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Vol. III, No. 10.



May, -- 1891.



Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

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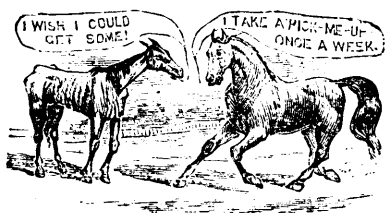
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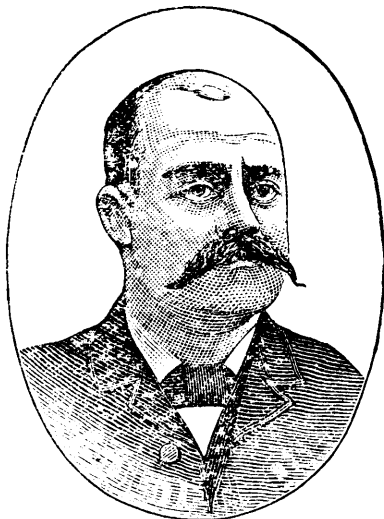
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THE LAND AND WILDLIFE

DEVOTED TO ORIGINAL HUNTING, FISHING AND DESCRIPTIVE ARTICLES.

VOL. III., No. 10.

SHERBROOKE, QUE., MAY, 1891.

PRICE TEN CENTS.

HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

Victoria Alexandrina, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and Empress of India, was born at Kensington palace, May 24, 1819, and will consequently attain the age of 72 years on the 24th of the present month. She is the only child of Edward, Duke of Kent and was crowned Queen June 28, 1838, this being the 53rd year of her Reign. That she may long be spared to fill the position she has so long and worthily occupied is the fervent prayer of her loyal subjects throughout the world. We have devoted considerable space in this issue to illustrations of places with which the life of Her Majesty has been more or less associated, feeling confident that the same will be acceptable to all, or nearly all of our readers. We regret that our space will only permit us to give a very brief description of these places. Buckingham palace is the place to which the Queen removed and where she continued to reside after her Coronation. Windsor Castle is the principal residence of the English monarchs, and is indistinctly shown in our engraving of The Long Walk, Windsor Park, and at the rear extremity thereof. Osborne House, Isle of Wight, is the marine villa of Her Majesty and is prettily situated near East Cowes on the north side of the Island, and Balmoral castle is situated in the Scottish Highlands, Aberdeenshire, on the right bank of the

River Dee, and is used as a summer residence by the Queen. Here the scenery is highly romantic, and the neighboring country is famous for its deer stalking, grouse shooting and lake and river fishing. The majority of the cuts referred to were obtained

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

For the cuts of "Logging in British Columbia" and "A Rocky Mountain View" we are indebted to the courtesy of John Lowe, Esq., Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Ottawa. They explain themselves and present three things of which Canada has reason to be proud, lumber, game and beautiful scenery.

"The Sherbrooke Trestle Work" was built under the supervision of, and from designs furnished by John Thomas Morkill, Esq., civil engineer, now connected with the Londonderry Iron Mines, Nova Scotia, and a native of this city. It is a model of engineering ingenuity, and was constructed with the view of connecting the Waterloo and Magog and the Sherbrooke and Magog Railways, now operated by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., with the Quebec Central, now running between Sherbrooke and Quebec and the Grand Trunk Railway. At the extreme end of the trestle work is its connection with the Q. C. R. and underneath it the G. T. R.

is shown. The road or street connecting Sherbrooke and Lennoxville, also passes underneath and parallel with the Grand Trunk. The shops of the Quebec Central are partially shown beyond the trestle work, and between these and the G. T. R. flows the St. Francis River. As the Canadian Pacific crosses the Grand Trunk on a level, nearer Lennoxville the trestle work is now little used except to connect C.P.R. and Q.C.R. freights,



HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN.

from the office of the Montreal *Witness*.

—o—

An Ecclesiastical Ballad.

It was a layman who hated the weed,
And he spake to his pastor who didn't,
"It's viler than beastly. A beast won't
smoke,
You do what a very hog wouldn't."

But the reverend doctor he turned him round
And a clerical smile smiled he.
"My friend, as the case stands, which of us
twain
Seemeth more like that hog to be?"

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.



THE QUEEN AT HOME.


FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Memoirs of P. A. De Gaspé.

The Haberville Manor—Its Old Laird.

I

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

 N a frosty April morning, in 1863, I recollect meeting an erect, dignified, white-haired septuagenarian on the square fronting the Basilica Minor at Quebec. A pleasant greeting mutually exchanged, afforded me the welcome opportunity of complimenting "the youngest of our writers," as Hector Fabre facetiously styles M. P. A. de Gaspé, on his admirable "*Anciens Canadiens*," just published, and in the perusal of which volume, I had revelled the evening previous. It was, seemingly, by a providential dispensation, it occurred to me, that it had been revealed to the genial Seigneur of Saint Jean Port-Joly, that at the advanced age of 76 years, he was still fresh and buoyant enough in mind to

write a book—and that, an uncommonly good one—though he had never dreamed before of undertaking such a task.

Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, born at Quebec, in 1786, was of Norman lineage,—a descendant of a wealthy seignior, Charles Aubert de la Chenaye—of Amiens, France, who had settled in this city, in 1655, and died there 10th Sept., 1702.

This Aubert de la Chenaye had received, in 1693, a patent of nobility—*lettres de noblesse*—from his sovereign, King Louis XIV, for important services rendered by him to Canadian commerce, as well as for his military record and that of his sons—one of whom had met his death in fighting against the Mohawks.

M. de la Chenaye, who had come to Canada with means, had, through some lucky speculations in trade, increased his wealth, and subsequently acquired several valuable land grants; among others, the seigniori of Saint Jean Port-Joly, a part of Riviere du Loup and Cacouna, in 1673, of Madawaska and Lake Temiscouata in 1683, of Blanc-Sablon, Labrador and Newfoundland in 1693. He closed his career, at Quebec in 1702, a member of the Superior Council.

His son Pierre was the first to assume the name of Gaspé. He had a son, Ignace Philippe—a knight of St. Louis—who married Madlle Catherine de Villiers, a sister of the famous

Villiers de Jumonville, whose tragic death at Fort Necessity, in 1753, while acting as an interpreter, cast a shade on the fair fame of Col. George Washington. The worthy old Canadian grandee died on 26th January 1787, at Saint Jean Port-Joly, at his manor restored from its ruins, it having with his grist mill, like crowds of other houses, shared in the rural conflagrations lit by the invading host under General Wolfe in the war of the conquest. He was succeeded by his son, the Honble. Pierre Ignace Aubert de Gaspé, a member of the Legislative Council,—the father of the writer,—who had married, at Quebec, Madlle Catherine Tardieu de Lanaudière, and who expired in 1823, respected for his loyalty in helping as a juvenile volunteer, in 1775, to hurl back the invaders of Canadian homes; and loved by his feudal retainers for his paternal seigniorial rule over them.

On the 30th Oct., 1786, we are told by M. de Gaspé, that a sickly baby, whose fretfulness much disturbed the rest of his aged grandmother, Widow de Lanaudière, was born in the old Lanaudière homestead, at the top of Mountain hill, Quebec: this antique dwelling, well remembered yet by many Quebecers, disappeared about 1843, to make room for the present roomy and solid structure now known as the Cardinal's Palace. "After three months' incessant infantile music of a very lively nature, writes the author of



KENSINGTON PALACE (THE QUEEN'S BIRTHPLACE),—WEST FRONT.

the *Canadians of Old*, I was transferred to the modest manor of Saint Jean Port-Joly, the new manor, built on the site of the sumptuous manor, which *Messieurs les Anglais* had so ruthlessly burnt to the ground in 1759." Here M. de Gaspé spent the sunny hours of his childhood, on the shores of the sounding river, with a stretch of water before him, illimitable like his thoughts, to the boisterous waves of the gulf. His parents sent him at the age of nine years to learn in the city, the first lessons, in a boarding-house kept by two prim old ladies of the name of Cholette. He was soon promoted to the blue coat of a Quebec Seminary boy; bright and mischievous, he went through his course of studies in this hoary seat of learning, was indentured as a law student to Attorney General Jonathan Sewell, subsequently our respected Chief Justice, practised his profession a few years, at the Quebec bar, and was then offered and accepted the responsible office of High Sheriff of the Quebec District. Alas! had he been able to read in the future what it had in store for him, or rather what the neglect of his official duties entailed on him, he would have shunned it,—shunned it to the last! Ample means inherited, a love for manly sports and social life soon surrounded him with congenial friends. Advantage was taken of his confiding and generous nature; "fair weather friends" won his confidence; more than one applied to him for temporary loans, their I. O. U., bearing his endorsement, went to protest! Loss of

office, followed by law proceedings and something worse, overtook the open-handed sheriff.

"Alas!" says he with some bitterness in his stirring novel, through the lips of his hero, M. d'Egmont, "where are those sunny days when friends crowded at my festive board? What has become of that hopeful dawn in my existence, when I trusted friends, when I had faith in gratitude, when the bitter word ingratitude was yet unrevealed to me?"

M. de Gaspé, after his worst trial, retired from city life and buried himself amidst his books into the seclusion of his rustic manor for years; let us follow him in his pleasant exile.

THE MANOR OF HABERVILLE.

Now that the reader has been introduced to the Laird of Haberville Manor, let us refer to his sympathetic friend and biographer, the Abbé H. R. Casgrain, for a glimpse of his cherished home at St Jean, Port-Joly.

It presents a not inappropriate type of the more modern Canadian seigniorial manor, prior to the commutation of the seigniorial regime, by act of parliament, in 1854. Few traces now exist of the feudal grand mansions of olden times, several of which, on account of their warlike records, were noted in Canadian annals.

In vain would one seek, in our day, for the solid, oft sumptuous stone structure, with gibbet, lock-up, gate, posts blazoned with armorial-quarterings:

such, that of the high and mighty Seignior Jean Talon, Intendant of Canada and Baron d'Orsainville. *

In vain, to look for the loop-holed and walled fort, with guard-house, towers and platforms for howitzers to scatter destruction among the skulking Iroquois, watching from the next thicket for a white scalp; such, as Baron de Longueuil's fort and manor at Longueuil.† The neighboring *banal* oven; the *banal* grist-mill, on the brook, in view of the manor for greater protection—has ceased to grind corn; both have disappeared. Mr. Drummond's seigniorial Act of 1854, did not even recognize the not very profitable though prized privilege of the seigniorial dove cot! Alas! the staunch, well guarded ancient manor—which sheltered the grand Baron of other days—has disappeared "with the last of the Capulets."

Here is what the learned Abbé has to tell: "The seigniorial residence, which M. de Gaspé has immortalized in his *Anciens Canadiens* under the name of the manor of Haberville, stands a few acres from the St. Lawrence, in front of a little cape crowned with pine, spruce and silver birch trees. At its base runs the King's highway. A superb view of the river and its many islands, here opens out. Facing it, looms over the waters, the two pillars, well-known landmarks to mariners, the wood pillar and the stone pillar, with its luminous beacon; one, solitary and barren, like the enchantress Circé's rock of Oea; the other, evergreen, like the Isle of Calypso."

In the distance are visible Seal Rocks, Goose and Crane Islands; further still, due north, Coudres Island; on the opposite shore, four or five leagues away, the eternal frowning range of lofty capes—the Laurentides—blue in the distance, doing duty as a back ground to the glowing picture.

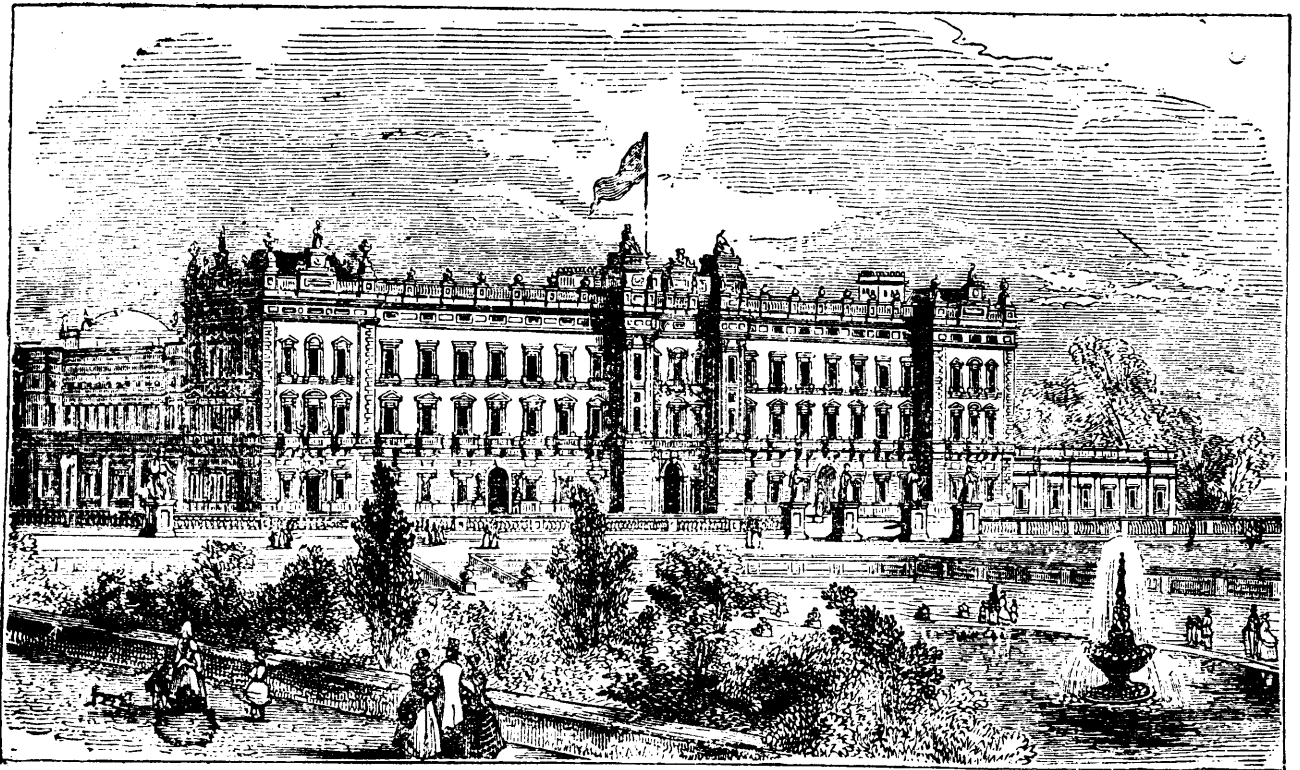
The manor, now running to decay, is a comparatively modern, one storied, high-peaked structure with two wings projecting towards the entrance.

It dates back nearly to the era of the conquest; having been erected to replace the building burnt by the English, in 1759.

There is nothing remarkable about the style of this second Manor, except that its uniform whiteness and general neatness, brought it out agreeably, in relief and as a contrast amidst the surrounding greenery and orchards.

A flower and vegetable garden—rows of fruit trees, M. de Gaspé's pets, decked and overshadowed the avenue leading to the front entrance.

Silence, desertion, decay have now replaced careful culture—the hum and bustle of life—the merry peel of laugh-



BUCKINGHAM PALACE (THE RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN),—GARDEN FRONT.

ter, which of yore echoed in that blithesome land, when M. de Gaspé's large family circle was gathered there.

I can recall the time when it was the abode and meeting-place of inmates and visitors as bright as they were amiable: the laird's hospitality was unbounded; here met the families de Gaspé, de Lanaudière—Baby and others—M. de Gaspé was the life and soul of every family reunion.

His buoyant spirits, sparkling conversation, boundless information on every subject, happy mode of conveying it, was marvellous.

When conversation began to flag, he used to take from the shelves of his well stocked library a volume of *Racine*, of *Molière*, or of *Shakespeare*, and keep our attention rivetted by his fascinating and animated style of reading aloud.

So attractive this style of amusing others had proved that M. de Gaspé has translated, for the benefit of the family circle, in French and copied out in his own hand, nearly all the Waverly Novels for evening readings. This furnishes a clew to and the origin of the *Canadians of Old*, that fragrant blossom of spring amidst the snows of winter. A deep study of the master-minds in literature had sharpened his intellect to that degree, that this volume, like an antique Minerva, sprang from his brain, a complete and fully

equipped creation. Occasionally, to whet the appetite of his youthful listeners for intellectual treats, he would get them to act some of Berquin's exquisite, short dramas or a scene from the *Arabian Nights*. The *grand salon* on such occasions was put in requisition; a few friends were then admitted on these gala nights, as well as a sprinkling of his tenants.

Day time was devoted to shooting or angling excursions, saunterings on the shore, field or garden operations on his grounds, with scraps of legal advice—he being a barrister—given *gratis* to neighbors and tenants from far and near.

Now and then a *fête champêtre* or picnic was set on foot to the adjoining hills, or under the shade of his thick maple groves. The jolly young folks, approaching the manor on their return, were heard from afar, brimful of glee and boisterously repeating some old Norman or Canadian ballad:

"Ramenez vos moutons, bergère,
Belle bergère, ramenez vos moutons."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

J. M. LEMOINE.

Quebec, May 1891. •

* Talon's Patent empowered him to establish "a goal, a four post gibbet. . . a post with an iron collar, on which his arms should be engraved."

† Baron de Longueuil's royal patent describes his Manor thus: [*Seigniorial Documents—1852, ps. 448 and 488*] "He has erected

at his own cost a fort supported by four strong towers of stone and masonry, with a guard-house, several large dwellings, a fine church, bearing all the insignia of nobility; a spacious farm yard, in which there is a barn, a stable, a sheep pen, a dove cot and other buildings, all of which are within the area of the said fort; next to this stands a banal mill, a fine brewery of masonry, together with a large retinue of servants, horses and equipages."

In a recent history of Longueuil, it would appear that the new church of Longueuil has been built over the site of the glorious old Longueuil Fort. The illustrious Baron apparently appreciated a sound glass of ale, since he built a brewery.

Query: Is there any more of the Baron's XX in stock in Montreal?

— O —

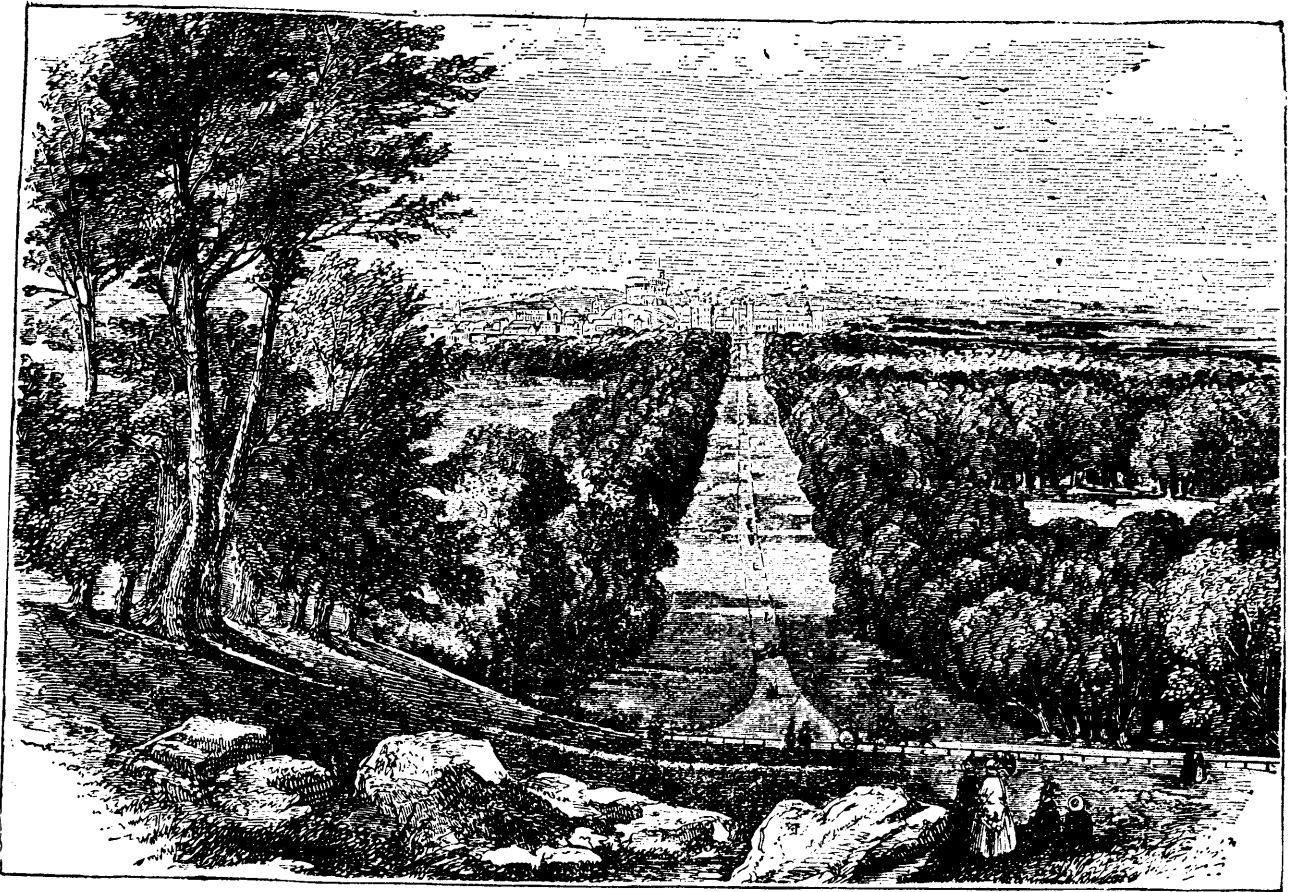
ACROSTIC.

Dear to all lovers of rod and gun,
Is the subject of this acrostic;
Darting his sallies of wit and fun,
You'll find, of writers he's a boss brick.
May his tales and puns never give in,
Until they have brought him lots of tin,
Still editing the "Land We Live In"
Oh dear, what a mess I've made of it,
Rhyming? I'll ne'er make a trade of it.
TREVARTH.

— O —

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THE LONG WALK, WINDSOR PARK.—THE CASTLE IN THE DISTANCE.

CANADIAN BIRDS.

The opening lecture of the Somerville course was delivered at Montreal on 12th March, by Mr. J. M. Lemoine, F.R.S.C., of Quebec, Sir William Dawson presiding, who introduced the lecturer. The room was completely filled by an appreciative audience. The lecturer's remarks were couched in language plain to all. He introduced them to familiar friendship with the several families of the bird world. He began by reference to the antiquity of ornithological research, the ancient writers as far back as Aristophanes having written on the melodies of birds, and he might say also—frogs. (Laughter.) The species of birds visiting annually the Province of Quebec do not quite reach 300. McIlwraith in his list computes the birds of Ontario at 302 species. Dionne's catalogue of birds for the Province of Quebec limits our avi-fauna to 273 specimens. Chamberlain in his systematic tables of Canadian birds counts 557 species for the whole Dominion. As to classification and nomenclature, amateurs would have, the lecturer said, to unlearn apparently a deal taught them by old writers. Since Baird brought out in 1858 his elaborate report, what changes and improvements had taken place in the nomenclature and classification of the feathered tribe in America. His serene majesty *Aquila Canadensis* had had to take a back seat in the order of procedure in the bird world, his honored place being filled by the thrush family, the jaunty robin

redbreast, or his sweet musical cousin—the wood thrush. But even his celestial morning symphonies failed to protect him,—the Orpheus of our woods,—from the onslaught of modern systematists. He “was not sufficiently typified,” they proclaimed, and, presto, Orpheus had to retire, when a very unmusical, cheerless fellow, a member of the Grebe Clan, rushes to the front, and looks as if he had come to stay. (Laughter and applause.) The lecturer then traced and explained the habits and peculiarities of each of the bird families of Canada, commencing with that of the eagle and birds of prey, and continuing through to the water-fowl and singing-birds down to the swallow and snow-bird. The last was particularly dwelt upon, showing that he was known abroad as the “snowflake,” an appropriate title, as he came with the snow, was the harbinger and sometimes the follower of snowstorms, had his home and nest in the rocks of arctic Greenland. A solitary nest had, it was said, been found in the White Mountains, but this was regarded as incredible. They never hatched but amid northern blasts. Passing on the lecturer referred practically to the work accomplished by modern ornithologists, naming among them Dr. Coues Ridgeway, Chamberlain and Dionne. He commended its study to the young people or his audience in particular as one of elevating tendency, and, in common with other branches of natural history, calculated to make men better. Lastly, eloquent reference was made to the expediency and need of establishing a chair of zoology in

connection with McGill University. The following were his closing words: “We have to admit that the study of natural history in our country has not been prosecuted with the same vigor as have other departments of science. The outlook might be brighter. The clouds of prejudice hover above, the upas of indifference still lingers below blighting and nipping in the bud, blossoms giving promise of fair fruit. In my humble opinion, what is wanted is a well equipped National Museum worthy of the Dominion, either at Ottawa or in your prosperous, ever expanding city with some of our millionaires to breathe in the movement the breath of life by the endowment of a chair of Zoology. Your magnificent city has taught other cities that a race of progressive, generous men have taken root in the soil, alive to noble duties which the stewardship shall I say, the responsibility of wealth imposes. Of such may you well feel proud, on such may I rest some sanguine hopes.”

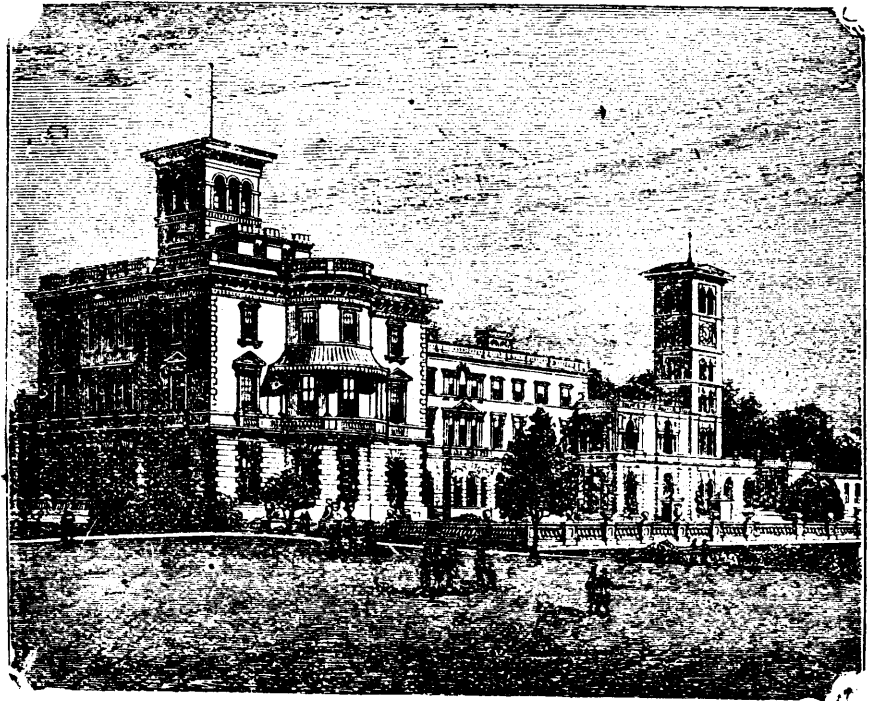
Sir William Dawson, in presenting the thanks of the audience to the lecturer, which had been moved by the Hon. Senator Murphy, seconded by Mr. J. S. Shearer, completely endorsed all that he had said respecting a chair of zoology and a national museum, and hoped the day would arrive when they would be realized. The remarks of Sir William were warmly to the point and as warmly received by the audience, which then adjourned.

Dickens' Complete Works and the Land We Live In, 1 year only \$1.60



UP OR DOWN STREAM.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether fishing up, or down a stream, is attended with the best results. We pretend to know a little something about the matter so far as the brook or speckled trout is concerned, having fished for him successfully ever since we were able to hack off with a borrowed jack knife, the tiny tamarack twig that did duty as a rod, and was as carefully dried and cared for, as our best split bamboo is today. We presume that it was practice in both ways, with a careful count, or weighing with the eye, for we had no spring balances in those days; of the result of the days catch, that confirmed us in the idea that we could always take more trout by going with the stream, than against it. Scores of times have we fished that noted stream known as the Horse Brook, in Melbourne, with a worm for bait, for fly fishing was an unknown branch of the Anglers profession, and we remember that every catch of 100 to 150 trout, between the Ridge Road and the old Aylmer Mill site, was when we fished with the stream. One advantage in this, is that if the stream is rapid as most trout streams are, your bait or fly can more readily be placed just where you want it, and there is not likely to be any slack line, a fruitful source of the loss of your biggest fish. Another is that with swift water you can drop your line under over hanging boughs, and round obstructive boulders, to a much greater distance than you can throw a fly under the most favorable circumstances, and our experience in such rivers as the Magog and Lower Spider, has been that some of our best fish were taken



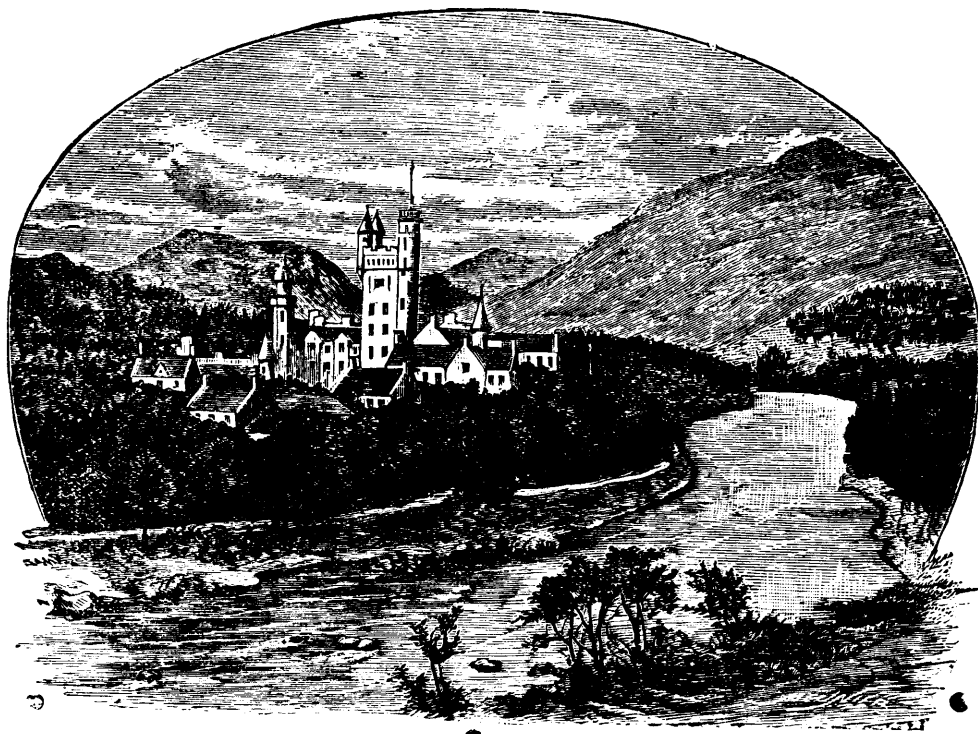
OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT (THE QUEEN'S MARINE VILLA).

in reeling in one hundred or more feet of line. Perhaps there isn't as much fun as there is in having the trout rise to the cast, but I noticed that in those heavy waters the fun commenced soon after the hooking. In the Lower Spider River it is impossible for any angler to fish against the current when the stream is full. It can only be fished by wading, and one has to handle his rod with one hand and steady himself by the bushes and branches with the other, until he hooks his fish, when he quietly backs in against some rock or eddy which relieves the wobble in his legs and enables him to use both hands. This portion of the river between Spider and Rush Lakes, is only three-fourths of a mile long, and two of us in fishing through it once, have taken 104 trout, the largest weighing $3\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. This was the next day after Messrs Stewart and Kathan, of Stanstead, had taken out over 100 lbs. in fishing over the same ground. From our own experience and that of others, everything else being equal, we are confident that the angler with either bait or fly, who fishes with the stream, will take three times the number of fish in the same time, as the one who fishes against it, unless the

stream is so sluggish that the only current is that created by the wind rippling its surface.

LENGTH OF TROLLING LINE.

We are often asked what length of line should be let out in trolling. That depends very much on the kind of fish, and the manner of propulsion, whether oars or paddle. With an active man and a good paddler, using a light canoe, we have had the best success in bass fishing, when we had only 30 to 50 feet of line out, as it enabled us to keep close to the weeds, which are the favorite resort for lake bass, and where the water is usually shallow. With oars which create more commotion in the water, a longer line is necessary, but 50 to 80 feet is usually sufficient. In trolling for lake trout, or lunge, in Lake Megantic, where the depth of water was 20 to 40 feet, we found about 100 feet of line was generally enough to have out. Two of us made probably the largest catch ever made on Megantic by legitimate trolling, over 300 lbs. for two evenings and two morning's catch, and we had our lines marked at 100 feet. Sometimes in the evening when the lunge were rising amongst the



BALMORAL CASTLE (SUMMER RESIDENCE OF THE QUEEN).

schools of bill-fish on which they feed, we found 70 to 80 feet was enough to have out. We never used a sinker in this kind of trolling. One of the most desirable places that we know of for muscalonge and doré or wall-eyed pike trolling, is Lake Aylmer, on the line of the Quebec Central Railway, and here it is customary to use as a rule, about 100 feet of line, that is, to have that length out, because no one should attempt to troll there with less than 150 feet of line, and if he gets hold of a 20 lb. muscalonge, twice that length isn't too much. Such fish will sometimes insist on having more than the quantity of slack line you have taken in, and you don't want to snub him too quick, unless you are using a shark hook attached to a clothes line. The doré is a hard fighter, but has a tougher mouth, is bolder in seizing the spoon or bait, and can be managed with a shorter line. The principal bass ground in Lake Aylmer, is Bull Frog Bay, and as this is full of weeds during the summer season, 30 or 40 feet of line is all that can be used to advantage, and that only with a stiff rod, as there is no chance to play your fish. A rod is seldom used in trolling in Lake Ayl-

mer, unless two are trolling from the same boat.

HOW TO COOK TROUT.

The following is the best receipt we know for cooking trout, but is one that can only be used after camping a day or two in one place, so as to have a liberal supply of ashes. Take a three pound trout, clean and dress it, and sprinkle it inside and out with pepper, then take some wedges of salt pork or bacon and place inside. Two or three cuts in the outside wedged with salt pork are an improvement. Then lard, butter or saturate with olive oil, a sheet of paper,—white or foolscap preferred, and roll the fish up in it. Take half a dozen thickness of newspaper or wrapping paper saturated with water and roll the fish and oiled paper in this, wind well with twine and tie it. Excavate a place to hold it in the hot ashes of your campfire, place your fish therein and cover well, laying coals or live embers on the top. In fifty minutes take it out and crack off the outside paper, and inside of the oiled paper you will find your fish as fresh looking as when rolled up, but an aroma from its retained juices rendered fragrant by the

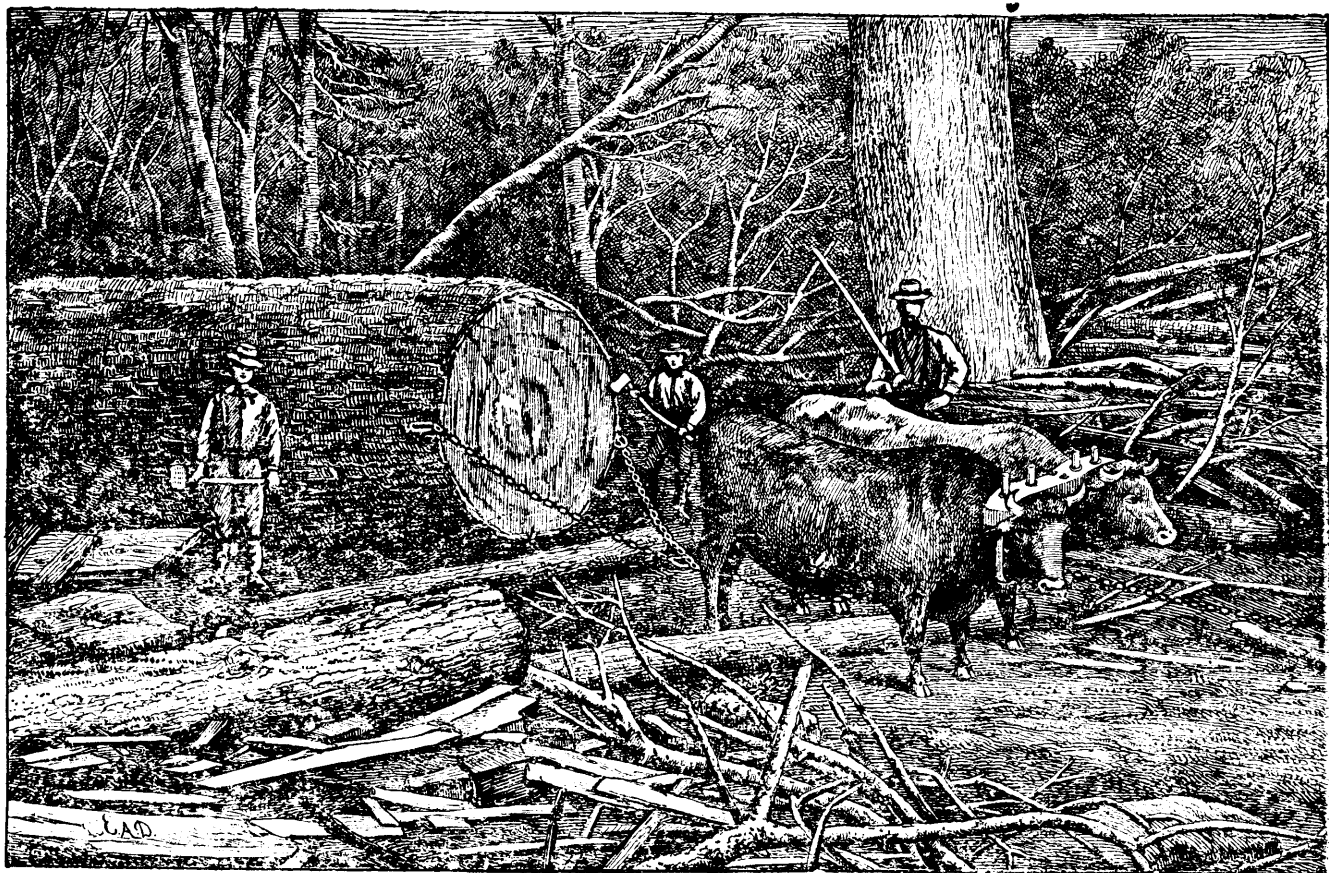
seasoning, will assail your nostrils, which would tempt the appetite of an epicure.

The "patriarch," (W. W. Beckett Esq., of this city) and myself were once camping on the present site of Lake Mégantic village. We had some of the crimson tinted September trout of the Chaudière River, and at his request I cooked in the manner described, one of our three pounders.

This with the accompaniments and trimmings was demolished between us, and as the patriarch sipped his last pannikin of tea, he drew a long breath of satisfaction and exclaimed, "My share of another such a trout would make me feel comfortable." Partridge are excellent cooked in the same way, but require more time.

The close season for bass, muscalonge and doré, is from the 15th April to the 15th June, and the best time to troll for them is July, although bass take a spoon well in August, and the beginning of September in such lakes as Aylmer and Spider. Aylmer is one of the best stocked lakes for different varieties of fish, to be found in the Eastern Townships. Massawippi is generally considered *the best*. Henry Richardson of this city with Messrs Sampson and Call, of Hatley, celebrated the last day of the open season in April, by bringing home from Lake Aylmer some 275 lbs. of doré, taken with bait through the ice. Henry says he's "goin' to t-try them same ho-ho-ho-holes again n-n-n-next winter."

One of our leading hotel keepers objects to paying any further license fee than is claimable under the Quebec law as it now stands, on the ground that the establishment of the St. Georges' Club here, has curtailed his bar business one half. Is this owing to the numerical strength of the club or the ardent spirits which compose it?



LOGGING SCENE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

One of our citizens whom, without any "beating about the *Bush*," we will call Smith, is rather partial to outdoor sports and is seldom seen without a rod or gun accompaniment. His evidences of early piety have never stuck out very prominently, but during the evangelistic services last winter, he manifested an interest in them, and was a regular attendant at the evening meetings. One of our divines, with the laudable desire of assisting and encouraging Mr. Smith in his new departure, and to shed light on his path, called at his house, but as he did not happen to be in, entered into conversation with Mrs. Smith and expressed the pleasure he felt in noticing Mr. Smith's interest in religious services, and hoped that the evident desire to lead a godly, righteous and sober life, had become apparent to his family. As a parent it was highly commendable and should be encouraged. "Have you noticed his anxiety to familiarize himself with the teachings of the Bible? Do you think your husband fears the Lord,

Mrs. Smith?" Mrs. Smith cogitated for a moment, evidently raking up the treasures of her memory. "Well, I think he do sir, I notice he never goes out now without he takes his gun along with him."

—o—
FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

WINNIPEG ITEMS.

Pastimes in Winnipeg—Adventure of a Noted Belle—A City of Expectancy—The Story of a Cask of Whiskey.

We are having a very early spring; not only is winter gone but summer seems to be here with green grass and wild crocus in blossom all over the prairie.

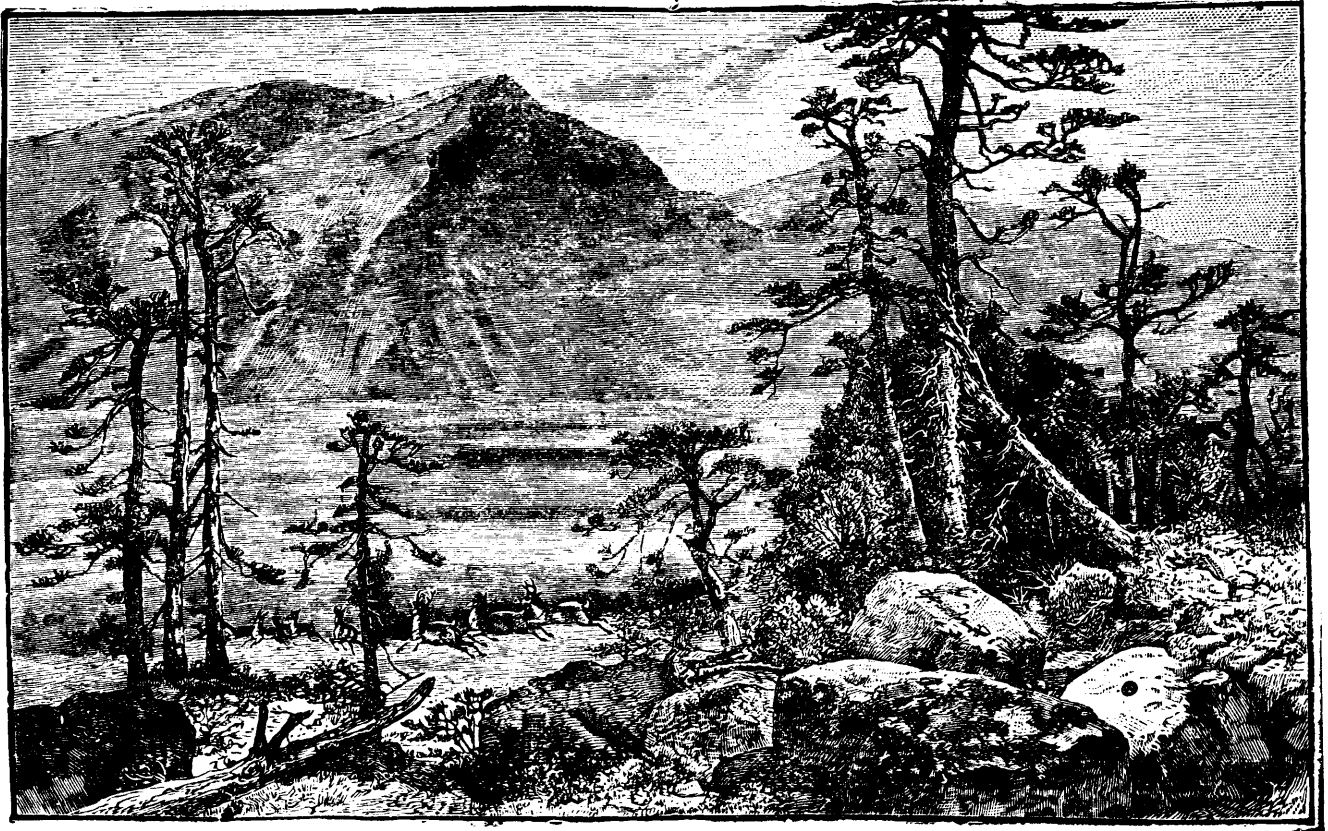
There are many people in Winnipeg who will never be able to see the wild crocus or Pasque flower without thinking of our universally beloved U. S. Consul who has resided in Winnipeg for many years. Consul Taylor is very fond of this flower, and when its purple blossoms first begin to star the prairie, he sends a few to each of his friends and then we know that spring is here.

All winter long we waited in vain for the very cold weather to come, and now our snow is all gone a month ago and the river is free of ice.

The skating rinks and toboggan slides were well patronised the past season.

On very cold days the ice gets too flinty for good skating and one is too apt to get one's ears or nose frozen, when on a slide at 40° or 50° below zero, but not so last winter. I heard of an amusing incident which occurred on the slide owned by the street railway. This is at the south end of Main Street. The incline commences high above the level of Main Street and runs away down along the ice on the Assiniboine River. The part of the slide on the river is protected from intruders by a wall made of blocks of ice six feet long and a yard wide set on end close together. The whole is lit by electric light. One evening last winter a number of young folks were there and among them a young Englishman, who though well educated and an accomplished athlete, is stone deaf.

One of our city belles, dazzled perhaps by the glare of the electric light in her eyes, or confused by similarity of costume, seated herself on this gentlemen's toboggan. In a few moments she found herself at the other end of the slide, a quarter of a mile from her own party, while a total stranger to



A ROCKY MOUNTAIN VIEW.

her was politely assisting her to rise. When she saw her mistake she uttered profuse apologies and explanations, but the young hercules stood looking at her and answering never a word, for the very good reason that he had not heard a word she said.

She commenced another explanation, but all he did was to smile and shake his head, which only made the matter worse.

At last in despair she made a rush for the foot of the steps, but met her own party coming down to look for her.

Every body in Winnipeg seems to be in a state of expectancy—a city of Micawbers.

There is the Souris R. R., that is coming sure. Van Horne says so.

There is the Hudson Bay R. R. That is coming too, at least Hugh Sutherland says so.

There is the Duluth R. R. That is coming for everybody says so.

Then the West Selkirk people say there is to be a new C. P. R. bridge over the Red River to connect East and West Selkirk, so that the C. P. R. can come up to Winnipeg on the track which is already in operation on the west side of the river. This would be a great advantage for them—there need be no track crossing Main St.

Then there is the new C. P. R. station to be built, and the real estate dealers would give a great deal if they could only find out just when and where it is to be.

The fine Provincial exhibition buildings are to be erected in the north end of the city, if our city council who know so well "how not to do it" don't hinder.

There is the Assiniboine water power too, but that is "off" just now, and the electric street railways which will soon be all round through the city.

With all this do you wonder that people talk "boom."

The C. P. R. is very busy taking grain east and settlers west. Old timers say it reminds them a little of the boom days when there was such a railroad jam that "one could walk from here to Portage la Prairie on top of the cars."

I heard a good story of those days from a C. P. R. employee, which I will give you as I heard it. In the wildest, craziest days of the boom a worthy official found it impossible to get anything more into the freight shed, and there was one more cask of whiskey and no place to put it.

The freight checker felt his responsibility. He could not leave the cask

on the platform, for "the boys" were no more to be trusted with whiskey than so many Indians, so he determined to sit on it all night.

He did so, but the boys, knowing that the continual shunting of cars and snorting of engines would hinder the freight checker from hearing them, crept under the platform and bored a hole up into the cask.

The official had only the satisfaction of knowing that he had *tried* to do his duty as he rolled the empty cask away in the morning.

A. H. J.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

WELCOME TO QUEEN MAY.

Welcome, then, loved and smiling May,
To this fair land of ours.
Oh! would that thou could'st longer stay
With thy sweet, blooming flowers.

Thy mantle's of the loveliest green,
Thy breath perfumes the air,
The fairest flowers that Earth has seen,
Thou on thy bosom wear.

Thou'rt the fairest of the fair,
Thy voice sounds far and wide,
And echoing from the hills afar,
Brings homage to thy side.

Thou art a beauty and a Queen,
Where'er thy feet have trod,
By hill or dale, or mountain stream,
With green thou deck'st the sod.

To us thou bring'st the same bright joy,
And smiles for old and young,
As when old Adam was a boy,
Ere this year's chimes were rung.

JAMES OWENS.

Johnville, Que. May, 1891.

LITERARY AND OTHERWISE.

☞ We notice in our columns anything sent us by way of sample, to the extent of its value, and accept the agency for such as we can handle to advantage.

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

Our illustrated catalogue is sent free on application. It describes a variety of Fancy Goods, Toys and Novelties, which will be sent to any address on receipt of price in cash, or U. S. or Canada postage stamps.

The Akron Mtg Co.'s Trolling Spoons, Luminous Bait, Flies and Fishing Tackle can be obtained through us. Samples at our office. They are the most successful spoons and baits for Canadian fishing ever invented.

Some of the best Fly Rods for trout and bass fishing are the Split Bamboo Rods made by Walter S. Trumbull, Potter Place, N.H. We have used them and can vouch for their reliability. We can supply them at manufacturer's prices.

Vick's seeds take the lead. We have a few choice varieties of sweet corn, and other seeds, raised by Vick. These are conservative seeds and proclaim Victory wherever used.

One of the greatest literary curiosities we have seen is a pamphlet of 34 pages entitled "A Description of Peel Park, Salford, Manchester, with Copious Explanations," now in its fourth edition. The author, Mr. J. Cowin, Manchester, England, must have a condensed cyclopædia photographed on his brain, or must have spent a great deal of time in collecting the information, historical and literary, contained in the foot notes. We expect to secure a supply for circulation amongst our subscribers and negotiations with that object in view are now pending.

"Brick" Pomeroy's "Advance Thought" gives credit to the man who pays his printer. Our advance thought has given credit to the man who doesn't pay. *Selah!*

We are pleased to see that a *Canadian Newspaper Clipping Bureau* has been established at Ottawa. It will fill a long felt want on the part of politicians and public men, who have been heretofore dependent on United States Bureaus. The Ottawa Bureau is a purely Canadian scheme and we cordially wish the promoters the success that such an enterprise is entitled to. All parties interested should communicate with the Sec'y, B. Mullen, Esq., P. O. Box 1047, Ottawa, Ont.

Although not one of our regular exchanges we feel it a duty we owe to the ladies, to whom we are largely indebted for the inter-

esting reading matter contained in our journal—to notice *The New York and Paris Young Ladies Fashion Bazar*, George Munro, publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater Street, New York. The April number is now before us, and is a perfect gem in its artistic make up containing 40 large pages of choice reading matter and engravings besides fashion plates and colored fashion plate engravings. The Fashion Department is edited by Miss Laura Jean Libbey. This Magazine must be seen to be fully appreciated and we advise our numerous lady readers who desire to keep up with the fashions to send 25 cents for a sample copy.

We direct attention to the advertisement of the *Mammoth Cyclopædia* on another page and to the fact that the four volumes, with a year's subscription to this journal, can be had for \$1.50. "LAW FOR THE MASSES," as contained in Vol. I., with forms of Bonds, Deeds, Mortgages, Power of Attorney, &c., is worth more than the full cost. Vol. II. is of inestimable value in connection with the Farm and Household, containing full information and instruction, with illustrations, relative to Rural Architecture, Fences and Gates, Field Crops, Fertilizers, the Garden, Orchard and Vineyard, Small Fruits, Live Stock, the Poultry Yard, the Dairy, the Apiary, Farm Implements, Around the Farm, Cooking Recipes, Ladies' Fancy Work, Horticulture, the Home Physician, the Toilet, the Laundry, and Hints and Helps. The Vols. III. and IV. are principally Biographical and Historical. Each volume contains over 500 pages, and together they form, as their title indicates, a complete Cyclopædia of Information, and a library in themselves. We challenge anyone to produce a work, for the same money, that will contain *one-tenth part* of the valuable information contained in the *Mammoth Cyclopædia*, and no one can acquire a better practical education in connection with the business of every day life, than by studying its pages. Sent free by mail, with a year's subscription to this journal, on receipt of \$1.50.

A beautiful specimen of the engraver's and printer's skill is contained in the artistic publication styled *The Engraver and Printer*, published monthly at 132 Boylston street, Boston, Mass. The March number contains two beautiful colored plates, one taken from an instantaneous photograph representing a pair of leopards, the other "Iron Bound Island, Mt. Desert." The supplement photo is entitled "Flirtation" and as it represents a scene during haying season, has a *rakish* look about it. "Old Wine and Young Love" is a good companion picture to the supplement plate. The issue referred to contains portraits of Henry M. Stanley and Amelia B. Edwards, and these, as well as "The White Cow," "The Shepherd Girl," "A Fisher Maiden," and other illustrations, are

by the photo-gravure process. Subscription price \$2 a year. Single copies 20 cents.

"Agents' Guide" is a large semi-monthly paper, published by John T. Mullins, Frankland, Delaware, at 50 cents a year. It is filled with selected reading matter, and our only objection to it is that it isn't original. Still it may be to nine-tenths of its readers and who can expect an *original* paper for 50 cents.

The Home Budget is a monthly illustrated story paper, published at Philadelphia for 50 cents a year. It has secured a wonderful advertising patronage during the five months it has been in existence.

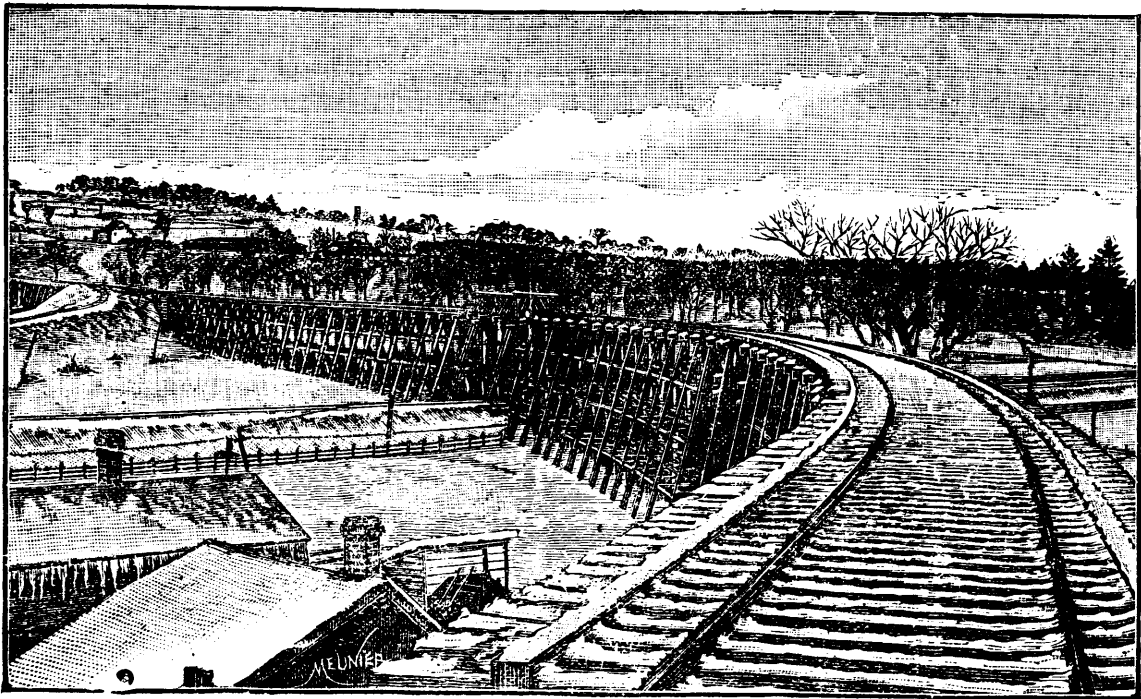
The April number of *The Amateur Sportsman* contains an interesting account entitled "Jacking Deer" on the Upper Spider, with a view of Maccanamac Lodge, Spider Lake. This having been one of our favorite hunting and fishing resorts has a special interest for us. *The Amateur Sportsman* is published at 6 College Place, New York. Subscription \$1 a year. Clubbed with this journal for \$1.50.

The Dominion Illustrated maintains its usual attractiveness. The old Fort at Chambly, Que., has been the subject of several recent illustrations, while the "Sagamore" continues to express himself in "honest Ingin" style. Published by the Sabiston Litho. and Pub. Co., Montreal, \$4.00 per annum. Illustrations of the Yukon River, Alaska, scenery will shortly appear.

The Cottage Hearth, Boston, Mass., at \$1 50 a year is the best and cheapest magazine published and no wonder people think "it's too good to be true" when we tell them that \$1.50 sent to us will secure the *Cottage Hearth* and the *LAND WE LIVE IN*, both, for one year.

We have made arrangements by which we can supply *The New York and Paris Young Ladies Fashion Bazar* and *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* one year for \$3 00, the price of the Bazar alone. Apart from the colored fashion plates, the engravings contained in the May number are something superb and the magazine deservedly ranks among modern art works. Send 25 cents (directing as above) to New York for sample copy, or \$3 to us for a year's subscription to the Bazar and this journal. No lady who once sees a copy of the Bazar will be without it

PAIN PAINT Affords instant relief in cases of headache, burns, bruises, or any external or internal pain. One lady in this city who is a great sufferer from pain and nervous prostration, says, PAIN PAINT is the only thing that gives her relief. We supply it in bottles at 25 and 50 cents, or will send the powder by mail, with directions, in 25 and 50 cent packages, on receipt of price. Try it. We can recommend it from personal experience.



THE SHERBROOKE TRESTLE BRIDGE.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

INCIDENTS OF PIONEER LIFE IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS.



OME seventy years ago, a large flat-boat was built at a place about a mile above the present village of Cookshire, by Longley Willard, for C. N. Mallory, who was then a merchant at Eaton Corner. This boat was made to carry pearl-ash down the St. Francis River to Three Rivers, on

the St. Lawrence. The ashery supplying the pearl-ash, was about two miles west of Cookshire, and this pearl-ash and such produce as the farmers had to spare at this time, was hauled down to what was called Eaton Landing on the St. Francis, about a third of a mile below where the thriving village of Angus now stands.

It was about mid-summer when the boat was launched at the Mill Brook, and some five or six men were engaged to run it down the Eaton river, to the landing. Amongst those who went down with the boat, were the builder, Orsamus Bailey, Rufus Bailey, Aaron Coats, Samuel Terry, and Levi French. There being a little rise of water in the Eaton River there was no trouble till they came to Sherman's Falls, near the mouth of the river, where they had to haul the boat by main force to the St. Francis River, or below the Falls. This was about a mile above the present village of Angus.

As some of the men resided some distance from the Landing, they arranged with me, though a small boy then, to take a couple of horses down by the road for them to ride home on, so I went down to the Landing, tied up the horses safely, and

seeing no signs of the boat, I went along up the bank of the river to a point above the falls. There I saw the boat approaching and as the men saw me they came ashore and I got in.

The shoot on the Falls that they had to run was shaped just like a grind-stone crank, but two of the younger men were so used to steering boats, that although a very dangerous spot to run, they passed over in perfect safety.

The rest of the crew then returned, while two of them took the boat to Sherbrooke. There it was fully loaded and manned and taken down the St. Francis to Three Rivers where the cargo was usually disposed of and the boat loaded with supplies for the return trip. This was the way in which our forefathers used to get their supplies in those days. The St. Francis River was the highway both summer and winter. In the summer the travel was by boat, and in winter, after reaching Melbourffe, by single sleighs on the ice.

These boating trips were sometimes attended with much danger. One instance I will mention.

In the month of May, 1815, some parties wished to market their products and prepared for the river trip. Among those who went were John Lebourveau, as captain, John French, junior, D. W. Rogers, and others, and Captain Samuel Heard, of Newport, who with his family were starting for Upper Canada. His family had preceded him to a point below Great Brompton Falls, a few miles below Sherbrooke, but Heard said he would like to go and help to run the boat over the Falls. This was on the 25th May, 1815. There was plenty of help to take the boat over the falls but the river was uncommonly high, much higher than the men expected to find it. The loading had been taken by teams to below the Falls.

They started down the Falls, but found the river so high that they could not manage the boat. In the middle of the Falls they struck the shore and all jumped out, but as the hind end of the boat came round, John French, who was a stout resolute man, got in, and said, "Men! if we want to save the boat now is the time." Captain Heard caught the warp on the bow end of the boat to help save it, but the others were frightened and said "it was of no use," and as the boat swang round it pulled Heard in after it. The lower side of the boat struck a rock and immediately capsized, throwing French underneath. He soon came to the surface and being a good swimmer put for the opposite shore. But as he went out of the swift water into the eddy, he sank Captain Heard was also a good swimmer, and appeared to be unhurt as he swam down the river. It seemed as though he would succeed in reaching the other shore. One of the men from the shore said to him, "Don't be frightened," and immediately he sank to rise no more.

The news of this sad accident cast a gloom all over this section of the Townships, and was a serious blow to the respective families of the deceased. The loss of these men was felt to be a public loss, as well. French lived in what is now Cookshire, and there never was a man who lived there, who was more missed than he was.

The above is only one of the occurrences incidental to the use of the only thoroughfare then available in communicating with our far away markets. We do not hear of any similar cases of drowning in these days, but we do hear of many being killed by smash-ups on our railways, and these Mr. Editor have helped to mark the past and present of the land we live in.

HIRAM FRENCH,

Eaton, March, 1891.

A CLOSE CALL.

BY O'HARA BAYNES, MONTREAL.

[The following is published by permission of the author, who had a few copies printed for circulation amongst his friends. We know it will please our readers.]

*I'll tell you in verse a short story I read,
And I feel in my heart it is true,
For though by their passions men often
are led
Compassion's no stranger to Jew,*

'Broke down, old hoss? dead winded?
Wa'll that's mighty bad for me,
For as sure as the sun is over our head
I'll be hung to your blasted tree.
Here they come! over that billock.
Four—or—five—I can't rightly tell,
Yes, five—and I have't a cartridge,
But perhaps it's just as well,
Old hoss! You're a pretty good one!
But you've got me into a scrape,
I should have know'd on a halfbred screw,
I couldn't have made my escape,
If it hadn't aben for that letter,
I'd a' stuck to the ranche for a while,
And with 'poker' or 'faro' amanged
To skin those blokes of their pile,
But that letter near drove me crazy,
And I made up my mind I'd go,
And I thought this brud was good enough.
But he's turned out rather slow;
But I knew what I was adoin',
You can shoot a man in a row,
But 'out west' it's somewhat different
To steal a hoss or a cow.

Here they are! Wa'll, boys! good mornin'!
I thought you was runnin' a race,
Ain't you skeered to spile the hosses
Ardin' at such a pace?
"Wa'll stranger!" said one of the riders
As he sprang from his sweating steed.
"When we've finished with you, the hosses
Can take all the rest they need.
We was lookin', if you'll believe us,
For a Broncho' that's strayed away,
A buckskin with one white stockin',
Have you seen such a nag to-day?"
"Yes, I think I hev; was he branded
With a triangle and a D?
I found him lookin' lonely,
And brought him along with me."
"Now, stranger, that was kind of you,
Ah! thar he his under that tree,
And from his back, my buck, you'll take
A jump to eternity.
Just think! a tree quite handy!
You've picked the spot to a charm,
And you'll find the view quite lovely
When strung to that upper arm.
Come boys! we can't stand foolin'
Around here all day long,
Just fling a lariat over that branch.
And tie his arms with a thong.
I reckon we've got a necktie
Will fit your neck right slick;
We'll wait five minutes, to let you pray
And try to cheat Old Nick."

'Wa'll I ain't much good at prayin'
But seem' you are so kind,
I've a letter here in my pocket.
You might read if you feel inclined.
I'd kind o' like to hear it
Once more before I go:
'Twill do me more good than prayin'
Tho' I could pray, long ago;
And that letter's from her as taught me
To pray both night and morn
At her knee. Ah! how much better
For her had I ne'er been born!
So if any of you will do me
This favor, I'd take it kind,
But if it's too much trouble
We'll call it squar, don't mind."
"I'll read it," says one of the party,
And he drew the letter forth,
"Yes, Jim will read it handy,
He's had schoolin' way up north"
So Jim began the letter.
As he read his eyes grew dim,
And his voice got rather husky;
He'd a tender heart bad Jim.
The letter was short, but it seemed
To the men who listened to him
To tell of years when even hope,
To the writer had grown dim;
It told of a widowed mother,
Who, hopin' 'gainst hope for years,
Had prayed to God to save her son.
And here Jim saw the tears
A' trickling down the prisoner's face,
But as he wept, he smiled,
And his bronzed face grew, in the morning
light,
Like the face of a little child.

"Oh, Jack! my son!" the letter ran,
"They say I'm sinking fast!
Oh! let me see my boy's dear face
Before my life has passed;
Until I hold your hand once more,
And kiss your lips, and give
My blessing to my erring son,
I'll pray to God to live.
I'll wait and watch! you'll surely come!
But should you fail, I'll know
That death himself has stepped between!
And say, 'God willed it so!'"

The men who held the lariat end
Here dropped it, and one said:
"I had a mother, whom I loved,
And tho' she's long since dead,
For her dear sake, I'll let you go,
The hoss belonged to me,
Take him, and git, what say you, boys,
Don't you with me agree?
The cuss was tryin' to get back,
Dead strapped, and down at heel.
And if we'd strung him up, I'll bet
We'd not aheard him squeel."
"Yes, let him go!" cried Jim stepped up
And cut the thongs in twain,
And loosed the rope from round his neck
And set him free again.
Then pressing in his hand a roll,
"Now blame my heart, you're broke,
Here's all I've got 'twill take you home,"
He squeezed Jim's hand, and spoke:
"A darn close call," then with a sob,
"Mother! you've saved your son!
And sure as God's in heaven above,
He'll prove a better one."

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

A Plea for Canadian Literature.

YEAR by year with well-nigh
incredible swiftness this great
Dominion is developing in
every respect and becoming
of greater importance to the
world at large. From the commer-
cial point of view, we are making gi-
gantic strides, our magnificent North-
West is rapidly being opened up and
with sure and steady steps we are be-
coming a power among the nations of
the earth.

In spite of all these incontrovertible
facts, we are lamentably behind what
might, in reason be expected from
such an enterprising and progressive
people; I refer to our lack of literature
and of purely Canadian literary work-
ers amongst the English speaking peo-
ple of our country. I am quite aware
that it may be and indeed is, often
urged in extenuation that Canada is a
young community and young commu-
nities are not expected to produce
great *litterateurs*, it is entirely out of
the question that they would do so,
but this excuse is hardly a legitimate
one, for in point of fact we are not
very far behind our American neigh-
bour in the matter of age. We have
not, as yet produced the faintest ap-
proach to Washington Irving, to Oliver
Wendell Holmes or to the Hawthornes,
to say nothing of those great lumina-
ries, Longfellow, Whittier, and Emer-
son.

We have, indeed several literary
lights whose too meagre works would
rank high in any country, but most of
these belong to the French population
and it is a sad but nevertheless true
saying that no English Canadian has
ever yet made a living by the writing

of books in this great and prosperous
Province of Quebec. Sad it is I re-
peat, for what a glorious field has the
writer in this province, with its legends
of bye-gone glory, its memories of the
heroic age in Canada when men dared
all things for the Cross and braved all
perils to carry the message of the cru-
cified to the savage denizens of our
primeval forests. Inspiration we have
in abundance, but save in a very few
cases this inspiration has indeed fallen
on stony ground. Scores of brilliant
writers have risen amongst us, whose
talent showed promise of a great fu-
ture, but alas! this promise has fallen
far short of our expectations and the
fair blossoms have withered in coming
to maturity for lack of encouragement,
and Canada and Canadians have been
the losers.

I will not touch even for a moment
upon the disappointments of the aspi-
rants themselves, that is by far too
mournful a theme.

In this great country so full of culti-
vated, refined and wealthy men and
women, picture it, *no man has ever
as yet made a living by the writing of
books.* Should we not blush when we
hear this statement and imperatively
demand the reason? Is it want of ta-
lent? Certainly not, for many of our
most ambitious writers have gone to
England and the United States and
have won laurels there, the land of
their adoption claiming Canada's
gifted children for her own.

Then what *is* it? Humbly I venture
to give my reason, which I think a
strong one and at the root of the whole
matter. We have not enough patriot-
ism, we do not encourage home manu-
facture as it were; anything that comes
from England or the States is supe-
rior to our own produce, whether it
be silks, cottons or authors. We
have no ambition to found a great
Canadian literature, at least very few
of us have, we don't want to hear the
utterances of our poets born and bred
on the soil, although they utter music
sweet as the spring-time singing of the
birds in our maple-woods. No, we
want something on which the outer
world has set its seal of approval; we
are not sure enough of ourselves and
our own taste to venture on the re-
sponsibility of praising that which the
great outside world has not yet com-
mended.

And in consequence, one by one,
our promising writers go to England
or to the neighboring republic; I could
name a score of brilliant aspirants to
literary fame, who within the last five
years have left us for the States and
there have won glory and more sub-
stantial reward, and thus are lost to us
for ever more.

How different is all this with our

republican neighbours. With them a prophet certainly gets more perhaps than his fair amount of honor in his own country, and they instantly recognise and laud the slightest pretensions to literary merit. They are proud of the work of a compatriot because he is a compatriot, but with us indeed no good thing can come out of Nazareth, at any rate until its author has taken his departure from his country, and then of course Nazareth loses all the credit.

I am aware that this sounds somewhat like a prolonged grumble, but that is not my intention, although I have to some degree trodden the thorny and disappointing path through which the Canadian literary aspirant must go. This is not grumbling, it is rather a lament that we should in the past have lost so much, and that others should take glory to themselves for that which we have produced, and shall we not in future as far as in us lies, endeavor to encourage home manufacture.

For after all a country is mainly judged by outsiders, both at present and in the time to come, by its literature, which to a great degree determines its standard of greatness. What are the grandest monuments to classic Greece and imperial Rome to-day? The works of her literary men, enduring through all the centuries and cherished by those who never saw the land from which they came. And Canada too if she would be great must have a literature, a patriotic literature, dealing with Canadian environment, Canadian people and characteristics.

Encourage home produce, we must. We have already musical and art scholarships, and why should it be but a dream that Canada should not also have a literary scholarship? Let us move if we can the vast wall of indifference (a thousand times more insurmountable than opposition) persuade the brightest and most ambitious of our youth to remain in their own country, and above all praise what is worthy to be praised without waiting for the approbation of either the mother country, or the great republic.

MAUD OGILVY.

April 1891.

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[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

A GREEN MOUNTAIN RIDGE.

THE main range of the Green Mountains contains the well known peaks Camel's Hump and Mt. Mansfield. Many times the writer has ridden from the vicinity of the first, past the second, up the beautiful valley of the Lamoille. The main range lies west of this river, while the ridge of which we write lies to the east. Brooklets coming from the east are mostly from this ridge and they empty themselves into it, to swell its flow.

At the fourth village on its banks, counting from the one nearest Mt. Mansfield, which so long had the Mt. Mansfield House, until recently burned, we swing abruptly to the right and directly this carriage road is winding along beside one of these brooklets, and, though we drive about two miles upon a level road where its waters are placid, as then we begin to ascend with slow pace, conversely it begins to show a rapid one.

Soon we come to a spot, under the shelter of a bank somewhat near the road, where the stream is turned aside into immense vats which have been excavated in the ground and prepared to breed and to raise trout. But in saying the stream is turned aside we have said too much, for only a part of the water is taken from the stream into a canal cut to convey it to the vats, while the stream keeps flowing on simply minus such an amount of water as they, Curtis & Bush, whose trout works these are, choose to use for their purpose. As there is a canal out from these vats as well as in to them, they pay back at once what they have borrowed from the stream for their use. From here trout are shipped by the thousand, and for ten dollars each thousand, to any purchaser who has a desire to stock his streams or pond and gives his order. You have not to go far before the source of this stream is seen covering an acre or two and every where about a foot deep except near the outlet, where its natural narrowing up makes it double that depth possibly. We have seen from our seat, as we passed it, the trout as they leaped to take the insects in their flight and once at the exclamation of a child with us, "see that skall-away," looked down upon a muskrat beneath the water, making quick time for the subterranean passage to the opposite bank where he would be safe from the intruders. This pond never dries, has no inlet and so must be fed from springs beneath, as none appear around it upon the shores. No boat is anchored there, none ride upon it, and the fisherman must content himself with throwing out from land and is sure to catch hold of snags which worry him more than he is pleased with his catches of trout. And this is the first of the three trout ponds upon the ridge, the first also of the seven ponds upon it within a radius of three or four miles.

Taking the road to the right near this pond, one is carried on to the right bank of two other ponds, where pickerel abound and on the shores of one of which a hermit dwells in a lone cot.

Taking the road to left beyond this pond one is brought to the bank of Buck pond where once a large buck was shot while eating from the salt trough placed in the

pasture by one of the early settlers, hence its name. This is the second trout pond, but innumerable smaller fish of no account have destroyed the fishing here except in the winter.

The third trout pond is back of the granite ledge westerly of the hotel. Here the trout are excellent, unsurpassed for richness and beauty, equal to the Diamonds in New Hampshire, or the Sandy River Ponds in Maine.

Your hotel accommodations are rural like the scenery around you, its owner having his fancy Holstein cattle upon his hundred acres and his sugar orchard in spring of hundreds of trees. The very stream that goes noisily back of your hotel leads down to the other and descending side of the ridge to another lake, which lake has an opening to another upon which summer visitors have placed a small steamer.

Here are perch, pickerel, and water lilies. Just in sight of the first of these stands the Lake View House, but back of it is the only bass pond of the region. It is well stocked and the bass are of good size. The average is large, the best we know near the centre of the state. We have caught them at the Sunk Island, have hooked them at the Pine Snag on the east shore, and from an overhanging birch tree have taken them in on a hot afternoon. While trolling for them on north shore you often get the largest yellow perch that swim which deceive you at first till you miss the leap and plunge of the bass.

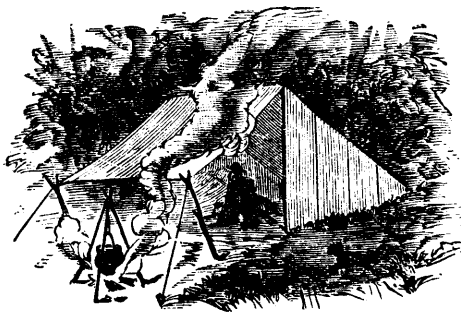
Here are fine scenery and fine fish, and to Nelson Pond we give "the palm." In these waters some strange sea fowl were shot some years back, when the present old men were boys. We thought they must have been the brand geese known as "the brant."

Here one afternoon, being caught by a furious shower, we were driven on shore and sheltered in the woods. Being squatted under a sheltering tree a furious cry near rent the air. Looking around we saw a half grown mink yelling for its mother. Being so unexpectedly disturbed we thoughtlessly gave a jump and came down just above the cry and smashed it up.

It was near the Lake View House that we were invited to fish in an artificial pond. The owner had not tested it since it was stocked. When he said, "please test it for me," he was cutting ice. Taking his old line and a piece of his pork we put them in where the ice came out and away went pork, hook and half the line quicker than I can write.

Hastening back to the house I assured him his effort to raise trout was a success. The next May just such trout responded to the call of my line and several nice lots were placed upon our tables. The deepest place in this pond was only three feet, and it covered about three acres. He has since raised his dam a foot and now has one of the best ponds of the kind within my knowledge.

On this ridge are found many New York summer boarders. The stage from Montpelier to Hardwick leaves them there. "Sportsman! it is a barren place for your shot and ball but a good place to enjoy fine scenery and take your rod to." Near is a pleasant village, a good house for Sunday worship, and a hospitable people who will make your stay as pleasant as possible. Charleston, Me., Ap. '91. THE PARSON.



[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

THE HUNTER'S DREAM

A Tale of Love, Revenge and Reconciliation.

BY CALESTIGAN.

Scene in camp, not a thousand miles from Spider Lake; time 10 p. m.

ACROSTIC.

"Come, tell us a rousing story,
As we enjoy our brimming can,
Let us find you in your glory,
E'en as you love to be, old man,"
So said bright *Didymus*, our friend,
To his old friend, *Calestigan*.
"I'll do it quick; so mind attend,
Good fish I've caught in every stream,
And told my luck with trout and bream,
Nor can B. B. my stories mend,"

What that story was I cannot say,
As I fell asleep and slept till day.

—From *Land We Live In* for January.

THE STORY.

IN the 24th December, 184—, I and my faithful Abenakis friend, Louis Anès, found ourselves in the northern part of the vast forest which then extended from the inhabited part of the State of Maine, to the sparse and half-cleared openings of the township of Bury, in Eastern Canada. On the one side were hundreds of miles of mountains, swamps, and lakes, with their connecting links of rivers, brooks, and muskegs, the whole area of which formed, at that period, a wilderness unexplored by the greedy pot-hunter, or insatiable devastating lumberman, and was consequently the habitat and secure home of the lordly moose, the sullen bear, and rapacious wolf. Occasionally was heard,—but rarely seen—the blood-thirsty panther, or mountain cat, the only foe who had the audacity to dare to single combat the gigantic and fierce bull-moose. Small game in abundance frequented the margins of all the lakes and streams, which also teemed with luscious trout and other game fish.

On the southwestern border of the forest were a few scattered clearings,

which had been made by a colony of British immigrants, who had been inveigled there by heartless land-jobbers, who, after they had drained their victims of their scanty means, left them to "root-hog or die" in a strange, wild, inhospitable region.

In a lonely but peaceful valley, not far from the present flourishing village of Robinson, through which had been made a road leading from the village of Sherbrooke, to the above mentioned settlement, was a primitive little farm on which a hardy pioneer had erected a comfortable block-house and barn. Through a concatenation of events, the details of which would be too sad to relate, I, *Calestigan*, hunter, fisher, story-teller and until *that* blessed Christmas day of which I am speaking, a restless, aimless wanderer, became the proprietor of the pioneer's property, hoping that the semi-savage life of a backwoodsman would bring solace and relief to a heart cankered with remorse, and calmness to a brain tortured by the recollection that I had in malice aforethought, and in unholy anger, shot and killed my boyhood's chum and college friend, my constant companion, my almost brother! True 'twas under the sanction of the *duello* where the chances were equal; still the act was uncanny.

Octavius Fitzgerald and I had grown up together on adjoining estates, had attended the same grammar-school, had fished and shot together, and vied with each other for the brush at the hunt and for the smiles of the belle of the county ball. Would to heaven that our rivalry had ended in those friendly contentions, I would have been spared years of unutterable anguish, but fate willed otherwise, and decreed that we should both love the same lady.

It had been the wish of my parents and the dying request of her widowed mother, that my cousin, Katharine Blacket, and I, should, as soon as I had passed my examination for the bar, be united as man and wife, the match being a desirable one, not merely on account of the contiguity of valuable estates, but principally on the score of compatibility of temper, similarity in tastes and pursuits, and above all, our kind parents thought,—because we were very much attached to each other; consequently Kate and I, although not formally engaged, were looked upon as lovers destined to the altar of matrimony, and in compliance with the parental fiat, our lives glided on smoothly, lovingly, confidently; but although marriages *may* be made in Heaven they are not always made in accordance with the wishes of all the contracting parties. That Katharine Blacket's marriage had a celestial

origin I most sincerely hope; one thing is certain I was not the destined dragon to guard the Hesperides of her heart.

Heigho! Well! after undergoing the usual grinding at the legal mill, I passed creditably, eat the conventional dinner, took chambers and—went to the continent to recruit what has proved my wasted energies. Our party consisted of my mother, Kate and myself. We "did the continent" in true English style; that is we spent a good deal of money for the privilege of being bowed to, grimaced at, called Milor and Miladi, and for being made generally uncomfortable. Kate and I, however, enjoyed our rambles among the shady vineyards and sunny orange groves of Southern Europe and dawdled listlessly through the beautiful beech woods and peaceful vales of Northern France. Our time passed away smoothly and happily, but unemotionally. No excitement, no jealousy, no lover's tiffs; not even a brief separation to sigh over and regret. Each morning's sun shone on our happy greetings, "Good morning, Cal!" "How are you, Kate?" Then we sallied forth, arm in arm, for a turn among the flower-beds until summoned to a substantial breakfast.

Thus placidly, without a ruffle, glided on our courtship, like a beautiful stream, meandering silently and calmly through shady groves and emerald meads, fragrant of the perfume of lovely flowers and and ambrosial herbage. What could possibly disturb the equanimity of our lives? But alas! and alas! for the instability of worldly hopes and mundane speculations! "*L'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose.*"

The first days of autumn saw us in a secluded hamlet on the outskirts of the forest of Eu in Normandy. Kitty and I still kept up our rambles and phandered away the lazy hours; our time for returning to England was drawing nigh; Kate was to make her first appearance in society, while I would return to Doctor's Commons and prepare myself for the achievement of future greatness.

One evening, as we were returning from a visit to the old ruins of the Château of Eu, we saw a gentleman, evidently English, who was walking briskly towards us. He proved to be my old school-mate and intimate friend, Octavius Fitzgerald. After the usual greetings, he told us that he also, had been doing the continent and that having arrived at Havre a day or two before, and hearing of our being domiciled at Eu, he had retraced his steps with a view of joining our party. Was it Kate, or the blind God, or the devil, that caused the handsome soldier (Fitz-

had entered the army) and finished gentleman to thus stumble on our Arcadia? As a matter of course he fell over head and ears in love with my betrothed, won her love, which I in my blind sense of security had never even sought or cultivated, and ended by marrying her six months after our ill-starred *rencontre* in France.

I must here give Kate Blacket justice, and confess that she had given me due warning after she had realized her new feelings, and had not the demon of jealousy, acting on the bitter sense of my past neglect and supineness, taken possession of me, I might have succumbed patiently, if not gracefully, to the inevitable.

My self-esteem had received a cruel wound, which rankled the more when I reflected on what I considered the treachery of one I had always looked upon as a bosom friend.

While smarting under what I felt to be a humiliating defeat, I met Captain Fitzgerald, a short time after his marriage, at the club. He advanced towards me in his usual urbane manner with extended hand, saying, "Cal, we are still friends, I hope?" "Never," I exclaimed, "I am no friend to traitors," and raising a whale-bone cane which I carried, I struck him across the cheek. A challenge, as a matter of course, followed, seconds secured and a meeting appointed, at which I shot my adversary through the lungs. The surgeon pronounced the wound fatal and I fled to the nearest seaport where I embarked on an India bound ship.

I will not tire my hearers with the many vicissitudes of my wanderings. A prey to remorse, with the brand of Cain on my soul, I travelled through many countries and varied climes until wearied and sick of life, I found myself a nameless outcast and backwoods settler in the wilds of Canada.

* * * * *

"Why, Cal! you told us *that* three hours ago," exclaimed Didymus, yawning like a hippopotamus. "You had just settled in Bury when I fell asleep."

"Oh! yes! I forgot! the fact is that my tongue wants moistening. Here, Bachelor, fill up my tot and make it Nor-nor-west, and I will steer back to the woods of Bury."

Well! early in the morning of the 23rd of December, I had wounded a very large bull-moose which my Indian guide declared, from the copious and rapid flow of blood, to be "*blessé à mort*." We followed the animal's flight, which was very rapid at first, until we came up with the huge carcass stretched in death on the sandy shore of a beautiful sheet of water, then known as Moffatt Lake.

I knew that a few settlers had estab-

lished themselves in the vicinity, so leaving Anès to skin and dress the quarry, I started in the direction of the clearnigs. In the course of an hour I struck a lumber road, which in a short space of time led me into a small stump-covered farm, in the farthest corner of which I came to a neat log-house and barn also constructed of logs.

Upon entering the house, I found the family, which consisted of an old Scotch Highlander, his wife and two stalwart lads, engaged in making straw beehives; in the corner of the large fireplace, smoking a meerchaum pipe, sat a fine-looking man, whose face was covered with a long and thick auburn beard and mustachios. He was dressed in a velveteen jacket and corduroy trousers. I at once set him down as an English gentleman and a soldier.

Upon my stating my errand to the good people of the house, *i. e.*, a request for a team to transport my game to my own shanty, the captain, as I heard him called, jumped up and with much animation and good nature offered to take me in his boat, which he said was close at hand, to the sandy beach where lay the dead moose, and to convey it and my guide to his house, where we might take the road to Bury, which I have already mentioned.

An offer so graciously tendered was too good to be declined; indeed it would have been churlish to have done so, particularly when the captain informed me that he had only recently arrived from England, that he had never seen a moose, dead or alive, and that he was most anxious, nay impatient, to see the one I had killed. In short his impatience knew no bounds when I informed him that the bull was one of full head, with antlers displaying nine palmated branches.

Thus gaily chatting with that freedom which soon becomes insensibly established between sportsmen of the genuine stamp, we reached the captain's skiff and before we had fairly turned her head towards our destination I had been cordially invited to his home which he said was the house of a friend and brother officer, a Major Rooke, now absent in Montreal. His own name or connection with the army the captain did not mention, nor did I, for reasons known to my hearers, press or even allude to a subject so deeply fraught with painful recollections.

We were not long in reaching Anès' temporary camp, the smoke of which served us as a beacon and comforted us with the assurance of the enjoyment of a savory moose steak; nor were we disappointed either in the quality of the viand, or in the culinary ability of Louis, to both of which the captain and I did ample justice. The captain,

however, was somewhat disappointed in not having seen the moose in its pristine size and majesty, but when he saw the head upon which Anès, by my direction, had left the skin intact surmounted by its wide spreading palmated antlers, his raptures were beyond bounds, even unto boyishness.

I felt much attracted by the joyousness and frank manners of this gentleman and began to fear, lest through the free-masonry of society, of which I was once an *accepted* member, he might penetrate the mist of my voluntary exile, and re-open wounds that were but superficially healed. I therefore put a guard upon my language and demeanour.

After we had eaten a very fair or rather large quantity of moose steak, smoked a couple of pipes and discussed a *tin* of most excellent *potato* whiskey which my friend Louis never forgot to add to his back-load of *necessaries*, we loaded up the skiff with the moose-meat, hide and head, placing the latter trophy, which I had given to the captain, in the bow as "figure-head." Then our guns and packs having been conveniently stowed we all three embarked, the captain as steersman, for Major Rooke's mansion.

It took us but a short time to pull to the landing of the Rooke estate, and I could not but observe as we ascended the acclivity on which stood an imposing two-storied house, the very English appearance of the structure and of its surroundings. The forest had been cleared of all unseemly debris, bosquets, arbours and mossy rockeries lay exposed to view while beautiful vistas and views of interesting parts of the lake had been opened through the leafy woods, all converging to the homestead. On arriving at the front entrance which by its wide double doors proclaimed the hospitality of my native land, I forgot my lately imposed caution and reticence and exclaimed, "How very English!"

The captain eyed me rather curiously and said, "What! have you been in England, Mr. Caletigan? Perhaps you are an Englishman."

"No!—Yes!" I answered confusedly, "I have been to England—as a sailor—I'm an American."

"Well," continued the captain, opening the door wide open, "come in and make yourself at home while I find my wife who will make you comfortable until to-morrow, when I will send you, your companion and traps, to Bury." He then ushered us into a large dining-room on the right, while he himself ascended a broad stair-case at the further end of the hall.

Can any of you, now that you know the story of my life, imagine the utter confusion of mind in which I found

myself when left alone with Anès? I felt myself in a trap, and was beginning to think of making a bolt for the woods, when the rustle of silk drew my attention to the door through which entered a lady. Great heaven! Imagine my surprise, my utter discomfiture, when I recognized in the tall dignified woman before me, my cousin Katharine, my late betrothed, the widow of my bosom friend Octavius Fitzgerald, whom I had slain in that ill-fated duel.

Can either of you imagine a more awkward dilemma? I was overwhelmed, nonplussed, and to make the matter worse, I forgot entirely my role of Caletigan, the hunter, and making my best "west-end" bow, was going to address "*en preux chevalier*," when she cut me short and restored my aplomb by saying somewhat hurriedly, "Mr. hunter, my husband has just been called away for a short time and has desired me to make you and your guide comfortable and to consider yourself at home under this roof. And if you will *permet* me," added she, emphasizing the verb, "I most cordially beg to second the invitation. Now, as I am impatient to see the antlers which my husband told me you had presented to him, perhaps you will be good enough to ask your man to bring them up from the boat."

The foregoing little diplomatic speech partly restored my self control. I turned to Anès and desired him, in French, to go down to the landing with one of the men-servants and bring up the moose's head together with the meat and the rest of our belongings.

In the mean time the lady had turned towards a window in which were some plants with which she busied herself until Anès had left on his errand, closing the door behind him, when she turned again towards me with outstretched hands and her face radiant with pleasure and affection. "Cal! dear cousin Calthorpe! found, at last!" she exclaimed. "Fitz knew you," she added, sobbing with joy, "the moment you stepped on the terrace and spoke of dear old England. You two must again be the friends that you were before that ill-starred duel. Indeed, my dear husband has never ceased to mourn your absence and has instituted an unceasing search after you."

What did I do? what did I say? Why, threw my arms around her and imprinted a warm loving kiss upon her lips while I murmured, "Thank God! Thank God!! Octavius recovered! I am not a murderer."

"Halloa! old man! I think you will take my hand now that you have kissed my wife," shouted a well-known voice from the doorway. "Welcome back to your friends, old fellow. What a happy, jolly Christmas we'll have

together, eh, Kate? And— by the bye, are you married, Cal?"

"Yes, I'm married."

"And happy I hope, dear cousin," said Katharine.

"Yes, happy, very happy *now*."

Indeed, my heart was full to overflowing with my new found happiness. I took Kate's right hand in mine, while with my left I pressed Fitzgerald's. Friend!— tears of joy rained over those *crossed* hands from three pairs of loving eyes, that Christmas eve. * *

"Suzannah! Suzannah!! What a noise those children are making. Is it very late? I've had such queer dreams."

"Indeed, I should think so. You've been very restless and have been talking of *black-cats* and *kitties* the whole night; and you kissed me twice in your sleep and called me sweet Katharine. Oh! Cal! Who is Katharine?"

"Katharine? Eh? What, who? Oh! why she's the beautiful fairy of whom I've been dreaming and who told me to present this pearl hoop to my darling wife, Suzannah, as a Christmas gift."

"Oh! you dear old Cal! the very ring we saw in Odell's show-case yesterday morning, which you said would look well on my finger. That was your errand then, when you said that you had forgot your watch key. Thanks, my dear husband and a merry Christmas to us all, and may God keep our love as bright and as pure as are these beautiful pearls!"



VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

HAVE you ever noticed in camping out, that no matter how quiet and motionless everything may be apparently, there is always more or less sound? It may be a sweet, sighing sound like the strains of an Æolian harp, from the branches of the tall pines above your head; perhaps the chirping of the tree toad, or of the cricket, the hoot of the owl, the voice of the loon as he practises ventriloquism in some distant indentation of the lake shore, until you come to the conclusion that there must be a dozen of him round; it may be the sportive splash of a trout, the squeak of a muskrat, or the fall of some aged monarch of the forest, with a crashing sound that echoes through the valleys and is carried from

one mountain peak to another for several seconds before the final reverberation is lost in the distance, for those old trees will fall when not a breath of air is stirring, and without the slightest indication of their final dissolution and their return to the dust from which their first vitality was drawn; it may be the gentle ripple of the wavelets from the little brook as they kiss the tiny pebbles of the shore, or toy with the lily pads in the little eddy underneath the bank, or the murmur of a distant water fall; but at no time do we remember in Nature's realms, of experiencing perfect, absolute quiet. And there is a music too in every one of these night sounds that is lost in the day time. The double bass of the antiquated frog and the treble notes of his more juvenile and diminutive companion, sometimes chord in perfect unison, and create a melody that our most skillful musicians would find it hard to imitate. Is it that these sounds are really sweeter in the still night, or is it that we are in a semi-dreamful state and more susceptible to the influence of sounds which would escape our notice in the day-time? Be that as it may we have heard, or imagined we heard melodies during the so called still hours of the night that made us think the angels were holding a concert on earth, and we weren't dreaming either at the time. We were as conscious of everything that transpired, the sound of the camp-fire and of the sparks as they rose from the burning wood, as a wide awake person could be, and still there was that indescribable melody floating in the air for which we cannot account, and must attribute to the influence of an oversensitive imagination.

Our memory recalls to mind one little incident that leads us to believe that a sensitive imagination has a great deal to do with the creation of these night melodies, and sweet sounds, which savor less of earth than of heaven. We were camping one night in company with the late Capt. John Woodward, at the place known as The Flats, at the outlet of Little Magog Lake. The sound of the rapids below us had produced a soothing effect, and we had dropped off to sleep so gradually that it was difficult to establish the line between waking and sleeping. We were fully recalled to our senses by sounds of melody that it was almost impossible to believe could be caused by anything human. We roused Capt. Woodward and asked him if he had heard the singing. He listened a moment and said "That isn't singing, no human being can sing like that!" But it was, and what do you think caused it? Two French-Canadian youths who lived in the vicinity, were out on the lake, some half mile from shore, engaged in catching the members of the finny tribe rejoicing in the euphonious name of "bull-pouts," which are supposed to take bait better at night, and to pass the time were engaged in chanting a French song, which was pitched in a high key, and which we will give them the credit of having rendered in a style worthy of some who pretend to possess much greater musical proficiency. But ever after, in alluding to the circumstance, the Captain agreed with us in saying, "it was the sweetest music he ever heard."

DIDYMU8.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

FIRESIDE TALES.

Connected with the Early Days of the Eastern Townships

BY A KANSAS CANADIAN.

THE INDIANS AND ROGERS. NO. 3.

I PROPOSE to simply rehearse the following stories from tradition as far as possible and to supply the missing links from sources which afford strong evidence of their probability. The garments were old and moth eaten, and a good deal the worse for 150 years wear. They had been sadly torn in places, and some new patches have been put on by way of covering and to hold the worn threads together. I am fully aware of the objections made to tradition by the scholar who reads only "reliable history." I simply ask such, "what have you got that you have not received," and that as seen by different individuals with mental glasses of a different focus, always excepting that one Book of Books, which none may take away from or add anything thereto.

These latter day historical cranks would make us believe that Tell, his wonderful bow, and arrow straight as the definition of a straight line, the apple—perhaps red or white, like a Newton pippin,—his skill as a marksman, and the fine brave, heroic boy, were all a myth. Nothing but a "Will o' the Wisp" floating over some intellectual boy.

Those that have seen Wellington's old soldiers,—as each sipped his glass of beer, and told of that day at Waterloo, how hour after hour they bravely drove back the Frenchmen from that Farm House and Orchard, have seen the poor old crooked back straighten up, and fire once more come into the dimmed eye, as a comrade shouted "Up, Guards, and at them!"—should be "canny" about trying to undo the pleasant memories of big boys and great boys, for ages past. The boy that can't tell how many wolves Robinson Crusoe, his man Friday, and party killed in that terrible days fight, and the amount of powder spread on the logs in front, or pass an examination in "Pilgrims Progress" and "The Scottish Border Tales," is just no boy at all, and the sooner he begins his Latin, Greek, and Dutch grammar the better, he will need it all by and by.

Well, gentle reader, this prelude has been rather lengthy I know, but you see I am old, and they say a little addled at times,—no, not exactly that,—I guess the Scotchman calls it "daft."

During the middle days of the 18th century (about 1750) the French and northern tribes of Indians held Lower Canada, and the English and the colonists, as firmly held the country at the south, and both, by fair means and foul, tried to obtain the whole of the prize. Canada had for years been well and carefully nursed both by France and the Missionaries, who had so devotedly bestowed money, presents and the best instruction the church was able to give, upon the red man, as one has

well put it, "a true child of the church, baptized in infancy, and true to the last."

England's policy was simply for larger possessions in the newly discovered land of promise, and well did her sons and daughters occupy, and push forward civilization, as fast as the land was conquered and fresh recruits came on.

The Indian then as now, preferred the presents so bountifully bestowed, the company and favors of such men as Champlain and the new religion, to the more matter of fact ways of the British, without these perquisites.

To take their canoes every summer, up to the head waters of Lake Champlain, and then after hiding them to silently follow some blazed path through the wood and fall upon some unprotected New England villages and helpless families with their tomahawks and scalping knives, was to them the extreme height of pleasure. If they lost some of their party in their encounters with the whites, it was only an exchange from this life, to the happy hunting ground beyond.

At one time they killed a part of Johnston's family in Massachusetts, and took back with them a young girl of much promise, with other prisoners, to their villages and wigwams about Montreal. These were held either for ransom or to be adopted into their tribe. Next summer the father, finding that the daughter was still alive, in Montreal, after days of toil and privation, reached the French garrison, and after consultation with the commandant, and with his assistance, found her and ransomed her from her captors.

Some friends of Johnston had by some means, been informed of a plot amongst the Indians, to let him have a few hours start, pursue and kill the father, and recapture the daughter. They urged him by all possible arguments, to wait until there was some general exchange of prisoners, or some large party should be going back.

Their arguments were of no avail, and unobserved, in the dusk of the evening, he quietly slipped away in his canoe, and with the girl, made all the speed possible on his homeward journey, and so skillfully had he planned his retreat that some hours before sun down one day, they arrived near the path through the woods to the New England settlements.

Drawing up the canoe on the shore, it was soon hidden away in some of the dark places of the forest. Starting through the woods on the blazed line, they took care to plainly leave their tracks in places. When some dry ground had been reached, they took off their shoes and retraced their steps to a point of land about a mile and a half below the landing place on the edge of the lake, always taking care to step on stones or hard ground, as far as possible and not to disturb a leaf or twig. Keeping a sharp

lookout down the lake, they observed some canoes approaching the landing, and before darkness had shut from view distant objects, four canoes with well armed Indians, passed near the point where they were concealed, landed at the end of the path, and camped for the night.

Next day, during the greater part of the forenoon the father and daughter kept in hiding until the Indians had concealed their canoes and were well away on their forest path. Still waiting until the afternoon, to make sure all the party had left, they cautiously and slowly followed, keeping a sharp eye to the front. They camped early in the evening some distance from the path, and next day resumed their journey as before through that 250 miles of wilderness, keeping one day behind the savages and each evening sleeping near the fires yet alive, of the Indians who had left that same morning. Usually twice every day they counted in some soft part of the path, the tracks of the Indians, to see that none were behind. Yes, just fourteen, the same number that had passed in the canoes.

At last after days of weary travel, with sore feet and worn out bodies, they drew near to their beloved village, Deerfield, the town so marked by Indian scenes and atrocities, for scores of years. Knowing that the Indians were still ahead and bent on mischief, they made a forced march around them and about 10 o'clock on that bright summer morning, from the high ground on which they emerged from the forest, they saw the British flag, floating from a high hill about a mile in rear of the village and the inhabitants engaged in their usual occupations, perfectly unconscious of the danger hovering so near. A few minutes brought them unobserved, to old friends, who ran out from every house with cheers and greetings, and exclaiming that "the dead were alive again." Johnston tried every way to stop the demonstration in order that a party of friends might take the Indians and their British flag in the rear. Before they comprehended the ambush and were ready, their wily foes had taken the hint, and hauling down their decoy flag, departed to await other more favorable opportunities.

The St. Francis tribe, formerly I presume the Abenakis Indians, had made themselves a village, and with the assistance of the missionaries from France, had erected a church on the east bank and near the mouth of the St. Francis River. Pictures, some silver candlesticks, and a large pure gold, solid image of the Virgin Mary, said to have cost 125 French crowns were sent to them as a present by the Jesuit Fathers, and well these forest children guarded by day and night their precious church treasures. War parties from this tribe were the worst foes New England had to contend with. Partly by canoe and afterward on foot they would every year make a raid, usually through the townships and the rivers south, and suddenly falling on some farm house occupants, do their cruel work and retire before assistance could be rendered or their retreat intercepted.

It was a party of this tribe that stole up silently on a hot day in summer, and after hiding their canoes under some bushes on the bank of the river, known then as the Deerfield River, laid themselves down under

THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

the overhanging trees which grew thickly from the twelve feet high bank of the river, to chat in their soft melodious tongue, and while away the hours, until darkness should give them the coveted opportunity for mischief. Two men from the village who were quietly walking along on the top of the bank, heard the murmur of soft voices below, and proceeded to investigate. Yes, there they lay resting in self satisfied security, twelve of them. Stepping back they looked well to their old flint locks and with a mad rush over the bank and an unearthly scream to invincible comrades just behind to "come, we have got them!" jumped in amongst them, giving them two shots with good effect. The Indians taken by surprise were out of sight in a hurry, leaving guns and canoes behind.

At another time a large band of Indians had the whole village well "rounded up" in the Block House, and taking possession of the church near by, held it for many days, and daily the parties in each, exchanged shots, the balls usually lodging in the building and most frequently in the corner posts. This thing at last became monotonous to the young Indians, and a little dangerous excitement was deemed quite in order. A sharp run around in front of the church at times, followed by a late bullet, or badly aimed one from the Block House, made fine sport. A change was necessary and the front doors of the church were quickly thrown open, while a young Indian jumped or was pushed out, and the doors as suddenly closed. This altered the sport but the pitcher went once too often to the water. A well aimed bullet stepped any more door opening. My father's family lived in Deerfield for a time, and when this old church was pulled down about 1816, my brother dug some of those old bullets out of the timber, about one half of the outer surface in weight, white, corroded and apparently only hard white lead.

It was in the tower of this church I think, or some other near by, that the little bell that is probably still ringing in the Indian church at St. Regis, said every Sunday morning for years. "Come to Church." The descendants of the pilgrim's went to church with rifles on their shoulders, and sat for two hours in the cold days of winter, with no fire save from some few small foot stoves, with a dish of coals, or in after years a hot soap stone to their feet, while some Cotton Mather, or Elliott, impressed upon the congregation the doctrine, "that all scripture is given by inspiration and is profitable for doctrine &c.," and preached the old doctrines of the Bible without the fear of man before him. No new fangled, improved theology for him, or a much better, later day way of preaching it, or an assent to a church creed with a mental reservation. This bell was sent out by friends of the Canada Indians, as a present from France several years before and in a French vessel, which meeting an English armed frigate, had to strike her colors as usual and follow her captor into Boston harbor. Afterwards, every Sunday morning for years, it rang out its music to a stranger people, until a band of St. Regis Indians recaptured it, tied it to the centre of a long pole, and by relays at either end, and canoes where available, placed it where the donors years before had proposed that it should go.

These continued raids at last became unbearable, and at a general council of the three suffering states, a plan was arranged, to send a strong party of Rangers to the resting place of these Abenakis at the mouth of the St. Francis River, and if possible, wipe them out, root and branch. It only required a simple invitation to very quickly raise a party of one hundred and fifty men from the frontier towns. Most of these men had lost friends, fathers, mothers, or brothers by these marauding Indians at different times.

A leader had to be chosen, and with one consent Indian Fighter Rogers, afterward Major Rogers, was selected. He had lost his wife and some of his children through these Indian raids, and it is said had sworn never to spare a redskin as an enemy. Acquainted with every stream and path in the wilderness, and with many of these northern tribes, their habits and customs, the choice of Rogers as a leader seems to have been wisely made. Again and again had he met or way laid these parties and generally had the best of the fight. Were they resting in winter security far down the shore of the Lake, camped in some thick cluster of evergreens, very probably some night when the ice was like a mirror, Rogers with a few Rangers, would swoop down on them, and after their work was done, as suddenly disappear on his skates, like a fawn in the forest, and long before a French party from the fort, or dusky comrades arrived, the forest had swallowed him up. Full well did these small tribes know Rogers, as the man of all men to be dreaded. Had they not chased him one day in winter, during the French war, to the top of that mountain near the foot of Lake George—still known as Rogers' slide,—and just as they supposed they had him surrounded, he disappeared, and on looking over the top they saw him, nearly a thousand feet below, sliding on his snow shoes down the side of the mountain onto the lake. No wonder, that in their imagination he was endowed with some spirit protecting power. Full well they remembered the oft-told tale, how on his New Hampshire farm he had caught eight members of the St. Francis tribe one summer day, with that white man's trick of the long log with a crack all along the top of it, just ready to split open from rails with wedge and "white man's big wooden hammer." They had silently and unobserved surrounded him while at work making rails, and had got possession of his rifle, which was leaning against a stump, when looking up he saw the eight circled round him quietly looking at their long coveted prize, in their power at last. With a grunt like voice they informed him, "we got you Rogers! come with us!" Taking in the situation at a glance, he said, "Yes, you got me this time. Help me to split log and me go." They good naturedly consented and he placed them four on a side to pull the log open, while he drove the wedge with his "big wooden hammer," and as they pulled hard with their hands in the crack, by some fatality the first blow knocked out the wedge and the crack closed on their fingers. It was his turn "Me got you," and tradition tells us that these Indians never again visited New England.

An engraved full length portrait of Rogers was published in London in 1776, in which

he was represented as a tall, strong looking man, dressed as a ranger, powder horn at his side, and gun resting in the hollow of his arm. Behind him stood some dusky savages, (See Henry's "Travels and Adventures.")

Arrangements were soon made by which a supply of provisions was to be sent at a fixed future date, to be placed for the use of the returning party, near the head waters of one of the northern rivers of Vermont, and in the autumn the party started by way of Lake Champlain for the St. Francis village. Why this seemingly out of the way route was chosen, instead of a direct one through the woods, we know not. Passing, in canoes, the French forts that guarded the lake, and the Indian encampments, they drew up far down the lake; at sunrise their canoes were well hidden in the woods, and after the short morning meal was over, they took up the nine days march across the 120 miles of forest and stream in a nearly direct line for the St. Francis Indian village. Two scouts were left behind to watch the canoes, and for any appearance of enemies, and to report in case of discovery.

At the end of the second day's march, the Rangers camped for the night, and while eating their supper, the two scouts burst into camp tired and weary, saying that a party of Indians had discovered the hidden canoes, and that probably a large party of French and Indians were now on their trail. This was not pleasant news. What were they to do? Should they still try and carry out the destruction of their tribe, as proposed in the face of danger before and behind, or should they push for home and safety as fast as possible? The unforgotten loss of friends and relations, and a deep desire for revenge at length prevailed, and far in the night they laid them down for a few hours sleep, after deciding to push on by forced marches, do their work of cruelty, and retreat up the St. Francis River, if possible, before they could be overtaken by their enemies.

They reached the immediate vicinity of the village, it is said, in the afternoon of the ninth day after leaving the lake. Concealing themselves in the woods, some scouts in Indian dress proceeded to investigate, and by sun down reported that from some information obtained from an unsuspecting party, they had learned that the men were away on a big hunt, that the village seemed resting in perfect security, that no impending danger was anticipated, that but few women were at home, and that the occupants of the village were old men and women, and children, that a ford about waist deep was found, and that last though not least, large numbers of scalps were hanging from poles near the wigwams (Parkman says, 600 scalps, others, more.) The camp was badly in need of rest and after the evening meal was finished, they laid themselves down for a few hours rest, ere the bloody morning's work was to begin.

During the dark, early hours of the morning the Rangers forded the river, surrounded the sleeping village, and at break of day as soon as the savages were astir and coming out of their skin curtained doorways, a volley of musketry was poured in upon them, and the bloody work continued as long as a living man, woman or child was left. A few men escaped and fast they

carried the sad tidings to the absent warriors. The church was sacked of its contents, including the beautiful golden image of the Virgin Mary, and the torch applied, and before the sun was well shining over the tops of the trees, the raiding party was under way for home.

Little did many of that New England expedition realize that they had already seen home and loved ones for the last time. The party camped the first night, I presume, on the east bank of the river, near Spicer's Rapids, and early next day somewhere near Lords' Falls. A stone headed arrow and the report of a musket from an unseen foe, told the retreating party that the avengers were close on their tracks.

The Indians seem as yet to have been few in numbers as after a short, sharp skirmish they were driven back, and a covering party behind and on the outside wing, kept the party in safety for some hours, or perhaps days, longer. A few were wounded and some killed on both sides. The spot where this first encounter took place has been a cultivated farm for many years. I cannot now recall to memory the names of any of the owners—and stone arrow heads, the remnants of some old guns and a broken sword have been ploughed up there, the silent witnesses of that morning's revenge.

I presume this story as I give it, is substantially correct, as my father, who came to the townships in 1803, knew almost every foot of the St. Francis River, from the Forks (now Sherbrooke,) to the mouth of the river, and much of the information was obtained from him. The pearl-ash from the townships had to be taken to market in boats or *bateaux*, and supplies bought back in the same way, by the St. Francis river. He naturally had a good deal of intercourse with the Indians then living, and some probably who had perhaps a dim recollection of the time of Rogers' raid. I can personally remember old Betty, one of the St. Francis tribe (and who in my early days was said to be over 90 years old) her daughter Sally Swasine, and her miserable, lazy, drunken husband, Tom, who made us boys such pretty lever wood bows, for which we paid him a Spanish bit, (twelve and a half cents,) with four red headed arrows thrown in 'o the bargain and when the change wasn't handy a pound of salt pork settled the bill.

Up to this time the Rogers party had fared pretty well, as the supplies taken from the Indian village and what they had obtained from the corn fields, had sufficed, Well had it been for them if they had laid in a lasting supply to tide them over the coming days of want and starvation.

When nearing Shipton, they became aware that the pursuing savages were fast increasing in numbers, but pushing forward with all speed, they were able to keep them in check until they nearly reached the mouth of the Magog river. Somewhere between Kingsley Falls and this point they were so weary and hard pressed that the two parties who had charge of the image of the Virgin Mary, and who took turns in carrying it, buried or secreted it, until in some future day they might return and secure it. Marking well the spot and fixing the location in their memories, they departed. One of these parties was soon killed, and from some unknown cause the other never returned, and as my old friend

Dr. Webber, of Richmond said when he visited me in 1888: "No man knoweth her resting place to this day."

This was about the traditional story as understood by every man or boy resident of the St. Francis valley, in the early days of the Townships. No fireside tales were complete until some big or little boy listener had located in his imagination the resting place of the golden image. Tradition says it was on some large island; what more likely place than the Steele island, near Richmond? It is accessible by fording from either side. From other sources the story goes that it was near the mouth of a creek. Perhaps Swan's or Salmon Creek, the outlet of the Brompton lake. The story that had the most believers was that in the pocket of the one of the secreting parties who escaped, a paper was found years afterward, describing three pine trees on an island, in a certain position, and a line drawn in a certain course from one of these trees, a certain number of feet indicated the position of the treasure. Many a sharp eye was kept on the lookout for the three pines, and the resting place of the golden image, when trapping muskrat, trying to pot a duck, or during a torch-light fish spearing expedition. Time and again have I looked from the foot of the Black Hills, across to one or two pine trees on a small rocky island below the Brompton Falls, as the long sought for locality, and were I again to pass that way, I presume my eyes would turn in the same direction as naturally as some flowers turn towards the rising sun, such is the force of boyhood impressions.

Young Parker, in his nicely written story of the Roger's expedition, makes no mention of the virgin. Is the story so soon forgotten on the banks of the beautiful river?

Now comes the strangest part of the story. Before leaving Canada, I was talking over the story of the expedition and mentioned the hiding of the image to a party from Sherbrooke, whose name I have forgotten. He said "Why! Robert Orr, (if that be the name) was hunting one day near the railroad track between Windsor and Brompton Falls, and found it in some deep recess or hole in the rocks and took it to Sherbrooke, and it was knocking round as rubbish for some months in Mr. _____ store." I have forgotten the name of the store keeper. "It was simply a cheap bronze image costing perhaps five crowns, instead of a hundred or more." Two years ago I was surprised to hear from my Richmond friend, that he had never heard the story and did not think it was true. The Massachusetts Historical Society, he said, would give a large sum for it, bronze or no bronze. I still think the story true as my informant spoke without hesitation, seemed perfectly reliable and appeared to know whereof he spoke. I think it was true because to the uncultivated mind of the savage then, as now, bronze was just as valuable as gold. The Jesuits knew that full well, and money was then as valuable to them as it is to-day. Few knew or cared about knowing anything about the useless little toy and that it found its way into some smelting furnace, I can easily fancy.

I saw some years ago in the town where I lived a solid block of coarse, cast silver, weighing perhaps ten pounds, coarsely let-

tered over with perhaps Spanish, which was brought from its hiding place in New Mexico, and was I presume as old as the days of Cortes. It laid about the store for weeks, and I dare say that to-day there are not ten persons who remember it, such is the difference in the makeups of humanity. More's the pity if time has so soon buried in oblivion the memory of the virgin image. Although the *Boston Evening Post* and *New Hampshire Gazette* published the story of the Rogers expedition, and seem pretty silent about the encounter at Sherbrooke, I am strongly of opinion, judging by tradition, that here was the principal fight between Rogers and Indians, and it was probably a severe one. Rogers' skill in ambuscading and bravery in fighting behind trees and other objects, seems to have been too much for the avengers, and after this his party was allowed to continue its way in small detachments by way of Memphremagog and the Connecticut River, the best they could with now and then a set-to with those of their foes who, like bloodhounds, still followed in their tracks.

Vaudreuil gives the loss of the Rangers at forty-six killed and ten captured. Parkman says Ensign Avery's party lost five by capture, and that Lieut. Dunbar's and Turner's parties each lost about twenty men. These added to the after loss by famine, disease and other causes, must have told very seriously on the members of the Rangers.

On the east side of the lake the party broke up with small detachments, half starved, weary, tired out and discouraged, and with the same word on their lips "Home!" as our weary soldiers had, in the frozen trenches of Sebastopol, when the echos of that dear old song "Home Sweet Home," went from regiment to regiment for the first and last time, on that evening sunset, they struggled on.

Acherst had been notified of the change in the plan of the expedition, and had sent supplies to the mouth of the Ammonoosuck. The cowardly man Stephen, in charge, seems to have waited only two days, became frightened and returned with all the food, so that when the stragglers came into what should have been a place of plenty, they found the embers still alive and the place a veritable field of famine. The remainder of the story as recorded seems too terrible to read. How a few red squirrels were sought after or peradventure a solitary partridge might be found. How they toiled on day after day until Rogers, not being able to use an axe, burned down trees, and then burning them through into suitable lengths, made a small raft, and with a few others floated down to "No. 4," or the first English settlement. Supplies and assistance were with all speed sent back to the sick and suffering, and they were brought in or found their way to other points some days before the winter closed in. Such were the prices the colonists paid for freedom in the days of "long ago."

No. 4. THE TOWNSHIP BOYS OVER MATCHED AT QUEBEC.

The names of Dorman, Lovejoy, Peck, Goodhue, and afterwards, Brooks, Hollis Smith, and a score of others, extending all the way up from Shipton, to the "City on the Plain" near the "border land" of the Townships, have I presume, nearly

passed into oblivion, and are simply recorded years ago, on the marble slab and in the family bible. They were born—They died.

September was the month in which the merchants and drovers started their droves of cattle for the Quebec market, to pay for goods already bought, or to be bought for the coming season. These droves were sent in charge of experts, days in advance of the owners.

The usual route was by Richmond, and then by what was afterwards named "Craig's Road."

The streams had to be forded; a close, sharp eye continually kept on some of the old cows, lest they should quietly slip out of the herd and be left behind, to be hunted up next day by some of the party in no very amiable frame of mind; nights of camping in the wood with black flies thrown in; a little easing up of trials at Goodhue's, in New Ireland, and some rest at other points; at last brought them to the shore of the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec.

Tozer was one of the principal cattle buyers in the city and usually got the best of the guess on the weight.

Marvelous tales were told of some animal which often and often made hideous noises in the vicinity of the camping parties at a certain point this side of New Ireland. Some said it was a catamount, but as to this opinions differed. The younger men had a peculiar look about the eyes, as they told of that horrid scream, nearly overhead, during that dark night.

In some woods this side of Quebec, is where Hotham, from Melbourne, met five wolves in the Brush Road, one November day, as he was returning alone from one of these cattle drives. He said they sat very quietly on their haunches, looking at him as he came up as much as to say, "Who are you, and what are you doing in these wilds?" After pondering over his position and his prospect of seeing home again with the deep wilderness around him, he took off his red French cap and shaking it at the wolves with one hand, made his cane describe some very demonstrative flourishes with the other hand, demanded in good Township English that they should give him the right of way, and they did.

Three weeks absence from home was the time usually required to sell cattle, and to square up pearl-ash and lumber accounts. If a merchant, goods were purchased, if a drover simply, the French crowns were deposited in the saddle bags, and sometimes a goodly sprinkling of Spanish doubloons, (a gold coin of \$10.) Perhaps some old upper Township man may remember the story of Mr——'s loss of about 1400 crowns from his saddle bags, while on his way home.

The evenings were usually devoted to theatre and other amusements, and a good many were spent at cards, with more or less betting until the wee hours of morning bid the players retire.

A well known Quebecer was—Smith, we will call him, a blacksmith, who during several seasons spent his evenings and money with them, and as is usually the case, was sometimes a head, and presumably oftener behind, in dollars. One evening had been spent as usual, with a steady run of luck against the blacksmith. Dur-

ing the games, he had taken out of his pocket a piece of paper, and unwrapping it disclosed a very small copper coin, offering to bet that it was the smallest copper coin that could be produced within a given time. The offer was declined and finally the company dispersed to their respective rooms.

In the morning one after another came to the bar for his customary matutinal "Bitters," and amongst them one whom we will call Snow, who on his way down stairs had found Smith's small coin wrapped up in paper, in the passage way. It was agreed that when the blacksmith came in for his "bitters," to take his bet, but only for a treat for the company, as they did not wish to fleece him further.

"Good morning Smith! What was that bet about coins last night?"

Stating it, he continued his offer, and as one after another tried to dissuade him from it, insisted that it was no boys offer and at last intimated that they were cowards, afraid to bet, &c.

The result was that he took every bet he could get, and as they saw him assume a dismayed look as he felt for his little coin, a good many bets were offered, he insisting however on five minutes time after the bets were closed, within which to secure his coin. The money being put up, he quietly took a still smaller coin from one pocket, deposited his winnings in another, and bid the gentlemen "Good morning."

The Tartars were caught for once.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

THE LONELY PINE.

Remote, upon the sunset shrine
Of a green hill, a lonely pine
Beckons this hungry heart of mine.

"Draw near," it always seems to say,
Look thither when so e'er I may
From the dull routine of my way.

"I hold for thee the heavens in trust,
My priestly branches toward thee thrust,
Absolve thy fret, assolt thy dust."

But when I come, it heeds not me;
The stars amid the branches see
But lonely man, and lonely tree.

And lonely earth, that holds in thrall
Her creatures; while Eve gathers all,
To fold, within her shadowy wall,

In starry senate doth arise
The lumed spirit of the skies,
Walking, with radiant ministries.

But sighing, from its kindred wood,
After a green-robed brotherhood,
The pine-tree feeds my wonted mood.

For with this spell 'round me thrown,
Dreaming of social pleasures flown,
I grieve, yet joy, to be alone.

Yet in my lonely pine-tree dwells,
When 'mid its breast the soft wind swells,
A prophet of sweet oracles.

Like a faint sea, on far off shore,
With a low, muffled, elfin roar,
It speaks one language ever more;—

One language, unconstrained and free,
The converse of the answering sea,
The old rune of eternity.

Its fresh'ning music breathing sooth,
The uncorrupted dream of youth,
Restoreth love, unvelleth truth.

It speaketh that felicity
Which hath not been, and yet may be,
And centres hope in certainty.

So stronger, from my green hill-shrine,
I pass to cares and tasks of mine,
And grateful bless my healing pine.

PASTOR FELIX.
Cherryfield, Me., April 1891.

[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.

I PRESUME two thirds of your readers if not nine tenths are connected some way or other with the sports of our country. If your paper then is devoted to hunting, fishing and other sports, a few plain truths on the heading of this article, may not be out of place, especially as in peoples' hunting or fishing or games, storms of thunder and lightning do often overtake them and then these truths may be of service to them at such times. To the question what is lightning the answer may be given: "It is accumulated electricity discharged from the clouds." But what produces it? Three things: (1st) The evaporation from the earth's surface; (2nd) The chemical changes which take place on the earth's surface, and (3rd) currents of air of unequal temperature which excite electricity by friction as they come in contact with each other.

So much then what lightning is, now what is thunder? The noise made by the concussion of the air when it closes again after it has been parted by the lightning flash. We will pass over, what causes a crash of thunder or a peal or continuous sound and only say that a sportsman may easily know how far the lightning is away from him by the following simple method. The moment you see the flash, put your hand upon your pulse and count how many times it beats before you hear the thunder. If it beats six times the storm is a mile off, if 12 times it is two miles away and soon. You must remember in all this the speed of lightning and the slow motion of sound. In the same time that lightning would go 480 times round this globe or 119,520,000 miles, viz., one minute, sound or the thunder would go hardly 13 miles in the same space of time.

Let me now speak of the danger of lightning and give some advice relative to it. Some times it assumes the shape of balls of fire and lightning then is very dangerous. These balls set fire to houses and barns, and kill all cattle and human beings which happen to be in their course; hence it is very dangerous to be near a tree or lofty building as house or barn during a thunder storm, also near a river or running water. Now there must be a reason for this danger as there must be one for every thing. It is, because the tree or spire will discharge a lightning cloud by standing high up in the air and striking the cloud. So with running water, water is a good conductor. Let our fishers remember that a man's height may discharge the lightning as it will always take in its course the best conductor. So it is very dangerous to ring church bells during a thunder storm. It is also dangerous to run or drive fast as doing so produces a current of air, and air put in motion is a better conductor than air in rest.

The best place in a house during a storm is the middle storey and the centre of any room in that storey is the safest place, and if you be terribly timid then place a rug, mattress, or bed there, and you will be comparatively quite safe. These are all non conductors. The fire place, especially where there is a lighted fire, the attics and the cellar are the three most dangerous

places in a house. Danger arises too from ringing the bell or barring the shutters during a thunder storm.

There is danger even to be in a crowd, because a mass of people forms a better conductor than a single individual; therefore to be in a large congregation in church or a great audience in a theatre, during such a storm, is much more dangerous than to be singly in it. So we find that a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle are more subject to danger than single ones.

Now to those who are shooting or fishing or such like, the safest place is about 20 or 30 feet from any tall tree or house or building, or stream of water, and to those who may be travelling in a carriage or coach during such, let them not lean back against them as in the event of the coach or carriage being struck by the electric fluid, the lightning would choose the person as a good conductor before the coach. When in the open air and during a thunder storm, never mind getting drenched to the skin. It is far better to be wet than dry, as a person thoroughly wet, if struck by lightning would have it pass down the wet clothes without touching his body at all.

On account of all this the immortal Franklin discovered his "Lightning Conductor." It has saved thousands of houses and barns. We are still in the infancy of this wonderful creation of Almighty power. The day is not far distant when electricity will be the great motor of the world; then we shall see railways and ships driven by this power; mills, manufactories and such like, moving all their machinery by electricity. When we enter the 20th century of the Christian era, we will see wonders, unknown to human intellect now, found out and shown on the powers of this wonderful agent; and as the ancients called amber "electrar" because when rubbed it attracted small articles to it, so they must have had a dim knowledge of its existence. Our successors in this world's stage may find out all its powers and it become under God one of the most extraordinary agents in ameliorating the condition of the human race, and realizing that time when all men shall know Him, from the least even to the greatest.

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What We Saw in the White Mountains.

BY PLOWMAN.

Hearing so much about the beautiful scenery of the Granite State, or the "Switzerland of America" as it is some times termed we made a break, and on the 17th of June 1889 after seven hours ride we were set down at "Crawfords" the gate to the famous White Mountain Notch. Five miles before we arrive at Crawford's we pass Fabyan's the centre of the White Mountain travel. Here tourists take cars for the ascent of Mt. Washington, 6923 feet above sea level. The railway's *maximum* grade is one foot in four. At the summit is a large hotel carried on by Messrs. Barron and Merrill, a U. S. Observatory, building's for offices and stables of the "Glen House." The grounds around the hotel are fixed up very attractively. Here no timber grows, but shrubs creep out in places from amongst the rocks. No serious accident ever occurred in connection with the railway but some people were hurt in tramping up and down the track. People are now forbidden on the track altogether. Near the railway, about two thirds up, is a monument erected to the memory of Lizzie Byrne, who got a-stray from her party and perished in a snow storm. Travellers have to don additional clothing. Five ranges of mountains can here be seen and the view of the rising and setting of the sun is one of the characteristics of White Mountain travel. This is the loftiest peak east of the Rocky Mountains. On a clear day the city of Montreal, and Atlantic Ocean can be seen.—This mountain is in what is called the Presidential chain.—In 1828 the old Notch House was built by Tom Crawford, henceforth the name of the Notch. All the travel to and from the mountains was then by stage from Bartlett, on the south, and Whitefield on the north. In 1856 the old Crawford was destroyed by fire and the new one built on the present site on the height of land, 1920 feet above sea level. Here the waters divide, the Saco flowing into the Atlantic Ocean, Maine and the Ammonoosac emptying into the Merrimac.

The face or front of the Crawford House is looking south and about one half mile distant to the left rises the lofty and imposing Mt. Webster. It is without mistake the *grandest* mountain we shall meet. Just here is to be seen the Elephant's Head, an enormous rock north of Mt. Webster. The Portland and Ogdensburg railway runs through "The Notch" but is operated by the Maine Central. Here is to be seen the grandest monument of engineering skill, this railway through "The Notch"

The Crawford Notch is nine miles long and various widths. The scenery is grand and romantic, the mountains rise 1500, to 3000 feet high along the railway and in places the road bed is set in the mountains side the view is ever changing and no good idea can be formed of the "Notch" by passing through in the cars. Interspersed throughout the Notch are numerous cascades of great beauty, reflecting in the sun like streams of silver, and have worn away flumes for themselves, in the mountain side. There are two trestles of note in the notch. The Willy Brook trestle is made of iron on granite abutments, but coming

into insignificance when compared to the Frankenstein. When passing over this the trees at such a great height seem like fir bushes. About half way down the notch is situated the Willy House, named after the unfortunate family who lost their lives by an avalanche. A fine waggon road runs through this valley and one is impressed by the beauty of the trees.

The summit of Mt. Willard attracts large numbers of visitors by the grand view obtained there; some call it the finest view of scenery that the White Mountains afford. The Summit House on Mt. Washington can be seen from here looking as it were, like a dark spot on the mountain. The Crawford House people have a fine carriage road to the summit which makes it easy of access. The Maine Central R'y at 3000 feet below you looks like an ordinary ladder. "Hutchcock Flume" five minutes from the summit is a wonderful freak of nature. It is an opening between the mountains about 150 feet deep 200 or 250 feet long and six feet wide; the walls are perpendicular and as even as a sawn board, a small rill trickles through the bottom.

About five minutes walk from the Crawford is what is termed "Beecher's cascades," named after the celebrated divine of that name. The brook is here divided by a big boulder and the water makes a leap of about forty feet. There is not so much to it as is represented.

For solid comfort and beauty the "Raymond Path" around Lake Ammonoosac "takes the cake." It is gravelly and dry even in wet weather; rustic work is made over the valleys and settees are placed at intervals. Lake Ammonoosac is a fine clear sheet of water very transparent and looks like a large aquarium. Merrill Spring in sight of the lake is walled up nicely by stone, and at all seasons it is as cold as ice water and has a very fine taste, much different from other spring water; the torrents to be seen here are very grand and the "Tally Ho Coach" with six horses on, and its loads of blooming ladies, looks fine.

There were a few trout caught here that weighed 2½ and 3 pound; very few deer are in these mountains now, but partridges are very plentiful.

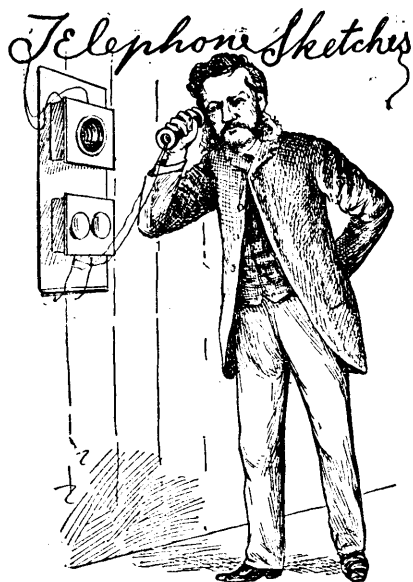
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SAMPLE FOUNTAIN PEN, Agents Catalogue, 2c. ELLIS NOVELTY CO., LeMars, Iowa.



"Hello?" "Hello?" "Is that Campbell & Ferguson's?" "Yes." "I want you to send me up a cake of yeast right off, I'm waiting for it. Two cents isn't it? You can charge it and I'll pay you first time I'm in." "Who is it, please?" "Mrs. Tweed," "Boss Tweed?" "Yes, I'm boss here." "All right, Mrs. Tweed We'll send it right up. Our wagon's here at the door, and I guess it'll stand the pressure. Shan't I send you up a drawin' of tea as well? It's only twenty-five cents a pound, and I know it'll suit you, it's so cheap." "Yes, send it up as a sample, and if I like it I'll order a pound of it. Hurry up! I'm waiting for the yeast. You ought to be able to get here in ten minutes." "Yes, Mrs. Tweed, we can do it, if there's no teams in the way! We've got a fast horse! Thanks! Call us up when you want anything more!"

"Hello!" "Is that Mr. Davidson?" "Yes." "Well, how the deuce is it that I can't get the police station through a Skinner telephone? I know you've got one, for I saw it by the papers. It's an infernal shame that I've got to trot out and find a Bell Telephone before I can get the protection I'm payin' for!" "Who's talking? Who are you anyway?" "Mr. Skinflint! I say it's an infernal shame—"



"Keep Cool! Keep Cool! I can hear you dancing round there. When you want to talk to me, you use the Bell. If you want to talk to some of the men, you can use the Skinner, if you like. I want. What do you want?" "I want you and your men to keep a look out when you

come this way, for a couple of boys. I heard them fix it between them to rob my apple trees." "They're not in blossom yet, are they?" "No! but they're in bud!" "All right! Mr. Skinflint, I'll tell the men to keep a good look out in about three months from now, and if they see any boys going round up your way, holdin' on to their stomachs, to run them in. I'll bet your apples 'll give them the molly-grubs."

"Hello! Who's that?" "Woodward, census enumerator. Didn't you make a mistake in filling in your age, Mrs. Toothin in those census papers? I see you put it down at twenty-seven! In all claims for a hundred acres of land in this province, which may be presented by parents of twelve children, these returns will be referred to, and it's necessary to be very exact." "My statement is correct, Mr. Woodward. I hope you don't doubt the word of a lady. I'm going on twenty-eight. You can say twenty-eight if you like." "Oh no! I won't alter it for that, but I see by the return that you have eight children living and that your husband has been dead six years, and I thought you might have made a mistake. Beg your pardon for troubling you, but I am doing it in your interest as a probable future claimant for the hundred acres, you know." "No mistake at all, Mr. Woodward! I assure you! Six of my children are twins and I was married at a tender age. Good-bye, Mr. Woodward!"



"Well, if it isn't enough to make a man swear to be hitched on to another line and listen to rot like that. Did you hear that, Joe Coté? A woman twenty-seven years old, the mother of eight children living,—she didn't say how many dead ones,—and her husband dead six years! Some of her children must have been born about the time she was. Did you ever-ever-ever in your life life life, hear such a silly story from a wife-wife-wife? Say Joe! I've been tryin' to say it for last ten minutes. I'll meet you on the Quebec Central tomorrow morning. I'll not go down to Sherbrooke but I'll stop the train at the Lennoxville crossing." "All right!" I'll be aboard. Don't bring any more children or it'll take a hundred acres to hold them. Good bye!" "Got through Mr. Connolly?" "Who's that?" Morales, Bell Telephone Manager. Somebody else wants to use the Lennoxville line." "Go ahead! I'm through now, but when they get to filling in census returns by telephone you can't expect a man to get through any other business without exceeding the prescribed time, unless he has an independent wire."

"Hello?" "Have you seen *The Miner*?" "Whose minor?" "My Miner! Odell!

Capelton!" "Oh! excuse me. I didn't twig. No! I haven't seen the paper. Does it pan out well?" "Yes, for a prospect show. Please say that the *Miner* has commenced sluicing operations in the land we live in, but will continue to rock the cradle for a while yet. It is working on bed rock and although the fifty cents to the pan may seem big, the quantity of pay dirt so far has been limited. Good-bye."

Plenty of Time Yet.

There yet remain two months in which new subscribers may enter the great DOMINION ILLUSTRATED prize competition and try for one of the 100 prizes, aggregating over \$3,000 in value, which the publishers of that journal offer. The competition closes June 30th, but new competitors may enter at any time provided their answers to the 36 questions are received at the office of the journal prior to the above mentioned date. The questions are published in monthly instalment of six each, and the answers are to be found in the pages of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED for the six months ending June 30th. For sample copy and full particulars send 12 cents in stamps to the publisher, the Sabiston Litho. & Pub. Co., Montreal.

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SUGGESTIONS.

1. You are recommended to get some friend to study with you. Read to each other, practice together, and criticise one another's work.
2. Corresponding in Short-hand is exceedingly profitable. After you have learned a few lessons you will be introduced by card to one or more students who are pursuing this course elsewhere. In your correspondence you are to use short-hand characters. You will be able in a few weeks to write a letter in this way.
3. Send your name and address at once if you have not already done so, and a lesson-blank will be mailed to you. Prepare a careful copy of Plate 1 and mail to the Editor, enclosing stamp for reply. Write your name and address plainly.
4. You are advised to put the lessons in a scrap-book in proper order for reference, or better still, preserve the papers containing them.
5. Half an hour or more should be given to practice ever day. Write each lesson over and over many times until you feel that you are master of it. Short-hand is a splendid accomplishment, and the Editor wishes you only success in this undertaking.

WHAT TO DO.

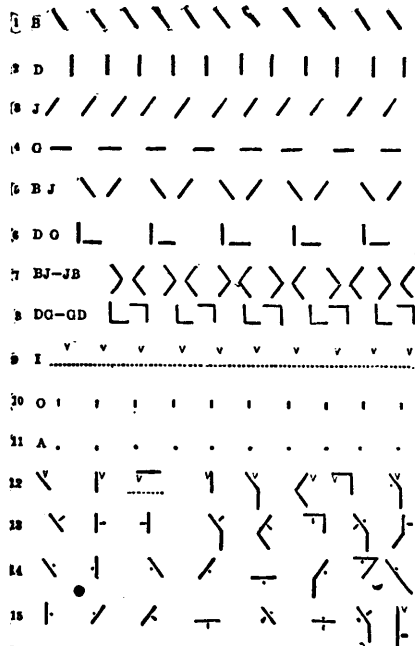
1. After studying the lesson, copy Plate 1 not less than ten times, using a good pen, black ink and foolscap paper.
2. Compare your work frequently with the engraved characters, and be careful to write a small hand, placing the words closely together, pronouncing them aloud as you write them.
3. Occasionally read over what you have written.
4. Remember the three rules: 1, Practice, 2, Practice, 3, Practice.
5. Observe carefully the following points: Make the characters, or letters, all the same length,—rather short, not too long. Place them quite closely together, and do not get them crooked. Each stroke should rest precisely on the line. In line 7 joined *b* extends below the line. The rule is that the first downward letter should rest on the line. *B*, *d* and *j* are always struck downwards, and *g* to the right. Just as you write each letter speak its name aloud. Thus, while you are writing line 1, say *b, b, b*, and line 2, *d, d, d*, etc. The letter in line 4 is called *gay* instead of *g*. The letter *I* should be made sharp-pointed, and the two lines composing it *light*, not *heavy*. (See line 9). *I* is always so written as to point straight down. The letter *o* should

be very short—only one-fourth the length of *d*. *O*s struck at a right angle with the letter beside which it is placed. For example, *o* in line 13 slants to the right in *beau*, to the left in *Job*, is horizontal in *dough*, and vertical in *go* (line 15). It is so written as to point directly away from the letter, or stem, near which it occurs. *B, d, j, g*, are consonants, and *I, o* and *a*, vowels. The letters, or marks, which express consonants, are called *stems*; while the dots, dashes, and small angles are called *vowel signs*.

KEY TO PLATE 1.

Line 12 By die Guy eyed bide gibo guide abide,
13 Beau dough ode bode Job good obeyed doge,
14 Bay aid Abe jay gay jade guage babe,
15 Day age Joe go obey ago abode Dido.

Plate 1.



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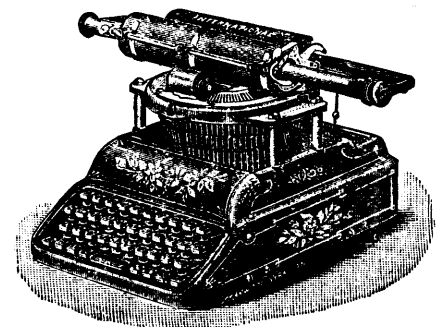
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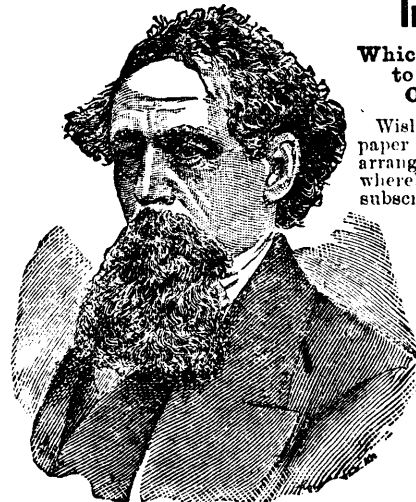
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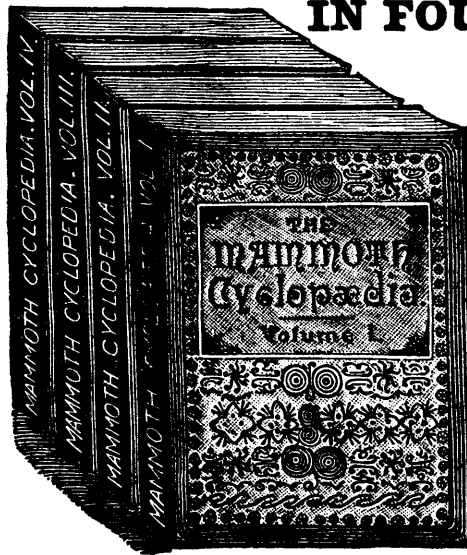
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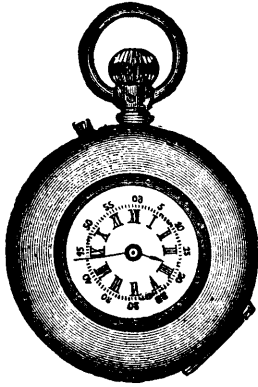
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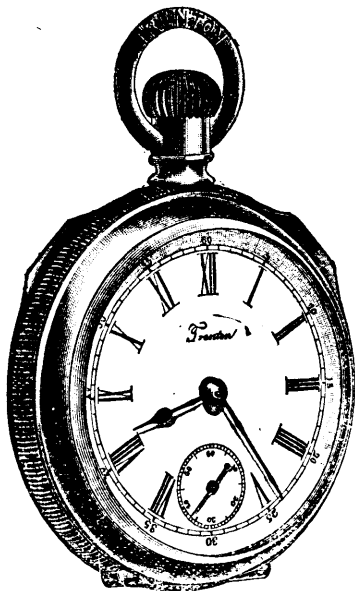
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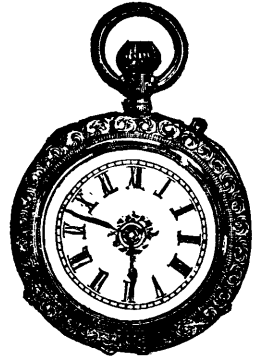
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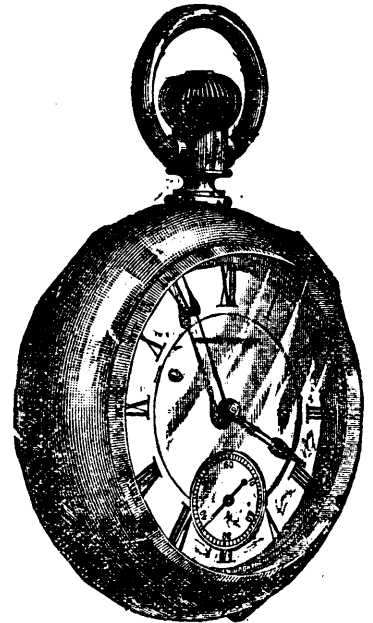
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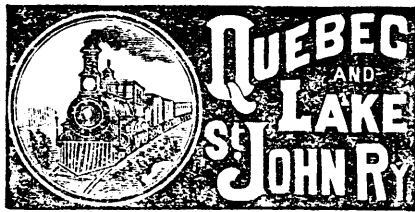
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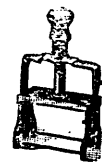
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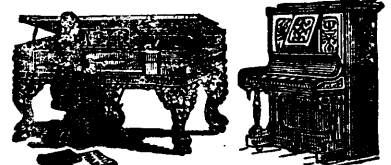
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