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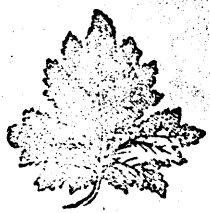
"DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ."

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1863. No. 2.

# THE British Canadian Review



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"DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ."

THE

# British Canadian Review.

JANUARY, 1863.

## Our New Year's Greeting.

ANOTHER year, of joy to some, and sorrow to many, has passed away. During that year our Earth has held "the even tenor of her way," among the stars of our system, and our world has jogged along through that part of its brief existence, as if there were neither wretchedness, misery, nor crime, stalking about among the sons of men. The signs of the times shew a marked contrast to that of many preceding years, and we cannot help thinking, in a more extended sense, of the words of the seer in Campbell's "Lochiel":—

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

The germs of new nations are rising in the four quarters of the globe, and the seeds of dissolution are, perhaps, being sown in some of the older nations of the earth. The moves on the great chess board of the Eastern Continent are now a study for philosophers and political economists. We dare not attempt to analyze the game; for in the future, all is darkness. On our own continent we see a brave and mighty people—mighty in their bravery—the descendants of our own blood, struggling for existence against the crushing force of ambition and unrelenting hatred in their own brothers. We cannot look upon the deadly struggle without shuddering at humanity; for we know that so long as a man remains alive in the south, so long will the murderous contest last: unless some powerful nation, foreign to them, step in to support the weak against the strong. We cannot look upon it without seeing the pallid face of the broken-hearted widow, or hearing the agonizing

wail of the helpless orphan; while before their very doors stalks the *millionnaire* who has fattened on the blood of the soldiers, and the vices of the rulers. Not only in their own country and ours; but in the land of their sires: the land of the free—the land over whose sons that flag has waved which has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze"—misery and want have entered the cabins of happiness and plenty. The honest man, the delicate factory girl, the stay of a widowed mother, are now begging their bread, because a score or two of men must rise to greatness on a gigantic hecatomb of the bones of millions of their fellows. We must draw a veil over this great sacrifice, for it is horrible to look upon. We can only hope that the year 1863 will not pass away without a change for the better in both hemispheres. With regard to ourself, we have lived through the end of the old year, and the beginning of the new: have lived through the criticisms of friend and enemies, and while thanking our patrons for their generous support, feel much pleasure in wishing them all a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A. Wallace

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# The Iron Mines of the St. Maurice Territory:

## THEIR DISCOVERY, THE PROGRESS OF THEIR DEVELOPEMENT, AND THEIR PRESENT CONDITION.

### I

IN introducing to the readers of the *British Canadian Review* the subject of the discovery, progress of developement, and present condition of the iron mines of the St. Maurice territory, an apology need scarcely be offered for bringing before the Canadian public, historical facts relating to a locality early known and appreciated by the pioneers of civilization in Lower Canada. While thus compiling the data which have been handed down to us by Canadian historians, regarding the early discovery and subsequent developement of the mineral resources of this vast territory, it will, perhaps, be interesting to note the various stages of progress and temporary decay, through which the St. Maurice iron mines have passed, as well as the present condition of iron mining in central Lower Canada.

While the colonization of wild lands, improvements in agriculture, and various other important questions of national interest are daily

occupying the attention of legislators and of the press, the mineral resources of Canada have, at least previous to the accidental discovery of the Eastern Township copper mines, formed but a rare subject of legislative action or newspaper comment.

When we reflect upon the immense importance attached to iron mining in Great Britain and the United States; when we compute the incalculable value of the annual production of iron in all its different forms by the manufacturers of Sheffield, Birmingham, Glasgow, and other cities in Great Britain, and in the United States, by the artisans of almost every state in the Union; we must naturally conclude that the discovery and prudent developement of beds of the same rich material within the limits of this province, should interest and encourage every Canadian who desires the prosperity of the land in which he lives.

With this object in view, we shall proceed to the consideration of our subject, dividing it into the branches laid down in the title of this article.

### THE DISCOVERY OF THE IRON MINES OF THE ST. MAURICE TERRITORY.

From the date of the discovery of Canada, by Jacques Cartier, in the year 1534, until the subsequent exploration of its territory by parties and companies from France, during a period of a century, we have but few reliable records, even on the subject of the topography of the central portion of the country. We are informed, however, by the Jesuit Fathers, who have undoubtedly proved themselves to be the pioneers of inland exploration, that in the year 1617, Monsieur de Champlain and Father Joseph (Jesuit) sailed for France, after sending Father Jean D'Olbeau and Frère Pacifique Duplessis to the post of Trois Rivières.

In 1650, Father Dreuillettes succeeded in converting to the Christian religion a large number of the Attikamegues tribe of Indians who lived to the north of Trois Rivières. The first account we can find of the settlement of the post of Trois Rivières is in the years 1617 and 1618. It was found desirable, by the French authorities at Kebec, to establish a central trading port on the St. Lawrence, midway between Hochelaga and Stadacona, respectively named Mont Royal and Kebec. The point selected for this settlement was a densely wooded elevation at the confluence of the great northern river, called by the Indians "Métaberoutin," and named by the French, Les Trois Rivières, with the River St. Lawrence; the latter had given this name to the Métaberoutin river, owing to the peculiarity of its opening on the St. Lawrence. When the French

navigators arrived at its mouth, they found three large channels which were separated from each other by two extensive islands, and they naturally exclaimed, "Voilà trois rivières." From this circumstance, the Jesuit Fathers have informed us in their "Relations," did the post and river Trois Rivières take their name.

Thus we can truly say that Trois Rivières was one of the first permanent French settlements in La Nouvelle France, and it was destined for the next century to be the centre of many treaty operations between the Jesuits and French authorities on one side, and the Northern Indian tribes on the other.

We have ample proof in the pages of "Les Relations des Jesuites" of the disinterested exertion of the priests of the Order of Jesus, at the different posts on the main river St. Lawrence. Their mission was clearly of a spiritual nature, but the fruit of their activity and indomitable enterprise is to be found in the ample success of their expeditions of exploration. While pledged to propagate the tenets and religion of their order among the heathen Indians whom they were sent to convert, while endeavouring under the greatest dangers and difficulties, to correct the prejudices and errors under which the aboriginal tribes of Indians laboured through the influence of their medicine men; they seemed to keep in view as the beacon of their journeys, the discovery of navigable rivers, arable lands, available forests and productive mines. Their devotion to the propagation of Christianity can scarcely be considered greater than their desire to report to their superiors in La Belle France, the possession of lands, rivers and mines in La Nouvelle France, which could be turned to pecuniary advantage by the hordes of adventurous Frenchmen who then looked towards the continent of America as a land of wealth, flowing with milk and honey.

The extension of religious establishments in a country, at that time wild and comparatively uninhabited, tempted the devotees of the order of Jesuits to undergo unheard of sacrifices, and while all agree that the interests of Christianity and civilization have been forwarded by their courageous exertions; they are also considered by the historians of Canada as the most successful discoverers and explorers of our inland country. From Tadousac to Kebec, (then Stadacona) from that point to Trois Rivières, (then Métaberoutin) from thence to Lake Nipissing in the North West, from the mouth of the River Saguenay up to Lake St. John, and from all these points to Hudson's Bay, canoes containing Jesuit Fathers were annually piloted by the indulgent Indians, who

looked upon their freight with feelings more akin to wonder than fear. Some of these devoted fathers were lost, some were massacred by the ignorant Red Skins, but some returned to the French trading posts on the St. Lawrence, and even to France, to tell a tale of trouble, disaster and misery, of which they had been the victims among the tribes which they had visited ; but at the same time, to inform French traders and miners that fortunes were at their disposal if they emigrated to the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence. For a series of years, owing to the tardy means of communication then at the disposal of the French Colonists, but little was really effected in the direction of progressive developement. The difficulties which the pioneers of settlement had to encounter in treating with the Indian tribes proved to be almost an insurmountable obstacle in the opening up of the country. As an instance of these difficulties, it is recorded of the Indian tribes that a strange superstition prevails among their race that it is unlucky to impart the secret of the existence of a mine, and that speedy death will overtake the imprudent party who makes the disclosure. They have thus in many cases religiously withheld all information on the subject, although it is confidently surmised that even at the present day, the existence of many valuable mines is known to the Indians, but that they fear to divulge the secret. While the Iroquois attacked the posts established on the main St. Lawrence with unforgiving violence, all the means at the disposal of those who occupied them were urgently required to expel these attacks, and it is wonderful that under such discouraging circumstances, the representatives of France, even aided by the tenacity and perseverance of the Jesuit Fathers, contrived to preserve these central points as dependencies of the French Government. It will be easily surmised that the exploration of the interior of the country must have offered still greater difficulties. The first discovery of iron ore in La Nouvelle France may be clearly traced to the year 1667. Colbert, who was at that time Prime Minister under the French King, had strongly urged upon the Governors and Intendants who were sent out to govern La Nouvelle France, the advisability of seeking productive mines, the existence of which could be held out to the rising generation of France as an inducement to emigrate to the new colony. We read in "Charlevoix History of La Nouvelle France" the following details of a first attempt to carry out this policy :—

"In 1667 Mr. Talon, under the direction of Colbert, Minister of State, sought to discover some new means of increasing the prosperity

of New France. It was necessary to find an equivalent for the advances made to the new settlement for its maintenance. It seemed also desirable to carry out, by proof, the views which he had enunciated before the French Government, regarding the wealth of the Colony. He was particularly anxious about iron mines, which, it appeared from the information he had received, were very abundant, and on his return trip to France he disembarked at Gaspé where he expected to find silver, but the information which he had received proved to be erroneous; he was more successful in the discovery of iron. In August, 1666, he sent Sieur de la Tesserie to Bay St. Paul, where he discovered an iron mine which appeared to be rich. In the journal of his trip he states that the earth was still broken and overturned by the earthquake of 1663. On Mr. Talon's return to France in 1668, he succeeded in obtaining the sanction of Mr. Colbert to new mining explorations, and Sieur de la Potardière was sent to Canada for that purpose. On his arrival at Quebec, he was shewn specimens from two iron mines; these had been brought from Champlain and Cap de la Madelaine by order of Seigneur de Courcelles: one sample was mixed with sand, the other was massive. La Potardière visited the mines near Trois Rivières, and on his return to Quebec reported that they offered nothing advantageous either as to quality or quantity."

From the date of La Potardière's unfavorable report of the iron mines near Trois Rivières, but little was attempted of a practical nature until the year 1737, when a company, duly organized by Imperial authority under the great seal of France, obtained a grant of forest land and water power on the site of the St. Maurice Forges, and commenced the rough manufacture of iron by the erection of a furnace, smelting house, and a few dwelling houses for the operatives. The workmen were drawn principally from the French soldiery in the garrison at the Fort of Trois Rivières, and were but poorly remunerated for their services. The operations of this company were confined to the furnishing of common rough-cast stoves and kettles to the inhabitants and garrison of the above named *Bourg*, and occasionally barter with the Indians for venison or furs. Some few years later Cugnet and Cie, the lessees, were compelled, from want of means, to return their charter to the "Gouvernement de Trois Rivières," and the establishment was taken possession of in the name of the King of France. An attempt was then made to carry on the works in the name and for account of the Imperial Government; this was done with some success, and we find among the manuscripts, which have been handed down to us, the following interesting

account of a visit to the St. Maurice Forges in the year 1752, which we have translated for the benefit of the readers of this article:—

*Monsrs. Franquet's Visit to the St. Maurice Forges*, 1752.

"Mr. Bigot, 'Intendant' of New France, who resides at Quebec, had recommended me to visit the St. Maurice Forges, as the establishment was extensive, and as he had no doubt that I would be pleased to be in a position to give an account of it. By stopping at Trois Rivières, I could reach the forges in two hours, so having settled upon that course, I requested Mr. Rigaud, who was then in charge of that post, to accompany me. We left Trois Rivières at 5 o'clock, A. M., with Mr. Tonnacour and other friends, whom Mr. Rouville, Director of the Forges, had invited to accompany us. In leaving the town, we ascended a hill covered with sand, crossed a plain and passed through a wood of stunted trees, on emerging from which, we stood on a hill overlooking the valley in which the said forges of the king are situated; we crossed a wooden bridge built over a small stream, and disembarked from our conveyance at the door of the Director's dwelling. After the first ceremony of reception by the Director, his wife and the other employées, we proceeded to visit the works. The stream which drives the machinery of the establishment is dammed up in three places; the first dam drives the wheel for the furnace, the second and third, each a trip hammer. Each dam has a water pass to prevent overflow in high water; it is supposed that the stream or water power is sufficiently strong to drive two other hammers. The buildings of the post are irregularly situated on the banks of the stream, and little or no taste seems to have been displayed in placing them. The principal building is the Director's residence, a very large establishment, but scarcely large enough for the number of employées who have to be accommodated*. On entering the smelting forge I was received with a customary ceremony; the workmen moulded a pig of iron, about 15 feet long, for my especial benefit. The process is very simple; it is done by plunging a large ladle into the liquid boiling ore and emptying the material into a gutter made in the sand. After this ceremony, I was shewn the process of stove moulding, which is also a very simple but rather intricate operation; each stove is in six pieces, which are separately moulded, they are fitted into each other and form a stove about three feet high. I then visited a shed where the workmen were moulding pots, kettles and other hollow ware: on leaving this part of the forge, we were taken to the hammer forges, where

*The house here alluded to is still habitable, and is generally known as the "Big House" La Grande Maison des Forges.

bar iron of every kind is hammered out. In each department of the forges the workmen observed the old ceremony of brushing a stranger's boots, and in return they expect some money to buy liquor to drink to the visitor's health. This establishment is very extensive, employing upwards of 180 men. Nothing is consumed in the furnaces but charcoal, which is made in the immediate vicinity of the post. The ore is rich, good, and tolerably clean ; formerly it was found on the spot, now the Director has to send some little distance for it. The management of these forges is economical. It must be readily understood that, owing to the numerous branches in which expenditure must be incurred, unless a competent man be at the head of affairs, many abuses would be the consequence. Among other employées, His Majesty the King supports a Recollet Father at this establishment, with the title of Aumonier This iron is preferred to the Spanish iron, and is sold off at the King's Stores in Quebec at the rate of 25 to 30* per hundred pounds weight. In order to obtain a better knowledge of the position of these works, I would refer to notes sent to the Court of France on this subject, wherein will be found all details of their management. I may say however in conclusion, that they are unprofitable to the king, and I am assured that if they were offered on lease at public sale, one hundred pistoles per annum might be procured for them. After a splendid dinner at Monsieur de Rouville's mansion, we returned to Trois Rivières, highly pleased with our visit, and took supper at Mr. de Tonnancours. The distance from town to the forges is nine miles."

The above is a translation of a portion of a French manuscript account of Monsr. Franquet's visit to the different posts in La Nouvelle France during the year 1752. The notes addressed by him to the French Court, to which he alludes in the above narrative, are annexed, but contain little worthy of translation ; he dwells upon the nature of the management, the necessity of greater economy, the advisability of sending out competent operatives and furnace men from France, and he lays down in general terms a plan for the successful working of the mines. We have every reason to believe that many of his suggestions were acted upon by the French Government, as a marked improvement was effected in the manufacture of iron work at the forges from 1752 to 1759. Of the period of which we have hitherto treated from the discovery of the mines in 1667, to 1752 the date of Monsr. Franquet's visit, we could give many narratives and historical facts collected from the " Relations des Jesuites" and the old French manuscripts, which

*Castors.

might prove interesting to the readers of Canadian History, but our limited space will compel us to confine our quotations to the following:

*Père Paul le Jeune et Père Buteux.*

We read the following brief account of a trip made in 1635, from Kebec to Trois Rivières, by Père Buteux and Père Paul le Jeune, Jesuit Fathers of the "Mission de la Conception": "On the 8th day of September, 1635, we arrived at Trois Rivières: it is an agreeable place of residence; the soil is sandy, and at certain seasons the fishing is very lucrative; an Indian would occasionally bring back in his canoe several sturgeon, the smallest of which would be six feet in length: there is also a large quantity of other kinds of excellent fish. The French have called this place Trois Rivières, because a very fine river here falls into the St. Lawrence by three different channels; this division is caused by several small islands which stop the outlet of this river, which is called by the Indians 'Métaberoutin.' I would describe the beauties of this spot, but space will not permit me. The country between Kebec and this new settlement, which I shall, in future, call 'La residence de la Conception,' appeared to me to be very pleasantly situated; it is drained by a number of rivers and small streams which flow at intervals of distance into the St. Lawrence, that king of rivers, which, even at thirty leagues from Quebec, is two to three thousand yards wide."

*Jacques Buteux and Jean de Quen, their residence at Trois Rivières in* 1641. *Monsieur de Chanflour was Governor at Trois Rivières at the time.*

"The Attikamegue tribe of Indians live on the lands to the north of Trois Rivières*; they trade with the other Indian nations; they come down the river, which is called in the Indian dialect, Métaberoutin, in French, Trois Rivières, for the purpose of trading with the French store-keepers at the post. During their stay here, we seek to inculcate the principles of the Christian religion, and hitherto we have been very successful."

*Relations des Jesuits*, 1658.

One of the principal routes from the St. Lawrence to Hudson's Bay is *via* Trois Rivières. The Indians say that on the left shore of Lake Ontakouami, a lake 60 leagues from Lake St. John, a river which comes from the forests of the North, discharges itself into the lake. In ascending this river they meet the large river Métaberoutin, called by us Trois Rivières, about three days journey from a Lake called Ouapichi-

*Tête de Boule Indians.

oumanon, and from this point they can easily reach the residence of the Kilistinons on Hudson's Bay; but in leaving Trois Rivières they ascend the Metabéroutin to this Lake Ouapichioumanon about 150 leagues from Trois Rivières; from this Lake they travel directly towards the River Onakouingouechiouchi, this distance being about forty leagues. A route from the Huron country to Trois Rivières, is to start from Tamagami Lake, which I consider to be the inland fresh water sea of the Hurons and the head waters of the St. Lawrence; after following that river for a few miles we cross the country about fifteen leagues, through small streams, as far as a lake called Onassisanik, out of which a river flows which conducts us to Trois Rivières.

"Daniel de Remi, Seigneur de Courcelles" was appointed Governor of La Nouvelle France in 1665.

Monsr. Talon was appointed Intendant at the same time. As before stated, the discovery of iron mines in the St. Maurice Territory was made during their administration.

Louis de Buade, Comte de Frontenac, succeeded Monsr. de Courcelles, as Governor of La Nouvelle France, in 1671. We refer again to the original manuscripts, relating to his administration, in which we occasionally find some allusion to the St. Maurice Iron Mines.

*Extract from a letter addressed by Comte de Frontenac to the Imperial Government, 2nd November*, 1672.

"The iron mine, of which I have already spoken, is of great consequence. I have visited it myself in order that I may be enabled to give a more accurate account of its nature. I am gratified to learn that another mine has been discovered in Champlain, which is much richer than the Cap la Madelaine Mine, and the ore is in greater abundance. I apprehend that it will be next to impossible to exhaust this mine, as there is an extent of country of four leagues in length, from Cap la Madelaine to Champlain, which is covered with iron ore; all the streams indicate its existence. I had the curiosity to taste the water and I found it all strongly impregnated with rust and iron ore, but the miners whom I sent there render the affair certain; they are now working there, and if you have any intention of establishing forges and a foundry, you may be certain that the material will not be wanting. There are six piles of ore now lying at Cap la Madelaine, which, according to the annexed report of the miner, would last for two castings per day for four months. The important question is the placing of the forges. According to my opinion I would prefer building them on 'Ruisseau

Pepin,' which is in Champlain, rather than at the Cape where the Jesuit Fathers have a mill already in operation. By thus placing the forges, they would be between the two mines, and the material could be more easily conveyed from both to the central establishment. When you have decided upon establishing the said forges, as the workmen you will send out will be competent men, they, perhaps, can better decide whether there is enough water in the stream I have above mentioned, to work the wheels of the projected forges, and also to judge whether it would not be practicable to bring in other streams in the neighbourhood such as Ruisseau d'Arretel, to increase the quantity of water. The chief miner, who is now here, assures me that this can be easily and successfully done. It is certain that if these forges are once established, many advantages will result to the colony: excellent iron will be manufactured there, and the consumption of fuel will help materially in the clearing of the forest land. Moreover, many men will be employed at the work, and a market will thus be afforded for the surplus provisions which we have at our disposal."

*Extract from a despatch of the Marquis de Denouville, 18th November, 1686, addressed to the Imperial Government of France.*

"I have this year again had the iron mine, near Trois Rivières, thoroughly examined; I am convinced that there is a much larger quantity of that metal than the colony requires. The great desideratum is the discovery of a stream or water power which can be used in winter, and it is in this respect that we require an able experienced man who could see as to what could be done for the establishment. Last year I sent a sample of this iron to France, and the iron-workers, who found it of good quality and per centage, wish to have fifteen or twenty 'bariques' to give it a thorough trial as to quality; it would be well to satisfy them on this point next year. If our Northern Company could succeed, there would be no difficulty in accomplishing this desirable object."

*Extract from a similar letter by the same, in* 1681.

"I am convinced that there is a very fine iron mine in the vicinity of Trois Rivières where a forge could be profitably worked. I wish I had a man here who could plan the construction of an establishment of that kind; it would be of great use to His Majesty the King and to the whole colony. Monsieur Vallon can inform you, my Lord, how Monseigneur de Colbert has tested the quality of the ore and with favorable results. I have sent a small quantity to Monsr. Arnoul, who can give you an account of it. There is a large stream in the vicinity of this mine."

The extracts which we have given in the preceding pages from the only reliable authorities which we possess on the subject of early Canadian history, clearly establish the discovery and subsequent working of the St. Maurice Iron Mines, until the year 1752, within a very short time of the conquest of French Canada by the English. In 1759, the iron mines of this colony had scarcely assumed the importance which their extent, the excellent quality of the iron, and their central situation seemed to deserve; but during the ensuing century an impetus was given to their developement by an increasing demand for the excellent manufactures which they produced. The details of their management during that period, the introduction of a new system of smelting and moulding based upon English and Scotch experience, and as before, the various phases through which new manufactures of this nature must inevitably pass, will form a subject of the second number of this article. It has been found prudent thus to furnish our readers with historical details which, however dry, and even to some readers uninteresting, may subsequently lead to a correct appreciation of the resources which these iron mines offer to the enterprising population of this prosperous and flourishing colony of Great Britain. In these days of iron clad monsters and Whitworth cannon, when the supremacy of the seas seems to be dependant upon iron and steel, a knowledge of the existence and availableness of extensive mines of this valuable metal, may prove of real service both to the mother country and to the colony; and if we leave the warlike interests of both aside, we can, in a peaceful and industrial mood, turn our attention to the developement of these mines, in the remunerative investment of dormant capital, or in the employment of idle and unoccupied laborers and artisans.

(*To be continued.*)

Geo. H. Macaulay

# Christmas Carol.

OH list to the sound of the midnight chime,
As it ushers once more the Christmas time
Unperceived in our midst, with its joyous scenes,
O'er whose phases the geni of happiness leans,
Delighted with all that his magical spell
Hath inspired wheresoever its potency fell.
Though merry that chime, yet we fancy a tone
Of mournfulness sighing along the sweet strain
As if breathing regret for the many hearts gone,
It once gladdened, but never shall gladden again.

Where opulence dwells, in each courtly abode
How the tables are groaning 'neath luxury's load,
And the music of mirth fills the broad lighted hall
Where the young people gather in gay festival;
And the look of the elder, there gazing, is cast
With a shade of regret as he thinks of the past;
And, envy extinguished, he covets not theirs,
As he sighs for his youth, ere life garnered its cares.
In the denizened regions where factories shrill,
Ply their clamor diurnal, commotion is still;
And the artizan briefly released from the groan
Of the laboring engine and busy wheels' drone,
Rich with the reward of his life's daily din,
Gladly welcomes the season of joyfulness in;
And he satisfied rests while beside at the board,
The good spouse, indulgent, prepares from her hoard
The mysteries that their festivities grace—
Though homely—delight on each juvenile face
Looking on, as for once in the slow passing year,
Late retirement's permitted—a luxury dear.
In the home to the toil-graven yeoman made sweet
By the glances and words of endearment that greet
His return, when the day's sturdy labor is done
With the last glowing flush of the low winter's sun,
The hearth-log is crackling and blazing all bright

And fills the wide room with its wavering light,
And with joyful contentment, the heritage blest
Of rural ambitions, each countenance dressed,
The children all gather around it to hear
A fairy tale read by an elder one dear;
Whilst coldly without flies the crisp Northern breeze
O'er the snow-fields, or rattles the verdureless trees,
Till exhausted, retires with the wild moaning cry
Of an impotent fiend with the wish to destroy.

The hour of the midnight is past, and the morn
Of the Christmas day slowly proceeds to its dawn—
In Earth's crystalline chambers, by mortals unseen,
In her luminous court sits the bright faery-queen
On her throne, like the iris when bursting on high
From the storm that retires, yet half covers the sky;
And vapory glories, with brilliancy dyed,
That fairer reveal what they seemingly hide,
Encircle the state with her loveliness crowned,
Her ministering spirits all gathered around,
Fresh returned from their missions on earth, were unsought
By mortals they yet have their bounties there wrought:
Those spirits, that breathing but virtue and love,
Ever laden with sympathies, ceaselessly rove
To shed the mild dew of their influence blest
On the anguish-wrung brow or the woe-burdened breast:
And dainty each being with visage of light,
And gossamer pinion transparently bright;
But now brighter each eye and more lovely each wing,
From the sweet satisfaction that kindly deeds bring,
Pervading each bosom and shining serene
On each countenance seeking its radiant queen;
As that moment her voice from the many-hued throne
Desires the recital of all each has done
In her mission just o'er, beatific, on earth,
To welcome and brighten the holiday's birth;
And she scarcely had ceased, when, like beam from the sun,
A light figure uprose and thus gently begun:—

"In a goodly apartment
That riches displays
In art's costly designs,
Where the lamp's shaded rays
Fall gently subdued
On the tapestried floor,
And the grate-fire is glowing
With brilliancy o'er,

And the favored possessor
Reclines at his ease,
And contentment, alone,
In its bright embers sees;
And rosy-lipped children
That innocence may
Announce as her symbols,
In whispering play
Are gently engaged.
While a fond mother nigh
Is watching her darlings
With love in her eye:
And there in that spot
Of contentment I've been,
And inhaled with delight
The sweet peace of that scene;
For would seraphs not bless,
In their heavenly tone,
A state that approaches
So nearly their own.
And a blessing, while there,
I invoked on each head
And the perfume of love
Through that chamber I shed,
And wrought a sweet charm
Ere reluctant I sped;
That in long after years
When they distant might be,
The Christmas day ever
Their union would see!"

As the beauty retired mid the sisterly train
The measure was taken up sweetly again
By another fair being with eloquence meek,
And while charity's gentleness softened her cheek,
And her garb and demeanour bespoke one of those
Whose bosom with sympathy's fountain o'erflows:—

"Near that mansion of wealth,
In a tenement mean
And poverty speaking,
I entered unseen,
And wept as I saw
By the desolate hearth,
Where mis'ry had blighted
The germens of mirth,
Its occupants silent,
And penury speak
Its mute language of woe
On the innocent cheek;
And the winter blasts enter
The chincks in the floor,
And shake on its hinges
The ricketty door,
And thought how severe
And how bitter the strife
Of those mortals each day
On the highway of life;
And I flew from that spot
To the rich one's abode,
O'er whose fortunate path
Every happiness flowed.
In his bosom contented—
Untutored to care,
I nestled myself
And thus whispered him there:—
'With blessings around thee,
No cloud to obscure
The serene of thy present,
Remember the poor;
While providence smiles
On thy fortunate lot,
Think of those it has chastened,
Though never forgot;
And how little that spared
From thy wealth would impart
The sunlight of joy
To some desolate heart;
Think of beings beside thee
That oft day by day
Thou hast past by unnoticed
Or spurned in thy way,
Their tenement cheerless,
Their bosoms forlorn;
More worthy compassion
Than deserving thy scorn.

Oh ! take but a glance
At their virgil this night,
And, if human thy bosom,
Then weep at the sight !'
And moist grew his eye
As I whispered each word
That deeper and deeper
Struck sympathy's chord:
And smiles shall to-morrow
Illumine each face
In that dwelling made glad
By the wealthy one's grace;
While heaven for him
Shall record all their worth,
And remember, with mercy,
When forgotton on earth."

Deep silence had reigned, but when drew to a close
The recital, approval's soft murmur arose
Like the voice of the grove, when the summer wind flies
Through its bosom of green with its many toned sighs,
And endured, till another sweet voice from among
That spirit band came again warbling in song:—

" Where the wine-cup circles bright
In the gaudy cresset's light,
And the demon of the bowl
Snares the weak, unwary soul,
And allurements spread with art,
Tempt to vice the pliant heart,
Seated at th' attractive board,
Rich with many a gambler's hoard,
I beheld a manly form,
By the fascinating charm
Strongly held, and on his brow
Shades of passion come and go;
Doubt and expectation rise
Like delerium in his eyes;
For he madly rushes on
Still where prudence bids him shun.
All about him marked his prime;
Scarcely had he reached that time
Where the days of youth emerge
Into riper manhood's verge,
And the impulse quick and strong
For the course of good or wrong.
Thus I saw and fluttered near,
Whispering gently in his ear,
While I balance on the air
My wing, and hang suspended there:
' Mortal, heedless of thy fate,
Pause thee, ere it be too late:
Tow'rds the brink of ruin tossed—
One more step and thou art lost—
All of virtue, peace resign,
Woe, dishonor, then are thine;
Dash the tempter quick from thee—
Wrestle firmly—and thou'rt free;
If not for thyself alone,
Think thee of another one,
Who hath oft in midnight prayer,
Trusting in the Highest's care,
With many tears of bitter weeping,
Commended thee unto his keeping:
Even now behold her sighing,
By the taper nearly dying
In its socket—heeding not,
So much thou claim all her thought—
Pause—forget the bitter past;
Let this folly be thy last.'
He heard and dashed the ruby cup
His hand had seized and lifted up,
On the ground, and spurned with joy,
Not alone, the sweet decoy;
And the resolution taken
Then shall never more be shaken.
Gazing retrospective through
The vista,—shrinks he at the view.
For that wife kind heaven heard
The prayer so oft by her preferred;
Hers shall be a joyful morrow,
Waking from her dream of sorrow
To behold that life returned
As her bosom for it yearned—
Grief she sees fore'er depart—
Sweet shall be her peace of heart."

*Fourth Voice:*

I come from a land that contention is marring
With sinister hand, and the loud cannon's boom
Oft burst from the bosom of battle hosts warring,
And echoes afar like the thunders of doom.

And once o'er that spot in serene contemplation
I wandered, when happiness smiled on the sod
And brightened each dwelling; but now desolation
Is rife in the track where the war-steed has trod.

And I passed where beleaguering groups were all lying
In comfortless rest by the picket-fire's light
And listened to many a warrior sighing
For home that shall never more gladden his sight.

Though unholy the object for which they were fighting,
And fierce were the passions their bosoms oft stirred,
As mortals, I could not forbear them respiting.
From cares, for a season, with magical word.

And thence o'er the patriot spirits opposing
Those bands of oppression—their strife yet begun,
And beheld them—war-bedizened,—wakeful reposing,
And silent the voice of each murderous gun.

While at midnight those heroes their vigil were keeping,
Compassion regretfully gazed on their line,
And freedom, unseen, o'er their banners hung weeping
For the many brave hearts that were laid at her shrine.

But firm in her cause she had proudly arrayed them,
Though sorrow—disaster—yet lurked in their way;
And I whispered those hearts a condolement, and bade them
Be strong in their hope ere I glided away.

For them shall the morning with innocent prattle
Of tender ones, distant, not open its crest:
Its light may awaken the signal to battle,
And close on a thousand brave bosoms at rest.

*Fifth Voice:*

O'er the deep blue sea with its billows free,
I passed on gossamer wing,
'Till I touched the strand of a potent land,
Earth's destinies shadowing.

And its influence over empires, thence
Is felt for long leagues away;
But its rule is mild, and its thousands smile
As they bow to its sceptre's sway.

From its sea-girt shore, the broad ocean o'er,
Its bulwarks of oak are seen
And the billows gaze through their foamy haze
On its standard as their queen.

And riches and might meet the gazer's sight
Around on every hand,
And the cottage plain and the proud domain
Alternately gem the land.

And factories tall, with the princely hall,
Rise emulous side by side;
And the merchant's name and the ruler's fame
The empire of worth divide.

But the voice of wail now burdens the gale
That flees from that potent strand,
And far, far away, over ocean's spray,
'Tis borne to each distant land.

For silence reign o'er the wide domains
That industry's murmur filled;
And to famished eyes like phantom's rise
The factories dark and stilled.

And sadly I hied o'er each spot and sigh'd
Where hunger now dismally broods;
For I could but mourn for those mortals born
To life's sad viscissitudes.

And in thoughtful mood—'twas the most I could—
To sorrow a season there
With the suffering ere I plumed my wing
Once more for these regions fair.

* * * * *

On earth, o'er their grotto, the matin bells knolled,
Ere each fairy sprite her adventure had told;
But when finished the queen of the luminous throne,
Her approval expressed in affection's sweet tone:
"Ah! well on your missions fair sisters ye've sped

And blessings on many a path have yea spread—
Would mortals, this night, from your conduct but take
An example, and bid but their charities wake—
Would man unto man but incline as a brother,
And endeavour to soften the cares of each other,
How blest could they make those bright regions above
Where now enmity struggles for empire with love;
And too often ascendant, her sinister train
Of spirits malignant disseminate pain,
Our task then would be but to rest with delight
And gladden our eyes with the rapturous sight."

William Harvell

# The Cruise of the Dixie from Montreal to Labrador,

A NAUTICAL, LEGENDARY, HISTORICAL AND SPORTING JOURNAL.

BY X. X. X.

## CHAPTER II.

Which from the absence of the Quebec cicerone runs to waste on Canadian Politics, hard hits.—Arrival at Sorel.

"COME, boys, bear a hand: you, *Monsieur l'avocat*, and you, Mr. Sawney, help us to get under weigh: lay hold of these ropes and hoist the mainsail, while Pierre and Antoine will get up the anchor. Hoist away, boys! Commodore, I shall leave the helm in your hands, whilst I go and spread our flying jib." Such were Captain Bernier's orders to his willing crew and companions on the 3rd day of May, in the year of grace, 1861.

The anchor of the little *Dixie* was soon at the cat-head, as the harbor of the great city is *something* less than thirty fathoms deep.

"Ebony, you young rascal, what are you gaping at?" sang out the Commodore. "Don't you know, you and you only, have charge of the flags and signals? How is it that our colours are not flying at the mast-head? Why, sir, if you are not smart you shall have a dozen before we get out of port, and if that does not improve you, a little keel-hauling to boot."

Ebony, as quick as thought, disappeared down the companion-way, and soon re-appeared with what he considered the most appropriate flag.

In a trice he had run up the Palmetto flag, to the great disgust of Mr. Sawney, who loudly remonstrated. "He, as a British subject, he would not sail under a flag which England did not, could not recognize. Neutrality and non-intervention, such was England's motto. He objected to have the emblem of rebellion at the mizen-peak. Had not Mr. Bright clearly shown that the disruption of the Union was a great evil, an evil to be deprecated. He would not interfere in any shape in the American quarrel. Do, Commodore, do," said he, "let us have that glorious old Union Jack to gladden our eyes in a country like this, not fit for a Christian to live in. Let us have the flag which for "a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze." "Well," ejaculated Mr. Viger, the learned limb of the law, "I cannot say I object to the Union Jack, but as we have sprung from different nationalities, why should we not have also the tri-color waving over us; it can do no harm, especially as the figure head of the *Dixie* is a beaver crunching up maple leaves."

"Well, gentlemen, you are a queer set. I see you are determined," said the Commodore, "to make a real cosmopolite of the *Dixie*, so Captain, try and please them all, do; spread the Union Jack over the stern of the yacht, let the Palmetto flag waive at your mizen-peak, with the pretty tri-color rag at your mast-head—the one which that bright-eyed lady-friend of Mr. Viger's presented him with. By the by I think the national figure head of the *Dixie* would be the better of a small coat of paint. I intend to humor these folks until we smell salt water, a little lower down than the Traverse, and then, by the pea-jacket of Jacques Cartier, I will like to see any one interfere with the navigating of the yacht; so let us have no more grumbling on board, on this point at least."

"Grumbling, sir, zounds! what do you mean Mr. Commodore? I tell you grumbling is one of the oldest privileges of Englishmen. I intend to grumble when and as much as I like. I should like to see any *sacré* Canadian who will interfere with my birth-right!"

"Mr. Sawney," said the Commodore, quietly but firmly, "I would be the last man to interfere with any of your birth-rights. I have humoured you considerably already. Pray do not forget that in this, as in other matters, there is a limit. You are young and inexperienced. I hope you will find in me at all times a friend in your little troubles, and with your peculiar turn of mind and opinions I hope you will not be offended, if the expressed opinions of the rest of the party frequently do not coincide with your own. You seem to like freedom of speech, and intend to claim on all subjects the right—the birth-right as you style it—of Englishmen; pray be good enough not

to take offence if Mr. Viger and Captain Bernier differ from you and speak plainly to you at times. Mark my words, for I am speaking deliberately and with an eye to the future: we are likely to be three months together on this excursion, and you came out to Canada with the professed view of acquiring information on all points, so make up your mind to some hard rubs from the natives: you will find the privilege of freedom of speech, which you prize so highly, is very attractive to them also, a little too much at times perhaps. The liberty of the press is another English institution which, from the constant use colonists make of it, it is clear they set a great value on. These are too points on which you will not find them *un-English*, whatever reproaches you may bring against them on others. I have now told you my mind."

"What is that island under our quarter?" asked Mr. Sawney, turning to Mr. Viger, for Sawney, although peevish at times, was not ill-natured.

"That is Ste. Helene's Island," replied the Montreal barrister. "As I presume you will be asking one its history, I shall anticipate your wish and tell you all about it. It was called after M. de Saint Helenè, the illustrious brother of d'Iberville, and of the Baron de Longueuil."

"And who the d——l are d'Iberville and the Baron de Longueuil," remarked Mr. Sawney; "I never heard of such characters. Surely England did not go to the trouble to create Canadian barons: were they French *noblesse* from old France? I had always understood that when we landed in the country we found it inhabited by savages and a few French troops, who left for France as soon as we had done ourselves the honor to thrash them soundly, at some place or other on the Gaspé coast, I believe, called the Plains of Abraham."

"Well," says Mr. Viger, "you want information, I suppose, on these points?"

"Most assuredly I do. I will, Mr. Frenchman, be ready to hear anything you have to say. I have only been in the country a few days, as you know, and have never seen Quebec, and I want materials to make up my first letter to my father."

"Here is then what I have to say," replied the barrister: "About the year 1660, there existed in Canada a most illustrious family composed of eleven brothers. The eldest one held a large estate at Longueuil, opposite Montreal, where he built a fort to protect the place against the Indians. He distinguished himself in several fights, spent all his money in improvements, built a brewery, and after a long

and useful career he was, by the King of France, by letters patent, made a baron. His son was at one time Governor of the colony."

"What!" said Mr. Sawney, "do you mean to assert that two hundred years ago the colonists could brew their beer?"

"And porter too, I fancy," rejoined the barrister. "They could do many things in those days with apparent ease, some of which seem to us at present marvellous to perform. They thought nothing of trudging on snow-shoes from Tadousac in winter, through pathless forests, at a temperature sometimes of 45° below zero, up to the shores of Lake Superior, some 600 or 800 miles; and now when English troops walk 80 or 90 miles, well clothed, well fed and well guided to take the railroad at Rivière du Loup, they send to the *London Times* and *Illustrated News* to have this herculean feat of endurance duly recorded, with *illustrations* to suit Let me tell you, Mr. Sawney, that we appear like mere pigmies when we of the 19th century attempt to compare our feats, in battling with a Canadian winter, to those of the early pioneers of this country. But to return to the Longueuil family. D'Iberville was a naval commander, and had the satisfaction of soundly whipping, on their own element, your countrymen in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. I may hereafter favor you with the particulars of these sea fights, of which you can read full details in the *Archives de la Marine Francaise.* He was a brave fellow, and his brother Saint Helène, who fell at the siege of Quebec in 1690, when Phips appeared before it, was as brave. Another brother, Bienville, was the founder of New Orleans, and mostly all the rest were naval officers of distinction. Some of their descendants at this very moment, Mr. Sawney, hold commissions in the French navy. Your youthful hero, Wolfe, won his great victory not precisely in the Gaspé district, but one mile from Quebec, on the Plains of Abraham; and as the French Canadian Militia who served under Montcalm had no bayonets, Wolfe's Highlanders did not find them very formidable enemies. I could read you, from Col. Beatson's little book, Montcalm's letter, written to his friends in France, one month before the memorable 13th September, '59, wherein he clearly predicted the result of the anticipated attack. The French monarch was too busy with love intrigues and mistresses to look after his 'fifteen thousand acres of snow' in Canada, as the Marquise de Pompadour called them, to place the colony in a proper state of defence; you know the rest, and as to your imagining that none but savages and a few military occupied Canada previous to the conquest, you will also bear in mind that the most reliable historians have shown that there was more of the noble

blood of France in New France alone, than in the French West Indies and all the other French colonies put together, and this opinion you will see confirmed by mostly all the English travellers who visited Canada between the years 1763 and 1810, and as our Commodore has a good collection of books on Canada on his table below, I shall have frequently occasion to quote from them for your benefit. Moreover, if you take the trouble to consult history, you will see that the savages of Canada, as you style them, were rather of a prepossessing exterior, and that when some of them were bronght into the presence of Majesty itself, your Anglo-Saxon friends, who belong to a race proverbial for personal beauty, found no reason to cavil what their looks, as witness George III.'s words, when Mr. and Mrs. DeLery, old Quebecers, were brought before him, "If all my Canadian subjects are such, truly have I made a conquest." This couple were remarkable for their comeliness and majestic deportment. And if you want to know what became of this family afterwards, I will inform you that one-half returned to France and furnished the French army with several very able engineer officers, one of whom was made a *Baron de l'Empire* under the great Napoleon, the rest remained at Quebec, and occupied the position of Legislative Councillors for several generations. I could tell you a great deal more on these subjects, but it is getting late and pretty dark too. Let us go below and have a glass of brandy and water, and then retire to rest."

"No thank you, Mr. Viger," said the Eton youth, "I do not drink spirits. I believe, however, it is a very prevalent custom in the colony to imbibe rum and whisky, which I heard some lady call the wine of the country. I shall retire as soon as I have finished this cigar. I presume there is no danger, and that the Commodore would not have entrusted the yacht to the management of Captain Bernier unless he knew something of the river, although to speak the honest truth I mistrust all Canadians, from what I have read about them."

"Mr. Sawney," retorted the advocate, "I see with regret you are laboring under the same malady which perverts the best feelings of many of your countrymen who visit Canada. True, we do occasionally drink rum, but that is only since high duties under English rule have prevented the importation of good French cognac, and as to whisky, why as soon as your countrymen taught us how to make it, it found, I am sorry to say, consumers; not before. Good night."

Mr. Sawney was quietly pacing the deck, smoking his regalia; the Commodore, out of some old potheen, was mixing his toddy below, pre-

vious to turning in; and Captain Bernier, who was to take charge of the watch at 12 P.M., was snoring in his berth.

A fresh westerly wind and strong current was wafting forward the *Dixie* at the rate of fifteen knots an hour, when all at once a loud exclamation was heard on deck. The Commodore sprung up the companion way, followed by Captain Bernier and Mr. Viger, and just caught the last sentence of the following dialogue between Mr. Sawney and Pierre, the man at the helm:

"Zounds! sir, do you wish us to be run down by the Quebec steamer? Don't you see its light blazing away? You rascally Frenchman do you want to drown us all, and run the yacht on top of the steamer? Just like your countryman in charge of the English steamer *Canadian* ran her on the Pillar light, *sacré!*"

A tremendous guffaw here greeted the unfortunate Scot, who, it was remarked, generally terminated the abuse of the Canadians with the word *sacré*, as calculated to give more emphasis to his words.

Pierre retorted: "Hinglishman that comes to Canada should not speak of what he does not know. That light, Monsieur, is the light from one of the beacons on shore; no fear of it running us down, it is stationary."

Captain Bernier twitted the Eton student for his vain terrors, and then paced the deck up and down in a musing mood.

"Ah! Mr. Sawney, how placid is the course of our great river to-night; how still everything is around; nothing to startle you on this night, except the beacons along the shore, which, as you will admit, are not very alarming. I remember passing one night, when I was a young man, in this vicinity, for we are nearing Sorel, which I think I shall never forget. Have you ever read, Mr. Sawney, an account of the troubles of Canada in 1837-8?"

"Well, Captain, I cannot say I have," replied the young traveller. "Pray tell me about this eventful night you allude to. Had it anything to do with the troubles?"

"It had, young man, it had most assuredly much to do with these times, happily gone by and forgotten. On the 23rd November, 1837, I was leading a party of *sans culottes*——"

"*Sans culottes!*" quickly replied Sawney, "what! highlanders, bare-legged highlanders, fighting under you to overthrow the Queen's Government in Canada! Well, now, I knew that thousands had gone over to France a few centuries back to help the French in their battles against England, where their capacious stomachs earned for them the

epithet of *sacs à vin et mangeurs de moutons*, but I certainly can scarcely credit that they had helped the descendants of Frenchmen to fight Englishmen."

"Nor did they, Mr. Sawney," replied Captain Bernier, "the patriots of those days were called *sans culottes*, a term borrowed from the French revolution. It is not likely soldiers or patriots would take the field on the 23rd November, that is during a Canadian winter, trouserless. We wore comfortable white blanket coats, which could not easily be distinguished from the snow, blue or red caps like the Canadian peasantry,—but let me now proceed. On this eventful 23rd November I had arrived from Montreal, bearing despatches to our general; I knew thoroughly the plans of the enemy; the steamer *St. George* was to embark at Montreal a body of troops commanded by Colonel Gore at 12 P.M.; they arrived at Sorel at 10 P.M. that night; I had several hours in advance of them; I knew their destination, it was St. Denis; the poor devils I pitied them; the English soldiers of those days, we Canadians did not like, but we respected them; they had a duty to do, and they did it as they always do—grumbled considerably, but worked well; what we abhorred was the volunteers of those times—those amongst our own countrymen who furnished information to the Tory government of the day; we had no mercy, no quarter for them; it was excusable for English soldiers not to know the abuses and frightful misrule the country had been laboring under, and which doubtless would have been perpetuated to this day but for the rebellion of 1837, but how could any of our countrymen plead ignorance?—and you will see in looking over the names of those who bore arms that in Upper Canada they were England's own blood, and that the most conspicuous in Lower Canada, except Papineau, bore English, Swiss or foreign names. Well then on that identical 23rd November I hurried ahead on horseback, under a pelting rain, and gave in my dispatches; our men were miserably armed; every old fowling-piece was brought in requisition—every hay-fork was brought out; we took possession of a massive stone house, barricaded the doors, and made loop-holes; at day break on the 24th, Gore and his men arrived; the order was given to keep cool; the best shots were placed in the most advantageous positions, and when the soldiers surrounded our fort, pelting our old walls like a hail storm, the *sans culottes*, covering each a man with his gun, fired; an awful yell was heard, and the dead and dying could be counted by the dozen; our reserve kept in readiness, for we knew English pluck would not knock under very very readily; another dash was made at

our house, and a deadly volley poured in on its devoted defenders; seven *sans culottes* staggered and fell heavily to the ground; the order was immediately given not to fire except when the enemy came within ten paces, and trustfully was the order carried out; Gore's men, encouraged by their last attack, charged again manfully, and received such a *feu d'enfer* that the bugle immediately sounded the retreat; the men, exhausted by their march from Sorel to St. Denis, retreated in a broken and disorderly manner, and arrived at Sorel that same day rather crestfallen; the *sans culottes* had shown that sheer pluck was sometimes a match even for well armed and well disciplined English troops; the number of men Gore lost was large. Now, my friend, you know why that day was to me a memorable day. Col. Wetherall was more successful at St. Charles; the *sans culottes* fought well, but badly armed, they were overpowered by numbers; the stockade they had built up was stormed, and then the torch of the incendiary threw a lurid light all over the village; one house, Mr. Debartzch's, was spared and occupied by the troops."

"Capt. Bernier, how many of the rebels were hung up eventually?" asked Mr. Sawney.

"Twenty-one, I believe, my young friend."

"I should, Captain, had I had the charge of the business, have hung twenty-one dozen," replied the Eton youth.

"You would, in that case, Mr. Sawney, have compelled Great Britain to undertake the work of reparation on a still larger scale than it was done. I can now speak coolly of those scenes. I have reflected that although the abuses and injustices were great, we might have waited a few years longer; but I can assure you in those days reason had in our hearts vacated the place for impulse."

"But," enquired Sawney, "had your countrymen any real cause to rise in arms and attempt to overthrow the constitution which granted them the free exercise of their religion, of their language, of all those customs and institutions which they affect to prize so dearly."

"Young man," replied the sailing master, "you put me a question which it is easy indeed for me to answer. I have given up politics for a long time, but if you like to hear me I shall now refer you to a state paper written by the Governor of Quebec, General Murray, to the home authorities. You will see in that paper that the colonists were suffering from abuses, neglect and injustice long before Louis Joseph Papineau's burning eloquence had prominently placed before the English public their wrongs. Still how easy it would have been for the English to

secure the love and respect of its new subjects, plenty of whom were sick and tired of the vexatious proceedings they had endured under French rule; born of just as royal a race as the English, and in fact claiming ancestry with the proudest portions of the English blood, the Normans, the French Canadians merely required to be placed on the same footing as their fellow subjects. And if the language and traditions of England should be less dear to them, there was the strong link of interest—the advantages of a free government—which would, as it did do, make them hold fast to Great Britain for a century through good and evil report, which made them turn a deaf ear to all the allurements of the Washington cabinet. Some day or other you and I will look over, with the Commodore, that great report of the Earl of Durham, the ablest state document ever edited in Canada. You know he does not spare Canadians, but he places in such a glaring light the abuses of the odious system he was sent out to report on, that we Canadians rather look upon him as an enlightened, albeit censorious, friend. Listen to what General Murray has to say as early as 1766:—

"'The generality of the English,' says he, 'are hucksters, mechanics and publicans, who reside in the Lower Towns of Quebec and Montreal. Most of them were followers of the army, of mean education, or soldiers disbanded at the reduction of the troops. All have their fortunes to make, *and I fear few are solicitous about the means when the end can be attained.* I report them to be in general the *most immoral* collection of men I ever knew, of course little calculated to make the new subjects enamoured with our laws, religion and customs, and far less adapted to enforce these laws which are to govern. On the other hand the Canadians, accustomed to an arbitrary and a sort of military government, are a frugal, industrious and moral race of men. They consist of a *noblesse* who are numerous, and who pique themselves much upon the antiquity of their families, their own military glory, and that of their ancestors.'

"The Canadian *noblesse* were hated by the English because their birth and behaviour entitled them to respect, and the peasants were abhorred because they were saved from the oppression they were threatened with. The presentment of the Grand Jury at Quebec put the truth of these remarks beyond doubt. [The Grand Jury presented the Roman Catholics as a nuisance on account of their religion, &c.] The silence of the king's servants to the governor's remonstrance in consequence of these presentments, though his secretary was sent to them on purpose to expedite an explanation, and contributed to encourage the destruction of the peace. The improper choice and numbers of the civil officers sent

out from England increased the inquietude of the colony. Instead of men of genius and untainted morals, the very reverse were appointed to the most important offices, and it was impossible to communicate through them those impressions of the dignity of government by which alone mankind can be held together in society. The Judge fixed upon to conciliate the minds of 75,600 foreigners to the laws and government of Great Britain was taken from a gaol, entirely ignorant of civil law and of the language of the people. The Attorney-General, with regard to the language of the people, was not better qualified. The offices of Secretary of the Province, Registrar, Clerk of the Council, Commissary of Stores and Provisions, Provost Marshal, &c., were given by patent to men of interest in England, who let them out to the best bidders. So little did they consider the capacity of their representatives, that not one of them understood the language of the natives. These officers were remunerated by fees. And further on the Governor takes credit for trying to 'win to his royal master *the affections of that brave, hardy people, whose emigration, if ever it should happen, will be an irreparable loss to this empire.*' Mr. Sawney, it is getting late, so pray go and enjoy your bed. Do not dream of beacon lights, stockades, *sans culottes*, or any other horrible thing, and to-morrow you will find the *Dixie* quietly moored at the Sorel wharf."

*3rd May.*—A lovely sun and bright morning. "Here we are, Commodore, at Sorel," shouted that imp of imperfection, Ebony, dancing about the deck. Some small boys, with baskets of beautiful fish, were waiting on the wharf to sell them. A Sorel chasseur, Maxime Mongeau by name, recognizing the *Dixie*, hastened down to present his sporting friend, the Commodore, with a pair of wood duks in perfect nuptial plumage. The lovely birds were passed down the companion way to Mr. Sawney, who, when he saw them, would scarcely believe his eyes that such gorgeous individuals of the feathered tribe could exist in this country. Mr. Viger informed him that in the fall of the year he might shoot them at Sorel by the dozen. Mr. Sawney became quite frantic to go out shooting wood ducks; he had never fired a shot in his life, but he would soon learn, and he would, he thought, be able to teach the natives a few things in the way of shooting. The Commodore informed him that Sorel was a great place for ducks, and that he would accompany him to the *chenail du moine*, the best locality for game. Snipe were also abundant, but Mr. Sawney had no pointer.

"Well," replied Sawney, "if that is all I shall buy one immediately if I can get one."

Mr. Viger directed him to one of the native chasseurs, who owned a dog of wonderful sagacity, and the Eton youth purchased him then and there. Now we must describe Sorel in the words of a cotemporary :—

"Sorel is the site of the first mission for the Propagation of the Gospel established in Canada, and of the first Protestant church erected there; the bell is the oldest Protestant bell this side the Atlantic. Sorel derived its first name from a French Engineer officer, Sieur de Saurel, who built a fort at the mouth of the Richelieu to defend it from the Indians. Behind the house now occupied by old Crebassa are the remains of an old moat which surrounded it, and is said to have been the scene of a struggle between the French and Indians. General Burgoyne's army was quartered along the banks of the Richelieu in 1777. The Rev. Mr. Scott, the first officiating minister at Sorel, is supposed to have come out from England as Military Chaplain, and also the late lamented General Frazer, who fell at Bennington Heights, were both interred at Sorel. The first Protestant settlers were United Empire Loyalists, who gave up their property in the States sooner than become subjects to a foreign power. The Bishop of Nova Scotia held a confirmation in Sorel in 1788. The Governors General and Commanders in Chief have resided, from the time of Sir Frederick Haldimand, during the summer, at Sorel,—the Government Cottage was built by him. During the incumbency of the Rev. Mr. Doty, two members of the reigning royal family visited Sorel; the Duke of Clarence, then serving in the royal navy, was pleased, on an address being presented to him, to sanction the change of its name to William Henry, his own. Subsequently the Duke of Kent paid a passing visit. In 1819, during the incumbency of Mr. Jackson, the Duke of Richmond was bitten by a fox bought on the market at Sorel; being a pet with one of the staff, the Duke amused himself with it, it snapped at his finger, which was immediately operated on by a respectable local practitioner, Christopher Carter, but in a few weeks after he died in a barn on the roadside while on a tour of inspection to Ottawa. The Earl of Dalhousie succeeded the Duke of Richmond. Sir Richard Jackson laid the corner stone of the present church in 1843, and in 1845 he was buried beneath the chancel. The army in Canada erected a mural tablet to his memory in the church, and his daughter, Mrs. Maunery, sent the church out an excellent communion service, with an inscription commemorative of her father."

J. M. Lemoine

*(To be continued.)*

# Canadian Celebrities.

ONE of our young fellow-townsmen has lately given to the world a thick volume, which seems to have excited a deal of good-humoured criticism both beyond "the line" and beyond the Atlantic, on account of its title "Canadian Celebrities." A Bostonian and a cockney critic are equally astonished to find that there are any considerable number of persons with fair pretensions to celebrity in a mere colony like Canada. If they had only alighted on a book equally voluminous entitled "Scottish Celebrities," or "Scandinavian Celebrities," the "Celebrities of Switzerland," or "the Celebrities of New England," they would have experienced no emotions of surprise, though neither New England, Switzerland, Scotland, nor the Scandinavian peninsula are much more populous, neither are they much more free, more educated, or more happily governed, than the Canada of this generation.

Why then should we not have our celebrities like all the rest of the civilized world? Shall we be known abroad only by the lumber we export, or the wheat our American neighbors are kind enough to export for us under the guise of "Prime Genesee Flour"? Shall the world without hear only of us in connection with white pine, and live oak, and buffalo robes, "Canadian winters," and Canadian furs?

There is, as every observer sees, an intellectual commerce among modern nations, in which whatever people are not represented are hardly entitled to be classed as civilized. It is in this commerce of ideas, in this exchange of observations, in this free trade in thought, that Canada, with her three millions of free, prosperous, and intelligent inhabitants, ought to be represented as fully and as effectively as any similar country of equal population and resources.

We are sometimes amused, but more frequently, on reflection, pained and mortified, at the little which we find known of Canada abroad. With thirteen hundred European ships entering our great river every year, we are less known in the great centres of European life, except among ship masters and consignees, than any other North or South American people of equal numbers. In Paris, in Berlin, in Turin, in Madrid, the name *Canada* stands for nothing, represents no definite idea, typifies no interest, awakes no associations, in the Spanish, Italian,

German or French mind. In London we are little more known, and, perhaps, from the little that is heard and read of us, not at all *better* estimated. Why is this? Because, among other reasons and among other causes, it will be found that we have not been zealous for the reputations we have possessed; that we have not found time or heart enough to be sensitive for their success; that we have not hailed with emphasis their honors, and claimed the reversion of their renown for the land they lived and labored in.

We might illustrate what we mean by referring to celebrated names but partially connected with Canada, such as the Stricklands, brother and sisters, the late admirable woman and writer, Mrs. Jameson, the novelist Richardson, the poet Thomas Moore,—a bird of passage, it is true, to us, but a bird of song whose notes will be as inseparable from our scenery as the rapids down which he descended singing. Or we will take the much more impressive instances of those men, either born on our soil or enlisted for life in our ranks, who have made high names abroad for science, for eloquence, for public sacrifices and public services, for distinction in the army or navy, in art, or in industry. We do not presume to give a catalogue of the names of this class, which it ought to be the pride of every Canadian to uphold, but we may be pardoned if we mention a Papineau, a Mackenzie, a Sir John Robinson, and a Sir James Stuart among what are called, *par excellence*, our "public men," and a Logan, a Dawson, a McCaul, a Fulford, a Garneau, a Ferland, a Daniel Wilson, an Adamson, an Egerton Ryerson, a Chauveau, and a J. M. LeMoine as men of science or of letters, or men honorably distinguished in the great work of public instruction. Whether these gentlemen were or are Tories or Radicals, whether they were or are Churchmen or Dissenters, whether we must agree or demur to any of their principles or practices, are not with us the vital questions. The questions are, have they served Canada? Have they won their honors fairly, and if so, are those honors fairly to be claimed as public property? Have they, in making themselves distinguished, made the country also better and more generally known to itself and to the world without? If so, then their success is our advantage, and their reputation should be our care.

We fear it must be admitted that Provincialism is not a vantage ground for individual reputation either in literature, or science, or public life. Empires not only centralize power, but absorb reputations. Who knows now that Seneca was a Spainard, or Terence an African? We only hear and speak of them as the Roman poet and the Roman

philosopher. In the world's ledger accounts are kept in the gross rather than in detail, and hence to the superficial eye the provinces of great empires remain barren of mental life, while the metropolis of the same empires may be all a-blaze with illustrious reputations. *Our* empire, however, in its present and noblest cast of parts, has, to use a green-room metaphor, no longer kept all "the leading business" to itself. It has assumed towards its colonies the Grecian and federal rather than the Roman and centralized relations. It has conceded self-government to all its distant parts—self-government which, in its true meaning, means an individuality, a responsible reputation and renown to be determined by each for itself. The corollary of this self-government is, by certain imperial politicians, held to be self-defence, by all provincial patriots it must, at all events, be held to be self-assertion. And this brings us back once more to our starting point, the duty and wisdom of claiming for Canada, and protecting as Canadian public property, all the reputations which may formerly have flourished, or which may hereafter be achieved, amongst us.

We might also reasonably demand of our metropolitan critics, when a provincial author deserves their approbation, that they shall carry the credit of his labors not only to his own account, but to that of the province to which he belongs. In short, we might fairly demand that in the imperial lists a place of honor be assigned to Canadians, which, in their character of Canadians, they should be invited by the sovereign state and encouraged by their own community to occupy and maintain. That as our confederacy with the mother country has assumed the ancient forms of Grecian freedom, so shall our intercourse and alliance be dignified and endeared by the kindly and chivalrous observances of Grecian unity. At the Olympian and Isthmian games neither Athens nor Corinth denied or begrudged the place of honor, when well deserved, to Syracuse or Rhegium, to Marsalla or Eupatoria. Every external Grecian community was free to enter into those imperial contests, in its own name, and to bear of the laurels it might win to its own region. The soaring muse of Pindar has celebrated not less fervently the triumph of the colonist than the glory of the *Patria*, and the acclamations of the native Greeks rung not less loudly for the victors from afar than from the crowned among their immediate fellow-citizens. It is when viewed in this aspect that Grecian liberty seems the most noble, and Grecians manners the most liberal and magnanimous of the ancient world.

Is it not an example worthy of imitation by all the British commu-

nities of our own age? We so uphold it: we shall always so maintain in these pages, and we earnestly invite our countrymen throughout Canada to join with us in this good, necessary and noble enterprise.

Hon. T. D. McGee.

# Santa Claus.

BY OCEOLA, MONTREAL.

WE have all been children, and we all know who Santa Claus is. On the night before Christmas, when we would be put to bed earlier than usual, and our papas and mammas would tell us to close our little peepers and Santa Claus would come when we are asleep and fill our stockings, which we had hung up beside the chimney on that night, what wondering and thinking we did about the good old saint, and how we puzzled our little heads about how he could come down the chimney without spilling all his toys, or dirtying his nice furs, or without ever waking us, and how we talked the matter over while we lay in bed, and never dared to watch for his coming, because mamma said Santa Claus does not come into the rooms of children who lay awake. Then mid our thinking and wondering we would fall asleep and dream dear old Santa Claus was kissing us, and we would see, in our dream, his little sleigh, with its beautiful white flying ponies, and see him filling up the stockings, and smiling as good-naturedly, and kissing all the children,—oh! dear, was there ever a saint so beloved as old Santa Claus! And was it not too bad that the only return we could make for all his gifts was to love him. Oh! how the children all over the world do love him,—and may the man never breathe who would spoil the children's Christmas, or banish the good old custom of hanging up the stocking! The happiest memories of childhood are associated with this occasion, and more pure joy is diffused on that day than on, perhaps, half a year of others. So never let the Christmas customs be forgotten; and if in Canada we could imitate more of the holly-wreathing and other customs of England on that day, how pleasant many a fireside would be.

We well remember our personal youthful associations with Santa Claus We well remember once hanging up our pantaloons at the chimney, after tieing the ends to prevent the good things from falling out, with which we hoped our old friend would fill them; and we well remember

our joy at waking up that morning—about six o'clock, of course—and seeing each leg of those pants swollen out, and we well remember having jumped out of bed and taken down our little breeches, and, woeful disappointment! having found them full of shavings and paper, with a piece of paper pinned on the outside, and on it the words "DON'T BE GREEDY!" That was the only time we did not like Santa Claus, and instead of laughing, our little heart filled up, and the big tears came slowly, one after the other, rolling down our chubby cheeks. But a well filled stocking repaid us for all, and old Santa Claus gave us a lesson on selfishness into the bargain.

Children feel very much disappointed when, as they grow out of their childhood, they discover that their father or mother is the Santa Claus who fills their stockings at night. What a disappointment this discovery proves! Just to think, after all our dreams and our wonder, why he did not visit the old folks, just to think that there was no Santa Claus at all, and that there was no one who came down the chimney; oh! it was too bad!

Now Santa Claus comes to us no more: we may hang up our stockings, but he knows those of the old folks from those of the children, there is no deceiving him! The dreams of our childhood have floated away, and now we contend with the stern realities of life. What should we do? Should we sigh and moan for departed pleasures, or bravely fight the battle of life, with as many celebrations of these holidays as we can get? Surely the latter.

There is still a charm for us about the annual celebration of Christmas Day, the New Year's Day, Hallow Eve, and others. If we only had more such home pleasures among us, if we only mixed the cares and troubles of life with such innocent recreations, there would be a good deal less vice in the world. Cultivate kindliness at home before you try and give it to the mass. A hearty laugh or an evening's pastime is no sin, and one has less fear of temptation when enjoying the amusements of a Christmas or a Hallow Eve at home, especially if with the children, than if they are spent elsewhere. We make our home society too Puritan like, and act more like Quakers than sensible human beings. Are we given animal spirits, powers of conversation and of enjoying ourselves, for the purpose of acting the hypocrite? Let us not cram the hard facts of life down the childrens throats after the Gradgrind or Bounderly style, before they have realized childhood's dreams and pleasures. Let Santa Claus still fill the childrens stockings every Christmas, and let the old folks encourage and enjoy their plea-

sures. Keep away all your formal and punctiliously proper men, who are so particularly discreet and studied in conversation, so dreadfully artificial in action, and strangers to all the honest freedom and vim of the unsuspecting, unassuming man. Keep away, for mercy's sake, and do not throw your damp cloths upon our pleasures! If you prefer pricking your noses with thistles to smelling flowers, then shut yourselves up in your little minds, and try and die, if you can.

Then long live Santa Claus! the dearest friend of the children, and long may he reign! May he pay Canada his annual visit, and not forget his little friend away in Lancashire. Welcome Santa Claus, and merry Christmas!

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# Dublin Theatricals Forty Years Ago.

THE following funny little story was sent to us for publication by a gentleman of well known ability among us, both as a writer and a speaker, and who pledges his word as to its being an authentic account of what he was really eye witness to :—

"The play-houses were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles, hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer; and two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, always stood like statues on each side of the stage, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very droll. The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes, always went dressed out nearly as for court; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle, whilst the pit, as being full of critics and wisemen, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the University occasionally forced themselves in, to revenge some insult, real or imaginary, to a member of their body, on which occasions all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally, decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat and turn out the residue of the audience, and to break every thing that came within their reach."

Matters threatrical were not quite so bad in my day; but I remember that one evening, long ago, when the Marquess of Wellesley, brother to "the Duke," was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, I was invited, after "Commons," to wine, that is, to drink whiskey-punch with Bob Jackson in his rooms. The rain was falling heavily, and the pleasant com-

panionship of Thé Billing, Hugh Singleton, and Bob himself was more attractive than the eloquence of Demosthenes or the Astronomy of Brinkley in a solitary chamber, so, without remonstrance or objection, I accompanied them to No. 51 in Library-square. We were soon joined by a few others, college-men, each, to my surprise, producing, as he entered some article of wearing apparel. Troke, I remember, brought forth an iron-gray hunting-coat, with mother of pearl buttons as large as saucers; but this was at once pronounced too remarkable, and too well known by all who hunted with George Longfield's hounds, which were then kept at Green Hills by "Fisty Murphy," as he was called, from the circumstance of his having a short arm, as a man I knew in Limerick was called "Panther," because his father once kept a bear. A dark claret-coloured coat of Boyton's was adopted in place of Troke's iron-gray. An often-washed vest of yellowish kerseymere, which appertained to Robert Duncan, was added to it, and both were closed around too good sized bolsters, which had been cribbed from poor Purdon's chambers. Then followed Oxford-gray inexpressibles, and a pair of very old Wellington boots, both stuffed with straw, the continuity of the whole being preserved by sundry stitches, made with a large packing-needle and twine. Here, then, was a man complete, with the exception of "the human face divine," and a hat. A shocking bad specimen of the latter was not difficult to find, the former exhausted all the pictorial art of the assembled collegians, and when finished, the suggestion of Troke, that one eye and cheek, with part of the forehead, should be covered by a bandage of silk handkerchief, was hailed as a splendid device to conceal imperfections. When all was completed, the shabby-genteel gentleman was placed sitting upright on a chair, at the side of the table on which stood the tumblers and materials; the large black iron kettle, which had for some time been "singing songs of family glee" on the fire, was put into requisition, the punch was made, and then Bob Duncan, in a speech compounded of Greek, Latin, English and Irish, proposed his health, defending him at the same time from the imputation of being merely a "man of straw," and demonstrating the calumny that he was "feather-brained," by pointing out the exemplary quietude and consistent prudence of his conduct under the present exciting circumstances. Ottiwell, who was a capital ventriloquist, replied for our friend very humourously, winding up by declaring that he would forfeit life itself rather than flinch for a moment from the important duty which it had devolved upon him to discharge before the night was over; a declaration which was received with a deafening round of cheers. Bob Jackson

then took from his pocket a bundle of small soiled tickets, on each of which was inscribed, "Theatre Royal, Crow-street; Middle Gallery, Admit One," observing, that as it was a "Command night," he thought it well to procure them before hand, lest we should have any delay at the doors, which, in the present, dropping weather, would be far from pleasant. This was all perfectly understood by those present, except myself, but even upon me the conviction soon dawned that, for some purpose or other, we were to be accompanied in our visit to the theatre by our friend the Lay Figure, and that the tickets had been obtained for the purpose of facilitating his admission. It was approaching seven o'clock, the hour at which the doors of the theatre were opened in those days, when I observed some five or six of our party straining at the buttons of their overcoats to get them to fit into the button-holes over a pillow, which each appeared determined to carry with him, and to conceal. "The night was dark and dreary," when Troke put his bugle to the window and sounded two or three notes of Garryowen, and then Ottiwell offered his arm to our dummy friend on one side, and Bob Jackson on the other, and so they descended the stairs, the remainder of us following.

When we reached the court it was evident that we were expected by a large body of students, who were lingering about, and who, as soon as they saw us, moved off in twos and threes, towards College-green, some preceding and others following, but all vigilant, lest there should be any interruption to the progress of the gentleman in the claret-coloured coat. Fortune favors the bold; and walking steadily along, with an umbrella over his head, our two friends, well defended in front and carefully guarded in the rear, safely conveyed our silent friend through College-green, Dame-street, and Fownes's-street, to the middle gallery door of the theatre in Crow-street, which was not yet open. Then came a moment of thrilling apprehension, for at this period Lord Wellesley was not peculiarly popular in Dublin, and the theatre was surrounded by a large body of watchmen and mounted police, beside the guard of honour at the entrance to the boxes. But the teeming rain, the darkness—for there were no gas-lamps in those days—the multitudinous umbrellas, the noisy crowd about the doors waiting for admittance, and the serried phalanx of college-men by whom we were surrounded, favoured our object, and after a few moments of painful anxiety, the doors were opened, the rush was made, our ready tickets enabled us to pass the mob, who had to pay for theirs, and we passed the cheque-takers, exclaiming that "poor Dobbs was terribly hurt in the crush at the door," and got quietly and comfortably seated in the second row of seats, very near the centre

of the middle gallery, still surrounded by a cordon of good men and true who took care to resent at once any impertinent observations on the very evident incapability of our lay friend.

On looking round I found that the house was crowded in every part with the exception of the state box, which, magnificiently fitted up with crimson drapery, mirrors, the royal arms, and two heavily gilt arm-chairs, was reserved for His Excellency, the Marchioness and suite, who had not yet arrived. In the middle box of the dress circle was the Lord Mayor, in his gorgeous robe of scarlet and ermine, with the collar of S.S. round his neck and over his shoulders, the mace being conspicuously displayed in front of him; beside him was the blooming Lady Mayoress, and behind him were the Sheriffs, Recorder, and many members of the Common Council. Immediately opposite the state box, on the left of the stage, was the Commander of the Forces, with a brilliant staff, aides-de-camp, adjutant-generals, quarter-master generals, commissary generals, and all other kind of generals. Military uniforms were plentifully scattered over the boxes, which were full to repletion with the beauty and fashion of Dublin. On taking a more careful survey of the galleries, I perceived that knots of college-men were stationed in several parts of them, and

"What gave rise
To no little surprise"

on my part, was seeing four of the six men who had enlarged their figures by the concealment of Purdon's pillows, sitting quietly, two at each side, in the slips or upper boxes, which were somewhat too near the ceiling, to be pleasant positions in a crowded assembly, and subsequently recognising the other two in the front row, at either end of the middle gallery.

But my observations were soon interrupted by the flare of trumpets, announcing that the guard of honour was presenting arms, as His Excellency the most noble the Marquess of Wellesley descended from his carriage to honor the theatre with the august presence of the representative of the Majesty of England. Then everybody in every portion of the house, stood up, peered over, and stretched their necks, in order to get a good view of the viceregal party, and then was seen a large man, clothed in sables, with a white wand in his hand, walking backwards into the state box, bowing at the same time most profoundly, followed quickly by a short, shrivelled, white-haired old man, in a uniform of blue and gold, with a glittering star upon his breast, and a magnificent, blooming, beautiful, large sized, happy looking woman, formerly Mrs.

Patterson, of American origin, but then Marchioness of Wellesley. As they entered they bowed to the right and to the left and all round the house, and were received with clapping of hands, cheers, and ear-piercing whistles, from the upper gallery. Their box was soon filled by pages, equerries, aides-de-camp, and other officers of the household, amongst others, Sir Stewart Bruce, of stately presence; Sir Charles Vernon, the best story-teller of his time; Bob Williams, afterwards Master of the Horse; and Jack Rich, then and since a gallant soldier at Sebastopol; then dear little pages, in full scarlet uniform, with their hair powdered. As soon as all were within the box, the man in black, Mr. Frederick Jones, lessee of the theatre, bowed himself out, no one taking any notice of him, and the green curtain was rung up, displaying on the stage the whole body of the performers, who proceeded to sing "God save the King,"—we were not blessed with a Queen at that time—in a strain far more vigorous than musical; then every one cheered, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the greater part of the audience joined in the chorus. During this uproar there were frequent cries from an individual in the middle gallery, of "Hats off!" and "Stand up!" evidently directed towards our Silent Figure; and this was soon taken up by others, who were annoyed at seeing a man sitting down with his hat on singing the National Anthem; but suddenly the man who was most vociferous in his anger got a smart crack on his cranium from a blackthorn stick, and a blow in the face from a powerful fist, and while in a state of obfuscation, from the suddenness of the attack, was dragged out of the gallery by three or four college-men, who loudly charged him with making a murderous attack upon an unoffending gentleman; and having thus removed him from the house, by the judicious administration of a couple of half-crowns to as many old "Charlies," they had him comfortably lodged in St. Andrew's-street watch-house for the night, when they returned to their evening's amusement at the theatre. In the meantime, to prevent further annoyance of the same description, Ottiwell and Jackson contrived to make their silent friend assume an erect position between them, and, taking off his hat, appeared to wipe from his brows the evidence of the cruel assault to which he had been so innocently subjected.

The singing of "God Save the King" came to a close, and then he was at liberty to resume his seat, until the repeated calls and shouts for the air of "Patrick's Day" were complied with, when he had again to be held upright, while the orchestra played that beautiful air three or four times, the occupants of the galleries beating time to it with their

sticks and iron-shod heels. The Lord Lieutenant then again bowed to the house, all round, took his seat and a pinch of snuff, and the play commenced.

I cannot, at this distance of time, call to mind what the performances were which had been "commanded" for that evening's amusement, but I perfectly recollect that, amongst the actresses on the occasion, were Miss Walstein and Mrs. Williams; and amongst the actors were Fulham, and Talbot, and Barry, and Williams—all great favourites on the Dublin boards, especially the last, who was as much esteemed as a man as he was admired as an actor. His manner on the stage has been admirably caricatured in "Familiar Epistles," which were generally attributed to the pen of John Wilson Croker, but which Frederick Jones, the lessee and manager of the theatre, whom they seriously injured, believed to have been written by the late Baron Smith. The lines upon Ned Williams are as follows:—

"Next Williams comes, the rude and rough,
With face most whimsically gruff,
Aping the careless sons of ocean,
He scorns each fine and easy motion:
Tight to his sides his elbows pins,
And dabbles with his hands like fins.
Would he display the greatest woe,
He slaps his breast and points his toe;
Is merriment to be expressed,
He points his toe and slaps his breast.
His turns are swings—his step a jump—
His feeling fits—his touch a thump.
And violent in all his parts,
He speaks by gusts, and moves by starts."

Whatever the play was, there was but little intellectual enjoyment to be derived from it, for in every part of the house, except the dress circle, there were continual disturbances. They appeared to commence in the pit, where the words, "You lie, you scoundrel!" were uttered in a loud voice, followed immediately by the exhibition of two men making vigorous blows at each other, others interfering, and talking loudly, and ending in three or four of the party retiring from the house, soon, however, to appear in another part of it. Then came a desperate uproar from the upper gallery, which was no sooner quelled than a regular boxing-match, in which eight or nine men were engaged, took place on the right of the middle gallery, followed quickly by a scrimmage on the left of it.

At this period the orderly and well-disposed portion of the audience

began to become impatient at the continual uproar and confusion, and cries of "Shame, shame," were heard from the pit, and even from the dress circle; these were re-echoed loudly by the galleries, and cries of "Turn him out," "Knock him down," and various other exclamations indicative of very forcible intentions, were uttered in loud and angry voices. To me, who had been admitted in some degree to understand what was going on, it was quite evident that all the fights which had hitherto taken place in the different parts of the house were sham fights; that the noise, and the complaints, and the threats which issued from the pit and the galleries were got up by confederates, for the purpose of disturbing the progress of the play, and rendering the audience angry and impatient, and that these confederates were chiefly college-men.

However, the storm appeared to subside; one act of the play proceeded in peace and quietness, and it was evident, from the "nods and becks and wreathed smiles" which lighted up the dress circle that the ladies had become reassured, and that the dark clouds of rising anger were dispelled from the breasts of their male companions, who devoted themselves assiduously to the duty of rendering things as agreeable as possible. The actors did every thing in their power to attract the attention of the audience to the stage, and were in some degree successful, for the house was evidently beginning to sympathize with the sorrows of the heroine, and William's indignant slap on his breast and emphatic pointing of his toe received their usual allowance of applause, when suddenly there was a tremendous uproar in the middle gallery, sticks rattling upon hats and heads, cries of terror from women, shouts and curses from men, exclamations from many of "Turn him out!" "Throw him over!" "It was you, sir!" "You lie, sir!" and other elegant expressions. The several parties of beligerents appeared to be fighting their way from the back and sides of the gallery towards its centre, near which sat our lay friend as quiet as a mouse, and as silent as a fish. At length every man in the middle gallery appeared to be engaged in the *mêlée*, while it was evident to the initiated that few of the blows which were given and received were aimed in anger, or intended to inflict punishment, but to those at a distance it seemed to be a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. The heady fight still swayed to and fro, approaching gradually nearer the centre of the middle gallery; the audience in the pit were all looking upwards; and it became impossible, even to the representative of the sovereign or his straight-laced suite, to preserve their *nonchalance*. All eyes were fixed upon the spot where our friend in the claret-coloured coat sat, when suddenly three of the fiercest of the beligerents made a

rush at him, struck him violently, exclaiming loudly that he must be quiet or leave the house. This was resented with apparently great vigour by Bob Jackson and Ottiwell, and then came cries from the upper gallery, and the back part of the middle gallery of "Down with Dobbs!" "Put him out!" "Throw him over!"

From the violence of the attack our lay friend was thrust from his original seat on the second bench to the front, and there the fight raged with increased fury, while the cries of "Down with Dobbs!" "Throw him over!" were echoed from all parts of the house.

At this moment, I perceived my four friends in the lattices, or upper boxes, and my two friends at each end of the middle gallery, quietly shaking the pillows, which they had concealed under their coats, having previously ripped them up, over the pit. In a moment the whole atmosphere of the house was filled with feathers, floating away gently in every direction, causing laughter from some, anger in others, and inducing almost every man in the pit to put up his umbrella. But the cries and shouts and blows around the unhappy Dobbs, as our lay figure was now denominated, soon attracted all attention; for he was seen as if struggling on the parapet which protected the front row of the gallery, while Jackson and Ottiwell were making desperate efforts to loosen his hold from it, and cries of "Throw him over!" were uttered more vociferously than ever, with cheers and groans as each party appeared to be getting the better of the other At last, poor Doobs, after receiving a dreadful blow on the head from a bludgeon, appeared lifeless. When Jackson and Ottiwell took him up in their arms, and, giving him a swing backwards and then forwards, sent him flying through the feathers, into the pit, amidst groans, yells, shouts, and shrieks, from all parts of the house. He fell upon his face, about the middle of the pit, the occupiers of which surged aside in every direction, where he lay with his face downwards, apparently bereft of life. The actors fled from the stage; the galleries were suddenly emptied; the Lord Lieutenant and suite, with the Commander of the Forces, and Lord Mayor, left the house, and Pasley, the Coroner, as he passed along the corridor, called upon every man he met, in the King's name, to sit upon the inquest.

This was the last I saw of the transaction, for, in a few minutes, I found myself at the Carlingford Oyster House, where, after a frugal supper, I retired to my bed. Next day, however, I heard that a very quiet and inoffensive young man, a favourite pupil of Singer, the Fellow, who, from his studious habits and solitary mode of life, was called "Dismal Dobbs," had been summoned before the board, and was rusticated for a

riot in the Theatre. Many years afterwards, I was informed that he had taken orders, went as a missionary to Upper Canada, where he was brutally murdered in an engagement between Vashti Rogers and the savage natives of Wolfe Island.

Rev Dr adamson

# The Obituary for 1862.

"All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity."—*Shakspeare.*

DURING the past year, perhaps one of the most memorable in the world's history, grim death has been busy in our midst, and has gathered a goodly harvest. Canada has had to lament the loss of more of her prominent inhabitants than during any other year which we can recall to our remembrance. The number called away has been unusually large, and many aching hearts have been left to mourn for those who have been summoned to that land "from whose bourne no traveller returns." We have to chronicle the loss of two of our veteran politicians, the Honorable Sir Allan Napier MacNab, Baronet, Speaker of the Legislative Council, and the Honorable William Hamilton Merritt,—the former regarded by Alison as the saviour of the Upper Province during the rebellion. He was the founder and the leader for many years of the Conservative party, and rendered great services, both as a statesman and a soldier, to his native country. He was loaded with honors by a grateful sovereign, and the unexpected announcement of his death at Hamilton, on 8th August, 1862, produced a profound feeling of regret throughout the Province. Mr. Merritt was one of the most indefatigable and energetic of our public men. His had been an industrious career, and one fruitful of good and great results to Canada. We hope to see good biographies of these two prominent men. Towards the close of the last session of Parliament the death of Mr. W. B. Lindsay, Clerk of the Legislative Assembly, occurred, and passing tributes in the press and in the Assembly were paid to his great worth, both as a man and a government official. Sometime after, the Rev. Dr. Casault, Rector of the Laval University, died. Dr. Casault was a gentleman and a scholar, and had worked long and zealously for the interests of the institution over which he presided, and was universally beloved for his many amiable qualities as a friend and a teacher of youth. Mr. George Gurnett, the upright Police Magistrate of Toronto, and Richard Dempsey, the Clerk of the Peace for the

County of York, have also passed away. Judge Rolland expired at Ste. Marie de Monnoir, during the summer. He was followed by Mr. Nicholas Sparks, one of the first pioneers of the Ottawa, and the founder of Ottawa city. Sheriff Boston, of Montreal; Archibald Campbell, Queen's Notary, of Quebec; Col. Taschereau; N. McIntosh, of Kingston; Col. McDonald, Town Major of Montreal; Andrew Shaw, of Montreal; Col. Ellett, the constructor of the Niagara Suspension Bridge; Col. Jackson, commanding the volunteers at Kingston; Mr. Nordheimer, an enterprising citizen of Toronto; Fort Adjutant O'Dowd, of the same place; and A. Laurie, of Quebec, have all paid the debt of nature. The death of Dr. Smith, Rector of the High School of this city, a classical scholar of eminence, occasioned a feeling of regret amongst those who had been personally acquainted with him. Canada lost a friend by the death of Major General Bruce, long a resident of Canada, and a most estimable gentleman. A great blow was given to his friends and relatives in the death of the young and talented Ensign Baldwin, of the 100th Regiment, following so close as it did upon that of his father, Col. Baldwin, of Toronto. A young and talented member of our community was also called away, in the person of Mr. W. G. Sewell, advocate, son of Mr. Sheriff Sewell. Mr. Sewell was a literary gentleman of great ability, as his work on the West Indies bears evidence. He had been connected with the New York press, and his loss was universally regretted by his compeers. Col. Clark, of the Niagara District, one of the heroes of 1812, died during the summer. The Rev. Mr. DeCourcy; Lieut. Col. Bourcher, Town Major of Kingston; Simon Fraser, of St. Andrews, the discoverer of Fraser's River; Mr. Martin, the newly elected Legislative Councillor; and the Hon. A. B. Lajoie, were also taken from us.

We should have noticed sooner the death of Mr. Andrew, M. A., formerly of Cambridge University, England, and at one time Rector of the High School of this city, and of McGill College, Montreal. Mr. Andrew was a scholar and a gentleman. He was for some time editor of the *Morning Chronicle* of this city, and was greatly esteemed throughout the Province. He died in Scotland, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health. The Hon. Adam Ferguson, M.L.C., a great agriculturist, died lately, and the newspapers within the last month have added to the list the names of Mr. Thorburn, Indian Commissioner; J. G. Chewett, formerly Deputy Surveyor General, one of the oldest inhabitants of Toronto, and President of the Bank of that place; and Col. J. Askin, late Registrar of Essex.

H. J. Morgan.

# Reviews and Notices of Books.

THE ICE-BOUND SHIP, and THE DREAM, by W. H. Montreal: Henry Rose. 1860. Quebec: P. Sinclair.

This little "*brochure*" is from the pen of Mr. William Horsnell, of the Lachine Canal Office, Montreal. It is dedicated to the Honorable John Rose, and we are surprised that we have not seen it until lately. We are afraid that Montreal publishers do not send the best of their literature to our slow old city. This little work has merits. Mr. Horsnell is a poet, and a good one. In the *Ice-bound Ship* the imaginativeness of Mr. Horsnell—the best thing in a poet—shines preeminently. He describes the horrors of a shipwreck in the ice as if he had been there, and perhaps he was. In the *Dream* he has been dreaming of Dante, and we are sorry that he awoke so soon. We shall be happy to see and record more of his dreams, for although they have faults, we are not in the land nor the age when Byron had to write in self-defence, his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

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THE EMIGRANT, AND OTHER POEMS.

We hail another Canadian poet in the person of Mr. McLachlan, of Erin village. His last work, the *Emigrant*, and other poems, fairly entitle him to the name which he has acquired, the Canadian Burns, and is a welcome addition to Canadian literature. His power of description is great, and his knowledge of human nature—a great essential in a poet—is evidently greater. His description

> "Of the quacks on spoil intent,
> That flocked to our settlement,
> Of the swarms of public robbers,
> Speculators and land jobbers,
> Of the sorry set of teachers,
> Of the bogus tribe of preachers,
> Of the host of herb physicians,
> And of cunning politicians,"

must be read to be appreciated. But many of his pieces want revision, and some of his verses want metre. There is no doubt, however, that he will improve, and Canada should be proud to have him just as he is.

His definition of a gentleman is better than that of Johnson, and his hits at meanness and flunkeyism are inimitable. The lament of "Donald Ban" is really beautiful, and the duel of the Indian Chiefs is grand. We advise all our readers to buy this little book.

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### THE LIFE OF COLONEL TALBOT

In our reviews of Canadian books we shall, as a matter of course, be obliged to notice some published years ago, as Canada does not yet furnish a new book every month. The life of Colonel Talbot, published at St. Thomas, Canada West, in 1859, would not be now reviewed by us did it not contain the names of many prominent Upper Canadians, as well as that of the Colonel himself, the founder of a very large tract of land, and therefore a benefactor of his adopted country; for a simple biography should not be reviewed. When, however, some of the best names in Upper Canada—where such names are so scarce—fall under the lash of the biographer of one man, we think it our duty to advertise the work by noticing it in our columns, in order that our readers may buy it and read it themselves. A book containing the names of Cronyn and Strachan, MacNab and Robinson, Hincks and Rolph, is certainly worthy of perusal; although the reader may feel disappointed when he gets to the end of it. The author is evidently a fearless writer, and this is the most we can say for him. He detests lawyers, and is not afraid of them; for there are a number of libels in his work. He pays a very poor compliment to the late Colonel's settlers, who allowed him to spend his last night on earth in a barn, and a more than equivocal one to Mr. McBeth, M.P.P., who, to his chagrin, appears to have inherited a fortune to the prejudice of some more deserving party. There is no harm in a young country having a literature of its own; but if it can be done only at the expense of personalities, it were better not to attempt it.

A. Wallace.

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### EMILY MONTAGUE; OR, QUEBEC A CENTURY AGO.

REVIEWED BY CASCA.

In an old picture of Quebec, reprinted in 1860, casual allusion is made to the ruins of an ancient stone house on the St. Louis Road, adjoining Kilmarnock, the residence of the Graddon family, four miles from the city, as being formerly "inhabited by the heroine of Emily Montague."

Who was Emily Montague? When did she flourish? Who has

written about her? Is she a real character of life, or a mere airy nothing, one of those historical myths whose existence, like that of King Sesostris, of the builders of the pyramids, or of the wolf who nursed the founder of Rome, can, by some modern Niebuhr, be made a legitimate subject of doubt or enquiry? Such were some of the grave and unanswerable questions which preplexed my mind, until the unfailing instrumentality of newspaper advertising brought to light an ample record of the life and times of the said heroine, to wit, a work in four volumes (probably the only copy in the city) presented as a gift to the Literary and Historical Society by a distinguished honorary member. This charming novel is written more in the classic style of Clarissa Harlowe, than with the sensational paraphernalia of Sue or Dumas. The gifted writer, Frances Brooke, dedicated her effusions to the then Governor General of Canada, Lord Dorchester, and also wrote another work entitled "Lady Clara Mandeville," which I have not had the good fortune to get hold of. The history of Emily Montague presents to the reader, together with a racy description of Canadian scenery, a most romantic account of colonial courtships, flirtations, &c. The reader is initiated into Quebec society as it existed in the good olden times: *Chateau* balls, military pic-nics, sleigh-drives to the ice *cone* at the falls, tommy-cod fishing in December on the river St. Charles, the breaking up of the *ice* bridge on the St. Lawrence, everything is most agreeably and graphically described;—what was said of Quebec in 1765 can be said of it in 1862. The whole work consists of a series of letters, a large portion of which have been written and dated from Sillery, near Quebec. This book must at one time have had a considerable circulation; every thing concerning Canada bears such a *couleur de rose* tint, that some wealthy families are said to have, in consequence, emigrated to Canada about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The most perfect character in the whole novel is, no doubt, that of the heroine and her friend Colonel Rivers, "her dear Rivers," but the most attractive, in my opinion, is that of her friend Bella Fermor, a good natured and *adorable coquette*, who eventually succumbs to a severe attack of *scarlet* fever, and marries a tall lieutenant. Listen to the charming creature describing a ball in Quebec in 1765: "We sweep into the General's assembly on Thursdays with such a train of beaux as draws every eye upon us; the rest of the fellows crowd round us; the misses draw up, blush, and flutter their fans, and your little Bell sits down with such a saucy, impertinent consciousness in her countenance as is really provoking: Emily on the contrary looks mild

and humble, and seems by her civil, decent air to apologize to them for being so much more agreeable than themselves, which is a fault I, for my part, am not in the least inclined to be ashamed of."

"Your idea of Quebec, my dear, is perfectly just: much hospitality, little society, cards, scandal, dancing and good cheer, all excellent things to pass away a winter evening, and peculiarly adapted to what I am told, and what I begin to feel, of the severity of this climate." And again hear this spirituelle coquette describe Emily's friend, the "divine Col. Rivers."

SILLERY, 4th January (1766).

"I am very fond of him, though he never makes love to me, in which circumstance he is very singular: our friendship is quite platonic, at least on his side, for I am not quite so sure on the other. I remember one day in summer we were walking *tête-à-tête* in the road to Cap Rouge, when he wanted me to strike into a very beautiful thicket: 'Positively, Rivers,' said I, 'I will not venture with you into that wood.' 'Are you afraid of me, Bell?' 'No, but extremely of *myself*.'"

What a nicely told little love story the old hermit of the Island St. Barnaby, opposite Kamouraska, furnishes? What a fascinating picture Bella Fermor does draw of Bic, which she visited one bright September day, when the forests are decked out in all their autumnal splendour: she can scarcely tear herself away from the enchanted spot, and concludes by wishing she were "Queen of Bic." But I must close this sketch of an interesting work which, if republished, would find readers by the thousand.

*L. M. Lemoine.*