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SAINT ANDREWS NEW BRUNSWICK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1869.

Vol 35

Poetry.

Would you be Young Again.

BY LADY NAIRNE.

(Composed in 1812, when the authoress was in her 76th year.)

Alas!—Alas!—

Would you be young again?

So would not I—

One tear to memory given

Onward I'll lie

Life's dark flood foiled o'er,

All but at rest on shore,

Say, would you plunge once more,

With home so nigh,

If you might, would you now

Retrace your way

Wander through thorny wilds

Faint and stray?

Night's gloomy watches fled,

Morning all beaming red,

Home's smiles around us shed,

Heavenward—away.

Where are they gone of yore

My best delight,

Dear and more dear than now

Hidden from sight

Where they rejoice to be

There is the land for me

Fly, time, fly speedily,

Come home, fly speedily.

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HOW I WENT DUCK SHOOTING.

I seemed to have just fallen asleep, when I

was roused by no gentle application of some-

body's boot to my toes which were stretched

out in the neighborhood of the door of the tent;

and on raising my head to see who was cruel

enough to disturb my balm slumbers, I was

saluted with:

"Get up; it's four o'clock, and if you want

to get a crack at the ducks, now's your time."

With many grumblings, and growlings, I

arose from my warm nest, and rubbing my

eyes, went stumbling over rocks and logs

scarcely visible by the light of the sun underling

fire. Weather sloppy, misty, chilly, in a word

abominable. We snatched a hasty bite,

our pipes, and seizing our guns and ammuni-

tion, launched our flat bottomed skiffs, and

pushed out on the lake. I was directed to

make my way up a long bay which ran off to

the right, where I was certain to get lots of

shots as soon as daylight appeared. So off I

paddled through the morning mist, and was

as soon completely out of sight of land as if I

had been in the middle of the Atlantic. Ere

long, however, I came in sight of a low marsh

and sending my skiff into a narrow channel

among the weeds, I slipped my paddle and

waited patiently for daylight. Never did time

pass more slowly. I smoked my pipe down

to the heel, and on proceeding to fill it, I

imagined my finger to find that my tobacco pouch

was nowhere to be found. How I had lost it was

a mystery, but such was the melancholy fact.

There was no help for it, however, and I

devoured to white away the weary moments

by whistling and re-whistling the few simple

melodies which I am acquainted. Surely, was

the sun ever so dilatory in rising in the month

of September. But everything has an end,

and at length my patience was rewarded, and

a greyish light in the east warned me to look

out for sport. Before it was light enough to

see anything distinctly, I could hear the soft

flap of wings overhead, and discern faintly the

dim shadowy forms of the ducks, as they

passed above me.

Now, thought I, is the time for business.

They fly low, and where there's a lot together

I can't miss them. So getting my double

barrel handy, I waited for the next flock; and

as they flew swiftly over my head, I let them

right amongst them. I certainly expected to

see, at least, a brace of them tumble, and had

actually seized my paddle for the purpose of

securing them; but alas for calculations! a

sudden swoop from the side, and the report

of their guns, was all the attention the

paid to my hand. "Never mind," said I to myself,

"Better luck next time." I had not time to

wait; for the ducks, I thought, were gone

barrel; and quack screamed a loud drake, in

accents of the utmost derision. Next I say

that I was somewhat disgusted with such

work.

Good nature at this point ceased to be a

virtue, and my temper was not improved by a

staring vacancy in my gastric region. I

waited for my watch to see if it wasn't nearly

time for breakfast, and found that by that

excellent chronometer, it was half ten o'clock.

I therefore determined to have one more

crack at the ducks, and then whether success-

ful or not, to make my way to the camp as

speedily as possible. No more sitting shots

were to be had, so I paddled carefully along

among the reeds, and kept a bright look-out

around. I had no time to wait. A flock of

ten or twelve black ducks came whizzing

along, with their heads piked in their usual

stiff and upright fashion. Without delay, I let

my only available barrel, and greatly to my

own astonishment, caught my previous

experience. I saw a big fellow go dither-

ing and struggling in a slanting direction

into the middle of a thick plantation of rushes,

about a hundred yards in front of me. With

eager delight I seized the paddle, and sent

the skill crushing through the bending reeds,

till I came bump on a little island, a few feet

across, weedy, and covered with great clumps

of water lily roots, which sprawled over it in

all directions. I leaped ashore, and poking around

among the grass, I thought I heard a rustling

and fluttering as of a narrow channel which

separated my standing place from another

lock of weeds, roots and mud a few feet

thick. Without a moment's hesitation, I jump-

ed, and alighted—goodness knows where; for

unlike Brian O'Lynn, of whom we read in the

pages of history, it was not my good fortune to

find "ground at the bottom." Nothing but mud,

adhesive, black, and evil smelling. To add to

my disgust, almost from between my fingers

as I struggled and sprawled in the dirty bath

rose the villainous fowl which had lured me

into such a plight. It is my solemn belief

from the fact that the vile animal, while

pecks of the most diabolical laughter, respond-

ed to my joyful quacks from the other mem-

bers of the flock, which had been circling and

crossing to and fro above my head, evidently

awaiting with anxiety the result of the man-

oeuvre. From an article in the "New Do-

minion Monthly" for September.

Subscribe for the "Dominion Monthly."

JAMES TOWN.

"Pilot, when shall we pass James Town?"

Between four and five in the morning.

I wish much to see it. Shall we pass near

it?

Yes; but there is not much to see. There

is not even a house; but only a bit of an old

church wall with some trees round it.

Before four I was on deck to see the first

English settlement in America; and as we

spread towards it in the steamer Maryland,

I was struck with the width and shallowness

of the James River. The few landings were

wharves run far out on piles, and the steamer

had to wade about a good deal to keep the

deep water channel. This channel passed

close to the point of land called James Town,

which was probably the reason of selecting it

for a settlement, as there was nothing else in

the neighborhood to give it a preference

over the rest of the low banks of the river.

There we saw the trees, sure enough; and

there we were told was a bit of old wall among

them; but no appearance of human occupa-

tion. And this was the first English settle-

ment on the coast of America—the scene of

sickness, suffering, quarrelling, and crimes

such as might be expected among the motley

crew, who came to colonize Virginia. Here

the virtuous pioneers of a new Anglo Saxon

empire, had cast anchor; and here Indians in

all their wild pomp of paint and feathers, had

met the white man.

All, however, is silent now, and James

Town is a uninhabited low point of land, be-

longing with a considerable portion of the

banks of the James River, to a Mr. Allen, who

is selling his land as fast as he can to North-

ern or other farmers.

The peninsula between the James and York

River is historic in many respects. Here, at

James Town, as already stated, was the first

English settlement. A few miles further

down at Hampton, the first cargo of slaves

catalogue of white men, and Indians

took place on the peninsula; and on the

British campaign against her enemies, and

the last and greatest struggle on this penin-

sula was that of the Potomac and the army of

Virginia in the late civil war; and henceforth

we may hope that it will be peacefully and

prosperously cultivated to a higher point of

productiveness than ever.

Having just come from Plymouth, where

the Puritans made their first settlement,



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