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Vol. III, No. II.



June, - - 1891.



Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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THE LAND AND WILDLIFE

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. III., No. II.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., JUNE, 1891.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

WM. HENRY DRUMMOND, M. D.

THE subject of our sketch is an Irishman, having been born in the County of Leitrim, in the Emerald Isle, and like most Irishmen, is gifted with a lively perception of the humorous and an abundance of ready wit and readiness in *repartee*. He immigrated to Canada when only 10 or 11 years of age. His father was an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, a force which has always borne a semi-military reputation on account of its drill and discipline.

On arriving in this country the family settled in Montreal, where the father died within a year afterwards. Dr. Drummond was educated in Montreal, and graduated from Bishop's University as C. M. M. D., in 1883, Bishop's College having been affiliated with McGill for the purpose of conferring degrees. He at once engaged in the practice of his profession and shortly after located at Stornoway, in the eastern part of St. Francis District, where a meagre practice enabled him to cultivate his taste for hunting and fishing and other outdoor sports. He afterwards practised for a time at Knowlton, Que.

In 1887, he returned to Montreal, where he has now become "a fixture." Being popular amongst his *confreres*, and a hard and conscientious worker and practitioner, he is rapidly making a name and reputation for himself and building up a substantial and lucrative practice. In his younger days he gave a good account of his skill and ability in the gymnasium and athletic field. He is a thorough sportsman fully imbued with the true spirit of sport,

even the shade of a pot-hunter or pot-fisher, being an abomination in his sight. He is a capital shot and the light rod in his hand undergoes some clever manipulations. Last year on the Grand Cascapedia, he had the good fortune to kill the monarch of the salmon season of 1890, weighing 50 lbs. 8 oz.



WM. HENRY DRUMMOND, M. D.

In the case of Dr. Drummond the usual rule obtains, that a good sportsman is an out-and-out good fellow. He has three brothers, two of whom, George E. and Thomas J. Drummond, are the well known iron and steel merchants, of Montreal. The other, John J. Drummond, is Manager of the Canada Iron Foundry Co., at Radnor, Que.

Dr. Drummond's reputation as a humorous writer, especially of *habitant* English verse, extends all over the continent, and our readers will remember several of his articles which have appeared in this journal. His "Wreck of the Julie Plante" has been very generally copied by the press of Can-

ada and the United States. That his poetic genius is not confined to the humorous or burlesque, is evidenced by his "October Days," written for this journal a few months ago. One of his articles, "*Cauda Morrhua*," which appears in this issue, although dealing with a purely local matter, shows a good deal of the Tom Hood versatility of composition.

The Doctor has not as yet joined the extensive army of benedicts, but we understand that there have benedicts issued which may compel him to *altar* his way of living and oblige him to do what has fallen to the lot of nearly every sportsman—follow his *dux*.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

There are four plates procured from the Montreal *Witness* and are too generally known to require any description. The view of Montreal is taken from the Mountain in rear of the city and takes in the Victoria Bridge across the River St. Lawrence nearly two miles in length. The "Rapids on the Cascapedia" will at once attract the eye of the angler, embracing as it does one of the most famous salmon resorts of all the rivers falling into the St. Lawrence River or Gulf. "Percé Rock, Gaspé," is one of the attractions of that exposed portion of the gulf coast, and is a great resort for various varieties of sea-birds during the nesting time, and "Nelson's Monument" on the Place d'Armes, Montreal, is one of the old attractions of that particular locality and commemorates the victories of the of Trafalgar. "England expects every man to do his duty," and it is the duty of the citizens of Montreal to keep this monument in the position assigned to it when the old Admiral's memory was greener in the hearts of his countrymen than it now is. It is one of the land marks of the early portion of the present century which should not be interfered with.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

THE HOME OF THE OUANANICHE.



F the land we live in, no locality offers greater attractions to the sportsman, the tourist, the naturalist or the explorer than the immense territory that stretches away northwards for nearly 200 miles from Quebec, and is commonly spoken of as the Lake St. John country,—the home of the *ouananiche*. Though known to the early Jesuit missionaries in Canada nearly two and a half centuries ago, it is only within the last forty or fifty years that the fertile tracts of this great territory have been opened up for settlement, while Indian pathways through the woods, or canoe routes from Chicoutimi with their inevitable and fatiguing portages were the only means of reaching Lake St. John from Quebec, if we except a miserably kept roadway through the woods that was constructed northwards from Stoneham some twenty or twenty-five years ago by the government of the Province of Quebec. The first white man to set foot upon the shores of Lake St. John, to cast his eyes over its broad expanse of waters in the vain endeavor to see the opposite shore, and to paddle over its surface, was Father Jean De Quen, whose bones, disinterred with those of Father Du Peron and Frere Liegeois, at the demolition of the Jesuits barracks in this city in 1879, were again committed to mother earth with such imposing and impressive church and state ceremonies, on the 12th April inst., in the chapel of the Ursuline convent in this city. It may be known to the readers of THE LAND WE LIVE IN that the provincial government paid the cost of the funeral and has created a magnificent mural monument to the memory of the three Jesuits in the Ursuline chapel. Quite appropriate was it, too, that at the funeral in question, the bones of the missionaries to the Huron and Montagnais Indians, should have been borne to their new resting place by Huron Indians from Lorette, while amongst the chief mourners, immediately after the Jesuits of Quebec, and preceding the Lieut.-Governor and cabinet ministers of the Province, came a delegation of Montagnais Indians from Lake St. John.

The account of De Quen's discovery of the great inland sea is related by himself in an interesting manner, in a letter addressed by him from Tadousac to the Superior of the Jesuit Missions at Quebec. For several summers he had been in charge of the Indian mission at Tadousac, and when his noma-

dic converts dispersed in the autumn of the year for their respective hunting grounds, De Quen returned to Quebec, some of them were simply visitors at Tadousac however, their encampment being situated on the shores of Lake St. John. These converts, and others like them, carried the teachings of the missionary where no other white man had ever penetrated, and when in 1647, De Quen heard that some of the christian Indians, who were sick by the great inland sea, desired much to see him, he did not hesitate to direct his way thither. His journey occupied him five days, and he enlarges considerably upon the hardships and difficulties encountered by him in overcoming dangerous currents, crossing difficult portages, and passing over fatiguing mountains and through deep valleys, our roads through the woods that he said were fit only for wild animals. The Indians were both delighted and surprised to see him, and to De Quen's great joy, he saw on the western shore of the lake, probably at what is now called Pointe Bleue, that the Indians had planted a large cross, the symbol of christianity having thus reached Lake St. John in advance of the white man's coming.

His description of the lake itself, so far as it goes, could scarcely be improved upon at the present time. He tells how impossible it is at times to see across it, and how turbulent are its waters when the breezes blow. He shows how the mountains recede from its shores at a considerable distance on all sides, and how it is fed by twelve or fifteen immense rivers, which form highways, by which the different Indian tribes who inhabit the countries whence they flow, descend to Lake St. John, for the purpose of exchanging friendship or articles of Indian commerce with one another.

It is just as true, too, in 1891, the year of De Quen's reinterment, as it was nearly 250 years ago, on the occasion of his first visit to the inland sea that the Indians call *Pikouagami*, that its waters swarm with fish,—“*sont fort poissonneux*,” as the missionary puts it. He tells us that the fish then caught there were salmon, trout, doré, pike, carp and white fish.

But how wonderfully the face of the surrounding country and the means of reaching it have changed since the missionary-explorer's time! “It is useless to think of wine, of bread, of bed or of house here,” said De Quen in 1647, writing of Lake St. John. Now, in 1891, the face of the surrounding country is smiling with wheat fields,—at least on the southern and western shores of the lake,—amid which stand the comfortable houses and barns of the French-Canadian farmers, while

instead of the tedious five day's journey through a howling wilderness over primitive pathways and canoe routes, the angler and tourist reach Lake St. John in a few hours from Quebec, by palace car, over a railway which runs, it is true, through one of the wildest mountain, river and lake regions on the face of the globe, but is most perfect in its construction and equipment.

Palace hotels, too, await the visitor, both at the railway terminus at Roberval and on one of the islands of the Grande Discharge, and three commodious steamers are at the disposal of anglers and others, and make daily crossings from Roberval to the *ouananiche* fishing grounds at the great lake's outlet, occasionally also running for some distance up the Peribonca, Mistassini and other great rivers that empty into the lake,—magnificent streams, some of which are over a mile wide at their mouths, and navigable for a distance of twenty to thirty miles.

Such is, in brief, a sketch of the home of the *ouananiche*. This marvellous fish is considered by some writers to be indigenous to the waters of Lake St. John, its outlet and its tributary streams. In the months of May and June it is taken in Lake St. John itself, principally along the Roberval shore. From the commencement of July it can best be fought and killed in the weird and exciting rapids of the Grand Discharge, where the inland sea pours its surplus waters in impassable cascades, over a rocky channel, into the dark and mysterious Saguenay. In the later summer months, and in autumn, it ascends the rivers flowing into the lake, principally the Peribonca, Mistassini and Metabetchouan and may then be taken freely there, as in the spring of the year. But the manner of its taking and the remarkable sport which it affords the angler must form the subject of another paper. Sufficient will have been accomplished by one letter, if the tourist, the angler, the explorer and the naturalist, and particularly the lover of nature in her wildest and most entrancing moods, have their attention favorably directed by these brief and hurried notes upon “the home of the *ouananiche*,” to one of the very most attractive territories of the most magnificent “land we live in.”

E. T. D. CHAMBERS.

Quebec City, May 15, 1891.

Remember that all new subscribers to this journal and renewal subscribers who pay \$1 for advance renewal subscription will be presented with a year's subscription to “Canada” FREE.



The death of Sir John Alexander Macdonald leaves a blank in the administration of Canadian affairs which cannot be filled, at least not for many years to come, but we leave it to abler pens to recount his noble deeds and eulogize his memory. It has been our privilege to meet him at Grand Lodge Communications of the Masonic Order, and we always entertained the highest esteem and regard for his many social qualities and the Christian charity and fraternal feelings which actuated him on these occasions. He has gone to the Grand Lodge above, and in the words of the Masonic ritual we can say, "The Will of God is accomplished. Amen. So mote it be."

We deeply sympathize with our old friend and contributor, Richard Bray, Esq., ("Nomad") in the irreparable loss sustained by him in the death of his wife, which occurred a few days ago. It is only a few weeks since he left her in good health, to fill a lucrative position in Mexico, and owing to his tender and affectionate disposition and his fondness for a domestic life, the shock will be a severe one, but our friend has always been accustomed to seek consolation from the only source from whence it is derivable, and we feel that he will be endowed with strength to bear his sad affliction.

We are sending out accounts to those of our subscribers in arrears, and trust that they will meet with prompt recognition and response. We are compelled to be prompt with our printers, and it is a *sine qua non* that our subscribers should assist us to be so. Our rule is cash in advance, and we have to return our sincere thanks

to a large number who have acted up to the rule. "Money makes the mare go." You furnish the motive power and we will do the rest.

Singular to say in connection with the Annance family and the sketch headed "Marie Maree," published in our columns, we have received a letter from our Kansas contributor, in which he says: "With reference to the members of the St. Francis Indian tribe, I had been intending to ask you if Annance or Annos, as we boys used to call him, was still living. The elder one, Noel, I believe, who lived in North Durham, was a matter of wonder and curiosity to us boys in the "long time ago." He was pointed out to us as having been educated at Dartmouth in accordance with a provision in the College Charter for educating two Indians at a time, free. The instinct of the red man came back with such force that he left his books, resumed the chase and made his way to some far off place called Oregon, (a very small place in the geography of those days) the jumping off place towards the setting sun as he called it. The big fish story that he told was then about as hard to believe, with us boys, as the startling weekly tales of hunting and fishing contained in the specials of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* are to you. "Yes, the river there in spawning season, was black on the surface with salmon actually jostling each other in their efforts to reach spawning ground and club or hands supplied our wants in a very short time." These millions of tin cans that lie empty about the miners camps and help fill the grocers shelves marked "Oregon Salmon" corroborate his story.

On one of his tramps with eleven other Indians in that country in early summer, they struck an open prairie, some thirty miles across, and on a fine June morning commenced their march across it. Leisurely they wended their way, plenty of game in sight nearly all the time, the streams teeming with fish, what more could they desire to while away the days until they reached the happy hunting grounds beyond, unless perhaps a little excitement. About

10 a. m. they crossed a fresh buffalo trail and as they passed on their leader followed up a trail, shortly returning in great haste to tell them to hurry as fast as possible to a clump of timber visible in the distance as a great storm was coming on.

"What do you know about a storm? See how clear the sky is and how warm it is!"

"Those buffalo are hurrying for shelter. I followed their trail for some distance and scarcely a spear of grass have they nibbled as they passed along. Hurry up or you are lost!"

And they did hurry. Soon the sun became dim and clouds gathered from everywhere and nowhere in particular. At 2 p. m. a snow storm was on the party, which increased every hour until it almost blinded them. Fortunately they struck the timber and shelter about dark and there they remained during eight days, in which time four feet of snow had fallen. During this time they killed one deer, which with their other supplies kept them alive until the snow melted, and they were able to resume their journey. Our correspondent says that some seventy years ago he was visiting Tyler Hurd's, at Coaticook, and inquired for Annance. "Yes, he is still alive. A fishing party of us went up the river, in the fall, some sixteen miles or more, and near evening came to a well arranged camp on the bank of the Salmon River or one of its tributaries. It was unoccupied just then, but examining some well kept Dartmouth Greek and Latin books, we soon made up our minds that we had struck Annance's camp. He soon drew up at the shore in his canoe and welcomed us to his camp, bidding us enjoy its hospitalities for a time as he had killed two or three moose by still hunting and his larder was well supplied. Like many another of less dusky line, the friends of his youth and the home of his kin, were dearer to him than the far west." The camp referred to was Archie's. His father, Noel Annance, the hero of the Oregon trail had been dead for many years. He was an old man, as I recollect him forty years ago, and my first desire for a moose hunt was from his description of one and an invitation to join him on a hunting trip to the hunting ground lying east of the St. Francis Indian village.

One of the most arbitrary and disgraceful acts ever perpetrated by the Government of any civilized nation was that of the Government of the Province of Quebec in filling the office of Sheriff of this district, without making provision for Charles W. Whitcher, Esq., who for 47 years has held the position of Deputy Sheriff. Nearly half a century passed in the public service at a time when the emoluments of his office were barely sufficient to give him a decent living and then he turned adrift! Can such a Government exist and prosper? We think not. Some of its most prominent supporters are getting disgusted with its acts of tyranny and oppression, and when the tide turns it will find itself left high and dry on its own resources. The strength of the Government is the support and approval of the people, and so sure as there's a God in heaven, the people are going to resist this gross, unwarrantable and tyrannical interference with individual rights. Not a man in the district, no matter what his political creed, except those who wanted the office for themselves or friends, but will admit that Mr. Whitcher was entitled to the position of Sheriff after so long discharging the duties of deputy creditably, faithfully and to the satisfaction of all with whom he came in contact, except those perhaps against whom he held a writ of execution. It's a crying shame and should produce some vigorous "kicking" on the part of the residents of this city and the entire district. It would probably produce no effect so far as Mr. Whitcher is concerned, but a vigorous protest against the overt acts of the administration, would show the world that we feel keenly the humiliating position in which we are placed through those who are sacrificing everything to their own ambition.

We learn that C. W. Whitcher, Esq., the late Deputy Sheriff, intends to leave this city and reside at Ottawa. It's monstrous that our best and most respected citizens should be driven out to make room for a parcel of adventurers, who lack the elements and education required to constitute a good pea-nut vendor.

Mr. James T. Morkill, of this city, who has held the office of Collector of Internal Revenue for this district and who has proved to be one of the most active, energetic and efficient individuals ever appointed to the position, has been dismissed to make room for a *protégée* of some of its members and a supporter of the present Government. God help some of the new incumbents of office when the reaction takes place.

Moe's River, running through the Township of Compton, and joining the Salmon River a short distance below the town line between Compton and Ascot, used to be a famous place for speckled trout. We are pleased to hear that its glory has not all departed, as a friend informs us that one afternoon early in this month he caught $7\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of trout, actual weight, in fishing the stream for a distance of a little over a mile. The trout of Moe's River present a brilliant appearance when just taken, more so than the ordinary brook trout. Perhaps the gold which is found in the stream has been "passing reflections."

The Miner for June shows a marked improvement on the preceding issue. An excellent article on the Copper Deposits of the Province of Quebec, by Dr. R. W. Ells, Ottawa, treats of the mines in the vicinity of Capelton, giving a history of their progress since they were first opened. This article will be continued in next issue. The June issue also contains an interesting report by J. Obalski, Government Mining Engineer, in connection with the Thetford asbestos mines. New subscribers who remit \$1 to the publishers of this journal can have either "*The Miner*" or "*Canada*" free for one year.

We direct attention the advt. of the Quebec Central Railway. To sportsmen and tourists from New York, Boston and Portland, this route offers the most direct communication with Quebec and the famous trout fishing waters of the Lake St. John region and the salmon fishing of the Lower St. Lawrence. Close connection is made with the trains of the Passumpsic Railroad.

For the past three years E. B. Biggar, of Montreal, has been gathering anecdotes and facts relating to Sir John Macdonald, and the result is an anecdotal life of Sir John, which will be issued in a short time. Before going to press Mr. Biggar will be glad to receive any authentic anecdotes or reminiscences on the subject that have not yet appeared in print. Mr. Biggar's address is the Fraser Building, Montreal.

We are in receipt of a copy of "The Keeper of Bic Light-house," by Miss Maud Ogilvy, of Montreal, which we will review in our July issue, but from Miss Ogilvy's popularity as a descriptive writer, we have no hesitation in predicting for it the same—if not greater—success, as attended the publication of her previous story, "Marie Gourdon." Copies of the book can be obtained from E. M. Renouf, bookseller and stationer, 2238 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

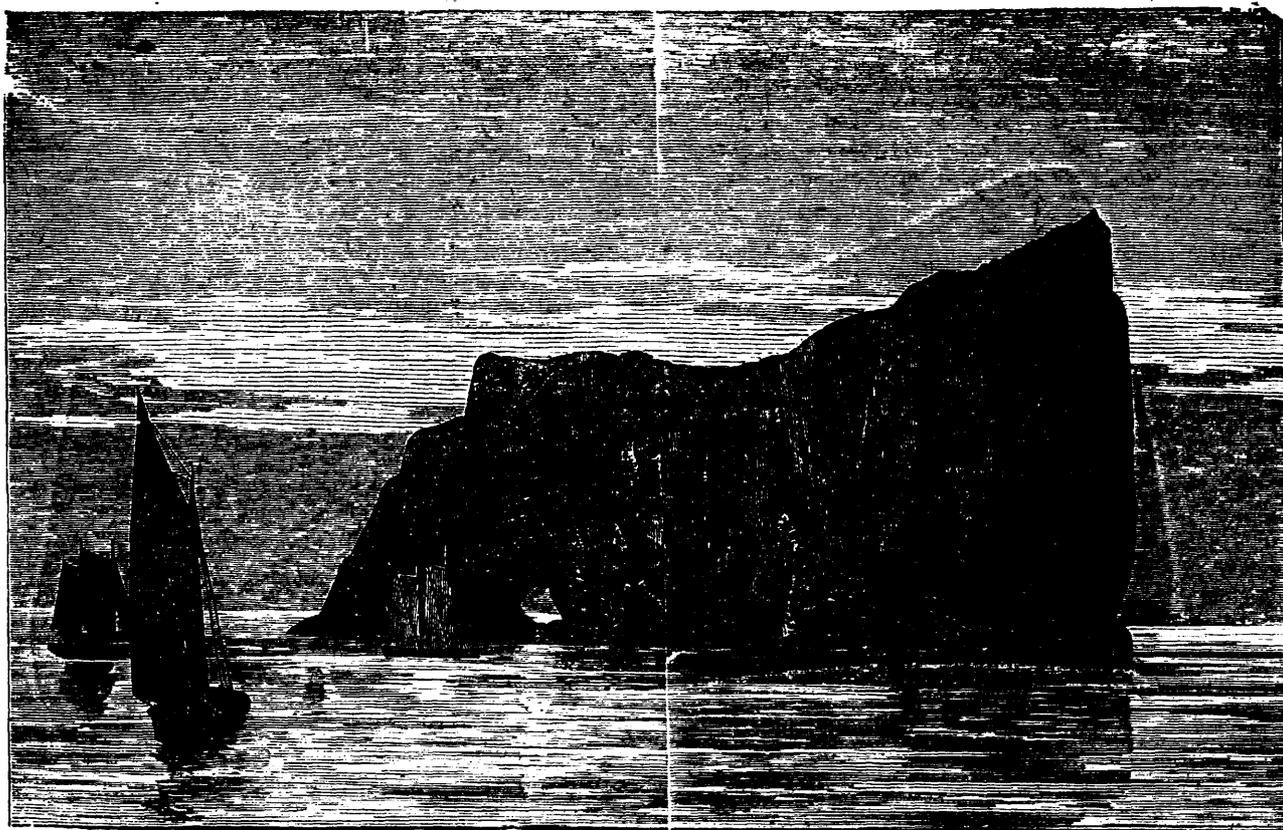
One of our latest exchanges is *Mixed Pickles*, a monthly journal for people now on earth, published for fun and \$1 *per annum*, at David City, Nebraska. It is decidedly piquant and has a zip and flavor to it which savors somewhat of "sauce." It enables us to swallow the content of some of our exchanges with considerable relish, when taken after.

The July issue of this journal will contain 32 pages, and in the interest of our advertisers we will send out a large number of sample copies. Illness has prevented our issuing this number as a 32-page edition and has caused a week's delay in publication.

One of our latest exchanges is a very interesting monthly journal entitled "*Butler's Journal*," published by Martin Butler, at Fredericton, N. B.

We still have a supply of our May issue for the accommodation of those desirous of joining our Short-Hand Class. The second lesson appears in this issue.

We have a few copies of the *Magic Wand and Medical Guide*, which we will mail to any address on receipt of 50 cents.



PERCE ROCK, GASPE, QUE.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Memoirs of P. A. De Gaspe.

The Haberville Manor—Its Old Laird.

II

"The period through which M. de Gaspe has lived (1786-1871) has been so eventful, and the public occurrences of his earlier years, were so brimful of romantic interest that he could hardly fail to be interesting, while pouring on the budget of his recollections, even to his enemies on this side of the Atlantic."
—*London Review*, 29 Oct., 1864.



IN a previous chapter, the reader has followed the author of these Memoirs, through his bright, sunny boyhood, his boisterous youth, his sport-loving manhood, so full of promise and professional success at its dawn, but in its zenith, clouded and dark.

His first work, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, by its freshness and piquancy of style and by its wealth of old souvenirs, and traditions accumulated in its copious appendix, had quite taken by storm the little literary world of the "Ancient Capital;" congratulations,

eulogistic reviews and critiques, poured in from all quarters. De Gaspe's heroes and heroines, Jules de Haberville, his lovely sister Blanche, Archy Lockell, the old *gentilhomme* M. d'Egmont, were in every one's mouth—discussed, admired.

"*Les Anciens Canadiens*" was more than a pleasing tale, illustrative of early colonial life and Canadian scenes: it struck one as an artistic canvas, alive with romantic personages and dramatic events, recalling the days of alarm, rout and bloodshed of 1759. Under the veiled figure of M. d'Egmont, a careful eye could recognize the still genial, but saddened face of the Laird of Haberville Manor in his exile.

In the graphic description of the shipwreck of the transport *Auguste*, on the storm-beaten shores of Cape Britton, in 1761, the harrowing drowning scene of a group of distinguished Canadians expatriating themselves and returning to France, was reproduced with marvellous, realistic effect.

The recognition at Haberville Manor by its seignior, of the only survivor—Luc de la Corne St. Luc—brought tears to many eyes.

Mr. de Gaspe had shown himself to be not a mere clever delineator of characters and incidents; his part seemed also to have been that of a

gifted historian, with ample stores of material to draw from. He had, from the haunted halls of memory, recalled with striking felicity those whom in his youth he had known and loved: men of martial aspect, women of courtly nurture, who had sat at the festive board of Governor de Vaudreuil, or taken a part in the routs of the magnificent, but unscrupulous Bigot.

The first edition of *Les Anciens Canadiens* disappeared, as if by magic, from the bookseller's shelves. The work soon met with a translator in Madame Pennée; very recently one of our most gifted poets, C. W. Roberts, has placed it before the British public, in exquisite English.

The De Gaspe Memoirs have a fault—a grave one. The entranced reader finds them much too short. 563 pages to embody an account of so many varied incidents, covering 79 years; this is indeed a scanty and too concise record.

Such as they are, let us be thankful to the compiler who thus awoke to find himself famous at the ripe age of 79.

As a whole, however, they are far from attaining perfection. Many pages relating to family history and ancestry might have been curtailed; they must be of very secondary interest to the

general reader. But with these shortcomings, what a fund of wit, good-humored repartee, keen observation is mixed up. I cannot pretend to disclose but short glimpses of social life, vistas of the domestic career of some of our Governors, so pleasantly told by M. de Gaspé, trusting those unwritten pages of history may amuse.

Mr. de Gaspé evidently saw a great deal of several of our leaders in parliament in days of old: L. J. Papi-neau, Hon'ble Louis Ignace d'Irum-bery de Salaberry, Hon'ble Dr. Pierre de Sales Laterrière, (*) Hon'ble John Neilson, Hon'ble Remi Vallières de Saint Réal. A practising barrister, he had splendid opportunities of noting the career of the most prominent members of the Quebec Bar: Hon'ble Jonathan Sewell, his *patron*, Sir James Stuart, Vallières de Saint Réal—all three successively—Chief Justices Hon'ble F. W. Primrose, Henry Black, &c. Many a spicy anecdotes he has also to relate about his contemporary *confrères* of less note: Moquin, the incorruptible jurist; Ls. Plamondon, the eloquent pleader; the scholarly Solicitor General and statesman Andrew Stuart, Q. C., who died in 1840, the father of our ex Chief Justice, Sir Andrew Stuart; courteous Judge Elzear Bédard; upright Judge Panet, without forgetting the witty, jovial, dissipated but gifted Justin McCarthy, a barrister, quite a character in his day; a victim in the end to that merciless destroyer, King Alcohol.

Let us note some of De Gaspé's anecdotes concerning our Governors.

The admission of the Canadian seignior and of his handsome family to the charmed circle of the *Chateau St. Louis* and later on, to those delightful *fetes champêtres* at Powell Place—now Spencer Wood—then occupied in summer by Sir James Henry Craig, our Governor, has afforded the author material for most pleasant souvenirs and some spicy anecdotes. If gubernatorial festivities in those days were not on so vast, so comprehensive a scale as at present, there was a cordiality in social intercourse, an *abandon, un je ne sais quoi*, which in many cases seemed to win over the hearts of more than one rabid political opponent of the administration. De Gaspé has left a most seductive portraiture of a grand *fete champêtre* held at Powell Place in the lively era of *Little King Craig*, as he was then styled. It took place in 1807. Though Sir James H. Craig made, in our opinion, a grave mistake in his mode of administering the colony, which he seems to have taken for a military camp, the old martinet had his good points, and Mr. de Gaspé, though a firm upholder of the Gallic Lily, has the courage to

give his testimony squarely in favor of the English Vice-Roy.

The *Memoirs* cover seventeen chapters.

In Chap. II. is related the merry interview of the Duke of Kent, at the Island of Orleans, about 1792, with a sprightly centennarian lady. The prince had asked the ancient damsel what he could do to please her.

The spruce old Islander replied, "Dance a minuet, *mon prince*, with me! I can then say that before dying I had the honor of dancing with the son of my sovereign (George III)!"

H. R. H. led out his partner; the minuet over, he gallantly conducted back his *dansusee* to her seat, when she made him a very dignified curtesy. We are next told of the heroic manner one of the Duke's privates in the 7th Fusiliers, who had deserted, had taken the 999 lashes of the cat-o'-nine tails. La Rose, such was his name, a Frenchman, reprieved from the death penalty for desertion, in a daring manner thus spoke to his commanding officer: "Frenchmen require cold lead—not the whip, to be made to obey!"

Another notable character in the *Memoirs*, is Father de Berey, Superior of the Franciscan Monastery, which stood partly on the site of the Anglican Cathedral, and was destroyed by fire on the 6th Sept., 1796.

The Superior—a descendant of a noble French house—was a brusque, quick-witted, convivial old soul, who never forgot that at one time he had been a captain in the French Dragoon guards. I reserve for another chapter some of his eccentricities as related by M. de Gaspé.

The author of the *Canadians of Old*, respecting the cession of Canada by France to England, remarks: "I never knew one of the people charge its loss to the French King. 'Twas all 'the work of *La Pompadour*; she sold 'the country to the English;'" this was "a frequent and a bitter saying."

Graphic is the passage, descriptive of the painful impression, caused by the news of the decapitation of Louis XVI. "In 1793," says he, "though aged but seven, a family occurrence impressed me so that the scene seems as of yesterday. It took place in the winter season. My mother, my aunt, her sister, Marie Louise de La Nau-dière, were seated at a table chatting, my father was just opening his newspaper. The family was trying to read in his face the tenor of the foreign intelligence, French affairs having of late been of a saddening nature.

All at once my father, bounding from his seat, his great black eyes flashing fire, whilst a deadly pallor spread over his features usually so full of color, yelled, raising both hands to

his head: "The monsters! they have guillotined their King!"

My mother and her sister burst into tears and both leaning *lofig* on the sash, I could see the steam of their warm breath on the frosted panes. From that day I realised the horrors of the French Revolution. A wave of profound sorrow swept over all Canada; all were deeply grieved, except a few rabid democrats. Some months later there happened to be company at the St. Jean Port-Joly Manor. Among those present were Rev. Messire Peras, our parish priest; Rev. Messire Ver-rault, pastor of St. Roch, and Rev. Messire Panet, pastor of Islet, brother to the first Speaker of our Canadian Parliament.

The animated conversation, running on politics, was all Hebrew to me.

"To think," said Rev. Messire Panet, "that at the time of the King's execution there were in France forty thousand priests!"

"What could they have done?" replied Rev. Messire Peras.

"What could they have done!" instantly rejoined *Curé* Panet, throwing open that portion of his clerical garment which covers the heart. "Shield his majesty with their bodies and die at his feet! That aught to have been their part, not emigrating!"

"It seemed beyond belief," adds Mr. de Gaspé, "that a loyal people like the French should rise and assassinate a good sovereign, and that a chivalrous race should stoop to cut off the heads of noble women—still more noble by their dignified bearing—in presence of the block."

Mr. de Gaspé tells how a distinguished Canadian gentleman, M. de Belêtre, happened to be in Paris on the day when the King was beheaded. Aware of the real sentiments of the person with whom he was stopping, he was amazed at seeing him leave home that morning, wearing a tricolor cockade and asked: "Where then are you going, my friend?"

"To the place of execution," he replied, "to save my head, that of my wife, those of my children and your own!"

He returned, threw himself into his wife's arms, weeping. "To-day," said he, "I have had the anguish of seeing the King's head roll at my feet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, June 1891.

(*) Dr. Pierre Laterrière, went to London, studied medicine under Sir Astley Cooper and married there, an heiress; Miss Bulmer, the daughter of Sir Fenwick Bulmer.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

"BUNCH GRASS" OF ROCKY COULEE.

A TRUE STORY.



SOME years ago a young man from Eastern Canada, a hard working, energetic fellow with no money but plenty of brains, left his eastern home and came to settle in the Canadian North West. He was somewhere about four-and-twenty years of age, short in stature, thick-set, with a white skin, black hair and eyes. Amiable in disposition, generous, quick tempered and sensitive to a fault. The latter probably owing to his deafness, for poor Edgar was deaf and had been so from childhood. One had sometimes to shout to make him hear and he would never acknowledge that he had not heard.

He had brothers in this far off prairie country, and his idea was to find them and take up land near them. It took nearly all he had to bring him to this new country, and even here it costs something to make a home, however humble.

Edgar at once engaged himself to a ranch man for whom he worked for some time, finally taking up land for himself, in a pretty situation in the river-bottom but unfortunately on the wrong side of the river to have any neighbours. These rivers are very swift and often for weeks, at a time when the water is high it is impossible to cross them, but the extreme beauty of the situation struck our young man's artistic eye, for it was a perfect glimpse of loveliness belted in by a barren waste.

Rocky Coulee is well named. It is surrounded by rocks where it has not the river. Imagine a cut bank of about 100 feet and almost perpendicular, forming a semi-circle large enough to embrace a good many acres. This land is covered with prairie grass, shrubs and cotton-wood trees and slopes gently towards the river which in its serpentine windings forms a double S. and has high banks on the opposite side.

Edgar built his shack and stable against the semicircular cut-bank and facing the river, about half-mile distant. The shack contained two rooms, the kitchen having a mud floor, cook stove, table and chairs. The other room with a good floor, contained a bed, table, and a hanging shelf on which was a bible, almanac, a few old letters, gun caps, nails, comb and brush, one or two photographs and an accumulation of dust.

To the left of the house there is a little pond, almost hidden in the natural growth of brush shrubs, where one can always get a shot at a duck during the season.

Edgar lived alone, working hard, doing his own cooking and washing. He soon accumulated a little band of horses and a few cows. He seldom left his place, only occasionally going to town, ten miles distant, to place in a fresh supply of flour, bacon, etc. On these occasions he might be seen driving in with a pair of horses on

a hot day in summer, wearing a fur cap and his long black hair floating about his shoulders; *per contra* on a winter's day, he wore an old felt hat (the fur cap having given out). Towards evening wending his way homewards with hair cut, a new hat and boots and a good pile of "grub" in the back of the wagon, and the town would seem him no more until necessity compelled it.

Edgar was careless and un' tidy not only about his person but his premises. His milk pans were as likely to be in the stable as in the kitchen and the pig not unfrequently found its way into the house for he always forgot to shut the door.

Yet he was happy in his own way amongst his pets, one of which was "Adelaide," a filly, named in honor of his god-mother. His horses were his companions, his friends, they followed him about like dogs. His whole soul was in his little ranch, he cared for nothing beyond, but his life of solitude, irregular meals and poorly cooked food was telling on the health of our friend; he became pale and emaciated, lost his appetite and had a hacking cough; he would not listen to the advice of his friends but went plodding on in his own "happy-go lucky" way.

The only human beings he cared for were his three nephews, fine sturdy boys who though fond of their uncle were not behind other boys in point of mischief, and one day in haying time the "uncle" coming to see them, his long locks intermixed with little spears of "bunch-grass" which is very hard to remove from the hair. The eyes of the youngsters quick to notice this at once gave him the name by which he has ever since been known to his immediate friends.

A month or two afterwards, Edgar having been warned by his brother regarding the state of his health, this brother went to pay him a visit. After knocking and getting no reply, and knowing of Edgar's deafness he opened the door and the sight which met his eyes almost melted him to tears. Edgar stripped to the waist was examining his wasted body in his bit of a looking-glass, and his open bible on the table beside him.

Upon seeing his brother he burst into tears and said "Look at me B. I'm going to die."

The brother replied, "I know you will if you won't listen to reason. Come home with me now, and see what my wife can do for you."

Edgar gave in at once, turned his horses loose, shut up his place, went home with the brother, where he remained for some time doing chores and easy work, and when under the tender care of his sister-in-law, pleasant companionship and good wholesome food, he soon began to improve in health and spirits.

Not far from the brother's home lived a family, the eldest daughter of which was a bright, pretty girl of seventeen, with cheeks like peaches and eyes like—I don't know what—only they were big and blue and radiant.

She was afraid of nothing, could drive and ride, sew and bake, in fact could do anything, or would *try* to do anything that she was called upon to do. Although seventeen she looked sometimes not more

than thirteen or fourteen, in her short cotton dress, her fair hair in a plait, tied with a ribbon and a boy's hat on her head. Mounted on a tall bay horse she would often cross the river alone, and ride to the brother's ranch on an errand, or call there on her way to town.

On these occasions Edgar was invisible but he was *peeping* all the same. He had never been in love, was afraid of a girl and would go out of his way rather than speak to one. Yet why did he watch this little girl so closely and after she had gone, question his nephews about her? He could not have answered that question himself.

It is said that their first meeting, in fact that their acquaintance began in this wise; "Bunchgrass" was riding after some missing stock, had been on the prairie for hours with a "Chinook" blowing; was tired and hungry, and a good many miles from home. The sun was about to set and the heavens re-plendent in their hues of red and yellow, so brilliant as to dazzle the eyes.

Bunchgrass was in a quandary whether to continue his search for the stock or to go home, and while hesitating, his horse took him into a deep *coulee* on the other side of which was a high *butte*.

Now "Bunchgrass" thought that he would ride to the top of this hill from which he could get a good view of the surrounding country and possibly see what he was looking for. Was it fate that led him there? I know not but strange things will happen.

On the other side of this same *butte* was another *coulee*, and in this *coulee* a girl mounted on a tall bay horse, a girl, not in jaunty habit and a hard hat, but dressed in a short frock, a little cloth cap with fair hair floating in the wind, for the rude *chinook* had torn away the ribbon that bound it and loosed it from its braids. Her cheeks rosy with health, her little brown ungloved hands clutching the bridle, she urges her horse onward and up the *butte*. As she comes over the top on the west side, "Bunchgrass" does the same from the east. The girl has the advantage for her back is towards the sun and she has the full use of her eyesight while our hero half blinded by the glare, can only see for an instant that something is approaching until with a merry peal of laughter she canters to his side exclaiming "Oh, how funny that I should meet you here."

"I have lost my way and came up here to find out where I was."

Poor Bunchgrass! Caught at last! Alone with a girl on the prairie! but there's no body to see; he can't leave her there alone; he must take her home.

All this passes through his mind in an instant and he looks no more for stock that day, far from it he is "taking stock" of the girl by his side, and is secretly pleased with this little *rencontre*. "Bunchgrass" had not spoken, had merely raised his cap as the girl approached him, and during the half minute that it had taken for these thoughts to pass through his head, silence reigned and the girl feeling piqued, rode on a few steps.

"Bunchgrass" caught up with her saying "All right Miss H. I will take you home. It is about eight miles from here around the bend of the river."

"Oh! no sir! thank you" she replied,

"I can go very well alone now that I know where to go, good bye!"

And off she goes, but not alone, for Edgar is just behind her, his horse is so tired he can hardly keep pace with hers and she won't wait for him, but he manages to keep near until within half a mile of her home then he bids her "good-night."

Some weeks after this Caroline H. or "Carol," as she is called, is sent to the Ranch of Edgar's brother on an errand. Edgar, of course sees her arrive, tie her horse to the fence, go into the house for a few minutes, then return; and as she is in the act of untying the horse to depart, he rushes from his ambush, violently takes the bridle in one hand while with the other he raises her to her seat in the saddle. All this without a word, then:

"Wait till I get my horse, the river is high." he goes to the stable and in a minute or two returns, mounted on his pretty black mare, and with a "come on," off they go at a canter.

In a short time he returns, and is teased and chaffed of course, but Edgar is very quiet, sits in a corner alone, he was never much of a talker, but now, has not a word for any one.

Weeks pass, "Bunchgrass" works away on the ranch, and every Sunday, after spending more time over his toilet than was customary, disappears, no one asks questions but *knowing looks* are exchanged, and when asked by his sister-in-law if he is engaged to Carol he says.

"Not yet, she is young, I shall speak to her mother."

Good proper, old fashioned "Bunchgrass!"

One evening the family are surprised, nay, almost alarmed at the sudden and boisterous hilarity of their relative. He has been "over the river," and on his return seizes his youngest nephew and confidant, Fred, throws him into the air, devours him with kisses, much to Fred's disgust, and talks to him thus:

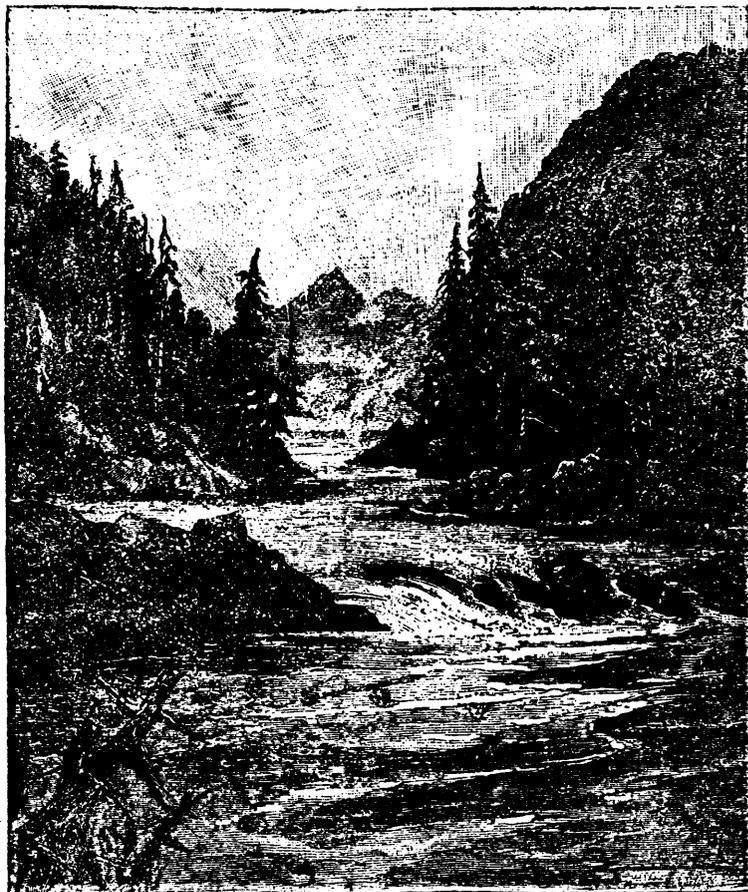
"It's all right Fred! She said "yes" only her mother says "not for two years!" "She's too young!" "Nonsense! that isn't it!" "Never mind! we'll get round her" "Young! the idea!" "She can do everything," "what more do you want?" "Eb, Fred?"

All through this the child stares at him open-mouthed, then says, "Me doesn't know much Ed; what de matter wis you?"

Next morning "Bunch-grass" says he feels quite well and strong enough to return to his own place; that there is lots to do in the way of repairs to make the place habitable for the winter, for he does not intend to live *alone* any more. From what one can gather it seems likely that there will be a marriage ere long.

And indeed it is so, for Edgar gets on the right side of the mother, and in a few short months we are invited to a very quiet wedding in the church, and a nice little wedding it is.

At seven in the evening, with only the nearest and dearest friends present, Edgar and Carol are made one, then after the usual congratulating, &c., they drive away in the pitchy darkness of a cloudy moonless night *en route* for their home, hoping to reach there by nine o'clock. Alas for their expectation! They little knew what



RAPIDS ON THE CASCAPIEDIA.

was in store for them before they reached that abode.

A bright day in this prairie land is brighter and more dazzling than any where else; so is a dark night darker than elsewhere, such intense darkness that it can almost be felt. No wonder that they lost their way; even an experienced Indian might, and surely there might be some excuse for our friends.

They drove for a few miles when they found they had lost the trail and knew not which point of the compass they were headed for. It was useless, nay dangerous to proceed for there was the chance of going over a cut-bank at any moment.

Shivering with cold, having no covering but a carriage rug, they got out to walk, leading the horses and looking for a buffalo wallow, or the shelter of a bank where they could find a refuge until daylight would allow them to proceed. What an ending to their happy wedding day.

Brave little Carol never gave up, but plodded along with one hand clasped in that of her husband, and with the other shading her eyes and scanning the horizon. Presently with such a sudden halt that the horses nearly go over her she exclaims, "Ed! look, a light!" "Oh, it's gone! No, there again!"

"A star," said he.

"A star? No! there are no stars tonight! see it again! Let us go that way!"

He laughed at her fancy as he called it, but humored her, got into the wagon and driving slowly along, the light appeared and disappeared at intervals, but was brighter each time which raised their hopes for they were approaching something, they knew not what.

On, on they went, and in an hour or so found themselves before the door of the brother's ranch. It was he who had been waving a lantern, fearing that something had happened as they had not passed his house on their way home.

Cold, tired and hungry, they were soon refreshed, and went on their way to their home. I suppose they reached it for I have never heard to the contrary.

SINAX-ARIA.

SOLE OH!

Days of Spring-time now remind us,
That this earth is made of clay,
And it oozes through the side walk,
Where we have to pick our way.

Now we pray that Daniel Hallett,
After every shower of rain,
With his knights of pick and shovel,
Will essay to clear the drain.

So that should we find St. Peter,
At the gate a-taking toll,
He won't tell us, "You can't enter!"
Go right back and cleanse your sole."

DIDYMUS.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.
INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE
 IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.

INTRODUCTORY.



S a preface to these articles, I must claim the indulgence of the readers of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, in relating a few incidents in the pioneer life of my Father and Grand-Father before they became pioneer settlers in this Township of Eaton.

My grandfather, John French, was born in Suffield, Conn., in the year 1739, and married Abigail Sage, (perhaps a relative of Russell Sage, the New York Millionaire.) During the early part of their married life, they continued to reside in Suffield, and then moved to Enfield, on the opposite side of the Connecticut River. About the year 1785, he left his home and made his way to North Stratford, N. H., and became one of the pioneer settlers of that locality.

In the year 1790, a young man by the name of Libbens Hall, who had married an adopted daughter of my grandfather,—accompanied by my uncle Luther French, aged 15 years, and my father, Levi French, aged 13, started from Suffield, in February on foot, and drove a cow and hog the entire distance—some 200 miles, or more—to North Stratford. The boys wore clothing made of cheap, home-made cloth, and being too poor in circumstances, to afford boots, they wore shoes and leggings instead.

After a long and tedious journey, they arrived at their destination, and then it was decided that a better location could be found still further up the Connecticut River, so after a short stay, the family—consisting of father and mother, with four sons and three daughters, moved up to West Stewartstown, where they remained three or four years. My grandfather owned the site now occupied by the village of West Stewartstown. It was then a dense wilderness, east, west, and north of them. The nearest grist-mill was at Guildhall, Vt., and in order to get their grain ground they had to carry it to the Connecticut River, and transport it the entire distance—some 40 miles—in a log canoe.

Their meat in the winter season, consisted of moose and deer, which were very plentiful, and of which they could lay in a supply during the deep snows, and the river in the summer was well stocked with choice fish, such as salmon and trout.

I must give you a brief account of a bear hunt, as related to me when a boy, by my father. He said, that his father, being a very ingenious man and needing a stick of timber from which to manufacture some farm implement, took his horse one day,—the only team he had,—and went back on the hill in an easterly direction, in search of a suitable tree. While looking for one he heard his dog bark, and curious to know what he was barking at,—as it was late in the fall and some snow on the ground,—he hunted him up, and found him barking furiously at the butt end of a large, hollow, fallen tree. Feeling sure that there was some kind of game concealed

there, he at once blocked up the hollow end, and then commenced to cut holes in the tree. He had not cut many, when some animal's nose was seen poking out of one them. Enlarging the hole, a bear's head was seen to protrude. Bruin was in a bad position for defence, and my grandfather soon killed him, and hitching his old horse to him, he drew him home, well satisfied with the exchange of a bear for a stick of timber. The family was also satisfied, as it was an agreeable change for dried moose meat and venison. The bear was very fat and the fat after being "tried out," was used to fry doughnuts in, and my grandmother always maintained that nobody could detect from the appearance and flavor, any difference between them and those that were fried in the purest hog's lard.

About 1790, my grandfather, with my father and his eldest brother, began to think about joining Capt. Josiah Sawyer in getting a claim for the east half of the Township of Eaton. Capt. Sawyer had been looking out for a chance to accept such claims, and had been to Newport, east of Eaton, with Col. Edmund Heard in the summer of 1793 and made a beginning. He then returned to his home on Grand Isle, Lake Champlain, and in the fall of 1794, moved his family to West Stewartstown, N. H. The family remained there during the following winter and the summer of 1795 and was augmented to the number of one, by the birth of Abigail, who afterward became the wife of Asa Alger. She was six years old when she and her mother were placed on horseback and the horse led on a blazed line through the woods, the entire distance through the Townships of Hereford and Clifton, to lot No. 6 in the 9th range of Newport. Col. Heard's family came through near about the same time.

After two or three years Capt. Sawyer thought the Newport claim was not large enough for both of them, so gave up his claim there and made choice of the east half of the Township of Eaton. In order to obtain the grant from the Government of Lower Canada, (now the Province of Quebec) he had to secure 40 associates, himself included, and these he soon obtained. In the summer of 1797, my grandfather, John French, and his sons, Luther and Levi, were each received as associates, and that summer my father—being then 21 years of age—came in and helped to fall the trees on part of lot No. 12, in the 2nd range, Eaton, for one Jesse Hughes, of Maidstone, Vt., he being one of Sawyer's associates.

In the spring of 1798, my father, grandfather and uncle Luther, started from West Stewartstown, each carrying an axe; with provisions and three pecks of potatoes between them to make a beginning on their first choice of the Eaton land. Arriving in the township, the potatoes were found rather hard to carry, and about one mile south of my present residence, they came to a place where four lots cornered. To get rid of the labor of carrying their potatoes, they went to work and cut down all the small trees and piled them, raked together and burned the leaves, and girdled the large trees, and then they were ready to plant their potatoes, but unfortunately they had no hoe. "Necessity is the mother of invention," so they cut and

shaped a piece of wood, made a hole for the handle with a jack-knife, and soon had a primitive but serviceable hoe, with which they succeeded in planting their potatoes.

They then pursued their way to Cookshire, where they found several new settlers amongst whom were Caps. John Cook, Capt. Abner Powers and Orsamus Bailey, who were just finishing up their first spring work.

And now, as we have succeeded in reaching the *land we live in*, we will continue this series of articles with incidents more in accordance with the title we have given them.

HIRAM FRENCH.

Eaton, April 1891.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

THE CHAMPION LIAR.

- He had as many yarns, as would fill a dozen barns.
- And he told them to the clerks whens'er he got a chance;
- He spoke of all the presents he received of snipe and pheasants,
- And it sounded not unlike a Neapolitan romance.
- He received from friends out West a fur-lined chamolix vest,
- And an Irish settler pup of pedigree renowned.
- He received a case of slippers, though he never knew the shippers,
- For though he advertised they never could be found.
- He bought his salt in barges, Captain paying all the charges.
- And "sold it out at once, sir!" 300 crowns advance
- That when he wished to travel no pass had he to cavil;
- The "uniformed conductors, sir!" all knew him at a glance.
- That when once he fished for trout, there was not the slightest doubt
- The party drank at least two puncheons of champagne;
- That he never tasted liquor, he was a crack high-kicker,
- In fact he was adept at nearly every game.
- He discovered an aroma which was nearly causing coma
- From oysters in his cellar decomposed.
- Though the odor wasn't pleasant, he said they were a present
- Sent to him from some dealer he supposed,
- Once two dozen cogniac was sent him in a hack
- And a barrel of white lump sugar he believed,
- He fairly grew indignant when they asked him why he didn't
- Return them by the carter when received.
- When he asked them to explain, little Tommy did exclaim,
- "They forgot to send you lemons with the rest,"
- At the laughter which arose at Tom's sally so jocose,
- The wrath of the narrator may be guessed.
- Chestnut John, oh! do beware, there are mutterings in the air,
- The boys are waiting for the very next you tell.
- And they'of'grave upon your coffin, "He got 'em too often"
- Re-address his correspondance down to ——— Longueuil. Komo.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

MARIE MAREE,

A STORY OF LAKE MEGANTIC.

BY DIDYMUS.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition,

The life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives whom we call dead.

Longfellow.

IT is over thirty years since the principal incidents described in this sketch transpired. At that time Lake Megantic was adorned only with nature's trimming, except that on the shores of that beautiful sheet of water, there were two residences, one a house at the extremity of Sandy Bay, occupied by John Boston, and erected by Justin Courtenay McCarthy de Courtenay, in connection with his brilliant fishing scheme, which deluded some of the rich residents of the "Hub City," Messrs. Rich Dane and Vannevar to a considerable extent, and a hut or bark shanty at the head of the lake occupied by an Indian known as Pamee, probably Parmagimit one of the descendants of old Metalluc, the "lone hunter," of the Magalloway and Umbagog Lake. The picturesque outlines of Megantic Lake were unmarred by the encroachments of the civilized savage.

On the height of land lying between Sandy Bay and the Chaudiere River the outlet of the lake, a few settlers from the Hebrides Islands had secured location tickets and were occupying the lots assigned to them. Half starved in their old habitation or eking out a sort of hand to mouth existence, these crofters saw even in the hardships which they had to endure in this primitive wilderness a change for the better with anticipations far beyond anything to which they could possibly have attained in their own country.

To one unacquainted with the environs of Stornoway and the cold bleak barren island of Lewis, of which it is the *chef lieu* the transition of its residents—or a portion of them—to the exposed situation of Ness Hill, at Lake Megantic, may appear to have been one of necessity rather than choice, but these sturdy islanders, seeing a relief from the Serfdom to which they were subjected, gladly embraced the opportunity of securing land at a nominal price, with postponed terms of payment, and took up their abode in this vast wilderness and actually hewed out for themselves a home, in what now proves to be one of the attractive surroundings of Lake Megantic.

Picture to yourself a view sweeping to the south as far as the eye can reach embracing the picturesque range of the Boundary Line Mountains, with old Saddle back one of the prominent features in the land-

scape—separating Canada from the State of Maine, mountains traversed at intervals by the rivulets, which form such rivers as the Arnold, Spider and Annance, noted from time immemorial for the luscious trout with which they teemed; is it any wonder that these Lewis men saw in the vast country viewed from Ness Hill, the promised land and a position never dreamed of in their own country? True they had to endure hardships unknown by the settler of to-day, but hadn't they always been accustomed to hardships, toil and deprivation? And there was this benefit incidental to the change, that each of them figuratively speaking, worked under "his own vine and fig-tree." The Kalebrose of their native Island was indigenous to their new abode, the shores of the lake and river furnishing abundant substitutes for kale; the valley of the Chaudiere abounded with game consisting largely of deer and moose, and its tributaries the Nepinellis and the streams rising amongst the Mountain Range, known as Little Megantic, were full of speckled trout which it required no special lura to secure.

Away to the westward, Megantic mountain raised its lofty head the most prominent of any of the mountains lying to the east of Orford and Owl's Head, and guarding like an old time sentinel the portals leading to Victoria Bay. As Table Mountain, Cape of Good Hope is to Table Bay, so is Megantic Mountain to Victoria Bay, and there is a very striking resemblance between these mountains. Table Mountain is not covered with trees as is Megantic, but the general configuration is very similar. So much for a description of Lake Megantic and its surroundings.

At the time of which we write, the beautiful valley of the Chaudiere, knew no residents between Lake Megantic and Beauce except the family of Maree's, Abenaki Indians, consisting of the three sisters, Madeline, Louise and Marie, and Joe, their brother. Their abode consisting of a bark hut, well comfortably and luxuriously lined with moose, deer and bear skins, and valuable furs, stood some sixty feet back from the river, in a clearing of some ten acres which the sisters partially cultivated and from which they obtained their necessary supply of corn and potatoes and their favorite esculent, the onion, which entered largely into the composition of the soups, stews and ragouts for which Madeline was famous amongst the lumbermen and occasional fishing parties who visited their camp.

In front of the camp the Chaudiere flowed swift and turbulent amongst the granite boulders with which the bed of the river was thickly strewed, and it required no expert to raise a trout at nearly every cast from the eddies created by these boulders, and the swift current which laved their sides. Between here and Megantic Lake, lay a succession of pools and rifts abounding with trout, and a favorite resort for the crimson-hued *salvelinde* of the lake during the September spawning season. A more delightful sylvan retreat could scarcely be imagined, and the practised eye of the intelligent angler only required a glance at the waters as they swept in front of the camp, to know that the location had been selected with the view of furnishing a supply of fish food at first cost.

Five or six miles to the west connected

by a simple blazed line through the forest marking a town line, lay the settlement of Lac de Ronde, a little hamlet of, perhaps a dozen houses occupied by French Canadian *habitants*. From this settlement to Lambton, at the head of Lake St. Francis was some twelve miles over a fairly passable road at that time available for the only buck-board which could be found in the settlement. At Lambton the Maree family disposed of their furs and purchased their limited supply of groceries. On these occasions they stopped at "Judge" Morins', the hotel keeper of the little village.

About this time a family by the name of Foster occupied a shanty at the outlet of Rush Lake, some two miles above Lake Megantic, near the junction of the Arnold and Spider Rivers. This family consisted of Andrew Jackson Foster—a Vermonter and a skeladdler, who had seen service in the Mexican war, and took the short cut across the Boundary line mountains to escape the drafts made for the recruiting of the American army about this time, his wife, and his daughter Lois, the latter some fifteen years of age but able to paddle her own canoe. Foster was a man of fifty years of age, and spent his time in hunting, fishing and trapping, with a more than ordinary average of success. Mrs. Foster was fair fat and forty-five, with a decidedly neglected air, enhanced by her short skirts and a down-at-the-heel moccasin accompaniment very suggestive of the missing link connecting earth and heaven. She liked her pipe, and as she reclined in her deer-skin chair and with legs crossed man-fashion raised her eyes and viewed the curling rings of smoke as they diffused an odoriferous halo through the shanty that might be cut with a knife, one could readily understand that she had got a glimpse of heaven, but a glimpse of her feet—peacock like—destroyed the idea that it was possible to secure an ascension day that would elevate those pedal extremities, and carry the natural figure-head at the same time. And then she had such a fond winning way about her, when she fried her pork with the rind on, that pork would actually sizzle and hump itself, and chuckle with a sort of hissing chuckle, knowing that it was under the fostering care of an adept in the pork frying line, and a gleam of satisfaction and an oleaginous smile suggestive of pork fat and a superabundance of fuel, would diffuse itself over Mrs. Foster's countenance, as she remarked that "if there was any think on airth that she was proud on it was Andrew Jackson. He wouldn't take nothink that didn't belong to him, and when he did take them ere pickles o' yourn, he said as how you told him that he could take anythink outn' your stuff that he fancied, an' he did fancy them ere pickles. I tell you my man an' me jest agree on tastes, an' them wooster sass pickles suit my taste exactly. They're the neatest pickles I ever ate, an' Lois likes 'em too. Don't you Lois? Aint they nice Lois? Here Lois take a sup of this! Aint that jest about as good as them pickles? There's jest sugar and lemon enough to make it taste rael nice. I never cared much for rye whiskey till I had it fixed up in that way. It's rael good, aint it? You can have just one more taste Lois! Don't take any more. It might go to your head!"

"Yes mar' that is good sure. It's sweet as 'lasses an' it warms me right down into

my feet." Poor Lois! She hadn't any boots, or moccasins, and perhaps she felt that the extremity of the position was benefitted by the warming. An appeal to the feelings is always the strongest. In this simple primitive way lived the Foster family, the visit two or three times during the summer of some fishing parties, furnishing the material for the next winters conversation.

"By golly winder! I do like that Captin' Winder! Aint he just nice mar?"

"Yes, Willie's a peoty good boy. Jest about as good as they make 'em, I guess."

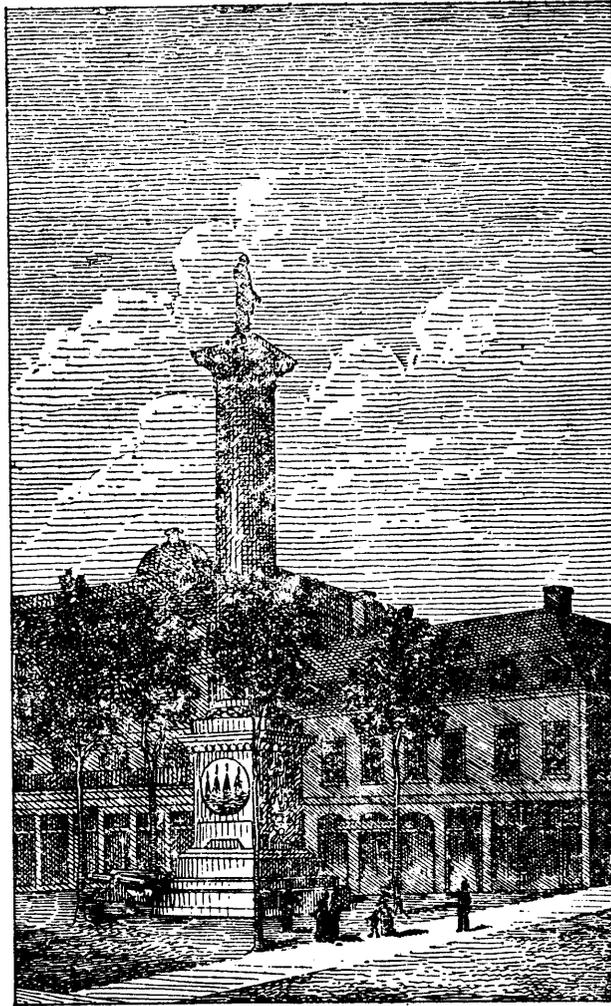
"Why mar! How dar' you call him Willie? I dassent call him that?"

"Wall, I do' know! I heern that lawyer Mr. Borlase, and Dydymus, call him that, an' I guess if they can do so, I kin. You never hear me call yer par, Mister Foster. I guess! Now there's Major McMinu, 'atkem up fi-shin' to-ther day. I didn't call him Major, I jest called him the same as John Pope did, jest, Mac, and when I says to him "Take another trout Mac!" he just laughed and says he "You're a daisy."

And then Andrew Jackson would fyle an appearance, and after depositing a salt bag half full of trout on the floor, with directions to "salt 'em down in that 'ere birch bark lunkin, an' slime 'em well so as 'ey'll keep all summer and go good with them 'taters next winter" would remind us that "that 'ere stuff tasted agood deal like the Jama-ikey, he used to get down in the gulf, when he had an engagement with Santa Anner."

Poor old Foster! His body lies buried on the shore of Lake Megantic. He lugged his last load of flour twelve miles from the Chaudiere only to have its weight force him under the ice at the head of the lake, and in sight of the shanty he then occupied on the west shore.

Foster had a partner in the trapping line by the name of Blithin, a tall, strapping fellow from Maine. He said that "he was liable to pulmonary attacks, and had come over to the Canada side of the Boundary Mountains to keep out of the draught." He seldom visited the Foster abode as his trapping was done principally on the Upper Spider and Hathorn Bog, and in the vicinity of the Chain of Ponds, at the head of Dead River. The furs taken on the Maine side were usually disposed of at Eustis, the nearest settlement on the Dead River, and those taken on the Canada side were sold at Sornoway to Colin Noble, or at Lambton to "Judge" Morin. A liberal supply of white whiskey was always the result of the Canada transaction and "Rome howled" as long as the whi-key lasted. The de Courtenay House, on Sandy Bay, now known as Echo Vale, was where they left their canoe, while disposing of their furs and laying in supplies. Blithin was a very powerfully built man, and on one of these occasions, took Foster as he would a child, and



NELSON'S MONUMENT, MONTREAL.

tossed him several feet into the bay. Andrew Jackson got up in the shoal water, blew off the unaccustomed beverage, and went for Blithin. He got Blithin out of the boat by upsetting it, shoved his head under water, and as he afterward said, "I'd a drowned the cuss, only he was stronger nor I wor."

Marie Maree, always called at the Foster shanty on her trips from the Chaudiere to Crosby, Moosehorn and the Chain of Ponds which were her favorite trapping grounds. In a little birch bark canoe of twelve feet in length she made these trips, alone as a rule. Up from the Chaudiere and by direct route to Rocky Point, if the lake was sufficiently smooth, if not she hugged Victoria Bay, and thence following the west shore of the lake, made her way to Moose Bay, and the mouth of the Arnold or Spider Rivers. Sometimes she camped under an unbragous cedar on the shore of Rush Lake a few rods above the Foster camp, and from which she had a good view of the Moose run on the opposite side which was daily visited by the Moose from the Upper Spider, and Hathorn Bog, in their change of feeding grounds. Rush Lake being covered with lily pads, was then a favorite resort for large game. In a general way Marie depended on her bow and arrows for her supply of meat. "She not speak so big,"

she would say "she not scare de moose," and these arrows tipped with a steel point like a Jack Knife blade, furnished a very efficient weapon at a short range. Sometimes Louise would accompany Marie, on these trips and then their sweet French and Indian melodies could be heard long before they reached Foster's, unless the evening was near, when any noise however musical, might disturb the game.

Blithin had met Marie, on several occasions at Foster's and became much enamored of her, but his affection was not reciprocated by Marie, for she had fallen in love with a member of her own tribe. Archie Annance, whose hunting grounds were on the Salmon and Ditton Rivers and the territory lying between Megantic Mountain, and the Magalloway River, but who occasionally hunted and trapped on the Arnold and Annance Rivers; and when he met with Joe Maree or any of his sisters would sometimes accompany them to their camp on the Chaudiere River.

Archie was a handsome active fellow ardently fond of camp life, and although possessed of a fair classical education had given up the so called attractions of civilized life for sports and pursuits more congenial to him. His father Noel Annance had been a graduate of Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H., and was one of the first men to make the trip through from the St. Lawrence to the Pacific Coast. That Archie had a love of classical literature was evident from the small but carefully selected library to be found in his hut on the

Salmon River. At times during the summer season he taught school in the township of Bury that being the place where he sold his furs and obtained his supplies, and also converted into cash small quantities of gold which he washed out of the banks of the Salmon and Ditton Rivers at times when the water was low, and the bed rock could be reached by a simple excavation in the bank, for Archie, Indian like had no fondness for manual labor.

That Archie was fond of Marie, there could be no doubt for when he had filled their pipes with some of his "store tobac" as they termed it, he would leave Madeline, Louise and Joe watching the wreaths of floating incense, as they ascended, and asking Marie to help him catch a mess of trout for supper, they would adjourn to the bank of the river, where Archie would do the talking while Marie caught the trout.

They had gone so far as to become engaged, and it had been arranged that sometime when they could get the Reverend Peter Paul Osunkerhine, the Congregational minister of the St. Francis Abenakis to visit Sherbrooke, they were to go there and be married for the Rev. Peter Paul, and Noel, Archie's father had been graduates together and firm friends, and they thought that nobody else could tie the indissoluble knot half so well. And Marie

would haul in her trout, and casting her line in the eddy of the rock opposite, would tell Archie "that the ripple of the water as it kissed the rock was all the same like her, and that she felt the ripple of kisses going out for Archie," and Archie would catch on to the ripple and call her "the best dear he ever hunted." And Madeline would appear at the door of the shanty and tell them that they had caught enough fish, and that she was going to make some tea right off, for they always made tea when Archie visited them.

On one of these occasions, Blithin came down in his canoe, on a visit to the Indians, for an intimacy had sprung up between him and Joe, and he had promised Joe \$5 to build a bark canoe for him; to carry him and his traps, and light enough so that he could carry it over the five mile portage between the Upper Spider and the Lower Hathorn Bog. He at once conceived an intense dislike for Archie, for Marie did not conceal her fondness for her accepted lover, and availed himself of every opportunity to make an insulting and disparaging remark, and when Archie told them how he had shot a caribou "right in the eye," up on the Ditton River, Blithin told him that he couldn't hit the side of a canoe across the river.

The blazed line leading to Lac de Ronde, was directly opposite the camp and pointing to the "blaze" on the tree nearest the water Blithin said.

"You think you're a smart feller, don't you? I'll bet you can't hit the spot on that tree!"

Archie said he could and taking up his rifle fired.

"Didn't touch it by thunder!"

"Yes, I did, you go look Marie!" and Marie jumping into her canoe crossed the river and placed her finger on the bullet mark.

"She's done that to favor you! She'll lie all the same as any other Injin!"

Like a flash Archie's arm went out, and as Blithin fell against the side of his canoe Archie said.

"Guess I can hit the side of a canoe, can't I?"

Blithin picked himself up, just as Marie got back to the shore, and approached Archie with the intention of annihilating him, but Marie sprang for her gun, and presenting it at Blithin said.

"You hurt Archie me shoot, me shoot sure. You bad man! Get on your canoe! Go on de lake queeck! Never come back! Vite! Vite! Go queeck!" and he went.

A few days after this Marie called at Foster's on her way to the Dead River. It was about noon, and she waited and had some dinner. It was September and Mrs. Foster had cooked a pot-full of "new taters," and "a nice lunge that Andrew Jackson had caught right off the mouth of Arnoldses River." While they were having dinner, Blithin came in and Mrs. Foster asked him to sit up and have some.

"I aint goin' to eat with a durned injin, any more 'n I would with a nigger!"

"Guess she won't spile your appetite much."

"I'll spile her, see if I don't. I'll fix her and that yaller feller o' hern' first chance I git," and Blithin went out in the direction of Spider Lake.

"See here, Marie! You jest stay here to-night! I don't like that man's looks, not a

bit. He means you some harm an' Le'll be a layin' for you up on the Spider, Andrew Jackson's over at John Pope's gold mine and you an' me and Lois can bunk in together jest as well as not." But Marie said she "wan't none afeard. She had her gun with her, she'd got a good split camp over on Moosehorn, with a log chimney to it, an' she guessed it wouldn't hurt her much to get right over to Chainey Pond to night."

That same evening on his way from Eustis to Lambton, Hathorn called at Foster's, and said he had met Marie about half the distance up between the Springs and the "Carry" on the Upper Spider, and that she was "singing away as happy as a lark." He met Blithin about an hour later down near the mouth of the river and that he acted as if he was drunk. "Wouldn't stop to light his pipe, and have a couple of whiffs. I'll bet he's after that Injin girl, and if he is, God help her, for he'll do her some harm."

It was a beautiful evening and as Marie ran her canoe ashore on the Spider River end of the carry, it was only about three o'clock, but the shadows from the mountain range had overspread without darkening, the aspen like leaves of the poplar and white birch which still glistened in the sunlight reflected from the waters of the river. Taking only her canoe, and a temporary supply of provisions she crossed the carry and by five o'clock took a cup of tea and a bite of bread at her camp on Moosehorn. Crossing the pond, she continues her course down the head waters of the Dead River and into the Chain of Ponds. It is dusk now but the night is clear, the waters are like a mirror and she wends her way towards her camp on the other shore of the lake. Hers probably the only footsteps which shall leave an imprint on the shore of any of those lakes to night, for not oftener than two or three times in the summer season, do fishing parties visit this isolated region. She found the camp as she had left it a few weeks before and well supplied with firewood. In a short time she has her kettle boiling, her tea made and the slice of pork which she thinks necessary for her evening meal is cooking on the end of a forked stick over the coals. Her supper over, a few minutes suffice to gather a limited supply of branches from the fir trees close by, with which to make her bed, and then reclining on her bough bed her blanket lightly thrown over her, she falls asleep, and sleeping she dreams.

Softly, noiselessly across the lake another canoe follows the one which bore Marie to her camp ground, and Blithin is the one who propels it. It comes to the shore, directly opposite the camp of the Indian girl. Quietly Blithin steps out and a malignant look of triumph is reflected from his countenance as he gazes across the camp fire and sees that his victim is slumbering. In her sleep she is conversing in a low sweet musical accent, with the subject of her dreams, and a smile shows the satisfaction she derives.

Blithin raises his gun to his shoulder, "Wake up Marie! Wake up!"

"Oh! Archie! is that you? I was dreaming of you!" and she raises herself into a half sitting posture. Her last dream. The report of a rifle rings out over the lake followed by the scream of a frightened loon, the reverberating echoes die away

like a sound of distant thunder, and Marie lies dead without a struggle, shot through the brain.

Calmly and deliberately without a trace of emotion this human fiend rolls the body of Marie into the camp fire and tries to to burn it. The blood flows freely and the body will not burn. Then he wraps it in the blanket which had been her covering while she slept, takes it to the lake and places it in his canoe and with a strip of cedar bark ties to it a stone from the shore of the lake, shoves the canoe a few feet out into the lake and there deposits the body. A few days later a party of sportsmen find the body on the lake shore. Decomposition had set in, and the bark to which the stone was attached had given way. A post with the word "Marie," cut into it has heretofore marked the place of her interment on the shore of the lake.

It is said that a man answering to the description of Blithin has since been seen occasionally in the vicinity of some of the Maine lumber camps, where he had been for supplies. For the last twenty years even this trace of him has disappeared.

Of the Maree family Madeline only survives, Louise was found frozen to death on the blazed line between Lac de Ronde and the Chaudiere River, her faithful dog dead beside her. Joe died two or three years ago.

And Archie, what of him? The writer of this sketch has been in constant correspondence with him until within a few weeks past. Archie died in the Township of Chesham, in April last, and his remains are interred in the Presbyterian cemetery at Scotstown. A letter from him written a few days before his death is evidence that he knew his time had come. He died in the vicinity of his former happy hunting grounds with which he had been identified for the last forty years.

"It is said in the Indian hunters camp, That this lover, and maid so true, Are often seen at the dead of night, By the Indian hunter's fire-fly light, To paddle their light canoe."

June 1891.



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[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

Cauda Morrhuæ.

Poor little Tommy Cod,
Took his best fishing rod,
Cunningly fashioned of split bamboo;
Likewise his tackle,
Of red and brown hackle,
To ven ure down stream in his bark canoe.

Tommy had registered,
Solemnly, I have heard,
Promised and vow, that ere evening fell;
Doré and speckled trout,
Black bass and bull-pout,
Would cheerfully yield to his magic spell.

Since time immemorial
In things piscatorial,
Tho' Magog be famed among knights of the
rod;
Yet making due limit
For what may be in it,
Little Tommy might know it was no *plaise*
for Cod,

Now, in the buoyant sea,
There's so much buoyancy—
A Cod if he wishes can easily float;
But in the swift Magog,
Why even a builfrog,
Would much *rudder perch* on the side of a
boat.

I told him the dangers,
That all who were strangers
Might meet with, in case they should venture
below;
For the milldam's so *turbot*
No mortal can curb it,
As those who have tried it must certainly
know.

O Tommy take care of
Your life and beware of
The treacherous mill dam, you shortly shall
view;
But Tommy was vain and
He quitted the mainland,
And put out to sea in his frail canoe.

The craft like an arrow
Sped down the long, narrow,
And turbulent channel, where wild billows
rave;
Then past point MacFarlane,
Like shot from a *marlin*,
Poor Tommy swept on to his watery grave.

When Tom struck the mill dam,
The mill dam, the mill dam,
When Tom struck the mill dam, he dam'd
the dam'd mill;
Why should he strike it
When there's nothing like it,
To test all the best of a mariner's skill?

I saw the craft *flounder*,
As fiercely around her
The hungry waves leapt, on the illfated prey;
And each time they struck her
Poor Cod cried for *sucker*,
But *sucker* was scarce on that terrible day.

To throw in the river
Some oil of cod liver,
And thereby the grim foaming waters be-
calm,
Was Tom's next endeavor,
But he found that his lever
Was all out of order, and not worth a dam
(mill dam.)

At last he went under,
And faith! 'twas no wonder
For a Cod shouldn't go where he doesn't
belong;
"Requiescat in pace"
I murmur, in case he

Should *rise*, and object to this mournful
song.

* * * * *
We found him next morning,
—A sorrowful warning—
The short line we chartered, and shipped
him by rail
To distant Atlantic,
By way of Megantic,
And so I've arrived at the end of my tail.
W. H. D.

Montreal, April 27, 1891.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

HUNTING RIFLES.



HOUGH the subject has been
a matter of controversy for a
long time past, yet it seems
to me that no very definite
conclusions have been arrived
at, with regard, 1st, to the propor-
tions of powder and lead which will
give the best results; 2nd, to the style
of grooving and rate of twist, and 3rd,
to the advantage of a repeater over a
single shot rifle.

I have used a great many different
rifles, of all weights, calibres and makes,
and as I see there is a tendency to
adopt cartridges with too small a pow-
der charge; I should like to give the
results of my experience, and hope
others will do the same; for the benefit
of all those who take an interest in the
rifle.

As regards the first question, I agree
with a correspondent of the *Forest and
Stream* that "manufacturers appear
to be at sea with the subject" for
their inconsistency as regards the pro-
portion of powder to lead in the car-
tridges they manufacture, is too plain
to be overlooked.

A few days ago I noticed that some
cartridges, which were at first properly
proportioned, had been altered for the
worse, by lessening the powder charge.
For instance the 22-15-45 W. C. F.
cartridge has been altered to 13-45.
Now I know that this cartridge shot
better with 15 grains of powder than
with 13 grains, for I have tried it.

I think that a proportion of 1 of
powder to 3 of lead is the best for any
rifle which uses a solid ball. All the
rifles which I have used, did better
work with a cartridge so proportioned.
I have a Winchester rifle 45 cal. mod.
186, in which I use cartridges loaded
with 100 grs. powder and a 300 grs.
ball. It shoots better than it did with
the factory cartridges and the smash-
ing power, which some sportsmen are
so anxious about, is all that can be
desired.

I shot two muskrats with it, using
solid bullets, and it literally made
"hash" of them. I also tried it on a
large Newfoundland dog, which was
dying of old age and had to be put out

of misery. The bullets (hollow) made
holes big enough to run your fist into,
where they came out. One shot be-
hind the shoulder, carried away the
upper part of the opposite fore leg. I
at one time used a Winchester 44 cal.
with as much powder as I could cram
into the shell (about 50 grs.) and a
hollow bullet which weighed about 150
grs. This shot far better with such
charges than with the factory ammuni-
tion.

Hollow bullets need more powder
than solid ones, though generally they
are lighter, for same cal. I think the
proportions of powder to lead used in
the Winchester express rifles are very
good though I have not had the pleas-
ure of trying them. They are 45-125-
300, 40-110-260 38-90-217. I used a
38 cal. Martini pattern rook rifle for
some years and I found that the more
powder I used the better it shot. Un-
fortunately I could not get more than
30 per cent. of powder into the shell
and so could not tell whether a greater
charge would be an improvement. I
do not say that more than 1 of powder
to 3 of lead would not be an improve-
ment, but that less than this charge
decreases the power, and raises the
trajectory.

With regard to the style of grooving
and rate of twist, it is quite plain that
these depend altogether upon the car-
tridge to be used. With a proportion
of 1 of powder to 3 of lead, many
claim that the ball might jump the
grooves. Now I maintain that this
can only occur when the grooves are
not adapted to such a charge. It can
only arise from one cause, viz., that
the twist is too sharp for the depth of
groove. If a rifle use a charge of 100
grs. powder to 300 grs. lead, and the
twist be very quick; the grooves must
be very deep and consequently the
gun will kick like a "secesh mule."

But there is no necessity for either
quick twist or deep grooves in a hunt-
ing rifle; and in the new model mi-
itary rifle now supplied to the British
army the bullet is so constructed that
though the twist is very rapid (1 turn
in ten inches) yet the grooves are only
.004 of an inch in depth.

In reference to the advantages of a
repeater over a single shot rifle, I
would say that it only has the advant-
age of speed.

Single shot rifles can be made so
much more simply, are so much pret-
tier, and lighter, that for all ordinary
works they have little to fear from the
repeater.

I hope all brother sportsmen will
join with me in asking the manufac-
turers to give us good cartridges with
good guns and thus satisfy both them-
selves and us.

"SHELL."

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

FIRESIDE TALES.

Connected with the Early Days of the Eastern Townships

BY A KANSAS CANADIAN.

THE DAYS OF THE EMBARGO. NO 5.

"Yes those were lively days for us, about Lake Champlain," as the old, white headed man of three score and ten, told us, some thirty or more years ago, when speaking of the years 1813 and 1814. "A span of good, fast horses, and a large, light cutter, in the winter nights, often earned \$30 for six, eight or ten hours work. We ran the risk of course, of losing our teams, if caught by the officers on either side of the line. Especially were they well posted along the jutting points of the lake, and at all cross roads and kept a detachment of soldiers with teams continually in harness, for a chase on the lake when the ice was free from snow."

Burlington, Rouses Point, and some other places kept a guard out to scan well any suspicious teams that were passing far out on the lake.

One day the sentry on a high point gave the signal, and all hands save those that were hitching up the span of horses, were at once gazing at a suspicious team, with two persons in charge, well out on the lake and headed for the other shore.

"Hurrah! Hurry up, boys! That means something! See how fast they are driving!"

And they did hurry up. A few armed soldiers soon piled into the sleigh, down the bank they went on the run out on to the glare ice, and then the fur began amidst the cheers of the crowd, who gathered on the bank quicker than if a dog fight in the street had been the attraction.

"Catch 'em! Hurrah for the brown team on the lake!" and well did the pursuing team enter into the spirit of the race.

Mile after mile was soon covered by pursuers and pursued. The fresh team soon began to close up on the other and at last coming within hailing distance, called out "stop, or we will shoot!"

This was only answered by the smuggler at the rear end of the sleigh, drawing out the tail board and pushing out some weighty article to lighten ship. Away went the teams, at a more even pace for a time, on the mirror faced ice.

"Stop, or we will shoot!" again rang out on the cold, crisp air of the wintry day.

Some more of the cargo was dumped out in reply, still it became evident to both parties that they had arrived at the home stretch, and probably near the end.

"Say, Jim! We're goners! team, load and all, for sure!" said one as the pursuers fast closed up on them.

A crack with the whip over the front team, and a command from Jim to "Roll out the barrel of salmon, quick!" was the response.

It was done in short order, and striking the ice, the barrel turned lengthwise, directly in front of the would be winners. The horses sprang apart and the barrel passing between them got in its work in a

moment, and divided the sleigh from the bottom upwards, through its entire length, leaving the boys and bayonets pretty well mixed and sprawling on the ice, a sadder and wiser lot of men realizing that it might be true that "to victors" sometimes belong the spoils, yet in this case, they would willingly yield then up, together with the glory of their capture, to once more be past that crowd on the bank, and safely in Tom Bryant's bar room.

A cheer from the front team seemed quite in order and it was given with full force as they fast lessened the distance towards the farther shore.

NO. 6.

One dreary afternoon in early winter, the ice had become solid on the lake, and some eight or ten of us with loads on traineaux, had started from the lake for our head quarters, a few miles in land, in Canada. We knew that sentinels and many men were watching well the roads, now in good order from a plentiful fall of snow. The risk—the roads—the number of men to be encountered, if discovered,—the relative strength of either party, if we came to knock down fight—were well gone over. It was decided to push for the shore, where it was timbered, and take a small, winter, brush road from the bank to our destination. We arrived due time at the "mouth of the lane," and a halt was called.

It was decided to send out a scout to guard against all possible danger. In due time he returned, saying that no sleigh had been along since the snow had fallen, but from the footprints, he observed that some one had come quite near the shore and then retraced his steps up the hill and he reckoned that some of the boys were on the watch at the old shanty. This was afterwards found to be the case. Axes were soon busy cutting out a road some distance to one side of the shanty giving it a wide berth. The loads were delivered in safety, and afterwards when the opposing parties met, good naturedly as they usually did, the teamsters scored a long mark against some old scores of former days, when victory had perched on the other side.

One of these men—Webster—has long since passed to the "land beyond the river." Perhaps few men were better acquainted than he, with the Black River and the St. Maurice, and their tributaries; the timber, the game, the fish of those waters, the Indian scouts and boatmen, the nightly camping places on their banks.

One day while boating with a guide far up from the mouth of the St. Maurice, they saw a bear swimming across the body of water upon which they were. A little quicker paddling soon brought them close to him. Having neither gun nor axe with which to prevent him, Bruin good natured-

ly adhered to his one idea which was to get ashore as fast as possible, and this he seemed in a fair way of doing. A happy idea struck one of the men, and reaching down quietly he grasped both hind legs of the bear lifted them well out of the water, while the other kept the boat well balanced and then the game began. Neither instinct nor skill seemed just then to be of much use to the bear in that uneven contest, with his head deep down in the water, and no chance to even come "up to the scratch" with his tormentors. He had to yield to his fate and was towed ashore.

Those old Townships boys if they were alive, could tell of many a "crook in the lot" in those days; of many a chest of tea buried in a snow drift of a stormy night, the tracks, in ten minutes, being covered by the storm; of many a pack of fur landed in the night in the mouth of the Magog, and ere daylight, boat, furs and men drawn up above the dam by Mr.—'s ox team to find their way to some quiet nook on the Georgeville shore of the Lake. The usual signal near sundown while the boat was far from shore, was a solitary horseman riding slowly up and down the lake shore, signifying "all right."

A new brand of tobacco, name unknown, by wrapping the original package in a fresh cowhide and depositing it in a tan vat in Mr.—'s tannery, not a hundred miles from Hatley, while the officers were searching the building. I presume it was quite equal to "pig-tail" or many of the later new brands of the filthy stuff.

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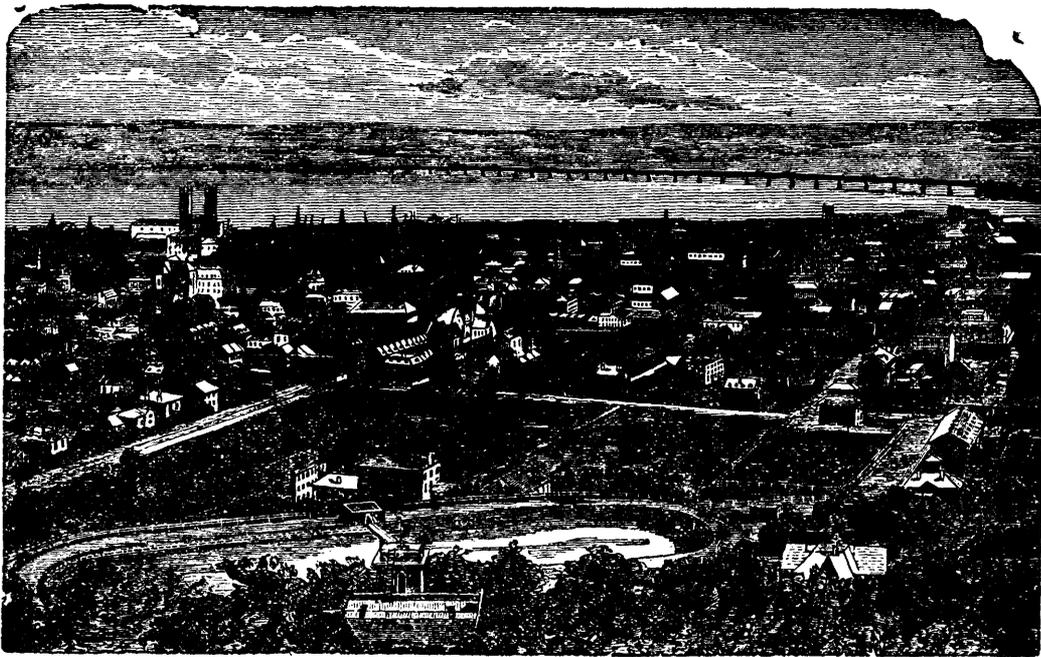
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MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN IN SUMMER.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

A DOG STORY.

BY AN OLD BACKWOODSMAN.

At the close of my article headed "Killing an Alligator," published in the April number of the *LAND WE LIVE IN*, I intimated that at the first place at which I stopped after getting my ducking in the overflowed 'Branch.' I met with an adventure which as Kipling says, "is another story." The publisher has asked me to write the story for *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*. It is not a "gayer" story, however, but a dog story. And perhaps after its perusal, the reader will be inclined to think that "The Old Backwoodsman" is somewhat inclined to blow his own trumpet. However, as the tale is strictly true, I give it for what it may be worth. I will premise by saying that in the Southern States, at the time I was there, people generally seemed to be very fond of dogs, and kept them in much larger numbers than they are kept in the Northern States or Canada.

Almost every man, rich or poor, had his homestead standing in yard, inclosed with a picket fence; and inside anywhere from one to half dozen or more dogs, as the case might be. They generally claim that their dogs are terribly savage, and that a stranger entering one of their yards unbidden, or unprotected by some member of the family, would be in danger of being seriously injured, if not killed outright. Consequently if you wish to make a call at any house, instead of proceeding to the front door and ringing the bell, you stop outside the front gate and hail, and in whatever position you may be, in carriage, on horseback, or on foot, you remain as you are, until some one from the house; answers your hail, and invites you in; opens the gate and goes with you from the gate to the house,

to protect you from the attack of the dogs.

Almost every family occupies two houses, and many a one of them three. One might be called the living rooms where the family spent most of the waking hours. It would be built with a wide hall through the centre, a wide piazza in front and rear, and in warm weather in the forenoon the family would sit on the west side, and in the afternoon move through on to the east side, so as to be all the time, as much as possible, in the shade from the sun. Then there would be another separate building called the kitchen, in which the cooking and eating was done, and frequently still another used as a dormitory, with half dozen beds more or less in one room. The whole family, including guests if they happen to have any, occupy the one room.

Now the family with whom I had chanced to stop, and remain over night, occupied, as above mentioned, the three separate buildings. The man had, as I learned next morning, a large and strong dog, which he claimed to be terribly savage, a regular "Jack the Ripper." So very wicked was he, that his owner, as a general thing, kept him chained in the day time, and let him loose the last thing before retiring for the night, and chained him again first thing in the morning.

But as yet I had not been told any thing about the dog, and by some ill chance or other, the master of the place, on this particular morning, had forgotten to chain him up, and went to work in his garden some twenty rods away, leaving the brute loose in the yard.

When I awoke in the morning, the family had all left the sleeping room, and supposing it to be near breakfast time, I dressed myself and started to go round to the room where was the family.

But no sooner had I stepped on to the ground, than the dog came tearing for me,

with all the vengeance imaginable. His owner heard him, and yelled to him, at top of his voice to be quiet. But he might as well have ordered the wind to be quiet. He was coming to the rescue, as fast as possible, but evidently he would be too late, for the dog would have plenty of time to hurt me seriously if not kill me, before he could reach the scene of action.

If I had had a loaded pistol about me, I should have shot the dog. But I did not have it, and what should I do? I decided very quickly, to "face the music" and not show any sign of fear. So I walked straight towards the dog, looking him full in the eye, and calculating that before he could bite me he would get a hard kick, which I hoped might disable him. But I did not have to kick him. For when he had got to within about six feet of me, he dropped his tail between his hind legs, and sneaked away.

His owner stopped short; looking thoroughly surprised. "Stranger!" he said, "What have you done to that dog?"

I replied "I looked him out of countenance. That is all." "Well," he said, "I believe you done have. But I am done dead beat. Why that is the worst dog in this county and when I saw you in the yard, and that dog going for you, I felt worse than I ever felt before in my life. I thought that in consequence of my carelessness, in leaving the dog loose, the stranger would be torn in pieces before I could get to the rescue, and on my premises at that. I can't see as you have meddled with the dog any way, but evidently you have cowed him, and I don't know what to make of it."

I heard afterwards of his telling different ones of his neighbors, about the wonderful stranger that stopped with him and looked his dog out of countenance. And I was quite a lion during the remainder of my sojourn in that vicinity.

I give it as my opinion, that is very sel-

dom that a dog will bite a man, if the man does not show any sign of fear; but goes straight forward looking the canine straight in the eye. I have no doubt that if I had turned to run or flinched the least bit, or even looked another way for one moment, I should have been seriously injured. But as it was I came off uninjured and with flying colors.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

BY LEAFY WAYS.

(VILLANELLE.)

The joyous music of the reel's glad singing,
The mirrored bark, the gleam of paddle-blade,
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.
The camp-fire's curling smoke its shadow flinging
On canvas walls; as Wood-Nymph's serenade
The joyous music of the reel's glad singing.
Skims the reed-beds the wood-duck nest ward winging;
The browsing deerflees startled and afraid,
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.
The chattering Fisher, on his frail perch swinging,
Protests, as interrupts his busy trade
The joyous music of the reel's glad singing.
Flicking the drops to plume and crest light clinging,
The Diver laughs to hear loud peal and fade
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.
E'en as I sit and muse comes memory bringing
The tented scene, neath odorous balsam shade;
The joyous music of the reel's glad singing,
The crack of rifle through the forest ringing.

SAM. M. BAYLIS.

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A blue cross opposite this paragraph signifies that your subscription expires with this number. We shall be pleased to have it renewed.



Hello! Duncan! Where are you off to?" "Oh! Me! I'm going out to Angus, I've got a job there connected with the new paper mill. I tell you, there's laying out a lot of money there. I guess it'll cost them half a million dollars before they get through with it. I say! I want to get some o' them Luminous Spoons you use for trolling. Are they a good thing do you think?" "Yes, I can recommend them from having used them myself, and Biron, the carriage-maker, says they're the best he ever used for Lake Aylmer. What do you want them for now? It's a close season for anything you can catch with a spoon down your way." "I know that, but sure I want to be ready when the open season comes I don't want the mascalange coming up the Key Brook to the edge of my oats, and destroying them for want of a trolling spoon or two. I'll go up and get a couple any way, so that it won't be my fault if the crop suffers. Here's four or five dozen of eggs you might take and give me spoons for them." "All right! But I hope you won't think you can eat the eggs, because you happen to have the spoons."

"Say Didymus! Do you know what nationality Thornton is, Charlie Thornton, I think it is?" "No. Why?" "Some one said he was a Yankee and they were a goin' to have him pulled up for catchin' codd in Canadian waters." "Oh! I see what you're driving at, that codd was doctored, and don't come within the meaning of the treaty." "I guess so too. Government ought to allow him to stake out a good sized fishing claim, for being the first one to discover codd in the Magog River. Perhaps they'll codd-ify the fisheries law to suit the case."

"Why! Ned Crean! You're getting to be a frequent visitor up here. There must be some attraction for you here," "Indeed there is then, an' they kape it down at the Grand Central Hotel beyant. Sure since Goodhue and the Women's Temperance Union shut up the saloon at the station, the sorra a sup good, bad or indifferent is there to be had in Richmond, for love or money. Sure Lance an' meself were discussin' ways an' means, an' we made up our minds that we'd take turns runnin' up here to Sherbrooke, once in a while, an' give aich other the benefit of smellin' one another's breath whin we wint back. I do be havin' the quarest dbrames ye ever heard tell on, and they always will in an uncomfortable drawthy sort of a way. Sure an' didn't I dhrame the other night that I was visitin' his holiness the Pope—God be we'd him—an' wid the native aise and politeness for which his holiness is remarkable, an' which would lade you to think that he might ha' been born in Ireland, he says to me, says he, "Ned! *ma bouchal!* Will you take somethin' to kape

out the malaria that's blowin' down on us from the pontine marahes beyant, says he?" "Faith I will, we'd the greatest pleasure imaginable, your Holines" says I, "Will you have it hot or cold, Ned, me soft pershuader?" says he. "Deed them, yer Holiness, it's all the same to you, I'll have it hot" says I. An' that I may n'ever sin, but while the wather was bein' mad hot, didn't I wake up, an' I've been sorry iver since that I didn't take it cold Well, good bye! I must catch the Montreball express, an' that'll lave me at Richmond in time for my train, an' the devil a much of a shtop I'll make till I get through the Point Levy, only to run with the Megantic House an' see if they keep the hairs and butther on separate plates, the same as they used to. Good-bye."

"Where are you going with that fishing rod Mr. Moulton?" "Goin' fishin' down by the railway bridge." "Why! don't you know its close season till after the fifteenth? You darn't catch pike or pickerel till after then." "Who said it was a goin' to. I'm a gion' to catch suckers." "What are you going to do with those minnows?" "Catch suckers." "You can't catch suckers with minnows and there ain't any suckers there any way." "Never you mind I'm a goin' to call them suckers. Nobody won't know the difference 'less I tell 'em."

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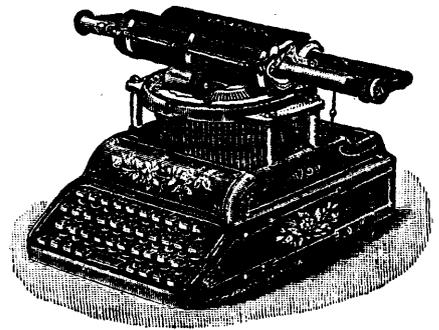
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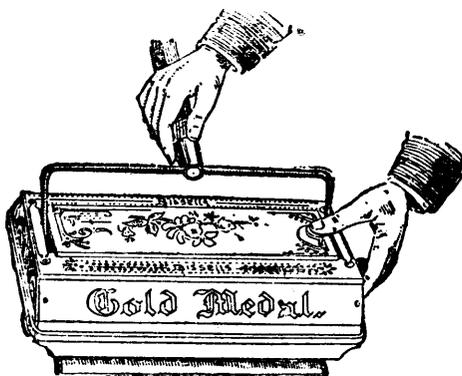
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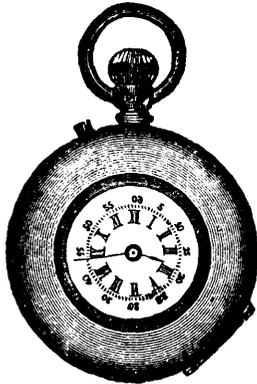
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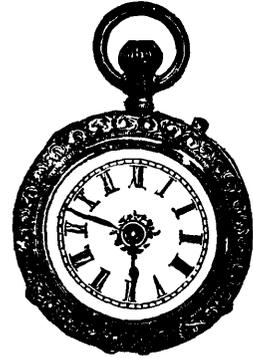
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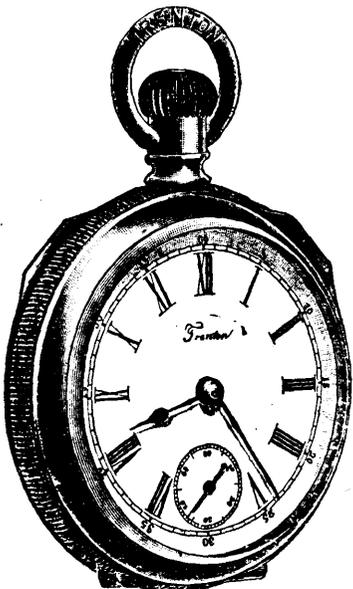
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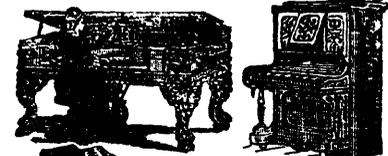
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