from his comfortable apartments for non-payment of rent, and took a single room in a humbler locality. His wife and family became shabby and unhappy, and Fritz was in despair. Indeed, he might well be, for his employers were now discussing the expediency of depriving him of his situation. It was the old, oft-told story. At last sheer inability prevented his spending more money for tobacco. Then came some evidences of reform; but he was still melancholy, listless and desponding. Whether he would ever have amended of his own effort, is very doubtful. He did amend, however, and his wife was his good angel. A good wife is a blessing beyond price. The case stood thus: One day she was overhauling some of her household goods, and without forethought proceeded to examine a large old chest that stood beneath the bed, and which she remembered Fritz had wished put thus out of the

way as useless rubbish. What was her surprise, when she opened it, to find it nearly filled with the tobacco which Fritz had bought from time to time. Nearly all the packages had wrappers on, and some seemed to have been barely examined. A few were moist, but the tobacco was generally in good condition. Her resolution was formed at once, and forthwith carried into effect. Day by day, while Fritz was absent at the workshop, she employed her time in carefully repacking the tobacco in their original envelopes. When the task was completed, she made a bargain with Fritz's old friend, the tobacconist, from whom he had bought his first paper of 'Century,' and the tobacconist took her stock away, and paid her \$100, which was, indeed, a fair price. Why Fritz had not made the same attempt before, seemed very strange to her.

Having thus banished starvation from her door, she contrived the concluding act of her little drama. She dressed herself one afternoon in the best her scanty wardrobe afforded, made her apartment as clean and comfortable as possible, and when Fritz returned at night, gloomy and sullen, slipped the \$100 note into his hand, and welcomed him with a kiss of their earlier affection. The effect upon his

mind and mood was like the flash of a lantern in the dark. He was bewildered with joy, and could not trust his senses:

"Ah, *mine frau!*" he said, "what comes all dis? You make me so happy as never was. In all my life I never feel so goot. Vere you get all te monish, honey darling? Now, by jinks, we gets along vel enough, all right."

"So I hopes, mein heart; but you never buys again more tobacco as you can use, eh?"

"Nein, frau, nein."

"Unt never gets trunk any more?"

"Nein."

"Unt pays your rents all ze whiles?"

"Yaw—yaw; nefer fails again in all my life. But vere comes te monish from, mine honey dear? You no tell me dat."

"Hein? Vel, de monish—I will tell you—de monish, das ist mine little hundred tollar pill vich I finds mit *mine* Paper of Century!"

"Ah, Wilhelmina, du beist ein jewel. I hopes you all te same as before I see you mit your fader's housen seven years ago. You see dat hundtred tollar pill? Vel, dat cost us both mooch trouble. Now I vish I had as many tousand of tem pills as I loves mine Wilhelmina."

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## IN THE SHADOW.

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BY W. S.

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A little longer friend, a little longer stay,  
Give me thy hand. I pray thee look on me,  
I would not have thee go; soon, O soon as  
This day fadeth, shall I fade away,  
Till nought shall be of me but this pale form  
Smit with disease and sore with grievous pain,  
I wither as the flowers by rude winds torn,  
Ere Winter comes to fold them in his shroud.  
Wilt thou not think of me in after years,  
As one who sympathised in all thy grief,  
And gladden'd with thy joy, who truly  
Felt the hope which friendship gives,  
To know mankind are one in heart and brain.  
I have learn'd the love of human life.  
Its various moods of pleasure, grief and pain;  
My heart has thrill'd to beauty's maddening power,  
And bow'd a worshipper at her lov'd shrine;  
My ears have drunk the music of sweet song,  
And dwelt in rapture o'er the Poet's strain,  
But never, in the hours of youth's glad time,  
Has love, peace, joy, been such as I feel now.  
Let me not look upon the past. It leaves  
A sting within the soul most hard to bear.  
When Memory traces o'er the annals  
Of a time which youthful spirits love,  
O, my friend, we die, we pass away, and why  
Should I who linger in the vestibule

Of that great door which opens the palace  
Of eternity, spend the few moments  
That are left to me in vain and false regret?  
Let me look up in hope and faith and love;  
There is a life beyond the bounds of time.  
A barren tract the past now leaves behind.  
I weary for the coming of the morn.  
Take my last words of counsel and advice.—  
Be good, be true, live down all passion, lust  
And strife; exalt the nobler part that like  
A beam of light has flash'd from God to thee,  
The fountain and the stream of all things pure.  
Draw near, my hours are numbered. I would  
Not have my name fade from thy memory  
As yonder sunset fadeth in the West,  
But let remembrance dwell at times with one  
Whose earthly hopes have vanish'd with his youth  
To bloom upon a fair immortal shore.  
One glimpse of nature now before I die.  
I pray you draw the curtains gently by.  
That I may look once more upon the sun,  
And all the hues of sunset's opal sky.  
He sinks behind yon distant forest hills,  
As I sink now in shadow, leaving time,  
The twilight steals and darkens all the world.  
Your hand, my friend, I cannot see you now,

ALMOST A ROMANCE.

BY E. S. J.

A remarkably "nice young man" is Frank Falconer, Student-at-Law, and Attorney, Barrister and Solicitor in prospective. Few are they among his numerous friends and acquaintances who would say aught to the contrary. Frank is one of those rarely-met-with men who take well and wear well in society. It is not only that he is tall and handsome, and wears a "perfect little duck of a moustache"—as a fair friend once described it—that tells so strongly in his favor, but rather because he has such an irresistibly winning way, and such a clever, off-hand gentlemanly style with him. This it is that makes him so great a favorite among his associates, more especially among the crinoline-portion of them.

But Frank is not the sort of person to be satisfied with mere popularity; he has a higher—a manlier aim and object in life. Looking around him he beholds men, endowed with no greater natural advantages than himself, rising from comparative obscurity to positions of power and influence, and it is not to be wondered at that he should aspire to tread with them the road to fame and fortune.

It is said that what man has done before, man again can do; believing it to be the case, young Falconer resolved to lose no time in getting to work. Choosing the legal profession, as being best suited to his taste and abilities, he entered the office of an eminent legal practitioner, and at once commenced his preparatory studies, with an ardor that promised to overcome every difficulty.

During the twelve months which followed, our young law student applied himself with such assiduity to the studies proper to his new position, that he made a progress beyond all expectation.

But by this time he found that he was taxing his physical powers of endurance so severely that his health was in danger of suffering in consequence, and he was compelled to lay BLACKSTONE and TILDEN aside for a season, in order to allow the too tightly strung bow to regain something of its wonted elasticity.

Having now plenty of leisure, Frank decided to spend a portion of it with some friends of his, at present residing in Charlottetown, whom he had not seen for some time. Accordingly, one fine morning in August, A. D. 1867, he purchased a through ticket for that city, and in a few minutes more he was upon the train, and St. John, the scene of his late labors and his anticipated triumphs, was soon lost in the distance.

Nothing outside of the every day routine of railway travel occurred to enliven the tedium

of the journey. For an hour or two Frank nassed the time in glancing over the columns of the morning papers, and looking out from the car windows upon the ever changing scenery which spread out on either side of the road. At length, tired of this, he arose and strolled through the train, thinking that he might possibly discover some acquaintance upon it. Before long he caught sight of a pleasant looking gentleman, whose face appeared to be familiar to him. There being a vacant seat beside him, Falconer quietly took possession of it, and in a few minutes the two were engaged in a general conversation.

Almost immediately, however, he found that he was mistaken in supposing that he had met with the gentleman before; but still this did not prevent him from continuing the conversation, and soon he had the satisfaction of knowing that both were bound to the same place, and that the company of each other would be mutually agreeable.

Mr. Filmour (for this Frank learned to be the name of his new acquaintance) proved to be a very agreeable companion. Having travelled considerably and seen a good deal of the world, his conversation was at once entertaining and instructing, and Falconer listened with delight to his minute descriptions of people and places of which he had but a very slight knowledge before.

After sundry stoppages at the different stations, the train drew up at Shediac for twenty minutes, allowing the travellers a chance to stretch their limbs and refresh the inner man. Luncheon over, a rush was made for the cars, the whistle sounded, and the train swept onward to the "Point," where the "Princess of Wales" was seen lying at the wharf with steam up and ready to start.

As there was not much freight to be got aboard, but little delay was necessary, and in less than half an hour after the arrival of the train, the boat swung from the wharf and stood out towards the bar.

Until the harbor and bay of Shediac were left behind, Falconer and his companion remained at the stern, looking back upon the receding village and the scattered farm houses which dotted the adjacent coast, and then they turned away to examine more closely the boat itself, of which they had as yet only an external view.

But it was fated that the attention of one of them, at least, should be attracted by another object. As Frank led the way into the saloon, his quick eye fell upon the figure of a young lady, who was lying, apparently asleep, upon a low couch near the door. For some moments



he stood motionless, regarding, with silent admiration, that face of perfect grace and loveliness before him. And truly, in appearance at least, she was right worthy of all the admiration that she had thus suddenly awakened in the breast of him who stood spell-bound before her. To call her beautiful would fall short of the truth. Her's was a beauty baffling all description, a beauty which seemed not merely "skin deep," but rather emanated from the soul within, and finding an expression outwardly in that nymph-like form and delicately moulded features.

How long he might have stood there it is impossible to say, had not Mr. Filmour, who was meanwhile waiting for him to proceed, broken the spell by touching his elbow and quietly urging him forward. And then, like one just awakening from a pleasant dream, Frank passed softly by and moved towards the fore part of the boat.

Although it is by no means certain that our hero was fully aware of it, the principal parts of the vessel, from the coal bins to the dining room, were visited in turn. But all this time Falconer did not appear to take much interest in what he saw, and more than once when spoken to by Mr. Filmour his answers so plainly showed that his thoughts were engaged with something wholly foreign to the subject of remark, that the former finally gave up the attempt to draw him into a conversation, and so the two moved about together in silence. About half an hour passed thus, and then they turned to retrace their steps aft. While passing through the saloon, Frank's eyes were directed towards the sofa, where he had lately seen that sleeping beauty, but it was vacant, and the fair one was gone. But the cloud of disappointment which had settled upon his face was instantly dispelled on reaching the open deck, for there was his gentle charmer sitting by the side of an elderly gentleman, whom Frank very naturally took to be her papa.

With a promptitude worthy of the occasion, Falconer decided upon a plan of action which he hoped would enable him to become better acquainted with them. Leaving Mr. Filmour, who was shaking hands with a gentleman whom he greeted as an old friend, he sauntered towards the bench on which they were seated, and stood close by, leaning against one of the iron uprights which support the upper deck. He had made up his mind to speak to the elderly gentleman, but, unfortunately, he could not at that moment think of a likely subject to start with. Before he had stood there long, however, the old gentleman very obligingly saved him all further trouble on that score by looking up and remarking that it was a "pleasant afternoon." Frank replied that it was really delightful; and then the weather was taken in hand and thoroughly talked over. This served to "break the ice," and when the state of the atmosphere, &c., gave out, Frank skillfully contrived to turn the conversation upon a variety of other topics. Among other

things, Prince Edward Island was spoken of, and Frank, having been previously informed by the old gentleman that he resided there, enquired of him how he liked that Province as a place to live in.

"Well," he replied, "if only a few crooked things were made straight, I would not ask for a better."

"Oh, papa!" exclaimed the young lady at his side, in a tone of remonstrance, "how can you say that? I am sure that no one who had seen any other place wish to stay there."

"Nonsense, Sarah; I am quite as sure that there are plenty who have gone away from the Island that would be glad enough to get back again."

"Perhaps so, but I do not see what prevents them getting back if they wish to."

Sarah's papa could not or would not reply, and the conversation showed signs of flagging, but this Frank was resolved, if possible, to prevent, so having seated himself beside the old gentleman, he begged the young lady to state her objections to the Island, in order that both sides might have a hearing.

"Well, as to that," she returned, laughing, "I should hardly know where to begin. But in the first place, the people there appear to be in a kind of Rip Van Winkle slumber, which promises to last as long as that of the sleepy goatherd."

"Not a very bright prospect, I must say," observed Frank.

"Then again, if one is unfortunate enough to get frozen in at the beginning of winter, there is no escape from that icy prison before the next spring, unless the poor unfortunate becomes desperate enough to risk life and limb in endeavoring to regain the outer world by means of a half-scow, half-sled contrivance, styled an 'ice boat.'"

"If that be the case," said Falconer, "I must be careful not to prolong my stay very late into the fall."

"There is but little danger of that. You might see all Prince Edward Island in about a fortnight, and without hurrying yourself much either. Indeed, I do not know of anything really worth seeing on the whole little Island."

"The fact of the matter," said the old gentleman, "is that her ladyship here once lived about a year in Philadelphia, and in that time became so thoroughly Yankeeized that one might suppose there was not a drop of British blood in her veins."

"Papa is so dreadfully loyal," retorted the fair Sarah, "that he cannot bear to hear a word against anything that is English, or in favor of anything Yankee. When I want to tease him I have only to sing 'The Star Spangled Banner,' or 'Hail Columbia'—he can't stand that."

"Upon my word," exclaimed Frank, laughing, "although I hold myself to be a true and faithful subject of her Majesty, I should like very much to be teased by having you sing one of those songs."

After a good deal of persuasion she consent-

ed to favor him with a sample of her teasing powers by singing "The Star Spangled Banner," with a voice so sweet and musical that Frank quite forgot to be teased. As might be expected, when the first song was sung, Falconer praised and coaxed, and a good many others followed, and the consequences were that a considerable number of the passengers were attracted to that part of the boat, and that Frank's admiration of the fair Islander was greatly deepened and increased.

But all this time they were rapidly nearing Summerside, where the gentle Sarah and her papa were to leave the boat, in order to proceed to their home in Bedeque, some twelve miles distant from the former town. As the landing place appeared in view, it is not to be wondered at that young Falconer should experience a feeling of regret at having thus to part, perhaps forever, with one who had proved such an agreeable companion. When the boat had touched the wharf, and the time for leave taking had come, he ventured to express a hope that he might at some future day have an opportunity to hear her again sing those songs, which had afforded him so much pleasure that afternoon. To this the young lady replied that should he at any time think it worth while to visit Bedeque and call upon her, she would be happy to sing them all over again, and perhaps a few more besides. This Frank promised to do if possible, and then the good-byes were spoken, and the old gentleman and the young lady stepped upon the wharf, where a young man was awaiting them with a carriage, into which they got, and were driven rapidly away.

Frank watched the carriage until it was out of sight, and then turning round found himself standing face to face with Mr. Filmour.

"You are certainly a nice sort of a fellow for a travelling companion," said that gentleman in a tone of mock severity.

"I beg your pardon," said Falconer, apologetically; "but I fear I quite forgot myself."

"Or, rather, you quite forgot me in minding her; but never mind that now. What is the name of your pretty warbler?"

"Why really," replied Frank, as the thought flashed upon his mind for the first time, "I quite forgot to enquire."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Filmour; "that is pretty good, too. But I suppose it does not make a great deal of difference."

"But it does, though," replied Frank, biting his lip with vexation; "for I am invited to call upon her, and all I know is that she lives in Bedeque, and her first name is Sarah."

"Very indefinite and very provoking," said Mr. Filmour with a smile; "but perhaps Capt. Evens may be able to help you out of the difficulty, as he keeps a register of the passengers names."

"Many thanks for the suggestion—it may prove to be very useful."

And Captain Evens did help him out of the difficulty. By referring to the ticket-book, he

found that a Mr. Mutch had purchased two tickets for Summerside, and as all the others for that place were issued singly, it was tolerably certain that this was the name of his Bedeque friends.

The remainder of the trip to Charlottetown was pleasant enough. A number of gentlemen came on board at Summerside, and among them Mr. H—, a member of the P. E. I. Government, a man of very agreeable manners, and something of a wit besides. Towards evening a group gathered at the bow; cigars were produced, stories told and jokes cracked, and thus the time was passed until "The Princess" arrived at her destination about nine o'clock.

Upon reaching the wharf Frank found the friend whom he had come to visit waiting to meet him, and as soon as he had seen Mr. Filmour, who was a stranger in the place, provided with a night's lodging, he accompanied his friend home. When greetings were over and supper disposed of, an hour's chat followed, and then Frank, feeling very tired after his day's journey, bid the folks good-night and, retiring to his room, was soon fast asleep.

It is unnecessary to narrate at length the incidents of Falconer's stay at Charlottetown.—He found the people to be very kind and sociable, the very word *stranger* being, as it were, an *Open Sesame* to their friendship. Never before did he enjoy a visit as he did this one. Every day brought some new pleasure of its own. There were excursions up the Hillsboro' river, and drives to various points of interest in the country round about, and more engagements and invitations than he had time to keep or accept.

But all this time his Bedeque friends were not forgotten, and he laid out to call upon them on his way home. As Mr. Filmour had some business to attend to in that place, Frank resolved to accompany him thither. And so one evening, after a stay of about two weeks, they left Charlottetown in the "Princess," en route for Summerside, where they arrived at one o'clock next morning. Although it was so late, or rather so early, they found no difficulty in hunting up a stopping place, and without more ado they popped into bed and slept soundly till breakfast-time. After breakfast they sallied forth to view the elephant, but as the animal proved to be of a very small size in that place, it did not take a great while to get nicely through with it. Dinner hour came at noon. As soon as the meal was over Frank and his companion procured a horse and buggy and started upon their respective errands.

On arriving in Bedeque, Frank's first care was to find out where Mr. Mutch lived. This was soon done. His farm was situated a short distance from the village. Mr. Filmour drove our hero to the spot, and having agreed upon a place of meeting for that evening, he wished him good-speed and left him standing before the gate. While advancing up the path which led to the door, Frank had a chance to see something of the house and its surroundings.

It was a neat and commodious two-storied cottage, partially shaded by a row of lofty poplars in front. Being painted a clear white, it presented too glaring a contrast with the surrounding foliage; otherwise everything looked temptingly comfortable, and Frank wondered that any one could speak slightly of a country which afforded them a home such as this.

As there was not a knocker upon the door, Frank used his knuckles instead. In a very short time the rap was answered, and lo! there stood the fair vocalist herself, looking, he thought, even more charming than when he met her before. She extended her hand in a most cordial manner, and smilingly welcomed him to the house. Frank was ushered into the parlor and requested to take a seat, and then the young lady excused herself and left the room in search of Mr. Mutch. In a few minutes she returned with the old gentleman, who appeared to be very happy to meet Falconer again. On the whole, our hero's reception was all that he could desire. The bluff, honest hospitality of Mr. Mutch, seconded by the quiet, though not less kind, attention of Sarah, caused him to feel perfectly at home with them from the first.

To Frank at least that afternoon was one of real enjoyment. The first part of it was spent in rambling over the farm with Sarah and her papa, and though Frank did not know much about such matters, he could not help noticing the air of snugness which was displayed in every department.

When they had walked pretty well over the farm, they returned to the house, and then, at Frank's request, Sarah seated herself at the piano to fulfil the promise made to him on board the boat, and certainly Frank had no just reason to complain of the manner in which she did this. Songs and pieces in endless variety were performed with both taste and precision. Strange to say, many of those which Falconer had formerly considered very tame and flat, were now listened to with as much delight as though they were the rarest gems of musical art.

And so those happy moments sped swiftly by until six o'clock, when tea was announced, and Sarah arose from the piano and showed Frank into the adjoining room, where they found Mr. Mutch already seated at the table. Sarah took her place behind the tea-tray, with her guest at her right hand, and her papa at her left. At the other end of the table a chair was placed as if a fourth party was expected. While Frank was conjecturing who that party might be, Sarah looked towards Mr. Mutch and said,—

"I wonder what is keeping John so late. Do you think we had better wait for him?"

"Oh, no; I guess not,—it may be sometime before he is here."

Sarah commenced pouring out the tea. As she handed Falconer a cup she observed,—

"I hope John will be here soon, Mr. Falconer; I should like him to see you."

"You refer to your brother, I presume,"

said Frank, taking the cup from her hand.

"Oh, no, sir, not exactly," replied Sarah, with a smile, "I refer to my husband."

Frank's cup and saucer fell from his hand and came down upon the table with a crash, while the contents flooded the table cloth in front of him. But he heeded it not, for his eyes were fixed upon the face of Sarah Mutch, who sat looking at him with a startled expression upon her pretty face. This did not last very long, however, for presently the hot tea began to drip down upon his knees, which caused him to push back his chair and rise from the table with considerable alacrity.

At this moment John Mutch, Jr., Sarah's husband, entered the room, and stood looking with surprise at the strange scene which met his view. Every one appeared to be utterly bewildered, and Falconer, seemingly unconscious of what he was about, drew out his handkerchief and commenced to wipe the wet table cloth. Mrs. Mutch was the first to recover her self possession, and assuring him that it was of no consequence about the cloth, she called the girl to take away the fallen crockery ware, and to relieve Frank of his dripping handkerchief. How the meal was got through with, Frank would afterwards have found it very difficult to describe. He had a vague idea of being requested to sit down at another part of the table, of having a second cup of tea passed to him, and of being introduced to John Mutch. One thing, however, was clear enough to his mind—that he had made a complete fool of himself, and he had no doubt that this was the opinion of all present. As may be supposed, under these circumstances he felt anything but comfortable, and it was a relief when they arose from the table and adjourned to the parlor.

Frank did not stay very long after that. His appointment with Mr. Filmour was pleaded as an excuse for leaving so early. No doubt it would have been better in every way had he remained awhile longer and taken his departure more gracefully, but such things are apt to be thought of only when too late, and so it was in this instance.

When Falconer arrived at the store at which he was to meet Mr. Filmour, he found that gentleman already there, he having got through with his business somewhat sooner than he expected to. This being the case, Frank proposed that they should leave Bedeque immediately. His friend having no objection, they went to the stable for their horse, and in ten minutes more they were upon the road to Summerside, where they arrived shortly after dark.

The next steamer from Summerside took Frank and Mr. Filmour as passengers to Point du Chene, from whence they continued their journey home by the morning train. Falconer returned to the office next day and resumed his studies with a resolution, not only to make up for lost time, but also by a vigorous pursuit of legal knowledge to leave no time for any useless reflections upon the unpleasant termination of his visit to Prince Edward Island.

THE ROYAL MEMOIR.\*

Since our last issue the literary and gossiping public has enjoyed a marked sensation. It was produced by the perusal of "The Early Years of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort," which, on this side of the water, was neatly issued by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, with the sign manual "VICTORIA R." on one side of the cover, and the Royal Arms on the back of the book, the sight of which, by our American cousins, is enough "to make their teeth water." What would they not give for the right to use these time-honored heraldic devices and the inevitable *Honi soi qui mal y pense*? The Memoir, itself, has, we dare say, been read with as much zest in the United States as in the British Isles, the New Dominion, and the rest of the world. When it is necessary to interest the ordinary mass of humanity in a tale it is safe to begin with such words as "There was once a lovely Princess," while Royal readers may be treated to tales of peasant boys and girls, even though it be true that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." To be particularly informed as to the manner in which princes and princesses enter this world, how they cry and laugh, eat and drink, and sleep and play, whether or not they are, at times, naughty like ordinary plebeian children—how their loves and courtships are carried on, etc., etc.,—such information as this ought to invest any book with interest; most of all ought it to invest with interest the book before us, of which the Hon. C. Grey is the compiler, "Albert the Good" the subject, and our most gracious QUEEN the editor, if not rather the author. And such, in point of fact, all readers who take up this volume will admit to be the case. Though it is understood that every mother believes, in regard to her first-born, at least, "that there never was such a child," and though some fond mothers and fathers, too, may be ready to affirm that if the biographical memoirs of their offspring were carried as far back as those of Prince Albert, to the cradle and beyond it, they could produce a record that would compare favorably with the Royal Memoir, yet no person who reads this volume can deny that Prince Albert, in the cradle, in school, and at college, was a very remarkable child, boy and youth, and that if he only occasionally got flogged, it was because he very seldom required to be treated to that *posteriori* mode of "teaching the young idea how to shoot," but was, altogether, such a model and exemplar that when we read his story and recall our own boyish days, we find that the sad

contrast has the effect of suffusing our cheeks with spontaneous blushes.

After a letter of the compiler to the Queen, and some introductory remarks, the book commences with a short account of the Saxe-Coburg family, and of the Prince's immediate relatives at the time of his birth, in 1819. The family was greatly distinguished in the great Reformation struggles, on behalf of which one branch of it suffered much. The most interesting of the family notices, however, refers to Prince Albert's mother, the Duchess (Princess Louise) daughter of Augustus, last reigning Duke but one of Saxe-Gotha-Altenburg.

A memorandum, written by the Queen in 1864, gives an account of their mother and of her melancholy fate. She is described as "very handsome, although very small, fair, and with blue eyes; and Prince Albert is said to have been extremely like her." She was, moreover, full of cleverness and talent. But the marriage was not a happy one. The Duke and Duchess were separated in 1824, and divorced in 1826, and the Duchess died in 1831, in her 32nd year. She is always spoken of with affection and respect, and we are told that "the Prince never forgot her, and spoke with much tenderness and sorrow of his poor mother, and was deeply affected in reading, after his marriage, the accounts of her sad and painful illness." After her death in 1831, Duke Ernest soon married again; but, of course, under these circumstances, neither the mother nor the step-mother of the two young Princes had much control over their education. They experienced, however, no lack of motherly care; for two grandmothers watched over them from their earls, with the most constant anxiety. Their grandmother on the father's side, the Dowager Duchess of Coburg-Saalfeld, lived at only a quarter of a mile's distance on one side of Coburg, at a villa called Ketschendorff, while Rosenau, the summer residence of the Duke, was but four miles on the other side. On the birth of Prince Albert she was summoned at once to the bed side of her daughter-in-law, and we find her from there writing to announce the happy event to her own daughter, the Duchess of Kent, in England.

Why the marriage was unhappy, or why the separation took place, in consequence of which the mother never saw her children afterwards, we are not told. Indeed, the name of the unhappy lady is seldom mentioned afterwards, though, as above stated, always with respect and affection. It is mentioned that one of the

\* The early years of His Royal Highness the PRINCE CONSORT, compiled under the direction of Her Majesty THE QUEEN, by Lieut.-General the HON. C. GREY. Harper & Bros., New York.

first gifts the Prince made to the Queen was a little pin he had received from his mother when he was a child, and also that Princess Louise, the Prince and Queen's oldest daughter, was named after her grandmother and resembled her.

The Dowager Duchess, above mentioned, occupies a prominent place in the narrative. She seems to have been more than a mother to the Princes Ernest and Albert, and it is from her letters to her daughter, the Duchess of Kent, mother of Queen Victoria, that most of the facts relating to Prince Albert's childhood are gathered. She appears to have been a singularly affectionate and thoughtful old lady. Her Majesty says of her :

"The Queen remembers her dear grandmother perfectly well. She was a most remarkable woman, with a most powerful, energetic, almost masculine mind, accompanied with great tenderness of heart, and extreme love for nature. The Prince told the Queen that she had wished earnestly that he should marry the Queen, and as she died when her grandchildren (the Prince and Queen) were only twelve years old, she could have little guessed what a blessing she was preparing not only for this country but for the world at large. She was adored by her children, particularly by her sons; King Leopold being her great favorite. She had fine and most expressive blue eyes, with the marked features and long nose inherited by most of her children and grandchildren."

From the letters of the Duchess we learn precisely when Prince Albert was born—how the accoucheuse Siebold had only been called at three on a certain August morning, and how at six "the little one gave his first cry in the world and looked about like a little squirrel with a pair of large black eyes;" only the eyes afterwards proved to be blue. M<sup>de</sup>m. Siebold, the accoucheuse here mentioned, had only three months before attended the Duchess of Kent at the birth of the Princess Victoria.

On the 22nd of May, when Prince Albert was barely eight months old, his mother thus describes her children :

"Ernest est bien grand pour son âge, vif et intelligent. Ses grands yeux noirs p<sup>o</sup>ntillent d'esprit et de vivacité. . . . Albert est superbe—d'une beauté extraordinaire; a de grands yeux bleus, une tout petite bouche—un joli nez—et des fossettes à chaque joue—il est grand et vif, et toujours gai. Il a trois dents, et malgré qu'il n'a que huit mois, il commence déjà à marcher."

The grandmother records more than once that Albert is not a strong child, but very beautiful. "Little Alberinchen, with his large blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, is bewitching, forward, and quick as a weasel. Ernest is not nearly so pretty, only his intelligent brown eyes are very fine; but he is tall, active, and clever for his age." And again: "Albert is very handsome, but too slight for a boy; lively, very funny, all good nature, and full of mischief." It also appears that the handsome, fragile boy was very subject to attacks of croup—a matter which gave the grandmother great concern when, at four years old, Albert was removed with his brother from the care of the nurse to whom they had been hitherto entrusted, and handed over to the tutelage of Herr Florschütz of Coburg. She remarked that he

ought not to be taken from his female nurse, who slept with him; that a woman was more wakeful than a man, and that if the Prince should be visited in the night with one of the attacks of croup to which he was subject, his tutor might not discover this until it would be too late—a truly womanly and maternal idea. The Prince, however, was glad of the change, for we are told that "even as a child he showed a great dislike to being in the charge of women, and rejoiced instead of sorrowing over the contemplated change."

This tutor seems to have been a man of rare intellectual endowments, and an adept in imparting instruction; in short the pupils and their teacher seemed to be equally happy and fortunate in each other. His recollections of the Prince, whom he received at such a tender age that he was child enough to be carried up and down stairs on the back of his tutor, form a very readable part of the Memoir. They are too lengthy, however, for our pages, much as we should like to introduce them. Their early studies over, we have an account of a European tour made by the young Princes, and of their first visit to England in May, 1836, accompanied by their father.

There is a letter here which records that his first appearance was at a levee of the King's, "which was long and fatiguing, but very interesting." A drawing room, a grand dinner, and a brilliant ball at Kensington Palace followed—not very much to the Prince's delight apparently; for they brought late hours, and he could never keep awake at night. This strange sleepiness was characteristic of his earliest years, and we are told that "manfully as he strove against it, he never entirely conquered the propensity."

During their stay in England the Duke and his sons were lodged at Kensington, "and it was on this occasion that the Queen saw the Prince for the first time. They were both now seventeen years old—the Queen completing her seventeenth year during the visit, the Prince three months later."

It does not appear that the Prince and his cousin Victoria had any idea, at this time, that their union had been seriously thought of by his grandmother, before referred to, or the Queen's favorite uncle, the King of the Belgians. Such, however, was the case; the idea soon spread, and the sagacious Leopold, to divert attention from it, suggested that the Princes should make a tour in Switzerland and the north of Italy. It was not, however, till after the Prince's second visit, which occurred in 1839, that anything passed between the Queen and her future husband on the subject. In the meantime William IV. died, and Victoria ascended the throne. The Princes were then attending the University of Bonn. From the seat of that University, Prince Albert wrote to congratulate her on the event in the following terms :

BONN, 26TH JUNE, 1837.—My dearest Cousin,—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest

felicitations on that great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are Queen of the mightiest land of Europe, in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high but difficult task. I hope that your reign may be long, happy, and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now? Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me always, your Majesty's most obedient and faithful servant.

"ALBERT,"

And on the 30th of July of the same year the Prince writes thus to his father:

"Uncle Leopold has written to me a great deal about England and all that is going on there. United as all parties are in high praise of the young Queen, the more do they seem to manœuvre and intrigue with and against each other. On every side there is nothing but a network of cabals and intrigues, and parties are arrayed against each other in the most inexplicable manner."

We next find the Prince sending to the Queen a small book containing views of almost all the places he visited in Switzerland and Italy. From the Rigi he sent her a dried "rose des Alpes," and from Voltaire's house at Ferney a scrap of that philosopher's handwriting. "The whole of these," the Queen herself writes, "were placed in a small album, with the dates at which each place was visited, in the Prince's handwriting; and this album the Queen now considers one of her greatest treasures, and never goes anywhere without it. Nothing had at that time passed between the Queen and the Prince, but this gift shows that the latter, in the midst of his travels, often thought of his young cousin."

This was in 1838, and we are told that:—"It was probably in the early part of that year that the King, (Leopold) in writing to the Queen, first mentioned the idea of such a marriage; and the proposal must have been favorably received, for in March, 1838, the King writes to Baron Stockmar, and gives an account of the manner in which Prince Albert had received the communication which (of course with the Queen's sanction) he had made to him." The King writes:

"I have had a long conversation with Albert, and have put the whole case honestly and kindly before him. He looks at the question from its most elevated and honorable point of view. He considers that troubles are inseparable from all human positions, and that therefore, if one must be subject to plagues and annoy-

ances, it is better to be so for some great or worthy object than for trifles and miseries. I have told him that his great youth would make it necessary to postpone the marriage for a few years. . . . I found him very sensible on all these points. But one thing he observed with truth. 'I am ready,' he said, 'to submit to this delay, if I have only some certain assurance to go upon. But if, after waiting, perhaps, for three years, I should find that the Queen no longer desired the marriage, it would place me in a very ridiculous position, and would, to a certain extent, ruin all the prospects of my future life. . . .'"

Events now proceed apace, and they bring with them the great good fortune of Prince Albert. As, however, we have not space to detail, at length, the events of the courtship, and as some of the most interesting correspondence arising out of it has already been placed before the public through the Press, in reviewing the "Memorials," we must break off at the most interesting part of it and refer our readers to the book itself. Our lady readers, at any rate, will not be content to stop at the beginning of a courtship. They will lose no time in satisfying their curiosity by making themselves acquainted with all the details, as they are traced at length in the volume under notice. We have not deemed it necessary to look at it in a critical spirit. Its moral influence cannot be otherwise than good. The volume reveals a union between the Queen and the Prince which was the result of love the most genuine and the most ardent. It reveals a court whose purity, like that of Cæsar's wife, was beyond suspicion, and it unfolds the character of a Prince of such great parts and of such an exalted character, that these Memorials of his life must prove an inheritance of no small value to the Queen's loving subjects, and to their descendants for ages to come. The volume brings up the history of the Royal pair to the date of the birth of their first child, the Princess Royal, an event which took place on the 21st of November, 1840. and here, in order to exhibit "a touch of nature," we must make a concluding extract:

The Prince, writing to his father on the 23rd, says—"Victoria is as well as if nothing had happened. She sleeps well, has a good appetite, and is extremely quiet and cheerful. The little one is very well and very merry. . . . I should certainly have liked better if she had been a son, as would Victoria also; but, at the same time, we must be equally satisfied and thankful as it is. . . . The rejoicing in the public is universal."

## REVIEWS.

McMILLAN'S MAP OF NEW BRUNSWICK. St. John, N. B., J. & A. McMillan.

The present is evidently the age for maps. Nova Scotia has had her agents busily canvassing our Province for the sale of her maps. That broad and expansive territory, Canada, with which we are now so closely allied, has been delineated on the canvass, and brought before the notice of our citizens. The United States' drummers, armed each with the map

of the company he represents, have been endeavouring to procure subscriptions amongst us, each pointing out the relative advantages one map has over the other in point of accuracy, printing, quality, mounting, or general "get up," each of course claiming his to be the only "original and reliable" map in the country. We are glad to see this spirit of commercial rivalry existing between the inhabitants of British North America and the United States. Nothing bene-

fits a country so much as a strong competition among the trades. It serves to bring out a man's powers of ingenuity, business qualifications and persevering industry. Therefore, we are pleased to see it, and trust that it will continue "till the end of time."

The map before us is certainly the best that has yet been produced of this Province. To the traveller and sportsman it is especially valuable. Every River, and even the little streams which seem to predominate in New Brunswick, are here given a place; the counties are colored separately: the Parish boundaries are given: the Post and Way Offices receive their share of attention; and to add still more to its value, plans of the cities of St. John (with Carleton and Portland attached,) and Fredericton are marked out upon it.

We quote from the prospectus:—On the Western side, part of the State of Maine, with the townships, is given; on the North, the Counties of Bonaventure and Ramouski in Canada, and in the Gulf, Prince Edward Island, with its Counties, Parishes and Towns; while on the East there is a full map of the Bay of Fundy and the various inlets, with the Counties of Digby, Annapolis, Cumberland, Hants and Halifax, in Nova Scotia, also showing Halifax Harbor and Dartmouth.

The reader will at once perceive how useful an article this map is.

The map is well got up in every respect.—Typographically, it is faultless; the colors of the several Counties blend together in perfect harmony; and its neat and handsome appearance cannot fail to please even a most discriminating public. Its price will meet the pockets of all; it is offered in three different styles, varying in price from \$3.00 to \$1.25. Our readers cannot do better than avail themselves of the opportunity offered and procure a copy of McMillan's Map of New Brunswick without delay.

LECTURES ON THE EPISTLE OF PAUL THE APOSTLE TO THE EPHESIANS, CHAP. I., EXPOSITORY AND PRACTICAL: by Rev. Wm. Alves. St. John, N. B.: J. & A. McMillan.

The above is the title of a very neat volume from the pen of Mr. Alves, and the press of Messrs. McMillan. Although it is not in our way to notice Theological subjects, we cannot refrain from doing so when the rarity of an original volume, the product of thought of one of our own townsmen, appears among us. We may say, from the summary view which we have been able to take of the book, that it contains a very full and appreciative treatment of the rich passage of Scripture it professes to expound. The matter is good, the manner is scholarly, the criticisms are able, and the Theology is Calvinistic—we should say, rather, Paulistic. We commend the volume to the notice of our readers, especially to the Arminians, who will then see "the other side,"—a process necessary to the complete understanding of any subject. We are glad to know that the work has had an extensive sale. Native talent should be encouraged.

#### PAMPHLETS, MAGAZINES, &c.

Messrs. J. & A. McMillan have our thanks for the Bishop of Fredericton's two Sermons, preached on Whitsunday and Trinity Sunday, 1867, in the Cathedral. Neatly printed by H. A. Crossley.—Rev. James Bennet's Synod Sermon has also reached us. "Circumstances over which we have no control," as a clerical gentleman once remarked, prevents our giving a synopsis of the above this month.—The latest work of Sir Walter Scott (cheap sixpenny edition) has been issued. It is entitled "The Bride of Lammermoor."

ATLANTIC MONTHLY.—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields seem determined that the interesting character of the *Atlantic* shall not flag. The table of contents, as is usually the case, is a most brilliant one. "The pale, emaciated student"—we haven't seen him lately, though—gleams from its pages much "food for thought;" whilst the gay and frivolous maiden of eighteen, to whom the heavy articles are anything but interesting, finds entertainment in one of those charming little stories for which the *Atlantic* is so famous. Address Ticknor & Fields, Boston, Mass.

EVERY SATURDAY AND OUR YOUNG FOLKS, also published by the same enterprising firm, continue to attract universal attention. They are so well and favorably known that it would be superfluous on our part to notice them further.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—The devotees of this now popular science will find in the October number of this monthly a considerable quantity of useful information. Fowler & Wells, New York.

THE NEW DOMINION MONTHLY.—This new Candidate for public favor made its first appearance last August. It is printed and published in Montreal by John Dougall & Son. The original matter is fairly written, while the selections from current Magazines and periodicals are made with good taste. The printing and paper are all that can be desired; but we would suggest to the proprietors the advisability of dispensing with the choice illustrations that adorn the columns of the monthly, for they really detract considerably from its otherwise neat appearance. Published at \$1.00 a year.

From Mr. Geo. N. Beek we have received the following, who has also on his counter many of the magazines enumerated above, as well the latest American and Provincial papers:—

HARPER'S MONTHLY.—Little need be said of *Harper*, it is so widely known, further than that it is this month quite "up to the mark" in point of excellence. The "Dodge Club" papers are ended.

THE AMERICAN NATURALIST.—To the student in Natural history we can cordially recommend this publication. It treats of the different subjects in connection with the science in a thorough and masterly style. Some of the best American writers have been secured for its pages.—We learn from Mr. Beek, the sole agent for it in the Lower Provinces, that he is every day receiving many subscribers for it. Published at Salem, Mass.

METEOROLOGICAL

SUMMARY OF METEOROLOGIC OBSERVATIONS, for June, July and August, 1867, made at St. John, N. B. Lat. 45° 16' N.; Long. 66° 03' W.—G. MURDOCH.

	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.
<b>THERMOMETER</b> —Highest—degrees.....	72°-00	78°-00	75°-00
“ date.....	17th. 27th.	1st.	21st.
Lowest—degrees.....	43-09	54-00	50-00
“ date.....	10th. 11th.	14th.	1st.
Oscillation for month.....	29-00	24-00	25-00
“ daily—mean.....	10-37	10-00	8-50
Warmest day—meaned.....	62-30	66-30	67-00
“ date.....	17th.	1st.	16th.
Coldest day—meaned.....	50-00	56-00	56-00
“ date.....	10th.	20th.	31st.
Mean—6 A. M.....	50-97	56-50	58-10
“ 2 P. M.....	62-17	66-35	65-67
“ 10 P. M.....	55-33	58-07	60-03
“ of readings.....	56-17	60-31	61-27
“ 7 years.....	51-73	60-91	59-70
<b>BAROMETER</b> —Highest—inches.....	30-242	30-292	30-342
“ date.....	11th.	31st.	26th.
Lowest—inches.....	29-564	29-916	29-695
“ date.....	4th. 30th.	22nd.	18th.
Range for month.....	0-678	0-676	0-647
“ daily—mean.....	0-134	0-132	0-107
Greatest mean daily pressure.....	30-221	30-260	30-200
“ date.....	11th.	31st.	6th.
Least mean daily pressure.....	29-595	29-630	29-762
“ date.....	4th.	1st.	18th.
Mean pressure 8 A. M.....	30-036	29-930	29-980
“ 2 P. M.....	30-016	29-877	29-981
“ 10 P. M.....	30-013	29-929	29-985
“ of readings.....	30-022	29-910	29-985
“ 7 years.....	29-905	29-900	29-916
<b>FORCE OF VAPOR</b> —Greatest—inches.....	0-501	0-544	0-665
“ date.....	24th.	7th.	3rd.
Least—inches.....	0-210	0-325	0-383
“ date.....	10th.	31st.	25th.
Mean 8 A. M.....	0-344	0-430	0-482
“ 2 P. M.....	0-383	0-454	0-505
“ 10 P. M.....	0-341	0-425	0-472
“ of readings.....	0-356	0-436	0-486
<b>RELATIVE HUMIDITY</b> —Greatest—per cent.....	98 p. c.	100 p. c.	100 p. c.
“ date.....	4th.	29th.	19th.
Least—per cent.....	47 p. c.	38 p. c.	50 p. c.
“ date.....	14th.	1st.	25th.
Mean 8 A. M.....	79 p. c.	83 p. c.	88 p. c.
“ 2 P. M.....	69 p. c.	73 p. c.	81 p. c.
“ 10 P. M.....	83 p. c.	87 p. c.	91 p. c.
“ of readings.....	77 p. c.	81 p. c.	87 p. c.
<b>WIND</b> 2 P. M. E. to S. W.—Days.....	26 days.	19 days.	28 days.
W. to N. E. “.....	4 days.	12 “	3 days.
Most prevalent.....	S. W.	S. W.	S. W.
<b>PRECIPITATION</b> —Rain or Snow Fell.....	5 days.	9 days.	7 days.
“ “.....	7 nights.	10 nig'ts.	8 nights.
Snow for month—inches.....	nil.	nil.	nil.
Rain “.....	3-445	3-105	6-845
Melted Snow and Rain.....	3-445	3-105	6-845
Avg. 7 years.....	2-260	3-829	4-328



## Our Puzzle Department.

This department is exclusively devoted to ladies, and none but they are permitted to compete for the prizes. To the lady answering the most puzzles we will award a copy of the *Diamond Edition* of the Poems of TENNYSON or LONGFELLOW. All solutions must reach our office before the 1st of December next. The name of the successful competitor will not be inserted without her sanction.

### REBUSES.

1.—A kind of glossy silk, an insect, a tavern, a portion of the finger, a weight, a man's name, a preposition, an article of apparel, an adverb.

The initials of these spell my whole, which is the name of a city in British North America.

2.—A young lady's name, another, ditto, ditto, ditto, ditto.

My whole is a lady's name.

### ACROSTICS.

3.—An article of furniture and that which invariably accompanies it—

1. A portable habitation.
2. A fruit.
3. An insect.
4. A celebrated English city.
5. A bird.

4.—An article of food and a receptacle for it—

1. A city in New Brunswick.
2. A town in Nova Scotia.
3. A city in Canada.
4. A territory in the United States.
5. A city in the United States.

### DECAPITATIONS.

5.—Behold a passage for the aqueous fluid and leave a kind of pitcher.

6.—Behold a lady's name and leave another's.

7.—Behold a fish and leave a multitude.

### 8.

#### A GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 43 letters—

My 24, 32, 39, 39, 3, 41, 39, 2, 21, 17, 43 is a town of Germany, in Hesse Darmstadt on the Maine.

" 14, 26, 43, 38, 39 is a celebrated Island at the entrance of the Gulf of Persia.

" 16, 23, 1, 33, 36, 37 is a lake of Sweden in Gothland.

" 13, 42, 20, 5 is a river in Iskutsch, Siberia.

" 27, 1, 10, 18, 12 is a country in Europe.

" 17, 37, 4, 3, 19, 41 is a river in Lancashire, England. [of Hindoostan.

" 29, 38, 35, 23, 26, 40, 7 is a large province

" 25, 2, 5, 1, 29, 34, 15, 29 is a city of Hindoostan in Nepal.

" 9, 21, 28, 20, 42, 22, 27, 39 is a mountain in Invernesshire, Scotland.

" 30, 40, 37, 43, 31, 38, 33, 2 is a town in Nova Scotia. [Land.

" 11, 5, 9, 6, 18, 8, 20 is a city in the Holy

My whole is an old saying, and is also a piece of information highly advantageous, in a geographical point of view, to any one contemplating a visit to the Holy Land.

9.

I consist of 68 letters—

My 1, 11, 57, 48, 63, 12, 16, 66, 67, 41, 49, 3 is a famous dramatic author.

" 21, 53, 24, 15, 59, 67, 6, 31, 36, 37, 65, 34 is an American poet of considerable note.

" 19, 54, 63, 25, 64, 56, 63, 23, 47, 34, 51, 28, 32, 67 is an English poet.

" 52, 9, 44, 53, 58, 24, 56, 4, 43, 26, 29, 15, 56, 56 was a Scottish poet.

" 17, 50, 62, 30, 53, 35, 14, 30, 17, 39, 17, 7, 55, 33 is the title of a well-known work by one of England's greatest authors.

" 63, 13, 22, 10, 38, 46, 68, 40, 66, 55, 27, 11, 20, 57 is the name of a N. Scotia writer.

" 61, 16, 68, 8, 2, 60, 42, 3, 5 was a president of the United States.

" 14, 2, 17, 56, 40, 64, 18, 45, 27 is the author of many interesting books for the young.

My whole are the names of four great prose writers.

10.

### CRYPTOGRAPH.

Xed aqi wxqqr qp xod ayvfpfs rdbl,  
Dexfps ndc-pyxw ai xed ndbl.

BMOXD.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OUR LAST.

1.—George—egg—ore—roc—go—ere.—GEORGE.

2. My—arm—ram—yam.—MARY. 3. Waterfall.

4. Mouse-trap, Montreal. Ottawa, Ulster, Sackville, Edinburgh. 5. Hillsborough. 6. Woodstock. 7. Wolfville. 8. Drink—Rink. 9. Spot—Pot. 10. Drain—rain.

11.—Ten little birds sitting on a vine;

One flew away and there were nine.

12.—Guam or Gurham, the chief of the Lad-

rore Islands, in the Pacific Ocean, is noted for

guavas, bananas, cocoas, oranges and limes.

13.

### CRYPTOGRAPH.

#### FROM HIAWATHA.

"Kago! kago! do not touch it!"

"Ah, Kaween!" said MUDJEKEEWIS,

"No, indeed, I will not touch it!"

Then they talked of other matters.