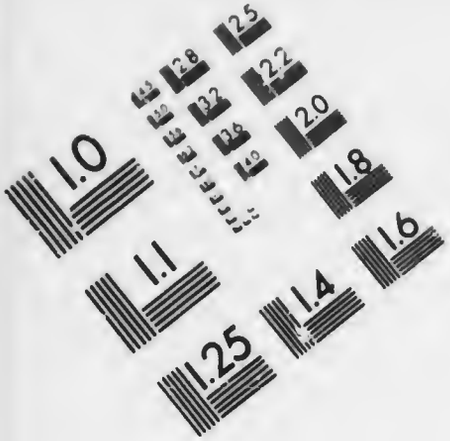
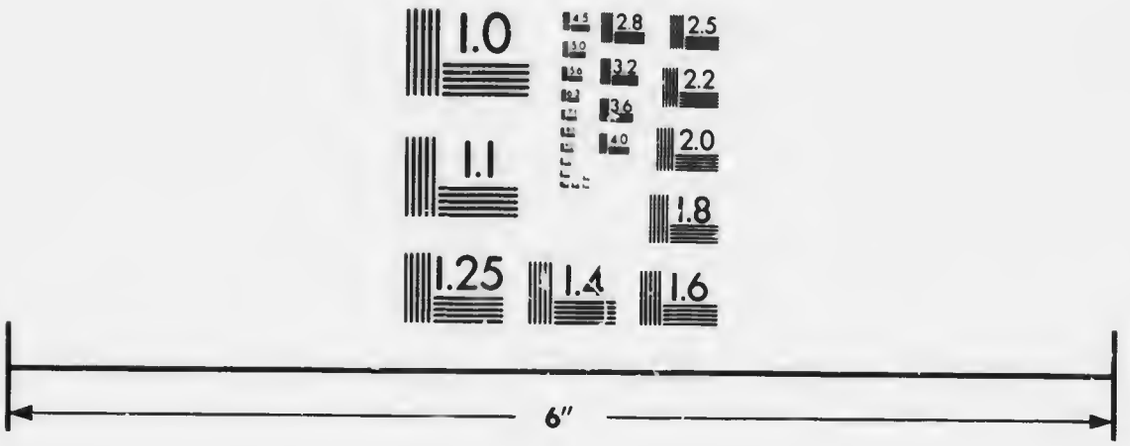
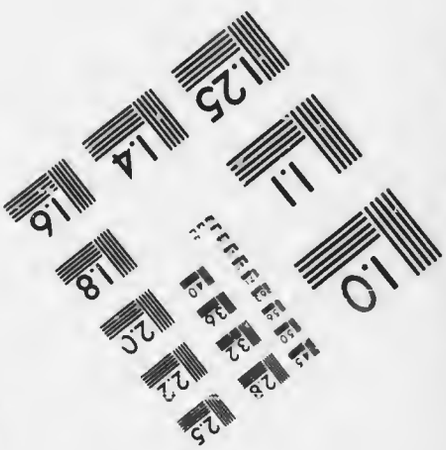


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)





Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.

CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.

Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

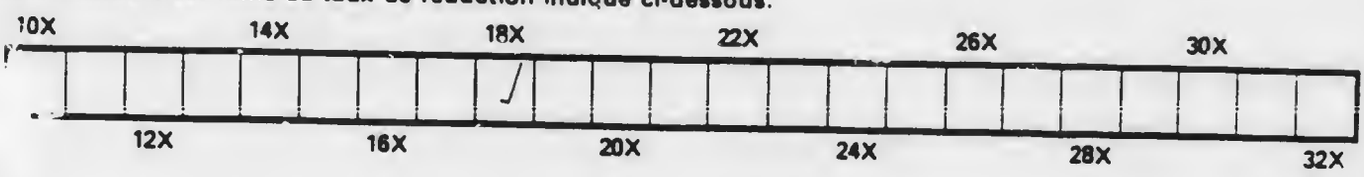
- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matérial supplémentaire
- ☐ Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- ☐ Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

☑ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

Pagination as follows : [218] - 462 p.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.



GLEANER TALES

PART TWO.

THE SUMMER OF SORROW

ABNER'S DEVICE

AND OTHER STORIES

BY

ROBERT SELLAR

HUNTINGDON, Q.
1895

A glance at the map shows the south-western extremity of the province of Quebec to be a wedge shaped bit of territory; the St. Lawrence on one side, the United States on the other. All that is related in the following pages is associated with this corner of Canada. The name of the book comes from the newspaper in which most of the tales first appeared. There is a purpose in the book. It attempts to convey in a readable form an idea of an era in the life of Canada which has passed—that of its first settlement by emigrants from the British isles, based on real incidents in their humble lives.

CONTENTS.

THE SETTLER'S FIRST GRIST.

CHAPTER I.

LATE in the fall of 1817 seven families of immigrants settled on the banks of the St Lawrence in Dundee, close to the St Anicet line and nearly opposite the village of Lancaster. With one exception, they had come from the Isle of Skye, and they named their settlement after their Scottish birthplace, which was not altogether inappropriate, for the strip of territory they had taken possession of was so surrounded on the land side by swamps as to be, in a sense, an island. Apart from two or three of their number who knew a little English, they spoke Gaelic and Gaelic only. They brought naught beyond strong arms and great endurance of privation, for their training as crofters and fishermen was of little use in their new surroundings. An untrodden wilderness of forest hemmed in their shanties, which were placed on the bank of the St Lawrence, and on the other side of the great river, which here ex-

panels into a lake two miles in width, were their nearest neighbors, who had shown them the greatest kindness. Highlanders like themselves, the people on the Glengarry side of the river had taken a lively interest in the newcomers, had made bees to give them a fresh start in life; crossed over the river to show them how to fell trees, build shanties, and make potash, and when spring came had, with true Highland generosity, lent them seed and assisted in brushing it in or planting it amid the stumps of their clearings. In the black mould of the virgin soil the potatoes grew with an abundance that surprised the Skyemen, though their astonishment was greater at the luxuriance of the Indian corn, which they saw for the first time, and at the excellence of the wheat. When the latter was threshed the next step was to get it ground. Their nearest mill was at Williamstown, in the county of Glengarry, and to reach it involved a fatiguing journey. It was a bright morning in the first week of October, 1818, that one of the settlers placed a bag of wheat in a canoe to take to this mill. It was his first grist—the first in his life of wheat—and he looked at the bag, as he deposited it carefully in the bottom of the canoe, with satisfaction not unmingled with honest pride, which was shared in by his wife and children, who came to the water's edge to see him off. Assisted by his son, a handsome young fellow,

the paddles were dipped, and the boat was soon skimming lake St Francis, for so the expansion of the St Lawrence between Cornwall and Coteau is named. When half-way across they paused to rest, and as they viewed the noble sheet of water, embedded in a setting of bush whose bright colors glowed in the shimmering sunshine of a true Canadian fall day, they thought they had never seen anything more beautiful. "And the best of it is, Allan, that the water is fresh and not salt, and," fixing his gaze on his shanty, which he could discern beneath the trees, "the land is our own, and there will be no rent to pay at Martinmas."

When they got to the mill they found there were other customers before them, and having to wait their turn, it was nearly dark when their canoe passed out of the river Raisin into lake St Francis on their homeward journey. The sun had set behind a cloud, and the lake, though calm, had an oily appearance—both signs of a coming change. They had gone far enough to lose sight of the shore they had left, when a slight swell of the waters was noticed, and immediately afterwards the hollow sound of approaching wind. Both practised boatmen of the Old World, they knew what these signs meant. "Had we our old boat, Allan," said the father, "I would not care for the squall that's coming, but this cockle-shell will not stand a rough sea. It may soon blow over. Yonder I think I see the light your mother has

set in the window to guide us. We will hurry before the waves get big." Urged by their strong arms, the canoe flew over the lake, but swifter came the storm, and before many minutes a violent gust of wind, accompanied by pelting rain, burst upon them. Like all shallow sheets of fresh water, the lake was quickly beaten into a fury, and before long waves large enough not merely to toss the boat but to drench its occupants were coursing over it. The danger of swamping was imminent when the father's skill averted it. Directing his son to stretch himself full length in the bottom of the canoe, using the bag of flour as a pillow, it steadied under the living ballast. Then, taking his place at one end, the father brought the other bow-on the wind and skilfully kept it, by vigorous use of the paddle, in a line with the waves, so that the canoe breasted and slipped over them, hardly shipping a drop of water. The fury of the squall soon passed, and was succeeded by a gale which blew steadily from the west. With that fine respect for parents which characterizes Highlanders, Allan had offered no suggestion, obediently doing what his father ordered. When he heard him say to himself "My God, we are lost!" he exclaimed: "No, father, the storm will blow by, and we will then make our way home this night yet."

"Yes, the storm will blow over, but where will we be then? You forget, my poor boy, that the

lake ends in rapids, and we are hurrying towards them as fast as wind and wave can drive us. Your mother and your sisters and brothers will have sore hearts tomorrow."

Allan had not thought of the rapids. On their way from Montreal he had seen them, watched their foaming surges, and knew their canoe could not live a moment among them. The thought of death was bitter to him, and as the hours passed and they went drifting downwards, amid the storm and darkness, towards the jaws of the dreaded danger, his heart was filled with anguish, not alone for his mother, his brothers and sisters, but for her with whom he had secretly plighted troth.

"Allan, I will shout to you when I see the rapids. Jump and try to make the shore, for it may be near; do not trouble with me, or we both may be lost. Be a good lad to your mother, and tell her and your brothers and sisters my last thoughts were of them."

CHAPTER II.

Mrs McDonald had tidied up the one and only room of the shanty, and was expecting momentarily the arrival of her husband and son, when she was terror-struck by the unlooked for sound of the squall among the trees. Hurrying from the house, she stood on the beach, on which the

waves were beginning to break, but the darkness and rain prevented her seeing many yards. In her agony of apprehension she shouted, in the hope that the missing ones were near: from the stormy waters came no reply. Bidding her children, who had followed her, to go and alarm the neighbors, very soon every soul in the settlement was by her side, talking rapidly in Gaelic and excitedly suggesting what ought to be done. They were all agreed that if the canoe was on the lake when the storm burst she was lost, and their sole hope was she had not left the other shore. The only other canoe they had was no larger than the one that was gone, and to launch it in order to search the lake, would be to add to the calamity. All that could be done was to build a bonfire on the most prominent point, to guide the missing canoe if within sight, and hope for the best. Laying his hand on Mrs McDonald's arm, as she stood wistfully gazing on the now foaming waters of the lake, the oldest man of the settlement said, "Come with us out of the cold and wet; we can do no good here." Gathered in the shanty, the fire was replenished until it roared in the ample chimney, and the neighbors talked hopefully to the family and despondently among themselves. When the hope that the storm was only a passing squall was dissipated by its settling into a gale, under the influence of which the waves lashed the sandy beach with a roar so appalling that it stifled

the groanings of the forest, the men agreed among themselves that McDonald and his son were at the bottom of the lake, and their hearts grew sore for those whom they believed to be widowed and orphaned by the calamity. Fighting with her fears, Mrs McDonald tried to persuade herself all would come right, and assumed a complacency she was far from feeling. "Often," she remarked, "has my husband been out worse nights than this in Scotland, and surely he who could fight the Atlantic is not going to be drowned in a bit fresh-water loch in Canada. To be sure there was a winding-sheet in the candle last night, but that did not signify, seeing that it was made from the fat of a wild deer, and not from that of a Christian sheep. Not one of my family, and it goes far back, Mrs McGillis, ever died without the wraith of Ian Ban, our forbear, who was laird of Glenish, being seen, and it is not to be said he failed to warn me when my husband and oldest son were near their end. I am not afraid of them. They will be here tomorrow—Donald, like a good man, go and see that the fire is blazing on the point—and we must keep our composure. What is that?"

Close to the dwelling rose a prolonged howl, beginning at a low pitch and rising to a piercing climax, the sound of which blanched every face. Those nearest the door opened it; none ventured out. Every ear was strained. In a few minutes

the howl was repeated. "Pooh!" said a young man, "it is only a wolf."

The incident broke the tension of suspense, and one after another began telling stories of their old life in Skye, having more or less bearing on the situation of those they waited for. Thus the hours wore away, and it was noted with satisfaction that at the turn of the night the gale broke and speedily died away. The waves still ran too high for the canoe to be launched to attempt to gain the other side of the lake and make enquiries, but they were falling fast. When it was agreed it would be safe to go, the settlers again gathered on the beach, which was reddened by the beacon fire that still blazed. There was unexpected delay; a paddle was found to be broken, and another had to be made, and ere all was ready a faint whitening of the eastern sky told of the coming day. It was now a beautiful night, calm and still, the glassy swells of the lake reflecting the sparkle of the stars. Many a searching glance was cast across the broad lake for the missing boat, and dreadful apprehensions filled each bosom as to the secret its dark waters kept. The canoe was about to start, the two men going with her had dipped their paddles, and the group on the beach clustered closer to see her off, when, faint and from afar, came over the surface of the lake a plaintive murmur. Not a word was uttered, but every ear was strained to catch the

sound. It came again fitfully. Neighbor looked with agony into the blanched face of neighbor. The one idea possessed them, that it was the dirge of the spirits of their departed friends as they were journeying to the place of souls. The mother impulsively sprang forward until the water laved her feet and cried, "My Allan, my first-born, is it you that is calling? Oh speak to me and tell where in the cold deep I will find you."

There was a shriek behind her which froze every heart. A young woman, the winsome daughter of one of the settlers, had fallen senseless on the sand.

The patriarch of the settlement who, at the first sound, had knelt and placed his ear close to the lake, soon rose in stern reproof. "Is it thus you welcome God's mercy? Your son, Mrs McDonald, and your lover, Flora, for so you have just revealed to us he is, is alive and well. It is his voice singing the boat-song of the Isle of Mist, and I hear the plash of oars." And so it was, for now clear and strong came from the lake the words of the song, and soon keen eyes could see the approaching canoe. There was a shout of joy, and tears streamed from every cheek. A few minutes more and the lost were among them.

When they had re-entered the shanty and the cup of rejoicing had gone round, Mr McDonald told his story. As time passed, and the canoe drifted farther down the lake, he had given up

all hope and expected every moment to feel it caught in the strong current that leads to the rapids, and to hear their dreadful sound. "I was praying for you in my heart," he said, "when I heard the sound of breaking water. Allan, I shouted, here they are at last; make ready to jump and swim for your life. No sooner said than my paddle struck bottom and I saw trees before me. Quick, Allan, jump and we will drag the canoe ashore. We both sprang out at the same time, and catching hold of the canoe ran her through the breakers and high on to the bank. We were wet and so cold, but, oh, we were thankful that we were saved. After a while we got up and moved round to see if a house was near, when we found that we were on one of the small islands that lie at the head of the rapids. A few rods one way or the other and we would have swept past it and been lost. It was God's own hand that had steered our canoe. Well, we waited patiently till the gale went down, and as soon as we dared we launched out again and paddled homeward. And a long pull we had, but it warmed us."

The bag of flour was opened. The water had caked the outside layer, leaving the interior quite dry. The flour was examined with interest, being the first from wheat grown in the settlement.

"Well," exclaimed the patriarch, "it is time we were in our beds, though it be now good daylight,

and we will go to sleep with thankful hearts that our good neighbor is with us and not at the bottom of the lake. And you, Mrs McDonald, we wish well to, for you have this morning found not only the son that was lost, but a daughter you knew not of, and a good girl she is too. There is plenty of land here for all, and we will build them a house and hold our New Year in it, and, please God, we will not again risk life in these French cobbles of canoes, but build a big boat."

And so it came to pass. The New Year beheld Flora and Allan made one with a merry-making that became a tradition in the settlement, their Glengarry friends driving over the icy bosom of the lake to it in a drove, and bringing two pipers to supply the music, and when spring came a boat, large enough to carry half a dozen bags of flour, built after the best Isle of Skye design, was launched in the creek beside the shanty of William McPhee, and served the settlement many a long year.

ABNER'S DEVICE.

"ABNER, I want you to go a message for me after breakfast."

"Yes, mother. Is it to Four Corners?"

"No; you are to go to the Blands, with a basket for old Mrs Whiting."

"Why, that's in Canada, and they're our enemies."

"Our governments are at war, but we old neighbors are not."

"But the Indian guard may catch me."

"If they do, they'll not harm a boy like you."

"Yes, they would, mother. They'd scalp anything that's Yankee, and I hate them and every Britisher. I don't see why you want to do a good turn to those who've been trying these two years to cut our throats and burn our houses."

"Abner!' exclaimed Mrs Smith reproachfully.

"I want to hit them every time, mother, and if I have got to go, you'll let me take father's rifle."

"No, Abner; you'll go as you are, and if the Indian guard fall in with you, their captain will let you go when you tell your errand. If congress

want to fight king George, that's not to say we are to hate and hurt those we have lived beside so long and who've done us many a kindness."

This conversation took place in the log shanty of a first settler in northern New York in the fall of 1813. War was then in progress, and a few days before General Hampton had returned from his attempt to reach Montreal, and with his withdrawal to winter quarters the settlers along the frontier supposed hostilities were ended for the season. When war had been declared the settlers on the American side of the lines were in terror of being visited by the Indians, whom the British government had enrolled to watch the frontier, but as time proved their apprehensions groundless, they were little affected by the contest that was being waged, beyond having their intercourse with the settlers on the Canadian side restricted, and that intercourse had been close and frequent, for the difference in allegiance had not affected their friendship. In the bush distance goes for little, and though five miles apart, the Blands were Mrs Smith's nearest neighbors to the north, and their relation had been of the warmest kind. Unable, owing to the presence of Hampton's camp at Four Corners, to do their trading there, Mrs Smith knew that the Blands must be without groceries and even flour, and, at this, the first opportunity, she was eager to send them some little comforts to vary their coarse fare, especially

for Mrs Whiting, the grandmother of the household, who was often bedridden from rheumatism.

The basket was ready for Abner by the time he had finished breakfast. His imagination had been fired by seeing the soldiers at fort Hickory and at Four Corners, and to carry the basket in the usual way was out of the question. Securing thin withe-ropes, made from the bark of the moosewood, he slung the basket on his shoulders like a knapsack, and catching up a cedar pole he grasped it as if it were a musket, and shouting to himself the order, "Eyes front; right foot forward; quick march!" off he set, fancying himself one of Colonel Purdy's crack brigade. Mrs Smith as, from the door, she watched her boy depart on his errand, while she smiled at his wayward fancy, could not help feeling a thrill of pride in his lithe, active figure, giving promise of a handsome man. That he was shrewd and quick-witted, as well as tall and strong, for his years, she well knew.

The weather had been extremely wet for the season; the ground was soaked and the leaves had long ago been washed from all the trees except the beech. During the night the rain had ceased, and the morning, dull and hazy, gave promise of a dry day. Once out of his father's clearance, Abner's way lay through the bush. There was a foot-track that led to the Blands, but now it was so hidden by the litter of leaves that it was indiscernible. That did not signify. Born in the

woods, they were so familiar that Abner could find his way in any direction he chose, with as much ease as the dwellers in cities traverse their intricacies of streets and lanes. As he threaded his way among the trees, the chatter of the chipmunk, the whirr of the partridge, and the tapping of a belated woodpecker were the only sounds that fell on his ear, and no sight more unusual than an occasional grey-squirrel or troop of deer. When he had crossed the line that divides Chateaugay from Hinchinbrook, and was fairly on Canadian territory, he became more circumspect, and his fancy changed. He was no longer the right-hand man of a file of soldiers, but a scout, sent into the enemy's country to get information. Keeping under every cover that offered, looking furtively around before venturing to cross any open that came in his way, treading on the hardest ground he could find, and doubling on his track where the soil treacherously retained his footprints, he found playing at Abner the spy much more exciting than that of Abner the soldier. Suddenly a crackling sound arrested his footsteps. It was, he knew, no noise made by any denizen of the forest, and he turned towards whence it came. Soon he caught the faint odor of smoke, and then he knew there was a fire near—probably the camp-fire of the British guard. Prudence whispered to him to turn away and pass on; curiosity, to go and have a peep at the camp.

He was only a boy of fourteen, and curiosity carried the day. Slowly he stole towards the point whence the crackling sound of blazing branches came, and so noiselessly that even the squirrels failed to start at his approach until he passed their perch. Now he could see the smoke, and next the glare of the embers. He thought he saw the figure of a man, but as, when he looked again, the shape was gone, he thought he had been mistaken. He paused to listen. There was no sound save the drumming of a partridge behind him. Redoubling his caution, he crawled towards the spot whence the smoke rose, and when he slowly lifted his head from behind a thicket, he was startled to find himself looking into a camp of the dreaded Indian guard, of whom he had so often heard but never seen. There they were, 21 in number, lying prostrate in sleep in a circle around the fire and the pale autumn sunshine streaming down upon them. Uncouth looking men they were, with daubs of paint on their faces that made them hideous. Beside each one lay his musket, and some even, in their sleep, grasped their hatchets, prepared, if surprised, for immediate combat. Their captain Abner recognized from his being white and wearing the sword and crimson sash of a British officer. With eager eye Abner scanned the unexpected scene, and when the first feeling of fear died away, he grew bold and thought of what he might have accomplished

had his mother allowed him to take his father's rifle with him. The exploits of Robert Rogers and Ethan Allen floated before his mind's eye and he planned how, had he been armed, he might have shot the captain through the heart and have disappeared before any of the sleeping group knew what had happened. Satisfied with the sight, he moved to withdraw and resume his journey. At the first attempt to turn around, his arms were seized with a grasp of iron, and, looking up, he saw he was in the hands of an Indian, whose painted visage glared with ferocity. Appalled for a moment, Abner stood still, then he made a wrench to get away. It was in vain. Drawing the boy's arms together, the Indian grasped them by the wrists with his left hand, and when the right hand was thus released he thrust it into the folds of his belt of wampum. Abner's eyes followed the movement, and when the hand was withdrawn grasping a short, thick knife, which he recognized as the scalping-knife he had heard so much of, a paroxysm of terror smote him, and he gave a piercing shriek. With a diabolical grin, as if he enjoyed the boy's terror, the Indian passed the knife before Abner's eyes and tried its edge on his soft chubby cheek, then flourished it before plunging into his scalp. As he made the motion, a billet of wood came hurtling past, and striking the Indian on the head, he fell, dragging Abner down with him. He was

lifted up by the captain, whom Abner had seen asleep a minute before, and as he passed his hand over him to make sure he was unhurt, he poured forth a torrent of angry words, in his own language, at the Indian, who gave no sign that the knockdown blow he had received had hurt him. As the captain led Abner into the circle of Indians, who had been awakened by his shriek, he told him he had been scolding his assailant for attempting to scalp him, and said in apology that he was a heathen Indian of the far west, a Blackfoot who had strayed to the Ottawa, and joined a band of the Iroquois. "I do not allow my men to be cruel; my orders be to watch the frontier to prevent invasion by your soldier, and not to hurt anybody." Then he asked Abner who he was and why he had come nigh their camp, and was answered frankly.

"Ah, my leetle man," said the captain, who spoke with a French accent, "if you tell me true you get away; but I'm afraid you carry letter,—despatch—eh!" Taking the basket from his back, the captain lifted out its contents, among which were half-a-dozen apples, then a luxury in the new settlement, where the few fruit trees planted had not begun to bear. An Indian snatched up one and took a bite, laughingly saying, "Yankee apple better nor Yankee bullet." The other contents were of as innocent a description: a few little luxuries that might tempt an invalid, a

small bag of flour, and a bottle of liniment. The captain, satisfied there was no letter in the basket, carefully replaced its contents, and then examined Abner's clothing, making him even take off his shoes. While thus engaged an Indian slouched up beside the captain and, throwing down his musket, began to speak to him, and Abner listened to the guttural sounds with awe.

"Dis man," said the captain, "tell me he see you leave clearance and follow you. He say, when you come to Canada side you act as 'fraid, hide behind bush, and walk ve-ray fooney. Why you no want to be seen?"

Abner blushed at this description of his enacting the role of Indian scout and perceived how his conduct could be misconstrued. He remembered, also, his mother's repeated injunction that truth is better under any circumstances, and, with a shamed smile on his face, he told what he was doing. The captain grinned as he listened and patting Abner on the back said: "I know; boy once myself and now fadder of four; you play one leetle game of Indian spy, not tinking real Indian watch you. You one good, honest-faced boy. Pity you Yankee."

The Indian who had tracked him, smiled as the captain spoke, showing he understood English, and, like all his race, enjoyed banter. "You smell smoke, eh?" he said, "hold up nose and go on. Then you hear partridge drum (here he imitated

the sound), me partridge and signal to Joe; Joe steal up behind, catch arms, pull out knife, you —squeal," and here, as if overcome by the ludicrousness of the scene, the Indian grinned from ear to ear without emitting a single sound of laughter, and poked Abner in the side.

"You make big mistake tink you come to Indian camp without we know," remarked the captain, "when we sleep, sentinel all round like fox." Changing the subject, the captain tried to get from Abner what he knew of the movements and whereabouts of the American army, particularly of the number still in camp at Four Corners, which Abner admitted he had visited the day before. It was without avail. The boy realized the information he would give might be used against his countrymen, and he answered evasively. "Ah, well," exclaimed the captain, "it no matter; we've our spies in your camp so well as in de bush."

The Indians were now busily preparing breakfast, and Abner watched them with curious eyes as they placed potatoes and pieces of pork to cook upon the hot embers, while a copper-kettle with tea was slung on a crooked stick. Their duties required them to be on the patrol along the frontier during the night, which accounted for their sleeping so late.

"Vell," said the captain, "what you tink of dese Indian? Yankee able to catch 'em? Eh? You

tell, when you get home, what great fellow Indians be. Now you may [illegible]nd give Mrs Bland de compliment of Captai[illegible]de Versailles and say he will do her de honor of taking supper with her."

Thus permitted to resume his journey, Abner struck into t'.e bush, and in half an hour had reached the house of the Blands. He was hailed with an uproarious welcome from every member of the large household, for there was the delight not only of resuming long-suspended friendly intercourse, but the proof in his appearance that the warfare waged between the two governments had not lessened the goodwill of their neighbors. Unpacking the basket, it was found to contain a little of everything they had been so long deprived from being shut out from the American stores. On the cork being drawn from the bottle of liniment, granny declared that the very smell had done her rheumatics good. As the contents of the basket lay spread on the table, a sudden thought seemed to strike Mrs Bland, which she communicated in a whisper to her husband. There was a quiet consultation, and then she addressed Abner.

"We have something strange to tell you, and mum's the word. Night before last, when we were asleep, a knock came to the door and then it was pushed open. Father rose, stirred the fire, and got a light, when we saw it was an American

soldier. He was drenched to the skin, for it was pouring rain, and, oh, what a pale, thin ghost he looked! He crept up to the fire and sank in a heap beside it, muttering, 'Thank God.' I saw he was perishing, and got some hot drink for him, and after a while he told his story. He had been with Hampton's army in the battle, where he had received a flesh wound in the side, and when Purdy's brigade fell back he was unable to keep up with them, got separated from his company, and, in the dark, lost his way. Next morning he tried to find the trail of the army, but failed, and then, guided by the sun, struck south, knowing he would in time reach the States. Too weak to carry them, he threw away his musket and ammunition, and crawled, rather than walked. When the last biscuit in his haversack was eaten, he had to trust to beech and butter nuts, though he was not hungry, for his wound fevered him. Often he lay down, thinking he would never rise again, but he was young and strong, and when he revived a little he pushed on, until, to his great joy, he struck our clearing. He thought he was in the States, and when we told him our house was on the Canada side he was dreadful afraid we would give him up, and he would be sent to Montreal as a prisoner. We soon eased him on that score; our big trouble was to hide him from the Indian guard until we could get him sent across the lines."

"Yes, mother," interrupted one of her sons, "they came to our house the next day, and are close by yet." Abner shivered.

"Well," resumed Mrs Blanc, "I made the poor Yank take off his wet clothes and lie down in our warm bed. I dressed his wound for the first time, and it was raw and nasty, I can tell you, and then he fell asleep like a baby, poor fellow. I cleaned and set his clothes to dry, and as I sat mending them next morning father and I consulted. To keep him in the house was to give him up to the Indians, and he was too weak to travel farther. Where to hide him until he was able to leave bothered us, when, all of a sudden, father thought of the big platform that stands near the spring in the bush, two acres back, which the Indians raised last year for still hunting. It was late in the day when he awoke, and he found himself weak as water but the fever had left him. We told him what we intended, and, after he had eaten something, father and the boys carried him to the platform, rolled him in a blanket and covered him with elm bark and cedar brush. We have taken him victuals after dark, and last night, seeing it was wet, we fetched him over and gave him a night's rest in bed. He eats little, for his stomach is turned against our common food, and he'll be glad of what your mother has sent. Now, Ab, can't you think of some plan to get this poor fellow across the lines?"

He could not think of any, for the woods were full of Indians, but he would like to visit the wounded soldier. Preparing as tasty a repast as she could out of the victuals sent by Mrs Smith, Abner and Mrs Bland started for his place of concealment. As is their custom, the Indians had raised the platform in a thicket, which commanded a runway, and was therefore well concealed, and, what was of equal consequence at that season, sheltered from the wind. On coming beneath it, Mrs Bland spoke, when there was a movement above, and a face, so ashy pale and wasted that Abner felt a creeping feeling pass over him, peered from beyond the edge. "Here's a boy from Yankeetown and a dinner cooked from the provisions he has brought."

"He's welcome," faintly whispered the soldier. "I wish I could go back with him."

Taking the basket in one hand, Abner climbed up to the platform with the agility of a squirrel, and helped the soldier to raise himself and arrange the food. When he saw the wheaten bread, he said it put him in mind of home, and he fell to and made the best meal he had partaken of since the fatal day on the Chateaugay. His strength returned with the grateful food and he asked Abner many questions, what Hampton had done after the battle, where he was now, were many killed, did the British follow him up, and were there many Indians in the woods. When he

heard of Abner's encountering the Indians that morning, he shuddered, and Abner could not help thinking of what his fate would be did one of them ferret out his retreat, a reflection that increased his desire to save him. Leaving the soldier in a cheerful and hopeful mood, he slipped back to the Blands, puzzling his head to devise some plan of rescuing his countryman.

After dinner, which consisted of corn boiled in milk, and potatoes with fried venison, the Bland boys proposed to go partridge shooting, and Abner agreed, as he was in no hurry to return home. So off they went. In beating the woods, a coon was started, and it supplied the idea Abner had been seeking for. Before they returned home he had worked it out and determined to submit it to Mrs Bland. On approaching the door they heard peals of laughter, when one of the boys remarked, "The captain has come; he's a jolly one with the girls," and on entering, they found that personage entertaining the family in his liveliest style. Abner bit his lip and saw he must bide his time. Supper is an early meal in the backwoods, and after enjoying it to the full, and diverting and flattering each of the household, Captain Versailles, with many apologies for duty requiring him to leave such delightful company, left to return to his Indians. No sooner had he gone, than Abner asked abruptly, "These moonlight nights don't you go coon-hunting?"

"Don't we, Ab, answered one of the boys, "think you'd say so if you saw the skins nailed on the barn-door."

"Well, then, I've a plan to get the soldier away with me," which he proceeded to lay before them. Briefly it was, that the boys should go with their guns a mile or so east and close to the boundary-line, when they would begin firing and shouting. The Indians, thinking it was an attack from Fort Hickory, would hurry to meet the invaders, leaving the western part of the frontier unguarded, and let Abner slip across with the soldier.

"It's feasible," said Mr Bland, "the trouble is the poor fellow isn't able to walk a rod, let alone five miles."

"He'll die from cold if left out longer," remarked his wife; "we must run some risk. He might be able to keep on the back of the old white mare."

"That's so," answered her husband, "we'll try Ab's plan."

As no time was to be lost, it being essential to make the diversion before the Indians were detailed by Captain Versailles to their posts for the night, the boys caught up their guns and left, while Abner and Mr Bland slipped over to the hiding-place of the soldier, told him what was intended, and helped him down from his perch. The prospect of speedy escape gave him unwonted strength, and leaning on his friends he managed to walk to the house, where Mrs Bland, after

dressing his wound, insisted on washing his face and tidying him up. "For sure," she said, "you're going home to your friends, and you mustn't give Canada a bad name."

"That I never will," murmured the grateful soldier, "God has anointed the hearts of both peoples with the same oil of kindness, and it's only the politicians and big men on both sides that make trouble between us."

The evening was calm and mild for the season, and Mr Bland sat listening by the open door. Presently, there burst from a remote corner of the woods, a sharp volley, followed by such shouts and cries as would lead the listener to fancy a fierce fight was in progress. "There they are!" exclaimed Mr Bland, while the shots and uproar continued to increase, "let 'em keep that up for five minutes, and there won't be an Indian within earshot who won't be running to the spot.

The noise did continue that long and longer too, while, with skilful imitation, it subsided and increased, and passed from one part of the woods to another, the cheers of soldiers mingling with equally good imitations of Indian yells, giving the impression of a running fight between a detachment of the American garrison and the Indian guard. When Mr Bland considered all the Indians had left for the neighborhood of the supposed fight, the old mare was brought to the door, which the soldier was helped to mount, and,

Abner, grasping the bridle, led the way. By this time the moon was high enough to be pouring down its rays through the tree-tops, and though its light was useful in showing him how to avoid obstacles and to go much faster than they otherwise could have done, Abner would have dispensed with it for fear of its revealing their presence to the Indians. His fear was groundless. His device was a complete success. Not an Indian was met, the woods were traversed in safety, and Abner exulted in the thought how he had tricked the Indians, and almost laughed right out when he pictured to himself their disgust, on reaching the scene of the supposed fight, to find it to be only a coon-hunt. If they had trapped him in the morning, he had outwitted them in the evening. When the light of his father's house was discerned, Abner relieved his feelings by a great shout of exultation, that drew his parents to the door.

"Well, Abner, you see the Indians did not catch you?"

"Didn't they mother! I feel the clutch of one of 'em at my scalp yet. Won't you help the stranger down, father? He is a soldier and wounded."

"Wounded! Poor critter, I must get the bed ready," and Mrs Smith darted indoors.

Stiff and sore from the exertion and cold, the poor soldier was like to fall when they helped him off the mare, and, gently, father and son carried him to the bed.

"Poor man, ain't he tuckered out!" exclaimed Mrs Smith, as she approached him when his head had been laid on the pillow. Shading the candle she glanced at him, started, looked again, and crying out, "Blessed if it ben't my own brother Bill from Varmont!" she fell on his neck in a paroxysm of hysterical sobs. And so it turned out to be. He had been among those last drafted to reinforce Hampton, and had been unconscious that his sister lived so near the camp at Four Corners. Abner was the hero of the night when the soldier told how he had been the means of saving him. "No," said the lad modestly, "it was mother's sending me against my will to the Blands that saved you."

"That's so, Abner, and you never forget it, that blood is thicker than water, and in doing a kind deed to those you considered an enemy we were serving ourselves."

[illegible]T A SETTLER TOLD ME.

AFTER the stifling heat and blinding glare of a Canadian summer day, it is most refreshing to walk forth as the sun, shorn of its strength, sinks, a glowing ball of fire, behind the forest that edges the landscape. Vegetation, wilted by the day's glaring heat, revives with the dewy coolness of the hour, and from the neighboring bush comes the song of the greybird. As the glow fades from the sky, nowhere else in the world of tenderer blue or more translucent depth, the stars drop into sight, and should Venus be in the ascendant, she burns with a white flame unknown at any other season. Generally, with the setting of the sun, a light breeze springs up from the west or northwest, refreshing to the farmers who toiled throughout the sultry day, and swaying the heads of timothy until the meadows seem to be swept by billows. The eye of the saunterer takes in the scene, passing over the great flat fields of grain and grass, until ended by the recurring belt of bush; the snug farm-houses set amid shade-trees and orchards; the pond-like reaches of the

Chateaugay, sleeping peacefully in the hollows of its rounded banks, unruffled save as the wing of one of the swallows, that skim its glassy surface, frets it for a moment, or from the leap of an inhabitant of its clear waters; and, in the finished beauty of the picture, he finds it hard to realize that he is looking upon the results of the labor of scarce half a century, that underneath a few of the roofs before him still live men and women who saw the country when a wilderness of forest and swamp, and who are survivors of the generation who wrought the wondrous change —men and women who underwent privations the most painful and labors the most exhausting in making the country what it is. To give those who have inherited the fruits of their sacrifices some idea of what the first settlers underwent, I here submit the narrative of one of them, as nearly as may be in the words I was told it:

You have driven a long way to see me, sir, and I am afraid I can tell you little worth the hearing. It is strange you should go to so much trouble to gather these old-time stories, but if I can tell you anything that will be of use to you I am willing. You want me to begin with our leaving the Old Country and go on in order, as you can recollect best that way. Very well, only you will have to come and see me again, for it is a long story, and if you print any of it, you are to change it so that nobody will know who told

you. I don't mind myself, but some of my children might not like it.

We belonged to the Border, and the first sight that met my eyes every morning was the Eildon hills. My husband was a shepherd and we lived well enough until our family began to grow large, and then we thought it would be well for their sake to try Canada. We had a little saved and that, with what we got from the roup of our furniture, paid our passage and plenishing. We sailed from the Solway, into which a big ship from Liverpool called for a party of emigrants. We were rowed out in small boats, and when I got on to her deck my heart failed me, for such dirt and confusion I never saw the like, crowded as she was with 242 emigrants from county Kerry, who had gone on board at Liverpool. This we never expected, but it was too late now, and we had to make the best of it. The sight below was worse than above, and I turned fairly sick when I went down the ladder to our berths; the noise was bad enough but the smell was just awful. The mate, a swearing character, was not without a show of decency, and did the great favor of allotting to us Border folks, who numbered an even six dozen, the row of berths aft the main hatchway, so that we were kept together. We slipped out of the firth that night with the tide, and next morning, which was a most beautiful day, we kept tacking off and on the coast of the

North of Ireland. As we got out on the ocean I grew sea-sick, and for a few days I was just in misery; having to attend the children yet hardly able to raise my head. The ship's provisions were scanty and very bad, which did not matter much to us, for we had taken a good deal with us, but the poor Irish, who had brought nothing, were always wanting to borrow, and as we, not having more than enough to serve ourselves, had to refuse, they abused us for being proud, and tried to pick quarrels, but both the Scotch and English of us kept our tempers and gave them no offence. Their jealousy and ill-feeling grew, and one morning they banded together to prevent our getting hot water at the galley. This we could not stand, for the water was bad and only fit to drink when boiled and made into tea or gruel. The captain refused to interfere, being afraid, we thought, of having trouble with the Kerry men, and when we told the mate he only swore at our lads for a cowardly lot of sheep-tenders. When dinner-time came, our men got out their crooks, and, going quietly on deck, formed in a column and, laying about them right and left, cleared a road to the galley. There were fearful threats made, but nothing came of them, and after that we were respected and left alone.

The ship made little headway owing to the wind keeping in the west, and it was on the eighth day of our voyage that it became known to us that a

woman, who had been sick for some time, was ill of the fever. On that day she got delirious and her people could not hide the truth longer. Four of the oldest men of our party were sent to tell the captain. He made light of their news and said they were mistaken about the disease, but he refused to come and see the woman or to erect a partition across the hold to separate us from the rest of the passengers. We took his treatment sore to heart. When ship-owners get his passage-money, they don't care what becomes of the poor emigrant, and would just as soon he would die on the voyage as land him. We went to sleep that night sad and frightened, for we knew, by reading the papers, what ship-fever meant. Well, next day the woman was worse, and on the evening of the third she died. We were all anxious that the corpse should be buried at once, so that the infection might not be spread by it, and two of our folk, taking some things that might be useful in preparing the body, went over to where it lay to advise that that be done. The poor creatures got angry at once, and drove them back, and cursed us for a set of heretics, who would put the decent woman out of sight without waking her. They laid the corpse on top of some chests in the centre of the ship, surrounded it by candles, and then the keening began, which drove me nearly into hysterics. The captain, hearing what was going on, sent down a keg of rum, and

made matters worse. Towards morning, when the drink had taken effect, they began to quarrel, and the noise and confusion was terrible. There being no partition, we could see the whole length of the hold, with the rows of berths on either side, and towards the far end, in the middle of the ship, was the white heap formed by the corpse and lighted by candles, with the women sitting around it, wailing in the most unearthly way, and taking no heed of the men and children who swarmed outside of them, talking, shouting, pushing, and fighting. A candle was knocked down and there was a cry of fire, but an old woman smothered it with her cloak. As we could not sleep, and were afraid they might come to our end of the ship and give us trouble, we went on deck to wait till all was over. It was a cold, raw morning, with not enough of wind to keep the ship from pitching, but anything was better than being below. When the eight o'clock bell struck, the Irish came swarming up, bearing the corpse. They rested it awhile by the bulwarks, when all, even to the smallest child, fell on their knees in prayer. Then it was lifted over and let drop into the ocean. The sailors would not help, keeping by themselves on the forecastle, for they were afraid of the infection. As four days passed without a new case, we were beginning to hope the danger was passed, but on the fifth three children took ill, and before the week was done

there were 17 down. After that the disease had its own way, and deaths became so frequent that it was impossible to hold wakes. We pitied the poor creatures, and gave more than we could spare to help them. The worst want of the sick was water and though it smelt so that a horse would not have touched it and not worth the saving, for there was plenty on board such as it was, the captain would not order that the allowance be increased, but he encouraged the steward to sell liquor, in the profit of which he shared. I cannot begin to tell you of the scenes we had to endure; it was of God's mercy that they did not take away our senses. If the ship was dirty before the fever broke out, it was worse now, and the smell, as you stepped from the deck, was like to knock you down. None of our folk, with one sorrowful exception, took the disease, which was not considered strange by the Irish, for they accounted the taking away of the sick, especially of the young, as a sign of favor by the saints, who carried them to glory. The exception was my husband. When about to raise a tin of tea to his lips one morning, he saw a child looking at him from her berth with such entreating eyes, that he went over and held the vessel to the girl's mouth. When she was satisfied, he drank what was left. Three days after he complained of a racking headache, which was followed by a chill, after that the fever set in. Just because he was

such a lusty man the disease went hard with him, and on the tenth day of his illness I saw there was no hope. It was in the afternoon as I sat by him, listening to his ravings, that he suddenly sat up, and pointing to the shaft of sunshine that poured down the hatchway into the dark and loathsome hold, he said, "It fa's on the Cheviots and glints on the Tweed e'noo; let me bask in't once mair." We carried him over and laid him in the sunlight. The delirium left him, and a sweet smile came to his face. "Hae ye onything to say?" I whispered in his ear. "No, Mailie," he answered softly, "I am quite happy an' feel the grip o' my Saviour's han': God will be wi' you and the bairns." He never opened his een mair, but the smile lingered on his lips until the sun began to sink, and as he felt the glow leave his cheek, he muttered, 'It's growin' late and the nicht will be ower cauld for the lammies; I'll ca' the ewes frae the knowes," and so saying he slipped awa wi' the Great Shepherd o' the Sheep to the lown valley and the still waters. Though my sorrow was like to rive my head, I kept my composure, for there was work to be done, and nothing can excuse neglect of duty. I prepared him for burial, and when all was ready, an old friend, a brother shepherd of my husband from a boy, gave out the 90th psalm, and when it had been sung, he read the 14th chapter of John, and offered up a most soul-striving prayer, so that, when the corpse was

lifted, there was not a dry cheek. We followed as it was carried to the deck. The ship was on the banks of Newfoundland, and the ocean was a dead calm, the new moon lighting up the thin haze of mist that lay upon it. I had wrapped my husband in his plaid, and thrust his crook lengthways through the outer fold. Holding each an end of it. two of the strongest of our men swung the body well out from the ship's side. As it disappeared I felt that my love for man as wife had gone with it, and such a sense of desolation came over me as words cannot tell.

Five days after we came to quarantine, where the sick were landed, and, just five weeks and two days from the time we left Scotland, we sailed into Quebec harbor. We were a small and heartbroken handful. Our chests had been brought on deck and we sat on them, waiting for the steamer to come alongside that was to carry us to Montreal. None of our folk had asked me what I was going to do, and I knew the reason. It was not that they were unwilling to help me, but because they had more than they could do to mind themselves. They felt for me sore, but they could not take the bite out of their own children's mouths to give to mine. Indeed, there was hardly one of them who knew what they were going to do, for they had come to Canada to seek new homes on chance. I had had my own thoughts and had marked out what I would try to do.

"There's the steamer; get yer bairns thegither and I'll look to yer kists."

It was a hard-favored man that spoke, a shepherd named Braxton from Cumberland, who all the voyage had hardly said a word. Glad of his help I followed him. He bought milk and bread for us when the steamer called at Three Rivers, but never saying aught until Montreal was in sight.

"What beest thou gaun to do?" he asked. I said I was going to bide in Montreal and try to get something to do. I was strong and had a pair of good hands. He gave a kind of snort.

"Ye canna mak eneugh to keep five bairns; ye'd better come wi' me"

"Where till?" I asked.

"I dinna knaw yet, but I'se get lan' somewhere near and ye'se keep house for me."

"Are ye a single man?" He nodded. I sat thinking. He was a stranger to me beyond what I had seen of him on the ship. Could I trust him? Here was a home for my children in the meanwhile. For their sake would I do right to refuse the offer? My mind was made up, and I told him I would go with him.

"I canna offer thee wages," he said.

"I dinna ask any."

"Very well," he replied, and no more was said.

By this time they had yoked the steamer to a string of oxen, which helped it up the current into

the harbor, and in course of an hour we were in Sandy Shaw's tavern. In answer to Braxton, the landlord told him of there being bush land easy to be had near to the city. Next day at sunrise he left to see it, and it was after dark on the third day when he came back. He had got a lot on the Chateaugay, and we were to start for it early next day. I had the children dressed soon after daylight, and the three youngest rode on the French cart that was hired to take our chests to Lachine. The rest of us followed on foot. It was a fine morning, but very warm, and the road was deep with dust, which the wind raised in clouds like to choke us. When we got to Lachine we were disappointed to find that the ferryboat was unable to leave her wharf owing to the strong wind blowing down the lake and which had raised a heavy sea. We sat on our boxes and spent a weary day, my head being just like to split with the heat and the shouting and jabbering of the bateau men. There were several hundred emigrants waiting besides ourselves, for the Durham boats could not start until the wind changed. We could not get a bite to buy, for the Canadians were afraid of us on account of the fever, and they had reason, for among those waiting were many who had been sick of it, and there were some who were so white and wasted that you would say the hand of death was upon them. Towards sunset the wind fell and the lake got

calmer, so the ferry boat started. Her paddles were not driven by a steam engine but by a pair of horses, which went round and round. It was going to be moonlight, so when we were put off at the Basin, we thought we would push on to Reeves's, for it would be cooler than to walk next day, and we might thereby catch the canoes Braxton had bespoke. A cart was hired to convey our chests and the younger children, and we set off. We got along very well for about five miles, when we heard distant thunder, and half an hour after the sky was clouded and we saw a storm would soon burst. We knocked at the doors of several houses, but none would let us in. As soon as the habitants saw we were emigrants, they shut the door in our face, being afraid of the fever. When the rain began to fall, the boy who was driving halted beneath a clump of trees by the river-side, and I got under the cart with the children. It just poured for about half an hour and the lightning and thunder were fearful. We were soon wet to the skin, and I felt so desolate and lonesome, that I drew my shawl over my head, and, hugging my youngest child to my bosom, had a good cry. Those born here cannot understand how castdown and solitary newcomers feel. For months after I came, the tear would start to my eye whenever I thought of Scotland. Well, the storm passed, and the moon came out bright in a clear sky. It was much cooler, but

the roads were awful, and we went on, slipping at every step or splashing through mud-holes. Had I not been so much concerned about the children, I could never have got through that night; helping and cheering them made me forget my own weariness. It was getting to be daylight when the cart at last stopped in front of a long stone house, in which there was not a soul stirring, though the doors were all open. The boy pointed us to where the kitchen was and turned to unyoke his horse. I found four men sleeping on the floor, who woke up as we went in. They were French and very civil, giving up the buffaloes they had been sleeping upon for the children. I sat down on a rocking-chair, and fell at once asleep. The sound of somebody stamping past woke me with a start. It was the master of the house, a lame man, whom I found out after to be very keen but honest and kind in his way. It was well on in the day, and breakfast was on the table. I was so tired and sore that I could hardly move. Braxton came in and asked if we were able to go on, for the canoes would be ready to start in an hour. I was determined he should not be hindered by me, so I woke up the children, washed and tidied them as I best could, and then we had breakfast, which did us a deal of good. There were two canoes, which were just long flat boats, with two men in each to manage them. Our baggage and ourselves were divided equally

between them, and we started, everything looking most fresh and beautiful, but the mosquitoes were perfectly awful, the children's faces swelling into lumps, and between them and the heat they grew fretful. For a long way after leaving Reeves's there were breaks in the bush that lined the river banks—the clearances of settlers with shanties in front—but they grew fewer as we went on, until we would go a long way without seeing anything but the trees, that grew down to the water's edge. Getting round the rapids was very tiresome, and it was late in the day when the men turned the canoes into a creek and pulled up alongside its west bank. This was our lot and where we were to stay. Placing our boxes so as to form a sort of wall, the canoemen felled some small cedars for a roof, and, lighting a fire, they left us. I watched the boats until they were out of sight and the sound of their paddles died away, and then felt, for the first time, what it is to be alone in the backwoods. There was so much to do that I had no time to think of anything, and the children were happy, everything being new to them. The kettle was put on and tea made, and we had our first meal on our farm—if you had seen it, with the underbrush around us so thick that we could not go six rods, you would have said it never could be made a farm.

We slept that night under our cover of cedar bushes and slept sound. In the morning Braxton

and my oldest boy started down the track, for it was no road, that followed the bank of the Chateaugay, to see if the settlers below would help to raise a shanty, and while they were gone I did my best to get things into order. For all I had come through, there was lightness in my heart, for there is a freedom and hopefulness in living in the woods that nothing else seems to give one, and I made child's play of discomforts that would have disheartened me had I been told of them before leaving Scotland. It was nigh noon when Braxton came back. He had been made welcome everywhere, all were glad to have a new neighbor, and the promise given that word would be sent to all within reach to come to a bee next day. After dinner he took the axe and tried his hand at chopping. He began on a tree about half a foot thick and was nicking it all round, we looking on and admiring.

"Ye'll kill somebody with that tree," said a voice behind us, and turning, to our astonishment we saw a tall woman, in a poke-bonnet, looking on. Explaining that it was necessary to know how a tree would fall, she pointed how any direction could be secured by the way it was chopped, and, seizing the axe, she showed how, and, under her strokes, the first tree fell amid the shouts of the children. She was the wife of our nearest neighbor, and, on hearing of our arrival, had come over to see us, "Being real glad," as she said, "to have

a woman so near." She stayed an hour, and after finding out all about us, showed me how to do a great many things needful in bush-life. Among the rest, how to make a smudge to protect us from the mosquitoes, which was a real comfort.

Next morning six men came and spent the day in clearing space for the shanty and in making logs for it. The day after, Braxton with two of the men went to Todd's to buy boards and rafted them down the river. On the third day the raising took place, and that night, though it was not finished, we slept in it, and proud we were, for the house as well as the land was our own. It was quite a while before Braxton could finish it, for there was more pressing work to do, and for a month and more our only door was a blanket. The fire was on the hearth with an open chimney made of poles covered with clay. And here I must tell of my first trial at baking. We had brought a bag of flour and, once established in our shanty, I resolved to make a loaf. As you know, in Scotland there is no baking of bread in the houses of the commonality, and though nobody could beat me at scones or oat cake, I had never seen a loaf made. I thought, however, there was no great knack about it. I knew hops were needed, and sent one of my boys with a pail to borrow some from my neighbor, who sent it back half full. I set to work, and after making a nice dough I mixed the hops with it, and mould-

ed a loaf, which my oldest son, who had seen the process while visiting round, undertook to bake. He put it into a Dutch oven, or chaudron, and heaping hot ashes over it, we waited for an hour, when the chandron was taken out and the cover lifted. Instead of a nice, well-raised loaf, there was at the bottom of it a flat black cake. "Maybe it will taste better than it looks," says I, thrusting a knife at it, but the point was turned, and we found our loaf to be so hard that you could have broken it with a hammer. And the taste! It was bitter as gall. Well, that was a good lesson to me, and I was not above asking my neighbors after that about matters on which I was ignorant.

No sooner had shelter been provided for us, than we all turned to with hearty will to clear up a bit of land. My boys were a great help, and the oldest got to be very handy with the axe, which was well, for Braxton never got into the right hang of using it, and spent double the strength in doing the same work my boy did. There is quite an art in chopping. It was exhausting work clearing up the land, being quite new to us and the weather very hot. Often had Braxton to lay down his axe and bathe his head in the creek, but he never stopped, working from dawn to darkening, and when it was moonlight still longer. I helped to brush and log, as much to encourage my boys to work as for all I could do. When ready to burn, three neighbors came

to show us how to do it and, the logs being large and full of sap, it was a slow and laborious job The men looked like Blackamoors, being blacker than any sweeps, from smoke and the coom that rubbed off the logs, while the sweat just rolled down them, owing to the heat of the fires and the weather. We came on to our lot on the 29th of May and it was well on in June when the remains of the logs were handspiked out of the way and the ground was kind of clear between the stumps on half an acre. In the ashes we planted potatoes, and a week after, when a bit more land was taken in, we put in a few more. This done, we turned to make potash. Except along the creek there was no timber on our lot fit for making ashes but on its banks there was a fine cut of swale elm. The chopping of the trees was the easiest part of the work, the getting of the logs together and burning them being difficult, the underbrush being very thick and we so short of help in handling the felled trees. A neighbor showed us how to make a plan-heap and skid logs, but from inexperience we did not work to much advantage that summer. We, however, wrought with a will and kept at it, even my youngest, Ailie, helping by fetching water to drink. Young people nowadays have no idea of what work is, and I don't suppose that one in twenty of them would go through what their fathers and mothers did. Although it was a dry

summer, the banks of the creek were soft, so our feet were wet all the time and we had to raise the heaps on beds of logs to get them to burn. Our first lot of ashes we lost. Before they could be lifted into the leaches, a thunderstorm came on and in a few minutes the labor of a fortnight was spoiled. After that, we kept them covered with strips of bark.

The neighbors were very kind. They had little and had not an hour to spare, but they never grudged lending us a hand or sharing with us anything we could not do without. There was no pride or ceremony then, and neighbors lived as if they were one family. One of them who had a potash kettle lent it to us, and it was fetched on a float or sort of raft, which was pushed up the creek as far as it would go. Then the kettle was lifted out and carried by main strength, suspended on a pole. We had thought the chopping, the logging, and the burning bad enough, (the carrying of water to the leaches and the boiling of the lye was child's play) but the melting of the salts was awful. Between the exertion in stirring, the heat of the sun and of the fire, flesh and blood could hardly bear up. How we ever managed I do not know, unless it was by keeping at it and aye at it, but on the first week of October we had filled a barrel with potash, and Reeves took it away in one of his canoes and sold it in town for us, on the understanding

that we were to take the pay out of his store. He made thus both ways, and everything he kept was very dear. I have paid him 25 cents a yard for common calico and a dollar a pound for tea. We could not help ourselves just then.

I should have told you our potatoes grew wonderfully. There is a warmth in newly-burned land or a nourishment in ashes, I don't know which, that makes everything grow on new land far beyond what they do elsewhere. The frost held off well that fall, and we lifted our crop in good order, except a few that were very late planted, which did not ripen properly. When we landed on our lot, Braxton used his last dollar to pay the canoemen, and I had just 15 shillings left after paying the boards we got at Todd's mill, so all we had to put us over until another crop would be raised, was the potatoes and what we could make out of potash. We were in no way discouraged. The work was slavish, but we were working for ourselves in making a home: the land was our own, and every day it was improving. The children took to the country and its ways at once and were quite contented. We were cheerful and hopeful, feeling we had something to work for and it was worth our while to put up with present hardship. I remember a neighbor's wife, who was always miscalling Canada and regretting she had come to it, being satisfied with nothing here. She said to her husband one day,

in my hearing, "In Scotland you had your two cows' grass and besides your wage sae muckle meal and potatoes, and we were bien and comfortable; but you wad leave, and dae better, and this is your Canada for you!" "Can you no haud your tongue, woman," he replied, "we hae *a prospect* here, and that is what we hadna in Scotland." That was just it, we had a prospect before us that cheered us on to thole our hardships.

I counted not the least of the drawbacks of the bush, the lack of public ordinances. There was no church to go to on Sabbath, and the day was spent in idleness, mostly in visiting. Sometimes the young men went fishing or hunting, but that was not common in our neighborhood, where the settlers respected it as a day of rest, though without religious observance of any kind. Accustomed from a child to go to kirk regularly in Scotland, I felt out of my ordinary as each Sabbath came round. To be sure, I taught the children their catechism and we read the story of Joseph and the two books of Kings before the winter set in, but that did not satisfy me. The nearest preaching was at South Georgetown, and tho' I heard no good of the minister I wanted to go. Somehow, something aye came in the way every Sabbath morning I set. At last, it was after the potatoes had been lifted and the outdoor work about over one Sabbath morning in October, a canoe, on its way down, stopped to leave a message for us.

This was my chance, and getting ready I and my two oldest children went, leaving the others in charge of Braxton, and, for a quiet man, he got on well with children, for he was fond of th m. I remember that sail as if it were yesterday—the glow of the hazy sunlight, the river smooth as a looking-glass, in which the trees, new clad in red and yellow claes, keeked at themselves, and the very spirit of peace seemed to hover in the air. Oh it was soothing, and I thought over all I had come through since I left Scotland. Tho' I could not help thinking how different it had been with me six months before, yet my heart welled up as I thought of all the blessings showered on me and mine and thanked God for his goodness It was late when we came in sight of the church, for the sound of singing told us worship had begun. Dundee was the tune, and as the voices came softly over the water my heart so melted within me to hear once again and in a strange land the psalmody of Scotland that I had to turn away my head to greet. Stepping ashore where the church stood on the river bank, we went quietly in. It was a bare shed of a place, with planks set up for seats, and there were not over thirty present. The minister was a fresh-colored, presentable enough man, and gave a very good sermon, from the 11th chapter of Second Corinthians. While he was expatiating on what the apostle had suffered, something seemed to strike him, and

he said, "Aye, aye, Paul, ye went through much but you never cut down trees in Canada." He spoke feelingly, for he had to work like the rest of his neighbors to earn his bread. One end of the church was boarded off, and in it he and his wife lived. I will say no more about Mr McWattie, for his failing was notorious. When worship was over, it was a great treat to mix with the folk. That I did not know a soul present made no difference, for all were free then and I made friendships that day that have lasted to this. When he heard that I was from the south of Scotland, Mr Brodie would take no refusal and I had to go with him across the river to his house, where we had dinner, and soon after set out to walk home. People now-a-days think it a hardship to walk a mile to church, but I knew many then who went four or five, let the weather be what it might. It was dark before we got home, and that night there was a frost that killed everything. The weather kept fine, however, until December, and we had no severe cold until the week before New Year.

I cannot think of anything out of the common that first winter. Our neighbors wrought at chopping cordwood to raft to Montreal in the spring, but Braxton could not, for he had no oxen to draw the wood to the river-bank, so we went on enlarging our clearance. I forgot to say, that one of our North Georgetown acquaintances gave my

oldest boy a pig in a present, and we managed to keep the little creature alive with the house-slop and boiling the potatoes that had not ripened well.

We all suffered from the cold, wh' was past anything we had any conception of before coming to Canada. Our shanty was so open that it did little more than break the wind, and water spilled on the floor at once froze. We had plenty of wood, but it was green, and the logs were fizzing and boiling out the sap the day long, and it took Braxton quite a while to learn that some kinds of wood burn better than others. At first he was just as likely to bring in a basswood or elm log as one of maple or hemlock. Most of the heat went up the big chimney, so that while our faces would be burning, our backs were cold. It was worst in the mornings, for I would rise to find everything solid, even the bread having to be thawed, and the blankets so stiff from our breaths and the snow that had sifted in that I had to hang them near the fire to dry. We kept our health, however, and after the middle of February the weather moderated. In March a deer, while crossing our clearance, broke through the crust, and while floundering in the snow was killed by two of my boys. After that they were on the watch, and ran down and killed two more with their axes. I salted and dried the hams, and but for them we would have fared poorly. Having no kettle, we made only a little maple sugar that

spring by boiling the sap in the kailpot. There was no sugar then like what is made now, it was black and had a smoky flavor.

The spring was late and wet, which was a great disappointment, for Braxton could not burn the log-heaps he had ready and make potash, on the money for which he counted to buy provisions to put us over until harvest. To make matters worse, provisions got to be very scarce and dear, so that flour and oatmeal sold at $5 the quintal, and sometimes was not to be had. One day, when quite out, I went down to Rutherford's, who kept a bit of a store, and he had neither meal nor flour, but went into the kitchen and brought out a bowlful of the meal they had for themselves. I went over the potatoes we had cut for seed, and sliced off enough around the eyes to make a dinner for us. In June, provisions became more plentiful, for the boats had begun to bring supplies from Upper Canada to Montreal. It was the middle of that month before Braxton had a barrel of potash ready, and the money it brought did not pay what we were due the storekeepers. We were kept very bare that summer, but had a prospect before us in the three acres of crops which we had got in and which were doing finely.

I can never forget that summer from the fright I had about Ailie. She was as sweet a wee dot as there was in the world, so loving and confiding that she made friends with everybody at sight.

I was never tired of watching her pretty ways and listening to her merry prattle. We were busy one afternoon leaching ashes, when suddenly my oldest boy asked, "Where's Ailie?' I started, and remembered that it was over an hour since I had seen her. "She'll have gone back to the house to take a sleep," I said, and I told one of her sisters to go and see. We went on again, carrying water, when, after a while, the lassie came back with the word that she could find Ailie nowhere. We threw down our tubs and dishes, and I shouted her name as loud as I could, thinking she was nearby in the woods. No answer came. "She'll have fallen asleep under some bush, and doesna hear us," I said, and, with my children, we went here and there searching for her, calling her name, and all without finding Ailie. Braxton was an immovable man, who seldom spoke or gave sign of what he was thinking about, but when we were together again and all had the same report, his mouth quivered. Turning down the wooden scoop with which he had been shovelling ashes, he said, "We'll dae nae mae wark till we find the bairn." This time we went more systematically about our search, but again it was without avail. It was a hot afternoon, and the sunshine was so bright it lighted up the darkest nooks of the forest, but in none we explored was Ailie. When we met one another in our search and learned not a trace had been found, a pang of agony went through our

hearts. Braxton followed the creek and looked well along the bank of the Chateaugay. It was not until it had become too dark to see that our shouts and cries of "Ailie" ceased to sound through the bush. When we had returned to the house, I stirred up the fire and made supper. When we sat down, not one of us could eat. Braxton bit a piece of bread, but could not swallow it, and with a groan he left the table. We talked over what should be done next, and agreed to warn our neighbors to come and help at daylight, which Braxton and the boys went to do. None of us liked to speak of what may have befallen the child, though we all had our fears, that she had strayed down to the Chateaugay and been drowned or gone into the woods and a wild beast had devoured her. Although they had not troubled us, we knew there were bears and wolves in the swamps to the north of us and there had been even tall ... paramount having been seen. While there was hope I was not going to lose heart, and when I besought the Lord to restore my last born to my arms I thanked Him that the night was so dry and warm that she could come by no ill from the weather. I did not sleep a wink that night, sitting at the door and straining my hearing in the hope that I might catch the cry of my Ailie. Beside the croaking of the frogs and the bit chirrup of some mother-bird that wakened in its nest and tucked her young closer under her wings,

I heard nothing. When the stars were beginning to fade I set about getting breakfast ready and wakened the children. I had no need to call Braxton. Poor man, though he said not a word, I knew he had not closed an eye. I insisted on their making a hearty breakfast so as to be strong for the work before them, and in the pockets of each I put a slice of bread and a bit of maple sugar for Ailie, should they find her, for I knew she would be perishing from hunger. Soon after sunrise the neighbors began to drop in until there was a party of over twenty. All had their dogs and some of them had brought axes and guns. It was arranged we should start out in every direction, yet keeping so near as to be always within hearing. By spreading out this way in a circle we would be sure to examine every part of the bush, while two men were to search the river bank in a canoe. We started, some calling aloud, others blowing horns or ringing ox-bells until the woods echoed again, and all without avail, for no Ailie was to be found. What could have become of the bairn? It was as if the earth had opened and swallowed her up. After beating the bush for miles around we gathered together at noon, as had been arranged. Not a trace had been found. We talked it over and over and were at our wits' end. One lad, new come out and with his head full about Indians, suggested that one of them might have stolen her, and, indeed, it looked feas-

ible, did we not know that the few Indians we had were civil and harmless. Had a wild beast taken her, we would have found some fragments of her bit dress. I was dumb with disappointment and sorrow, and had begun to think I would never see her alive. It was agreed among the men it would be useless to spread out farther, that we were now deeper in the woods than it was possible for her to have wandered, and that we should use the afternoon in going back over the ground we had passed, making a better examination of it. We went back slowly, stopping to look at every log and going through every hollow, and, though there was once a shout that her trail had been struck, it proved a mistake, and our second scouring of the woods was as fruitless as the first. The sun was fast westering when we drew nigh our shanty. About four acres back of it there was a waterhole, a low wet spot which all of us had gone round, nobody deeming it possible for the child to have put foot upon it. As I looked at the black oozy muck, half floating in water, the thought struck me, the toddler could walk where a grown-up person would sink, and without saying a word to the lad who was with me, I drew off my shoes and stockings, and, kilting my petticoat, stepped in. How I wrestled through I do not know, but once in I had to scramble as I best could until I reached a dry spot in the centre that was like an island, and on

which there was a thicket of bushes. Daubed with muck and wringing wet, I paused when I got my footing. I heard a rustle. I was panting for breath, so exhausted that I was about to sit down for a little, but that sound revived hope in me. I peered through the bushes and saw a deer gazing at me. The creature stared, without moving, which was strange for so t[illegible]d an animal. I slipped through an opening in the bushes and there, on a grassy plot, lay my Ailie asleep, crusted with muck, and with her arms clasped round the neck of a baby deer; her wee bit face black with dirt and streaked where the tears had been running down. I snatched her to my bosom and sinking down I hugged and cried over her like one demented. Oh, had you heard her joyful cry of "Mammie, mammie!" and seen her lift her bit pinched mou to mine, you would have cried with us. The deer did not stir but stood looking on, startled and wondering, while the fawn lay quietly beside me. This was a mystery, which I soon solved, for I found the fawn could not move from having a broken leg, and the faithful mother deer would not leave her young one. The shout that Ailie had been found soon brought plenty of help, and the first man that came made to kill the deer, but I prevented him and could not, ever after, bear him near me. There are savages among us who cannot see any of God's creatures, however harmless, in a state of nature, without trying to take

their lives. Sportsmen, indeed! Useless louts, who would do the country a service were they to use their powder and shot in killing one another. The fallen tree, by which the deer got across the swale to its well-hidden nest, was found, and I returned by it, carrying Ailie, while Braxton took the fawn in his arms, the deer following. There was much rejoicing at our humble shanty before our neighbors left, and many attempts to account for Ailie's wandering to where she did. She was weak from want of food and I feared she might be the worse of her exposure, but next day, beyond that she was pale, she was well as ever. From what we could gather from her, we made out tolerably plain how her disappearance had come about. While playing near the house, she saw the deer come out of the woods, jump the fence of our clearance, and begin to browse on the oats. Ailie seeing the fawn ran to catch the bonnie creature, when the mother took the alarm, and bounded back into the woods. In attempting to follow, the fawn struck one of its hind feet against the top rail of the fence, and broke the bone. Ailie caught the wee beastie, and held it in her arms, when the doe returned, hunted her away, and managed to induce its young one to hirple after it on three legs to its lair in the wee swamp. Ailie, wanting to get the fawn, followed, which she could do, for they must have gone slowly. When tired of fondling the creature, she

would have returned home, but could not find the way out, and cried and slept, and slept and cried, croodling down beside the wounded fawn as it nestled under its mother, which, from its concern for its injured offspring, never tried to drive Ailie away. Well, Braxton set the broken bone and the leg got strong again, but before it did the fawn had become so attached to Ailie that it would not leave her, and the mother, which had watched over her offspring in the most touching way, had become so accustomed to us and so tame that it did not offer to leave, running in the woods where it had a mind, and making its home in a shed my boys put up for her. She was torn to death, two years after, by a hound that a Yankee neer-do-weel brought in, but the fawn lived with us until she died of a natural death.

We had a fair harvest that fall, and, when it was got in, we had the satisfaction of knowing that we would have enough to eat until another was ready. There being no oatmeal-mill then in the country, Braxton traded half of the oats for wheat with a neighbor who wanted them for a lumber-camp. There was a grist mill convenient at the Portage, which was burned the following summer, after which we had to send all the way to Huntingdon, where there was a poor sort of a mill. Having no horse, the bag was carried by Braxton on his shoulder. The want of a yoke of oxen was so much against our getting on, that we

determined to run some risk in getting one, and saved in every way possible with that in view. The week before New Year we hired a horse and traineau from a neighbor, paying him in work, and Braxton went to Montreal with two barrels of potash. On his way down he had the offer at the Basin of a heifer that was coming in, and instead of buying the cloth intended, he saved the money, and took her on his way home. She was a real beauty, and, out of all the cows we had after, there was not one to me like her, she was so kindly and proved such a grand milker. We were all so proud of her that, for a week after she came, we never tired looking at her, and the children were comforted for the want of the clothing they needed by having her for a pet. You may not think it, but the sorest want of our settlement was clothes. When those brought from the Old Country were done, there was no money to spare to buy others, and families who had plenty to eat were nigh half-naked, you may say, and on very cold days could not venture out. I did the best I could, patching and darning, yet we all suffered much from cold that winter on account of want of sufficient clothing. Braxton, poor man, had only a thickness of cloth between him and the weather, yet he never complained and went to his work in the bush on the coldest days. The exposure, together with hard work, told on him afterwards and shortened his life.

When the lumber-camps were breaking up, we had a chance of a yoke of oxen within our ability to pay for, and they were brought home to the barn that had been raised before the snow came. We had not straw enough for three head, but managed to keep them alive by cutting down trees for them to eat the tender ends of the branches. Many a pailful of browse I snapped off for my bossie that spring. It was well for us the grass came early.

I do not know that I have much more to tell that would interest you. The oxen gave us a great start in clearing the land, and that season we did more than all we had done before. We paid the seignior regularly, and once we were a little ahead it was wonderful how well we got on. Then you must bear in mind, that, as my boys grew up, we were strong in help, and our place improved quickly compared with the generality of those beside us. That fall we got another cow and two sheep, so that we never afterwards wanted for milk or yarn. It was a hard struggle, with many ups and downs, much slavish work and pinching and paring, but in course of time we had all we could reasonably wish and were content.

I was long concerned about the schooling of my children, of whom only two had got any before leaving Scotland. We could not help ourselves until the fourth year of our coming, when a man, lame of a leg, came round and told us he was a schoolmaster. The neighbors consulted and one

of them gave a log stable he was not using, which was fitted up as a schoolhouse, and the man set to work. He could teach his scholars little, and tried to cover up his deficiencies by threshing them unmercifully. He was got rid of and another hired, who was more qualified but was given to drink. They were a miserable lot of teachers in those days, being either lazy or drunken fellows who took to keeping school without considering whether they were qualified. In course of time we had a church at Ormstown, Mr Colquhoun, a proud Highlander, being the first minister. When we came, there was only one (old Jones) living where Ormstown stands, now it is a large village, with buildings the like of which nobody could have expected to see. There has been a wonderful improvement all over, and, when I first saw it, to have foretold the country would become what it now is, nobody would have believed. That the people have improved correspondingly I do not think. The money, scraped together by the hard work of their fathers, I have seen squandered by lads who despised the plow, and the upsetting ways of many families are pitiful to see. Folk in the old times lived far more simply and happily.

You want to know what became of Braxton. He died 14 years after we came here. It was in the winter and I thought he had caught cold while skidding logs in the bush. Any way, inflammation

set in, and he died within a week of his first complaining. We mourned sorely for him. A more patient or truer soul never breathed, and to the example he set my boys, who have all done well, I set down much of the credit. We counted up his share of the property, and, adding £20 to it, sent it to his sister in England, who was his only relative. I may say all my old acquaintances are gone, for there are few now on the river who were there when I came, and I wait patiently to follow them, living happily, as you see, with Ailie and her children until the Lord is pleased to call me.

JEANIE MORISON.

CHAPTER I.

Only those who have lived in a cold country like Canada can fully realize the pleasurable sensations which attend the opening of spring. The weary monotony of winter, with its unvarying aspect of white fields, and steady frost, often so intense as to make exposure painful, gives way to freedom and life, and with some such feelings as stir the heart of the prisoner, when he exchanges his darksome cell for sunshine and green fields, does the dweller of Canada hail the time when the snowbanks disappear and when he can, without wraps, move whether he will in the genial atmosphere. It was at that period of the year when the simple incidents I am going to relate took place.

Amid the unbroken forest which covered the county of Huntingdon in the year 1820, a log shanty stood on the west bank of Oak creek, at a point where the beavers had by their industry formed a small meadow. The shanty was rude

as might be, of unsquared logs, with a roof of basswood split into slabs, and a stick chimney. The interior consisted of a single room, and a small one at that. The inmates were a mother and daughter. The mother, engaged in spinning, sat in the sunshine which streamed through the open door, brightening the few pieces of furniture it fell upon and whitening still more the heaps of ashes in the open fire-place, behind which smouldered a huge backlog. She had evidently passed her fiftieth year, while the pressed lips and look of patient reserve told of the endurance of a lifelong sorrow.

"Dae ye no see or hear ocht?" she asked, looking through the doorway to the woods beyond, to which she often turned her eyes.

"No, mother," replied the girl addressed, who was sitting on the doorstep.

"What can hae come ower him!" said the woman in a low voice.

"Dinna fret; he'll be here soon," said Jeanie in a tone that spoke more of a desire to comfort her mother than faith in her statement.

As if not heeding her, the mother resumed, "He said he would be back last nicht, and he should hae been. I sair misdoot ill has befaen him."

It was of her husband of whom she spoke. He had worked all winter for a party of Americans, who were cutting the best of the timber along the banks of the creek, and had gone Monday morning

to aid them in driving the logs to the point on the Chateaugay where they were to be formed into rafts and thence taken to Quebec. His last words had been that he would, at the latest, be back the following evening and it was now the third day.

Jeanie strained her eyes and ears to catch the faintest sign of her father's approach. The quaver of the grey-bird and the chirrup of the chipmunk came occasionally from the recesses of the woods, which lay sleeping in the April sunshine that glorified everything, but no rustle of branch or cracking of dried stick that would indicate an approaching footstep. The usually silent creek, now swollen by melted snow, lapped its banks in pursuing its tortuous course, murmuring a soothing lullaby to the genial day; and that great peace, to be found only in mountain recess or forest depth, brooded over the scene. But there, where all the influences of nature were so soothing, were two hearts filled with anxious care.

"Jeanie," suddenly exclaimed the mother, after a long pause, and staying the whirr of the wheel, "you maun gang and seek your father. Gae down to Palmer's and there you'll find the rafts, and the men will tell you whether he left for hame or no."

"But I dinna like to leave you, mother, and I am sure you are taking trouble without need. He will be here by dark."

The mother understood the affectionate motive of her child in trying to make light of her fears, but well knew her anxiety was no less than her own.

"Say nae mair, my lassie, but gang while there is time for you to get back. You ken the yarn for the Yankee wife at the Fort is ready and there is no flour until he gangs there for it."

Casting one long eager glance down the creek, along which her father should come, the girl turned in from the door and made ready for the journey. Her preparations were easily made. The slipping on of her stoutest pair of shoes and throwing a plaid over her arm, as a hap from the cold after sunset, comprised them, and bidding her mother not to fret for she would bring back good news she started. She did not follow the creek, but struck northward across the penin a that forms the township of Elgin, her design being to reach Trout river, as being more fordable than the wider Chateaugay. The path was, probably, at first a deer run, which the few who travelled it, chiefly lumbermen, had roughly brushed. Only one accustomed to the woods could have kept the track, for, to a stranger's eye, it differed little from the openings which ever and anon appeared among the trees. Jeanie, however, was no novice to the path or to the bush, and she stepped quickly and with confidence on her way. She had walked about an hour beneath the solemn gloom of the

primeval forest when she saw an opening ahead, and knew she was approaching Trout river. On reaching it, she followed its bank, until, with one end grounded in a little bay, she found a large log. Grasping the first straight stick she saw lying about to serve as a pole, she pushed the log from its anchorage, and stepping on it as it moved guided it across the narrow river. From the liability of the log to roll, such a mode of ferrying is dangerous to those unused to it, but Jeanie knew how to place her feet and keep her balance and speedily gained the other bank and resumed her journey. On reaching the place where the two rivers unite, she could not, despite her anxiety, help pausing to admire the beautiful expanse of water, which, unruffled by a breath of wind, lay glassing itself in the sunshine, while the forest, which rose from its margin on either side, formed no unfit setting. Presently she saw a ripple upon its surface, and her keen eye perceived the black head of a muskrat, which was making its way to the opposite bank. While she followed the rapid movements of the little creature, there was the flash and smoke of a gun before her, and, while the woods were still echoing the report, a dog jumped into the water to bring in the rat, which floated dead upon the current. A few steps brought Jeanie to the marksman, a tall, wiry man, of rather prepossessing appearance. His dog had returned and laid the rat at his master's feet, who was encour-

aging him with exclamations of "Good dog! good dog!" when he caught sight of her.

"Waal neow, who would a thought it? Miss Jeanie herself and nobody else. How do you do?" And stretching forth his sinewy arm, he grasped her hand in a clutch that would have made a bear shed tears.

"Oh, I'm well, thank you, Mr Palmer, and my mother, but we're in sore trouble."

"Don't say the old man is sick?" and an anxious look passed over the kindly face of the honest Yankee.

"Oh, dear sir, we dinna ken whether he's sick or well. He left home Monday morning and was to be back next night and he hasna come yet, and I've come to ask after him and get help to find him if nobody knows where he is?" As she spoke there was a tremor in Jeanie's voice, and a tear glistened on her drooping eyelashes.

'Ha, do tell; this is serious," and the hunter leant upon his rifle and gazed abstractedly upon the river, as if trying to conjecture what could have become of the lost man, until, noting Jeanie's evident distress, he aroused himself, and, exhorting her to keep up heart, led the way to his house.

"You see,' he said, as they picked their way along the rough path by the river's edge, "there ain't much to shoot yet and what there is ain't worth killing, but I kinder felt lonesome to be about doors so fine a day, and I took a stroll, tho'

all I came across was that muskrat, which, darn it skin, ain't worth the lead that killed it."

"If the shooting is poor, the fishing will be good," said Jeanie, who humored the spirit of the sportsman.

"Couldn't be better," answered Mr Palmer, "I speared seven salmon at the foot of the rapids last night, and this morning I drew my seine full of as pretty fish as you would want to clap your eyes on."

The sound of rushing water told of their approach to the rapids, at the head of which, on a knoll a few rods to the left, stood Mr Palmer's house, which was a comfortable log one, overshadowed by majestic pines. On entering, they found Mrs Palmer, a rather delicate-looking woman, engaged in baking. Uttering an exclamation of surprise at the sight of Jeanie, she wiped her dusty hands and gave her a cordial welcome, as well she might, for the visits she had received from members of her own sex, since she had taken up her abode by the Chateaugay, might have been counted on her fingers without exhausting them. On learning the cause of Jeanie's journey, she received the tidings with the same anxious look as her husband. Evidently both entertained the worst forebodings, while both had a delicacy in speaking of what they believed to be the cause of his absence. Neither had seen him, but the gang of lumbermen he had helped were now form-

ing a raft half a mile below the house and it was arranged that Mr Palmer should go and see them while Jeanie would wait. Her hostess resumed her baking, and Jeanie, feeling the heat indoors oppressive on so fine a day, stepped out and sat on a log, near enough to keep up the conversation yet sufficiently far to enjoy the balmy atmosphere and the beauty of the scene before her. And here, before attempting to describe it, let me tell what manner of woman Jeanie was. She had that first quality of a handsome girl, stature—she was tall, with a form instinct with life—lithe and graceful, which, when matured by age, would become dignified also. She had no pretension to beauty, beyond what the liveliness of youth and a sweet temper can give to the countenance, but still her well-formed mouth, gray eyes, a forehead broad though not too high, and a wealth of light brown hair went to form a face that was pleasant to look upon. She had been a visitor at Palmer's house before, but its surroundings were still sufficiently novel to engage her even in her present distracted frame of mind, for, as became a Scotchwoman, she had a keen relish for whatever is beautiful in nature. Above, and until directly opposite her, the Chateaugay came sweeping, with graceful curve, a wide, unruffled sheet of water, until suddenly it fell over a rocky ledge and became a mass of foaming rapids, which brattled between banks, covered by trees and overhung by hazel bushes, until lost

to sight by a sharp bend a considerable distance below.* Being at flood height, the rapids were seen at their best, and Jeanie never wearied admiring the graceful sweep of the smooth water as it neared the ledge that preceded its fall, or the tumult of breakers into which, a moment after, it was tossed. It flashed upon her that the river was, perhaps, to prove a true type of her own and her mother's fate,—the even tenor of their life hitherto was about to be suddenly broken by her father's disappearance, and then the water, tossed from rock to rock, broken into spray and driven in every direction, except upward, would too truly represent their life hereafter. Raising her gaze to the south, she caught a glimpse, through a gash among the trees on the opposite bank where fire had levelled them, of a range of smooth moulded hills, which, blue and soft in the sweet spring sunshine, brought back to memory the dear old hills of her native land, and joy mingled with her sorrow.

The afternoon wore away apace and still Mr Palmer did not return. Above the noise of the rapids Jeanie heard, now and then, the shouts of the lumbermen as they heaved the logs in forming their raft, and whom Mr Palmer had gone down to see. Having finished her household duties and

*These rapids were known to old settlers as "Palmer's rapids." The quarrying of them for building purposes has greatly changed their appearance.

spread the supper on the table, Mrs Palmer sat down beside Jeanie and, with kindly craft, by talking of commonplace matters, strove to divert her mind. By-and-by the appearance of a fine spaniel, the same that had swam to the rat, indicated the approach of Mr Palmer, who, when he came up to them, leading his eldest girl, a chattering child, seemed in no hurry to answer the questioning eyes of the two women.

"Blessed if the dog don't scent something," said the worthy man, as he watched the animal creeping to a clump of underbrush to the right.

"Bother the dog," exclaimed Mrs Palmer, "what did the men tell you?"

"Waal, they ain't jest sure, you know, but they guess 'tis all right," and as he drawled out the words slowly and reluctantly, Jeanie could see that he was far from thinking it was all right.

"Oh, sir," she said, "you are a father yourself and you are as dear to your child as she is to you. Tell me the worst, and be done wi' it."

"Don't take on, Jeanie; it may be all right yet. Your father helped to tote the logs to the foot of the rapids, and left them, well and strong, to walk home last night. I rather conjecture he lost his way, but he will be home by this time."

This was all Mr Palmer seemed disposed to tell, and, hoping for the best, she tried to share in her host's affected confidence as to her father's safety, and followed him in answer to his wife's call "That

supper was ready." A capital cook, and having a larder to draw from replenished by the gun and rod of her husband, Mrs Palmer, in honor of her guest, had spread a table that contrasted painfully with the meagre fare to which Jeanie was accustomed, and made her think of the mess of boiled corn of which her mother would then be partaking. After supper, the canoe was launched, and bidding farewell to her hostess and her little girl on the river's bank, Jeanie stepped in, when, propelled by the paddle of Mr Palmer, it began steadily to stem the current.

Who that has undergone the agony of sorrowful apprehension has not noted how every trifling incident that may have occurred during that period has become imprinted indelibly upon the memory? The watcher by the sick-bed, over which death hovers, is puzzled how, at a time when the mind is absorbed with one thought, the perceptions should be so sharpened as to note trivial events and objects, down to the very furniture and pattern of the wallpaper, which on ordinary occasions leave no trace upon the memory. On that April evening Jeanie's mind was laboring under this intensified acuteness, and while brooding continually over her father's probable fate, to her dying day she remembered every feature of the scenery she was now passing. The smooth flowing river, swollen and discolored by the melted snow from the hills, hemmed in on either bank

by a thick growth of trees, many of which, as if enamored with the beautiful sheet of water by which they grew, bent over it until, in their leafy prime, their branches almost kissed its surface. Now, though leafless, their tops were glorified by the setting sun, which filled the still air with the lambent blue haze which distinguishes the evenings of early spring in Canada. Keeping to the Chateaugay at its union with Trout river, the canoe stole silently beneath the shadow of the overhanging trees until the mouth of Oak creek was reached, when Jeanie stepped ashore to pursue her way on foot to her home. Before bidding her goodbye, Mr Palmer paused and said: "Now, you keep up a good heart for whatever may happen, and we'll be up tomorrow to search the woods. Give that to your mother and—God bless you." Without giving her time to say a word, he pushed his canoe into the stream and speedily glided out of sight, leaving Jeanie standing on the bank perplexed by what he had said and holding the basket he had thrust into her hands, which contained a loaf of bread and a string of fish. With a heavier heart than ever, she began to trace her way homeward by the creek. Once in that lonely journey she thought she saw her father walking ahead of her, and once she thought she heard his voice. She called out and paused to listen for a reply. The only sound that reached her was the dismal croakings of the frogs. Knowing that her imagination

was deceiving her, she hurried on and, when she caught the first glimpse of light gleaming from her humble home, it outlined her mother's figure seated on the doorstep waiting her return.

"You hav'na found him, Jeanie?"

"No, mother; and he hasna come hame?"

"What can hae come ower him!" exclaimed the mother, as she sank into a seat by the open fireplace.

It was remarkable that in their conversation no conjecture was hazarded by either as to the probable fate of the missing one. Both, plainly, entertained the same painful surmise, which they were alike ashamed to breathe. They sat by the glowing backlog for many hours, hoping against hope that the wanderer might return, until Jeanie overcome by fatigue sought her bed. Once she awoke during the night, thinking she heard a voice. She listened in the darkness. It was her mother wrestling with God on behalf of her father.

CHAPTER II.

Early next day Jeanie and her mother saw a short, stout man emerge from the woods. He was a stranger to them, but his aspect indicated he was a lumberman. He had a towsy head of reddish hair and a matted beard and whiskers of the same hue.

"A pleasant day, ma'am," he said, in a voice so

soft and insinuating, and contrasting so strikingly with the roughness of his appearance, that Mrs Morison was somewhat startled. "It is, indeed, a fine spring day," she replied.

"And the water is high, ma'am, and the rafts are getting away finely—oh, very finely," and the man stood complacently eyeing the mother and daughter, and rubbing his hands.

"Hae ye seen ocht o' my husband? Ye'll hae come about him?"

"Oh, my dear ma'am, don't fret; take it coolly and comfortable like."

"I see ye ken aboot him; oh, dinna play wi' me, but tell me at once."

Not in the least discomposed, the little man, in more oily tones than ever, replied, "Well, well, ma'am, there is no denying it, accidents will happen, you know. You shouldn't be supposing the worst, and taking it easy, for"—

Before he could finish his sentence there was heard a heavy trampling in the woods, and soon there came from beneath their cover half a dozen men, four of them carrying a burden laid on two poles. They came in silence to the door, when Mrs Morison saw their burden was her husband. She snatched away the red handkerchief that covered his face, a glance at which showed her he was dead. She gave a shriek that resounded through the forest, and fell senseless upon the corpse.

The career of the dead man may be told in a few words. He had been the son of a small farmer in the south of Scotland, a strapping, lively fellow, who won the good graces of the daughter of a draper in the neighboring village. Her parents opposed her keeping company with him, not merely because his circumstances were indifferent but because his habits were not of the steadiest, he being fond of convivial gatherings, at which, more than once, he had got overcome by drink. Their opposition seemed only to strengthen their daughter's affection for the free-hearted, good tempered young fellow, and the upshot was, that one morning she was not to be found, and before evening they learned she had been married. The imprudent match resulted as the parents had anticipated; the young man was unequal to the task of supporting a wife and his habits did not mend. Moving to a mining village, he got work as a laborer, and out of his scanty earnings a large percentage went into the till of the whisky shop every Saturday night, so that his wife, to eke out a living, had to exert herself to do something also. Quietly and uncomplainingly she took in sewing, washed, or spun, as opportunity offered, to earn an honest shilling, and did what lay in her power to keep things decent. Children came but none lived to maturity save Jeanie. The village was unhealthy, its fumes and murky smoke were not favorable to childhood, typhus was a regular win-

ter visitor, and, more than all, the narrow means at her disposal afforded not the necessaries of life in the abundance children need, so, to her heart-sorrow, one after another was taken away. Time passed, and her father died, leaving her a small legacy, and with this she determined they should emigrate. She fondly thought were her husband removed from his boon companions, were all his old associations broken, and he transplanted into a new sphere, he might reform. Often had she striven with him, often had hope kindled in her bosom that he was going to keep the good resolutions he so often formed; always doomed to bitter disappointment. To emigrate was the last chance, it seemed to her, and for Canada they accordingly sailed. Deplorable to relate, on the day of their arrival at Quebec her husband got drunk with several of his fellow-passengers who went to take, as they termed it, a parting glass, and before he got over his spree the greater part of their little stock of money was gone. Instead, therefore, of being in a position to go to Upper Canada and take up land, as intended, he had to engage at Quebec with a lumberman who was getting out masts and square timber on the Chateaugay, and thus it came that, two years before the opening of our narrative, he had made a home, a poor one as we have seen, in what is now the township of Elgin. Altho their privations were great, Mrs Morison did not regret the change from

the dirty, squalid, mining village in Scotland to the lonely woods of Canada. Her husband had fewer opportunities of getting drink and, on the whole, they lived happily. Possessing a superior education herself and having moved before her marriage in respectable society, she brought up her daughter very differently from what might have been expected from their circumstances, and Jeanie, despite her home-spun dress, had acquirements and manners that qualified her to move in any station of life. As already stated, on the Monday morning Morison had gone to assist in running logs out of the creek. On the evening of the succeeding day his employer settled with him for the season's work, and, in addition to the small balance of wages that was coming to him, gave him a few pieces of pork to take home and, fatal parting gift, a bottle of rum. He left the raftsmen in high spirits, an able-bodied if not very active man, taking the track that led to his humble dwelling. What followed no human eye witnessed. He never reached his home, and the searching-party that morning had discovered his body a few yards from the creek, stretched upon the ground, with his face immersed in a pool of water—a pool only an inch or so in depth, left by the melting of the snow and gathered in a cavity formed by the roots of a tree. Had he, when he stumbled and fell, moved his head ever so little, he would have breathed and lived. The more

than half empty bottle, found in his stony grasp, showed he had been too overcome to stir a hairsbreadth, and there, in a basin of water, so small that a squirrel could have leaped it; so shallow that a robin, in pruning his wings, could have stepped through without wetting a feather; this stalwart man, before whose axe the loftiest pines had fallen and whose vigorous oar had stemmed the rapids of the Chateaugay, had ignominiously met his death, within hail of the faithful wife and loving daughter who were anxiously waiting his return. Jeanie, in going home the preceding evening, had unconsciously passed within a few paces of the body which once contained her father's spirit. On finding it, damp from the exposure of a day and two nights, the searching party had made the body as presentable as possible, and sent ahead one of their number to break, as gently as might be, the news to the wife and daughter. With what success he, who was chosen on account of his smooth tongue, acquitted himself, the reader knows.

So long did Mrs Morison remain in her swoon that once the dreadful thought darted through Jeanie's mind that she was not going to recover, and at one fell swoop she was to be deprived of both parents. She did not cease her exertions, however, and while bathing the rigid temples she rejoiced to see the flush of returning animation. Slowly did Mrs Morison raise herself to a sitting

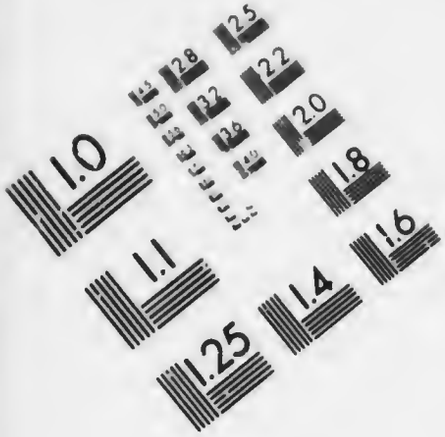
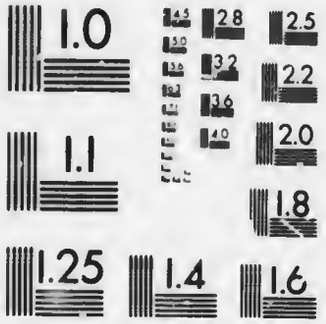
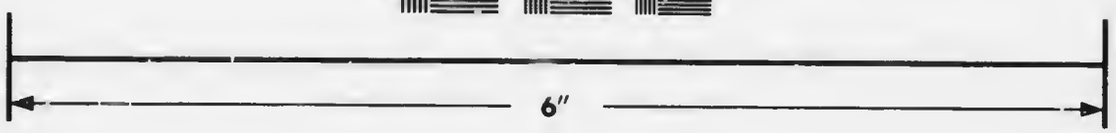
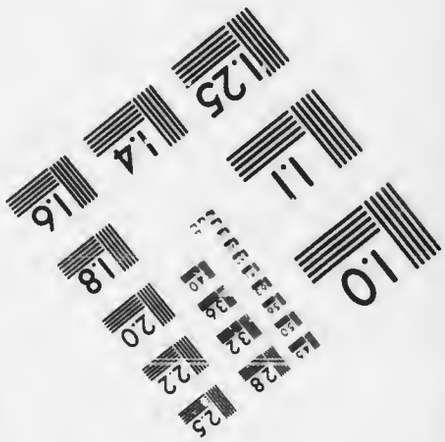


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

posture, and looked in a dazed manner, as if wondering why they were there, at the rough lumbermen grouped around her, who stood in silence and with the awkwardness of people who were anxious to help but did not know how. Unconsciously she moved her glance from one to the other until it fell upon the body of her husband. Recollection returned in a flash, and drawing the inanimate form to her lap she pressed the bloated and discolored features to her lips.

"Oh, Willie," she exclaimed, unconscious in her overwhelming passion of sorrow that there was a listening ear, "lang did we ken ane anither and braw and gallant were you ance; my pride and joy. Sair hae oor trials been and muckle hae ye been misguided, but aye faithfu and true to me. Oh, that I had been wi' you; oh, that ye had given me your last kiss and deed in my arms! There hae been them wha despised you, wha tauld me to leave you; little did they ken o' the love that bound me to you. Oh, that we should hae partit thus!"

Here she paused, and turning her eyes upwards she slowly and reverently said: "Merciful God, as in your wise decree you have been pleased to bring this affliction upon me, grant, in your pity, that I tarry not long behind him whom ye hae taen awa."

The solemn petition calmed the tumult of her mind, and reverently disposing of the body, she rose to her feet and said modestly—

"You will excuse me, freens, for taking on sae sairly afore you, but I couldna help it; this misfortune has come so sudden. I thank you for what you hae dune, and, gin it be your pleasure, as you can do nae mair noo, leave us alane and come the morn to bury him wha's gane."

The red-whiskered man was about to make a voluble reply, when he was cut short by a tall lumberman, in whose eye there glistened a tear, with the remark, "Yes, ma'am, we are at your service and mean to do all we can for you." Then, looking at his comrades, he said, "Let us go," and turning abruptly he led the way, leaving the mother and daughter alone with their dead.

CHAPTER II.

It is true in the moral world as in the material that after a storm comes a calm. The agony of suspense, the wild burst of passionate sorrow had swept over them, and the morning succeeding the sad discovery found mother and daughter composed and resigned. The worst was now known, a worst there was no remedying, and so they bowed, without needless fret or repining, beneath the trial. The sun had risen in an unclouded sky and his beams were warmer than on the preceding days, and as they came pouring down unstintingly on the turbid waters of the creek and the uplifted branches of the forest, it seemed as if

summer was nigh and buds and leaves and green sward would speedily succeed the birds whose noisy concert ushered in the rosy dawn. Everything had been arranged in the humble shanty with all the deftness of order-loving hands; on one side of it, beneath a white cloth, was the corpse. Mrs Morison was seated on the chair at the window; Jeanie sat at her feet on the door-step.

"Wasna father a braw man when you first foregathered?"

"He was the handsomest lad in the countryside; a very pleasure for the ee to rest on. Little dae they ken what he was like that didna see him then, and a kinder or truer heart couldna be. O, Jeanie, I just worshipped him when we were lad and lass."

"But your father didna like him?"

"Dinna put it that way, Jeanie. He liked him but he saw a faut in him that spoiled a'. I was wilfu. I said Willie would gie up the company he keepit when he was merrit, and that it was guid-fellowship and no love o' the drink that enticed him. I dinna say that I regret what I did, or that my lot hasna been as guid as I deserved —God forgive me that I should repine or say an unkindly word o' him that lies there—but young folks dinna lippen to their parents in choosing partners as they ocht."

"Hoots, mother; when a lad or lass hae found

their heart's love, what for suld father or mother interfere?"

"Easy said, Jeanie, but think ye there is ony body in the wide world loes son or dochter as a parent does? They are as the apple o' their ee, and his or her happiness is all they seek. Doot-less there are warld's worms o' parents who only look to the suitor's gear and wad break off the truest love-match that ever was gin he were puir. I dinna speak o' them, for they are out o' the question. But take parents by ordinar, who only seek their bairns' welfare, and the son or dochter wha disregards their advice in choosing a life-mate will hae mickle to repent o'."

"I dinna see hoo that is," said Jeanie, "for surely their marriage concerns only themselves?"

"True in a sense, Jeanie, that as we mak oor bed we maun lie on't. Think ye, though, o' a parent's experience, that nae glamor o' love blinds their ee, that their haill concern is for their bairn's happi-ness, and they may see fauts in the would-be partner o' their child that can only result in mees-ery. Young folks shouldna think their parents are obstinate or stupid when they oppose their marrying this ane or that ane. In maist cases they hae solid reason for their opposition, and the son is foolish that winna get his parents consent before he gangs too far and the dochter silly in-deed who says Yes without taking counsel o' her mother."

"Oh, but that wadna dae always," replied Jeanie, deprecatingly, in a tone as if such a course would rob love of its romance.

"Come, noo, Jeanie, tell me what better adviser can a dochter hae than her mother, and hasna the father a richt to hae some say in a match seeing that, if it disna turn out weel, he may hae a useless son-in-law to sorn on him or, in his auld days, hae his dochter or a tawpy of a son's wife come wi' a wheen bairns to seek shelter in his hame? Na, na, the first commandment wi' promise requires obedience in this as in ither callings o' life, and happy is the wedding whaur the true love o' the young couple is crooned wi' the blessings (given without a misgiving) o' their parents, for there is, then, a reasonable prospect that the match will prove what a' should be—a heaven upon earth."

"Mightna the parents be mistaen, mother?"

"Aye, and so might the lad or lass, and far mair likely that the young should err than the auld. Had I taen the advice my father and mother pressed on me, advice that came frae their lifelong experience and their affection for me, it wad hae been different—no that I regret what has happened for mysel but for you, Jeanie, that maun grow up in this wilderness, and for your brithers and sisters wha hae gane to a better land." And here, as the remembrance of the years of poverty and of wretchedness caused by her husband's intemperate habits flashed upon her, she burst into tears.

"Oh, mother," exclaimed Jeanie, as rising and standing beside her she clasped her bowed head to her bosom, "dinna tak on so. I wadna hae had it otherwise, and wad sumer hae bided wi' you than had the queen on the throne for my mother. We hae been very happy for a' that has come and gone, and sae will we yet. Were it to part us, I wadna marry the best man in a' Canada; I will aye be wi' you and will aye be obedient to your will."

"I ken that, my bairn, but," said the mother, raising her tear-stained face, "promise me this—and it is a promise that him wha lies there wad hae backed, for weel he kent his ain faut—that, nae matter hoo ye may be drawn to him, you will never marry a man that likes his glass."

"I promise," said Jeanie with simple solemnity, and drawing up her graceful figure to its full height, she, as if anxious to break off the subject, turned to get a wet towel, with which she wiped her mother's face, "for," as she remarked, "ye maun be decent when the folk come."

It was nigh noon before any of the visitors made their appearance. In the then unsettled state of the country news spread slowly even when messengers were sent out expressly to carry it. Everybody came that heard of the melancholy occurrence, for in those primitive days, when only the young and healthy inhabited this section of country, deaths were so rare that a funeral was

regarded as an important event which nobody missed. Straggling in from different points they came in twos and threes, except the lumbering-party with whom the deceased had been connected, who appeared in a body marching up the creek, carrying the coffin—a rude box of unplaned boards—with Mr Palmer leading. Two features in the assemblage were noticeable, one being that hardly a man among them had a coat, the other the fewness of the women. The men, great brawny fellows in home-made shirts and pants fastened by belts, gathered in clusters in the clearing to exchange news and talk over the circumstances attending the event that had brought them together, while the women went into the house. The sun was sinking fast towards the west before the preparations necessary for the burial were completed. When the word went round that the grave was ready, one by one they fyled into the house to take a last look of the face of their late neighbor, after which the lid of the coffin was nailed down. There was no clergyman to be had at the time and among those present there was no one inclined, even if capable, to conduct religious services. If the solemn observances of such occasions were absent, those present had not come unprepared to maintain a custom which in those days was universal in Canada, and, for all the writer knows, may still be in the Mother Country—that of passing a glass of liquor before lifting the

coffin. A man, with a jar in one hand and a tin cup in the other, went round the company, tendering the filled cup to each, which it would have been bad manners to refuse and which nearly all emptied before returning. When all out of doors had been helped, the man, a well-meaning, kindly fellow, stepped into the shanty to regale those inside. Thinking it good manners, he pressed to where Mrs Morison was sitting and, deliberately filling the cup to the brim, tendered it to her first.

Mrs Morison gave him a piercing look. "What!" she exclaimed in a low voice, so emphasized by deep feeling that every word sunk into the minds of those present; "What! Do you ask me to take that which has murdered my husband?"

"Take a taste, ma'am," said the red-whiskered man, who was in the room, "it will do you good."

"Do me good!" she re-echoed, "then it will be for the first time in my life. That do me good that took away the bread for lack of which my bairns, noo saints in glory, perished! That do me good that robbed my husband of his usefulness and good name; that made him fit for only orra jobs and to be despised as a drunkard! That do me good the love of which supplanted his love for me, for it was the stronger o' the twa or wad he no hae left it alane for my sake? That do me good that filled his bosom with remorse, which hurt his health, and, last of all, has taen his life! Oh, that it hasna caused the loss of his soul; that,

in the moment of his passing breath, he found time to seek acceptance with God for the Redeemer's sake! Take it away," she screamed with the energy of one who shrinks at the sight of a snake, "take it away, and may the curse of the widow and the orphan rest upon them that make and sell it—wha tempt decent men to destruction in order that they may have an easy living."

Abashed at so unexpected a reception, the man continued to stand stupidly before her, holding the cup and jar. Seeing his puzzled look, Mrs Morison, who had recovered her composure, quietly said, "I ken you mean it kindly, and sae far I thank you, but gin you think o' it, you will see that the bottle may be your own worst enemy and they are safest and happiest who leave it alane. As a favor, freen, I ask you no to offer it in this house."

A few minutes afterwards the coffin was borne out of doors, when four lumberers lifted it on their shoulders, and, leading the straggling procession, walked to the grave, which had been dug on a knoll close to the creek, the only spot that could be found convenient sufficiently free of trees and their roots. When the coffin was lowered, each man lifted his hat for a moment, there was a pause, and then the grave was filled in.

With thoughtful kindness those who came had brought some gift of food to replenish the widow's larder, and now, while all the rest departed, the

lumbermen remained, until sunset, chopping firewood and putting the house and its surroundings to rights, so that, before they lay down to sleep that night, Mrs Morison and Jeanie included in their prayer thanks to God for having so bountifully provided for them.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

YOU have heard of my passing a night in the bush, and want me to tell you about it. When we came to Hinchinbrook, which was in July, 1831, the shanty my husband put up did not stand where this house is, but on a ridge at the end of the lot. For the first two years we had no neighbor nearer than half a mile, for though the lots on each side of us were granted, nobody was then living upon them. From morning to dark I saw nothing but the bush that encircled our house and the little clearance of blackened stumps. Oh, but it was lonely! It was worse than a jail, for the prisoner gets a blink out of his cell window of the wide prospect without, and of houses and people, but I saw nothing for several years but trees, and trees, until our clearance so extended that it met that on the east side of our lot, and all at once we, one fine day, came in sight of a neighbor's house. The second Spring we were on the lot, my husband left to help to take a raft down to the

Basin, leaving me alone with Henry, who was then the baby. He expected to be back in four days, or by the end of the week at furthest. If it had not been that I had so much work to do I would have cried my eyes out, it was so miserable to be left alone in the woods, and William had never been away so long before. The four days passed and Sabbath came, but he did not. I got very anxious, and all day could scarcely keep my eyes off the spot at which he would come out of the bush, and where the track from the river crossed our lot, and at night I could not sleep a wink, thinking every moment I heard his footstep. Once I was sure I heard him moving outside. I got up and opened the door and called his name. There was no answer, and it was so dark I could not see a rod off. Lighting a bit of pitch pine at the fire, I held it up to look again, when there was a patter of feet and something bounded by me. It was sugar-time and there were a few trees tapped around the house. The noise I heard was a few deer drinking the sap out of the troughs. I knew not what to do. I wanted to go in search of William, but how could I leave our small stock? They might starve before I got back, and that would ruin us. It happened Monday afternoon, just when I had determined to go over to the nearest neighbor and see if I could get some one to go and enquire for my husband, though I knew it would be useless, for every man and boy old

enough had gone with the rafts. I was wrapping baby in a shawl, when the door darkened and a strange voice bade me good day. It was that of a young lad from the second concession. He was on his way home, and had a message from William. In running Dunmouchel's rapids the raft had bunted on a stone, throwing her crew off their feet. In falling, William's oar had struck his left arm and broken it. I thanked God it was no worse. He told the boy I was not to be anxious, that he felt so well he hoped to be able to leave for home in a few days. I questioned the lad, and from what he told me, I guessed my husband was worse than he let on. My resolution was made; I would go and see him. The lad said he had to go home first, but promised to come back next morning and tend the stock until I returned. Before going, I got him to fell a few saplings for the young beasts to browse on their tops, for the fodder was nearly done. Then I prepared for my journey; cooking enough to keep the lad while away, and baking some cakes to take to my husband. It would be past 5 o'clock in the afternoon when I was ready to leave, but I considered I would be able to reach the Chateaugay before dark, and once on its banks I would be safe to get a night's rest. With baby in my arms I started brave enough, but had not gone many acres in the woods until I felt I had acted rashly. I had gone over the path only a few times and never alone, so that I was not so

well acquainted with it as I thought I was, and, from the snow having newly melted, it was not as plain as usual. I pressed on until I felt that I had walked so far that, if on the right track, I should have reached the river, while I had not even come to the Outarde. The sunlight had long left the treetops and the stars had begun to glimmer, when I gave it up, convinced that, likely in going to one side to pass a wet spot, I had left the track, and that I was lost in the woods. Assured I had lost my way, I knew it would be madness to walk farther, and so, while I could see, I picked out a hemlock knoll, and choosing a big hemlock that had some cedar bushes growing near, I sat down beneath it. It was not very cold, though in the clearances I daresay there was frost. Taking a cake out of my pocket I made my supper. Baby was very good and lay asleep in his shawl. Wrapping him more warmly in the long plaid I had around my shoulders, I clasped him to my bosom and, so wearied was I, that I fell asleep. I awoke with a start. I thought I heard some one calling. I listened and the sound soon came again. It was the cry of a wolf at some distance. Another answered from some other part of the woods, and another and another. You have noticed, on a calm night, how, if a dog barks, every dog within hearing answers; it is the same with wolves, only their cries are more varied, ranging from a deep howl to a whine like that of a child

in pain. I shuddered for my babe, who still slept, and, kissing him, resolved I should die before the brutes would reach him. For a long time I sat and listened, until the cries died away, from the beasts apparently hurrying to some distant point in pursuit of their prey. I again slept, how long I do not know, but was awakened by something warm stroking my cheek. It was our dog licking my face. I had shut him in the house to be a watch on it, but he had broken out some way and, scenting my steps, had overtaken us. I was so desolate and lonesome, and so glad to have Collie's company, that my heart leaped with happiness as he cuddled down beside me and would not give over licking my hands and face for very joy. I should be ashamed to tell it, but, sir, a good dog is better than a false friend, and Collie was a most faithful beast. After that I slept with confidence, and it was good daylight when I awoke, cold and stiff with my first and last night's rest in the woods, but refreshed and confident. I would not touch more of my cakes, for I wanted them for my husband, so, thanking God for preserving me so far, I went on my way, baby crowing at the sight of Collie, as he gamboled around us with yelps. Marking as well as I could from the way his rays fell, where the sun rose, I went north, for I knew that in that direction I would soon come across the Outarde. Sure enough, I had not gone a quarter of a mile, when I came upon it, flowing

red and full, for it was high water. Knowing I was safe, and that I would quickly come upon one of the settlers by its banks, I hurried on in great spirits, and came out on John Hughes' clearing, and was speedily seated by their blazing log fire at breakfast. My troubles were now over, and I saw that, instead of going north, I had wandered to the east. A little boy went with me to Strachan's, where I crossed the Chateaugay, and resuming my walk got to the house, near Ste Martine, where my husband lay, in the afternoon. It was well I went, for his hurt had brought on a slight fever, and though the habitant's family were kind, they could not nurse him as I did. These were anxious but happy days, for William was overjoyed to have me beside him, and I was glad to be of service to him. In ten days Dr Syme told me he would bear the journey, and getting a cast in one of Reeves's canoes as far as the Portage, we were safe back in our own house before night, to find everything better than we expected. It was a drawback William's arm, for it was some time before he could do hard work with it, but we got over that and many another backset, and, if we are now well-to-do, we earned all we've got.

AN INCIDENT OF HUNTINGDON FAIR.

A LOST CHILD.

It was wearing on to three o'clock on the first day of the fair, and the crowd was at its height. At a corner of the main building, where the throng was thickest, stood a child, a girl of some four summers, sobbing, not loudly or obtrusively, but with her face buried in her pinafore. The passers-by, intent upon their own pleasure, took no notice of her, until a gaunt, elderly man halted in front of her with the query, "What are you crying for?" "For mama," said the child raising her tear-stained face from behind her pinafore. "Don't you know where she is?" "No," sobbed the little one, "she's goned away," and here her grief broke out afresh. Attention being thus directed to the child, the standers-by grew interested. Among them were two young ladies in rather loud costume. "Guess she's lost," remarked one of them. "Want to

know?" queried the other, "Ain't she sweet?" "Some: should say her mother don't know much: such a looking hat." "You mightn't do better, Ethie." "I'd be sick if I couldn't."—"Well, what's to be done?" asked the man who first noticed the child. "Has anybody seen anybody looking for a little girl?' Nobody had, and then suggestions as to what to do were volunteered. "Ask her name?" was one of them. "What's your name, sissy?" "Roose," sobbed the child. "And where do you live?" "With mama." "And where does she live?" "At home." "That's not the way to ask her," exclaimed a brawny young man, whose lowest whisper would startle a horse, and bending over her he asked, "How did mama come to the fair?" "With me and Toby." "Is Toby your father?" "No," said the child, smiling through her tears, "Toby's a dear little dog." "Did mama walk to the fair?" "We's drove in a wagon and Toby too, ever so long ways." "What's the name of the place you came from?" The question was beyond the child, who simply shook her head. "Don't bother her," interjected a bystander, "get your wagon and drive her round the ground and the mother will see her." "I can't very well," said the man of the loud voice. "My horse has got the gorum, and I want to watch the sheep judges." "Well, take her home with you; you've neither chick nor child." At this a laugh rose, and suggestions as to what should be done, each more

senseless and impracticable than another, began again. To send her to Grahamie as lost baggage, to seat her in the centre of the horse-ring, at the head of the show-house stairs, with the band, or among the fancy articles, where her mother would be sure to go, were among the more reasonable. Each one was clear that it was the duty of somebody else to exert themselves to find the mother, and each one was equally clear he was not called upon to undertake the task. And so precious time was slipping, and what to do with the child remained undecided. At this juncture, a short and somewhat stout woman broke through the ring. "Hech, what's a' this about? A lost bairn, say ye." Bending over, she lifted the child, and sitting down on a bench pressed her to her bosom. "My bonnie doo, and hae ye lost your mammie! Wha ocht ye?" The child, with staring eyes, answered not. "You might as well speak Greek," grimly remarked the gaunt man. "Eh, what's that! Do you think she disna understan the English lang'age? Na, na, thae bonny blue een are no French. *Ha* hoo did you lose yer mammie, my pet?" "Mama gave me penny to get candy, and Toby ran after other dog, and I tried to catch Toby but he runned a long way and was bad, and—and—I couldn't find mama or Toby,' and the recollection of her misfortune renewed her grief. "Eh, ma wee bit lady," exclaimed the good-hearted woman, as she clasped the sobbing child more closely, "but hoo are we in

this thrang to find Toby or yer mither either. Hech but her heart will be sair for the loss o' ye. Will na some o' ye gaang and see if ye canna fin a woman lookin' for her bairn, instead o' gapin there at us like so mony gomerils."

"If you'll give me ten cents I'll go," said a pert boy.

"Ha, ha, my man, ye'll be a Conservative; ye want an office."

"There's the president," remarked one of the by-standers.

"What! yon black-a-vised man wi the bit red ribbon? Hey, Mr Praseedent; come yont: I want yer advice."

"What's this; what's this?" asked the president.

"Jist a lost bairn, an hoo to fin the mother o't I dinna ken."

"Couldn't be in better hands," said the president.

"She micht be in waur, tho I say't mysell. But that's no what I'm drivin at. Hoo am I to get her mither?"

"Oh, that's not hard to do. You have seen a lamb lose its mother, but did you ever see the ewe that failed to find her? You just sit where you are, and the mother will come along."

"I've seen the ewie seek her bit lammie ower knowe and heugh an never fail to find the wanderer, but what could she do were as mony auld tups thranging roun as are here? Na, na; yer comparison winna stan, Mr Praseedent, Jest tell

me what I'm to dae, an no be stanin' there twirlin yer whisker."

"I'll tell you what to do. Take the child home with you; she is tired and not fit to stay here longer. The mother will be sure to come to the office, and I will know where to send her. I'll take your address," and he pulled out his note-book.

Glancing at the child, which had fallen asleep on her bosom, the woman kissed the peaceful little face, and replied, "that's gude advice. Everybody kens me. I'm Mrs Crowdie, and I live on the ——— concession of Hinchinbrook, and if ye want to ken mair o' me ye can speer at that decent man, Mr Herdman, yonner, wha lifts my taxes, and as oor waggin will be ready, I'll gang noo. Sae gude day to ye."

Tired with the day's fatigue and grief, the child did not wake until the wagon halted at Mrs Crowdie's door, when, seeing everything new and strange, she cried a little for her mother, but was easily soothed, and, on supper appearing, she forgot her little sorrows in satisfying her appetite. Though Mrs Crowdie had much to do "in settin things to richts," as she termed it, about the house, and scolded the man-servant for "thinkin mair o' what he saw at the fair than o' his wark," she found time to lavish much attention on the waif, so curiously left on her hands, and beguiled the smiles to her cheeks by kindly arts. When it

grew dark, she cried for her mother, but accepting Mrs Crowdie's promise that "she would see her the morn," and that she would "let pooshack sleep with her," she lisped her artless prayer at her knee and, laid in bed, dropped into the land of Nod with her arms around Mrs Crowdie's big black cat.

A NEEBOR LADDIE.

Little Roose was up by times next morning, and thought it grand fun to help Mrs Crowdie to milk, to feed the poultry, and to get breakfast ready. Everything was new to her, and enjoyed with such a zest as to show that it was her first taste of country-life. To keep her company, Mrs Crowdie had sent word to her neighbors to let their son come and play with her, and by-and-by Johnnie made his appearance, and the two had a rare time of it. It was in the afternoon, when, tired with play, and to rest and enjoy the pieces Mrs Crowdie gave each of them, they snuggled down behind a clump of bushes in the orchard.

"When I'm a man, Roose, I'll have sugar on my bread like this all the time."

"When you're a man, will you have a horse?"

"Yes; two of them and whiskers too."

"And a farm like this?"

"A bigger farm than this, an' a big house an' a buggy, an' pigs an' sheep an' hens."

"And may I come to see you?"

"You'll milk the cows and make butter."

"Will it be long time 'fore you're a man?"

"When I'm growed: two or three year; I'm six now."

"How do cows make butter?"

"My, don't you know? It ain't the cows that make the butter, it's the girls."

"And will you show me when I'm big?"

"Yes, an lots o' things."

"My mama has no cows."

"Ain't she! Why, my dad has lots o' em and a bull, too."

"I'd be 'fraid."

"O, you are not a man like me. I could fire a gun an shoot a bear."

"Has God cows?"

"Why, He makes em, an the horses, an the elephants, an every thing. Don't you go to Sabbath school?'

"No."

"My! I went when littler than you, an learnt heaps o' things, an got raisins and candy at Christmas."

"Without a penny?"

"Gimme for nothing.'

"My."

"I was to have spoke a piece but got afraid."

"I wouldn't be 'fraid."

"Oh, that's nothing: you're a girl."

Here the conference was broken by Johnnie's

offering to show where the ground hogs kept house, and off he and his companion trotted to a remote stone-pile, and did not turn up till supper time, when they burst in upon Mrs Crowdie with the appetite of hawks, and the girl so full of the wonders she had seen that her tongue never rested until she became sleepy. When laid away for the night, Mrs Crowdie sat in the gathering gloom to think over what she should do. The day had passed without any one coming to enquire for a lost girl, which very much surprised her. So far as her own inclinations went, she would rather nobody ever came, but she knew that somewhere a poor mother's heart was in agony over the loss, and she resolved that, next morning, after breakfast she would drive to Huntingdon to find out if there had been any enquiries.

A SHADE OF MYSTERY.

With many injunctions to Roose, that she was to "be a guid bairn till she got back, an no go near the soos or the wall," Mrs Crowdie next day betook herself to the village, where she arrived in due course and went first to the office of the president to find out whether he had heard aught. Entering she spied through the net-work that surmounted the counter a man in his shirt-sleeves leaning over a desk writing, with his head turned away from her.

"Hey, man!" No response.

"Whar will I find your maister?" No response.

"Whatna ticket is t' is?" as her eye here fell on a card hung to the wire-netting, and she spelt out slowly, "THIS—IS—MY—BUSY—DAY. Fegs, by the look o' him I should say it is. Hey, man!" No response, the man of the big ledger calmly continuing to write.

"Eh, puir chiel!" exclaimed Mrs Crowdie, "he maun hae a hard maister or be dull o' hearin," and she therenpon rattled on the counter with her umbrella.

"Oh, were you wanting me. Want to pay your church seat, eh?"

"What na kirk? St Andrew's, say ye? Na, na, I dinna gang there Dod! You dinna need to have a seat in ony kirk, for there are a' kin o' bodies that ca' themselves preachers rinnin aboot. Says I to ane that pit maist impertinent questions to me about my saul—an as Scotch folk dinna show our hearts to every Jock and Tam—My man, ye pit me in mind o' a finger-post, ye pint the way ye dinna gang yoursel. Ye see, I kent ocht o' him."

"That's a good one," exclaimed the man of the pen as he rubbed his left arm.

"Gin I had my way, there wad be a riddle afore every college door to try the coofs wha wad wag their heids in a poopit. I ken o' some chuckie heads it wad hae thrown aside."

"Not a bad idea. And what can I do for you? You'll want an organ?"

"Me an organ! I'd suner tryst a parritch pat."

"It's a nice thing to have a little music, and the young ladies soon learn to play."

"I'se ken ye noo. I saw ye at the show. Ye can blaw a horn but ye canna blaw my lug. I want to see your maister."

"What name?"

"My name's Mrs Crowdie: kent by her neebors as ane that pays as she buys an is due nae-body."

"Oh, yes, I have a memorandum. The boss left word you were not to trouble yourself; it would be all right."

"I'll gang hame we nae such assurance. I have come ane errand to see him and I wull see him."

"We had a fine show, Mrs Crowdie?"

"Whaur's your maister?"

"What did you think of the flowers?"

"Whaur's yer maister?"

"Oh, it's the boss you want."

"Ay, an I'll no gang till I see him."

Calling a chubby-faced lad, he sent him in search, and the desired gentleman soon entered.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs Crowdie?"

"I've naething to complain o' except o' sin an a touch o' the rheumatics."

"And what can we do for you to-day?"

"Ye ken weel my errand, an I see by yer man

ye've something ye dinna want to tell me. Wha's bairn is she?"

"We'll speak about that by-and-bye."

"We'll speak about it noo."

"Is the little girl well?"

"The lassie's weel an I'd be laith to part wi her did I no ken there are they wha hae a better richt to her. Noo, tell me: what hae ye learned about her folks?"

"There have been some enquiries: her people know that she is safe."

"Wha are they? I'll gang an see them."

"There's no need. You go home and you'll hear from them."

A good deal of conversation followed, but Mrs Crowdie could get no particular information about the parents, further than that they were satisfied she was in safe hands, and they would call or send for their child in a short time. Forced to be satisfied with this, she returned home, and when Roose threw her arms round her neck in welcome, she could not forbear the secret wish that the parents might never come. There was some mystery and she hoped that it might result thus. She watched the child pattering about during the afternoon, listened to her prattle, and helped to amuse her, and when the evening gathered, and the sun set beyond the forest, leaving the clouds burning in crimson and gold, she sat with her in her lap. Something in the peaceful scene stirred up old

memories, and, with thin and quavering voice, the old woman began the 23rd psalm. To her surprise, the child chimed in, knowing both the words and the old world tune Mrs Crowdie sang them to. "Wha taught ye that, ma dawtie?" she asked, as finishing the psalm, she hugged the child in closer embrace, the moisture glistening in her eyes. "Mama," said the child. "She mann be a guid woman, and a Presbyterian, too." And clasping the child, Mrs Crowdie sat thinking in silence and did not move into the house until it grew chill, when she said "the bairn micht catch cauld."

THE MYSTERY IS CLEARED UP.

The section of Hinchinbrook in which Mrs Crowdie lives is a very pleasant one to look upon: the landscape being relieved from monotony by low knolls and ridges which break the wide intervales. In the middle of September, the bush, that runs as a straggling and somewhat ragged fringe over the ridges, was still green, with only here and there a branch or tree whose brilliant red foretold the coming glory. The day was bright and warm, the sun's rays being chastened by the faint smoky haze that softened the distant features of the landscape. Her work being over until milking time came round, Mrs Crowdie took a seat by the open window and began knitting. Her little charge had gone to watch a preposterous

hen, which, after being given up as having furnished supper to a fox, had appeared that morning chucking with joy over the solitary chicken that followed her: the yellow hairy little thing a source of delight to the child. While Mrs Crowdie's fingers moved actively with the needles, her thoughts were wandering away to the past. The advent of the child had stirred her nature and wakened memories, she knew not how, that she had stifled so long ago that she thought they were dead. And to judge by her face, they were not pleasant memories. Casually raising her head, she was astonnded to see a woman standing at the door intently watching her; a comely woman, neatly dressed.

"What's brocht you back?" demanded Mrs Crowdie, breaking silence. "I told you I was dune wi' you; that gin ye had made yer bed, you could lie on it."

"O, mother!"

"Na, ye needna beg; gin that useless man ye wad marry in spite o' me, has failed to provide for you, you maun look for help anither gate."

"I have not come to beg; we have made ends meet so far."

"Ay, by your wark. A fauchless, smooth-tongued haveril; hoo he threw a glamor ower ye I ken na.'

"You are too sore on him."

"Ower sair! A useless being that wad talk an

flee round the kintry, an dae onything but wark. To think that ye wad prefer sin na ane to yer ane mither, you ungrateful hu . But its aye the way; the best o' women get the lavins o' men"

"It's not for me to listen to such talk of my husband," said the daughter, coloring.

"A bonny husband! Merry't ye, thinking he could hang up his hat in my hoose and sorn on me. My certie, I sorted him! Gang back to yer husband an wark yer finger-nails aff to make up for his laziness. You made your choice, an I'm dune with baith you an him."

Resentment struggled in the breast of the young woman with affection; it was for a moment only; her better nature triumphed.

"I have not come, mother, to ask of you anything but your love and"—

"An what? asked the mother, in a voice shrill from suppressed emotion, "Did I no nestle you in my bosom an care for you as dearer than my life? When, ane by ane, your brithers an sisters gaed awa an you were left the ae lam oot o' the flock; when God in his providence took your faither to Himsel an I was left alane, it was you that gied me heart to wrastle wi' the warl, an I watched ower you an thocht you wad be a prop to my auld age. Oh, hoo could ye have the heart to leave me?"

"I love you better than I ever did, mother, but you wouldn't think much of me as a wife were I to say I did wrong in marrying."

"Aye, there it is; the shaffling creature wi his sleek manners that cam between you an me."

"Oh, mother, leave that alone. I am sorry to have vexed you today. I never meant to trouble you, until you saw fit to send for me or I thought you needed my help."

"An what has brocht ye, then?"

"I've come for Ruth."

The old woman sank back in her chair in speechless astonishment. At last she whispered, "An she's your bairn! I thocht there was something aboot her that was familiar to me: that explains it a'. She's yerself ower again when ye were a bit toddler. O that thae days were back again! An hoo did ye lose her?"

"It's six years since I left you, mother, and my heart wearied among the Yankees to see dear old Huntingdon again. I watched the Gleaner when the show was to be, and arranging to be away a fortnight I came with Ruth and stayed with cousin on the river. I saw you at the show, but you did not see me. In the crowd I lost Ruth. I was here and there seeking for her, when a man told me he had seen a little girl, dressed like mine, in a wagon that drove towards the village. I followed and found he was wrong. Thinking she had driven home with our friends, I hastened to cousin's, but she was not there. What a night I spent! Next morning I went back to the show grounds, and was struck dumb when the president

told me where she was. I explained it all to him. He was very kind and said if I would leave it in his hands he would manage it; when you came in he would put you off for a day or two. Last night he sent me word things had worked well, and I was to go out to you myself. If there is any plot about it to bring us together without your will, it's none o' mine," and sinking before her mother she buried her head in her lap and wept.

What Mrs Crowdie would have done: whether her resentment would have returned and she again have driven away her daughter, God alone knows, but at this juncture the patter of little feet was heard on the gallery and Ruth, with her pinafore full of golden-rod, came shouting, "See what I have got." One glance at the tearful face upraised to see her, and there was a glad scream of "Mama." Clasping her child and grandchild in her arms, Mrs Crowdie broke down. "It's the Lord's wark; nane save Himsel could hae broeht us thus thegither, an I'se no fecht against His will. By a lost child I've found my ain, an we'll never pairt. Ay, my bonny Ruth, I'm your grannie, and ye'll bide we me, an help me tak eare o' the hens an the turkeys, and the lave."

"And, papa."

"I'll thole him for your sake; maybe I have wranged him in my prejudiees. We'll sen for him."

"An Toby, too?"

"That's cousin's dog, Ruth," said her mother, smiling in her joy.

"Ay, Ruth," said Mrs Crowdie, "we'll get the dowg too, and we'll let byganes be byganes and begin a new life an ther'll no be a happier family in a' Hinchinbrook. Eh, hoo true's the Scripter in mair senses than ane, An a little child shall lead them. Hech, but this'll no dae. There's the nock chappin five, an the coos are comin up the lane, an the fire's to kinle. Let's be steerin an get the wark dune, an then we'll hae supper ance mair thegither."

THE SUMMER OF SORROW.

LOOKING FOR THE BOOK.

YOU want to see the little buk I have? An who tould you about it? You'll do it no harm. Maybe you won't get the chance. It's not the likes of you that should have it. You've driven from Huntingdon on purpose and sure I won't disappoint you. I didn't ax you to come, did I? You'll print it. Yis, what suits you; laving out all that tells how we poor Catholics were used in Ireland. Honor bright, you'll print every word of the little buk. Maybe you would and maybe you wouldn't, but it is not to everybody I would give a reading of my poor nevy's book, and, if you plaze, we'll say no more about that same. Well, then, I might tell you what I saw myself at the favor sheds. Did you ever know anybody who seen a ghost like to talk about it? I tries to forgit what I saw and heard, an thank nobody that brings me in mind o't. Come now, I'll tell you a better shtory than about poor women and childer a dyin by the score of favor an strong

men alayin aside them too wake to git thim a cup o' wather. An its a thrue story, which is more than can be said about some you've prented. Whin I wint to William Bowron to buy my lot, I paid my money down for't in goold. He wrote my ticket for the lot an' whin he hands it to me, says he, Now you've got a farrum, my man, you'll want a cow. Thrue for you, says I, I had always a cow in Ireland an my father afore me. Confound it all, says he, then you must have one in Canada; I have a heifer that'll suit you. Gittin aff his chair, he placed his stick across his back and hocked his elbows over it, an tuk me into his yard, where he pointed to a beauty av a crathur. How much? says I. Three pounds, says he, Done, says I, an' puttin my hand in my pocket I pays him the money in his fisht. Sure the baste wud have cost tin pown in Ireland. Confound it all, says he, ye're a dacint fellow: come in an have a bite to ate. An afther I had my dinner I started for my farm, adrivin my springer afore me through the woods, feelin proud as Punch over my bargain. It was not until I stood afore the bit shanty I had got raised, that the thought came on me all at once, that I had nothing to feed the baste. Och, it takes an Irishman to jump before seeing where his feet will fall. Well, I held my whisht, and my woman and her good mother comes out and falls admirin the baste. There was only another cow in the settlement: wan ould

Armstrong had. Sure, I cries, won't the nabors be invying us! Thim here long afore us an widout a four-footed baste, barrin pigs an dogs an cats, an here, the firsht month we come, we have an illigant heifer, new come in. "She's a beauty, sure," says my wife's mother, "an as like the wan I sould when I left the Ould Counthry (bad luck to the day I left it) as a red wan can be like a black; lave her to me, I'll look afther her." Indeed an I will, says I, for if you don't she'll die, for sorra a bite hev I got for her. An so it was, the ould woman took charge and tended her as if she had been her child, herdin her in the woods an atakin her to the creeks where she could get a bellyful, a drivin her home against nightfall. It divarted the ould woman, who had all the time been lamenting laving Ireland, and sar ed us, for me wife an mysilf were workin hard in makin a clearance to get in a few praties. It was on in August that wan night the ould woman an the cow did not come home. She'll hev lost her way, says my wife to me. Not at all, I tells her, she knows the woods as well by this time as ever she did the bog of Dorroghmore. Thin, why's she not here? asks she. Och, she'll have shtrayed furder than ordinar an daylight has failed her. Niver throuble yer mind; she'll be here with the sun tomorrow. I was more consarned than I let on, but what could I do? It was dark an there was no use going looking for her in the woods wid a

candle, seein' we hadn't wan. My wife couldn't get a wink o' sleep, an sot at the door, shouting whiniver she thought she heard a rustlin in the bush. The day broke an the sun climbed up until he was high enough to look over the tree tops at us an say Good mornin, an nivir a sign o' the ould woman or the cow. We waited an waited, expectin ivery minute to see her, until I got afeard, an wint an tould the nearest nabors. They were consarned at the news an agreed if she did come back afore, they would warn the settlement an ivery man jack o' thim would turn out next mornin to luk. An they did; och but there was a crowd ov them, some wid guns an some wid horns an some wid pitchforks. There was grain awaitin to be shore, but not a sowl of mankind stayed away. What's that you say? They'd be Arangemen? What iise was there in the sittlemint then? We didn't talk in thim days about what makes strife, but lived as frindly as nabors could, helpin wan another, an niver askin what you were. Well, it was a fine day, tho hot, an aff we started, watchin for foot tracks an shoutin an blowin horns an firing shots, expectin the ould woman would hastin to us on hearin where we were. It was niver a bit o' use. Hours wint by an we thravelled miles on miles an niver a sign. Whin we found a track we soon lost it, for the woods were cut up by slues. It was agrowin late whin a few o' us met to talk it

over. "We've gone north an east an wist," says Sam Foster, the ouldest settler ov us all an a knowledgable man, "an havn't found her or the cow. That shows me she has crossed the swamp to the south an gone towards the lines." We agreed to this rasonin an shtarted aff for the swamp, which was as dirthy a puddle o' black wather an green skum as there was in Ameriky. Sam was our guide, or we might av been thryin to crass it to this day. He knew where it was narrowest an by creeping along fallen trees we reached the ridge beyant, an hadn't gone half a mile afore we struck the footprints of an ould woman an a cow. How did I know it was the footprints ov an ould woman? Howld yer whisht or I won't be atellin you any more. It was a blessin we did, for it wad soon hev been too dark to have followed them up. I tell ye, we forgot our tiredness an hunger, an hurried on in great spirits, an in half an hour Sam shouts, "There she is," apointin through the trees. I shouts Whurroo an dashes ahead o' them all an in a minit I had the ould woman in my arms an the cow a lookin on as innocint as if it had niver played thricks whin a calf. The saints be praised ye are not kilt and ded, I cries, as I hugged her, for sure, though she was ould an wrinkled an bint, she was the mother o' my darlin wife. Ded I wad hev been, says she, cryin wid joy, but for the crathur, an niver ben waked or buried. By

this time the rist o' the min kem up an awl sat down to hear the ould woman's shtory. She tould us how, from the drouth, the cow found littie to pick and kept amovin on and on until she was floundering in the swamp, an whin they got on solid land sorra the wan of thim knew where they were. "How did ye keep alive?" asks a man, "for ye are spry and hearty." "I wunna tell ye," says she. "Two days and two nights in the bush," says another, "an you not hungry: it's a mysthery." "Hould yer whisht," says another, "it's a miracle: there be good people in thim woods as well as on the hills ov Ould Oireland." It was growin late an there was no time for more talk an we shtarted for home, an, bedad, the ould woman bate us all wid the nimbleness she tripped through the bush an over the logs. Whin we got home, an glad my wife was when she hugged her ould mother, an the nabors left, I axed again how she had kept body an sowl so well together in the bush. "I wunna tell ye," says she again, an aff she wint to bed. I tould all to my wife an axed her to find out, and by-and-bye she got it as a great sayeret—the ould woman sucked the cow for food an purtected hersilf from the cowld ov the night by sleeping aside her.

"Are you done, grandpa?"

I turned, a girl stood behind us, having come unnoticed.

"Yis, yis; what is it?"

"Supper is ready, and I've been waiting ever so long to tell you."

"Come," said the old man to me as he rose, "an have a bite."

I followed and when after ten I rose to take my horse for my homeward journey, my eyes must have expressed what courtesy kept my tongue from again asking "Och, the little buk, is it. Well, I'll trust ye wid it." Leaving the room he returned with what looked like a greasy and much handled pass-book. "Take care of it," he exclaimed with emotion, "an don't keep it long." Placing it in my pocket we parted.

HOW THE BOOK WAS GOT.

On retiring to my room that night, I examined the book given me with such reluctance and read every word of it before going to bed. I found it to be the diary of an Irishman who had left his country during the famine. In the ship on which he embarked for Canada typhus fever broke out and the incidents of the horrors of the voyage and of the equal horrors of the quarantine sheds on being landed at Grosse isle were described with a simplicity and directness that alternately moved me to tears and filled my bosom with indignation. Next day I set to work to copy the diary. On considering the matter I saw it would be necessary to learn somewhat of the writer, who he was, whe-

ther he survived the plague, and if he did, where he was now. The first day I could get away from duty found me on the road to interview the old man a second time. On restoring to him the book I expressed freely my indignation at the conduct of the landlords, of the ship-agents, and of the quarantine officers, and my pity for those whom they oppressed. My words seemed to be unlooked for.

"Begorra," said the old man, "I didn't expict this aff ye. I tuk ye for wan that thought anything good enough for the likes of us."

Explaining my wish to publish the diary I asked him to tell me what he knew about its writer.

"Sure he was my nevy, an I will tell ye awl about him."

Though it was mid-October the day was warm and the sun unpleasantly hot, and the old man suggested we should go to the orchard, where he could tell me what he knew without interruption. It proved a long interview for I had many questions to ask and the substance of his statement, though not in his words, I will now give as an introduction to the diary.

It was in the year 1847 myself and wife were behind the house cutting hay. There was no mowing-machine those days; no, not even a scythe could be used because of the stumps, and we were picking the locks of hay out atween the stones and stumps with our hooks. It was a hot day

and we had been at work since sunrise, so our backs were tired enough, but we could not rest, for there was much to do and we had no help beside ourselves. We were working hard and fast, when a voice came ahint us that made us start.

"Uncle, wanna you look roun at me?"

There stood a girl, with a bundle in her right hand. By her figure you might say she was 17 or thereabout; by her face she was an old woman, for the bones were sticking out of the tight drawn skin and her skin was a deadly grey, with black streaks above and below the eyes. My first thought was the colleen was demented.

"God save you kindly," says I, "but why do you name me uncle?"

"I am your brother's child."

You might have knocked me down with a feather, I was so astonished.

"What! me brother Jerry?"

"That same," answers she in a wake voice.

"Where is he?" shouts I, throwing down my hook. "Lade me to him. Niver a line did he send to tell us he was laving Ireland, but welkim he and his as the flowers in May to the best I have."

The girl didn't stir; she seemed numbed and dead like and answered in her hollow voice, "He's dead thim three weeks."

"God save us all," I shouted, "you are mad my colleen, and ye're mind's awandering. My brother

Jerry is in Ireland with his wife and the childer, and ye're mistaen when you call me uncle."

"No, no," she says to me, "ye're my own uncle for I axed at the house next to you. My mother, my father, my brothers and sisters are wid the saints in glory," and wid that she lifted her eyes and crosses herself.

"When and where?' I shouted in desperation.

"They died ov the ship favor, part are buried in the say and part at the favor sheds."

With those words the truth of all she said burst on me and I staggered, for my head swam, and I had to throw myself down on the meadow, but my wife rushed past and clasped the poor child in her arms, "I'll be mother to you, and, God help us, it won't be on our account if the tear o' sorrow come again to your eye."

The poor thing didn't respond as you might expect, but sank on my wife's bosom and looked about with that stony stare of hers. My wife's hot tears were raining on her face, when she whispered, "Wad ye give me a bite to eat?"

Then we saw it all. The girl was starving. I caught her up in my arms—she was no heavier than many a baby—a bag of bones—and I ran with her to the house, crying to my wife to hurry and get something ready. Had ye seen her look at the food as my wife brought it out of the cellar, with the eye of a wild beast, you would have shivered. "Draw in," says I, "it's coorse, but it

is the best we have, an there's plenty av it."

"Is the mate for me?' she asks doubtful like.

"Surely," says I.

"I hava't put a tooth mark on mate for three years," says she simple like.

I reached her a rib of cold boiled pork and she smiled for the first time, and sucked it as a child does the orange it wants to have the taste of as long as possible. When she had eaten as much as my wife thought safe, she took and laid her on our own bed, and willing she was, for she was clean beat out, and went to sleep when her head touched the pillow. Then we had a talk. She had come from the fever sheds and might give the disease to the children, who had gone berrying, so I goes, as agreed on, and meets them, tells them of their new cousin from Ireland, who had come to us sick, and takes them to stay with a neighbor for the night. Next morning I off to the hay before sunrise and worked excited like till the sun got high and overpowering, when I says to myself, "I'll take a rest and go and see my brother's child." She was sitting at the door, where the hops clustered round her, and looked another crathur. The fearsome glare of hunger in the eye was gone and there was a glint of color in the cheek as she rose to welcome me. "You don't think me mad today, uncle?" she asks me. "God forgive me," says I, "for the word—.' With that she puts her hand over my mouth. Oh she

was the kindly crathur, and now that she was clean and fresh dressed I could see would be a handsome lass when there was more mate on her bones. My wife had been looking for my coming and had the table spread, and after we had eaten we sat again in the shade at the door and as I smoked my pipe Ellen told her story. It was, more the pity, a common enough one in those days. The failure of the potatoes had left my brother unable to get enough for his family to eat let alone pay the rent. On the back of the hunger came sickness and when things had got to be as bad as they could, the agent comes round and tells him if he would give up his houlding and go to Canada the landlord would forgive him the rent, pay the passage-money and a pound ahead on landing at Quebec. He took the offer as his neighbors did and went to Dublin, where they found a ship waiting for them. They were not out of sight of land when the fever broke out and the children, one after another, took it, and three died at sea. When quarantine was reached they were all sent ashore, and there the rest of the children, saving Ellen, died, with the father and mother. When the fever left her she was put on board a steamer for Montreal, and got sorra a bite from the hour she left until she landed, though it took the boat 36 hours. Faint and sick she was hurried ashore and when she made for the city a policeman turned her back

and she sat down on the wharf, wishing to die. By and by a man comes along and by his dress she knew he was a minister, though not of our sort. He spoke to her and she told him she wanted to get to me, and showed my address on a bit of paper she carried in her bosom. He read it and saying to follow him, led to a steamer lying in the canal He sought out the captain and told him to take the girl and land her at Beauharnois, and the captain promised he would to oblige the minister and refused the dollar he offered. The stranger handed it to her with the words, "I must leave you, for others are perishing," and slipped away before she could thank him. That evening she was landed at Beauharnois and when the steamer left the wharf for the Cascades she felt more lost than ever, for she heard nothing but French, and not a word she understood. She spied a man putting bags of flour in a cart with a face that she thought was that of an Old Countryman. She went up to him and he answered her in English, or rather Scotch, for I know him well; he lives near the Meadows. She told where she wanted to go. "You'll be ane o' thae emigrants," says he, "an may hae the fever." "I've had it," says Ellen, "an am well again." "Aye, but ye may give it to ither folk." At this a Frenchman came up to speak to the man and on seeing Ellen put his hand to his mouth and drew back. "Louis," says the Scotchman, "tak

this lassie hame wi you and give her a nicht's lodgin." Louis shook his head. "I'll pay you, man," shouted the Scotchman. "No, no," said Louis, making a sign of horror, "me not let her in my house." "You are a' o' ae kirk and suld be kind to ane anither." Without replying, Louis left. "Weel, lassie, gin they'll no gie you cover in this town, ye maun gae wi me," and with that he went into the tavern at the head of the wharf and came back with some bread in his hand for her. He spread his horse blanket on the bags for her to sit on and off they started. It was a long drive in the dark, for the horse walked every step of the way, and Ellen fell asleep. On waking at the rumbling of the cart ceasing, she found they were standing in a farm-yard. The night was clear but cold, but she had not felt it, for the Scotchman had tucked his big coat around her. He told her he dare not take her to the house for fear of infecting the children. Lighting a lantern he showed her to a corner of the barn, where she lay down to sleep, while he went to unyoke his horse. On waking in the morning she stepped into the yard, where she found the Scotchman unloading his cart. "I've been waitin for you," says he, "an dinna tak it unkind if I say you maun go at ance on yer way. Were my naebors to hear o' ane wha has been sick o' the fever bein here, my place wad be shunned." Putting something to eat in her hand he bade her

follow him, and pointed out the road she was to take for her uncle's place, and by observing his directions had succeeded.

"An so there's only yirsilf left?' asks my wife.

"Av our family," says she, "but unless he's dead since I left, there's my cousin Gerald in the fever sheds at quarantine."

Gerald was my sister's only child and I had heard after her death he had gone to Maynooth to be a priest.

"Do you tell me my nephew, that rode on my knee the day I left Ireland, is in Canada? Why did he not come wid you?"

Then she explained; told us of what he had been to the sick and dying and how the day before she left he had been stricken himself. She wanted to stay with him, but he told her to hasten to her uncle and if he had a mind he might come and help him; she could do no good to stay. I jumps up. "I ll go," I cries, "and will bring him back wid me here safe and sound." As I said that I caught my wife's eye so pleading like, not to go. But I did. I got my neighbors to look after my hay and off I started next morning, bright and early, to catch the stage at the Potash. When old Mr Oliver heard my errand, he told me to go back to my family, but my mind was made up. When my own brother was adying I was in comfort. I was determined my nephew would not suffer like him and me so

near. When the stage came along I jumped into a sea't and before darkening I was in the city. All the talk there was about the fever, and how the poor creatures were dying by the hundred in the sheds at Point St Charles. Everybody was in mortal dread of infection and the police had orders to watch that none of the emigrants got past the wharves or out of the sheds, but some did, and they were hunted down and taken back. I kept my whisht as to my errand and listened in the bar-room of the tavern to one story after another, that made the blood run cold to my heart. After an early breakfast next day I left the tavern and walked down to where the steamer sailed for Quebec. It was a beautiful morning and I thought it the prettiest sight I had seen for a long time, the blue river sparkling in the sun and the islands and the other shore looking so fresh and green, with the blue mountains beyant. It was going to be a while before the steamer was ready, for there was a pile of freight to put on board, and I walked up a bit to look round me. In turning the corner of a shed I sees lying on the ground a young lad with a girl leaning over him. I went up to them. "What's come over you, my boy, that you be lyin on the ground?" asks I. Never a word from either. I went close up and I sees his eyes closed and his face white as death, with his head resting on the girl's lap. "God save us, what's wrong?" Never a word. "Can

I do anything for you?" I says, placing my hand on her shoulder. She lifted up her head that was bowed down on the young man's, oh so slowly, and looked at me, her face white and sunk like. "No," she whispered, "he's adyin." "Dyin like this in a Christian land," says I, "I will get help." I ran back to where the crowd was and tould a policeman. "They'll be escaped inigrants," says he, "and must be sent back, the villins," and off he comes with me. I led him to the place and he flourished his big stick, shouting, "What div ye mean, coming among Christian people agin orders?' I caught his arm. "Don't touch them; he's dyin," for I heard the rattle in his throat. We stood aside for a minute or so, there was a gurgle and a drawin up of the legs, and all was over. "Oh, my brother, my brother, hev you died afore me," moaned the poor girl as she tighter clutched his body. "Come wid me," I said, stooping over and trying to lift her, "I am Irish like yersilf, and will spind my last dollar if need be to bury your brother. Lave him, and I will take you where you will find friends." I could not loosen her hould on the body. The policeman said he would go for the ambulance and left me. I stroked her hair, I talked to her as if she had been my own daughter; I tried to comfort her. Never a sign or a word. There was a sound of wheels and I looked and saw the ambulance. The men came and I grasped the girl to lift her

off the corpse. I caught a look at her face—she was dead too. The ambulance men said that was nothing, that fever patients dropped dead every day without a sign. I looked at the poor colleen as I helped to lift her into the ambulance beside her brother's corpse, and I knew it was not of the fever alone she had died, but of a broken heart. Och, och, to come to Ameriky to die on the quay. "Drive to the cimitry," says I, "and I will pay all expinses," trying to get up beside the driver. "Have you lost your sinses," says he, "they wad not bury them in the cimitry; they go to Point St Charles, and if yer wise ye'll tell nobody you handled faver patients and go about your business.' Wid that he cracks his whip, and rattles aff at a great rate. "Well, well," I said to myself, "at ony rate they will be mixed in burin! as they were in life and death," and they rest in the field where a big stone tells more than 3000 were buried. I turned with a heavy heart to the steamer, which was ringing a warning bell to get on board and lying down on a pile of bags fell asleep. It was afternoon when I awoke and soon after we were at Three Rivers, where I went ashore and got something to eat. When we had left it a while a steamer hove in sight, coming up the river. We crowded to see her in passing. It was a sight that sunk like a stone on my heart. Her lower deck was chock full of women and childer and men, all in rags,

and with faces as sharp as hatchets from starvation, and most all of them white or yellow from the fever. She passed between us and the wind and the smell was awful. A sailor told me steamboats passed every day like her on their way from quarantine, and never a one reached Montreal without a row of corpses on her upper deck for burial and a lot of sick to be carried to Point St Charles

It was late in the night when we tied up at Quebec and I took the first lodging-house I found. When I paid the landlord next morning, I asked him how I would get to Grosse Isle. "Ye're jokin you are," says he, "people lave it, they don't go to it." I tould him my errand. Says he, "Go home, it's no use; your nevy is dead by this time, an if he isn't he'll be dead ony way. It'll be the death of yoursel to go." No, says I, I have come awl the way from Huntingdon to save the boy and I wunna go back widout him. Whin he see I was detarmined he told me how hard it was to get to the island: that the city people were afraid of the infection and watched everybody going and would let none come from there. He pointed to the landing-stage where the quarantine steamboat lay and I went to it. There was a sentry at the end and when I made to pass him he ordered me back. "I'm going to quarantine," says I. "The divil ye be; shtand back; ye can't pass widout an order." I was pleadin wid him

to let me by whin a voice behind says, "What is all this loud talk about?" I turns and sees a tall man in black, straight as a hickory. "Yer rivrince, this man wants to go to quarantine and has no permit." "My good man," says he to me, "you are seeking to rush into danger if not certain death. The sentry does a kindness in turning you."

"I have a good raison for wanting to go."

"It would need to be in risking your life and endangering the safety of the community by bringing back infection. What may be your reason?"

I saw he was a gentleman and his kind voice won me. I told him all.

"What is your nephew's name?"

"Gerald O'Connor."

"Has he been stricken! They did not tell me when I was last there. He has been one of our best helpers. His only hope lies in instant removal on convalescence and since you have come for that purpose, I shall see you have opportunity."

With that he says to the sentry, "This man is my assistant today," and putting his arm in mine he walks me on to the boat, where even the deck hands saluted him. When he walked away with the captain, I axed who he was. "Dat am Bishop Mountain," says a Frenchman. "Bedad," says I, "they shpoiled a fine cavalryman when they made a preacher ov him."

The order was given to cast off and on we went.

the river smooth as a millpond. When a long way off we could see rows of white tents and long wooden sheds where the sick lay on Gresse isle, and off the landing we found anchored 17 ships that had come from Ireland or Liverpool and had fever aboard. The wharf was a poor one and we had trouble getting ashore, for the steps were rotten and broken. The gentleman they called the bishop beckoned me to follow him as he walked on, speaking with the friends who came to meet him. When in front of the first shed, before going in at the door, he says to me, "Dr Russell will take you to your nephew," and with a bow he passed into the shed. I followed the doctor to another shed and, heavens! when we went in the smell nigh knocked me down. The doctor must have seen something in my face, for he says, "Never mind, my man, you'll soon get used to it." We passed along between two rows of berths, everyone filled, and an odd man, here and there, trying to attend to their wants. The doctor stopped before a berth where lay a young man, with thick black hair. Seizing his arm he felt his pulse. 'This is your man," says he. I looks at the worn face and with a trimble in my voice I could not keep back, I asks, "Is he able to go away wid me?"

"He'll go to his grave in a few hours," says he.

"Doctor, dear, don't say that; you can save him. I'll pay you well, if I have to mortgage my farm to get the money."

"There is no saving of him, poor fellow; he's going as many like him are going," and with that the doctor moved away.

I knelt beside my nephew and put my hand on his forehead. It was burning hot. His lips were going and he was muttering something, what I could not make out. "Gerald, won't you spake; I'm your uncle come to take you home wid me." Never a word. I went over to one of the men in charge and he pointed where the water was. I filled a noggin and pressed it to my nephew's lips and wet his face. I watched by him for what seemed a long while and saw others die and heard the groans of those in pain and the screams of those that were raving, and the beseechings for water to drink. I attended to those near by as well as I could, and it was when I was coming back with a pail of water I noticed the flush had left my nephew's face. I was bathing his forehead when he opened his eyes and stared at me. "I'm your uncle, me poor boy: you feel better?"

"May God bless you," says he, "but what made you come to this fearful place?"

"Sure its nothing; its little to do for my own sister's child."

He squazed my hand and closed his eyes and I knew he was praying for me.

"Bring me a priest."

A man that was passing told me I'd find one in the next shed. It was worse than the one I left.

for it had one row over the other of berths. At the far end I saw a priest, and found he was giving the last rites to an ould man, whose white hair was matted with dirt. I waited till he was done and asked the father to come with me. I left Gerald and him alone, and the priest had no sooner said the last prayer than there was a message for him to go to another poor soul for whom there was no hope. When Gerald saw me, he said, despairin' like, "Take me out o' here: ye can carry me. I want to die in God's free air." These were his very words.

"That I will," says I, "and you'll be home wid me in Huntingdon afore three days." He smiled a sorrowful smile, and said nothing. I lifted him in my arms and carried him out of the shed. I was powerful strong when I was young, and tho' he was tall and broad-shouthered he was wasted to skin and bone. I laid him down in the shade of a tree, for the sun was hot. He didn't look at the river or the hills beyant, but fixed his eyes on a spot that I took to be a burying-place. "Go back," he whispered, "and bring the bag below my berth." I went, and found a woman had already been put in the poor bed I had lifted him out of. I reached for the bag and took it to him. Pointing to a spot in the burying-place he told me to go there and I would see a grave with a cross at its head and the name Aileen cut on it. "You can read?" "Yes," says I. I did his bidding

and coming back told him I had found the grave. "Promise me, you'll bury me beside that grave." I promised him. "Open the bag and you'll find in it a little book." I reached it to him. "Take it," says he, "there are pages in it I would tear ont were I able. Let it go. Save the book: it will tell to those now unborn what Irish men and women have suffered in this summer of sorrow."

He was wake and closed his eyes. "Is there anything more I can do for yees?' asks I. "Nothing, uncle dear; the summer breeze is sweet." He never said another rational word, for the fever set in again and he began to rave. He talked as if he were on ship again and then he would change to onld Ireland and he would be aplayin with his conrades, and his laughing was sore to hear. Then there came a iong while when he was quiet, just tossing uneasy like at times as he slept. My eyes were on the river and the ships and the green fields bright beyant, when I hears him whisper, "Mother, dear, have ye been long waiting here for your boy?" and he spoke to her tender and soft as he must have done manys the time in onld Ireland. Then it was Aileen he saw, and it was true-lover talk. Oh, it was all so beautiful; the poor boy dying there of the fever on the river bank talkin so sweet and loving with the two women who had filled his heart, an its the lot of love a true Irishman's heart can hould. I was gripping his hand, watching him, when all at once

his jaw fell and I saw the soul had fled. I laid him out as I best could, and rolling the blanket round him lifted the corpse on my shoulder and carried it to the spot he told me. There were shovels and picks in plenty and I set myself to dig the grave. The smell of the fresh earth brought back to me my own family and farm that I had clean forgot that dreadful day, and I determined to be back with them at once. There were men at work near me finishing a long trench, and I saw them watching me and I watched them and listened to their talk. The sun was low before the grave was finished to my liking. There was no use trying to get a priest, they had enough to do with the dying without burying the dead, so I laid the corpse carefully in the grave, said a prayer and filled it in. I drove in a cedar picket to mark the spot, for I meant some day to put a headstone there, but I never did, for I was never able to go back. When all was done I went over to one of the men who had been digging the trench that I had seen by his talk was an Irishman. He was smoking his pipe with the lave, who were waiting for the burial. I got him by himself and told him my errand on the island and now I was done, I wanted away at once. That's not easy, he said. There were guards to prevent any coming on or leaving the island except by the steamer and with a permit. "Sure," I says, "if I stay here till to-morrow I may be a dead man." "That you will,"

says he, "an thin you'll hev to go as a passenger in the steamboat that takes emigrants right on to Montreal." "I'll never go on an emigrant steamboat," says I, minding the one I had seen. He spo'e in French to two men near us. They lived above Beamport, he told me, and while they came, like himself, to bury the dead for big pay, they broke the rules by going home at night, when wind and tide served, in a small boat. If I'd help them to get done, they would let me go with them. The job was like to make me sick, but I wanted away, and agreed. By this time they were beginning to carry the dead from the sheds and tents, and as the men with the stretchers came up they dumped their load into the trench. We straightened the corpses to make them lie close, shovelled some lime over them, and then a few inches of earth, when we were ready for another row. Then the trench was filled and smoothed over. I had put on my coat and was cleaning my shovel when one of the Frenchmen touched my arm and I followed him. We slipped into the bushes and went to the north side of the island, meeting nobody. At the foot of a steep bank we found a boat. We got in, and casting loose the tide, which was making, carried us up until we were a good bit from the island, when a sail was hoisted and we went at a great speed, for the tide had brought with it a stiff breeze. On landing I did not follow the men, for I had something to do

I had on my mind. I stripped to the skin, and spread my clothes on the bushes. Going into the water I rubbed my handkerchief and shirt and washed myself as I have never done since. I scrubbed my skin with the sand and sniffed the water up my nose until, for the first time, since morning, I got the stink ont of it. It was such a warm night, I was in no hurry to put on my clothes, and didn't till I thought they were well aired. I may tell you, from the moment I buried my nephew, the fear of the fever came upon me, though I had never thought of it afore. Well, when I was ready for the road, I felt sick, but I knew it was with hunger, for I hadn't broken bread since morning. Coming to a habitant's house, the door of which was open, I went to it, but when they heard my tongne, they slammed the door in my face, taking me to be an escaped fever patient. Seeing it was no use, I walked as quickly as I could to Quebec, and made for the lodging-house I had left that morning. There was a light in it, though I knew it must be long past midnight. I went in and there were some sailors drinking and playing cards. The landlord lifted his eyebrows when he saw me, and signed me to follow into a back room. He lit a candle "Were you at the island?" "I was, and am right dead wid hunger." He brought some victuals and I told him how I had got on. When I had cleaned the plates he showed me to a bed. I rose late next

day all right, and left with the steamboat that afternoon for Montreal. The second day after I was home and thankful my wife was to see me. I held my whisht, and never a one but herself knew where I had been.

Well, that is all I have to tell. For a long while after, the sights I had seen followed me, and at night I would wake trembling from my dreams. That passed away, but I never cared to speak of what I saw, and tried to keep the island and its sheds out of my mind. Did any die of the fever in Huntingdon? Yes, Dr Shirriff toid me he attended 45 cases, of whom 5 died. Not many were Irish. Emigrants strayed into farmers' houses and gave the infection. Father Kiernan was that year priest in the old church at John Finn's He had gone on duty to attend the emigrants at Lachine. Feeling ill one day he knew he was in for the fever. If he stayed where he was, he would die in the sheds, so he waited tili the stage came along, got in, and rode home. When he got off at his lodging, he told the people Geordie Pringle did not know what kind of a customer he had. Next day he could not lift his head, but he pulled through all right. What came of the colleen? She left us that fall. Her mother's brother in county Kent wrote for her. She married a storekeeper in Chatham, who left her well off. The little book is all I took belonging to my nephew. There were more things in the bag. I was afeared of the in-

fection and never touched them. He must have had a chest or two, but I never asked for them. He was a good man, and I've been thankful ever since I went to see him die.

Driving home in the dark I thought over what the old man had told me, and felt how much more interesting his narrative made his nephew's diary, a faithful reprint of which I now present to the reader.

THE JOURNAL OF GERALD KEEGAN.

"The famine was heavy upon all the land." According to the chronologists more than three thousand years have passed since the event recorded in these words. Strange that, after so long a period of time has gone, the world has made so slight an advance in providing food for the mouths it contains. At school today there was not a scholar who was not hungry. When I told Mike Kelly to hold out his hand for blotting his copy, he says, "I did not mane to: it was the belly gripe did it." I dropped the ferule and when the school was dismissed slipped a penny into his hand to buy a scone at the baker's. The poor school I have had this winter takes the heart out of me. My best scholars dead, others unfit to walk from their homes for weakness. For men and women to want is bad enough, but to have the children starving, crying for the food their parents have not to give them, and lying awake at night from the gnawing at their little stomachs; oh, it is dreadful. God forgive those who have it, and will not share their abundance even with His

little ones. I came home from school this afternoon dejected and despairing. As I looked round me before opening the door of my lodging everything was radiantly beautiful The sunshine rested on the glory of Ireland, its luxuriant vegetation —its emerald greenness. Hill and valley were alike brilliant in the first flush of spring and the silver river meandered through a plain that suggested the beautiful fields of paradise. Appearances are deceitful, I thought; in every one of those thatched cabins sit the twin brothers, Famine and Death. As I opened the door, Mrs Moriarty called to me that my uncle Jeremiah had been twice asking for me. Poor man, I said to myself, he will have come to borrow to buy meal for his children and I will not have a shilling in my pocket until the board pays me my quarter's salary. I respect Jeremiah, for both he and his brother in Canada were kind to my poor mother. How I wish all the family had gone to Canada; cold in winter and hot in summer, they say, but there is plenty to eat. I took up a book and had not long to wait for my uncle. He did not need to say a word, his face told me he knew what starvation meant. I called to my landlady to roast another herring; my uncle would share my dinner. He came neither to beg nor borrow, but to ask my advice. After high mass on Sunday the proctor got up on a stone and told them their landlord had taken their case into consideration,

and went on to read a letter he had got from him. In it Lord Palmerston said he had become convinced there was no hope for them so long as they remained in Ireland, and their only means of doing better was to leave the country. All in arrears, who would agree to emigrate, he would forgive what they were due and pay their passage to Canada. Are you sure, I asked, this letter was really from Lord Palmerston?

"We have just the proctor's word for it. Well," my uncle went on to say, "the most of us jumped wid joy when we heard the letter and we all began talkin as soon as he drav aff in his car. Tim Maloney said nothin. He's a deep one, Tim, a pathriot, an rades the papers. What hev ye to say, Tim? I'm considerin, says he, the likes o' this must be deliberated on. Sure, I spakes up, the besht we can do is to get away from here. In the wan letther I iver got from my brother in Canada, he tould me he had two cows and a calf and three pigs, an a pair o' oxen and as much as they could ate. That's not the pint answers Tim, this affer prisints itself to me as a plot to get us to lave the land widout an equitable equivalent."

With doubt thrown on the landlord's good faith, the poor people went on arguing among themselves, until a majority decided to stand out and demand bet. terms. On hearing this, the agent sent word they must decide within a week. If they rejected the offer, it would be withdrawn and

no new one would be submitted. My uncle had come to get my advice, "For sure," he said, "you are the only scholard in the family." I comprehended the infamous nature of the offer. The people did not own the land, but they owned the improvements they had made on it, and had a right to be compensated for them. I knew my uncle when a boy had rented a piece of worthless bog and by the labor of himself, and afterwards of his wife, and children, had converted it into a profitable field. Should I advise him to give it up for a receipt for back rent and a free passage to Canada? I tried to find out what he thought himself. Are you for accepting the offer, uncle?

"That depinds," he answered. "Give me a crop of spuds such as we had in the ould times, an niver a step wad I mav."

I told him potatoes had been the ruin of Ireland: that placing sole dependence upon them had made her farmers neglect the proper care of the land and the raising of other crops. When the rot came or even a hard frost, such as they had in 1837, when potatoes froze in the ground, they had nothing. My uncle was a sample of his class. The lessons of Providence had been lost upon them. They would go on planting potatoes and hoping for days that would never return, for the land had become, by years of cropping, potato sick. Now, uncle, that Tim Maloney has had time for deliberating, what has he decided on?

"I mit him at O'Calaghan's lasht night," replied my uncle, "an he tould us to reject the offer an jine the Young Ireland min. There'll niver be pence and plinty in Ireland, ses he, until she's free."

"May be," I remarked, "but you and your family will be dead from starvation before Tim and his friends free Ireland." I cast the matter over and over in my head while we were eating our bite of dinner, but could not decide what advice to give my uncle and those who were going to be governed by what he did. Escape from the dreadful conditions under which they suffered would be a great blessing. On the other hand, my sense of what was fair revolted at the idea of their giving up their holdings, their homes for generations, for a nominal consideration. When my uncle rose to go, for he had a long walk before him, I said I could not decide then; I would think it over and on Sunday I would go and see them.

When Sunday came, I rose early, and let myself out quietly. It was a misty, soggy morning. I stepped out quickly, for I had a good way to go. The walking was heavy, so when I came in sight of the chapel, I saw late comers hurrying in for high mass. At the altar, to my surprise and joy, I saw my old companion, Tom Burke. When the sermon came it was like his old self, strong and bold. He compared the afflictions of the people of suffering Ireland to those of the Israelites in

Egypt, ascribing the famine to the alien government, which wanted to wipe them from the face of the earth. It would prove as futile as all past persecutions directed against the Irish race, which would continue to cherish their faith and their love of country. He carried me away with him, but his hearers listened with countenances stolid and heavy. It was the hunger: they could think of nothing but their craving for food. Father Tom had noticed me, for when I was going out at the door the man whispered to me to step into the sacristy. Passing the word with my uncle, that I would be at his house in the afternoon, I joined my old fellow student, who would have me to break my fast with him. He had come on temporary duty, and I went with him to the priest's house. Over the table we recalled old times at Maynooth and were living those happy days over again with joke and story, when our laughter was checked by the housekeeper coming in to say if we were done with our dinner Mrs Murtagh was waiting to see for what his reverence wanted her. "Send her here," he ordered. A broken-down woman, haggard and in rags, stood at the door. "O ye have come, have ye, Mrs Murtagh."

"Yes, yer rivirence; Mrs Maloney tould me ye wanted me, and didn't know what for."

"Oh, you know what I wanted you for, if Mrs Maloney did not. I wanted to see what kind of a baste you were that would go to the soupers—

what kind of Irish woman you were that would sell your faith to thim white-livered divils."

Father Burke here rose to his feet, his face lit with wrath, and his hand moving to grasp his cross. The woman sunk on her knees at his feet. "For the sake of the dear mother of God, don't put the cnrse on me, yer rivirence," she entreated.

"Why not? What have ye to say?'

"The childher were cryin all night for a bite, but it wasn't that. Little Tim was adyin on my breast, an I cudn't bear to have him tuk from me. I wint ont, I tried everywhere, I could get nothin, an thin, I wint to the sonpers. It was to keep the life in Tim, yer rivirence: I burned their thracks an never tasted myself what they gev me."

With a piercing cry the woman fell prone on the floor. Father Tom's anger passed as quickly as it rose. "Take her away," he said to the housekeeper who hastened in, "I'll see her after vespers."

I rose to go: he was his old self again: and with a hearty word we parted. At my uncle's house I found a number of his neighbors waiting and we were soon discussing the subject that filled their heads. The agent had given ont he had got another letter, in which the landlord mended his offer, by promising that his agent at Quebec would pay ten shillings a head on their landing at that city, and saying the Canadian government would give each family a hundred acres free. There was to be no breaking or separating of families; all

would go in the same ship. Against the lure of the free passage, the ten shillings, and the hundred acres, they put leaving Ireland for such a wild, cold place as Canada, and to people in rags the thought of its frost and snow was terrible. My uncle fetched his only letter from his brother and I read it aloud. I had to do so several times, as they argued over particular statements and expressions in it. The account it gave of his comfort weighed with them. After a great deal of talk my uncle says, "Well, boys, my brother never told me a lie an I believe every word of his letter. If ye says, I'll go wid ye, I'm for takin the offer an lavin at onet." His decision carried them by storm, and the listless downcast men became bright and energetic with the new hope born within them. As I walked home, I thought it over. There was the possibility of there being deceived by the agent. They were ignorant of business and could easily be imposed upon. Should I not go with them and protect their interests? What was there to keep me in Ireland? Everything I had tried had gone against me. When I was in a fair way at Maynooth, the thought had possessed me the priesthood was not my vocation and I left its loved walls. Failure and disappointment had marked every effort made in other callings since. To give up my situation as teacher would matter little; its salary was a mockery. I would see Aileen.

Feby. 28, 1847.—Aileen consents. Like myself an orphan, she has no ties to bind her to dear old Ireland beyond those common to all her children. We will be married the week before the ship sails. Gave up my school today. As I mean to keep a journal of the voyage, I sat down tonight and wrote the foregoing, to remind me in future years of the causes that led to my decision.

March 8.—Uncle came to see me this morning. What he tells me raises doubts of the good faith of the landlord. The agent was round yesterday with an attorney who got them to put their mark to a paper. A ship is promised beginning of April.

10.—Walked to town to see the agent. He was not for showing the paper at first. It was a release of all claims on the landlord and a promise to give him peaceable possession on the 1st April. The remission of what is due for rent and the free passage are specified as the quid pro quo of the landlord, but not a word about the ten shillings a head to be paid at Quebec or the 100 acres per family from the Canadian government. Nothing can now be done; the poor people are at Lord Palmerston's mercy.

April 9.—We were married Monday morning, and spent three happy days with Aileen's cousin in Limerick. Arrived here in Dublin today. The ship is advertised to sail tomorrow. Took out our tickets for second cabin and drive tomorrow morning to where the ship is lying.

10.—When the car drove alongside the ship, instead of finding her ready for sea she was a scene of confusion, carpenters at work on her hull and riggers perched in her cordage. There is a mountain of freight to go on board, which she is not ready to receive. It was a shame to advertise her to sail today when she cannot leave for several days. Our second cabin proves to be a cubby-hole in the house on deck. We might as well have gone in the steerage and saved £5. It was late in the day when uncle and his neighbors arrived; they formed a large party, and were footsore with their long tramp. The captain refused to allow them to go on board and they will have to spend the night on the quay. The weather fortunately is dry.

11.—I spoke to the captain on behalf of the emigrants. I showed him they had come on the day advertised and had a right to maintenance. He curtly told me to go and see the ship's broker, who has his office far up in the city. I waited over an hour in an outer room to get an interview with the government emigration inspector. I implored him to put in force the law on behalf of the poor people shivering on the quay. He haughtily ordered me out of his office; saying he knew his duty and would not be dictated to by a hedge schoolmaster. Came away indignant and sore at heart. Looking over the emigrants I can see why Lord Palmerston confined his offer to

those in arrears for rent and who had small holdings. Such persons must needs be widows or old men without proper help. His lordship has shrewdly got rid of those likely to be an incumbrance on his estates. The company is made up largely of women and children, with a few old or weakly men. The number of widows is surprising.

12.—The weather is cold and showery and the poor people are most miserable—wet, hungry, and shivering. I went to Dublin to see the ship's broker. He received me very smoothly and referred me to the charterer, without whose instructions he could do nothing. The charterer I found to be out of town; the owner of the ship lives in Cork. I returned disconsolate. An infant died today from exposure. On going to see about the innocent's burial, the priest told me it was common for ships to advertise they would sail on a day on which they had no intention of leaving. It was done to make sure of getting all the passengers they could pack into the vessel. They get £3 a head from the landlords, children counting as half, and the more they can force on board the greater their profit. His experience had been that charterers of vessels for carrying emigrants were remorseless in their greed, and, by bribing the officials, set the government regulations at defiance. Scenes he had seen on the quays drew tears from all save those whose hearts were hardened by the lust of gain.

14.—The poor people are homesick and heart-sick. Today a number of them tried to get on board and take possession of the berths between decks, which were finished yesterday. They were driven back by the mate and the sailors. One man was brutally kicked by the mate. It seems if the passengers got on board they would have a right to rations, hence their being denied shelter. Some of the men have got work along the quays, and every sixpence is a help to buy bread. Again ventured to remonstrate with the captain. He said he had nothing to say to an informer, referring to my visit to the government agent. I told him I would report his conduct to Lord Palmerston, and have just written a letter to his lordship.

15.—Matters have been going on from bad to worse. Two more children have died from cold and want. Not a soul in the crowd has had a warm bite since they left home. Their food is an insufficiency of bread, which is poor sustenance to ill-clad people camped in open sheds. The ship is ready for sea yet they will not let us go on board.

16.—This morning we were ordered to go on board and gladly hurried up the long plank. We had not been fairly settled in her until there was a hurroo, and looking ashore I saw a great crowd of men carrying bundles and babies, with women and children. They were worse clad and more

miserable than our own people. To my surprise they headed for our ship and were soon crowding into her until there was not room to turn. No sooner was the last chest got on board than the sailors began to unmoor the ship. Before they were done a tug steamed up to us and passed her hawser. We had moved out into the bay some distance, when the paddles of the tug stopped, and we saw a six-oared cutter making for us, and when alongside the government inspector, in blue uniform with gilt buttons, leapt on board. He looked neither to left nor right, but walked with the captain across the quarter-deck and went down into the cabin. My mind was made up. My people had already suffered much at the hands of the shipping-men, and I resolved to protest against their being overcrowded. I knew the law, and knew full well that she had all on board she was competent for before this new arrival. I waited my opportunity, and when I saw the inspector emerge from the companion-way and head straight for his boat, I rushed forward. I had just shouted the words, "I protest—," when I was tripped from behind. As I fell headlong, I heard the inspector say, "Poor fellow, has had a drop too much. Good-bye, captain: prosperous voyage." When I rose to my feet he was gone, and the mate faced me. "Damn you," he shouted, "try to speak to an outsider again and I'll brain you." Mortified at my failure and indignant at

my usage, I left the quarter-deck. The tug was in motion again, and we were sailing down the bay—fair Dublin bay, with its beautifully rounded slopes and hills, bright with budding woods and verdant sward. To our surprise, for we thought we had started on our voyage, the tug dropped us when we had gone down the bay a bit, and our anchor was let go. Late in the evening the word went round the reason of our not sailing was that the crew, from the captain down to the apprentices, believed the ship would have no luck were she to begin her voyage on a Friday.

17.—At daybreak we were roused by the clanking of the capstan as the anchor was weighed. There was a light air from the north-east. Sails were spread and we slowly beat out of the bay and took a long slant into the channel, dropping our pilot as we passed Kingstown. Stores were broached and biscuit for three days served. They were very coarse and somewhat mouldy, yet the government officer was supposed to have examined and passed them as up to the requirements of the emigration act. Bad as they were, they were eagerly accepted, and so hungry were the people that by night most of them were eaten. How shamefully the ship was overcrowded was now to be seen and fully realized. There were not berths for two-thirds of the passengers, and by common consent they were given up to the aged, to the women and the children. The others

slept on chests and bundles, and many could find no other resting place than the floor, which was so occupied that there was no room to walk left. I ascertained, accidentally, that the mate served out rations for 530 today. He counts two children as one, so that there are over 600 souls on board a ship which should not legally have 400, for the emigrant act specifies 10 square feet of deck to a passenger. Why was this allowed? What I heard a man telling this morning explains all. The government had sent £200 to be spent on relief works in his townland by giving employment at a shilling a day. When £50 had been paid out, the grant was declared to be exhausted. Where did the £150 go? Into the pockets of a few truly loyal defenders of the English constitution and of the Protestant religion. The British parliament has voted enough money to put food in every starving mouth in Ireland. Half and more of the money has been kept by bloodsuckers of the English garrison I get mad when I think of all this. The official class in Ireland is the most corrupt under the sun. A bribe will blind them, as I saw yesterday, when the inspector passed our ship and stores. Wind continued light all forenoon, and fell away in the afternoon to a calm. After sunset a breeze sprung up from the west, but did not hold, and as I write we are becalmed in mid-channel.

18.—Light and baffling breezes from the west

and north-west prevailed all day, so we made little progress on the long journey before us. One of our many tacks brought us close to the English coast. It was my first and likely to be my last view of that country. Aileen has made our cabin snug and convenient beyond belief. Her happy disposition causes her to make the best of everything.

19.—The westerly breezes that kept us tacking in the channel gave place, during the night, to a strong east wind, before which the ship is bowling at a fine rate. Passing close to the shore we had a view of the coast from Ardmore to Cape Clear. Aileen sat with me all day, our eyes fixed on the land we loved. Knowing, as it swept past us, it was the last time we would ever gaze upon it, our hearts were too full for speech. Towards evening the ship drew away from it, until the hills of Kerry became so faint that they could hardly be distinguished from the clouds that hovered over them. When I finally turned away my eyes from where I knew the dear old land was, my heart throbbed as if it would burst. Farewell, Erin; no matter how far from you I may roam, my heartstrings are woven to you and forget you I never shall. May the centuries of your sorrows soon be completed, and peace and plenty be yours forever. Land of my fathers, shrine of my faith, a last farewell!

20—When I awoke this morning I became

sensible of the violent motion of the ship. Going out I saw we were fairly on the bosom of the Atlantic and the ship was plunging through the ocean swell. The east wind still held and we were speeding on our course under full sail. I found my fellow-passengers to be in a deplorable condition. The bulwarks were lined with a number who were deadly seasick. Going between decks the scene nigh overcame me. The first time I went below I was reminded of a cavern—long and narrow and low in ceiling. Today it was a place for the damned. Three blinking oil lanterns cast light enough to show the outlines of forms that lay groaning on the floor, and give glimpses of white stony faces lying in the berths, a double tier of which surround the sides of the ship. A poignant wail of misery came through an atmosphere of such deadly odour that, for the first time, I felt sick, and had to beat a retreat up the narrow ladder. The cool ocean breeze revived me and Aileen, who proved a good sailor, had our modest breakfast ready when I joined her. On revisiting the steerage later in the day I found there were passengers down with more than seasickness. There are several cases of dysentery. I asked the steward to tell the captain. He informs me the captain can do nothing, having only a small medicine-chest for the crew. However he told him, and the captain ordered the steward to give them each a glass of whisky. I had plain

proof today of my suspicions that drink is being sold, and on charging the steward he told me it was the custom for the mates of emigrant ships to be allowed to do so, and he would get me what I wanted at any time for sixpence a noggin. I told him I had taken the pledge at the hands of Father Matthew and considered drink unnecessary. My remonstrances fell on stony ground, for the steward, a decent, civil fellow, sees no wrong in drinking or in selling drink.

21.—The first death took place last night, when a boy of five years succumbed to dysentery. In the afternoon a wail suddenly arose from the hold —a fine young woman had died from the same cause. Both were dropped into the sea at sunset. There are fewer seasick today, but the number ill from dysentery grows. Cornmeal was served out today instead of biscuit. It was an injury instead of a sustenance, for it being impossible to make stirabout of it owing to no provision having been made for a galley for the passengers, it had to be mixed with water and eaten raw. Some got hot water, but most had to use cold. Such food when dysentery threatens is poison. Today was cold with a headwind that sent the spray flying over the bows. Had a long talk this afternoon with a very decent man who is going to Peterborough, Canada West. He thinks it is not disease that ails the children, but cold and hunger. Food and clothes is what they need, not medicine. The

number of sick grows. Sighted 2 ships today, both too far away to speak them.

22.—Why do we exert ourselves so little to help one another, when it takes so little to please? Aileen coaxed the steward to let her have some discarded biscuit bags. These she is fashioning into a sort of gowns to cover the nakedness of several girls who could not come on deck. The first she finished this afternoon, and no aristocratic miss could have been prouder of her first silk dress than was the poor child of the transformed canvas bag, which was her only garment.

23.—This is Sunday. The only change in the routine of the ship that marks the day is that the sailors gave an extra wash down to the decks and after that did no work except trim the sails. They spent the forenoon on the forecastle mending or washing their clothes. During the afternoon it grew cold, with a strong wind from the north-east, accompanied by driving showers. Towards sunset the sea was a lather of foam, and the wind had increased to a gale. When the waves began to flood the deck, the order was given to put the hatches on. God help the poor souls shut in beneath my feet! With hatches open, the hold was unbearable to me. With them closed, what will it be by morning? It is growing so dark I cannot see to write more, for a light is forbidden to us. The wind is still rising and the thump of the waves as they strike the ship's side grows

more violent. The shouting of orders, the tramp and rush of the sailors to [illegible] them, the swaying of the ship, the groaning of her timbers and masts, and the constant swish of water rushing across the deck, combine to make me most melancholy and forebodings of evil darken my soul. Aileen is on her knees, the calm and resignation of a saint resting upon her face. There is a faith in God that rises above the worst of the world's trials.

24.—We had a dreadful night, and I slept only by snatches. At midnight the tempest seemed to reach its height, when its roar drowned all other sounds. The ship swayed and rolled as if she would capsize, while ever and anon she shipped a sea that flooded our little cabin, and threatened to tear the house, of which it forms part, from its fastenings and carry it overboard. How I prayed for daylight! When at last the dawn of another day came, the wind lessened somewhat in its force, but the waves were higher and stronger, and while the ship was still shuddering from the dreadful blow dealt by one, another struck her, and made her stagger worse than before. Peering out of the side scuttle I could see naught but a wild tumult of waters—yawning abysses of green water and moving mountains crested with foam. The writhing, ceaseless activity of the raging waters deeply impressed me. Our ship at one time seemed to be about to be engulfed; the next moment

she towered above the highest waves. So far as I could make out she was driving before the gale under her foresail, close reefed It was noon before it was safe to step out on deck. The wind was dying away but the ocean was still a wild scene. With little way on the ship, she rolled and pitched, so that to keep from falling I had to clutch at whatever I could get a hold of. The sails were slatting against the masts with a noise like thunder. It was late in the day when a breeze came up, which steadied the vessel and caused her to ship no more water, when the mate ordered the hatches to be opened. I was standing by, concerned to know how it had gone with my people. The first man to come up was my uncle. He had been waiting anxiously to see me. His wife had taken ill during the night, and he was afraid her trouble was the fever. I hurried down with him and found her pulse high and her body racked with pains. All that we had in our power to do for her was to give a few drops of laudanum from a bottle Aileen had brought with her, which eased her pains and gave her some rest. Aileen wanted to go and see her but I would not allow her, the sights and stench of between decks being revolting and past description. Uncle says the passengers passed a dreadful night. The seams opened in the forepeak, and the water coming in caused a panic, the belief being the ship was about to sink. One old man was thrown against a trunk

and had three ribs broken and a girl, ill from dysentery, died during the worst of the storm.

25.—Tired and worn out as I was, I had a broken night's rest. I woke with a start from a dream that uncle's wife was dead. So impressed was I that such was the case, that I dressed hurriedly to go and see. As I stepped on deck 8 bells were struck, indicating midnight. It was clear though cold, and the stars could be seen to the horizon The column of heated air that rose from the hatchway was peculiarly fetid, but I did not hesitate to descend. Except for the cries and groans of the sick stillness prevailed. Exhausted by the watching of the preceding night all who could were asleep. On getting to uncle's berth, I found him sleeping heavily, his wife tossing by his side with the restlessness of her disease. She was dosing and muttering, showing she was not herself. I tried to catch the words she uttered, and found in her delirium she was back in Ireland and to the happy days when uncle was a wanter and was coming to see her. I searched high and low before I found a pannikin of water. I raised her head and held it to her lips. She drank it to the last drop. Slipping back to my bunk, I slept until it was late in the day. My first thought on opening my eyes was, that it was my duty to speak to the captain, and as I took breakfast with Aileen I thought how I could approach him with some hope of success. I kept on deck

watching my chance. The captain came up only for a short time at noon to take the sun, and then the mate was with him. I knew it was no use to speak when that fellow was near. After dinner I saw the mate go to his cabin for a sleep, and waited anxiously for the captain. When he did step from the companion and had taken a round or two on the poop, I stepped up. He looked surprised and as if he resented my intrusion. Before he could speak I said—"Pardon me, captain, for coming here. I thought you might not know what is on board ship."

"What do you mean?" he asked roughly.

"There is fever on board," I answered quietly. He paled a little, and then shouted, "You lie; what do you know about fever? You are not a doctor."

"Come and see for yourself," I said, "you have not been 'tween decks since we left Dublin."

With an oath he retorted "Do you mean to tell me what I should do? I want you to understand I know my duty."

"For heaven's sake, captain, do it then. Fever is on board and unless a change is made half the passengers may die."

"What change?" he asked sulkily.

"The steerage wants cleansing and the passengers need better food and more of it."

"Grumbling, eh: what do they expect? Roast beef and plum pudding? The beggars get the government allowance. Begone, sir."

I was trembling with repressed indignation but for the sake of those I pled for I kept cool. "Captain, the poor people ask nothing unreasonable. Go and see for yourself the biscuits and water served out to them, and I am sure you will order a change."

"Complain about the water, too! What's wrong with it?"

"It's foul," I told him, "it smells and bad though it be, there is not enough served out. The sick are calling for water and not a drop to be got."

"Not enough served out—what do you mean?"

"That the allowance is scrimped."

He clinched his fist and raised his right arm as if to strike me. "This to me, on my own ship, that passengers are cheated in measure!"

"Strike me, captain, if you will, but by our common faith I implore you to consider the case of my poor people. There are children who have died from starvation and they have been dropped into the sea. There are more dying and you can save them by ordering a larger ration of sound biscuit. There are men and women lying stretched in the fever, will you not ease their agony by letting them have all the water they can drink? They have suffered everything flesh and blood can suffer short of death. In fleeing from the famine in Ireland, do not let it be said they have found harder hearts and a worse fate on board ship. When you know a cup of water and a bite will

save life and will make hundreds happy, sure, captain, you will not refuse to give them."

"You vagabond," he exclaimed, his eyes flashing with anger, "if you insinuate I am starving anybody I will pitch you overboard. The passengers get all the government regulations allow them and more they shan't have. Begone, sir, and do not dare to come on the poop again."

"One word, captain. I have been told you have a wife and children. For their sweet sake, have pity on the little ones and the women on board."

"Do you hear me?" he shouted. "Leave the poop or I will kick you off. I'll have no mutiny on my ship."

I turned and left more sorrowful at my failure than indignant at my usage. My appeal did some good, however, for before the day was over windsails were rigged at the hatchways, which did a little to freshen the air 'tween decks. A sail ahead hove in sight during the afternoon, and we rapidly gained on her. At six o'clock we were abreast of the stranger, which was not over half a mile away. She was a small barque and had lost her foretopmast during the gale. She signalled us, but our captain took no notice, and we soon left her a long way astern. Asking the boatswain why she wanted to speak us, he said she likely was short of sails and spars to repair her damage and wanted to get them from us. "And why did the captain not help her?" The

boatswain smiled. "They cost money and supplying them would have delayed us." I had my own thoughts about the sailor who would not give a helping hand to his brother when overtaken by misfortune. If that ship be lost for lack of spar or sail, then that little tyrant who struts our quarter-deck is accountable.

26.—A beautiful morning, bright and milder than it has been. Every sail is drawing and the ship is bowling along at a fine rate. I got up early, being anxious about uncle's wife. Found her no better. Worse than that, learned there were five besides her ill the same way. There is now not a shadow of a doubt that typhus fever is on board. Since we left port, no attempt has been made to clear the steerage, which is filthy beyond description. When I speak to the men to join in and shovel up the worst of the dirt, they despondently ask me, "What's the use?" The despondency engendered of hunger and disease is upon them and they will not exert themselves. The steward is the only one of the ship's company who goes down the hatch-steps, and it would be better if he did not, for his errand is to sell the drink for which so many are parting with the sixpences they should keep for their landing in a strange country. The day being passably warm in the afternoon the children played on the deck and I coaxed Paddy Doolan to get out his pipes and set them jigging.

27.—A dull, murky morning, with a mist that surrounded the ship as the wrapping of silk paper does an orange. It was almost a dead calm and the atmosphere was so heavy the smoke of the galley did not rise and filled the deck with its fumes. The main deck was deserted, save by myself and three old women who sat on the coaming of the main hatchway, smoking their pipes. The cabin boy flitted backwards and forwards carrying breakfast to the cabin, where the steward was laying the table. The boy's motions did not escape the women, and I noticed them whispering and laughing as if concocting a plot. One presently went down into the hold, while the other two turned anxious glances for the return of the cabin boy. When he did come he loaded up with as many skillets and pans as he could carry. No sooner had he disappeared down the companion-way, than the women ran to the galley, which was deserted, for the cook, having completed his morning's work, had gone to the forecastle, where the sailors were at breakfast, leaving the dishes ready for the boy to take to the cabin as wanted. In a twinkling the women were out again, one of them bearing a big copper teapot, the steam from its spout showing in the morning air. Hurrying to the hatchway they were met by the woman who had left them, ready with a lapful of tins of every description. Into these the tea was poured and handed below, as quickly

as they could be handled. Curious to view the scene I went to the hatch and looked down, seeing a crowd of grinning passengers beneath, who carried off the tins as they got them. When the last drop was out of the kettle, the woman who held it ran back to the galley, and dipping it into an open copper of hot water replaced it where she got it. The women did not disappear, but resuming their seats on the edge of the hatch proceeded to discuss the tins of tea they had reserved for themselves. By-and-by the boy hove in sight, and, unsuspicious of the change in its contents, carried the kettle to the cabin. He had been away five minutes when he reappeared kettle in hand and went to the galley. I stood behind him. He looked bewildered. "Bedad, I was right; there's no other kettle." "Anything wrong, my boy?" "Och, yis; it's hot say water instead of tay that's in the kettle." Going to the sailors' quarters he returned with the cook who, on tasting what was in the kettle, looked perplexed. Accompanied by the boy he made his way to the cabin to report a trick had been played upon him. Telling Aileen of what was afoot, she drew a shawl over her head, came out and took her place by me in lee of the long boat, awaiting developments. The mate, followed by cook, steward, and boy, emerged from the companion. Striding the deck with wrathful haste the mate went to the galley and after hearing the explanations of the cook, shouted "I'll flay

the —— thieves with a rope's end." Coming back, he asked me, "What do you know about this?"

"That I had no hand it," I replied, "nor, I'm sorry to say, even a taste of it." Aileen laughed, and eyeing me malignantly the mate retorted, "You know who did it: tell me right away."

"Of course I know, but I would not tell a gentleman like yourself who hates informers. Remember Dublin bay."

He ground his teeth and had Aileen not been there I believe he would have attempted to strike me. Wheeling round to the three old women who sat quietly on the hatchway he asked them.

"Is it the tay ye are askin afther? Sure an it wasn't bad: was it, Mrs O'Flaherty?"

"Dade it was comfortin this saft mornin, Mrs Doolan, an good it was ov the gintlemin to send it to us. It's a captain ye should be instead ov a mate, my dear."

"Tell me who stole the tea-kettle from the galley," yelled the mate.

"Och, dear, don't be shoutin so loud," replied Mrs Doolan, "if I be old, I'm not deaf yet. An as for stealin yer dirthy ould tay-kittle, sure I saw the boy with it in his hand this minit."

"Come, no prevaricating. You know what I mean. Who stole the tea?" cried the mate.

"Mrs Finegan, ye sit there niver saying a word: can't ye tell this swate gintlemin who stole the tay."

"You'll be manin the tay the landlord tould us he paid tin pounds into the hands of the mate to give us on the voyage. Where that tay wint to I don't know at awl, at awl. Do you, Mrs O'Flaherty?"

"For shame, Mrs Finegan, to be purtindin sich a gintlemin wad kep the tin pom. He's agoin to give us tay reglar afther this, an (here she raised her tin and drank the last drop) this is the first token. If ye plaze, sir, it would taste betther were ye to put a grain o' shuggar in it."

At this, Aileen, who had been quivering with restrained merriment, burst into a ripple of laughter, loud and long, and an echo from beneath showed there were amused auditors at the hatchway. The mate grew purple with wrath. Seizing Mrs O'Flaherty by the shoulder he fairly screamed, "You old hag, you know all about it; show me the thief."

The woman rose to her feet, her long grey hair hanging damp and limp in straggling locks. With a twinkle in her eye she composedly regarded the mate and dropping him a curtsey, said, she could "not refuse so purlite a gintlemin. Thravellin in furrin parts is as good for manners as a boardin-school eddication, Mrs Finegan."

With an oath the mate shouted, "Show me the thief."

"It's that same I'm going to do," she replied, "Come afther me," and she put her foot on the

ladder that led into the hold. The mate shrank back as if shot. "Are you not acomin?" asked Mrs O'Flaherty. "Indade its proud we will all be to see yer bewtiful face below for ye have never been down to see us yet."

"He's bashful," interjected Mrs Doolan, rising, "come wid me, if ye plaze, Mr Mate, an I'll interjuce you."

The mate was glaring with a look in which fear mingled with baffled rage. The crones noted his state of mind and enjoyed it. "Can ye tell me, Mrs O'Flaherty, where that fine parfume is comin from?"

"Is it the sint aff the mate, yer smellin?" remarked Mrs Finegan, who had relit her pipe and was looking on with a solemn face. "Sure it's camfire, an he shmells av it like an onld maid's chist o' drawers."

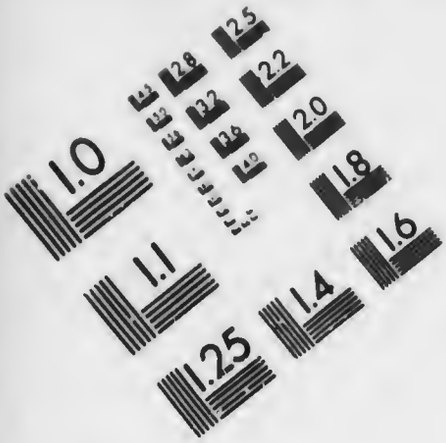
"Beggin yer pardon, Mrs Finegan," retorted Mrs O'Flaherty, "it's a docthur he be, an he is comin down to see thim sick wid the favor."

With a volley of curses the mate turned away. As he went towards the poop he was followed by a chorus of cries from the old women, Wunna ye come an git the thafe? How did ye like hot say wather for tay? Reminber, an send us our tay reglar afther this, not forgittin the shuggar. There's a favor patient wants to see ye, sir.

When he disappeared I said to Aileen "none but Irishwomen could have so settled a bully."

"And no other," she laughingly replied, "have captured a cup of tea so neatly." Towards noon the fog cleared, and the ship made some progress under a light breeze. There was no death today, but there are more cases of fever. The boatswain told me that the sight of the sun today showed we were 600 miles from Newfoundland. Saw the topsails of a full-rigged ship at the edge of the horizon before sunset.

28.—Rained all morning and miserably cold. The light breeze we had died away and we rolled helplessly until after dinner, when the wind came up from the south-east, which sent us bowling on our course. A huge staysail, that had been bent by the sailors two days ago between the main and foremast, was hoisted for the first time, and added perceptibly to the ship's speed. Sickness increases and the body of a boy of 5 years of age was dropped into the ocean in the forenoon. The frequency of deaths has made the passengers callous, and, especially those of children, call out little comment. When men and women have sounded the deepest depth of wretchedness, as they have done, they seem to lose both hope and fear. Uncle's wife is no better: so far as I can judge she is sinking. She might rally had we suitable nourishment to give her, but we have nothing. She has not even fresh air, but with every breath inhales the stench of a pestilence. Uncle, unable to do anything else for her, sits at the head of the



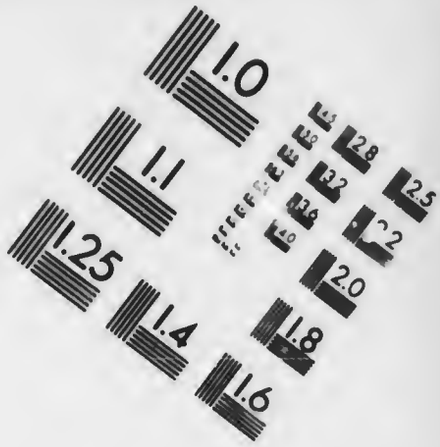
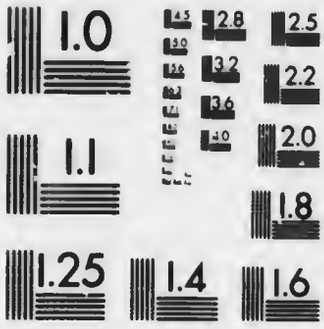
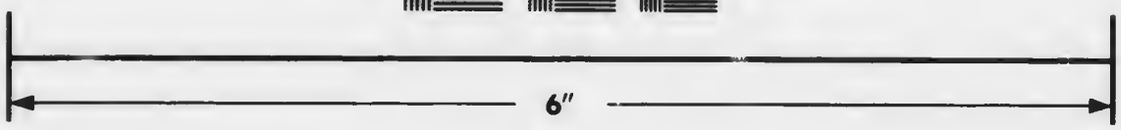
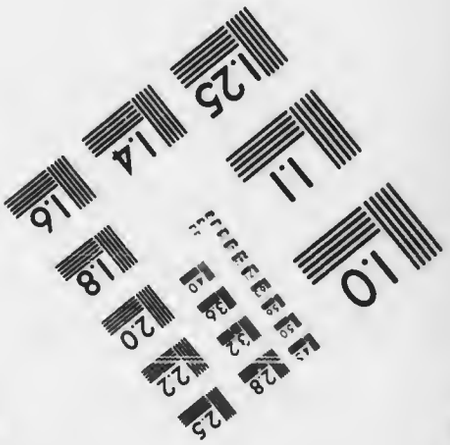


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)







Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

berth, her hand clasped in his. We had a wonderful sunset. The change of wind brought warmth and dappled the sky with fleecy clouds. The forecastle being deserted Aileen went with me and we sat where, looking down, we could see the cutwater flashing the waves into foam, or, looking up, see the cloud of canvas and tracery of rope and block crimsoning in the waning sunlight. The sun was setting so directly ahead of us that it might be supposed the man at the wheel was steering for it. The glittering, burnished pathway it threw across the ocean, our ship sailed up.

"Sure," whispered Aileen, "it is the road to the land of promise and the sun himself welcomes us as we pursue it."

"Heaven grant it may be so, but for some on board the land of promise will never be."

"Don't be looking at the dark side, Gerald. See yonder clouds, their downy edges touched with pink. Let us fancy them the wings of the angels who are beckoning us to homes of plenty and content beyond that western wave, and cheer up."

As I looked into her face, bright with enthusiasm, I felt if angels beckoned I had also one at my side to encourage me. We gazed in silence at the glowing scene, marked the sun's disappearance, and the deepening colors in cloud and water. Turning our gaze to the ship we could trace the sun's departing rays as they creeped up the tall masts. "Who would think," I said, "to look upon

this most beautiful of all man's creations, a ship in full sail radiant in the sun's richest tints, that in her hold she is bearing an unspeakable mass of misery and woe? How dark within; how bright without. How deceiving are appearances!"

"Nay, Gerald, rather look at it this way: How God in his goodness beautifies what man mars. Nothing so loathsome the sun will not bathe in the fullness of his brightness and glory."

And in that I thought, the sunshine is type of woman's love, which is not withheld by what is repulsive and like the sunshine takes no defilement from what it touches.

29.—Uncle's wife died this morning. It would not be correct to say the fever killed her, for it had not reached its crisis. She was weakly when she left home, and the sojourn on the quay, waiting to get on board ship, gave her a bad cold. Her system was so reduced, she could not withstand the onset of the disease. Uncle wanted a coffin, and the carpenter agreed to make one for five shillings, but when he asked permission of the mate he refused, so she was buried like the others, slipped into the ocean. I recited the prayers for the dead, and the deck was crowded, many being there who had not left the hold since we sailed. Just as they were about to lift the corpse over the gunwale Aileen suddenly burst into song—that mournful, consolatory hymn of the ages, Dies Iræ, to whose strains so many

millions of the faithful have been carried to the grave. It was her magnificent voice, sounding from the choir-loft of our chapel, that first drew me to her, and, never before, did I hear her put more feeling into her voice than now. When the last strain of melody floated over the waters, there was a hush for a minute, my uncle laid his hand for the last time on the head of her he so dearly loved, there was a plunge, and all was over. The breaking out of the fever has produced, even among us hardened to misfortune, something like a panic. The crew are in mortal terror of the infection and will not allow passengers to go on the forecastle, as was their wont. The ship being sent to sea purposely shorthanded, the owner relying on saving something by getting the emigrants to help, a few of our lads, who had been given bunks in the forecastle and allowed sailors' rations, have been warned, if they go down the hatchways to see their people, they need not return. The captain and cabin passengers never leave the poop. As for the mate, he seems to put his faith for protection against infection on camphor, and so smells of it that he must have a piece in every pocket. Uncle's sorrows are not ended, for two of his family are very ill.

30.—Cold and rainy with fog. A north-west wind is blowing that drives the ship at a good rate, though not straight on her course The fever spreads and to the other horrors of the

steerage is added the cries of those in delirium. While I was coming from the galley this afternoon, with a pan of stirabout for some sick children, a man suddenly sprang upwards from the hatchway, rushed to the bulwark, his white hair streaming in the wind, and without a moment's hesitation leaped into the seething waters. He disappeared beneath them at once. His daughter soon came hurrying up the ladder to look for him. She said he had escaped from his bunk during her momentary absence, that he was mad with the fever. When I told her gently as I could that she would never see him again, she could not believe me, thinking he was hiding. Oh the piercing cry that came from her lips when she learned where he had gone; the rush to the vessel's side, and the eager look as she scanned the foaming billows. Aileen led her away; dumb from the sudden stroke yet without a tear.

May 1.—Wind still from northwest; ship beating against it in short tacks. Most disagreeable motion. Cast lead at noon. At 150 fathoms found no bottom. A whale crossed our bows, not a hundred yards away. During the afternoon wind veered to northeast and before dark developed into a gale, before which we are driving. May it last long enough to bring us to land. Two deaths today, which has been a truly miserable May-day.

2.—There had been a flurry of snow during

the night, so that yards and deck were white when I went out. The gale still holds and boatswain said if the weather cleared we would see Newfoundland. Two small booms cracked but that has not deterred the captain from keeping on all the sail the ship will bear. At times her lee rail almost touches the water, and the deck slants so it is difficult to cross it. The captain is anxious to end the voyage, and no wonder, for the fever spreads. One child and two adults have died within the last twenty-four hours. Their bodies were dropped overboard when the ship was going 12 knots an hour. A cold, miserable day.

3.—The gale blew itself out during the night and today it is calm, the ship pitching and rolling on a glassy swell, and the sails flapping as if they would split. There is a mist, and it is very cold, which, the boatswain tells me, indicates ice near. Lead cast and sounding found, showing we are on the Banks. Some of our people, who are fishermen, bargained with the cook for a piece of salt pork and using it as bait cast their lines. Their patience was tried for a while, until we struck a school of fish, when for half an hour they caught cod and dogfish as fast as they could haul them in. The school then left and few were caught afterwards. They gave a few of best fish to the cook and in consideration he cooked what they had, so for one day all between decks had enough

to eat. The drinking-water has been growing daily worse, and now the smell of it is shocking. The barrels must have been filled from the Liffey near a sewer. Repugnant as it is to sight, smell, and taste it continues to be doled out in such meagre measure that the sick are continually crying for water with not a drop to give them. The number now sick is appalling—the young of dysentery, the old of fever, the cause of both diseases starvation. Uncle's second boy died this afternoon of dysentery. Poor uncle, his lot is a sore one, yet he never complains. Wind came from southwest towards evening bringing milder temperature with light rain. Sighted several fishing schooners and saw sea-birds for first time since left coast of Ireland.

4.—This has been a variable day; at times bright and warm, at others foggy and chilly, according as the wind blew, and it has veered from west to southwest. Sailors busy getting anchors off forecastle and bitted to the catheads—a slow and laborious task. Passed a number of fishing smacks today and sailed through a school of porpoises. Our own fishermen did pretty well today. The fish they catch is a great boon to our starving people. No death today.

5.—Weather thick and bitterly cold; no child played on deck today. Passed large fields of ice requiring great skill in handling the ship to avoid them. Captain remained on deck all day. While

I have no respect for him as a man, he is an excellent sailor. Passed two ships caught in the ice. Boatswain says they will have to drift with it until the wind opens a channel by which they can escape. Steady wind from north-east all day. One death this evening, body buried by moonlight.

6.—No ice seen today. Boatswain tells me the captain has brought the ship well south of it. Weather continued thick, with wind from east, and frequent showers of rain. Passed a beautifully shaped two-masted vessel, painted white. She hoisted the stars and stripes. Sighted two large vessels, one like ourselves crowded with emigrants, for her lee bulwark was black with them, looking at us. A patch of floating sea weed drifted by before dark, showing we must be near land. There were three deaths today. If it please God, may this agony soon end.

7.—Stepping on deck this morning to my astonishment saw land on either side—cape North and St Paul island, the sunlight bringing the lighthouses into sharp relief. Both spits looked desolate, but were a cheering sight, for they were the first land we have seen since we lost sight of the Kerry hills. Thank God for his goodness in bringing us to land, the sight of which cheered me beyond expression. It sent a thrill of excitement even through the steerage. During the night the wind changed to the southeast and the

ship makes great progress, the water being smooth, for now being in the gulf of St Lawrence we have left behind us the swell of the Atlantic. As the morning wore on it grew warmer, and when the sun had climbed to his heighth his rays became almost unpleasantly hot. Passengers not seen on deck since we sailed, crawled up to have a sight of the land which we quickly left astern, and to bask in the sunshine, until few except the sick remained below. It was wonderful the change heat and prospect of soon being on land, wrought on the spirits of us all. Hope sprung afresh, and the misery of the past was forgotten. Children played about the deck and the hum of conversation filled the air. There were a number of ships in sight, bound, like ourselves, for Quebec. The hours sped and we were bearing down on the Bird-rocks—lonely islets of rock, worn into fantastic shapes, shooting sheer up from the sea and whose cliffs give a foothold to sea fowl, squadrons of whom were careering above them. While intently watching these sentinels of the gulf of the mighty river we had entered, my eye chanced to fall on the face of an old woman whom Aileen had persuaded to stay on deck. More pinched and sallow it could not be, for she was wasted and worn, but, to my alarm, I saw its lines assuming the rigidity of coming death. I touched Aileen's arm to direct her attention. She was down on her knees by her side in a moment.

"Mother, dear, are you not feeling well?' The eyelids lifted and the answer came, "I thank God for his goodness," and then they drooped over the poor dazed eyes. I stepped into my cabin for a tin of water and Aileen held it to her lips. She feebly motioned it away. The slip of a girl who belonged to her, a grandchild, now realizing the coming change, clasped her round the neck. "Granny, dear, don't be aleavin me all alone; sure we see Ameriky now and will soon be walkin on it." The soul was quitting its frail tenement but the child's voice so far recalled it, that a slight look of recognition lightened the face. "Oeh, stay wid me, granny, an I'll do yer biddin and nivir vix ye agin. We'll soon be havin lashins of meat an wather, an ye wunna need to be givin me your share. O stay wid me!" At that moment there was a report of a musket fired near by. The passengers, grouped around the dying woman, raised their startled eyes and saw it was the mate, who had fired at the sea fowl on the rocks we were now passing. The angry scowl at the interruption melted again into sorrow when Aileen, lifting the gray head from her lap, reverently straightened it on the deck, and leaving the body to the care of the women who crowded near, led the sobbing girl, doubly orphaned, to our cabin. At sunset we buried the body and with it that of a poor cripple, who had been suffering from dysentery. We sat late that

night, for the breeze was warm and the speed of the ship exhilarating, while the waters sparkled in the moonlight. I had been in bed some time, when voices outside wakened me. It was the boatswain and a sailor who were talking, and the sound of their voices seemed to express astonishment. I dressed and hurried out. "Is there anything gone wrong?" I asked. "Did you ever see the like of that?" the boatswain replied, by pointing to the sky. The wind had fallen and glancing up the masts I saw sail, and rope, and block were motionless. Above hung clouds the like of which I had never seen. There were thousands of them, all about a size, all spherical, and all placed together as exactly as the panes in a cathedral window. Though hid from view, the moon was in the zenith, and its downward rays fell on the cloudlets, illuminating them and transmitting a ghostly light, reflected by a ghostly sea. From the horizon to the apex the illusion of the clouds was perfect in representing the ship as standing beneath the centre of a great dome composed of spheres of grey glass, through which streamed a light mysterious and fearsome, revealing the face of a glassy sea, dark and dread. "What weather does this portend?" I whispered The boatswain shook his head. "It ain't weather, sir," said the sailor, "It's death. You see if the fever don't grow worse."

8.—I had sat so long on deck during the night

that it was late in the day when I awoke. Aileen had gone out but returned when I had dressed and we had breakfast. A western breeze was blowing and the ship was tacking. The boatswain told me the gulf was over 200 miles wide so there was plenty of sea room, but before night we found there was not. As the day wore on the wind increased and the weather became thick, so that the men on the lookout kept sounding the horn nearly all the time. The captain was more afraid of ice than of a collision with another ship, and did not leave the deck after dinner. It was about 6 o'clock, when everything seemed to be going well, the ship tearing through the water on her northern tack, when the fog suddenly thinned, and to our surprise we saw land ahead. We were not over a mile from it. The captain shouted to the man at the wheel, who brought the ship up to the wind, the sails slatting like to break the masts. The yards of the foremast were soon braced round, and the question was whether the ship would wear in time to avoid striking, for the land was now so near that we could see the foam of the breakers on the shore. There was a dreadful period of suspense, during which the ship drifted broadside on towards the land, until the sails of the foremast bellied out on catching the wind, when she turned on her heel, and the order tacks and sheets given, when everybody who had been able to get a grip of

the ropes hauled with all their strength. The ship was now on the other tack, when we left the land astern, and which presented a desolate appearance, a foreground of rock with low hills behind on which were patches of snow. The boatswain said it was the eastern end of the island of Anticosti, and had we struck the rocks, those who escaped drowning would have starved to death, for the island, save a lighthouse or two, is uninhabited. I thought it, but did not say it, for he is not responsible, that 500 people were being starved to death on board ship. Our having got out of our course, for the captain supposed he was well clear of the island, is blamed on the currents and tides of the gulf.

9.—Uncle's oldest son died of the fever soon after daylight. The blow is a crushing one, but I have yet to hear the first murmur from uncle. His submission to the Divine Will is most touching. The body along with two more we dropped overboard when the sailors were at dinner. Tho' near the end of our voyage, the little tyrant on the poop has given no order to increase the supply of water or biscuit. I did not think the stench of the hold could become worse, but the heat we had a day ago has intensified it. To descend into the hold has become more than I can well bear. I told Aileen to-day she must not even go near the hatchways. Wind unfavorable all day, and ship tacking.

10.—Wind again in the south but very light. Today in making the weather tack we came close to the south shore, which seemed to be a succession of ranges of high hills with trees to their tops. This was a sad day, five having died. Exchanged signals with a ship. She said she was from Liverpool with emigrants and many were sick. Lead was kept going all day.

11.—In beating across the gulf this morning, the wind being ahead, and cold enough to chill to the marrow, we noticed a small schooner bearing down upon us. It was a pilot boat that had sighted us. When alongside, a row boat left her and soon a pilot was climbing to our deck. He was a Frenchman and spoke broken English. When he saw he had got on board an emigrant ship, he seemed to hesitate, and looked as if he wished he was back, with the bundle he had in his hand, on the schooner again. The boat, however, was by this time near the schooner. "Any seek?" he asked the captain. What the captain answered I could not hear, for he turned and took the stranger to the cabin. When the pilot reappeared he took command, and I noticed he never left the poop. In the afternoon it grew foggy and from the forecastle the dismal sound of the fog horn came. Being now well up the gulf we were in the neighborhood of many vessels, and a collision was possible. We sighted no ship, however, until late in the afternoon, when we

saw masttops above the fog. She proved to be a large vessel in splendid order. Ranging close to us, her captain asked if we had a pilot. Answered yes, he replied he had none. Our captain told them to follow us. Instead of that, the order was given to set more sail and in a few minutes she was lost to sight. Our pilot shook his head as he remarked, "She heading for Mingan rocks." When it began to grow dark, order given to let go the anchor. The noise of the rattling cable was like thunder. A child died today, a sweet girl todler that Aileen was fond of. Many of the sick are sinking tonight, not one of whom but might have lived with proper sustenance, for it is the period of convalescence that proves fatal in nine cases out of ten. Mouldy sea biscuit of the coarsest kind and foul water simply kill the patient who has got over the fever, yet we have nothing else to offer to satisfy their cravings.

12.—Anchor was weighed at daylight and when I came out on deck found we were tacking towards south shore, which was concealed by a fog-bank. Afterwards the wind veered to the east, and a drizzling rain set in. Weather thick all day, cold and disagreeable, with satisfaction, however, of knowing we are making good progress. The pilot, like the captain, is anxious to make all possible speed, and even the top stun sails were set. This was a sad day between decks. There were four deaths and the number of sick greatly

increased. No wonder: the air is that of a charnel vault and the people are so weak from want of food that they have no strength to resist disease.

13.—During the night was roused by the noise of the anchor being let go. On leaving my cabin was astounded, for I stepped into brilliant sun shine, in whose beams the waters danced, while, like a panorama, a lovely landscape was unrolled on either side. No longer a weary waste of water, with an unchanging horizon, met my view, but a noble river, rolling between picturesque banks. The north was rugged, with lofty hills, wooded to the summit; the south was an undulating slope, along whose lower edge ran a line of small white-washed houses, so near each other as to form a street. The fields were flushed with green and some of the tree-tops thickened with bud and bursting leaf. Evidently the occupants of each house had a farm, which ran like a riband from the river to nigh the head of the slope, which was crowned with woods. At regular intervals in the line of houses there is a church—plain stone edifices with high pitched roofs, which, with steeples, are tinned, giving them a foreign look. We were waiting for the tide to turn, the breeze being insufficient to enable the ship to beat against the current. On the other side of the river were four large ships, at anchor like ourselves. As the morning wore on a boat was seen to leave the shore and row towards us. The gunwale of our

ship was crowded with passengers watching her approach. On coming near us, the two men in the boat did not seem to fancy our looks, for they did not throw their line to us. They had evidently come to sell us the provisions they had aboard. "Lay to, what are you afeared of," shouted the boatswain. One of the men shook his blue cowled head. "Parley vous Français?" he cried "What does he say?" the boatswain asked me "I think he wants to know if you speak French. "Blast his himpudence; what does he think my mother was? I wants none sich lingo," retorted the salt. Scared by the row of white faces the men had plainly decided to forego the profits of trade from fear of infection. One had seized his oar to bring the boat's head to shore when, recalling all the French words I had ever heard, I shouted "Lait," and held out a pail with one hand and sixpence with the other. They swung round, and one of the men caught my pail, filled it and handed it back. Pointing to some loaves he gave me one for a sixpence, and several other passengers bought the rest of them. This done, the boat left. With that milk Aileen hopes to save the lives of the few infants left. The bread was welcome. though it was heavy and had a peculiar sourish taste. When the tide began to make, the order to weigh the anchor was given. The ships to the north of us were doing the same, and the sailors' songs came over the water with

beautiful cadence, blending with the chorus of our own crew, which began with "haul in the bowline, the black ship's a-rolling," and ended declaring that "Katie is my darling." With a large spread of canvas we moved slowly up the mighty river for the wind was light. In spite of our dismal surroundings, this was a day of quiet delight to Aileen and myself. The extraordinary width of the river, said to be over ten miles, its waters, pure and of deep blue color, clasping at intervals a picturesque island, the boldness of the wooded hills on the north shore and the brightness and softness of the cultivated landscape on the south, were a constant feast for eyes wearied of the sea. The depth and tender blue of the sky, so much more transparent than in the dear old land, particularly impressed Aileen. As we made our way up the glorious river, the shores trended nearer, the hills on the north grew loftier and the southern bank less steep. The sun had set in a glory of gold and crimson beyond the hills when the order was given to let go the anchor, the tide no longer serving us. Quarter a mile ahead of us a large ship did the same. The evening being calm Aileen got a wrap and we sat watching the darkening waters and the shores that loomed momentarily more faint, until the lights from the house windows alone marked where they were. "What is that?" she suddenly exclaimed, and I saw a shapeless heap move past our ship on the

outgoing tide. Presently there was another and another. Craning my head over the bulwark I watched. Another came, it caught in our cable, and before the swish of the current washed it clear, I caught a glimpse of a white face. I understood it all. The ship ahead of us had emigrants and they were throwing overboard their dead. Without telling Aileen, I grasped her arm, and drew her to our cabin.

14.—An eventful day, the consequences of which I fear, although, recalling every detail, I do not see how I could have acted otherwise. Anxious to see this country, so new and bright to me, I rose at daylight. The ship was under plain sail, beating against a northwest wind, and making little headway. One of our lads who had been taken to help the sailors was ordered by the mate up the foremast to put to rights some tackle that had got entangled in the last tack. The boy blundered, and the mate repeated the order with his customary oaths. Again the lad tried to do what he was bid and failed. Ordering a sailor to go up and do the work, the mate shouted to the boy to come down. He did so reluctantly, for he saw the mate had grasped a rope's end. Cursing him for his slowness, the mate seized his feet while still in the ratlines. He fell violently on the deck, when the mate proceeded to shower blows with the heavy rope on the head and back of the boy, who cried piteously

for mercy. I could not stand it; my blood was boiling. "Stop," I shouted, "have pity on the boy; he did not mean to disobey your order. It was his sorrow for his mother who died last night that confused him." The mate paused in his lashing of the lad and glared at me with such a malignant look as I pray the saints I may never again have cast on me. "Mind your business, damn you, or I'll have you put in irons for mutiny," he shouted and again laid the rope across the lad's quivering body with fiercer strength. It was, perhaps, foolish for my own interests but I could not help it. I sprang at the mate and dealt him a blow in the face. He clutched hold of me and we grappled. He was strong, with muscles toughened by fighting sea and wind, but a Sligo boy of my inches will take odds from no man in a wrestle. We fell time and again, he beneath me, but he always managed to wriggle up again, until I got a good hold of his neck, then I bent him under me and rained blows on every part of him my right fist could reach. All that the cheating villain had done, his cruelties to my people, his brutal indifference to their sufferings, flashed across my mind, and lent vim to every blow I dealt. How the scoundrel howled for help and, finally, for mercy. Not one of the sailors interfered. They drew off to the forepeak and looked on, glad to see his punishment. The passengers who were on deck formed in a circle

around us, delighted at the sight. One of them, I recall, popped up from the hatchway and held out a blackthorn to me with the explanation, "To finish him off wid, yer honor." I needed no shillelah. The fear that I might fatally injure the bully alone caused me to pause. I gathered him up in my arms for a final effort, when a strange thing happened me. I saw in my mind's eye, as they passed before me, the white face of one after the other of the dead I helped to drop into the sea. It was one of those freaks the imagination plays when the mind is intensely excited. This could not have taken over a moment or two, but I saw them all, plainly and distinctly. Solemnized yet strengthened by the sight, I was given a power I had not. I raised the craven, who was whining and sobbing, as high as my breast and flung him away as far as I could. Fortune favored him, he fell on a coil of rope, where he lay helpless. The steward went to him, wiped the blood from his eyes, and finally he was able to rise and, leaning on the steward's left shoulder, shuffled to the cabin. By this time every man of my people able to leave the hold was on deck, an excited throng, eager for fighting. "If they lay a finger on yees for what ye've so nately done, we'll break the heads av ivery wan o' thim," said a county Leitrim man to me, and I knew that was the spirit of them all. Softly opening the door of our little cabin I was thankful to find Aileen

asleep. Getting a change of clothes, for those I had on were torn and bloodstained, I slipped out, had a wash in a bucket of saltwater, and then dressed myself. At breakfast I told Aileen all. She was much shocked at the danger I had run, and when satisfied I had received no greater injury than sundry black and blue bruises from kicks and blows and some handfuls of hair the coward had torn from my head, she became alarmed for the result. Assaulting an officer on shipboard I knew was a serious offence in the eyes of the law, and so did Aileen. "I don't think," I said to her, "you need fear their punishing me according to law, for they know if I am taken before a court, all the villainy of captain and mate towards the passengers would come out. They have broken the law in fifty ways, and know it. What I fear is the captain trying to take the law into his own hands before we reach Quebec." We passed the day on deck as usual, appearing as unconcerned as might be. Whether the captain entertained any notion of arresting me, I cannot say, for he made no sign. The sight of a score or so of my people keeping nigh me wherever I moved, from whose coats peeped the end of what they called "a bit av a shtick," may have had some influence in deterring him, but the real cause I opine to be what the boatswain whispered to me in the evening, that the steward had told the captain the sailors to a man would

refuse to put a hand on me. They hate the mate, who, by the way, according to the cabin boy, is lying in his berth, alternately groaning with pain and swearing from rage. We made little progress today. The wind was ahead and we kept tacking every half hour or so. In beating up the river thus, a ship overhauled us. She was a Clyde trader, and being shorter she wore more quickly and being heavier laden sailed more closely to the wind, and owing to these advantages she outsailed us. As she passed us, her captain stood at the stern and dangled a rope to us, as if offering to take our ship in tow. Our captain, with an oath, rushed down the companionway to hide his mortification. In the afternoon a discovery was made that sent joy to the heart of every passenger. A boy had hauled up a pailful of water to douse his head in, after getting his hair clipped, when he got a taste of it and found it was fresh. The tide was out, and at the point we now had reached, at the slack, the water is fresh. Pailful after pailful was hauled on board, and the sick were supplied without stint, with water sweet, clear and cool. Alas, the refreshing draught came too late for seven, who died during the day. I wanted to keep the bodies on board in hopes of giving them burial but the boatswain advised otherwise, as he said, although we were within a short distance of quarantine with the present wind we might

be two or three days of making it. Ship anchored at darkening, close to shore.

15.—Remained at anchor all day. Cold with strong wind from north-west. At intervals there were squalls, accompanied by driving showers of rain and hail. Three hours' fair wind would see us at quarantine, yet here we are unable to advance a yard on our way. Five deaths today. I resolved the bodies be kept for burial. Boatswain told me mate is worse today, being feverish. The pilot bled him and the captain gave him a blue pill. Not being needed to work the ship, all hands were engaged in putting the vessel into her best trim, scraping, scrubbing, and painting. Outwardly the ship is neat and clean, a sight to delight a sailor's eye, and to look at her from the deck it is hard to conceive of the putrid state of her hold. The steward bribed several of the passengers with whisky to clean the steps and alley-ways of the steerage. A steamer painted white and with a house the length of her deck, passed us, going east.

16.—The sound of the anchor being weighed awoke me and I heard it with joy. I dressed and gave the sailors a hand. The wind had veered into the east, and it looked as if rain was coming. The fore mainsail having been set, the ship swept on, keeping the channel as easily as if propelled by steam. When Aileen came out, the church bells were ringing for early mass, and

we could make out the people driving along the roads to attend. Reports from the steerage are gloomy. There have been three deaths during the night. It seems as if a number of the sick had reached that point that their dropping off is inevitable. The river was dotted with ships following us, and the sight of so many large vessels moving majestically in a column in our rear fascinated me. By and by the rain came on, when Aileen left to pack our trunks, for we are fully persuaded the wind will hold and that we will land in Quebec before dark, bidding farewell to this ship of misery. When quarantine was sighted, I dropped in to see how she was getting on, and finding my help not needed, wrote this, in all probability, the last entry I will make on board.

Grosse Isle, May 31.—Fourteen days since I penned a line in this sorrowful record. I wish I had not lived to pen another. God's will be done, but, oh, it is hard to say it. Yet I ask myself, what right have I to repine? Grievous as has been my loss, what is it compared with that of many of these around me, whose quiet submission rebukes my selfish sorrow. Enough of this, let me resume my record. When the ship came abreast of the quarantine buildings, all fresh from a new coat of whitewash, the anchor was dropped. It was nearly an hour before the quarantine officer came on board, and I heard him on stepping from

his boat apologize to our captain for the delay, owing to his waiting for breakfast. The captain took him down to the cabin and it was a long while before he re-appeared, when he stepped down to the main deck, where all the passengers, able to be out of bed, were waiting him. He walked round us, asked a few to hold out their tongues, and then went down into the hold, where he stayed only a minute or so. Passing a few words with the captain, he re-entered his boat and was rowed back to the island. No sooner had he left, than the boatswain got orders to have all boats made ready to take the sick ashore. First the dead were brought up. The sailors shrank back, there was a muttered consultation, and the boatswain, taking me aside, told me they would not touch them or even row a boat that held them, and I had better drop them overboard. "Never," I cried, "shall it be said that the bodies of the faithful did not receive Christian burial when it was possible to give it.' Calling out from among my people four men whom I knew were fishermen, I asked them if they would row the dead ashore, and on saying they would, the boatswain let me have a boat. Decently the bodies were passed over and we made our way to the landing. We had trouble in getting them out of the boat, for the steps of the quay were out of repair, but we managed it and carried them to what, from the cross on it, we saw was

a church. The priest came out, and I told him our purpose. Leaving the dead in the church, we went back to the ship for the others. By this time the sick were being landed, and roughly handled they were. As it would be a while before the graves would be ready, I lent a hand—the most miserable, heartrending work I had ever engaged in. With indecent haste they were hurried from the ship deck into the boats, and tossed on to the steps of the quay, careless of what injury they might receive. Most were unable to help themselves in the least, a few were delirious. Men, women, and children were all treated the same, as so much rubbish to be got rid of as quickly as possible. It was no better on land. The quarantine had only two men to spare to help the few relatives who came ashore to carry them from the wharf to the buildings, and many lay an hour in a cold pelting rain. It signified little as to their getting wet, for they were all doused by the waves in landing them on the quay. Small wonder two died on the quay, and were borne to the chapel to add to the number awaiting burial there. The priest was very considerate, and, although I did not ask it, said mass, which I knew would be a great consolation to the relatives. Leaving the cemetery with the priest, I thanked him from my heart, and ran to the quay. My heart was in my mouth when I saw on it Aileen, standing beside our boxes, and the

ship, having tripped her anchor, bearing up the river. "What makes you look so at me, Gerald? I have come as you asked."

"I never sent for you."

"The steward told me you had sent word by the sailors for me to come ashore, that you were going to stay here. They carried the luggage into a boat and I followed."

I groaned in spirit. I saw it all. By a villainous trick, the captain had got rid of me. Instead of being in Quebec that day, here I was left at the quarantine-station. "My poor Aileen, I know not what to do; my trouble is for you." I went to see the head of the establishment, Dr Douglas. He proved to be a fussy gentleman, worried over a number of details. Professing to be ready to oblige, he said there was no help for me until the steamer came. "When will that be?" Next Saturday. A week on an island full of people sick with fever! Aileen, brave heart, made the best of it. She was soaking wet, yet the only shelter, apart from the fever sheds, which were not to be thought of, was an outhouse with a leaky roof, with no possibility of a fire or change of clothing. How I cursed myself for my rashness in making captain and mate my enemies, for the penalty had fallen not on me, but on my Aileen. There was not an armful of straw to be had; not even boards to lie on. I went to the cooking booth, and found a Frenchman in charge. Bribing him

with a shilling he gave me a loaf and a tin of hot tea. Aileen could not eat a bite, though she tried to do so to please me, but drank the tea. The rain continued and the east wind penetrated between the boards of the wretched sheiling. What a night it was! I put my coat over Aileen, I pressed her to my bosom to impart some heat to her chilled frame, I endeavored to cheer her with prospects of the morrow. Alas, when morning came she was unable to move, and fever and chill alternated. I sought the doctor, he was not to be had. Other emigrant ships had arrived, and he was visiting them. Beyond giving her water to assuage her thirst when in the fever it was not in my power to do anything. It was evening when the doctor, yielding to my importunities, came to see her. He did not stay a minute and writing a few lines told me to go to the hospital steward, who would give me some medicine. Why recall the dreadful nights and days that followed? What profit to tell of the pain in the breast, the raging fever, the delirium, the agonizing gasping for breath—the end? The fourth day, with bursting heart and throbbing head, I knelt by the corpse of my Aileen. There was not a soul to help; everybody was too full of their own troubles to be able to heed me. The island was now filled with sick emigrants, and death was on every side. I dug her grave, the priest came, I laid her there, I filled it in, I staggered to the

shed that had sheltered us, I fell from sheer exhaustion, and remember no more. When I woke, I heard the patter of rain, and felt so inexpressibly weary I could think of nothing, much less make any exertion. My eye fell on Aileen's shawl, and the past rushed on me. Oh, the agony of that hour; my remorse, my sorrow, my beseechings of the Unseen. Such a paroxysm could not last long, and when exhausted nature compelled me to lie down, I turned my face to the wall with the earnest prayer I might never awaken on this earth. How long I slept I know not. Some motion of one leaning over me brought back consciousness.

"Pax tecum," said a voice I seemed to recall. "Et cum spiritu tuo," I mechanically responded.

I opened my eyes. Could I believe them? It was Father Moylan. I put my arms round his neck, and kissed him a score of times.

"Father, dear; sure it must be the Blessed Virgin herself sent you to console me for the loss of her daughter, my Aileen, my love."

"My consolation would be of little aid; but as an unworthy servant of the church I may be the channel of communicating the consolation that doth avail. May the Mother of Sorrows, whose heart was pierced by the sight of her son's death, heal thy wound. I knew not Aileen was dead."

"Did Father McGoran not tell you?"

"Like everybody else in this wretched place his

hands are too full to permit of speech that can be dispensed with. A lad called on me at Quebec to tell me of how you had been left behind and sought me to help you and your wife."

"His name, father?"

"Michael Fagan."

"The grateful soul; the boy I stopped the mate from lashing."

"He it was, for he told me all and of what you had been to the sick on the voyage. I intended coming anyway to see what I could do for our poor country people, but when I knew of my pupil being here in distress, I went to the bishop to ask to be sent at once."

"And how did you find me?"

"By searching. The last hour I have gone through every building looking for you and came in course to this outhouse."

"May the saints ease your dying hour for this kindness, father. Oh that you had come while Aileen was alive!"

"Fret not over the past, Gerald; there is work calling for you which you must rise and do."

"I have no heart to lift my head: I want to die and be with Aileen."

"A wish natural to the flesh, my son, but I taught you to little avail if I did not ground you in the belief that it is the duty of the Christian to so direct the blind sorrow of fallen humanity that it become an impulse to more

strenuous discharge of our daily duties. Aileen is dead; requiescat en pace. Is your sorrow for her to be a selfish sorrow that will add to your load of sin; or shall it become an incitement to you to do for those around you what she would wish you to do could she speak?"

"Do not ask me; I cannot forget her."

"You are not asked to forget her. May you ever see her in your mind's eye, beckoning you on to works of faith and mercy; may her precious memory be your inspiration to do what duty calls from your hand."

"There is no need of my help now."

"No need! I tell you every hour there are Irish men and women dying within a furlong of you for lack of the commonest help. Before I came here, I found sick who had not had their fever assuaged by a drop of water for 18 hours; children who had not tasted a bite since yesterday; the dead lying beside the living, and all because there is none to help."

"I do not understand why that should be on land. There is plenty of food and help in Quebec."

"Yes, and so there was on your ship, but a heartless captain and a greedy mate stood between the food and water and the passengers. There is abundance of everything within sight of here, yet our countrymen are perishing by the score, because the government of Canada is deaf to their cries."

"What interest can the Canadian government ha[illegible] acting so?"

"No interest. It is more heedlessness than intent. The politicians are too absorbed in their paltry strifes to give heed to a few thousand Irish emigrants dying at their door."

"It sounds incredible."

"That is because you do not know politics and politicians here. I tell you, Gerald, I have been in Canada now three years, and (always barring the tools of the Irish landlords) if there be a more despicable creature than the office-hunting Canadian politician, I have yet to see him."

"If I must act, I should go first to Quebec to see after my people. They were promised ten shillings a head, to be paid by Lord Palmerston's agent at Quebec, and a deed from the Canadian government for a hundred acres a family."

"Faugh! Not a shilling, not an acre did they get. I saw them. Lord Palmerston has no agent in Quebec, the government will give no free grant of land. Mere lies told the poor crathurs to get them to leave Ireland."

"Well, then, I could at least make an example of the captain of our ship."

"Not a bit of it; you are deceiving yourself. The prosecution would have to be taken by the emigration agent, and he would not, if he could help it. Then, where are your witnesses? You would be bled of your last dollar by the lawyers

and do nothing. No, Gerald, there is no use of thinking of leaving here. Providence has guided you to Grosse isle and here is your work. Come, man, get up and do it."

I sank back with a groan. I did not want to move, the father insisted, however, and, after many remonstrances, grasped my hand and raised me to my feet. He took me to where the resident priest lived, insisted on my washing myself and gave me, out of his bag, one of his clean shirts. Then we sat down to dinner, Fathers McGoran and Taschereau joining us. The conversation was of the deluge of emigrants, every day bringing new arrivals, and every ship with its quota of sick and dying. Every available place having become crowded, the ships had to remain and become floating hospitals. The calamity with which they were face to face was so unexpected and appalling that how to devise means to grapple with it staggered them. They spoke of the need of urging the government to erect sheds and send plenty of nurses and doctors. I listened in silence until Father Taschereau asked me for my opinion, as one who was an emigrant. I said many had died on the voyage and many more had been landed who would certainly die, but of this I was confident, there would not have been a death from fever or dysentery on the voyage or one sick of these diseases landed at Grosse isle, had there been enough to eat. The solution of the

difficulty therefore seemed to me simple. Give all who arrive plenty of wholesome food. Starvation is the cause of dysentery and fever. Remove the cause and these diseases will disappear. It is not medicine and nursing that are wanted, but food. The people fled from starvation in Ireland to be worse starved on board ship where their lot was made worse by the lack of pure air and water, of which they had no lack in Ireland. They asked me many questions about the treatment of the emigrants on shipboard. Father McGoran said he was inclined to believe I was right, that Dr Douglas was making the mistake of fighting the fever instead of removing what caused the fever. The fever was not to be looked upon as was the cholera visitation of 12 years before. I left the table with Father Moylan and as we went out at the door, he stood for a minute to look at the sight on the river. The clouds had cleared and the sun had come out strong, with a marvellously soft and clear atmosphere. So far as we could see from where we stood, the blue waters of the river bore a column of vessels of which neither head nor end was visible. "Let us take a step over and see them," said Father Moylan. When we reached the bank, the sight was striking, and would have been most inspiring had we not known that each of these noble ships was a floating pest-house. There was a shout from the vessel opposite us. A man stood on the gun-

wale, and steadying himself with one hand grasping the rigging, gesticulated with the other. His agitation was so great neither of us could make out what he was saying. "Speak slowly," cried Father Moylan, when clear the response came across the water, "For the love of God, father, come aboord; ye're needed." There was only one rowboat in sight, and it belonged to Dr. Douglas. The oars were out of her and the chain locked. "You'll have to send a boat," cried the father. There was a long delay, ending in a boat putting off from the ship. He wanted me to go with him, but I said I wished to find my uncle.

With heavy heart and unsteady step I turned to the buildings where the sick were. The nighest was the best. I looked in and to my joy espied my cousin Bridget sitting alongside a bunk. She started and gave a cry of fright when she saw me, for, she explained, she thought I was in Quebec and I looked like a ghost. It was her father and her sister Ellen who were in the bed. The latter had been landed sick of the fever; uncle had been stricken by it the day after arrival. He did not know me, and I feared the worst from the sound of his moaning. The girl seemed to be doing well. "Comfortable they be," said Bridget, "this is the best place; the sheds are bad as the ship." I told her to go and take the air for a while, and sat down to watch in her place. I was hardly seated when I distinguished a mur-

murr of plaintive cries from every part of the room, mostly—"Wather, if ye plaze." I bestirred myself, and when the poor souls found there was somebody to help, requests increased, and I was kept going from bed to bed. When Bridget returned I remarked that I saw none of our ship's people in the place. She said there was only room for her father and Ellen and the others were in the sheds. It was growing dark when Father Malloy came to the door and beckoned me out. He had such a distressed and wearied look that I went with him without asking any questions. When we came near the outhouse I had lodged in, I turned towards it. He gripped my arm. "No, Gerald, not there; you'd lapse into your old mood." He took me to the priest's house, and a shake-down was made for me in the kitchen. I had a wakeful night and went out of doors before sunrise. To my surprise I saw Father Malloy walking up and down in front of the house, prayer-book in hand. When done he joined me. "Now, Gerald, we have work to do; we must make an examination of everything, for no plan can be laid until we know the actual state of affairs." Re-entering the house with him, he got a loaf and a jug of milk. "I am going to tell you something you should never forget; when you have to go where there are sick, do not go with an empty stomach. Fasting and infection go together." Having broken

our fast, we started, the first thing to be done, the father said, being to see what the island was like. The morning was delightfully fresh and we walked briskly. We found the island larger than we supposed, and having a good deal of land fit for cultivation. Pausing at a field where a man was harrowing, the father had a conversation with him in French. He told him the island was about three miles long by one in width, and that Doctor Douglas farmed a considerable part of it, keeping a number of cows. Standing on its north bank a wide expanse of the St Lawrence lay at our feet, the blue waters ruffled by a western breeze. Beyond rose a chain of wooded hills, which swelled into a lofty peak, overhanging the river. "That is called cape Tourmente," said Father Malloy. "Is it not a glorious scene! Who, looking upon it, would dream there is concentrated within ten minutes' walk the misery of a nation? Gerald, we must give Ireland's woe on this island a voice that will bring the help of Christian people."

"I am afraid it will be hard to interest them. Everything is against the poor emigrant, father. He is not looked upon as a human being. The very sailors treat him as they would a steer given to carry from one port to another."

"True, my boy, and you don't know it all, for you have not lived in this country yet. I've seen in New York men and women shrink from the newly landed emigrant as an unclean thing, and

at Quebec over there the very bar-room loafers sniff their noses in disgust at him. Unless they have money nobody makes them welcome; and if they have money everybody tries to get it from them. I buried a woman who had been left to die on the wharf at Quebec. The captain bundled her out, nobody would touch her, let alone give her shelter, and the poor sick crathur afore sundown found rest and is now where those who despised her will have little chance of going."

I asked Father Malloy about his visit to the ship the day before. He told me the man who shouted for him had a brother dying, who wanted the church's last rites. "It was my first visit to a fever-stricken ship," he went on to say, "and it was a revelation. I could not stand upright in her hold, for it was not much over 5 feet high, and there was little more elbow than head room. Every side was lined with berths and I saw dead lying in them with the living. The stench made one gasp, and the sight of the vermin crawling over dead and living made my flesh creep. An Irish priest is used to the sights of disease and want, but the emigrant-ship, fever-stricken, embodies every form of wretchedness and multiplies them a ten-fold."

The quarantine-buildings are huddled together at the upper end of the island and each we examined during the day. Except the one in which uncle lay, they are flimsy affairs, a shelter from

the heat of the sun and no more, for the boards are shrunken and the roofs leaky. In one the berths are in double tier, like those of a ship, the result being the patient in the lower berth is made uncomfortable by the one above, and he, in turn, from weakness, can neither get out nor into it without help, which he seldom gets. Every place is crowded with sick, even the two churches being occupied. The government had prepared for 200 sick; already there are nigh a thousand, and many more on the ships who cannot be landed for want of room. Without regard to age or sex they are huddled together in the sheds, and left to die or recover. The attendance was hardly worth speaking of. At long intervals a man or woman would come round with drink and food, but there was no pretence at coming for their comfort. We were told by many nobody had been near them for hours. We saw the dead lying next the living, for the bodies are removed only night and morning, and in many cases there were two and three in a berth. Over all this sad scene, from which hope had fled, shone the virtues of patience and submission to the divine will. No querulous word was heard, no grumbling; the stricken flock bowed beneath the rod of affliction with pious resignation. Workmen were busy building a new shed and there were tents lying round, but all the preparations were wofully insufficient. Father

Malloy agreed with me that the lack of nurses was even worse than the lack of shelter, and thought a supply might be had from the healthy emigrants. I thought not; emigrants in health were too eager to escape after being bound to scenes of horror on shipboard for a month and more. We labored to do our best, and many a pail of water did the father carry from the river to serve out in cupfuls in the sheds.

The weather has been sorely against the sick, rain with high east winds, adding to their discomfort. Nearly every day there is a fresh arrival of a ship, and not one without sick on board. The wind had been from the east the day before and on the morning of the 25th a whole fleet was seen bearing up the river, of which a dozen had emigrants. At Father Malloy's request I spent a day with him going from ship to ship, a boat having been lent him by a friendly captain. The passengers cried with joy when they saw him and clustered round the holy man, whose services in administering the last consolations of the church were needed at every step. I spoke with the passengers while he was below, and it was an unvarying tale of starvation on the voyage and cruel usage. I found the passengers on ships that had been lying at anchor over a week to be still starving, for the captains had not increased the rations and Dr Douglas said he could not supply provisions from the shore unless auth-

orized by the Canadian government. One of the new arrivals had 13 dead on board. The 40 ships now at anchor, have nigh 15,000 emigrants: of these I am sure one-third would not be passed as healthy. Sailors are at work on shore erecting a sort of shelter with spars and sails, where the ships will leave their healthy to perform quarantine, while they go on to Quebec.

June 3.—Father Malloy has left with the design of making representations to the government about the condition of things here. He intended, if his bishop consented, to go direct to Montreal, and speak to the ministers themselves. The forwarding of emigrants passed as healthy has begun. They are crowded on to the steamers until there is barely room to move. The reason for this is, the passage money is a dollar a-head and the more packed on board, the more profit. Truth to tell, this class of emigrants are eager enough to leave, and get away from this place. The meanness of the Canadian government in dealing with them is shameful. Instead of allowing healthy passengers to go on with the ship as at first, they are now landed. Being compelled to land and stay here by the government's orders, it would be reasonable to expect the government would provide for them. It does not; all it has done is to send an agent who offers to sell them provisions at cost. Uncle's recovery is hopeless: his strength has gone.

5.—Poor uncle is dead. He was buried yesterday. Ellen keeps hovering between life and death; she has youth on her side. Poor Bridget is worn to a shadow, waiting on the sick. Being told a ship that came in this forenoon was from Sligo, I watched a chance to get on board, expecting to find some I knew among her passengers. I found her deck crowded with emigrants, watching the sailors fish up from the hold with boat-hooks the bodies of those who had died since entering the river. I soon learned there was bad blood between the crew and passengers, all of whom who could do so had left the steerage two days before and lived on deck. The hold had grown so loathsome with the warm weather that it became unbearable. The crew resented their living on deck. The captain stood at the poop rail, and proved to be a civil man. He told me he had done his best for the passengers on the voyage, but the charterers had poorly provisioned the vessel and he could not therefore give them the rations he wished. For the bad feeling between the sailors and passengers he could not blame either. Staying on deck the emigrants were in the sailors' way, yet he could not order them back to the hold. Three sailors had caught the fever during the week, which incensed their comrades against the emigrants. He was to pay the sailors a sovereign for each body brought up. I told him of Captain Christian of the ship Sis-

ters, who, the week before, when emigrants and sailors refused for any money to go into the hold to bring up the dead, went down himself and carried them to the deck on his shoulders. I hope he may live to know that Irishmen are grateful, for he is now down with the fever. I recognized none of the passengers, for they were from the northwest end of Lord Palmerston's estates. Their poverty was extreme. They had no luggage and many had not rags enough to cover their nakedness. So haggard and white were they, so vacant their expression, that they looked more like an array of spectres, than of human beings. Coming back, I had painful evidence of the brutal indifference of the authorities in dealing with the sick. They continue to be brought from the ships to the quay in rowboats, and the line of ships being now two miles long, the journey is a long one, and often fatal in bad weather. A small steamboat for transferring them would be a godsend, but the government does not get one, does not even spend ten shillings to replace the broken planks of the steps on the quay, although the want of them causes many a feeble one to slip into the river.

6.—Dr Douglas exemplifies how a man may be estimable as an individual yet unequal for his duties as an official. He is so obliging and gracious personally that it is unpleasant to find fault with him, yet it is apparent he does not grasp the

magnitude of the affliction he has to deal with and is unable to devise means to meet it. All the steps taken are ridiculous in their petty nature. I have been told that it is not him but the Canadian government that is to blame, that it will not allow him a free hand in meeting the emergency, does not respond to his calls, and warns him to be careful in incurring expenditure. Probably that is true, but the government is not accountable for the foolish rules by which the island is governed. There is now a large colony of supposed healthy emigrants confined to the northwest corner of the island. When one falls sick, instead of being taken to the fever-sheds, he is conveyed to the ship in which he was a passenger, and from her is taken to the sheds. The delay and the fatigue of the journey by land and water, if it does not kill the patient makes his recovery more doubtful. Although the population of the island has doubled in a few weeks, the boat with supplies from Quebec continues to come once a week only. We may be starving, many are starving this day, yet until the steamer comes there is no help. The dead are being buried in trenches, three tier deep. Men and women whose strong arms would add to Canada's wealth are being held here by its authorities to die of want when within sight of plenty. I look at the row of farm-houses on the opposite bank of the river, on the little town whose roofs I see, and knowing

there is comfort and plenty over there, marvel at the stupidity, the criminal disregard, that leaves us without bread to eat or even straw to die upon. Steamers pass daily but they are not allowed to stop at the island; my poor people are kept prisoners to perish amid the rocks of this island. The Almighty will surely have a day of reckoning with the rulers of Canada, for it is Canada's territory we are on and it is Canada's quarantine in which we lie bound. The sick are everywhere and are neglected. I found the body of a man in a thicket where he had crawled like a scared beast to die in peace. Bodies are taken from the tents daily where the healthy are supposed to lodge. The sheds have become repugnant to every sense, and the sick are worse off than on ship, for few have relatives to attend them, and they lie for hours without being helped even to a drink of water. The inmates of a tent told me nobody had been near them for two days, and not one among them able to stand for a minute. Everything is against us, for the weather is windy and wet. I go to spend the night in the old shed. My brain is overburdened with the sorrows of my people, and I would I were at rest with Aileen.

10.—A steamer came in this morning to take away emigrants, and I am sure over a thousand were packed on board. Her purser brought a package of letters; one of them was for myself.

Montreal, June 8, 1847.

My Dear Gerald,—I had it in mind to have written you several days ago, but postponed taking pen in hand day after day in expectation of being able to convey to you the intelligence that would cheer your heart—that the government had decided on adopting a policy of adequate relief. That, it grieves me to say, they have not done, although I have exerted myself to arouse them to a sense of their duty, but it is little a poor priest can do with our public men. When I reached here I went first to see the premier. After waiting my turn for an hour with a crowd of visitors, I was admitted. He was civil, but is a dull man, and did not seem to realize what I was telling him. He told me to go to the provincial secretary, to whose department emigration belongs, and see him. I left in no good humor, to do as Mr Sherwood bade me. Mr Daly was not at his lodgings; he had gone to the back of the mountain to dine. I have learned since, he is better at dining and wining than attending to his duties. I had an interview with him next day. You may not know that Mr Daly is of ourselves. He is a Galway man himself and his lady is from Kilkenny. Appealing to an Irishman and a Catholic I expected him to fall in with me—that all I had to do, was to seize him of the actual facts of the situation at Grosse isle and he would act with energy. That was what I expected of him but all I got from him,

Gerald, was soft words and promises, and neither the one nor the other will feed the starving or cure the sick. He told me to call next day, as he wanted time to go over the reports. When I went, his servant man said he was out, and I never found him in again for me. When the house opened, I managed to get in, to hear what the governor would say about the emigrants. The words put in his mouth about them made me angry. The government pretended they had made ample preparation for the expected influx and that everything was going on well. Beside him stood two men smiling among a bevy of ladies who knew better, for I had told them all. In the debate since then, when a member on the opposition side referred to the rumors of the state of matters at quarantine, Mr Daly begged the house not to give heed to alarmist reports and to rest assured the government was doing everything that was required, had appointed a commission of three doctors to visit Grosse isle, and would act on their report. I had little respect before for Canadian politicians, I have less now. I was advised to wait on the new minister, John A. Macdonald, the youngest member of the government. I told my friend that if Mr Daly would not do the decent thing by his countrymen, I was not going to ask the member for the Orange city of Kingston, who, like all the others of them, is engrossed in intrigues to keep his party in office. The

talk of the city is whether the ministry will stand, for its majority is only one or two, and there is a good deal of excitement about it. More attention is being paid to the ribaldry of The Pilot than anything else. This will not be for long. The evil has come to the door of this city. The forwarding by wholesale of all emigrants able to move, has brought the fever. The emigration sheds are at Windmill point, an inconvenient place, for there is not water enough to permit the steamers to come up to the wharf, and the emigrants have to be landed by scows, which is sore on the sick. I am not going to say that the journey from Grosse isle to here is as bad as the voyage across the Atlantic, but it has a few features worse than it. The steamers come in with emigrants packed on their lower deck like herrings in a fish-box. The steamers are chartered by the government from their supporters, and a few of them are old, worn-out tubs, that take two days to a trip that ought to be made inside 20 hours. Without food or cover, blistered by the sun in the day and chilled by the river breezes at night, the poor creatures are landed here more dead than alive. Many who went aboard feeling well, are carried off in a dying state. My curse and the curse of every Irishman be on the government that allows the helplessness of our countrymen to be traded upon to make money for their followers. If their trans-

portation was left open to all ship-owners, the emigrants would be brought here in large and speedy steamers, and a limit could be put to the number they carry. Once landed, the emigrants are decently treated. I am thankful to be able to say that. It is the city and not the government that manages. For sick and well there is plenty of wholesome food, and no lack of doctors or nurses. The food, to be sure, is coarse and the cooking not good, but you know the saying, The poor drink wather and the rich sip tay. After Grosse isle it is fine. What I have seen here has shown me the necessity of moving the quarantine to the flats below Quebec. If the sick were moved from Grosse isle to near the city they would get all the supplies and service needed. I expect to return to Quebec in a day or so, and before leaving here hope to get the bishop to wait on the premier, to ask that the new fever sheds be placed on the outskirts of Quebec. I hear from the emigrants as they arrive of you, and as they speak they bless you. I hope to see you soon.

YOUR OLD PRECEPTOR.

12.—A ship that came in from Sligo has many of my old neighbors. They say after we left, the agents gave out that all who refused to emigrate would have the relief taken from them, which was all they had to keep life in them until next crop. The more that went, the more

eager were those left behind to go. At the rate they are coming, Lord Palmerston will have his land clear of people by Michaelmas, and be able to lease it to Scotch cow-feeders. Most of the emigrants come expecting free land from the Canadian government and a pound a-head from the agents of their landlords at Quebec. Oh, the deceivers, to cheat these poor people with lies!

16.—Bridget is down with the fever, just when Ellen was recovering and likely to be able soon to leave with her sister for uncle's farm in Huntingdon. It seems as if exposure, if long enough continued, is sure to induce the disease. Doctor Douglas says few can withstand breathing the air of the sheds for a fortnight without being laid down. I expect my turn will come yet. A company of soldiers has arrived to act as a guard over the camp of what is called the healthy emigrants to keep them from going near the fever sheds. It is of a piece with everything else. The fever is in the camp as well as in the sheds. Had they sent a few hundred boards from Quebec to floor the tents, it would have been more sensible than to supply a guard. The weather is still wet, and the ground under the tents is soaking, yet the people have nowhere else to lie. I was telling the head of the Church of England clergymen, Doctor Mountain, of what my friend had said about quarantine being moved near the city. He agreed it ought to be done, although the people of

Quebec would resist. The cellar of the marine hospital having become full to overflowing with emigrants, workmen came three days ago to erect sheds on the hospital grounds. The people of St Rochs assembled, scattered the lumber, and drove away the workmen. Lamenting the lack of nurses, he told me it was partly due to the government's not offering sufficient wages. Placards on the Quebec streets asking for nurses at 60 cents a day met with no response. Doctors were offered only $3.50 a day. A dollar a day for nurses and $5 for doctors would get a supply, but the authorities would not consent. I can believe anything of them. They will not send us a supply of straw, even, and many of the sick are lying without anything below them.

18.—I was witness today of an incident I want to preserve some note of. I was attending to an old neighbor, Mr Monaghan, who came in the ship from Sligo six days ago. He is mending, though still poorly. While bending over him, he gave a start, and turning I saw they were carrying in a new patient. They placed him in an adjoining bed. Wasted and sallow as he was, I recognized in him a man I had seen from boyhood, but had never spoken to. He had a farm in our townland and was a bitter Orangeman. With Monaghan he had a feud, which they tried to fight out on many a market day. Stanhope had led a party that beat his oldest son and four other boys nigh to death

one St John's eve, and had heaped insult on him and his times without count. I will not say Monaghan did not pay him back. If he did not, somebody else did, for he had his stackyard twice burned and one fine morning found four of his cows houghed. How would these mortal enemies meet now, far from their native land and laid side by side in deathly sickness? Stanhope was overcome with the fatigue of bringing him from the ship, and lay exhausted with his eyes shut. I held up his head to give him some cordial, and then he sank back and fell asleep. I kept my eye on him as I went about the shed, watching his waking. On Dr Mc ntain's coming in, I told him of the new Protestant patient and of the circumstances I have here set down. We went to where the couple lay and were looking at them when Stanhope awoke. He gazed helplessly around until his eyes met those of Monaghan, which had been fixed on him from the time he came in. The glitter of the old fire sprung up in Stanhope's eyes and a flush passed over his white face. Neither said a word for quite a while. During the pause the defiant look faded from Stanhope's face, and I could see recollection of old neighborhood and a sense of community of suffering filled his bosom. The stern, hard features relaxed and a bony hand was thrust across.

"Is that yersilf, Monaghar ; will ye shak hans wid me?"

"Glad an proud to do that same, and let bygones be bygones, Mr Stanhope."

There was a moistness in Dr Mountain's eyes as he said, "Love is the fulfilling of the law. May the Good Shepherd, who has sheep in every flock, bless you both, and in His own time gather you into His heavenly fold."

"Amen,' I said with all my heart. "Dr Mountain, I have learned something in this island of horrors—that goodness is not bounded by creed, for I have seen you and your clergy nurse the sick and feed the hungry day after day although not one in a score of them are of your church. The thanks that have been in my heart for your kindness to my countrymen I am not ashamed now to speak."

He clasped my hand. "My dear Mr Keegan, say not another word; when a man comes to die the most painful reflection he can have is, that he did not embrace every opportunity he had during his lifetime of doing good. You and I have simply done our duty, and, after all, have to confess we are unprofitable servants of the one God whom we worship at different altars." Having said this he turned away to resume his visitation of the sick elsewhere.

26.—The weather has been steaming hot for a week, with heavy showers, and fog at night, making our situation worse and spreading infection. There is a stench both in and out of doors.

Ships continue to come in and the number of sick to grow; a doctor told me there are over 2000. The nurses, both men and women, that come from Quebec, are a bad lot. They neglect their duties, smuggle in drink to those of the sick who can pay for it, and rob the dying. On this lone island, where everything else is so scarce, whisky can be got by whoever wants it. The greed of gain overcomes the fear of infection, and it is smuggled in by small boats from Quebec. Last night there was an uproar in the camp of the healthy, caused by drunkenness. The military guard is a hurt to the emigrants. Like soldiers everywhere, they have neither morals nor decency. Bridget grows worse and poor Ellen is making a bad recovery, for she exhausts her strength by trying to nurse her sister. Monaghan and Stanhope talk by the hour, and their converse has put new heart in them. Hope is better than medicine. Indeed, I have seen scores die from despondency or indifference to life, who, to all appearance, ought to have recovered. The two old enemies are the most cordial of friends and will soon be able to leave. They have agreed to go with the survivors of their families to the London district and take up land together. Both are industrious and steady and having buried their senseless hatred will be of mutual help to one another. Both have money enough to start them.

24.—Father Moylan has got back for a few

days. There is need for more like him, but Irish priests are few in this part of Canada, and our people want them alone. The ships now arriving report larger mortality than those that came in May. This is due to the heat. The condition of the holds of the ships that come in is unspeakably revolting. Several buried over a hundred in the ocean, equal to a fifth of the number of their passengers.

July 2.—Father Moylan wanted me to go to Montreal as a witness before a committee of enquiry appointed by the legislature. I have no heart to leave here, and I told him if they would not believe him they would not believe me. There is no improvement in caring for the sick; the callousness of the Canadian government to the sufferings of God's poor on this island I cannot understand. The weather is now settled, and beyond the sun being scorchingly hot at midday is as fine as could be wished.

9th.—This evening I took a walk to the far side of the island and enjoyed the solitude and the peace of nature. Sitting on the beach, I watched the sun sink behind the hills. I have a feeling that my own sun will soon disappear, for I am sad and disheartened beyond all my experience. Dr Fenwick told me the other day I should leave; that I needed a change. I cannot, indeed I will not, for I cherish the secret wish to die where my Aileen left me. A ship has

arrived with 31 dead on board; she lost over a fourth of those who embarked on her at Liverpool. Another out of 470 emigrants, dropped 150 into the Atlantic. Sure, tragedies like these ought to direct the eyes of the civilized world to what is happening. My heart is broken at the sight of thousands of my own dear people, men, women, and little children, dying for lack of a crust on Canada's shore.

14.—I think the end has come. Tonight my head throbs and my bones are sore. Bridget, after hovering a long while between life and death, sank to rest this morning, and is buried. Ellen leaves by tomorrow's steamer, and will be in Huntingdon in a few days. I gave her a message to uncle. My life has been a failure. May God have pity on me and on my poor people. Oh, that Aileen were here; that I felt her hand on my racked forehead.

THE END.

Note to the Summer of Sorrow.

The immigration to Canada in 1847 was the largest on record. During the season of navigation vessels bearing 90,000 arrived in the St Lawrence. Of these 20,000 were English, Scotch, and Germans, and on the vessels that carried them there was no unusual sickness, so that, in considering the calamity of 1847, they are to be set aside, and the remaining seventy thousand alone to be dealt with. They were mainly Irish Roman Catholics, and it was among them that disease and death reigned. Fifty thousand of them sailed from ports in Ireland; twenty thousand came by way of Liverpool. 129 ships were required to carry them. On every vessel fever and dysentery broke out; the emigrants who sailed from Liverpool faring worst. In crossing the Atlantic these 129 vessels dropped 4092 of their passengers into the deep; while anchored off Grosse isle 1190 died on board; out of those they sent ashore upon the island 3389 perished. A monument in its cemetery records that there was buried, in less than six months, 5424 persons "who, flying from pestilence and famine in Ireland, found in America but a grave." That, however, is only a portion of the mortality. Streaming past Grosse isle, after a detention that was harmful to them and of no benefit in protecting the Canadian community against disease, the advancing army of immigrants swept westward, and wherever it bivouaced, left a cluster

of graves. At Quebec city 712 died, at Montreal 6330, at Lachine 130, at Cornwall 52, at Kingston 1900, at Toronto 863. Only where the authorities prepared places of shelter, was any record kept of the deaths, and these places closed in October. Of the mortality during the winter no count was kept nor of the hundreds who died by twos or threes along the routes of travel or in remote country districts, to which the sorely smitten people penetrated in the hope of relief. The official record gives the total at 17,000; actually, about 20,000 died. Adding those who died on shipboard, the number rises to 24,000. That is, out of every fourteen who left Ireland, five died—a rate of mortality without parallel in modern times. For this appalling destruction of human life, the Irish landlords were primarily responsible in compelling or inducing their tenants to leave Ireland without making adequate provision for their sustenance. For their treatment on shipboard, the owners, or charterers of the vessels, and the officers in command are accountable. It is humiliating to state that no effort was made by the officials at Quebec to punish the captains and mates of vessels who had maltreated passengers. It was notorious that the poor emigrant had been robbed in measuring out his scanty allowance of biscuit, meal, and water, and that the quality was detestable, yet there is only one case on record of a captain being brought to account. The master of the Birnam was charged with cheating in the allowance of water. By confessing judgment and paying a paltry fine, he avoided trial and went free! No class of men more abuse the power their position gives them than the officers of ships. The emi-

grant has always been badly treated; is to this day shamefully used. Steam has shortened the voyage and made it more bearable, while government requirements as to space and accommodation are more liberal, but there are steamships which come to Quebec whose passengers tell of their voyage being an ordeal of starvation and neglect —of petty tyranny on the part of hectoring ship-officers, of food being thrown before them of such execrable quality and so badly cooked as to turn the stoutest stomach. Desirous of hurrying to their destination and knowing their inability to contend with powerful companies, the grievances of the poverty-stricken and friendless immigrant are unrecorded in our courts.

For the tragedy enacted at Grosse isle in 1847, and its sad scenes re-enacted in every town and city west of it, from Quebec to Sandwich, the Canadian government is accountable, and the responsibility for the death of the twenty thousand laid in premature graves lies at the door of Sherwood and his ministers. The letters and reports of Dr Douglas show they were fully acquainted with the awful state of affairs at Grosse isle from the landing of the first sick emigrant, yet took no adequate steps in response. There never was a calamity that could have been more easily averted; there never was waste of life that could have been more easily prevented. The British government did its part. Communication was slow then, and it was past the middle of June before accounts of the dreadful state of matters at Grosse isle reached Britain. On the 18th, the Imperial government sent a despatch asking the Canadian authorities to take vigorous action to relieve it and promising

to pay the cost. On receipt of this despatch, the Canadian government became lavish enough, and the following year presented a bill for some $700,000, which the Imperial authorities paid without enquiry. Where that money went, it is useless now to enquire; assuredly little of it went to feed the famishing immigrant. The efficiency of the action of the government can be judged by one fact—it was not until the end of August it had provided sufficient sheds for the sick at Grosse isle to permit of the sexes being separated. While no Canadian can look back upon 1847 without a feeling of shame for the conduct of our public men, they entertain an honest pride in the devotion of the clergy and physicians. Thus, out of 42 Roman Catholic priests who volunteered to visit Grosse isle 19 caught the fever, and 4 died. Out of the 16 Episcopal clergymen who responded to the call of Bishop Mountain, 7 took ill and 2 died. Of the 26 doctors, 22 fell ill and 4 died. The same devotion was shown elsewhere, doctors, nurses, and ministers, in the hope of doing good to the sick and dying, walking into danger. One clergyman associated with this district, Rev Wm. Dawes, died from the fever at St Johns. The mayor of Montreal, J. T. Mills, after doing invaluable work in providing for the sick, caught the contagion and died.