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Vol. IV, No. 7.



February, 1892.

LAND AND WILDLIFE

Original Hunting, Fishing and Descriptive Articles.

CONTENTS.

PAGE.	PAGE.
Early Recollections of Sherbrooke..... <i>A. D. Burns</i> 3	Early Eastern Townships Incidents.... <i>Kansas Canadian</i> 9
Our Illustrations.....	Louisiana Heard From..... 11
Post Office, Ottawa, page 3; Reaping, Bell Farm, N. W. T., page 6; Bolvoir Farm, Ont., page 7; Jersey Cattle, page 10; City of Victoria, page 11; Kirgston, Ont., page 14; Niagara Falls, from Canada Southern Railway, page 15; Citadel, Quebec, page 18.	That Boy Jack Weir "Of Ours."..... <i>Calcestigan</i> 12
One Christmas Dinner in Louisiana..... 4	The Bride's Rescue <i>Iltram French</i> 14
Quebec Society As It Was..... <i>Funte</i> 4	A Kansas Letter..... 15
Stalking Antelope..... 5	Editorials..... 16
Extracts from an Old Diary 6	Obituary..... 17
Looking Backward 7	The Birds of Quebec..... <i>J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C.</i> 18
Poem—"Our Montmorenci Home."..... <i>Daddy</i> 8	Chestnut Material..... 22
	Away Down In Dixie..... <i>An Old Backwoodsman</i> 23
	World's Fair Notes..... 23
	Market Sketches..... 24

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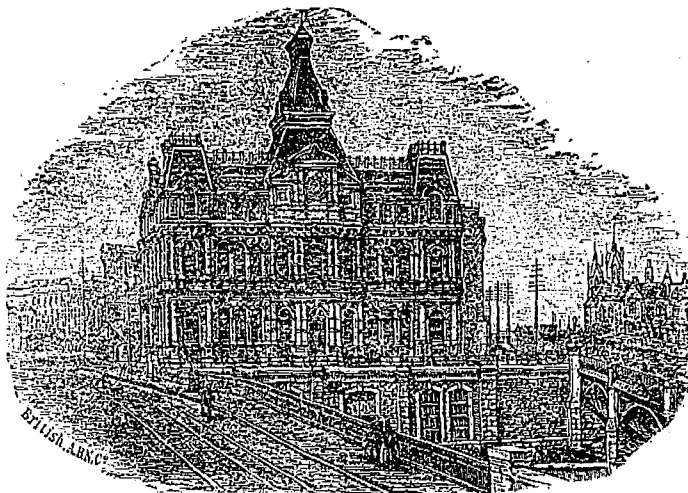
[FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.]

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF SHERBROOKE.

I WAS born in the Township of Ascot, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the present City of Sherbrooke, 11th May, 1822. My father was a soldier in the British Army, and the 49th Regiment to which he belonged was sent to America to take part in the war of 1812. My father and mother often spoke of that war, and I remember him saying that he was present and took part in some of the battles at Chippewa, Niagara and Lundy's Lane, and was also present when General Brock fell at the battle of Queenston. I have heard him say that when one of his staff told the General that it was not an enemy's ball that had hit him, he replied "Then it was not a friend's ball."

Later on my father was taken prisoner, and with several others sent to Green Bush, where one of my brothers was born, and afterwards when an exchange of prisoners took place, the old 49th was in the year 1814 sent to Halifax, and from there to Quebec, where many of them were discharged after twenty-one years of service. Several of them pushed up to Drummondville, in the Eastern Townships, and at a future time I will give the names of some of those who

lived and died there. My father and mother came to the Townships in 1815, and remained at what was then known as the "Lower Forks," now Sherbrooke, near which he bought a farm and moved on to it in 1816. He lived here for many years and raised a family of eight boys and two girls, of whom I am the youngest, and the last of those of the old country families that first settled in the Township of



POST OFFICE, OTTAWA.

Ascot. With the exception of a sister now living in Detroit, I am the last of my father's father's family.

I remember when I was six years old visiting what is now Sherbrooke for the first time, on the occasion of the Governor's visit. My father was to take part in the Royal Salute to be fired in honor of his visit. An American by the name of Chase, an old gunner in the war of 1812, was engaged to load the cannon, which proved to

be partially honey-combed with rust, and in ramming home a charge it exploded, blowing off one of Chase's arms, and he rolled down the rock then known as Flag-staff Hill, the present site of the Bishop's Palace. What is now known as the Upper Town was then a wilderness, except a small strip of land west of Belvidere street, from the old canal to Low's Corner. There were only four houses there and the old Red Factory owned by Mr. Goodhue, sold to the British American Land Co., about 1836, and afterwards carried on by the late Adam Lomas.

A. D. BURNS.

Nashua, N. H., Jan., '92.

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Fifty years old, 108 broad pages, 143 original engravings, articles by 88 authorities in every branch of agriculture and domestic affairs, and a wonderfully compact array of statistics, showing why the

future for farmers is brilliant with hope—these are a few of the characteristics of that sterling magazine for January, the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, 52 and 54 Lafayette place, New York. The unique celebration of its entrance upon its second half century is a marked event in the agricultural world.

—:0:—

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

One Christmas Dinner in Louisiana

INA, having just returned from boarding-school for the day, Una was at a loss as to how to entertain her stately sister in a novel way, so after studying for perhaps two minutes upon the all important subject, a long period of thought for mild, kind-hearted Una, she ran into Ina's room exclaiming, "I have it now!" "Have what, Una," said Ina in a sleepy way.

"An Idea."

"Oh! is that all? I supposed it was the tooth-ache, or some other unpardonable sin."

"Ina, you are so slow of speech and free from mercy, you should graduate with the highest honors. But I have a real idea of eating a Christmas dinner with Aunt Thursa, and am going now to tell her we will be there."

So saying, the bright face was gone, and the clear notes whistled in high G, soon brought Aunt Thursa to her cabin door, saying, "You is de puttyest whistle-bird eber I seed; now what for you come here bodderin' me; you know I'se cooking dat possum, an' de ole man er expectin' hees dinner right onto twelve er clock."

"Well, Aunt Thursa, I want you to let me and Ina come help you eat dinner."

"Bress de chile! You es welcome es sun-lite, an' you des' look on de high shelf in de pantry, an' git some pies, cakes, per-sim's an' one dem big bottles er wine, caze de ole man do likes Mars Joe's wine to tase on."

Una returned to the house, where Ina assisted her in loading a large basket of "Christmas Goodies," consisting of eatables, and several "Santa Claus" presents for the two dear old servants whom they had always known, and loved almost as much as they did their parents. Arriving at the cabin they found the table spread with a real home-spun cloth, left over from those made during the war, all kind of dishes, from fine China brought from England by "Ole Mars Joe" grandfather of our heroine, down to the heavy blue-edged plates found on all plantations. After helping the girls, with all the elegance of the "finest waiter," Daddy bowed his snowy head and said, "Our Hebenly Farder! make us do de will er Goode in all tings, Amen."

Then all began eating, Oh! such food! Real "possum and taters!" No one who

has never ate of that dish, can imagine how perfectly delicious it is. But not every one could prepare a dinner one tenth as good, as Aunt Thursa. Ina asked her how she made the O'Possum so nice, when Daddy said.

"Chile! Thursa dar, don' know one ting 'bout possum, but I'll tell yer, an' den yer can make one for dinner nex' Chris'mas. Go down back er de ginn-house, look up in de 'Simmon tree, w' ef de possums aint come, des' you lie down in de weeds an' go sleep, den when you wakes up, look up in de 'simmon tree, an' see er nice striped possum wid er black heade, caze de white headed possums is ole. Frow er green 'simmon at de young possum so he'll make out he's deade, den he's heads 'll hang down, while he's tail hol's on tight to de lim' er de tree, makin' out he's deade sho' nuf, but he aint deade do.' Den yer take him by de back er de heade an' brung him up here back er de cabin, an' put him in de cage. Six weeks 'fore Chris'mas, gib him all de sweet taters, 'simmons, milk, 'lasses an' co'u be kin eat, wid salt, an' watah much es he kin drink all de time; den de day 'fore Christ mas hit dat possum er little so he'll make out he's deade; den you take him outer he's cage; lay him down on de groun'; put er ax-han'le cross he's neck; put one foot on one side de possum on de han'le, an de udder foot on de udder side, on de han'le; den yer spit on yer hands and rub 'em togadder; den yer take dat possums tail in yer hands an' pull,—pull des as hard es yer kin till de neck brokes; den yer take him in de cabin, make er hole in de ashes whats hot, cover him up, makes er pine knot fire on him an' go to sleep; den when yer wakes us take dat possum ouden dea-hes, pull all his har often him rite dere, burn it all up wid pine knots clean dat possum nice an' white, wash him in strong winegar an' put him up on de roof ob de cabin, till nex' mornin'; den take him down, fill him full er taters, put er tater 'tween his teef, make his heade, leages an' tail look natr'al like, an' cook him in winegar, an' den you's got er possum an' taters."

By this time our girls had finished having enj'ed a most deliciously cooked dinner, and went out to gather lovely, fragrant flowers, in the garden back of the cabin. When they returned, Daddy had his bible, from which he read the XXIII psalm, sang "How firm a foundation," and kneeling in prayer, invoked the blessing of the most High, upon all the ends of the earth and *intermidiste* places, ending

with the Lords Prayer, in which the voices of Ina and Una joined with fervent interest, after which they all arose, and Aunt Thursa and Daddy taking a hand of each of the girls, joined in a benediction which will find an echo in their hearts, as long as life lasts.

That was the last Christmas dinner those four enjoyed, for ere another Christmas-bell rang out, all was different. And never again will either of the four partake of "possum an' taters," on a Louisiana plantation.

ERNE.

December 1891.

Quebec Society, As It Was.

We are indebted to J. M. LeMoine, Esq., the Historian of Canada, for the following extract from a letter written in 1759, by Major Robert Stobo, a famous Virginian Officer,—then a prisoner of war at Quebec,—to Col. George Washington. Mr. LeMoine says that this extract is all he could find of this interesting letter, still there is enough of it show to that "Still to the last kind vice clung to the tott'ring walls" of the French dynasty in Canada.

DEAR GEORGE,—You will find this a lengthy epistle, let me hope, a curious tale of colonial doings. I can put forth no other apology for boring you, than the imperative necessity I experience of occupying my mind: else *ennui* and nothing to do would, I fear, soon drive me hopelessly mad. Four years of prison life for a full-blooded Virginian is rather too much at one stretch.

I will prepare for your eye a startling, but truthful record of court intrigues, elegant profligacy and public plunder. Some years ago, on my visiting London, my kind protector, Lord Bute, procured me an *entré* to the fashionable society of the metropolis. I saw its great men. I saw their vices. I have not forgotten my disgust at seeing the vices of some of the painted jezabels surrounding our king—around virtuous Queen Caroline. I noticed those visions of purity and loveliness, the Bellendens, the Lepells; my friend Smollett introduced me to the patriotic Pitt, the brilliant Walpole; one figure especially did I loath, that Royal favorite, Lady Yarmouth, she who sold a bishopric for £500. Peg Wollington is a marvellous creature, but what say you of her *preux Chevalier*, Edmund Burke?

Hampton Court was not a bit worse—nay, in fact, it was much less dissolute than Versailles. The Hanoverian King had La Walmoden; the French monarch, La Pompadour; his Minister of Finance at Quebec has la ——. If vice and profligacy flaunt in open day at the French Court, amidst *le beau monde*, do not imagine that the *beau monde* of Quebec is free from it.

There are of course here several exceptions: Montcalm, Vandreuil; several of

the old families are free from the taint, but there is a *colerie* vile and profligate, and some add to their vices, lowness of birth, one link connects all this clique—public plunder.

The French Treasury is robbed on a colossal scale by the Intendant Bigot and his minions. La Walden and La Pompadour have at our little Canadian Court a not unworthy representative. If a man wants place or promotion in Canada he must stand well with Bigot's fair charmer.

Madame Pean is unquestionably a *femme charmante*, a smiling, benevolent, *spirituelle* beauty. Her marriage by Bishop DuBreuil de Pontbriand dates of January 1746. Her husband is a Captain in the colonial troops and Town Major of Quebec.

You won't wonder at my minute information respecting every man connected with the government of the colony, when you recollect the facilities I enjoyed during several months that I was free on *parole* to roam far and wide in Quebec and even as far as Montreal.

Since my close captivity, I have had many visitors in my prison, and the honorable family, whose head I saved, as you you know, from impending death, has not deserted me in my hour of trouble, even though many of the fashionables have done so. Monsieur Duchesnay, Madame and her two lovely daughters have done all which lies in their power to soften the horrors of my captivity; one of these daughters is a perfect angel of love and intellect. With your permission, I shall describe *seriatim* Bigot and his group.

François Bigot, the thirteenth French Intendant at Quebec, is as warlike a little Game Cock as ever strutted amidst a flock of submissive hens. He is a native of Guienne and belongs to a family distinguished at the bar; before his appointment at Quebec he had been Intendant of Louisiana. In stature, rather short, his frame is well knit, his carriage erect, his courage beyond question. He loves show and pleasure to excess, dotes on cards, hunting and good living. The government expect him to entertain suitably the highest officials, they pay him niggardly and allow him to make profits out of the traffic in peltry, merchandize, etc., like his predecessors.

This is wrong. Dabbling in trade, speculating in fur and provisions is not the thing for an official whose *status* is only second to that of the Governor of the colony and whose palace and surroundings is far more luxurious than the *Chateau St. Louis*, the Vice-regal residence in Quebec. Bigot robs the French Treasury and has done so for years. A successful scheme has been concocted by our worthy Intendant to further this object.

He has formed a partnership with his Secretary Dechenaux, his Commissary General Cadet, and the town Major, Capt. Huges Pean, the Treasurer of the Province, Joubert, seconds them. Pean, however, pays a higher price than an honorable man should for the gold he pockets, so say the scandal mongers, and his beautiful spouse is much too intimate with the gay bachelor Intendant.

Vaudrenil, in his stately chateau, overhanging the St. Lawrence, is quite a secondary object of attraction for the giddy; crowd of fashion and elegant vice, which

weekly sat down to cards and suppers at Bigot's palace, facing the St. Charles, on the north side of the capital.

It is there you will see the jolly Intendant, pirouetting in a dance round the festooned walls and gilt awnings which decorate this fairy abode, whilst the people are starving in the streets. I myself was more than once asked to partake of those luscious *petits soupers* where *pâtés aux foies gras* and Burgundy wine lit up more than one youthful face; my poverty alone shielded me from the dangers of *cearté-piquet* and *vingt-et-unis*. Bigot, 'tis said, in one season lost as much as 200,000 livres equal to £10,000.

Major Pean's duties often take him away from the city. In 1753, he was selected to explore our frontier; he owns large flour mills at Beaumont, which he frequently visits; he either does not know or does not care what Madame does to beguile the tedium of his absence.

Madame Pean occupies a spacious dwelling in St. Louis street, where her entertainments are much sought after. There is not a young French Lieutenant, not a Commissary Clerk, who would not fight a dozen of duels if her fame required it.

The Intendant is a constant visitor at her house. Place and patronage, from the highest to the lowest in the colony, is bestowed at her recommendation. She quite beats poor Lady Yarmouth, who merely sold a bishopric for £500. More than one old family refuses to visit her.

Brassard Dechenaux, Bigot's Secretary, is of low degree. His father was a poor shoemaker, he was born in Quebec and received the rudiments of his education from a notary, who had boarded at his father's house.

[*] Robert Stobo, a hostigo at Fort Duquesne, was sent down to Quebec in 1753, as prisoner of war, escaped and served under Wolfe at Quebec in 1759.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Stalking Antelope.

THE 20th day of October, 1890, the writer and a friend stepped off the cars at Wichita Falls, Texas. We found good lodgings at the Railroad Hotel, and next morning at day-break we hired from a frontier livery stable, their best team and a covered wagon.

My friend was from New York and his experience with Antelope was what he had read. He carried a new Winchester, model 1886, 38 calibre.

A red flag was stowed away under the seats, and two days provisions. My Express, 450, by John Rigby, lay in its case. It was looked at and remarks made that I would never kill an Antelope.

We rolled along over the level prairie till noon, when I announced dinner at a small creek and to water the team. I expected to find game in half an hour's drive, and we did so; there on the top of a rising stood an Antelope alone in his glory, and the red flag came out.

The driver was instructed to drive straight and plant his flag, which was done; we reached the top of the hill and my friend on his knee just rained bullets into over 20 antelopes but not a one fell.

Right close went the balls but not a hit and the whole herd ran off. We found another herd in which I counted 16, and the same thing happened again.

I had not fired a shot; my double barrel had not come out and it was time. I needed antelope steak for supper. My gun went together and I requested the driver to exchange places which he did.

I drove on and found a herd of over 30 grazing on a side hill. I circled the team, then ran at them, and they appeared to enjoy the fun. I ran them around the top of three hills and noticed they wanted to get to another hill. I let them go and I saw a clear place from hill when my whip struck the team, and I succeeded in reaching within 100 yards a hollow where I slacked up.

Two 450 Eley Bro.'s cartridges went into my Express. Just as the whole herd ran from hill to hill, the team still running, I threw my gun to shoulder, pulled the trigger, just about two feet ahead of a fine buck, and at the report of the gun he threw a somersault with his neck broken.

I drew on another and broke his back.

We gathered them up, tied them behind the back, found a running creek, and there ate antelope till we were tired.

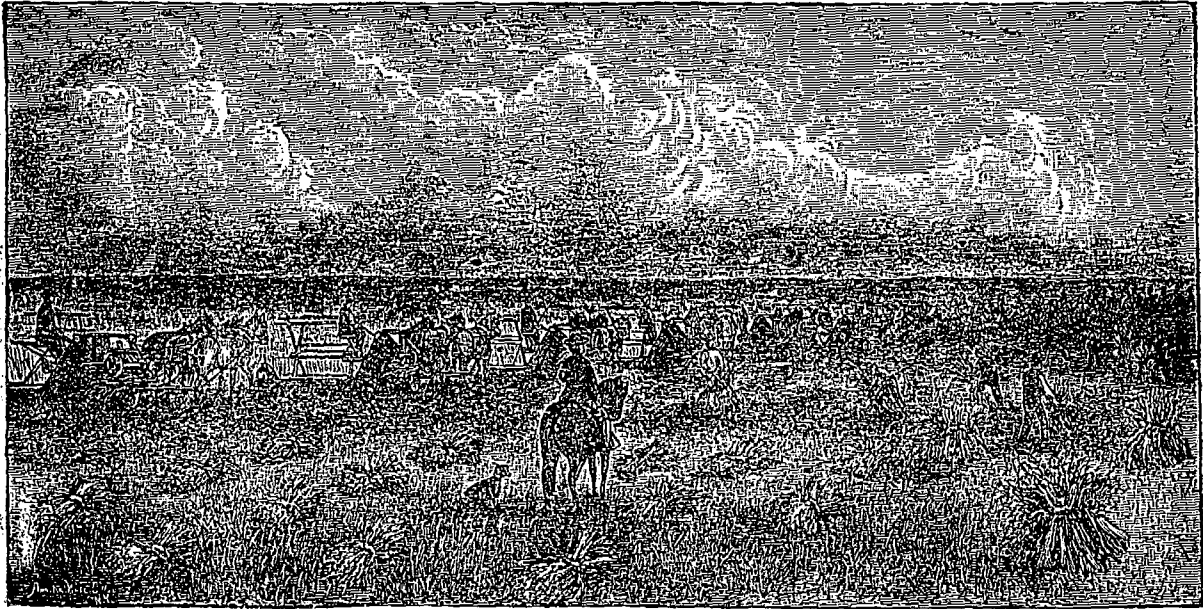
A consultation over our pipes, on guns, and my friend hung to his American long range rifles, and remarked that to-morrow he "would show what long range work was." The morrow never came.

I taught him the art of making game come to him, and on foot I showed him how to kill—by careful stalking—antelope with an English Express, that would not make a centre at 200 yards, while he could not touch one with his long rifle that made centres at 1000 yards. We stayed three days; half one day was taken in chasing a wounded doe, the long range rifle having bored a small hole through its shoulder.

A.L.M.O.

Read, Mark, Learn and Inwardly Digest!

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REAPING.—BELL FARM, NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD DIARY

IN the early settlement of the Township, Sherbrooke was known as "the Lower Forks," (sometimes called "Hyatt's Mills") and what is now Lennoxville, was called "the Upper Forks." The first point was the junction of the Magog and St. Francis Rivers, and the latter the junction of the Massawippi and St. Francis Rivers, sometimes called "Ascot" as being within the Township, of that name. From 1806 to 1812, John Bement, an uncle of the writer, was in trade at the Upper Forks, and at that time owned the tract of land lying south of Lennoxville village generally known as the Morris Flat. His supplies were brought by *bateaux* from Three-Rivers, by way of the St. Francis River, and paid for in pearl-ash and furs principally, which were transported to Three-Rivers in the same manner during the summer season. The pearl-ash was manufactured from salts, as they were called, being salts of lye made by the early settlers out of the ashes produced in clearing off and burning the timber on their lands. Nearly every little trading post had its pearl-ashery in those days and the trader had a double profit in buying salts at his own price, and paying for them in goods, also at his own price. The present site of Bishop's College was a favorite resort for partridges at that time. Mr. Bement was a Vermonter, and left Ascot at the time of the war of 1812, declining to take the oath of allegiance to the British Government. I met him nearly thirty years ago at Woodstock, Vt., and he was then over ninety years of age. The following are extracts from a diary in my possession, kept by a then resident of this part of the Township, and which also contains memoranda of commercial contracts entered into. It commences with an account of a trip to

Woodstock, which is now made by rail in about seven hours.

"24th January, 1810. Started with a double sleigh and two horses for Woodstock, Vermont, and passing over three leagues, stayed at Woodward's, Hatley."

"25th Jan'y. Went to Hopkinton's, in Salem, Vermont."

"26th Jan'y: Passed through Brown-ington, Barton, Glover and Greensborough, and stayed at Warner's, Hardwick."

"26th Jan'y, 1810. Passed through Walden, Cabot, Peacham, Ryegate, and stayed at Parmelee's, Newbury."

"28th January. Passed through Bradford, Fairlee, Orford, Lyme, and went to Squire Bushe's, Hanover."

"29th January. Passed through Lebanon and Hartford, and arrived at the place where I was born, Woodstock, it being almost as tedious a day as ever was known."

"Monday, 19th Feb'y, 1810. Started for Windsor. It rained all day. Returned at 5 p. m. River very high and breaking up."

"Tuesday, 20th Feb'y, 1810. This day I am 20 years old. Snow going very fast. Tait's dam carried away by the ice."

"Tuesday, 27th Feb'y, 1810. Started from Woodstock for Ascot in a covered wagon. Stayed at Smith's, Hanover, the first night."

"28th Feb'y, 1810. At 10 o'clock arrived at Uncle Thompson's at Lyme, and stayed there one day and one night."

"1st March. Started on for Ascot. Saw Mrs. Bryant, of Bradford. Stayed at Hale's over night."

"2nd March. Through Ryegate, Barret, and stayed at Dr. Lord's."

"3rd. St. Johnsbury, Lyndon, and Wheelock, and stayed at Jennings's, in Sheffield."

"4th March. Through Barton, Brown-ington, Salem and Derby, to Moore's at

the Line, over night."

"5th March. Came on to Woodward's."

"6th March. Came on in a sleigh from Woodward's, and arrived at Ascot, sun an hour high."

Here follows a memo of contracts made and entered into.

"26th Nov., 1810. With Nehemiah Snow, to pearl salts at \$16 per ton, as fast as they are turned in and he gives receipts for them."

"27th Nov., 1810. With David Wallis, of Compton, to make and deliver at Capt. Snow's pearl-ashery, as many barrels as I may want for 4s. 2d. a piece, in cash."

"27th Nov., 1810. With Asaph Shurtleff, of Compton, to take money of me and pay out upon Capt. Snow's receipts for salts at 15s. per cwt."

"29th Nov. With Cyrus Warner, to board me one month, find me a room, and draw me wood enough to the door for one month, for \$9."

"29th Nov. With Abel Learnel, to take in salts at the pearl-ashery, Eaton, at 15s., having given him money."

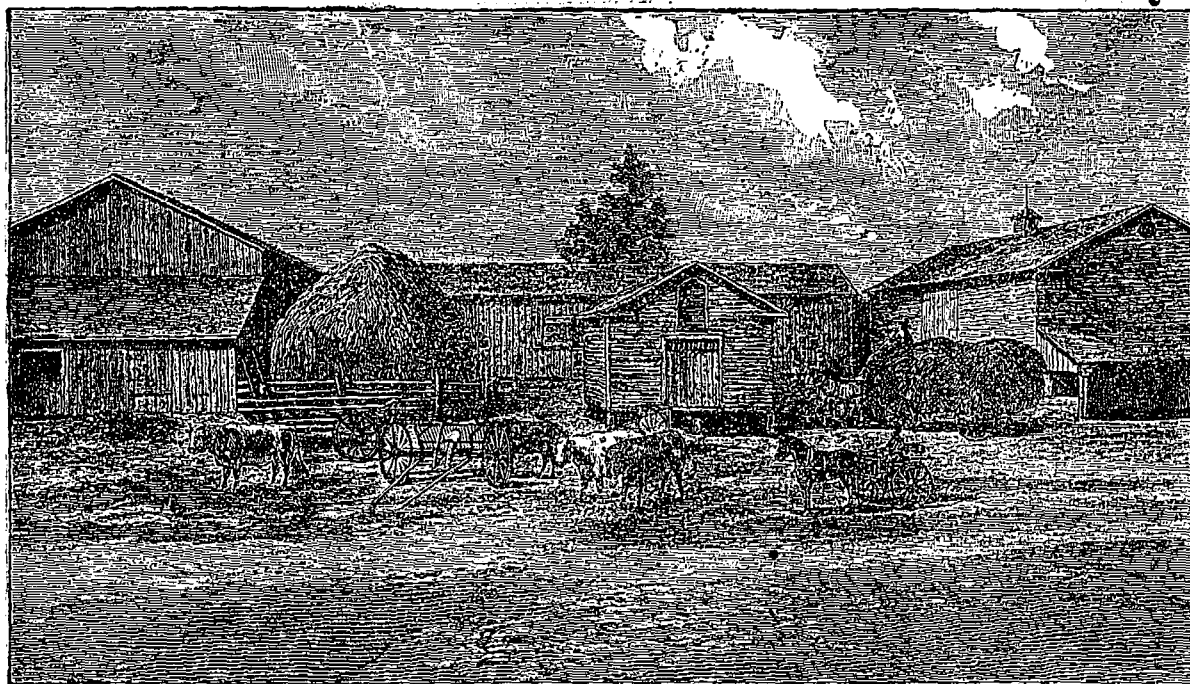
"29th Dec. With Leonard Coats, of Eaton, to draw 4 bbls ashes from Learned pearl-ashery to Ascot Center, for 15s. paid him 2-6."

"1811, Jan. 16th. With David Moe, to carry 10 cwt. and fetch the same from Montreal to Compton for \$30, start as soon as snow falls 6 inches."

"1811, Jan'y 18th. With Timo. Betts, to carry to and fetch from Montreal, 10 cwt. for 30 dollars. Start next Tuesday."

"1811, 24th Jan'y. With Capt. Nehemiah Snow, to carry two sleigh loads to Montreal, as soon as Moe and Betts return, and bring the same back to Shipton, at the rate of 7 6 per cwt."

"1811, 1 Feb. With Gabriel Bergeron, a French man, to carry 4 bbls from Ascot to Montreal, at 6-8 per cwt. for the pearl-



BELVOIR FARM.—DELAWARE, ONT.

ash and 1-8 for the barrel, and bring back to Melbourne 12 cwt, at 5-10 per cwt."

"7th. With Capt. Benman, to board with him while he resides here, say for 6 months to come, at the rate of 10^s., or 1 bushel wheat, per week."

"14th. With George Knapp, to do his writing for him for one month now next ensuing, for 20s."

"18th. With William Barnard, Esq., for the use of his store, at 10^s. per month, for 18 months, unless he wants it, and then he is to give me 2 months notice."

"April 11th. With Roswell Bartlett, to pay him 30s. cash for 2 cwt. salts in 10 days."

As these extracts may be of interest to the descendants of the parties named, several of whom reside in this vicinity, they will be continued in succeeding issues of this journal.

DIVVANS.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

A manuscript in our possession dated 1818, gives a full description of the following "men who have deserted from the 2nd Battalion of the 60th Regiment Light Infantry, and 68th Regiment Light Infantry, in Garrison at Quebec," and states that any person apprehending any of these deserters will be entitled to a reward of twenty dollars each. As it would be difficult to identify them now, from the description given them, we will merely give their names and ages. George Brisson, 32; Henry Serry, 31; John Azemand, 31; Frns. Deross, 34; John Gauthier, 20; Pierre Lagoss, 31; Abraham Vandenbrand, 30; August Chenert, 30; John Lamire,

32; John Greety, 34; Jame Bradley, 18; James Burns, 20; and John Pearson, 22. The height of the majority of these men is put down at 5 ft. 6 inches. John Pearson alone having attained an attitude of 5 ft. 9 inches, while Pierre Lagoss stood only 5 ft. 4 inches. John Lamire enlisted at Lynington, 4th Aug. 1809.

The following is a copy of a report made to "His Grace, the Governor in Chief," which shows the way in which a notary was examined and admitted to practice three quarters of a century ago.

"In obedience to Your Grace's Reference upon the petition of Daniel Thomas, I the undersigned, His Majesty's Chief Justice of the province of Lower Canada, do hereby certify and report that the said Daniel Thomas has this day been duly examined before me by Michel Berthelot and William Fisher Scott, Esquires, and two ancient notaries, and has answered satisfactorily, and I do further certify and report that the brevet and certificate of the said Daniel Thomas are conformable to the requirements of the law, and that the said Daniel Thomas is of fit capacity and character to obtain a commission to practice as a Notary Public in this Province. All which is nevertheless most humbly submitted.

Quebec, 5th April, 1819.

(Signed) J. SEWELL, Ch. J.

Fifty years ago the wolves were very plentiful in this part of the Eastern Townships particularly in the Townships of Shipton and Kingsey and committed such depredations on the flocks and herds of the farmers that the Government paid a bounty of \$10 for each wolf destroyed, and

to secure this it was customary to take the ears and scalp of a wolf before a Justice of the Peace, who then and there burned them, and on his certificate to that effect the amount of bounty was paid. The hunting and trapping of wolves was quite a profitable industry amongst those of the early settlers, familiar with the manner of "sarcumvenin' the varmint" and a good many deceptions were practiced for the sake of the bounty. Frequently the scalp of the wolverine, which was more easily trapped, was substituted for that of the wolf and the magistrate hoodwinked into granting the necessary certificate. If we mistake not, the late Sam. Simpson, in his life time of Melbourne, was practically qualified as an authority on the haunts and habits of the wolverine and probably derived some pecuniary benefit from its wolfish propensities. The following is a copy of a receipt for bounty money now in our possession:

"Rec'd of Dan'l Thomas, ten pounds towards the certificate for the five wolves. Melbourne, 16 June, 1835. For me and Hezekiah Greenwood, John Lawrance."

The postage on paid letters sent from and unpaid letters received at the Richmond, Lower Canada, post office, for the quarter ending 5th April, 1829, was £8. 9. 11½ on British postage on U. S. newspapers 6½d, making in all £8. 16. 1½ or \$35.23. This was balanced by the postmaster (D. Thomas) as follows: Postage on letters remaining in office 11. 6d. Dead letters transmitted to Gen'l P. O., 7. 7½d. Forwarded sent postage £1. 0. 3½, commission, £1. 7. 4 and balance transmitted £5. 9. 4½.

It is evident that the position of "school-

marm" wasn't a *very lucrative* sinecure in those days, if we may judge from the following receipt:

"Rec'd of Daniel Thomas, three pounds, ten shillings, currency, for services of my daughter, Lucinda, in teaching his school last summer. Brompton, 24th February, 1827."
"W. M. RANKIN."

\$14 for a summer's work and "boarding round" included.

In the early days of Melbourne, as an abode for civilized savages, a strong feeling of rivalry existed between the Upper and Lower Villages, less than a mile apart. When a bridge was built across the St. Francis, it had to be built half way between the two villages. The Eddy School-House, as it was called, stood on a site close to the end of the bridge and the Model-School House was erected on a bluff near the end of the bridge and *capped the climber's*. There appears to have been a struggle also for the position of the post office, as we notice by a memorandum now before us, that in 1835, there were 120 families to whom a post office at the Upper Village would have been most convenient, against 42 to whom the Lower Village would have been preferable. The names of these families are given. The Lower Village succeeded then, but now each village has its post office.

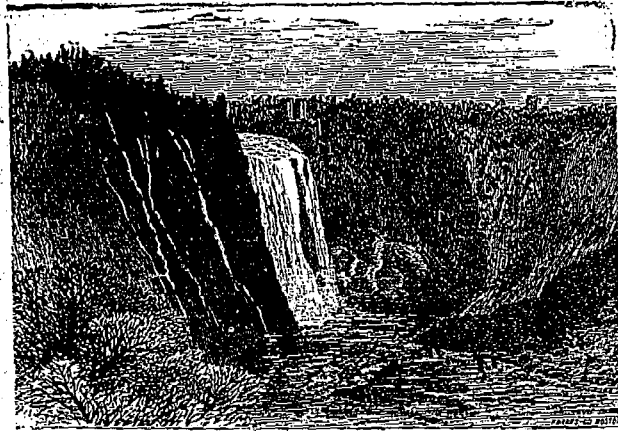
From letters in our possession, dated in February and March, 1821, written by a Three Rivers gentleman—B. P. Wagner—we observe that it was in contemplation to establish "an Institution for the gradual instruction and general amelioration of the present condition of the Indians." This was intended to be confined to the District of Three Rivers, of which this district then formed part, and doubtless had reference to the Indians of the Abenaki or St. Francis tribe. The object of the correspondence appears to have been the selection of a suitable position. We cannot ascertain that this matter ever reached beyond the stage of contemplation.

TO THE.

WORLD'S FAIR FREE.

We have received the last issue of the "WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION ILLUSTRATED," the Official Organ of the Great Fair. The object of this publication is to give complete authentic historical record of the Columbian Exposition. It contains 32 pages of official proceedings, and will give *photographic illustrations* printed on *Enamelled paper*, of all the Exhibits, Buildings, and attractions of the great Fair. As a work of Art, containing the most interesting information, it is invaluable to all who wish to keep up with the times and learn of the great *International Enterprise*. Price \$3 a year post paid, or 25 cents a copy. Subscriptions taken at this office, where a sample copy may be seen. Any person wishing a free trip to the World's Fair should address J. B. CAMPBELL, Editor and Publisher, 218 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ills.

FLORIDA Homeseeker (monthly) Samples free Homes on one dollar monthly payments. O. M. CROSBY, No. 49, Franklin street, N. Y.



MONTMORENCY FALLS.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN. OUR MONTMORENCY HOME.

To my dear old friend "Sinax-Ahla," in remembrance of many happy days spent on the Heights of Montmorency.

Do you mind my little Brownie
The stone cottage on the hill;
And the pathway through the meadow
Down by the old flour-mill?
Do you mind how we gathered flowers
In the sunny autumn days
And fashioned forms of beauty
Those native, wild bouquets

Do you mind—a summer's evening
How we used to sit in a row,
Above the cliff, in the twilight
And watch the lights below?
Beyond us the broad St. Lawrence
With its ships from ev'ry shore;
Below the crash of the saw-mills,
And the dull unceasing roar.

Do you mind the beautiful roadways
Bordered with yellow pine;
That ran from the cliff to the water,
In a straight unbroken line?
And the steamer that lay in the offing
Holding with anchor and chain;
Such beauties from the Gallican,
As we never will see again.

How we watched the camp-fires burning
On the rafts so long and wide,
As the voyagers sat in the shadow,
Waiting the coming tide.
And we heard the song of the raftsmen
Come up in a wild refrain,
As the boomsmen took up the chorus,
And echoed it back again.

And amid all the roar and rattle
Of that strange life down below,
We could hear the shouts of the fore-man,
The stalwart old "Degro."
'Heave on the winch, *mon garcon*,'
Would come through the gathering gloom
As the huge raft swung from its mooring
And was hauled through the open boom.

There are changes here my Brownie
That I'm glad you cannot see;
There are vandals on the zig-zag,
That have spared nor shrub nor tree,
There are vandals on the zig-zag,
There are strangers on the hill;
And broken wheels alone remain
On the site of the old flour-mill.

The gate is closed for ever
That led to the school-room door,
And the shouts of merry voices
Are heard in the yard no more.
And the little mound of flowers
That you used to call your "grave"
Is gone—like the beautiful day dreams
No earthly power can save.

Only the robins and sparrows
That still in the fir-trees sing;
Only the gentle murmur,
Of the ever-running spring,
And the buttercup and daisies
That still in the pastures grow,
Are all that is left of the Eden
We loved so long ago.

DADDY.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. 1847

Ink Erasing Pencil.

We are prepared to receive applications from agents desirous of engaging in the sale of The Ink Erasing Electrodes Pencil, and will fill TRIAL ORDERS only, at \$3 for one dozen assorted sizes, (Nos. 1, 2 and 3,) accompanied by application for Agency, on forms provided by us. An active agent can double his money in a very short time, as these pencils sell at sight.

D. THOMAS & Co., Gen'l. Agents,
Sherbrooke, Que.

CARDS SAMPLES & Agents Outfit FREE
W. J. Kenrick, 714-9th st Milwaukee, Wis.

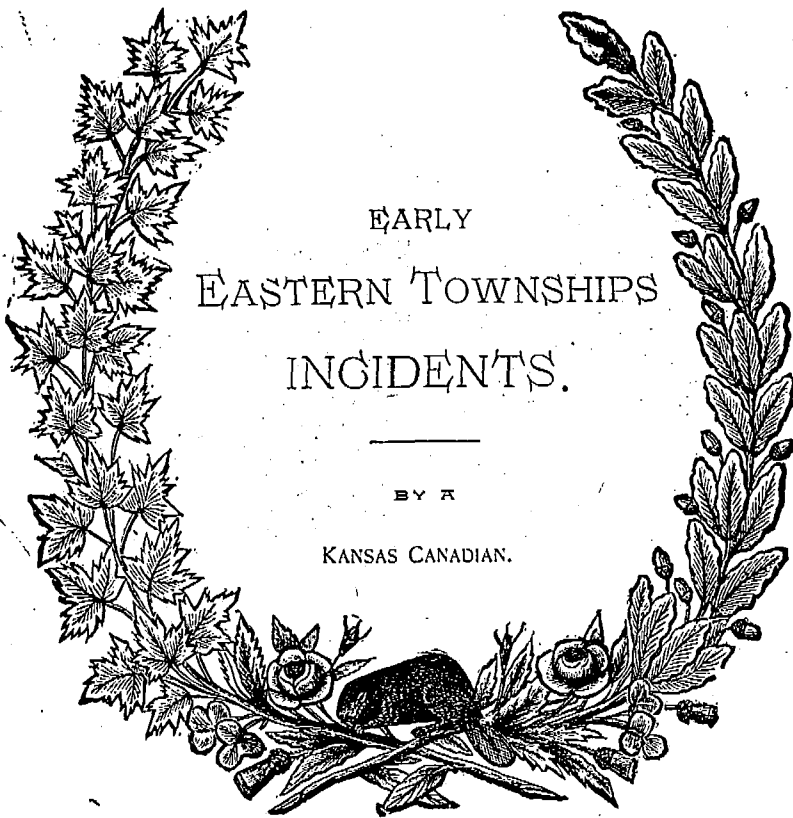
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EARLY
EASTERN TOWNSHIPS
INCIDENTS.

BY A

KANSAS CANADIAN.

No. 4.—AS GOOD A JUDGE FOR £100
A YEAR.

In the days when King George ruled over the "Lands," England sent Judge Fletcher out to the Townships to be a terror to the lawless and to deal out a generous amount of law to all applicants, and it was said that no man went empty away, or without getting the worth of his money in that kind of material. His salary, I believe, was £500 sterling, which was paid by England.

One day a flat-bottomed boat laden with the cheap, common, brown earthenware of the times, came down the St. Francis, and pulled into the mouth of the Magog, at Sherbrooke, where day after day, Wright Chamberlain, the Elder, the owner, sold his wares to those of the town and country people who needed a supply.

The old Judge one day called round to investigate the craft and cargo. Picking up crocks, pans and other articles, he asked the price of each, always setting it down with the remark, "I could buy it for seven pence ha' penny in England," or a shilling as it might happen, naming in each case about half the price that Chamberlain asked.

After a good many of the articles had been examined and set down with the same remark, it became a little unpleasant as well as tedious to the vendor, and looking the Judge square in

the face, he observed, "What a pity it is we haven't England here, for probably we could get just as good, or perhaps a better judge for one hundred pounds as the one we had sent us at five hundred."

The Judge soon had business elsewhere and Chamberlain is reported to have taken good care not to have any official business at the Court House for many a day afterwards.

No. 5.—THE BARN RAISING.

At the Cross Roads on what was called the "Gallup Hill," in Melbourne, Joseph Gallup—or Uncle Joe, as he was usually called—selected a home for himself and family very early in 1800. He was from Hartland, Vt., and—as I recollect him—a man of rough exterior, honest to a penny, and extremely hospitable and charitable. Many a hungry mouth went away from his table with satisfied appetite, and some bread or meal for the wife and children, or a little hay perhaps, in March, to save the only cow. It was fun to see the old man at 80 years of age, with a well filled pitcher of cider at his side, his eyes shining with excitement, as he related how the New York boys came over that cold night, in winter, into what was then disputed Vermont or New York, as the case was viewed. "Yes, those New York rascals came over in the night and

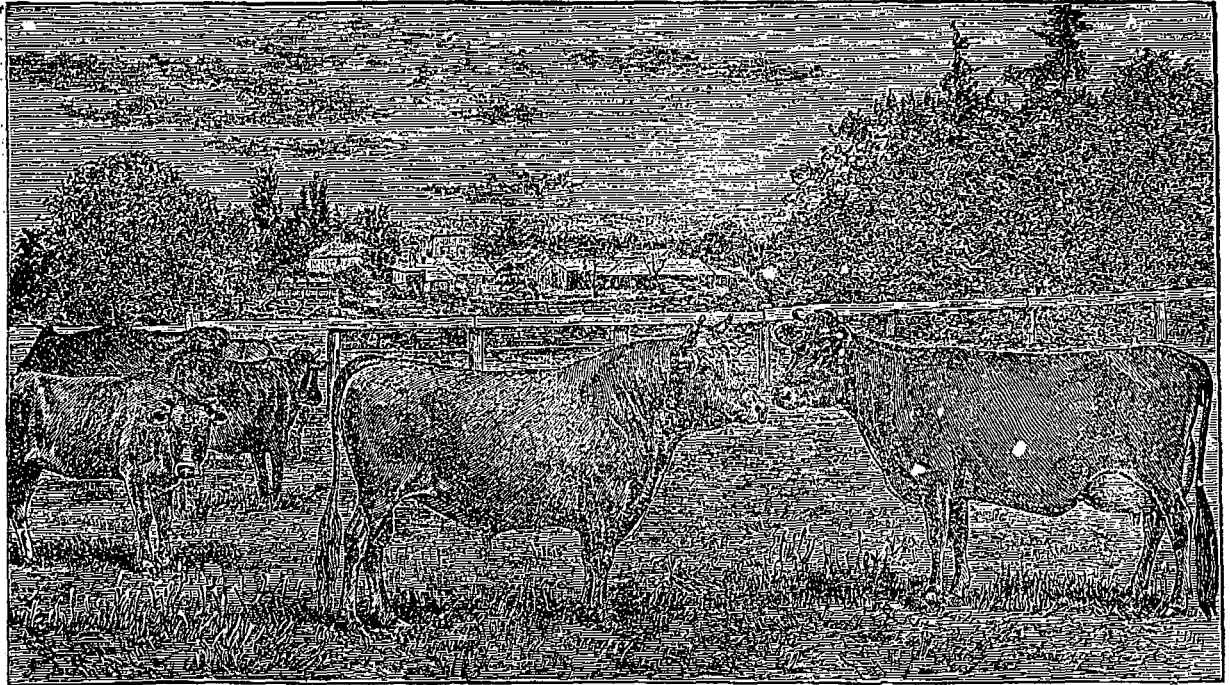
caught a lot of our men, tied them in sleighs, and started back home. In the early morning the party reached Hackett's Tavern in the woods. Leaving guns and prisoners in the sleighs they went in to get a drink and warm up. In a few minutes the pursuing Vermonters came up and quietly cutting the cords with which the prisoners were tied, appeared at the door of the tavern, and kindly asked the New York boys to take off their coats and come out, one at a time. (Another glass of cider got the old man to stammering good.) We strapped them to a small tree, one after another, and warmed them well with beech switches, that frosty morning, and they ne-ne-ne-never said that we-we-we-we'uns' lived in N-N-New York State any more."

Three of the sons made themselves homes on high points of land within sight, and Elisha remained on the home farm.

Ezekiel—of whom I now speak—had a barn framed, and as was usual in those days, the heavy timbers required the assistance of the boys to make pins, the men to put the timbers in place, and a goodly sprinkling of old men from the thinly settled Township to just watch the jugs that were set away in some supposed safe corner. A few dogs of varied pedigrees and possessing wonderful qualities for treeing coons or bears, or "heeling" the moose in winter, completed the outside outfit, while inside the good wife and *Samantha* kept up the supply of long pumpkin pies,—baked in 18 x 10 tin dishes,—cakes, chicken pies, and other fixings.

"Yes, 'twas marvellous how well Ezekiel had framed that barn, every tenon jest trimmed to fit exactly." As the old men by turn viewed the hasty raising of the structure, with many a call, "All hands!" "Now then!" "Heave oh! Heave!" "Give beam!" "Hold!" Then a few heavy blows with the *mundy* by some daring fellow up aloft, "just to drive it home." The body of the barn up 'twas time to have the jug passed round and pass a few comments on "Capt. Adams' two and six penny whiskey." "Hardly bear one to one," as the froth was eyed closely, while a trial was made by pouring it from one cup into another. "Hurrah boys! Now for the king pole and rafters!" Now was also the time for the other old men to be relieved from guard over the big keg. "All up!" "First rate!" cried the master workman.

Now for another general turn at the big keg before the wrestling ring is formed. The keg came that the old men had guarded so well,—but see how strong young Lawrence has sud-



JERSEY CATTLE.—ONTARIO FARM.

denly grown, that he brings it so easily! With "dubersome" faces the more knowing ones looked on, as Leavitt gave the keg a tip up, and the thing had mysteriously disappeared, somehow. The old men were closely questioned about the care they had taken of the precious stuff, after the strict charge given them not by any means to let drunken Phil. and Sanders near it. It was no use. Like a "Will-o'-the-wisp" on the moor, 'twas there,—'tis gone.

Something requiring more physical exertion now appeared in order, and soon Gallup appeared on the ridge pole, as it was getting dark, with his broad axe in hand. Walking along on the top, he drove the axe with a well directed blow, far into the green spruce ridge pole and holding the handle by both hands firmly placed his head on the pole and stood for some time with his feet up in the air, while the crowd stood in terror at his daring act, and his wife, with her child in her arms, could not suppress her sobs as she gazed at him. Coolly regaining his position, he walked back and descended in safety, and the crowd once more drew a long breath.

No. 6.—THE WRESTLING MATCH.

"Hurrah! Now for the wrestle!" as a score of young bloods, well fired up by defeat or victory in past days, formed the large ring. Jim was put in first, and in a few minutes had floor-

ed three opponents. "Hurrah for Jim!" Leng John, scarce eighteen, after sundry urgings, was put in the ring, and much to the surprise of all, caught Jim on the inside lock and "laid him." It was his turn now to stand the crowd until others had passed through the same ordeal and been laid on the shelf.

At last the "boss wrestler" was put in but no one—for a long time—could be induced to try his luck with the skillful giant. Sleepy Sam, a raw, green man, perhaps 23 or 24 years of age, had evidently been thinking the matter over, and pretty strongly too, judging from the white of his eye. He probably remembered how pretty Susan had given him the slip at Mrs. Heath's quilting party, in Shipton, the night before Christmas, and had gone home with the "boss of the ring" in his sleigh, or perhaps he had some other matter to settle, as he stepped inside the ring. Like two furious animals at bay they eyed each other for a time, and then a side lock was tried. No result. It was soon turned to a back struggle, and then to "catch as you can." Still no victory for either, as their strong limbs and muscles bent to the work, nerved by the thoughts of that quilting night. Shoulder and elbow was next in order, and no decisive result. The final trial of skill was yet to come. The shoulder catch and the celebrated toe and heel passes, were made in quick succession and victory seemed about to perch again

on the old master of the ring. Quick as flash, Sleepy Sam, by an inside movement, knocked one of his opponent's feet from its resting place, and by a sudden jerk, or twitch, laid his rival on the ground. 'Tis not reported who got the quilting party Susan.

Such episodes formed a part of an old-fashioned barn raising, with more or less ball playing by the small boys, and when the next barn was raised elsewhere, in Trenholmeville, or some other neighborhood, a new man was put into the ring, and the interest that centered in these trials of strength and skill sometimes, by the light of log fires, extended well into the night, and judging from the old men's account of their respective favorites, was perfectly wonderful.

At Trenholmeville the roping in game came near proving a very serious matter. The log fires were well under way and a crowd of men, boys and dogs were standing about them in a circle. Some scamp well fired up with whiskey, quietly surrounded the circle with a long rope, and only for some old steady heads, would have drawn a number into the burning embers.

"The Early History of Shipton" gives the names of nine parties who had distilleries in that Township, and one of them sold three thousand gallons of whiskey, by retail, in one year. No wonder that those olden days were not as the new order of things under the W. T. and X. Y. Z. organizations.



CITY OF VICTORIA, B. C.

Louisiana Heard From.

The following are extracts from letters received by the editor of this journal from a Southern Lady, and which we take the liberty of publishing.

A LOUISIANA GIRL'S IDEAS OF FATHER RYAN.

The July number of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN* contains a poem by Father Ryan, and now excuse me while I tell you where I first saw that sainted man. Yes, he was only a perfect man physically, but therefore mentally powerful. His face was tender, sweet and pure in every way; his form manly and nobly built, and in looking at him one would mentally ejaculate "the noblest work of God."

I was twenty years of age and had lost my husband, and all my relatives by a terrible epidemic. The fever had left me weak and weary of life, and for a change I left Louisiana on the invitation of a friend, and visited her at Biloxi, Mississippi. Her house was near the Roman Catholic church, which was presided over by a young priest, Father Chevalier. As he was usually absent from the church every afternoon between the hours of two and half past three, I went one day to look over the church believing him to be away, and was surprised when he came forward to meet me, saying, "I am so pleased to have you look over my church," and "Will you not tarry here while, as Father Ryan will dine with me to-day? That is why I am here at this hour." I declined the proffered dinner and have always regretted it, but he gave me a tiny glass of wine almost as delicious as Tokny, and then asked me to be seated where I could appreciate Father Ryan's gastronomic abilities. Oh! how he did appear to enjoy that dinner! Feeling that I was out of place, I excused myself promising to call

at one o'clock the next day, when I could talk with the "grand, good Father Ryan." But I was very timid and did not go at the appointed time. I have an idea that Father Ryan was the author of a poem called "Rest" which is very sweet. He was beloved by all, Protestants as well as Catholics. There are many traits among the members of the Catholic faith which I much admire, and one is their devotion to their Church, its teachers and its teachings. In this they set an example to us Protestants. Many of my best and warmest friends are adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, and my native state, Louisiana, contains very many members of that Church.

A LOUISIANA GIRL'S DOG STORY.

The Dog Story of "An Old Backwoodsman," which appeared in the June issue of your Magazine, is perfectly true, and recalls to my mind one of my earliest recollections.

A burning hot day, a stout, thick-set, handsome man, fifty years of age, whose long, white, silky whiskers and beard, almost hid his bright, grey eyes, and extended to his horse's neck. Behind him a large covered wagon, drawn by two large mules, driven by a real live negro, and within that long canvas-covered wagon were dogs,—dogs,—dogs, of every size and color, from the oldest down to the week old babies whose mother being the "leader," was needed on the "chase," and the little one's of so much value, their lives so precious, were brought 25 miles, so as not to be separated from their mother for fear of endangering their health, and with which I enjoyed a jolly time while the "runners" were on the "chase." "Deer!" did you say? No! A Yankee soldier. These dogs were blood-hounds, of the fiercest training, and their owner—my uncle, who had led these dogs into "treering" many "culprits." Their teeth had

been "set" into many a man, but the race of which I speak was the last one.

My uncle was a good man in every way, and kept the blood-hounds because he *believed it right to do so*, and his dogs were so completely under his control, that they rarely, if ever, hurt their victims, and so he made money,—lots of it, "calling in," or "pulling in," the runaway negroes, all over the Gulf States. But this young Yankee had been accused of some awful misdemeanor, had broken out of jail and could not be traced. This was some two years after the close of the war. The dogs had not been in a "chase" for a long time and as it was dry and dusty August weather, about three o'clock, in the afternoon they got beyond control, and finding the soldier tore him to pieces.

Their owner shot one after another until the last one lay dead, of those dogs which three years previous he had refused as many thousands of dollars for. But the young soldier, Yankee though he was, died such a terrible death, that uncle John became changed in every way. He never again took his gun and went for a hunt of any description, as he used to do, nor did he ever again talk in the light, pleasant way to which we were accustomed, and when I begged him to give me one of the babies, he said "No, honey! we will plant the little rebels in the mill pond," and so he did.

A LOUISIANA GIRL'S IMPROMPTU.

The land we live in is very good,
But "*The Land We Live In*" is better,
To read it puts me in a happier mood,
Which improves with the editor's letter.

Long may "*The Land We Live In*" live,
To its publisher's honor and glory,
And may Our Father, "Kouo" forgive,
For his "Champion Star" story.

"Didimus" writes so sweetly of Love,
I think he has felt its power,
While "Celestian" loves so much to rove,
I could read what he writes, by the hour.

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FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

That Boy Jack Weir "of Ours."

A Tale of the Canadian Rebellion.

BY CALESTIGAN.

CHAPTER II.

The orderly, a trooper of the Huntingdon volunteer cavalry, was like myself, a mere youth, the son of a well-to-do farmer. We rode slowly, or the roads were abominably bad and would be in no better plight until we were within six or eight miles of Sorel, when we might possibly be enabled to increase our speed. Moreover Spark began to show symptoms of fatigue and lameness and an occasional trip of the near forefoot and rattling of the shoe warned me to avail myself of the first smith to be found. I proposed that we should stop at St. Denis for the purpose of getting my horse shod and fed and of taking a little food and rest myself, of which I was much in need, but the young trooper argued that we would be running considerable risk after the severe punishment the rebels had just received there, and proposed that we should stop at a little hamlet further down. Acting upon his advice we rode on three or four miles to the little hamlet where we dismounted at a small *auberge*, fed our horses and after much coaxing, treating and a heavy fee, persuaded our host, who was also village smith, to put my charger's feet in travelling order.

Spark, after he had dispatched a generous feed of oats, was led to the forge while his master and the trooper refreshed themselves in the *salle-a-manger* of the inn. We had finished our meal and had called for the reckoning when we saw that the house was being taken possession of by a noisy crowd of moccassined French-Canadians. The trooper, immediately buckled on his sabre which had been hanging on the back of his chair, while I thrust my hand in the breast of my blanket coat in the pocket of which I had concealed a loaded pistol. Closing the door we were about to leap out of the window when we found the outside guarded by a crowd of men.

We at once saw that flight was out of the question, and resistance worse than useless, and an exclamation from one of the outsiders, who seemed to be the leader of the party, explained at once my own particular position which was not of a very promising nature.

"C'est lui, a la tuque bleu, le sacre

traite! Paignez-le, Laissez le soldat aller." "That's him, with the blue cap, the d-d traitor! Let the soldier go," shouted the ruffian.

"They are after me, my good fellow," I said to the trooper, who had drawn his sabre, "they take me for a French spy. Don't resist and you will get away safe. Ride fast to Sorel and tell the Commandant what has happened."

I had no sooner given the young man the above directions, when the door was burst in and many rude, and in my case violent hands, were laid upon us. The young trooper was hustled out of the house and told to go about his business, but I, the *sacré traître*, was bound hand and foot, thrust like a calf into a small wooden cart and jostled over the hard road on my way to captivity or what was more likely to a violent and ignominious death.

I am not going to distress my fair readers, who I know are sympathizing with poor Jack in his dilemma, by describing my feelings as I lay cramped in a heap in that miserable cart; indeed I found it difficult to analyse them while my ears were being assailed by such sentences as "Hang him like a dog—cursed traitor!—spy! Nor were the threatening gestures of a burly *habitant*, armed with a glistening axe which he occasionally shook in close proximity to my face, reassuring or conducive to serenity of mind. Still a vague indefinite hope of escape lingered in my breast, and when, on raising my head as a momentary relief to my cramped and uncomfortable position, I saw that my good horse was being ridden by one of my noisy escort, that hope became more tangible and encouraging.

The sun was sinking in the cold grey horizon as we arrived at a stone farm house on the outskirts of the village of St. Denis. I was removed from the cart, my feet were relieved of the thongs which bound them, and I was led into the kitchen or living-room, where sitting at a table covered with the debris of the evening meal, I saw a priest whom I at once recognized as the venerable pastor I had seen in the morning, assisting at the search among the smoking ruins, and who had directed me to Colonel Gore's detachment.

Addressing the priest, I appealed to him for protection, against what I said was an outrage to a British officer who was, when captured by an irresponsible mob, acting in the service of his sovereign.

"*Malheureux!* Unhappy man," he said "you are a French-Canadian, a spy, a traitor. Englishmen don't

speak French like you." "Nevertheless, I am an Englishman," I replied. "My father is an Englishman but my mother is French and taught me her beautiful language from infancy. My name is Jack Weir and my corps the Queen's mounted Rangers. The truth of my assertion, Reverend Father, can easily be ascertained by sending to the Commandant at Sorel."

"*C'est vrai!*" That is true," said the priest, it shall be seen to. There must be no repetition of last week's dreadful tragedy. War is war, but there must be no more murders. "*Eh bien!*" soliloquized the good old man. "the names too are similar."

"Jean! Jean Dubois!" called the priest to one of my late escort, who was the proprietor of the house which was now my prison, "you must now unbind this young man's hands, place a strong and strict guard over him, and treat him as my guest, with kindness, until we ascertain the truth of his statement. Come to my room and I will explain matters. Good-night young man! I hope you have told me the truth. If you have not, I cannot save you nor will I try."

The priest then left me to my guard whose demeanor towards me had greatly changed for the better, but who took care that I should know that I was closely watched and that flight was impossible.

On enquiring after my horse I was told that it was in the stable and was to be well cared for as well as myself, an assertion which was soon verified by the farmer's wife who had been garnishing the table with food, inviting me to a seat at the board and to help myself, an invitation I was not slow in accepting.

After I had somewhat satisfied my appetite, which was voracious, she smilingly remarked that I was hungry. "You are not a Catholic," added she, probably because I had not made the sign of the cross. "No," I replied, "my mother, who is a Protestant French woman, has brought me up in her belief. My father is an English officer and has lived much among you French, whom he loves and admires, and he feels very sorry for the present troubles between them and the Government."

"Then how came you to be spying among our people?" she asked. "It was not well."

I then told the good woman what I had already told the priest, that I was an officer of the government, fulfilling a duty which had been entrusted to me.

"In that case you are not a traitor," she said, "our *curé* will see that you get justice. *C'est un brave homme,*

He is a good man! But the doctor Nelson is a traitor and a coward."

When I had finished my repast, Mrs. Dubois invited me into a cozy little parlor where I found two bright young girls, with whom I entered into conversation and in whose society I passed a couple of pleasant hours.

Good, simple honest people! The selfish demagogues who have led you astray and deserted you in your hour of danger have much to answer for.

When I awoke the next morning, after a sound and dreamless sleep, I felt that I was safe. I had fallen into the hands of good christian people, who, when they found that I was not the traitor they supposed me to be, not only sympathized with me in my durance, but lavished hospitality and delicate attentions on me. Still I saw that I was closely watched and strictly guarded. The weather continued bad and the roads were almost impassable, and it was evident that my detention would be protracted beyond the stay of my troop at Sorel.

Upon entering the "living room" I saw the priest busily engaged with his morning repast. In answer to my respectful salutation, he nodded and motioned to a seat beside him.

"I have sent to Sorel, my son," he observed, "but the weather and roads are so bad that I do not expect an answer from Colonel—until late tomorrow, when I hope and pray that all will be well, in which case you will be allowed to depart in peace, nor must you leave us without a safe conduct (*sans conduit*) from me through the French parishes, as there are some exasperated spirits abroad who might repeat the horrible tragedy which was enacted last week on a young officer who bore the same name as yourself."

"How did it happen, sir?" I asked. "I do not know the particulars" the priest replied, "but I believe the young officer, whose name was Weir, and who, like yourself, had been sent on some mission to Colonel Wetheral, was taken prisoner and instead of being protected by the dastardly leader of our unguided people, was barbarously murdered by his captors."

The priest's messenger did not return until late in the night of the following day. Early in the morning of the third day, the venerable old *curé* came to my room, shook me warmly by the hand, telling me that I was free. "Your guard has been dismissed," he said, "and you can depart as soon as you like. I have selected a respectable and reliable man to guide you through the intricacies of our parish roads and he will not leave you until you are safe among your townships people. "Here is a letter," he

added, addressed to yourself which was left with the commandment at Sorel, in the event of your return to that post."

I at once opened the letter, which I saw was from Lieut Campbell, and read the following hastily written lines.

DEAR WEIR—If you are not among the shades, and I firmly believe that you are still substantial and of the world—world y, you will probably turn up here soon. I think you will, notwithstanding the report that an officer called Weir has been killed and scalped at St. Denis. I question every one I meet, and Savage of the hotel has just told me that he heard a *habitant* say this morning that the slaughtered man wore a gray coat with gilt buttons. So it can't be "our Jack" unless you have been again changing your skin. In great haste, yours.

G. C.

P. S. We leave this afternoon with military stores for Sherbrooke and Stanstead. Sorel, Nov. 1837.

After breakfast I took leave of the good old priest and of my kind gaolers, the Dubois family, whom I thanked for their hospitality, for which they resolutely refused any other remuneration than a miniature portrait of my mother, which I presented to my late hostess. She, in return, gave me a motherly kiss which I managed to get supplemented by the two young ladies, who had been searching every corner of the little parlor for my gloves, which I suddenly recollected were in my coat pocket. One more adieu! a hearty shake of the hand and a "Benedicite" from the Curé and I was once more on the back of my gallant charger *en route* for home and duty.

For Home! Ah! I had been thinking much of home, the past three days. Had my parents heard of the tragic end of that unfortunate young officer Weir! I pictured to myself the usually stern features of my aged father overcast with the pale gloom of an overwhelming horror at the thought of his soldier son having been butchered in cold blood like a shackled sheep. I fancied the deep *abandon* of grief into which my fond indulgent mother would be plunged. I thought of her the girl of my heart, who only two short months before had bashfully whispered in my ear the sweet avowal of her love.....

"How long will it take us to reach the nearest English settlements?" I asked of my guide, who was trotting his pony alongside my chafing 'spark.' "It will take us two days, sir, with these roads," said the man. "It is quite fifty-five miles to Melbourne where you wish to go."

"Can't we get there to-night? I will pry you well."

"Impossible," he replied, "my pony

could not do it; his legs are shorter than those of your English horse; but if the roads do not get worse as we proceed, we will get out of *les concessions* by sunset, and I will then put you on a road that will lead you straight to the townships."

"Very good!" I said, "do as you say and I will give you a *fever* when we get there."

I was soon surprised and felt gratified at the result of my offer. The little French pony's legs seemed to have acquired a new vigor, which grew fresher at every turn of those interminable zig-zag concession roads. The sun was fully an hour above the western horizon when we emerged from the rough clay soil of the so called concessions, on to a straighter and more continuous road which became more gravelly and stony as we proceeded.

"Now, sir!" said my guide, as we pulled up beside a log cabin, "your road is straight before you for Melbourne with two exceptions and added he, using an old french proverb, "*Qui a langue va a Rome.*" "who has a tongue goes to Rome."

"Many thanks! my good man. "Here's your well-earned reward." I said, handing him a five dollar bill; "now please get my horse a pail of water and I will pursue my way to Melbourne."

Spark, who was comparatively fresh, needed no urging and an ample lunch provided by Mrs. Dubois, the *debris* of which were in my haversack, would sustain me until I reached the hotel at Melbourne. I had to inquire the way twice and both times was answered in old-time nasal Yankee. At midnight I arrived at the inn, Melbourne, where after a warm supper, a cigar and a night-cap of brandy and water, I went to bed and slept like a top until ten of the morning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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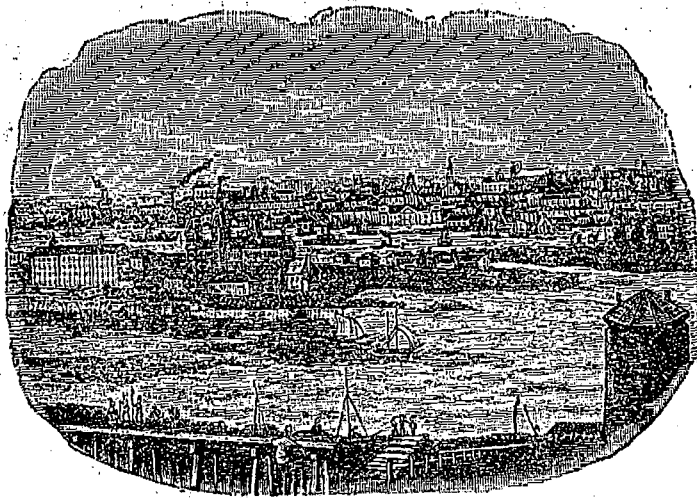
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KINGSTON, ONT.

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.
THE BRIDE'S RESCUE.

AN INDIAN STORY.

(Continued.)

At this critical moment the young chief's horse stumbled and fell, Oconostota with Sarah in his arms, leaping to the ground, just in time to save himself from being crushed. This checked the progress of the whole party, and ere Oconostota could resume his seat, he saw the pursuers were close upon his party. It was in vain to think of escape by flight. The Indians were six in number and the pursuers were but three. The chances were in Oconostota's favor. But the pursuers all had rifles while two of the Indians had only bows and arrows.

On came the hunters and a volley was exchanged. Two of the Indians fell from their horses, and it was evident that a third one was seriously wounded if not fatally. Samuel Blake received an arrow in his left arm, but it did not disable him. Old Johnson and Blake reloaded and delivered their fire with an unerring aim. Then they rushed upon them with their rifles, clubbed, and laid about them with tremendous effect. Oconostota leaving Sarah upon the horse which he had ridden, mounted one of his fellow friends horse.

Young Blake soon distinguished his form and fired his rifle as he rushed upon him. The shot broke his arm, that is of the young chief, but he drew his knife and closed with his antagonist. A desperate struggle ensued, they both fell to the ground almost beneath the horses feet, and pulled over and over like wild cats in a death struggle. At length Blake obtained the knife and plunged it into the breast of his foe. Then he arose to look around for his friends. But one of the Indians had escaped by flight, the rest were all dead. Johnson was unhurt and standing beside his daughter's horse. Old Blake was wounded in the shoulder and leaning against his horse.

No time was to be lost; the Indian who had escaped would inform his people of the

death of Oconostota and a war party might be expected to set out in pursuit of them. Samuel Blake first ascertained that Sarah was unhurt, then helped his father to mount his horse and then mounted himself. Johnson placed his daughter on his horse, and the party dashed off on their return. After a hard ride they reached the wood, dismounted and hurried through it with almost the speed that the Indians had used in carrying off the bride.

Their course was directed towards Blake's cabin where they intended to join Mrs. Johnson, and at once set off for the settlement. They passed near Johnson's cabin and saw that it was almost reduced to ashes. They arrive at Blake's cabin and there found Mrs. Johnson who was filled with anxiety for the fate of her child.

Congratulations and tears of joy followed the meeting. But their was little time for indulging in these. These were soon arrange for starting for the settlement though most of the party were suffering severely from fatigue. They started. We need not detail the trials and dangers of that journey. They were terrible but borne with patience and fortitude. The whole party reached the settlement just after day light were kindly received by the inhabitants, and their wants supplied. Old Blake's wound in the shoulder was not dangerous, and with good and careful attention of his friends he soon recovered.

His son suffered much from the wound in his arm, which was too long neglected. Samuel and Sarah were married as soon as they could find it convenient to seek the minister of the village.

The Indians were for a short time much exasperated at the death of their young prince and his friends; but his father was a wise and noble man. He told his warriors that Oconostota had merited death by his treacherous conduct, and they would have acted in the same manner as the white hunters did had any of their children been stolen from them.

He sent a message to Johnson, professing the continuance of his friendship, and "inviting him and his friends to return to their homes where he would ensure their

protection. After some delay they complied with the generous wishes of the old chief and returned to their cabins in the wilderness. Johnson's old cabin was rebuilt. Blake removed to a clearing nearer Johnson's and occupied by Sarah and her husband.

It remains to be explained how the hunters received timely notice of the abduction of Sarah. When Samuel Blake left her to pursue his route homeward, he walked rather slowly, busy thinking of his happy future. Suddenly it occurred to him that there was one little matter he had forgotten to mention to Sarah, and he returned swiftly with the hope of overtaking her before she reached her home.

A shriek broke in his ear before he had proceeded far, and with stronger convictions he knew it came from Sarah. He hurried swiftly onward, reached the cabin and inquired for Sarah. She was not there. The mother guessed the startling truth, because she had seen the Indians lurking near the cabin during the day. Old Johnson, Blake and Samuel grasped their rifles each of them, Mrs. Johnson was directed to take her two bold and faithful dogs, and an extra gun, and go to Blake's cabin, where she would be more safe than in her own; and then the hunters hurried and secured their horses that were in a small stable near the cabin and preceded through the wood towards the Indian-village. They reached the prairie, caught sight of the flying Indians, and after a hard ride and fight, rescued the intended bride as before described. The cabin was not set on fire until some time after the hunters had left it. Mrs. Johnson possessed a bold and masculine spirit and she ventured on her dangerous journey without fear. She met with no obstruction, and reached Blake's cabin a considerable time before the return of the pursuing party.

Oconostota's death was regretted by the young men of his tribe, but his father effectually screened the white men from their vengeance and lived with them until his death. The young couple lived happily together in their forest home. Samuel Blake continued to hunt for a livelihood and his rewards were sufficient to bring plenty and content to his household. He afterwards visited the village of the tribe to which Oconostota belonged and by favors and presents soon won the esteem and regard of the red man; they being fully convinced that the young chief was justly punished for his wilful wrong.

HIRAM FRENCH.

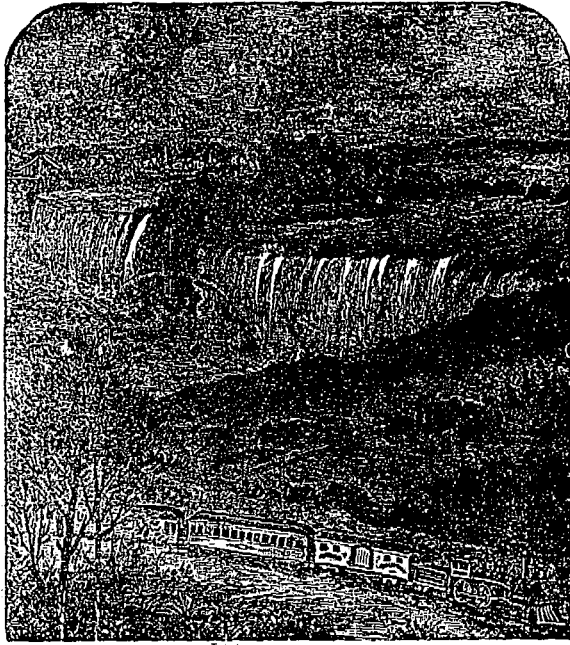
Eaton, Nov., 1891.

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NIAGARA FALLS.—FROM CANADA SOUTHERN RY.

A KANSAS LETTER.

The following is an extract from a letter recently received by us, from our Kansas contributor. Our statements as therein referred to are correct. We were intimately acquainted with the late Noel Annance, and his son Archie, of the St. Francis Indian Tribe. If the former ever visited the Salmon River, to which our correspondent alludes—for there are several rivers of that name in the Eastern Townships—it was only in the course of his hunting expeditions, and these were generally confined to the country lying between Kingsey and Drummoville on the South, and Nicolet to the North. We had several invitations to join him in moose-hunting excursions over the last named territory. Moose were very plentiful there in those days, but now almost the only wild game there is the caribou, which still frequent the frozen bogs and barrens lying westerly of the Three River's and Athabaska Railway.

"I am strongly under the impression that your appended note to Mr. Reilly's communication, as well as one in connection with Annance's camp, is wrong, and still you may be right. I said in my manuscript that I was at Mr. Hurd's house in Eaton 17 years ago. The printer had it 70 years. The fact is it was about 19 years ago. Mr. Hurd died soon after that, I think.

I did not even know that Noel had a son, and hence as far as I was concerned the conversation, was about the old man, and I still think that Mr. Hurd had reference to him, and his camp. From some remarks he made as to their being old friends, and Annance often stopping at his house, as well as some other matters to which he referred, I think he must have had Noel Annance in his mind, at the time.

The friendship had ceased owing to some farmer, from Salmon River way, leaving a fine salmon at Mr. Hurd's house, as a present from his friend Annance. It seems that this was during "close season," and in consequence somebody gave information to the Fish and Game Commissioner—if that is what you call him—who invited Mr. Hurd to visit Sherbrooke and explain matters, which he did by paying some costs and that stopped the friendship.

I was much pleased with Mr. Reilly's notes about him, as it helped to clear up some doubts in my mind as to how Annance found his way to Oregon in those early days, whether by maps and historical accounts of the French Missionary discoverers of the far west, found at Dartmouth College, or by taking a direct course, passing from one tribe of Indians to another, over that stretch of splendid hunting territory now comprising the Western States. This territory and the region beyond, at that time, required only a stone arrow-head well bound to a shaft and a short, strong bow, to furnish the red man with his choice of buffalo steak, deer, turkey and other delicacies, then so abundant.

I have now in my possession, from New Mexico, an Apache bow, and quiver containing about thirty arrows, all most beautifully made. The bow is about three feet long and so strong that I cannot bend it in the usual way, very nicely finished, strengthened by being closely wound with some kind of thin, strong, transparent skin, celskin perhaps, and crooked 4 or 5 inches. The arrows, I presume, took months to make. The shafts are about the usual length, made from very strong wood, a slot about two inches deep in the front made as if with a saw, and instead of the old-time stone head, one is made out of what appears to be $\frac{3}{4}$ inch hoop iron, three inches long, the front ground or worn off for about an inch, to a very sharp point

like a dart, the edges sharp as a knife, the other two inches reduced in width to the size of the shaft, say $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch, and both sides nicely notched like a carpenter's fine ripping saw. This two inch handle is inserted to the head, in the slot of the shaft, and very nicely bound with sinews the whole length of the splicing. A white man could hardly make such a neat, strong splice with white men's tools. Woe to the unlucky man or beast that has one of these arrows sent into him.

Showing one to my friend Squire MeLeod, of Missouri, one day, he looked it over. "Yes," he said, "a company of us were crossing the plains, in '49, to the gold fields of California. The breakfast was over at camp; the oxen yoked to the wagons, trappings packed, and another days tramp had begun. The teams were passing through some tall grass and timber where the trail led. "Whizz-z-z" from some point in the bush, and one of the yoked oxen fell. We rushed up and the end of an arrow was seen behind the shoulder. Of course all that was left for us to do, was to leave the dead ox for the skulking Indian to feast on, charge into the brush in a vain search for his whereabouts, put a fresh animal into the yoke, and proceed on our long trip to the land where the lumps of gold were said to be as "big as brick-bats."

Burlington, Kansas, Dec. 1891.

Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, (see adv't.) and THE LAND WE LIVE IN, and the Medical Adviser and Farm Help for 1892. Canadian Subscribers, \$4.50, U. S. subscribers \$3.75.

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SHERBROOKE, P. Q., FEB., 1892.

Before another issue of this journal, we shall know the result of our provincial elections and that result will mark a most important crisis in the history of this portion of Canada. If this province is to be run by such a set of "boodlers," as have disgraced the province of Quebec during the past five years, every honest minded man must leave the country or make up his mind to fight for his rights. A better form of Government and better men at the helm of State; or a rebellion; one or the other as sure as fate, and there can be nothing treasonable in condemning and overthrowing by any means in our power a government which has made itself an object of ridicule to every civilized nation on the face of the globe. It would be a disgrace to any people who are attempting to build up an independent nation, or become a part of one of the greatest empires in the world, to submit to the tyranny, injustice, extravagance and robbery, which has characterized the Government of this province during the whole term of the Mercier *regime*. It is a disgrace to us that we have submitted to it so long, and it is only a feeling of commiseration for the ignorant and deluded people who through an appeal to religion and race prejudices have been the dupes of a designing charlatan, that has prevented an outbreak which would have involved the country in a civil war. We have an element amongst us which will not be cowed or put down by a majority, when it is known that such majority only represents the cats-paw in the hands of the greedy and unscrupulous monkey who has devoted

his whole energy and ability to his own personal ambition and aggrandizement. It is not our province to take part in the politics of the country, nor is it advisable that a class journal, such as ours, should be made the medium of political controversy; but there is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and it is the duty of everyone to raise his voice against a system of boodleism and oppression which must result disastrously to any country or nation in which it is permitted to exist. If ever there was a time when party politics should be laid aside, and both Conservatives and Liberals unite in clearing away the filth and debris of a rotten government, it is the present, and although personally we should be pleased to see a Conservative Government in power, we shall feel that we have little to find fault with, if our representatives are elected from either party, and pledged to a man to oppose tooth and nail, every man who has been connected with or in any way helped to support the late Mercier Government. It is an easier task to keep them out than put them out, and still it is not so easy a task, that any of us should imagine that he has nothing to do but "squat on his hunkers" and and leave it to others to guard the portals. We anticipate little difficulty in this constituency or those immediately surrounding us, still it is the duty of every elector to be on the *qui vive* and guard against any trap being sprung upon him at the last moment.

Our thanks are due to Bro. Warren, of the Montreal *Patriot*, for the many flattering notices of this journal which he has been kind enough to give us. In return we have much pleasure in complimenting him on the consistency which forms the principal characteristic of his journal. Bro. Warren is one who sticks to a friend through good report and evil report, and we are inclined to think that it is because he dislikes to go back on his record, that he can naught but praise for Mercier and his late government. "Drop him and his boodling crew. Bro. Warren, lightly if you like, but

drop them! That they are no worse than others have been, may be some satisfaction to you, but it's a poor argument to pin your faith to. Put not your faith in Princes; and there's a *Count* in the indictment that can't be overlooked."

Hon. J. G. Robertson is one of candidates for the representation of this constituency in the Quebec Parliament. His record entitles him to the support of all who are opposed to Mercier and boodleism. His opponent is of the same political stripe and he stands high in the esteem of the constituents of this electoral division, but at the present crisis a man is wanted as a representative whose experience will enable him to block the moves of his opponents in the "Game of Government," when those opponents want a crown for their own personal adornment only.

In its issue of January 28th, *The Evening Sun*, New York, which has the largest circulation of any evening paper in the United States, copies (and gives us credit for) no less than three articles, taken from the January number of *THE LAND WE LIVE IN*, while the Richmond *Times*, three or four issues back, devoted two or three columns to a reprint of articles selected from our columns. It is satisfactory to us to know that our journal possesses merits which outsiders can appreciate, and that the ability of some of our contributors is so generally recognized. Perhaps we may be pardoned for feeling a little vain over the many complimentary notices we have received from the leading periodicals of the United States and Canada.

The longer we live the more we feel convinced that a man doesn't have to wait until "the day of judgment" to be punished for his sins of commission, particularly when those sins are of a heinous nature, such as taking a paper for a term of years and then refusing to pay for it. We can recall several instances which sustain us in these convictions, but one of the most recent was that of an individual who received our paper for three years

and a half, and then refused to pay for it. He was *run over by a bob-sled*, and we can imagine the torture he must undergo when he thinks of the cause which led to such a condign and speedy punishment. We are waiting patiently to hear the punishment meted out to two or three other individuals who have each been guilty of a similar offence, and expect to be able to report in our next issue.

We have a large quantity of manuscript on hand, which we will make room for as fast as we possibly can. Although it may be necessary to further enlarge our journal to enable us to do so. We have material enough to fill two or three issues, and some of this will have to be distributed over several issues, as we are constantly receiving matter which will lose by keeping. Some of our contributors could assist us to a considerable extent by "boiling down," the *sapientia* contained in their communications. It is wonderful the sweetening effect it produces, even if our remarks do assume the consistency of *taffy*.

"Pastor Felix," one of the most charming and sympathetic of Canadian writers, continues his "Red and Blue Pencil" series in the February *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*. "Schoolboy Dreams" is advanced another stage, and is supplemented by a talk about "Rab and his Friends," and the other writings of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh. These papers were a strong feature in the old *Dominion Illustrated*, and most of its readers will, we are sure, welcome their re-appearance in the new magazine.

In the February *Dominion Illustrated Monthly*, Douglas Brymner, the Dominion Archivist, draws on his remarkable knowledge of American history in the production of the true account of "Hamilton's Raid on Vincennes;" an article which will surprise a good many, and probably alter their opinion of Col. George Rogers Clark, of the Continental Army.

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its forms. It is the practical result of several years Book-keeping, by one of the best accountants in Ontario. Price 75 cents by mail, or will be given *free* to new subscribers to this journal who remit \$1 direct to the publishers.

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OBITUARY.

It is with feeling of deepest regret that we announce the demise of Lieut. Maurice Shea, of this city in his 99th year. Lieut. Shea, was one of the very few of the survivors of Waterloo, and his death took place at his residence here on the 4th Feb. instant. We believe the immediate cause of his death was an attack of *la grippe*. He enlisted in the 73rd Regiment of Foot in 1812, and served under General Graham, in Holland, Belgium and France, until 1815. He lay with the 2nd Batt. under Col. Harris, some 16 miles from Waterloo, until the night preceding the first days battle, when they received marching orders, and reached the battle ground about two o'clock next afternoon. Although he took an active part in the great engagement, he passed through it unscathed. On his return to England where the 2nd Batt. was broken up, Mr. Shea was one of 311 men who were sent to recruit the 1st Batt., then stationed in Ceylon where he remained four years. In an encounter with two native chiefs, who had taken up arms against the British, he was badly wounded by a musket ball through his left leg. He was discharged from service on his return to England, and in 1835, joined the British Legion, serving in Spain under Gen. DeLacy Evans, and afterwards under Col. O'Connell, for three years. Soon after arriving in Spain he was made a quarter master sergeant, and afterwards quarter master of the 10th Regt. and on the formation of the 2nd Legion was made a Lieutenant. The information given here was obtained from personal interviews which we have had with him at different times, and embrace only a few of the inci-

dents to which he referred. He said that the 73rd Regt. which formed a part of the 5th Brigade under Sir Colin Halkett, suffered severely at Waterloo and that a pile of the dead and dying, of the 30th and 73rd was mistaken by the Commander in Chief, for a square formed in advance of the Brigade. At one time during the battle the 73rd was commanded by a subaltern, Lieut. Stewart. Lieut. Shea came to Canada in 1847, and for the last thirteen or fourteen years has been a resident of Sherbrooke. For the last two or three years, he has seldom gone beyond the precincts of his own premises, except on the anniversary of the great battle, when with his medals pinned on his heart, he considered it a religious duty to drive through this city and call on his numerous acquaintances. He leaves a widow to whom he had been married some 63 or 64 years, and who is still a very active old lady, nearly always to be seen on the market doing her own marketing on Saturdays. Of Lieut. Shea's children two or three sons and the same number of daughters survive him.

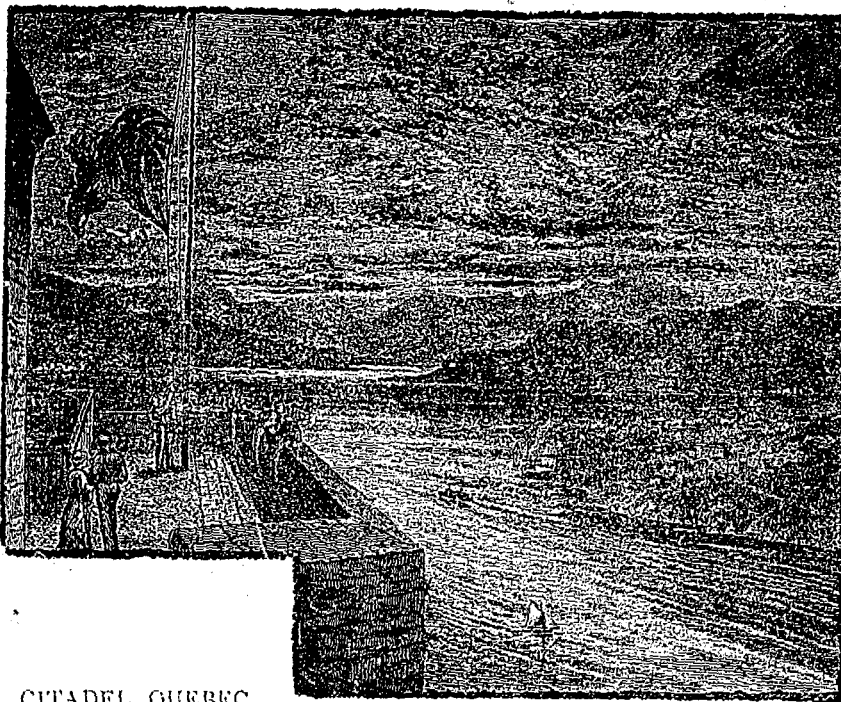
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We have used the Universal Ink Eraser, advertised in another column, and find it all that it is represented to be, and a most convenient accessory to the office desk. It consists of two liquids which are applied with the end of the penholder and the effect is instantaneous. We can supply it by mail at 35 cents.



CITADEL, QUEBEC.

THE BIRDS OF QUEBEC

A Popular Lecture Delivered Before the
Natural History Society, at Montreal,
12th March, 1891.

BY J. M. LEMOINE, F. R. S. C.

PART II.

[CONTINUED.]

SCARLET Tanager.

Of the four species of this beautiful genus inhabiting the United States, one favors us with a call, attracted apparently by our tropical summer heats and by the accompanying abundant insect life, on which they chiefly depend for their daily food.

The Scarlet Tanager—let us describe him in a few words: The adult male in his full nuptial plumage, on a bright May morning, flitting here and there among the pink and white apple-blossoms of our orchards, or peering at you from the green domes of our deep, northern forests, or sporting himself in quest of insects amid the perfume-exhaling lilac groves, is one of the most gorgeous vi-tas of bird life vouchsafed to an appreciative naturalist. Yet, alas! the "emerald body, contrasting with wings and tail as black as night," makes the lovely bird "only too conspicuous an object, the never-failing bait to the greed of the mere collector of or dealer in bird skins."..... These birds are famed for their beauty and variety of their coloration, being among those most frequently exhibited in the show-cases of bird-stuffers and milliners, as well as on the headwear of fashionable ladies..... (Coues.)

The Scarlet Tanager, is about the size of a snow-bunting. Its bill is notched at the

tip, strong and turgid, capable of masticating fruit as well as insects: its tail and wings are black; back and body, of a bright scarlet; he builds in thick woods, or in an orchard on the horizontal limb of some low tree or sapling: a loosely fashioned structure, built with rootlets, twigs and leaves, more neatly and compactly lined with finer materials of similar kinds. "The eggs, from three to five in number, are of a pale dull greenish blue, more or less profusely and heavily spotted with reddish brown and violet."—(Steurns.) Like many other gaily-dressed things, the Tanager's personal appearance is more attractive than what he has to say, his song being to no remarkable effect, and his ordinary call-notes decidedly unmelodious. The bird feeds considerably upon berries and other small fruits, as well as upon beetles and large-winged insects and their larvae. The dress of the male is not perfect until after the first year. Doctor Alexander N. Ross adds "that it thrives well in captivity and makes a beautiful pet."

What marvellous stories were once poured into our youthful ears, by old *chasseurs* and foresters, tales of a mysterious radiant, sylph-like bird, such as old Governor Pierre Boucher described in Canada in 1663 "*rouge comme du feu*" (fiery red) seen occasionally during the "leafy months" in remote, hard wood forests, *les bois francs*, well styled *Le Roi*, the King of birds? Nor shall I forget meeting the beauteous stranger on a *Queen's birthday*, sunning his scarlet mantle in the verdant groves of Rideau Hall, Ottawa. There seemed to be quite a number of these radiant creatures in the neighborhood. I can well understand the enthusiastic admiration of Elliott Coues for this dear friend of his early days.

"I hold, says the learned Doctor, this

bird in particular, almost superstitious recollection, as the very first of all the feathered tribe to stir within me those emotions that have never ceased to stimulate and gratify my love for birds. More years have passed than I care to remember since a little child was strolling through an orchard one bright morning in June, filled with mute wonder at beauties felt, but neither questioned, nor understood. A s out from an older companion—"There goes a Scarlet Tanager"—and the child was straining eager, wistful eyes after something that had flashed upon his senses for a moment, as if from another world; it seemed so bright, so beautiful, so strange. "What is a Scarlet Tanager?" mused the child, whose consciousness had flown with the wonderful apparition, on wings of ecstacy; but the bees hummed on, the scent of flowers floated by, the sunbeam passed across the greensward, and there was no reply, nothing but the echo of amute appeal to nature, stirring the very depths with an inward thrill. That night the vision came again in dream-land, where the strongest things are truest and known the best; the child was startled by a ball of fire, and fanned to rest again by a subtle wing. The wax was soft then, and the impress grew indelible, nor would I blur it if I could—not though the flight of years have borne sad answers to reiterated questionings—not though the wings of hope are tipped with lead and brush the very earth, instead of soaring in scented sunlight....." (Coues.)

There are upwards of forty nests of birds round me: one palm tree, next to my library window, contains the nests of no less than two pairs of Chipping Buntings, that friendly little fellow who comes on the very house-steps to pick up crumbs. Close to it stands a small soft maple tree: a pair of Black-cap Titmice had been industriously scooping a hole out of the heart of the tree for a week. From the habits of this bird, which, I presume, is better known to you under the name of *Chickadee*, none do I prefer to see building about my garden: the quantity of insects it destroys in catering for its young is really prodigious. About two acres from this spot, another family of Chickadees seem intent on applying for a location ticket. Wilson's Snow Bird breeds amongst the grass, and is as careful about hiding the cradle of his children as the Song Sparrow. Robins' nests and Yellow Birds' nests are in course of construction all over the premises: the angle of a structure used last winter as a snow-slide, has been taken possession of by a pair of Robins.

THE THRUSH FAMILY.

Though, from my earliest boyhood I was on the most intimate footing with the head of these accomplished vocalists, Robin Redbreast, it was at a comparative late period, I was accidentally introduced to

the other members of this comely and musical family. In 1860, a learned Boston naturalist, Dr. Henry Bryant, since deceased, called on me, on his way to make an ornithological exploration of Labrador—he was the bearer to me of a letter of introduction from an eminent Washington naturalist. It was then the early part of May, and the first wave of bird life was rushing in. In the space of an hour's walk with the learned professor in the Sillery woods I was agreeably introduced by him to a whole bevy of songsters, whose wild minstrelsy, each day tinkled in my ears—but whose names were to me unknown. He it was, who pointed out to me the difference in the song and plumage, between the Hermit Thrush and Wilson's Thrush or Veery, both species then making the tops of the Sillery Maples and White Birch tree vocal with their "wood notes wild."

Dr. Bryant said that he doubted whether the Wood Thrush came so far east as Quebec, that the birds I heard, were the Hermit and Wilson's Thrush—that I could easily see by comparing them with the specimen in my collection that they had not on their breast those distinct, dark, oval-shaped, markings, but lines and paler pencillings. The Red-start and the Red-eyed Fly-catcher or Vireo came next under our notice; my old friend Vireo, who sings incessantly from May to September. Ever since Dr. Bryant's visit, I have each spring, about the 15th April, watched for the return of the Hermit Thrush on my domain; its liquid, flute-like notes, especially before rain, were one of the sweetest strains I have ever heard. In fact, I came then to the conclusion that the Hermit Thrush was the musician which the Canadian peasants styled *La Plute*, the flute, whilst its congener went under the expressive name *Le Hautbois*—the Oboe. Dr. Bryant then pointed out to me the difference which existed in the general plumage and the marking on the breast of both thrushes, and Stearns in his *New England Bird Life*, in very few words, shows how easily the four leading species may be distinguished by the color of the upper parts alone. "The Wood Thrush is tawny, turning to olive on the rump. The Hermit is olive, turning to tawny on the rump. The Olive-backed is entirely olive. The Veery is entirely tawny." The Thrush family has sorely perplexed former ornithologists, but Ridgway, Stearns, Baird and Cones have left few points now to be cleared up. In 1871, Burroughs wrote, "I am acquainted with scarcely any writer on ornithology whose head is not muddled on the subject of our three prevailing song-thrushes, confounding either their figures or their songs. A writer in the *Atlantic* (for Dec., 1858) gravely tells us the Wood Thrush is sometimes called the Hermit, and then after describing the song of the Hermit with great tenacity and correctness, coolly ascribes it to the Veery. The new *Cyclopaedia*, fresh from the study of Audubon, says the Hermit's song consists of a single plaintive note, and that the Veery's resembles that of the Wood Thrush. These observations deserve to be preserved with that of the author of "Out-door Papers," who tells us the thrill of the Hair-bird (*Tringilla Socialis*) is produced by the bird fluttering its wings upon its sides."

In Mr. Burroughs's charming chapter "*In the Hemlocks*," we are made acquainted with the entrancing concerts of the Wood Thrush, the Hermit Thrush and the Blackburnian Warbler. "Whilst sitting on the soft-cushioned log, tasting the pungent, acidulous wood-sorel (*oxalis acetelosa*) the blossoms of which, large and pink-veined, rise everywhere above the moss, a rufous-colored bird flies quietly past, and alighting on a low land a few rods off, salutes me with "Whew! Whew! or Whait! Whait!" almost as you would whistle for your dog. I see by his impulsive, graceful movements, and his dimly-speckled breast, that it is a thrush. Presently he utters a few soft, mellow, flute-like notes, one of the simplest expressions of melody to be heard, and scuds away, and I see it is the Veery or Wilson Thrush. He is the least of the thrushes in size, being about that of the common Blue-bird, and he may be distinguished from his relatives by the dimness of the spot upon his breast. The Wood Thrush has very clear, distinct oval spots on a white ground; in the Hermit, the spots run more into lines, on a ground of a faint bluish white; in the Veery, the marks are almost obsolete, and a few rods off his breast presents only a dull yellowish appearance. To get a good view of him you have only to sit down in his haunts, as in such cases he seems equally anxious to get a good view of you. From those tall hemlocks proceeds a very fine insect-like warble, and occasionally I see a spray tremble; or catch the flit of a wing. I watch and watch till my head grows dizzy and my neck is in danger of permanent displacement, and still do not get a good view. Presently the bird darts, or, as it seems, falls down a few feet in pursuit of a fly or a moth, and I see the whole of it, but in the dim light am undecided. It is for such emergencies that I have brought my gun. A bird in the hand is worth half a dozen in the bush, even for ornithological purposes; and no sure and rapid progress can be made in the study without taking life, without procuring specimens. The bird is a warbler, plainly enough, from his habits and manner; but what kind of warbler? Look on him and name him: a deep orange or flame-colored throat and breast; the same color showing also in a line over the eye and in his crown; back variegated black and white. The female is less marked and brilliant. The Orange-throated Warbler would seem to be his right name, his characteristic cognomen; but no, he is doomed to wear the name of some discoverer, perhaps the first who robbed his nest or rifled him of his mate,—Blackburn; hence, Blackburnian Warbler. The *burn* seems appropriate enough for in these dark evergreens his throat and breast show like flame..... "Ever since I entered the woods, even whilst listening to the lesser songster, or contemplating the silent forms about me, a strain has reached my ear from out the depths of the forest that to me is the finest sound in nature,—the song of the Hermit Thrush. I often hear him thus a long way off, sometimes over a quarter of a mile away, when only the stronger and more perfect parts of his music reach me; and through the general chorus of wrens and warblers I detect this sound rising pure and serene, as if a spirit from some remote

height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment. This song appeals to the sentiment of the beautiful in me, and suggests a serene religious beatitude as no other sound in nature does. It is perhaps more of an evening than a morning hymn, though I hear it all hours of the day. It is very simple, and I can hardly tell the secret of its charm. "Speral! speral!" he seems to say; "O holy, holy! O clear away, clear away! O clear up, clear up!" interspersed with the finest trills and the most delicate preludes. It is not a proud, gorgeous strain like the Tanager's or the Grosbeak's; suggesting no passion or emotion,—nothing personal,—but seems to be the voice of that calm, sweet solemnity one attains to in his best moments.

"It realizes a peace and a deep solemn joy that only the finest souls may know. A few nights ago I ascended a mountain to see the world by moonlight; and when near the summit, the Hermit commenced his evening hymn a few rods from me. Listening to this strain on the lone mountain, with the full moon just rounded from the horizon, the pomp of your cities and the pride of your civilization seemed trivial and cheap."

How often, too, have I not listened to the ethereal, flute-like tinkle of the Orpheus of our deep wood, the Hermit Thrush, homeward wafted from the green domes of Spencer Wood, at dewy morn—when the sun-god suffused with purple and gold the nodding pinnacles of my dear old Pines and spreading Elms, or at the close of those gorgeous sunsets, with which spring consoles us for our January storms! And yet, have I not too been told, that "in Canada there were no song birds!".....

THE FIRST SWALLOW OF THE SEASON

To the lovers of birds, and the number is sure to increase whenever the social winning or mysterious ways of the feathered race get to be better known, there are some individuals whose annual re-appearance is associated with more particular dates; under this heading, one likes to count that fleet, tireless wanderer by land and sea—the Swallow.

When the vernal upward flow of the sap has ceased in our hardwood forests; when winter-haunted groves, pastures and moors are just donning their dainty, emerald tints under the jocund rays of an April sun; when the daisy, the violet, the crocus, the hepatica are longing to send forth their blossoms and fragrance; when the ambient air is buoyant with the hum of insect-life, when the *Rosignol*, the Robin, the Hermit Thrush let drop from the swelling, odoriferous maple tops or feathery pines, their gushing soft or metallic roundelays, when, in fact, festive Nature seems all aglow with returning spring, there dawns—for us an auspicious date, to every Briton passing dear—St. George's Day, of April the 23rd. It is then that for the denizens of picturesque, albeit cold Quebec, arrive circling and twittering over their heads, a most welcome herald of recurring heat and sunshine, the first Swallow in spring. 'Tis true, a raw east wind or profuse warmth may retard or accelerate the advent of the expected visitor, who comes to set up housekeeping, after wintering in Bermuda,

Florida or the sunny South. Observers, one and all, look out for the garrulous winged messenger at that date, no less than others, the writer of those lines, who years ago had prepared an airy cradle for *Hirundo's* hopeful brood. Seldom in fact, has the lofty structure, the Swallow house (which the village carpenter, pious man, when erecting decorated with a church steeple), failed to receive each recurring 23rd of April the visit of the yearly increasing colony of swallows, which seems to have been attracted to his high church for several seasons.

Dr. Elliot Coues sums up thus the migration, habits and hibernation of the Swallow tribe, ever a mystery since the days of Pon'oppidan, Bishop of Upsal; "Being insectivorous birds that take their prey on the wing, Swallows necessarily migrate through the cold and temperate zones of the Northern hemisphere. Their recession from the North is urged as well by the delicacy of their organization and their susceptibility to cold, as by the periodical failure of the sources of their food supply. The prowess of their pinion is equal to the emergency of the longest journeys—no birds, whatsoever, fly better or farther than some of the Swallows do; and their movements are pre-eminent in the qualities of ease, of speed, and of regularity. These facts are matters of common knowledge; the comings of Swallows have passed into proverb, and their leave-takings been rehearsed in folk lore among the signs of the waning times. Swallows have long been held for weather-prophets; and with reason enough in the quick response of their organization to the influence of the atmospheric changes. Swallows have figured in augury: their appearance has been noted among auspicious; and truly, their flight is barometric for they soar in clear warm days and skim the surface of the ground in heavy, falling weather, perhaps neither always, nor entirely, in the wake of winged insects on which they prey.

These mercurial birds are also thermometric; they are gauges of temperature, if less precise than the column of the fluid metal itself. It takes but a few warm days even in our mid-winters, to send Swallows trooping Northward from the orange and the cypress of the South; and the uncertain days when capricious young spring pours delicious balm on the wounds of winter, are sure to lure some Swallows on beyond their usual bounds, like skirmishers thrown out before the oncome of the host of occupation. There is concert, too, in the campaign of the Swallows; they act as if by consultation, and carry out agreement under leadership. One may witness in the autumn more particularly, before the Swallows leave us, that they gather in noisy thousands still uncertain of the future movements, eager for the council to determine their line of march. Great throngs fly aimlessly about with incessant twittering or string along the lines of telegraph, the caves of houses, or the combs of cliffs. In all their talk and argument their restlessness and great concern, we see how weighty is the subject that occupies their minds; we may fancy all the levity and impulse of the younger heads, their lack of sober judgment, the incessant flippancy with which they urge their novel schemes, and we may well believe their departure is

delayed by the wiser tongues of those taught by experience to make haste slowly. Days pass, sometimes in animated debate, till delay becomes dangerous. The gathering dissolves, the sinews are strung, no breath is wasted now, the Swallows have escaped its wrath and are gone to a winter's revelry in the land where winter's hand is weakened till its touch is scarcely felt.

Swallows are prodigious, phenomenal and problematical." Though we know that in certain seasons "myriads of the Swallows are at play in the air in Mexico, in the West Indies and in Central America," there are many points to be cleared up about their habits and migration.

It was gravely asserted centuries ago, and it has been steadily reiterated at intervals ever since, that Swallows plunge into the mud, become torpid and hibernate like frogs. Learned bodies like the French Academy in Paris and the Royal Society of London, have discussed the matter, printed the evidence in their official publications, and looked as wise after as before their meditations on the subject." It would take us far beyond my limits to describe fully the peculiar habits, conjugal fidelity, annual migrations and various nesting places of the several varieties of Swallows who visit us: the Bank Swallow, the Barn Swallow, the Cliff and Eaves Swallow, the pretty Social Swallow, known as the White Bellied, and the noisy Purple Martin, which nested for a century and more in the lofty caves of the old Jesuit College at Quebec. Alas! no more: those possibly noticed there by Judge John Joseph Henry as stated in his letter to Alexander Wilson. With the inquisitive French cobbler, who tied a collar to a Swallow's neck in the fall, on which the following query was inscribed, we too, on trying a similar experiment, might who knows, get a reply in the spring.

"Hirondelle,
Si fidele,
Dis-moi, l'hiver, on va-tu ?
" Dans Athenes
Chez Antoine
Pourquoi Ven Informes-tu ?"

THE SNOWBIRD OR SNOW-FLAKE.

(*Plectrophanes Nivalis*.)

It would be about as easy to depict a Canadian winter, without its snow-drifts, as it were to imagine the fleecy plains and solitary uplands, of Canada in winter, without their annual visitors, the Snow-bunting—better known to our youth under the appropriate name of Snowbird.

In New England it is styled the Snowflake; "it comes and goes with these beautiful crystallisations, as if itself one of them, and comes at times only less thickly. The Snowbird is the barbinger and sometimes, the follower of the storm. It seems to revel to live on snow and rejoices in the northern blast, uttering, overhead, with expanded wing, its merry call 'preete-preete,' reserving, as travellers tell us, a sweet, pleasant song for its summer haunts, in the far north, where it builds its warm, compact nest on the ground, or in the fissures of rocks on the coast of Greenland, &c. The Snowbird is part and parcel of Canada. It typifies the country just as much as the traditional Beaver—now so ruthlessly abstracted as an emblem from

Jean Baptiste by the Scotch descendants of the earl of Sterling, on whose arms it figured as early as 1632—according to Mr. D. Brynner.

Thousands of these hardy migrants, borne aloft on the breath of the March storms, come each spring, whirling round the heights of Charlesbourg, or launch their scerried squadrons over the breezy uplands of the lovely isle facing Quebec—the Isle of Orleans; one Islander alone last spring, to my knowledge, having snared more than one hundred dozen for the Quebec, Montreal and United States markets.

The merry, robust "Oiseau Blanc" is indeed the national bird of French Canada: it successfully inspired the lays of more than one of its native poets. In his early and poetical youth the respected Historian of Canada, F. X. Garneau, found in the Snowbird a congenial subject for an ode—one of his best pieces,—and the Laureate Frechette is indebted to his pin-laric effusion "L'Oiseau Blanc" for a large portion of the laurel crown awarded him by the "Forty Immortals" of the French Academy.

Had I, like Garneau and Frechette, been gifted with a spark of the poetic fire, I, too, might have been tempted to immortalize in song this dear friend of my youth. Right well can I recall those, alas! distant—those enchanted early days, whose winters were colder!—sunshine brighter! snow-drifts higher! than those of these degenerate time! Right well do I remember Montmagny (St. Thomas as it was then called) and its vast meadows, peering out under the rays of a March sun, swarming with Snowbirds, Shorelarks, and occasionally some Lapland Loongspurs, feeding there in the early morning or with the descending shadows of eve. Those far-reaching fields facing the Manor House to the north, how oft at sunset have I not stalked over them, bearing home to my aviary the numerous captives found fluttering in my horse-hair snares, listening as I sauntered along to the low, continuous warblings of my feathered friends, taking their evening meal!

With what zest boyhood can recall those animated, fleecy clouds of birds darting across whitened fields or hovering in a graceful cluster over distant tree tops and defying with their glossy wintery plumage the icy blast of the north. Methinks, I can yet recall on a bright April morning, a myriad of these hardy little fellows dropping from the summit of a large Elm—a shade tree in the pasturage, and lighting like a fall of snow on the meadow to pick up grass seed, or grain forgotten from the previous summer! With the ornithologist Minot, I am quite prepared to recognize the Snowflake as "the most picturesque of our winter birds, which often enliven an otherwise dreary scene, especially when flying, for they then seem almost like an animated storm."

There exists a great variety of color in the plumage of these birds; some, the males perhaps; are more white than the rest; some nearly all white. In others black and a warm brown is noticeable mixed with the white.

"The black dorsal area is mixed with brown and white, the feet are black, but the bill is mostly or entirely yellowish." Though they seldom perch on trees and

are not fond of thickets, but prefer the open country, I have seen flocks light more than once on large trees, elms and others in the midst of pasture lands at St. Thomas, county of Montmagay.

The eggs, five in number, vary in their coloration, markings and size. The Snow Bunting all disappear from the neighborhood of Quebec, with the middle or end of April and retire probably to the Arctic regions to build, though we are told that Audubon found a Snowbird's nest in the White Mountains and Maynard certifies to the presence of a flock of these birds at Mount Katahdin, in Maine, early in August, 1869.

The Snow Bunting, common to the continents of America and Europe, occurs in vast flocks in Scotland, England, Russia and even in Siberia.

Round Quebec, it comes as a regular fall and spring migrant: like the passenger pigeon, its numbers have sadly decreased of late years.

That broad-mouthed, long-winged, short-legged, dark bird, with white badges on its wings, is the Night Hawk, or Goat Sucker, *Caprimulgus*. You, no doubt, are aware why he is so persistently called Goat Sucker by naturalists; it is because he never in his life sucked a Goat—never dreamed of it. It is one of those outrageous fabrications invented by ignorance, to fob a poor bird of his good name, and which took root only because it was oft repeated. In the days of Olaus Magnus, Bishop of Upsal, in Sweden, few dared to doubt but that Swallows, instead of going to Senegal and the Gold coast to spend their Christmas and Easter holidays, dived before winter into the bosom of lakes, and hibernated under the ice till spring, with no gayer companions than a few meditative trout or other fish. This was another absurd theory, but which had many great names to support and prop it up. The Revd. Gilbert White, in his *History of Selborne*, a nicer book than which you could not read, eloquently demonstrated how absurd, how impossible such a thing could take place.

You recognize at one glance that little fairy—dipped in a sunbeam, begemmed with opals, rubys, and living sapphires—it is the Ruby-throated Humming Bird. One species only frequents our climes, though it constitutes a numerous family in South America and in the West Indies. How oft in the dewy morn have you not noticed the little sylph, ecstatic with delight, hovering over the honeysuckle and bright geranium blossoms, and inserting in their expanded corollas his forked tongue in search of insects and honey? Need I dwell at length on all his loveliness, his incomparable beauty, when you can refer to the glowing descriptions which two great masters, Audubon and Buffon, have left—Audubon's especially? In spite of his finished elegance of diction, the sedentary philosopher, Buffon, must yield the palm to the naturalist who studied God's creatures on the mountains, prairies, sea shores, plains, fields and forests of our continent.

I now hold in my hand a most gorgeously-habited little songster, who pays us an occasional visit in July. His azure mantle has bestowed on him the name of *Indigo Bird*. Buffon calls him "Le Minis-

tre," probably because he was, like the French Ministers of State, robed in blue: our own Cabinet Ministers, as you know, on the visit of the Prince of Wales in 1860, chose blue for their *grande tenue officielle*. Never shall I forget one bright July morning walking in my garden, shortly after sunrise. In the centre there stood an old apple tree, bearing pink and white buds and green leaves; close to it my children had grown a very large sunflower: its corolla was then lovingly expanding to the orb of day, whose rays streamed through the overhanging canopy of dew-spangled blossoms. In the fork of the apple tree a pair of Robins had built their clay-cemented nest, in which, protected by soft hay, rested four emeralds of pure sea-green, whilst the male Robin was carolling forth his morning hymn from the topmost branch of a neighboring red oak. I was in the act of peering in the nest, when my eye was arrested by the resplendent colors of an azure bird nestling in the sunshine on the saffron leaves of the sunflower. The brightness of the spectacle before me was such, its contrasts so striking, that I paused in mute astonishment at so much splendor. Was it a realm of dream-land spread out before me! a vision painted by a fairy! It was, my friends, only the Indigo Bird of Canada, in his full nuptial plumage, seen amidst the bright but everyday spectacle of a Canadian landscape.

What a charming musician, the Vireo or Red-eyed Fly Catcher, during his protracted stay from May to September: scarcely visible to the naked eye, amidst the green boughs of a lofty elm, he warbles forth his love ditty from sunrise to sunset? I am watching eagerly; this spring, for the return from the South of the *Sweet, Sweet Canada bird*, the white-throated Sparrow—whose clear, shrill clarion sounds even in the depth of night! I hope he will accompany this spring his congener, the Song Sparrow, the *Rossignol*, so dear to every Canadian heart, with its simple, soft melody?

Have any of you ever noticed the Redstart darting, like an arrow, after the small flies, then relighting on the twig, uttering his shrill increasing note, very similar to that of the pretty summer Yellow bird, also one of the fly-catchers, as you are aware,—a family most numerous, and if not generally gifted with song, at least wearing a very bright livery. The Redstart, the male bird, is easily known by his black plumage; when he is flying, he discloses the under portions of his wings, which appear of bright maize. The female is more of an olive hue, and does not resemble at all her mate: they breed all round Montreal and Quebec, and stop here about three months. It is needless for me to furnish you with a very lengthy description of the *Blue Jay*: you are all acquainted with his cerulean plumage and harsh note, especially before rain.

I must not, however, forget to point out to you that richly-dressed individual, wearing black and orange badges: that is the Baltimore Oriole. He visits chiefly the Montreal district and Western Canada. Black and orange, did I say? why that was the official livery of a great English landowner of Maryland, in the days when democracy amongst our neighbours was not. We have it on the authority of Alex-

ander Wilson, no mean authority, as you know, that this brilliant July visitor took its name from Lord Baltimore, on whose estates a great number of Orioles were to be seen. The *Baltimore Oriole* is a tolerably good musician. You can see how brilliant are the colors of these Canada birds now exhibited to you!

I think you will agree with me in saying that few countries can furnish a group of brighter ones than those now exposed to view, and composed of Canadian birds only:—Hermit Thrush, Purple Finch, Canadian Gold Finch, Wood Duck, the Golden-winged Woodpecker, or Rain Fowl; Blue Jay; Field Officer; Maryland Yellow Throat; Wax Wing; Indigo Bird; Ruby-throated Humming Bird; Scarlet Tanager; Baltimore Oriole; Meadow Lark; Pine Gros Beak; Cardinal Grosbeak; Rose-breasted Grosbeak and Towhee Bunting.

As for song, we may safely assert, with the same Alexander Wilson, that the *Fauna* of America can compete with that of Europe: true, we have not the Skylark, nor the Blackbird; and the Robin, although very similar to him in note and habit, is still his inferior; but we have the Wood Thrush, with its double-tongued flute notes, the Hermit Thrush, the Brown Thrush, the ginging, roystering Bobolink, the Canadian Goldfinch, whose warble reminds you of the Canary. The far-famed European Nightingale has certainly met with a worthy rival in the American Mocking Bird, whose extraordinary musical powers have been so graphically delineated by the great Audubon.

Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, I must crave your forgiveness for trespassing so long on your attention. The study of Bird-life, has ever been a favorite one with me since my early youth. I think it calculated to infuse sunshine and elevating ideas, in the minds of both old and young. One word more and I have done.

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 dark 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 millionnaires 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 the noble duties which the responsibility and stewardship of wealth impose. 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. (*Montreal Witness*, 13th March, 1891.)

A DETROIT MIRACLE.

A Great Triumph For Canadian Medical Science.

Particulars of One of the Most Remarkable Cures on Record Described by the Detroit News—A Story Worth a Careful Perusal.

DETROIT, Mich., Jan. 29th, 1892.—A case has just come to light here, the particulars of which are published in the Evening News, which will be read with considerable interest by all Canadians, as it a Canadian medical discovery, which has already, in its own country, won great and enduring fame. At this added triumph there is no doubt the fellow countrymen of the proprietors will rejoice, as it sheds lustre on Canadian science. The story is told by the News as follows:—

The following paragraph, which appeared in the News a short time ago, furnished the basis of this information—a case that was so wonderfully remarkable that it demanded further explanation. It is of sufficient importance to the News' readers to report it to them fully. It was so important then that it attracted considerable attention at the time. The following is the paragraph in question:—

"C. B. Northrop, for 28 years one of the best known merchants on Woodward avenue, who was supposed to be dying last spring of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, has secured a new lease of life and returned to work at his store. The disease has always been supposed to be incurable, but Mr. Northrop's condition is greatly improved, and it looks now as if the grave would be cheated of its prey."

Since that time Mr. Northrop has steadily improved, not only in looks, but in condition, till he has regained his old-time strength.

It had been hinted to the writer of this article, who was acquainted with Mr. Northrop, that this miraculous change had been wrought by a very simple remedy called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When asked about it Mr. Northrop fully verified the statement, and not only so, but he had taken pains to inform any one who was suffering in a similar manner when he heard of any such case. Mr. Northrop was enthusiastic at the result in his own case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a remedy that he had heard of after he had tried everything he could hope to give him relief. He had been in the care of the best physicians who did all they could to alleviate this terrible malady, but without any avail. He had given up hope, when a friend in Lockport, N. Y., wrote him of the case of a person there who had been cured in similar circumstances by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The person cured at Lockport had obtained his information respecting Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from an article published in the Hamilton, Ont., Times. The case was called "The Hamilton Miracle" and told the story of a man in that city who, after almost incredible suffering, was pronounced by the most eminent physicians to be incurable and permanently disabled. He had spent hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment and appliances only to be told in the end that there was no hope for him, and that cure was impossible. The person alluded to (Mr. John Marshall, of 25 Little William St., Hamilton, Ont.,) was a member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after having been pronounced permanently disabled and incurable by the physicians, was paid the \$1,000 disability insurance provided by the order for its members in such cases, for years Mr. Marshall had been utterly helpless, and was barely able to drag himself around his house with the aid of crutches. His agonies were almost unbearable and life was a burden to him, when at last relief came. Some months after he had been paid the disability claim he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and was induced to try them. The result was miraculous; almost from the outset an improvement was noticed, and in a few months the man whom medical experts had said was incurable, was going about the city healthier and stronger than before. Mr. Marshall was so well known in Hamilton that all the city newspapers wrote up his wonderful recovery in detail, and it was thus as before stated, that Mr. Northrop came into possession of information that led to his equally marvelous recovery. One could scarcely conceive a case more hopeless than that of Mr. Northrop. His injury came about in this way. One day nearly four years ago he stumbled and fell the complete length of a steep flight of stairs which were at the rear of his store. His head and spine were severely injured. He was picked up and taken to his home. Creeping paralysis very soon developed itself, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts of friends and physicians the terrible affliction fastened itself upon him. For nearly two years he was perfectly helpless. He could do nothing to support his strength in the least effort. He had to be wheeled about in an invalid's chair. He was weak, pale and fast sinking when his timely information came that veritably snatched his life from the jaws of death. Those, who at that time saw a feeble old man wheeled into his store in an invalid's chair, would not recognize

the man now, so great is the change that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have wrought. When Mr. Northrop learned of the remedy that had cured Mr. Marshall in Hamilton, and the person in Lockport, he procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through Messrs. Bassett & L'Hommedieu, 95 Woodward Avenue, and from the outset found an improvement. He faithfully adhered to the use of the remedy until now he is completely restored. Mr. Northrop declares that there can be no doubt as to Pink Pills being the cause of his restoration to health, as all other remedies and medical treatment left him in a condition rapidly going from bad to worse, until at last it was declared there was no hope for him and he was pronounced incurable. He was in this terrible condition when he began to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they have restored him to health.

Mr. Northrop was asked what was claimed for this wonderful remedy, and replied that he understood the proprietors claim it to be a blood builder and nerve restorer; supplying in a condensed form all the elements necessary to enrich the blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. It is claimed by the proprietors that Pink Pills will cure paralysis, rheumatism, sciatica, palpitation of the heart, headache, and all diseases peculiar to females, loss of appetite, dizziness, sleeplessness, loss of memory, and all diseases arising from overwork, mental worry, loss of vital force, etc.

"I want to say," said Mr. Northrop, "that I don't have much faith in patent medicines, but I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The proprietors, however, claim that they are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is used, but a highly scientific preparation, the result of years of careful study and experiment on the part of the proprietors, and the pills were successfully used in private practice for years before being placed for general sale. Mr. Northrop declares that he is a living example that there is nothing to equal these pills as a cure for nerve diseases. On inquiry the writer found that these pills were manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and Morristown, N. Y., and the pills are sold in boxes, (never in bulk by the hundred) at 50 cents a box, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., from either above addresses. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment with them comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies, or medical treatment. This case is one of the most remarkable on record.

and as it is one right here in Detroit and not a thousand miles away, it can be easily verified. Mr. Northrop is very well known to the people of Detroit and he says he is only too glad to testify of the marvelous good wrought in his case. He says he considers it his duty to help all who are similarly afflicted by any word he can say in behalf of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If any of the News readers want any further information, we feel sure Mr. Northrop would willingly oblige them as he has the writer in relating these facts to him.

CHESTNUT MATERIAL.

Poor Goldsmith's familiar and touching lines:

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,"
fare sadly in the hand of a silk dyer, who puts on his sign and circular this wicked parody:

"When lovely woman tills her sencer,
And finds too late that it will stain—
Whatever made a woman crosser—
What art can wash all white again?"

"The only art the stann to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye,
And wear an unsold dress above her,
Of proper color, is to dye!"

A ship-owner, in despatching a vessel, had a good deal of trouble with one of his men, who had got very "top-heavy" on his advance wages. After the vessel had accomplished her voyage, on settling with the crew, it came to this man's turn to be paid. "What name?" asked the merchant. "Cain, sir," was the reply. "What; are you the man who slew his brother?" facetiously rejoined the merchant, "No, sir," was the ready and witty reply of Jack with a knowing wink, and giving his trousers a nautical hitch, "I'm the man that was stewed!"

On one of the Georgia railroad there was a conductor named Snell, a very clever, sociable, gentlemanly man, a great favorite with the company he was connected with, and the travelling public in general—fond of a joke, quick at repartee, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. During one of his trips, as his train, well filled with passengers, was crossing a bridge over a wide stream, some seven or eight feet deep the bridge broke down, precipitating the two passenger cars into the stream. As the passengers emerged from the wreck they were borne away by the force of the current. Snell had succeeded in catching hold of some bushes that grew on the bank of the stream, to which he clung for dear life. A passenger less fortunate came rushing by; Snell extended one hand, saying, "Your ticket, sir; give me your ticket!" The effect of such a dry joke in the midst of the water may be imagined.

Pope's saying, that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," is pretty well verified in the following inscription over the door of a trader in Holton East, England, and which very naturally arrests the attention of the passers by:

WATKINSON ACADEMY.

Whatever man has done man may do.

Also

Dealer in Groceries, &c.

This is about equal to a sign we saw at Five Mile Creek, on the Bendigo side of the Black Forest, Australia.

TARTS AND TIMBER.

FOR SALE HERE.

The husband kept a lumber yard and the wife a ginger beer shop on the same lot. Hence the combined announcement.

A new England merchant, who had accumulated a vast property by care and industry, yet still was as busy as ever, in adding vessel to vessel and store to store, though considerably advanced in life, being asked by a neighbor how much property would satisfy a human being? after a short pause replied, "A little more."

FOR THE LAND WE LIVE IN.

Away Down South in Dixie.

Among all the choice bits served up in the January issue of THE LAND WE LIVE IN, the correspondence of the new contributor, Eunie F. was to me particularly interesting. It seemed to carry me back twenty years, to a time when I was a traveller in "Dixie's Land." How often have I seen a hunter take his "Headlight" and trusty rifle and start into the darkness of the piney woods, and in course of an hour or two, more or less, return with a fine buck or doe, as a trophy of his skill and unerring aim. And always after one of these night adventures, our breakfast next morning would be a grand treat of choice venison steak, an agreeable change from the usual fare of bacon, very likely rancid bacon at that. I never shot a deer myself, but I think I would have tried my hand that way one morning if I had the shooting iron along. I had started quite early one fine morning for my day's ride, and gone a short distance in the piney woods, when I saw at a short distance from the road, a herd of four beautiful deer, quietly feeding. As I was on the windward side of them, it was some time before they took the alarm, and I had ample opportunity to observe them at my leisure. When I had sized them up as long as I cared to do, I gave a sharp whistle, and they were not long in getting out of sight. I sympathize with "Eunie F." in her appreciation of beaver meat as an article of food. One day a gentleman invited me in to dinner, and while we were at the table, he asked me if I knew what sort of meat I was eating. I replied that I supposed it to be wild game of some sort, but I did not know what. "Well," said he, "it is beaver. How do you like it." Of course I had to say that it was very

good. But I was eating beaver all the afternoon and evening, and have never had any hankering for beaver meat since. I should enjoy wearing a coat made of beaver fur more than I would living on beaver flesh.

AN OLD BACKWOODSMAN.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

Hawaii, otherwise the Sandwich Islands has decided to make an exhibit at the Exposition.

A very notable diamond exhibit from Cape Colony, South Africa, will be made by the De Beers Consolidated Mines Company. This exhibit will give visitors to the Exposition an idea of the various processes through which the gems pass from the time they leave the mouth of the mining shaft till they reach the hands of the jeweler—crushing the blue, diamondiferous clay, washing the earth by means of a rotary washing-machine, cradling for the small stones, and cutting and polishing the stones. In the Cape Colony exhibit will also be a mass of crystal, elevated on a pedestal, equalling in weight all the diamonds found in the Kimberly mines since 1870. Cape Colony has appropriated \$25,000, and the De Beers Company has voted to expend a like amount.

Prof. Dyche, of the Kansas University, one of the finest taxidermists in America, is preparing a notable exhibit consisting of about 150 of the largest mammals in the United States, including buffalo, elk, moose, antelope, deer, mountain sheep and goats, wild cats, wolves, bear, etc., etc. The different species of each are represented and almost all of the animals have already been secured.

Among the most interesting exhibits in the Mines and Mining Building will be a collection of the implements used by the "forty-niners" in California. Commissioner Mark L. McDonald has undertaken to collect a number of relics of the old miners' fraternity and send them to the Fair. Chief Skiff has also been promised an old placer plant in complete hydraulic operation. He will also have an exhibit of the primitive methods employed by the early miners of New Mexico in reducing ores.

Aquatic fowls of all climes will probably swim about in the lagoons of Jackson Park during the period of the Fair. Landscape Architects F. L. Olmsted & Co. recommended the purchase of a great variety of water fowls. The list includes wild-geons, sea gulls, swans, brown pelicans, storks, sand-hill cranes, American wild geese, toulouses, flamingoes, snow egrets, and scarlet ibes. The purchase of at least ten of each species of the birds as enumerated was recommended.

The Consul-General of Japan at New York, Mr. Takahira, writes to Chief Skiff of the Mines department that the mining and metallurgical exhibit from that country in copper, gold, silver and lead will be something exceptionally large; also in porcelains, potteries, clays and bronzes.



"I'm glad to see you, Barney, what's the news?" "Divil a' match then barrin' elecshuns, and faith there's not much news in that; it's the same owld shitory, ivery mans choice is the besht man. Sure it's not five minits by the clock since I met Henry Odell over byant the Magog Bridge, an' sez he Barney, sez he, ye want to howld up both hands for Misher Pantin; sure the divil a man but a Frinchman can helpus in this Province of Quaybec, durin' the present craysis. Whr, sez he, they've got the iday that its the English and the Irish and the Scotch, that's tryin' to ride ruff shot over the payscoopers, an' sorra a bit'll they lishen to evny man that isn't a Frinchman, an' then Misher Woodward, the Quaybec Central man, he tells me that ivery dayeint and prominent Frinchman in the country is a shtrong supporter of Mr. Robertson, an' that there isn't another man undher the canopy of the heaven that rests over the province of Quaybec, that can find out the amount of pickins' and sh'tallins' that the Mercy Govmint got away wid, an' then Dalby Morkill sez, sez he, its mitey little of the canopy of heaven that hangs over the province, anyway, an' be the mortal, but it ud puzzle a Philadelpy lawyer to tell which is the best man to sind to parlymint, but be this an' be that, I believe it's better to put up wid the divil ye know than the divil ye dont know, and I've made up moy mind to casht me vote for Misher Robertson. Faith its for his interest to help the place where his interests is, an' in doin' that he'll be helpin' them that vote for him." "Good on your head Barney, that's a very logical conclusion to arrive at, and I think Mr. Robertson will get there with both feet. What have you got on the market this morning?" "Well then, I've nothin' left but some butther an' some eggs, an' ye can have them for twenty five cints the dozen," "Which? the butter or the eggs?" The eggs sure, the butther 'stwinty five cints the poun', print butther be the same tokin. I won't ax ye any more than anyone else, an' I won't take any more from ye, so they can't say that ye were buyin' me vote, but I'll give ye me word that I'll vote for Misher Robertson." "Wall, I'll do darned ef all them there Huntin'ville and Spring Road fellers ain't a goin' the same way, leestwise all I've heern tell on. They's some on 'em pooty strong Liberals too, I wonder how it comes about." "Comes about, ay? there needn't be any wonderment about that! Its just because folks think that it would only have been common courtesy to have consulted Mr. Robertson when choosing a representative in their conventiou, especially seeing that he had only filled a small part of the term he was elected for, and had done so much to expose the systematic boodling of that infernal Mercier, and his crew." "Begosh M'sieu Smeeth, dat's so, for su', P're Joe she'll

be pooty goot man, *bon'homme*, fo' de'poo' man. She'll don't refoose fo' spoke on de'poo' man wen she'll hav' it *beaucoup de trouf*, planty *difficile*, she'll geev de *pauvre homme*, planty good 'vice, fo'su she'll—" "Good advice! Bet you a dollar that's the only thing he did give, and that don't cost anything." "You dry up, *Sacré*, dam! wot fo' you got noting to spoke, begosh. You don't nevare geev noting you sef, don't it? Dat homan you'll be spoke to hup on de *haut ville*, she'll be ver' poor *avec les enfants*, dix ou onze baby, *Sacré!* You'll don't geev le *pain le lard, les patates, l'argent*, not noting, ain't it? You dry hup M'sieu Jone, I tole you!" "Bedad, it bates Banagher so it does that thim Frinchmen don't shpake all the same like a white mau. Did ye lishen to that payscooper an' the lingo he didid be gettin' off for English. Sure thim that know him 'ud hardly undershtand him, and he's been shpakin' just the same as that. The lasht tin or fifteen years to my knowledge. Now why in the name of St. Patrick, can't he talk like a christian, I do b'leeve its the tops of the ingyuns the crathur ates that sh'ticks in his throat and shplits his spache. There's one thing about him, he don't forgit a good turn, an' Misher Robertson has always been a good friend to him. More power to him for that same. There's a dale more got out of doin' a good turn, than a bad one, an' faith there's another dacint man, an' a Frinchman at that, I'm goin' to vote for, an' that's Mr. Chicoyne, for I've a vote in Weedon, as well as in Ascot, so I have. I'm sowid out, Misher Coutoor, an' I'm just watin' for the owld woman. She's over at Foss' atther a new fryin' pan, fo' the owld one's worn out cookin' mate, to make up for what we didn't cook whin we were in the owld dard."

Subscribers' Directory

For Month ending January 15th, 1892.

SHERBROOKE.

James Davidson Harry E Page
James Hethrington George Mennie
L E Pannetou Caleb R French
Robt Hislop W R Bradley
H R Fraser F P Buck
John Hanlon (East) John Davey
Thos B Tenrill (Eas)

MONTREAL.

Mrs A Byrne, 670 Laquebelle street
M D Carroll, 8 Drummond street
John W Feeney, 1161 St James street
J B Lane advocate, Care Busted & Lane
Leslie W Letthead, Care Lyman, Knox & Co
Thos Foley, Care Royal Insurance Co
A G Jones, 29 Mansfield street
Alfred Friend, 36 Recollet street
Jas Farrell, Care J Hutton & Co, 17 St Helton street
Frank Green, Care Bushnell & Co
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To the second, \$100; the third, \$50; next ten \$5 each; next fifty, \$2 each; next 100, \$1.00 each; and to everyone else up to 5,000 persons we will give a prize worth \$1. This offer is made to increase our subscription list. We want 100,000 subscribers. We will notify you as to the value of the prize you have won, and if you prefer a watch, rifle, silk dress, sewing machine, clock, or anything else to the value of your prize, we will sent it to you free of cost. With your answer send 25 cents in cash or postal note, or 30 in stamps for a 3-months' subscription to our 8-page, 6-column paper, THE ENTERPRIZE, Address, Enterprize Publishing Company, Box 134. Long Island City.

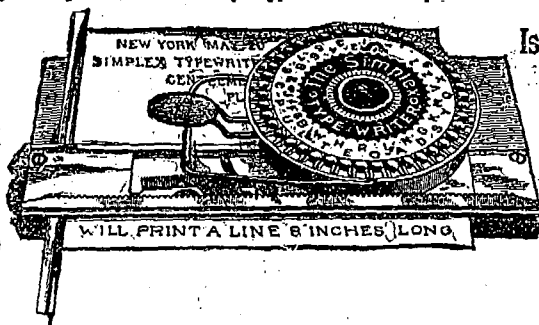
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THE SIMPLEX TYPEWRITER.**

The only really Practical Cheap Typewriter ever put on the Market.

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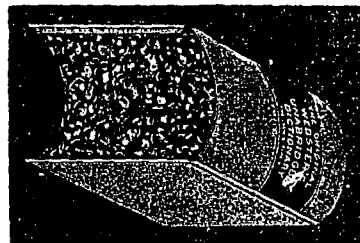
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Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Lame Back or Side, Neuralgia, Cramps, Lung, and all Bronchial Troubles, Sprains, Pleurisy, Dyspepsia, Dropsy, Kidney Disease, Heart Disease, Sore or Weak Eyes, and Female Weakness, in a short time.

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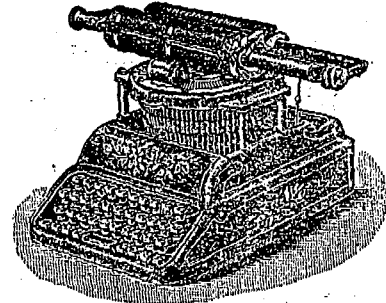
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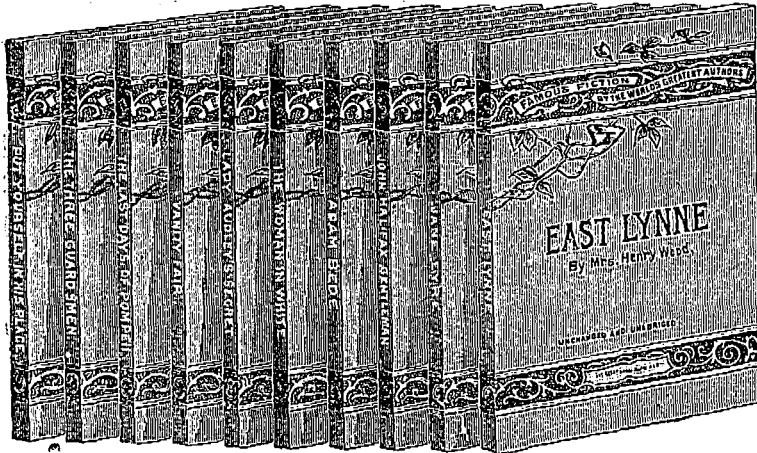
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These are some of the recommendations we are constantly receiving.

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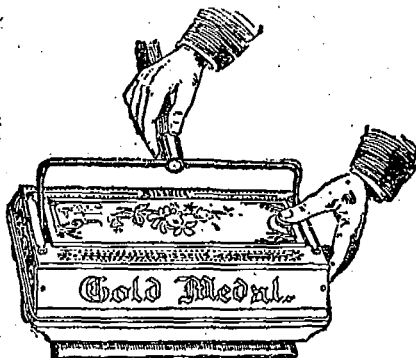
Edited by Matthew Ritchey Knight.

Contributors—Prof. Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lippman, J. M. Lemol, Hugh Cochrane, Rev. A. J. Lockhart, H. L. Spencer, James Hannay, J. Macdonald Oxley, Mrs. S. A. Curzon, Rev. Fred. Lloyd, T. G. Marquis, Miss Mary Barry Smith, J. Hunter Davar, Mrs. Irene E. Morton and many others. Unobjectionable advertisements inserted at \$5.00 per inch per annum. Preferred positions 25 per cent extra.

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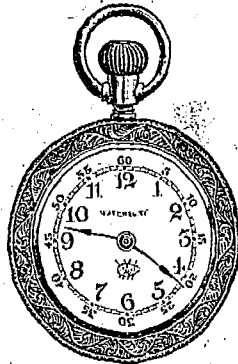
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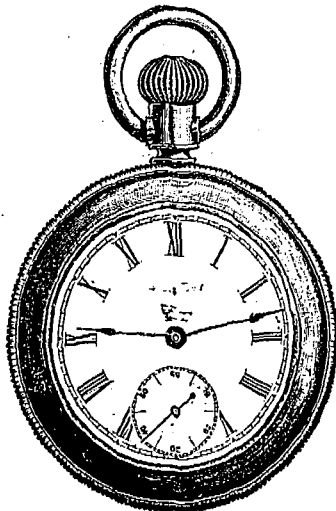


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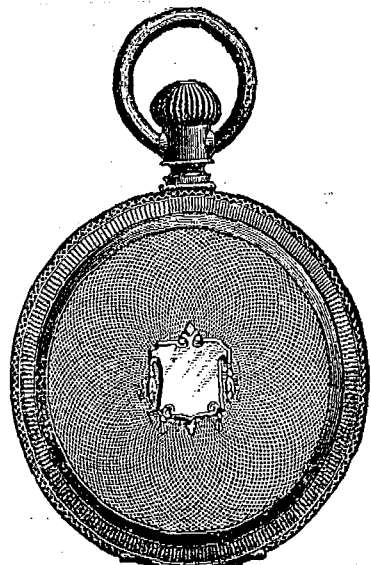
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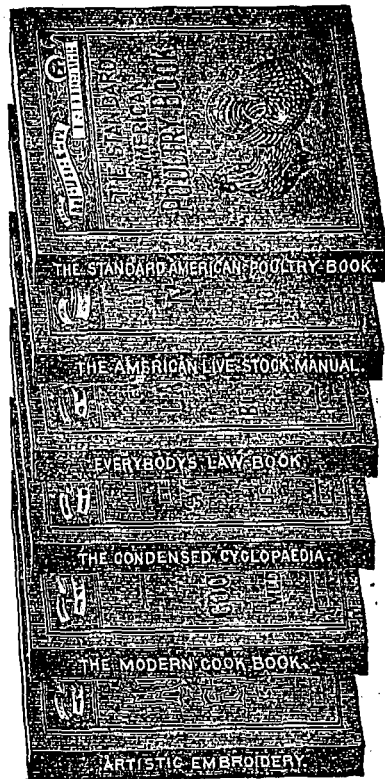
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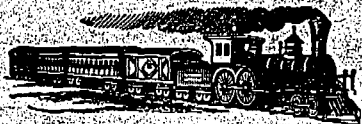
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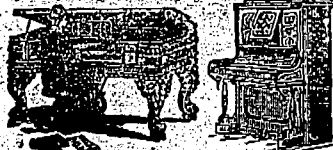
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