

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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By the Author of "THE HABITANT"

By WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

The Habitant, and other French-Canadian Poems. Illustrated by Frederick Simpson Coburn Library edition. 8°
Large-paper edition, with 13 full-page photogravures. 8°

"Dr. Drummond has managed to move us to tears, as well as laughter. He has evidently a minute knowledge of, and kindly sympathy with, the simple country folk of the Dominion. As a whole, the book is a most delightful one."—*London Spectator*.

Johnnie Courteau, and other Poems. Illustrated by Frederick S. Coburn.
Popular edition. 8°. Illustrated, . . .
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Phil-o-rum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres. Two Poems. With photogravure illustrations from designs by Frederick Simpson Coburn. 8°

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
NEW YORK AND LONDON



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


FREDERICK S. CCBURN. — 1900 —



The Curé of Calumette.

 JOHNNIE
COURTEAU

: : : : : AND
OTHER POEMS

 By William Henry
Drummond  

Author of "The Habitant," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
Frederick Simons Coburn

New York and London
G. P. Putnam's Sons

1901

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WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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DEDICATED TO
HON. PETER WHITE, A.M.
MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies."

Merchant of Venice.

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Remember when these tales you read
Of rude but honest "Canayen,"
That Joliet, La Verandrye,
La Salle, Marquette, and Hennepin
Were all true "Canayen" themselves—
And in their veins the same red stream :
The conquering blood of Normandie
Flowed strong, and gave America
Coureurs de bois and voyageurs
Whose trail extends from sea to sea !

Johnnie Courteau



Johnnie Courteau

JOHNNIE Courteau of de mountain
Johnnie Courteau of de hill
Dat was de boy can shoot de gun
Dat was de boy can jomp an' run
An' it 's not very offen you ketch heem still
Johnnie Courteau!

Ax dem along de reever
Ax dem along de shore
Who was de mos' bes' fightin' man
From Managance to Shaw-in-i-gan ?
De place w'ere de great beeg rapide roar,
Johnnie Courteau!

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac
Who was de man can walk de log,
W'en w'ole of de reever she 's black wit' fog
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back ?
Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem
If de raf' she 's swingin' roun'

Johnnie Courteau

An' he 's yellin' " Hooraw Bateese! good
man! "

W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he 's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Tête de Boule chief can tole you
De feller w'at save hees life
W'en beeg moose ketch heem up a tree
Who 's shootin' dat moose on de head, sapree!
An' den run off wit' hees Injun wife ?
Johnnie Courteau!

An' he only have pike pole wit' heem
On Lac a la Tortue
W'en he meet de bear comin' down de hill
But de bear very soon is get hees fill!
An' he sole dat skin for ten dollar too,
Johnnie Courteau!

Oh he never was scare for not'ing
Lak de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he 's gettin' hees winter pay
De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way
For he 's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An' shout " All aboar' if you want to fight! "

Wall! you never can see de finer sight
 W'en he go lak dat on de w'ole village!
 Johnnie Courteau!

But Johnnie Courteau get marry
 On Philomene Beaurepaire
 She 's nice leetle girl was run de school
 On w'at you call Parish of Sainte Ursule
 An' he see her off on de pique-nique dere
 Johnnie Courteau!

Den somet'ing come over Johnnie
 W'en he marry on Philomene
 For he stay on de farm de w'ole year roun'
 He chop de wood an' he plough de groun'
 An' he 's quieter feller was never seen,
 Johnnie Courteau!

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish
 From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan
 W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun'
 Along on de reever up an' down
 How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man
 Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening
 No matter de hard we try
 'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song
 " A la claire fontaine,
 M'en allant promener,
 J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle

Johnnie Courteau

Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

Rockin' de cradle de w'ole night long
Till baby 's asleep on de sweet bimeby
Johnnie Courteau!

An' de house, wall! I wish you see it
De place she 's so nice an' clean
Mus' wipe your foot on de outside door,
You 're dead man sure if you spit on de floor,
An' he never say not'ing on Philomene,
Johnnie Courteau!

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere
But anyhow nobody see it dere
So she 's buyin' new farm de noder day
MADAME Courteau!





The Corduroy Road

DE corduroy road go bompety bomp,
De corduroy road go jompety jomp,
An' he 's takin' beeg chances upset hees load
De horse dat 'll trot on de corduroy road.

Of course it 's purty rough, but it's handy
t'ing enough
An' dey mak' it wit' de log all jine togeder
W'en dey strek de swampy groun' w'ere de
water hang aroun'
Or passin' by some tough ole beaver medder.

But it 's not macadamize, so if you 're only
wise
You will tak' your tam an' never min' de
worry
For de corduroy is bad, an' will mak' you
plaintee mad
By de way de buggy jomp, in case you hurry.

An' I 'm sure you don't expec' leetle Victorine
 Leveque
 She was knowin' moche at all about dem
 places,
 'Cos she 's never dere before, till young Zeph-
 irin Madore
 He was takin' her away for see de races.

O, I wish you see her den, dat 's before she
 marry, w'en
 She 's de fines' on de lan' but no use talkin'
 I can bet you w'at you lak, if you meet her
 you look back
 Jus' to watch de fancy way dat girl is walkin'.

Yass de leetle Victorine was de nices' girl be-
 tween
 De town of Yamachiche an' Maskinongé,
 But she 's stuck up an' she 's proud, an' you 'll
 never count de crowd
 Of de boy she geev' it w'at dey call de congé.

Ah! de moder spoil her sure, for even Joe
 D'Amour
 W'en he 's ready nearly ev'ry t'ing to geev
 her
 If she mak' de mariée, only say, " please go
 away "
 An' he 's riches habitant along de reever.

Zephirin he try it too, an' he 's workin' some-
t'ing new
For he 's makin' de ole woman many presen'
Prize package on de train, umbrella for de rain
But she 's grompy all de tam, an' never
pleasan'.

Wall, w'en he ax Ma-dame tak' de girl away
dat tam
See dem races on Sorel wit' all de trotter
De moder say "All right if you bring her
home to-night
Before de cow 's milk, I let her go, ma
daughter."

So Victorine she go wit' Zephirin her beau
On de yankee buggy mak' it on St. Bruno
An' w'en dey pass hotel on de middle of Sorel
Dey 're puttin' on de beeges' style dat you
know.

Wall! dey got some good horse dere, but
Zephirin don't care
He 's back it up hees own paroisse, ba golly,
An' he mak' it t'ree doll-arre w'en Maskinongé
Star
On de two mile heat was beatin' Sorel Molly.

Victorine don't min' at all, till de " free for
all " dey call

Dat 's de las' race dey was run before de snow fly
Den she say " I t'ink de cow mus' be gettin'
home soon now

An' you know it 's only clock ole woman go by.

An' if we 're comin' late w'en de cow pass on
de gate

You 'll be sorry if you hear de way she talk
dere,

So w'en I see de race on Sorel or any place
Affer dis, you may be sure I got to walk dere."

Den he laugh dat Zephirin, an' he say " Your
poor mama

I know de pile she t'ink about her daughter
So we 'll tak' de short road back on de cor-
duroy race track

Don't matter if we got to sweem de water."

No wonder he is smile till you hear heem half
a mile

For dat morning he was tole hees lectle broder
Let de cattle out de gate, so he know it 's
purty late

By de tam dem cow was findin' out each oder.

So along de corduroy de young girl an' de boy
Dey was kipin' up a joggin' nice an' steady

It is n't heavy load, an' Guillaume he know de
road

For many tam he 's been dat way already.

But de girl she fin' it slow, so she ax de boy
to go

Somet'ing better dan a mile on fifteen minute

An' he 's touch heen: up Guillaume; so dat
horse he lay for home

An' de nex' t'ing Victorine she know she 's
in it.

“ O, pull him in,” she yell, “ for even on Sorel
I am sure I never see de quicker racer,”

But it 's leetle bit too late, for de horse is get
hees gait

An' de worse of all ba gosh! Guillaume 's a
pacer.

See hees tail upon de air, no wonder she was
scare

But she hang on lak de winter on T'ree
Reever.

Cryin' out—“ please hol' me tight, or I 'm
comin' dead to-night

An' ma poor ole moder dear, I got to leave
her.”

Wit' her arm aroun' hees wais'; she was doin'
it in case
She bus' her head, or keel herse'f, it 's not so
easy sayin'
Dey was comin' on de jomp t'roo dat dan ole
beaver swamp
An' meet de crowd is lookin' for dem cow was
go a-strayin'.

Den she 's cryin', Victorine, for she 's knowin'
w'at it mean
De parish dey was talkin' firse chances dey be
gettin',
But no sooner dat young man stop de horse,
he tak' her han'
An' w'isper "never min', ma chere, won't do
no good a-frettin'."

Non! she is n't cryin' long, for he tole her it
was wrong
She 's sure he save her life too, or she was
moche mistaken,
An' de ole Ma-dame Leveque also kiss heem
on de neck
An' quickly affer dat Hooraw! de man an' wife
dey 're makin'.



The Curé of Calumette

[The Curé of a French Canadian parish, when summoned to the bedside of a dying member of his flock, always carries in his buggy or sleigh a bell. This bell serves two purposes: first, it has the effect of clearing a way for the passage of the good priest's vehicle, and, secondly, it calls to prayer those of the faithful who are within hearing of its solemn tones.]

DERE 'S no voyageur on de reever never
run hees canoe d'ecorce
T'roo de roar an' de rush of de rapide, w'ere it
jump lak a beeg w'ite horse,
Dere 's no hunter man on de prairie, never
wear w'at you call racquette
Can beat leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
Calumette.

Hees fader is full-blooded Irish, an' hees moder
is pure Canayenne,
Not offen dat stock go togedder, but she 's
fine combination ma frien'

14 The Curé of Calumette

For de Irish he 's full of de devil, an' de French
dey got savoir faire,
Dat 's mak' it de very good balance an' tak'
you mos' ev'ry w'ere.

But dere 's wan t'ing de Curé wont stan' it;
mak' fun on de Irlandais
An' of course on de French we say not'ing,
'cos de parish she 's all Canayen,
Den you see on account of de moder, he can't
spik hese'f very moche,
So de ole joke she 's all out of fashion, an' wan
of dem t'ing we don't touch.

Wall! wan of dat kin' is de Curé, but w'en he
be comin' our place
De peop' on de parish all w'isper, " How
young he was look on hees face;
Too bad if de wedder she keel heem de firse
tam he got leetle wet,
An' de Bishop might sen' beeger Curé, for it 's
purty tough place, Calumette! "

Ha! ha! how I wish I was dere, me, w'en he
go on de mission call
On de shaintee camp way up de reever, drivin'
hees own carirole,

An' he meet blaggar' feller been drinkin', jus'
enough mak' heem ack lak fou,
Joe Vadeboncoeur, dey was call heem, an' he 's
purty beeg feller too!

Mebbe Joe he don't know it 's de Curé, so he 's
hollerin', " Get out de way,
If you don't geev me whole of de roadside,
sapree! you go off on de sleigh."
But de Curé he never say not'ing, jus' poule
on de line leetle bit,
An' w'en Joe try for kip heem hees promise,
hees nose it get badly hit.

Maudit! he was strong leetle Curé, an' he go
for Jo-zeph en masse
An' w'en he is mak' it de finish, poor Joe
is n't feel it firse class,
So nex' tam de Curé he 's goin' for visit de
shaintee encore
Of course he was mak' beeges' mission never
see on dat place before.

An' he know more, I 'm sure dan de lawyer,
an' dere 's many poor habitant
Is glad for see Fader O'Hara, an' ax w'at he
t'ink of de law

16 The Curé of Calumette

W'en dey get leetle troub' wit' each oder, an'
 don't know de bes' t'ing to do,
Dat 's makin' dem save plaintee monee, an'
 kip de good neighbor too.

But w'en we fin' out how he paddle till canoe
 she was nearly fly
An' travel racquette on de winter, w'en snow-
 dreef is pilin' up high
For visit some poor man or woman dat's waitin'
 de message of peace,
An' get dem prepare for de journey, we 're
 proud on de leetle pries'!

O! many dark night w'en de chil'ren is put
 away safe on de bed
An' mese'f an' ma femme mebbe sittin' an'
 watchin' de small curly head
We hear somet'ing else dan de roar of de ton-
 der, de win' an' de rain;
So we 're bote passin' out on de doorway, an'
 lissen an' lissen again.

An' it's lonesome for see de beeg cloud sweep-
 in' across de sky
An' lonesome for hear de win' cryin' lak some-
 body 's goin' to die,

But de soun' away down de valley, creepin'
aroun' de hill
All de tam gettin' closer, closer, dat 's de soun'
mak' de heart stan' still!

It 's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of deat'
we hear,
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was
comin' near
Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de
lantern light,
An' he 's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into
de stormy night.

An' de buggy rush down de hill side an' over
de bridge below,
W'ere creek run so high on de spring-tam,
w'en mountain t'row off de snow,
An' so long as we hear heem goin', we kneel
on de floor an' pray
Dat God will look affer de Curé, an' de poor
soul dat 's passin' away.

I dunno if he need our prayer, but we geev' it
heem jus' de sam',
For w'en a man 's doin' hees duty lak de Curé
do all de tam

18 The Curé of Calumette

Never min' all de t'ing may happen, no matter
 he 's riche or poor
Le bon Dieu was up on de heaven, will look
 out for dat man, I 'm sure.

I 'm only poor habitant farmer, an' mebbe
 know not'ing at all,
But dere 's wan t'ing I 'm always wishin', an'
 dat 's w'en I get de call
For travel de far-away journey, ev'ry wan on
 de worl' mus' go
He 'll be wit' me de leetle Curé 'fore I 'm
 leffin' dis place below.

For I know I 'll be feel more easy, if he 's
 sittin' dere by de bed
An' he 'll geev' me de good-bye message, an'
 place hees han' on ma head,
Den I 'll hol' if he 'll only let me, dat han' till
 de las' las' breat'
An' bless leetle Fader O'Hara, de Curé of
 Calumette.



The Oyster Schooner

W'AT 'S all dem bell a ringin' for, can
hear dem ev'ry w'ere ?

W'at 's bring de peop' togeder on de w'arf at
Trois Rivieres,

Dat happy crowd is look so glad, w'y are dey
comin' dere ?

O! de reason dey 're so happy w'ile dey 're
waitin' dere to-day

Is becos de oyster schooner she 's sailin' up de
bay

Ain' de caraquette an' malpecque will quickly
melt away

Affer she was t'row de anchor on T'ree Reever.

For w'y dey mak' de fuss lak dat, an' nearly
broke deir neck,

Ain't dey got de noder oyster more better dan
malpecque

Or caraquette, dat leetle wan from down be-
low Kebeck ?

The Oyster Schooner

Wall! ax de crowd dat question w'ile dey 're
 waitin' dere to-day,
 So glad to see La Belle Marie sailin' up de bay,
 An' dey 'll drown you on de water, so you 'll
 know about de way
 She was t'rowin' out de anchor on T'ree
 Reevee.

Dere 's ole Joe Lachapelle, he 's blin', can
 hardly see at all,
 He 's bring de man got wooden leg call Jimmie
 Sauriol,
 An' bote dem feller jomp aroun' lak mooshrat
 on de fall,
 For dey know de schooner 's comin', she 's
 sailin' up de bay,
 An' de reason she don't hurry w'ile dey 're
 waitin' dere to-day,
 Is becos she 's full of oyster, will quickly pass
 away
 W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree
 Reevee.

We 've trottin' race las' winter, an' circus on
 de spring,
 Wit' elephan' an' monkey too, all playin' on
 de ring,
 But beeger crowd she 's comin' now, for w'y?
 it 's differen' t'ing,

The Oyster Schooner 21

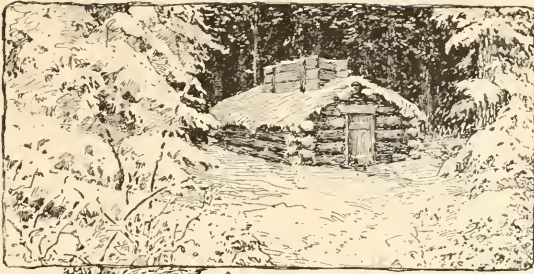
For dey 're waitin' on dat schooner, she 's
sailin' up de bay
Dey smell de malpecque oyster an' caraquette
to-day
An' O! ba gosh, dey 'll eat dem! it 's always
be de way
W'en dat schooner t'row de anchor on T'ree
Reever.

“ She 's comin' in—she 's comin' in,” jus' lis-
sen to de cry!
“ Get out de line an' hol' her fas', for fear
she 's passin' by,
For if dere 's somet'ing happen now, de peop'
will surely die.”
Affer waitin' on dat schooner, she 's sailin' up
de bay
Lak de sparrow on de wood-pile watchin' all
de day,
But dey got her safe enough now, she 'll never
sail away
Till dem oyster she was finish on T'ree Reever.

“ All aboar'—comment câ va, Captinne Beli-
veau ?
We 're glad to see you back again from Cara-
quette below,
But we 're sorry you don't hurry, w'en you got
such nice car-go.”

The Oyster Schooner

So dey ketch dat oyster schooner, she 's sailin'
up de bay,
Dey ketch her an' dey hol' her till de oyster 's
gone away
An' she 's two foot out de water La Belle
Marie nex' day
Affer she was t row de anchor on T'ree Reevee.



My Leetle Cabane

I 'M sittin' to-night on ma leetle cabane,
more happier dan de king,
An' ev'ry corner 's ringin' out wit'
musique de ole stove sing
I hear de cry of de winter win', for de storm-
gate 's open wide
But I don't care not'ing for win' or storm, so
long I was safe inside.

Viens 'ci, mon chien, put your head on dere,
let your nose res' on ma knee—
You 'member de tam we chase de moose back
on de Lac Souris
An' de snow come down an' we los' ourse'f
till mornin' is bring de light,
You t'ink we got place to sleep, mon chien,
lak de place we got here to-night

My Leetle Cabane

Onder de roof of de leetle cabane, w'ere fire
 she 's blazin' high
 An' bed I mak' of de spruce tree branch, is lie
 on de floor close by,
 O! I lak de smell of dat nice fresh bed, an' I
 dream of de summer tam
 An' de spot w'ere de beeg trout jomp so
 moche down by de lumber dam.

But lissen dat win', how she scream outside,
 mak me t'ink of de loup garou,
 W'y to-night, mon chien, I be feelin' glad if
 even de carcajou
 Don't ketch hese'f on de trap I set to-day on
 de Lac Souris
 Let heem wait till to-morrow, an' den if he
 lak, I geev heem good chance, sapree!

I see beeg cloud w'en I 'm out to-day, off on
 de nor'-eas' sky,
 An' she block de road, so de cloud behin',
 don't get a chance passin' by,
 An' I t'ink of boom on de grande riviere, w'en
 log 's fillin' up de bay,
 Wall! sam' as de boom on de spring-tam
 flood, dat cloud she was sweep away.

Dem log 's very nice an' quiet, so long as de
boom 's all right,
But soon as de boom geev way, l'enfant! it 's
den is begin de fight.
Dey run de rapide, an' jomp de rock, dey leap
on de air an' dive,
Can hear dem roar from de reever shore, jus'
lak dey was all alive.

An' dat was de way wit' de cloud to-day, de
res' of dem push aside,
For dey 're comin' fas' from de coile nor'-eas'
an' away t'roo de sky dey ride
Shakin' de snow as along dey go, lak grain
from de farmer's han'
Till to-morrow you can't see not'ing at all, but
smoke of de leetle cabane.

I 'm glad we don't got no chimley, only hole
on de roof up dere,
An' spark fly off on w'ole of de worl', so dere 's
no use gettin' scare,
Mus' get more log! an' it 's lucky too, de wood
pile is stannin' near
So blow away storm, for harder you go, de
warmér she 's comin' here—

My Leetle Cabane

I wonder how dey get on, mon chien, off on de
great beeg town,
W'ere house is so high, near touch de sky,
mus' be danger of fallin' down.
An' worser too on de night lak dis, ketchin'
dat terrible win',
O! leetle small place lak de ole cabane was de
right place for stayin' in.

I s'pose dey got plaintee bodder too, dem
feller dat 's be riche man,
For dey 're never knowin' w'en t'ief may come
an' steal all de t'ing he can
An' de monee was kip dem busy too, watchin'
it night an' day,
Dunno but we 're better off here, mon chien,
wit' beeg city far away.

For I look on de corner over dere, an' see it
ma birch canoe,
I look on de wall w'ere ma rifle hang along wit'
de good snowshoe,
An' ev'ry t'ing else on de worl' I got, safe on
dis place near me.
An' here you are too, ma brave ole dog, wit'
your nose up agen ma knee.

An' here we be stay t'roo de summer day,
w'en ev'ry t'ing 's warm an' bright

On winter too w'en de stormy win' blow lak
she blow to-night

Let dem stay on de city, on great beeg house,
dem feller dat 's be riche man

For we're happy an' satisfy here, mon chien,
on our own leetle small cabane.



Bateese the Lucky Man

HE 'S alway ketchin' doré, an' he 's alway
ketchin' trout

On de place w'ere no wan else can ketch at all
He 's alway ketchin' barbotte, dat 's w'at you
call bull-pout,

An' he never miss de wil' duck on de fall.

O! de pa'tridge do some skippin' w'en she see
heem on de swamp

For she know Bateese don't go for not'ing
dere,

An' de rabbit if he 's comin', wall! you ought
to see heem jomp.

W'y he want to climb de tree he feel so
scare.

Affer two hour by de reever I hear hees leetle
song

Den I meet heem all hees pocket full of snipe,

An' me, I go de sam' place, an' I tramp de
w'ole day long
An' I 'm only shootin' two or t'ree, Ba Cripe!

I start about de sun-rise, an' I put out ma
decoy,
An' I see Bateese he sneak along de shore,
An' before it 's comin' breakfas', he 's holler
on hees boy
For carry home two dozen duck or more.

An' I 'm freezin' on de blin'—me—from four
o'clock to nine
An' ev'ry duck she 's passin' up so high.
Dere 's blue-bill an' butter-ball, an' red-head,
de fines' kin
An' I might as well go shootin' on de sky.

Don't see de noder feller lak Bateese was lucky
man,
He can ketch de smartes' feesh is never
sweem,
An' de bird he seldom miss dem, let dem try
de hard dey can
W'y de eagle on de mountain can't fly
away from heem.

30 Bateese, the Lucky Man

But all de bird, an' feesh too, is geev' up feelin'
scare,

An' de rabbit he can stay at home in bed,
For he feesh an' shoot no longer, ole Jean
Bateese Belair,
'Cos he 's dead.





The Hill of St. Sebastien

I OUGHT to feel more satisfy an' happy dan
I be,
For better husban' dan ma own, it 's very
hard to fin'
An' plaintee woman if dey got such boy an'
girl as me
Would never have no troub' at all, an'
not'ing on deir min'
But w'ile dey 're always wit' me, an' dough I
love dem all
I can't help t'inkin' w'en I watch de chil'ren
out at play
Of tam I'm jus' lak dat mese'f, an' den de
tear will fall
For de hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

It seem so pleasan' w'en I come off here ten
year ago
An' hardes' work I'm gettin' den, was never
heavy load,

32 The Hill of St. Sebastien

De roughes' place is smoot' enough, de
 quickest' gait is slow

 For glad I am to foller w'ere Louis lead de
 road

But somet'ing 's comin' over me, I feel it
 ' more an' more

 It 's alway pullin' on de heart, an' stronger
 ev'ry day,

An' O! I long to see again de reever an' de
 shore

 W'ere de hill of St. Sebastien is lookin' on
 de bay!

I use to t'ink it 's fine t'ing once, to stan' upon
 de door

 An' see de great beeg medder dere, stretchin'
 far an' wide,

An' smell de pleasan' flower dat grow lak star
 on de prairie floor,

 An' watch de spotted antelope was feedin'
 ev'ry side,

How did we gain it, man an' wife, dis lan' was
 no man's lan' ?

 By rifle, an' harrow an' plow, shovel an'
 spade an' hoe

De blessin' of good God up above, an' work of
 our own strong han'

 Till it stan' on de middle, our leetle nes',
 w'ere de wheat an' cornfiel' grow.

The Hill of St. Sebastien 33

An' soon de chil'ren fill de house, wit' musique
all day long,

De sam' ma moder use to sing on de cradle
over me,

I 'm almos' sorry it 's be ma fault dey learn
dem ole tam song

W'at good is it tak' me off lak dat back on
ma own contree ?

Till de reever once more I see again, an' lissen
it's current flow

An' dere 's Hercule de ferry man comin'
across de bay!

Wat 's use of foolin' me lak dat ? for surely I
mus' know

De hill of St. Sebastien is very far away!

W'en Louis ketch me dat summer night
watchin' de sky above,

Seein' de mountain an' de lake, wit' small
boat sailin' roun'

He kiss me an' say—" Toinette, I 'm glad dis
prairie lan' you love

For travel de far you can, ma belle, it 's
fines' on top de groun'! "

Jus' w'en I 'm lookin' dat beeg cloud too,
standin' dere lak a wall!

Sam' as de hill I know so well, home on ma
own contree,

34 The Hill of St. Sebastien.

Good job I was cryin' quiet den, an' Louis
can't hear at all

But I kiss de poor feller an' laugh, an' never
say not'ing—me.

W'at can you do wit' man lak dat, an' w'y am
I bodder so ?

De firse t'ing he might fin' it out, den hees
heart will feel it sore

An' if he say " Come home Toinette," I 'm
sure I mus' answer " No,"

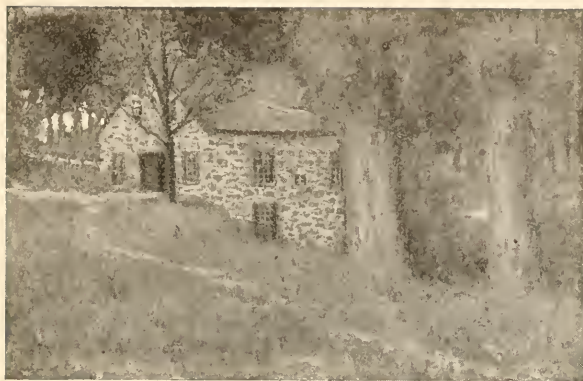
For if I 'm seein' dat place again, I never
return no more!

So let de heart break—I don't care, I won't
say not'ing—me—

I 'll mak' dat promise on mese'f, an' kip it
night an' day

But O! Mon Dieu! how glad, how glad, an'
happy I could be

If de hill of St. Sebastien was not so far
away!



MARIE LOUISE .

DIS was de story of boy an' girl
Dat 's love each oder above de worl'
But it 's not easy job for mak' l'amour
W'en de girl she 's riche an' de boy he 's poor
All de sam' he don't worry an' she don't cry,
But wait for good chances come bimeby.

Young Marie Louise Hurtubise
Was leev wit' her moder la veuve Denise
On fines' house on de w'ole chemin
From Caribou reever to St. Germain
For ole woman 's boss on de grande moulin.

W'ere dere 's nice beeg dam, water all de tam
 An' season t'roo runnin' jus' de sam'
 Wit' good leetle creek comin' off de hill
 Was helpin' de reever for work de mill
 So de grande moulin she is never still.

No wonder Denise she was hard to please
 W'en de boy come sparkin' Marie Louise
 For affer de foreman Bazile is pay
 De mill she 's bringin' t'ree dollar a day
 An' for makin' de monee, dat 's easy way.

An' de girl Marie, O! she 's tres jolie,
 Jompin' aroun lak de summer bee
 She 's never short plaintee t'ing to do
 An' mebbe she ketch leetle honey too,
 'Cos she 's jus' as sweet as de morning dew.

An' we'n she was dress on her Sunday bes'
 An' walk wit' her moder on seconde messe
 Dere 's not'ing is bring de young man so fas'
 An' dey stan' on door of church en masse
 So res' of de peop' dey can hardly pass.

An' she know musique, 'cos on Chris'mas week
 W'en organ man on de church is sick
 (S'pose he got de grippe) dat girl she play
 Lak college professor, de pries' is say
 Till de place it was crowd nearly ev'ry day.

Ole Curé Belair of St. Pollinaire,
Dat 's parish ten mile noder side riviere,
If he 's not gettin' mad, it was funny t'ing
W'en hees young man fly lak bird on de wing
Wit' nobody lef' behin' to sing.

An' nex' t'ing dey know it 's comin' so
Dat mos' of de girl she got no beau,
An' of course dat 's makin' de jealousy
For w'en de young feller he see Marie
He see not'ing else on hees eye, sapree!

Mus' be somet'ing done sure as de gun,
It 's all very well for de boy have fun
But dere 's noder t'ing too, must n't be forget
Dere 's two fine parish dat 's all upset
An' mebbe de troub' is n't over yet.

So ev'ry wan say de only way
Is gettin' young Marie Louise mariée,
Den dey have beeg meetin' on magasin,
W'ere he sit on de chair Aleck Sanschagrin,
An' dey 'point heem for go on de grande
moulin.

But w'en Aleck come dere for arrange affaire,
Ole Madame Denise she was mak' heem scare

For jus' on de minute she see hees face
 She know right away all about de case
 An' she tole Bazile t'row heem off de place.

Now de young Bazile he was t'ink good deal
 Of Marie Louise an' he 's ready for keel
 Any feller come foolin' aroun' de door
 So he kick dat man till he 's feelin' sore,
 An' Aleck he never go back no more.

If it 's true w'at dey say, Joe Boulanger
 Was crazy to fight Irish man wan day
 W'en he steal all de pork on hees dinner can,
 Den it is n't so very hard onderstan'
 Bazile Latour mus' be darn smart man.

For nobody know de poor feller Joe
 W'en he 's come from de grande moulin below
 'Cept hees moder, dat 's tole heem mak' prom-
 ise sure
 Kip off on de mill, an' Bazile Latour,
 (But it 's long before doctor can mak' heem
 cure).

Den de ole Denise she was very please,
 An' nex' day spik wit' Marie Louise,
 " Ma girl, I got de right man for you
 If you can only jus' love heem true,
 Bazile dat young feller, I t'ink he 'll do."

“ Wall! Moder he ’s poor, Bazile Latour,
But if you t’ink you will lak heem sure
I ’ll try an’ feex it mese’f some day
For you ’ve been de good moder wit’ me
 alway ”
An’ dat ’s w’at Marie Louise she say.

So it ’s comin’ right affer all de fight,
An’ de parish don’t see de more finer sight
Dan w’en dey get marry on St. Germain
W’y de buggy she ’s pilin’ de w’ole chemin
All de way from de church to de grande moulin.



The Old House and the New

I S it only twelve mont' I play de fool,
You 're sure it 's correc', ma dear?
I 'm glad for hearin' you spik dat way
For I t'ink it was twenty year,
Since leffin' de leetle ole house below,
I mak' wit' ma own two han'
For go on dat fine beeg place, up dere—
Mon Dieu! I 'm de crazy man!

You 'member we 're not very riche, cherie,
Dat tam we 're beginnin' life!
Mese'f I 'm twenty, an' you eighteen
W'en I 'm bringin' you home ma wife,

The Old House and the New 41

Many de worry an' troub' we got
An' some of dem was n't small,
But not very long dey bodder us
For we work an' forget dem all.

An' you was de savin' woman too,
Dere 's nobody beat you dere!
An' I laugh w'en I t'ink of de tam you go
Over on Trois Rivieres
For payin' de bank—you know how moche
We 're owin' for dat new place
W'at was he sayin' de nice young man
Smilin' upon hees face

W'en he got dat monee was all pure gole
Come down on your familiee
For honder year an' mebbe more ?
“ Ma-dame you 're excusin' me,
But w'ere was you gettin' dis nice gole coin
Of Louis Quatorze, hees tam
Wit' hees face on back of dem ev'ry wan ?
For dey 're purty scase now, Ma-dam ? ”

An' you say “ Dat 's not'ing at all M'sieu'
Ma familiee get dem t'ing,
I suppose it 's very long tam ago,
W'en Louis Quatorze is King,

42 The Old House and the New

An' I 'm sorry poor feller he 's comin' dead
An' not leevin' here to-day
'Cos man should be good on hees frien', M'sieu'
W'en de monee he mak' dat way."

Yass, ev'ry wan know we 're workin' hard
An' savin' too all dem year,
But nobody see us starve ourse'f
Dere 's plaintee to eat, don't fear—
Bimeby our chil'ren dey 're growin' up
So we 're doin' de bes' we can
Settle dem off on de firse good chance
An' geevin' dem leetle lan'.

An' den de troub' is begin to show
W'en our daughter poor Caroline
She marry dat lawyer on Trois Rivieres
De beeges' fool never seen!
Always come home ev'ry summer sure
Bringin' her familee,
All right for de chil'ren, I don't min' dem;
But de husban'! sapree maudit!

I wish I was close ma ear right off
W'en he talk of our leetle house
Dough I know w'en familee's comin' home
Dere is n't moche room for a mouse,

The Old House and the New 43

He say “ Riche man lak youse’f can’t leev’
On shaintee lak dis below,
W’en t’ousan’ dollar will buil’ fin’ place
Up on de hill en haut.”

An’ he talk about gallerie all aroun’
W’ere we sit on de summer night
Watchin’ de star on de sky above
W’ile de moon she was shinin’ bright,
Could plant some apple-tree dere, also,
An’ flower, an’ I dunno w’at,
An’ w’en de sun he ’s begin to rise
Look at de view we got!

Den he bring ’noder feller from Trois Rivieres
An’ show w’at he call de plan
For makin’ dem house on de w’ole contree—
Mon Dieu! how I hate dat man!
'Cos he ’s talkin’ away nearly all de tam
Lak trotter upon de race—
Wall! offer a w’ile we mak’ our min’
For havin’ dat nice new place.

So dey go ahead, an’ we let dem go,
But stuff dey was t’row away;
I ’m watchin’ for dat, an’ I save mese’f
Mebbe twenty-five cent a day,

44 The Old House and the New

For you 're surely cheat if you don't tak' care
Very offen we fin' dat 's true,
An' affer de house she was finish up,
We 're geevin' it nam' Bellevue.

O! yass, I know we enjoy ourse'f
W'en our frien' dey was comin' roun'
An' say " Dat 's very fine place you got ;
Dere 's not'ing upon de town,
Or anyw'ere else for honder mile
Dis house Bellevue can touch,
An' den let de horse eat de garden fence
Non! we don't enjoy dat so moche.

An' of course we can't say not'ing at all
For it 's not correc' t'ing you know—
But " Never min' dat, an' please come again,
I 'm sorry you got to go."
Baptême! w'en I 'm seein' beeg feller bus'
Our two dollar easy chair—
Can't help it at all, I got to go
Down on de cellar an' swear!

An' w'ere did we leev' on dat belle maison ?
Wan room an' de kitchen, dat 's all
An' plaintee too for de man an' wife!
An' you 'member de tam I fall

The Old House and the New 45

Off on de gallerie wan dark night,
I los' mese'f tryin' fin'
De winder dere on de grande parloir,
For closin' it up de blin' ?

An' all de tam de poor leetle house
Is down on de road below,
I t'ink she was jealous dat fine new place
Up on de hill en haut,
For O! she look lonesome by herse'f
De winder all broke an' gone—
No smoke on de chimley comin' out
No frien' stannin' dere—not wan.

You 'member too, w'en de fever come
An' ketch us wan winter day ?
W'at he call de shaintee, our son-in-law,
Dat 's w'ere dey pass away
Xavier, Zoë, an' Euchariste
Our chil'ren wan, two, t'ree—
I offen t'ink of de room dey die,
An' I can't help cryin'—me.

So we 'll go on de ole house once again,
Long enough we been fool lak dis
Never min' w'at dey say bimeby, ma chere
But geev me de leetle kiss,

46 The Old House and the New

Let dem stay on dat fine new place up dere
Our daughter an' son-in-law
For to-morrow soon as de sun will rise
We 're goin' back home—Hooraw!



THE CANADIAN COUNTRY DOCTOR.



I S'POSE mos' ev'ry body t'ink hees job 's
about de hardes'

From de boss man on de Gouvernement to
poor man on de town

From de curé to de lawyer, an' de farmer to
de school boy

An' all de noder feller was mak' de worl'
go roun'.

But dere 's wan man got hees han' full t'roo
ev'ry kin' of wedder

An' he 's never sure of not'ing but work
an' work away—

Dat 's de man dey call de doctor, w'en you
ketch heem on de contree

An' he 's only man I know-me, don't got
no holiday.

If you 're comin' off de city spen' de summer-
tam among us

An' you walk out on de morning w'en de
leettle bird is sing

Mebbe den you see de doctor w'en he 's passin
wit' hees buggy

An' you t'ink " Wall! contree doctor mus'
be very pleasan' t'ing

" Drivin' dat way all de summer up an' down
along de reever

W'ere de nice cool win' is blowin' among de
maple tree

Den w'en he 's mak' hees visit, comin' home
before de night tam

For pass de quiet evening wit' hees wife an'
familiee."

An' w'en off across de mountain, some wan 's
sick an' want de doctor

" Mus' be fine trip crossin' over for watch
de sun go down

Makin' all dem purty color lak w'at you call
de rainbow,"

Dat 's way de peop' is talkin' was leevin' on
de town.

But it is n't alway summer on de contree, an'
de doctor

He could tole you many story of de storm
dat he 's been in

How hees coonskin coat come handy, w'en de
win' blow off de reever

For if she 's sam' ole reever, she 's not
alway sam' old win'.

An' de mountain dat 's so quiet w'en de w'ite
cloud go a-sailin'

All about her on de summer w'ere de sheep
is feedin' high

You should see her on December w'en de snow
is pilin' roun' her

An' all de win' of winter come tearin' t'roo
de sky.

O! le bon Dieu help de doctor w'en de mes-
sage come to call heem

From hees warm bed on de night-tam for
visit some poor man

Lyin' sick across de hill side on noder side de
reever

An' he hear de mountain roarin' lak de beeg
Shawinigan.

Ah! well he know de warning but he can't
stay till de morning

So he 's hitchin' up hees leetle horse an' put
heem on burleau

Den w'en he 's feex de buffalo, an' wissle to
hees pony

Away t'roo storm an' hurricane de contree
doctor go.

O! de small Canadian pony! dat 's de horse
can walk de snowdreef.

Dat 's de horse can fin' de road too he 's
never been before

Kip your heart up leetle feller, for dere 's
many mile before you

An' it 's purty hard job tellin' w'en you see
your stable door.

Yass! de doctor he can tole you, if he have de
tam for talkin'

All about de bird was singin' before de sum-
mer lef'

For he 's got dem on hees bureau an' he 's doin'
it hese'f too

An' de las' tam I was dere, me, I see dem all
mese'f.

But about de way he travel t'roo de stormy
night of winter

W'en de rain come on de spring flood, an'
de bridge is wash away

All de hard work, all de danger dat was offen
hang aroun' heem

Dat 's de tam our contree doctor don't have
very moche to say.

For it 's purty ole, ole story, an' he always have
it wit' heem

Ever since he come among us on parish Saint
Mathieu

An' no doubt he 's feelin' mebbe jus' de
sam' as noder feller

So he rader do hees talkin' about somet'ing
dat was new.



Mon Frere Camille

MON frere Camille he was frise class blood
W'en he come off de State las' fall,
Wearin' hees boot a la mode box toe
An' diamon' pin on hees shirt also
Sam' as dem feller on Chi-caw-go ;
But now he 's no blood at all,
Camille, mon frere.

W'at 's makin' dat change on mon frere
Camille ?
Walk! lissen for minute or two,
An' I 'll try fecx it up on de leetle song
Dat 's geevin' some chance kin' o' help it
along
So wedder I 'm right or wedder I 'm wrong
You 'll know all about heem w'en I get
t'roo,
Mon frere Camille.

He never sen' letter for t'orsteen year
 So of course he mus' be all right
 Till telegraph 's comin' from Kan-Ka-Kee
 " I 'm leffin' dis place on de half pas' t'ree
 W'at you want to bring is de bes' buggee
 An' double team sure for me t'orsday night
 Ton frere Camille."

I wish you be dere w'en Camille arrive
 I bet you will say " W'at 's dat ?"
 For he 's got leetle cap very lak tuque bleu
 Ole habitant 's wearin' in bed, dat 's true,
 An' w'at do you t'ink he carry too ?
 Geev it up ? Wall! small valise wit' de fine
 plug hat.
 Mon frere Camille.

" Very strange." I know you will say right off,
 For dere 's not'ing wrong wit' hees clothes,
 An' he put on style all de bes' he can
 Wit' diamon' shinin' across hees han'
 An' de way he 's talkin' lak Yankee man
 Mus' be purty hard on hees nose,
 Mon frere Camille.

But he 'splain all dat about funny cap,
 An' tole us de reason w'y,

It seem no feller can travel far,
 An' specially too on de Pullman car,
 'Less dey wear leetle cap only cos' dollarre,
 Dat 's true if he never die,

Mon frere Camille.

Don't look very strong dem fancy boot
 But he 's 'splain all dat also
 He say paten' ledder she 's nice an' gay
 You don't need to polish dem ev'ry day,
 Besides he 's too busy for dat alway,
 W'en he 's leevin' on Chi-caw-go,

Mon frere Camille.

But de State she was n't de only place
 He visit all up an' down,
 For he 's goin' Cu-baw an' de Mex-i-co,
 W'ere he 's killin' two honder dem wil' taureau,
 W'at you call de bull: on de circus show,
 O! if you believe heem he travel roun'.

Mon frere Camille.

So of course w'en ma broder was gettin' home
 All the peop' on de parish come
 Every night on de parlor for hear heem tell
 How he foller de brave Generale Roosvel'
 W'en rough rider feller dey fight lak hell
 An' he walk on de front wit' great beeg
 drum,

Mon frere Camille.

An' how is he gainin' dat diamon' ring ?

Way off on de Mex-i-co

W'ere he 's pilin' de bull wan summer day

Till it 's not easy haulin' dem all away,

An' de lady dey 're t'rowin' heein large
bouquet

For dey lak de style he was keel taureau,

Mon frere Camille.

Wall! he talk dat way all de winter t'roo,

An' hees frien' dey was tryin' fin'

Some bull on de county dat 's wil' enough

For mon frere Camille, but it 's purty tough

'Cos de farmer 's not raisin' such fightin' stuff

An' he don't want not'ing but mos' worse
kin'

Mon frere Camille.

Dat 's not pleasan' t'ing mebbe los' hees trade,

If we don't hurry up, for sure,

I s'pose you t'ink I was goin' it strong ?

Never min', somet'ing happen 'fore very long

It 'll all come out on dis leetle song

W'en he pass on de house of Ma-dame

Latour

Camille, mon frere.

We 're makin' pique-nique on Denise Latour

For helpin' put in de hay

Too bad she 's de moder large familee
An' los' de bes' husban' she never see
W'en he drown on de reever, poor Jeremie,
 So he come wit' de res' of de gang dat day,
 Camille, mon frere.

An' affer de hay it was put away
 Don't tak' very long at all,
De boy an' de girl she was lookin' 'roun'
For havin' more fun 'fore dey lef' de groun'
An' dey see leetle bull, mebbe t'ree honder
 poun'
An' nex' t'ing I hear dem call
 Mon frere Camille.

So nice leetle feller I never see
 Dat bull of Ma-dame Latour
Wit' curly hair on de front hees head
An' quiet ? jus' sam' he was almos' dead
An' fat ? wall! de chil'ren dey see heem fed
 So he 's not goin' keel heem I 'm very sure,
 Mon frere Camille.

But de girl kip teasin' an' ole Ma-dame
 She say, " You can go ahead
He cos' me four dollarre six mont' ago
So if anyt'ing happen ma small taureau,
Who 's pay me dat monee I lak to know ? "
 An' he answer, " Dat 's me w'en I keel
 heem dead "
 Mon frere Camille.

Den he feex beeg knife on de twelve foot pole,
 So de chil'ren commence to cry
 An' he jomp on de fence, an' yell, "Hooraw"
 An' shout on de leetle French bull, "Dis donc!
 Ain't you scare w'en you see feller from Cu-
 baw?"

An' he show heem hees red necktie,
 Mon frere Camille.

L' petit taureau w'en he see dat tie
 He holler for half a mile
 Den he jomp on de leg an' he raise de row
 Ba Golly! I'm sure I can see heem now.
 An' dey run w'en dey hear heem, de noder
 cow

Den he say, "Dat bull must be surely wil'"
 Mon frere Camille.

But de bull don't care w'at he say at all,
 For he 's watchin' dat red necktie
 An' w'en ma broder he push de pole
 I'm sure it's makin' some purty large hole,
 If de bull be dere, but ma blood run col'
 For de nex' t'ing I hear heem cry,
 Camille, mon frere.

No wonder he cry, for dat sapree bull
 He 's yell leetle bit some more,



The Habitant's Summer

O WHO can blame de winter, never min'
, de hard he 's blowin'

'Cos w'en de tam is comin' for passin' on
hees roun'

De firse t'ing he was doin' is start de sky a
snowin'

An' mak' de nice w'ite blanket, for cover up
de groun'.

An' de groun' she go a'sleepin' t'roo all de
stormy season,

Restin' from her work las' summer, till she 's
waken by de rain

Dat le bon Dieu sen' some morning, an' of
course dat 's be de reason

Ev'ry year de groun' she 's lookin' jus' as
fresh an' young again.

60 The Habitant's Summer

Den you geev her leetle sunshine, w'en de snow
go off an' leave her

Let de sout' win' blow upon her, an' you see
beeg changes now

Wit' de steam arisin' from her jus' de sam' she
got de fever,

An' not many day is passin' w'en she 's
ready for de plow.

We don't bodder wit' no spring-tam w'ere de
rain she 's alway fallin,'

Two, t'ree mont', or mebbe longer, on de
place beyon' de sea,

W'ere some bird he 's nam' de cuckoo, spen'
de mos' hees tam a-callin'

But for fear he wet hees fedder, hide away
upon de tree.

On de swamp beside de reever, mebbe jus'
about de fly-tam

W'ere it 's very hard to see heem, we hear
de wo-wa-raw,

Dat 's w'at you call de bull-frog, singin'
" more rum," all de night-tam.

He 's only kin' of cuckoo we got on Cana-
daw.

No, we have n't got dat feller, but we got some
bird can beat heem,

An' we hear dem, an' we see dem, jus' so
soon de winter go,

The Habitant's Summer 61

So never min' de cuckoo for we 're not afraid
to meet heem,

W'enever he was ready, wit' our own petits
oiseaux.

An' dey almos' come togeder, lak de spring
an' summer wedder,

Blue-bird wan day, pie-blanche nex' day,
geevin' out deir leetle note,

Affer dat we see de robin, an' de gougrou on
de medder,

Den le roi, de red bird 's comin', dressim on
hees sojer coat.

W'en de grosbec on de pine tree, wak' you
early wit' hees singin',

W'en you lissen to de pa'tridge a-beatin' on
hees drum,

W'en de w'ole place roun' about you wit'
musique is a-ringin',

Den you know de winter 's over, an' de
summer day is come.

See de apple blossom showin', see de clover
how it 's growin'

Watch de trout, an' way dey 're playin' on
de reever down below,

Ah! de cunning leetle feller, easy see how well
dey 're knowin'

We 're too busy now for ketch dem an' dat 's
w'y dey 're jompin' so.

62 The Habitant's Summer

For de mos' fine summer season don't las' too
long, an' we know it,

So we 're workin' ev'rybody, w'ile de sun is
warm an' clear,

Dat 's de tam for plant de barley, an' de injun
corn we sow it,

W'en de leaf upon de maple 's jus' de size
of squirrel's ear.

'Noder job is feexin' fences, if we don't be lak
de las' year,

W'en de Durham bull he 's pullin' nearly all
de fence away,

An' dat sapree champion taureau let de cattle
out de pasture

So dey 're playin' on de devil wit' de oat
an' wit' de hay.

Yass, de farmer 's offen worry, an' it some-
tam mak' heem snappy,

For no sooner wan job 's finish, dan he got
two t'ousan' more,

But he 's glad for see de summer, w'en all de
worl' she 's happy,

An' ev'ryt'ing aroun' heem was leevin' out
o' door.

Now de ole sheep 's takin' young wan up de
hillside, an' dey feed dem

W'ere de nice short grass is growin' sweeter
dan it grow below,

The Habitant's Summer 63

Ev'ry morning off dey 're goin' an' it 's
pleasan' t'ing to see dem

Lookin' jus' lak leetle snow-ball all along de
green coteau.

Dere 's de hen too, wit' her chicken, O how
moche dey mak' her bodder

Watchin' dem mos' ev'ry minute, fearin' dey
was go astray

But w'en mountain hawk he 's comin' den
how quick dey fin' de moder

An' get onderneat' her fedder till de dan-
ger 's pass away.

An' jus' see de turkey gobbler, an' lissen to
heem talkin'

No wonder he 's half crazee, an' spikin' out
so loud,

W'en you meet heem on de roadside wit' hees
wife an' chil'ren walkin',

It 's kipin' heem so busy lookin' affer such
a crowd.

Dat 's about de way we 're leevin', dat 's a
few t'ing we 're seein',

W'en de nice warm summer sun is shinin'
down on Canadaw,

An' no matter w'at I 'm hearin', still I never
feel lak bein'

No oder stranger feller, me, but only habi-
tant.

64 The Habitant's Summer

For dere 's no place lak our own place, don't
care de far you 're goin'

Dat 's w'at de whole worl's sayin', w'enever
dey come here,

'Cos we got de fines' contree, an' de beeges'
reever flowin'

An' le bon Dieu sen' de sunshine nearly
twelve mont' ev'ry year.





Little Lac Grenier.

(GREN-YAY)

LEETLE Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Right on de mountain top,
But cloud sweepin' by, will fin' tam to stop
No matter how quickly he want to go,
So he 'll kiss leetle Grenier down below.

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
Up on de mountain high
But she never feel lonesome, 'cos for w'y ?
So soon as de winter was gone away
De bird come an' sing to her ev'ry day.

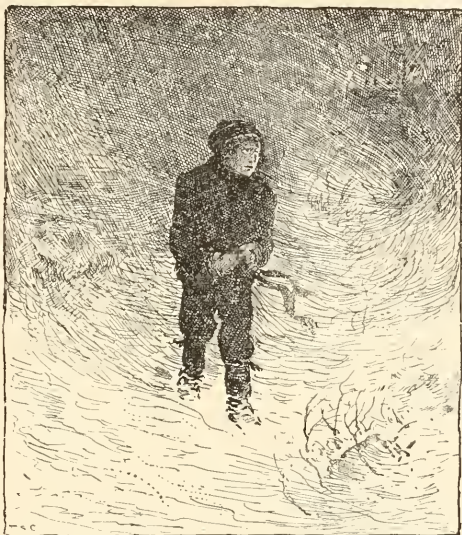
Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
 Back on de mountain dere,
 But de pine tree an' spruce stan' ev'rywhere
 Along by de shore, an' mak' her warm
 For dey kip off de win' an' de winter storm!

Leetle Lac Grenier, she 's all alone,
 No broder, no sister near,
 But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose
 deer
 An' caribou too, will go long way
 To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I see you now,
 Onder de roof of spring
 Ma canoe 's afloat, an' de robin sing,
 De lily 's beginnin' her summer dress,
 An' trout 's wakin' up from hees long long res'.

Leetle Lac Grenier, I 'm happy now,
 Out on de ole canoe,
 For I 'm all alone, ma chere, wit' you,
 An' if only a nice light rod I had
 I 'd try dat fish near de lily pad!

Leetle Lac Grenier, O! let me go,
 Don't spik no more,
 For your voice is strong lak de rapid's roar,
 An' you know youse'f I 'm too far away,
 For visit you now—leetle Lac Grenier!



THE WINDIGO

GO easy wit' de paddle, an' steady wit' de
oar

Geev rudder to de bes' man you got among
de crew,

Let ev'ry wan be quiet, don't let dem sing no
more

W'en you see de islan' risin' out of Grande
Lac Manitou.

The Windigo

Above us on de sky dere, de summer cloud
may float

Aroun' us on de water de ripple never show,
But somet'ing down below us can rock de
stronges' boat,

W'en we 're comin' near de islan' of de
spirit Windigo!

De carcajou may breed dere, an' otter sweem
de pool

De moosh-rat mak' de mud house, an' beaver
buil' hees dam

An' beeges' Injun hunter on all de Tête de
Boule

Will never set hees trap dere from spring
to summer tam.

But he 'll bring de fines' presen' from upper
St. Maurice

De loup marin an' black-fox from off de
Hodson Bay

An' hide dem on de islan' an' smoke de pipe
of peace

So Windigo will help heem w'en he travel
far away.

We shaintee on dat islan' on de winter seexty-
nine

If you look you see de clearin' aroun' de
Coo Coo Cache,

An' pleasan' place enough too among de spruce
an' pine

If foreman on de shaintee is n't Cyprien
Palache.

Beeg feller, alway watchin' on hees leetle
weasel eye,

De gang dey can't do not'ing but he see dem
purty quick

Wit' hees "Hi dere, w'at you doin'?" ev'ry
tam he 's passin' by

An' de bad word he was usin', wall! it offen
mak' me sick.

An' he carry silver w'issle wit' de chain aroun'
hees neck

For fear he mebbe los' it, an' ev'ry body say
He mus' buy it from de devil w'en he 's
passin' on Kebeck

But if it 's true dat story, I dunno how
moche he pay.

Dere 's plaintee on de shaintee can sing lak
rossignol

Pat Clancy play de fiddle, an' Jimmie Char-
bonneau

Was bring hees concertina from below St.
Fereol

So we get some leetle pleasure till de long,
long winter go.

But if we start up singin' affer supper on de
camp

“ Par derriere chez ma tante,” or “ Mattawa
wishtay,”

De boss he 'll come along den, an' put heem
out de lamp,

An' only stop hees swearin' w'en we all go
marche coucher.

We 've leetle boy dat winter from Po-po-lo-be-
lang

Hees fader an' hees moder dey 're bote
A-ben-a-kee

An' he 's comin', Injun Johnnie, wit' some
man de lumber gang

Was fin' heem nearly starvin' above on Lac
Souris.

De ole man an' de woman is tryin' pass de Soo
W'en water 's high on spring tam, an' of
course dey 're gettin' drown',

For even smartes' Injun should n't fool wit'
birch canoe,

W'ere de reever lak toboggan on de hill is
runnin' down.

So dey lef' de leetle feller all alone away up
dere

Till lumber gang is ketchin' him an' bring
him on de Cache,

But better if he 's stayin' wit' de wolf an' wit'
de bear

Dan come an' tak' hees chances wit' Cyprien
Palache.

I wonder how he stan' it, w'y he never run
away

For Cyprien lak neeger he is treat heem all
de sam'

An' if he 's wantin' Johnnie on de night or on
de day

God help heem if dat w'issle she was below
de secon' tam!

De boy he don't say not'ing, no wan never see
heem cry

He 's got de Injun in heem, you can see it
on de face,

An' only for us feller an' de cook, he 'll surely
die

Long before de winter 's over, long before
we lef' de place,

But I see heem hidin' somet'ing wan morning
by de shore

So firse tam I was passin' I scrape away de
snow

An' it 's rabbit skin he 's ketchin' on de swamp
de day before,

Leetle Injun Johnnie 's workin' on de spirit
Windigo.

The Windigo

December 's come in stormy, an' de snow-dreef
fill de road

Can only see de chimley an' roof of our
cabane,

An' stronges' team on stable fin' it plaintee
heavy load

Haulin' sleigh an' two t'ree pine log t'roo
de wood an' beeg savane.

An' I travel off wan day me, wit' Cyprien
Palache,

Explorin' for new timber, w'en de win' be-
gin to blow,

So we hurry on de snow-shoe for de camp on
Coo Coo Cache

If de nor' eas' storm is comin', was de bes'
place we dunno—

An' we 're gettin' safe enough dere wit' de
storm close on our heel,

But w'en our belt we loosen for takin' off de
coat

De foreman commence screamin' an' mon Dieu
it mak' us feel

Lak he got t'ree t'ousan' devil all fightin' on
hees t'roat.

Cyprien is los' hees w'issle, Cyprien is los' hees
chain

Injun Johnnie he mus' fin' it, even if de win'
is high

He can never show hese'f on de Coo Coo
Cache again

Till he bring dat silver w'issle an' de chain
it 's hangin' by.

So he sen' heem on hees journey never knowin'
he come back

T'roo de rough an' stormy wedder, t'roo de
pile of dreefin' snow

“ Wat 's de use of bein' Injun if you can't
smell out de track ? ”

Dat 's de way de boss is talkin', an' poor
Johnnie have to go.

If you want to hear de musique of de nort' win'
as it blow

An' lissen to de hurricane an' learn de way
it sing

An' feel how small de man is w'en he 's
leevin' here below,

You should try it on de shaintee w'en she 's
doin' all dem t'ing!

W'at 's dat soun' lak somet'ing cryin' all
aroun' us ev'ryw'ere ?

We never hear no tonder upon de winter
storm!

Dey 're shoutin' to each oder dem voices on
de air,

An' it 's red hot too de stove pipe, but no
wan 's feelin' warm!

“ Get out an’ go de woodpile before I freeze
to deat’ ”

Cyprien de boss is yellin’ an’ he ’s lookin’
cole an’ w’ite

Lak dead man on de coffin, but no wan go,
you bet,

For if it ’s near de woodpile, ’t is n’t close
enough to-night!

Non! we ain’t afraid of not’ing, but we don’t
lak takin’ chance,

An’ w’en we hear de spirit of de wil’ A-ben-
a-kee

Singin’ war song on de chimley, makin’ all dem
Injun dance

Raisin’ row dere, you don’t ketch us on no
woodpile—no siree!

O! de lonesome night we ’re passin’ w’ile
we ’re stayin’ on dat place!

An’ ev’rybody sheever w’en Jimmie Char-
bonneau

Say he ’s watchin’ on de winder an’ he see de
Injun face

An’ it ’s lookin’ so he tole us, jus’ de sam’
as Windigo.

Den again mese’f I ’m hearin’ somet’ing
callin’, an’ it soun’

Lak de voice of leetle Johnnie so I ’m
passin’ on de door

But de pine stump on de clearin' wit' de w'ite
sheet all aroun'

Mak' me t'ink of churchyar' tombstone, an'
I can't go dere no more.

Wat 's de reason we 're so quiet w'ile our
heart she 's goin' fas'

W'y is no wan ax de question? dat we 're
all afraid to spik ?

Was it wing of flyin' wil' bird strek de winder
as it pass,

Or de sweesh of leetle snow-ball w'en de win'
is playin' trick ?

W'en we buil' de Coo Coo shaintee, she 's as
steady as a rock,

Did you feel de shaintee shakin' de sam,
she's goin' to fall ?

Dere 's somet'ing on de doorway! an' now we
hear de knock

An' up above de hurricane we hear de w'issle
call.

Callin', callin' lak a bugle, an' he 's jompin' up
de boss

From hees warm bed on de corner an' open
wide de door—

Dere 's no use foller affer for Cyprien is los'

An' de Coo Coo Cache an' shaintee he 'll
never see no more.

The Windigo

At las' de morning 's comin', an' storm is blow
away

An' outside on de shaintee young Jimmie
Charbonneau

He 's seein' track of snowshoe, 'bout de size of
double sleigh

Dere 's no mistak' it 's makin' by de spirit
Windigo.

An' de leetle Injun Johnnie, he 's all right I
onderstan'

For you 'll fin' heem up de reever above de
Coo Coo Cache

Ketchin' mink and ketchin' beaver, an' he 's
growin' great beeg man

But dat 's de las' we 're hearin' of Cyprien
Palache.



National Policy

OUR fader lef' ole France behin', dat 's
many year ago,
An' how we get along since den, wall! ev'ry
body know,
Few t'ousan' firse class familiee was only come
dat tam,
An' now we got pure Canayens; t'ree million
peop' bedamme!

Dat 's purty smart beez-nesse, I t'ink we done
on Canadaw,
An' we don't mak' no grande hooraw, but do
it tranquillement
So if we 're braggin' now an' den, we mus' be
excuzay,
For no wan 's never see before de record bus'
dat way.

An' w'y should we be feel ashame, 'cos we
 have boy an' girl?
 No matter who was come along, we 'll match
 agen de worl';
 Wit' plaintee boy lak w'at we got no danger
 be afraid,
 An' all de girl she look too nice for never come
 ole maid.

If we have only small cor-nerre de sam' we
 have before
 W'en ole Champlain an' Jacques Cartier firse
 jomp upon de shore
 Dere 's no use hurry den at all, but now you
 understan'
 We got to whoop it up, ba gosh! for occupy
 de lan'!

W'at 's use de million acre, w'at 's use de belle
 riviere,
 An' t'ing lak dat if we don't have somebody
 leevin' dere?
 W'at 's mak' de worl' look out for us, an' kip
 de nation free
 Unless we 're raisin' all de tam some fine large
 familiee?

Don't seem so long we buil' dat road, Chemin
de Pacifique,
Tak' honder dollar pass on dere, an' nearly two
t'ree week,
Den look dat place it freeze so hard, on w'at
you call Klon-dak,
Wall! if we have to fill dem up, we got some
large contrac'!

Of course we 're not doin' bad jus' now; so
ev'rybody say,
But we dunno de half we got on Canadaw to-
day,
An' still she 's comin' beeger, an' never mak'
no fuss,
So if we don't look out, firse t'ing, she 'll get
ahead of us.

De more I t'ink, de more I 'm scare, de way
she grow so fas',
An' worse of all it 's hard to say how long de
boom 'll las'
But if she don't go slower an' ease up leetle
bit,
Bimeby de Canayens will be some dead bird on
de pit.

Den ev'ry body hip hooraw! an' sen' de
familee

Along de reever, t'roo de wood, an' on de
grande prairie,

Dat 's only way I 'm t'inkin' arrange de w'ole
affaire

An' mebbe affer w'ile dere won't be too moche
lan' for spare.



AUTUMN DAYS.

I N dreams of the night I hear the call
Of wild duck scudding across the lake,
In dreams I see the old convent wall,
Where Ottawa's waters surge and break.

But Hercule awakes me ere the sun
Has painted the eastern skies with gold.
Hercule! true knight of the rod and gun
As ever lived in the days of old.

“ Arise! tho' the moon hangs high above,
The sun will soon usher in the day,
And the southerly wind that sportsmen love
Is blowing across St. Louis Bay.”

The wind is moaning among the trees,
Along the shore where the shadows lie,
And faintly borne on the fresh'ning breeze
From yonder point comes the loon's wild cry.

Like diamonds flashing athwart the tide
The dancing moonbeams quiver and glow,
As out on the deep we swiftly glide
To our distant Mecca, Ile Perrot.

Ile Perrot far to the southward lies,
Pointe Claire on the lee we leave behind,
And eager we gaze with longing eyes,
For faintest sign of the deadly "blind."

Past the point where Ottawa's current flows—
A league from St. Lawrence golden
sands—
Out in the bay where the wild grass grows
We mark the spot where our ambush stands.

We enter it just as the crimson flush
Of morn illumines the hills with light,
And patiently wait the first mad rush
Of pinions soaring in airy flight.

A rustle of wings from over there,
Where all night long on watery bed
The flocks have slept—and the morning air
Rings with the messenger of lead.

Many a pilgrim from far away
Many a stranger from distant seas,
Is dying to-day on St. Louis Bay,
To requiem sung by the southern breeze.

And thus till the sound of the vesper bell
Comes stealing o'er Ottawa's dusky stream,
And the ancient light-house we know so well
Lights up the tide with its friendly gleam.

Then up with the anchor and ply the oar,
For homeward again our course must bear,
Farewell to the "blind" by Ile Perrot's shore,
And welcome the harbor of old Pointe Claire!



Madeleine Vercheres

I'VE told you many a tale, my child, of the
old heroic days
Of Indian wars and massacre, of villages ablaze
With savage torch, from Ville Marie to the
Mission of Trois Rivieres
But never have I told you yet, of Madeleine
Vercheres.

Summer had come with its blossoms, and gaily
the robin sang
And deep in the forest arches the axe of the
woodman rang
Again in the waving meadows, the sun-browned
farmers met
And out on the green St. Lawrence, the fisher-
man spread his net.

And so through the pleasant season, till the
days of October came
When children wrought with their parents, and
even the old and lame

With tottering frames and footsteps, their
 feeble labors lent
 At the gathering of the harvest le bon Dieu
 himself had sent.

For news there was none of battle, from the
 forts on the Richelieu
 To the gates of the ancient city, where the
 flag of King Louis flew
 All peaceful the skies hung over the seigneurie
 of Vercheres,
 Like the calm that so often cometh, ere the
 hurricane rends the air.

And never a thought of danger had the
 Seigneur sailing away,
 To join the soldiers of Carignan, where down
 at Quebec they lay,
 But smiled on his little daughter, the maiden
 Madeleine,
 And a necklet of jewels promised her, when
 home he should come again.

And ever the days passed swiftly, and careless
 the workmen grew
 For the months they seemed a hundred, since
 the last war-bugle blew.

Ah! little they dreamt on their pillows, the
farmers of Vercheres,
That the wolves of the southern forest had
scented the harvest fair.

Like ravens they quickly gather, like tigers
they watch their prey
Poor people! with hearts so happy, they sang
as they toiled away.
Till the murderous eyeballs glistened, and the
tomahawk leaped out
And the banks of the green St. Lawrence
echoed the savage shout.

“ Oh mother of Christ have pity,” shrieked
the women in despair
“ This is no time for praying,” cried the young
Madeleine Vercheres,
“ Aux armes! aux armes! les Iroquois! quick
to your arms and guns
Fight for your God and country and the lives
of the innocent ones.”

And she sped like a deer of the mountain, when
beagles press close behind
And the feet that would follow after, must be
swift as the prairie wind.

Alas! for the men and women, and little ones
that day
For the road it was long and weary, and the
fort it was far away.

But the fawn had outstripped the hunters, and
the palisades drew near,
And soon from the inner gateway the war-
bugle rang out clear ;
Gallant and clear it sounded, with never a note
of despair,
'T was a soldier of France's challenge, from
the young Madeleine Vercheres.

“ And this is my little garrison, my brothers
Louis and Paul ?
With soldiers two — and a cripple ? may the
Virgin pray for us all.
But we 've powder and guns in plenty, and
we 'll fight to the latest breath
And if need be for God and country, die a
brave soldier's death.

“ Load all the carabines quickly, and whenever
you sight the foe
Fire from the upper turret, and the loopholes
down below.

Keep up the fire, brave soldiers, though the
fight may be fierce and long
And they 'll think our little garrison is more
than a hundred strong."

So spake the maiden Madeleine, and she roused
the Norman blood
That seemed for a moment sleeping, and sent
it like a flood
Through every heart around her, and they
fought the red Iroquois
As fought in the old time battles, the soldiers
of Carignan.

And they say the black clouds gathered, and a
tempest swept the sky
And the roar of the thunder mingled with the
forest tiger's cry
But still the garrison fought on, while the
lightning's jagged spear
Tore a hole in the night's dark curtain, and
showed them a foeman near.

And the sun rose up in the morning, and the
color of blood was he
Gazing down from the heavens on the little
company.

“ Behold! my friends!” cried the maiden, “ ’t is
a warning lest we forget
Though the night saw us do our duty, our
work is not finished yet.”

And six days followed each other, and feeble
her limbs became
Yet the maid never sought her pillow, and the
flash of the carabines’ flame
Illumined the powder-smoked faces, aye, even
when hope seemed gone
And she only smiled on her comrades, and told
them to fight, fight on.

And she blew a blast on the bugle, and lo!
from the forest black
Merrily, merrily ringing, an answer came peal-
ing back
Oh! pleasant and sweet it sounded, borne on
the morning air,
For it heralded fifty soldiers, with gallant De
la Monniere.

And when he beheld the maiden, the soldier
of Carignan,
And looked on the little garrison that fought
the red Iroquois

And held their own in the battle, for six long
weary days,
He stood for a moment speechless, and mar-
velled at woman's ways.

Then he beckoned the men behind him and
steadily they advance
And with carabines uplifted, the veterans of
France
Saluted the brave young Captain so timidly
standing there
And they fired a volley in honor of Madeleine
Vercheres.

And this, my dear, is the story of the maiden
Madeleine
God grant that we in Canada may never see
again
Such cruel wars and massacres, in waking or in
dream
As our fathers and mothers saw, my child, in
the days of the old regime.



The Rose Delima

YOU can sew heem up in a canvas sack,
An' t'row heem over boar'
You can wait till de ship she 's comin' back
Den bury heem on de shore
For dead man w'en he 's dead for sure,
Ain't good for not'ing at all
An' he 'll stay on de place you put heem
Till he hear dat bugle call
Dey say will soun' on de las', las' day
W'en ev'ry t'ing 's goin' for pass away,
But down on de Gulf of St. Laurent
W'ere de sea an' de reever meet
An' off on St. Pierre de Miquelon,
De chil'ren on de street
Can tole you story of Pierre Guillaume,
De sailor of St. Yvonne
Dat 's bringin' de Rose Delima home
Affer he 's dead an' gone.

He was stretch heem on de bed an' he could
n't raise hees head

So dey place heem near de winder w'ere he
 can look below,
 An' watch de schooner lie wit' her topmas' on
 de sky,
 An' oh! how mad it mak' heem, ole Cap-
 tinne Baribeau.

For she 's de fines' boat dat never was afloat
 From de harbour of St. Simon to de shore of
 New-fun-lan'
 She can almos' dance a reel, an' de sea shell on
 her keel
 Wall! you count dem very easy on de finger
 of your han'.

But de season 's flyin' fas', an' de fall is nearly
 pas'
 An' de leetle Rose Delima she 's doin' not-
 'ing dere
 Only pullin' on her chain, an' wishin' once
 again
 She was w'ere de black fish tumble, an' jomp
 upon de air.

But who can tak' her out, for she 's got de
 tender mout'
 Lak a trotter on de race-course dat 's mebbe
 run away

If he 's not jus' handle so—an' ole Captinne
Baribeau
Was de only man can sail her, dat 's w'at
dey offen say.

An' now he 's lyin' dere, w'ere de breeze is
blow hees hair
An' he 's hearin' ev'ry morning de Rose
Delima call,
Sayin', " Come along wit' me, an' we 'll off
across de sea,
For I 'm lonesome waitin' for you, Captinne
Paul.

" On Anticosti shore we hear de breaker roar
An' reef of Dead Man's Islan' too we know,
But we never miss de way, no matter night or
day,
De Rose Delima schooner an' Captinne
Baribeau."

De Captinne cry out den, so de house is shake
again,
" Come here! come here, an' quickly, ma
daughter Virginie,
An' let me hol' your han', for so long as I
can stan'
I 'll tak' de Rose Delima, an' sail her off to
sea."

“ No, no, ma fader dear, you 're better stayin' here

Till de cherry show her blossom on de spring,

For de loon he 's flyin' sout' an' de fall is nearly out,

W'en de wil' bird of de nort' is on de wing.

“ But fader dear, I know de man can go below Wit' leetle Rose Delima on St. Pierre de Miquelon

Hees nam' is Pierre Guillaume, an' he 'll bring de schooner home

Till she 's t'rowin' out her anchor on de port of St. Simon.”

“ Ha! Ha! ma Virginie, it is n't hard to see You lak dat smart young sailor man youse'f, I s'pose he love you too, but I tole you w'at I do

W'en I have some leetle talk wit' heem mese'f.

“ So call heem up de stair”: an' w'en he 's stannin' dere,

De Captinne say, “ Young feller, you see how sick I be ?

De poor ole Baribeau has n't very much below Beside de Rose Delima, an' hees daughter Virginie.

“ An’ I know your fader well, he ’s fine man
too, Noël,

An’ hees nam’ was comin’ offen on ma
prayer—

An’ if your sailor blood she ’s only half as good
You can sail de Rose Delima from here to
any w’ere.

“ You love ma Virginie ? wall ! if you promise
me

You bring de leetle schooner safely home
From St. Pierre de Miquelon to de port of St.
Simon

You can marry on ma daughter, Pierre Guil-
laume.”

An’ Pierre he answer den, “ Ma fader was your
frien’

An’ it ’s true your daughter Virginie I love,
Dat schooner she ’ll come home, or ma nam’ ’s
not Pierre Guillaume

I swear by all de angel up above.”

So de wil’ bird goin’ sout’, see her shake de
canvas out,

An’ soon de Rose Delima she ’s flyin’ down
de bay

An’ poor young Virginie so long as she can see
Kip watchin’ on dat schooner till at las’
she’s gone away.

Ho! ho! for Gaspé cliff w'en de win' is blowin'
stiff,

Ho! ho! for Anticosti w'ere bone of dead
man lie!

De sailor cimetiere! God help de beeg ship dere
If dey come too near de islan' w'en de wave
she 's runnin' high.

It 's locky t'ing he know de way he ought to
go

It 's locky too de star above, he know dem
ev'ry wan

For God he mak' de star, was shinin' up so far,
So he trus' no oder compass, young Pierre
of St. Yvonne.

An' de schooner sail away pas' Wolf Islan' an'
Cape Ray—

W'ere de beeg wave fight each oder roun' de
head of ole Pointe Blanc

Only gettin' pleasan' win', till she tak' de
canvas in

An' drop de anchor over on St. Pierre de
Miquelon.

We 're glad to see some more, de girl upon de
shore,

An' Jean Barbette was kipin' Hotel de Sans-
souci

He 's also glad we come, 'cos we mak' de rafter
hum;

An' w'en we 're stayin' dere, ma foi! we
spen' de monee free.

But Captinne Pierre Guillaume, might jus' as
well be home,

For he don't forget his sweetheart an' ole
man Baribeau,

An' so he stay on boar', an' fifty girl or more
Less dey haul heem on de bowline, dey
could n't mak' heem go.

Wall! we 're workin' hard an' fas', an' de
cargo 's on at las'

Two honder cask of w'isky, de fines' on de
worl'!

So good-bye to Miquelon, an' hooraw for St.
Simon—

An' au revoir to Jean Barbette, an' don't
forget de girl.

You can hear de schooner sing, w'en she open
out her wing

So glad to feel de slappin' of de sea wave on
her breas'

She did n't los' no tam, but travel jus' de
sam',

As de small bird w'en he 's flyin' on de even-
ing to hees nes'.

But her sail 's not blowin' out wit' de warm
breeze of de sout'

An' it 's not too easy tellin' w'ere de snow-
flake meet de foam

Stretchin' out on ev'ry side, all across de Gulf
so wide

W'en de nor'-eas' win' is chasin' de Rose
Delima home.

An' we 're flyin' once again pas' de Isle of
Madeleine

An' away for Anticosti we let de schooner
go

Lak a race-horse on de track, we could never
hol' her back—

She mebbe hear heem callin' her, ole Cap-
tinne Baribeau!

But we 're ketchin' it wan night w'en de star
go out of sight

For de storm dat 's waitin' for us, come be-
fore we know it 's dere—

An' it blow us near de coas' w'ere dey leev'
de sailor's ghos'

On de shore of Dead Man's Islan' till dey
almos' fill de air.

So de Captinne tak' de wheel, an' it mak' de
schooner feel

Jus' de sam' as ole man Baribeau is workin'
dere hese'f
Well she know it 's life or deat', so she 's
fightin' hard for breat'
For wit' all dem wave a chokin' her, it 's
leetle she got lef'.

Den de beeges' sea of all, stannin' up dere lak
a wall
Come along an' sweep de leetle Rose De-
lima fore an' af'
An' above de storm a cry, " Help, mon Dieu!
before I die."
An' dere 's no wan on de wheel house, an'
we hear dem spirit laugh.

Dey 're lookin' for dead' man, an' dey 're
shoutin' all dey can
Don't matter all de pile dey got dey want
anoder wan—
An' now dey 're laughin' loud, for out of all
de crowd
Dey got no finer sailor boy dan Pierre of St.
Yvonne!

But look dere on de wheel! w'at 's dat was
seem to steal
From now'ere, out of not'ing, till it reach de
pilot's place

An' steer de rudder too, lak de Captinne used
to do

So lak' de Captinne's body, so lak de Cap-
tinne's face.

But well enough we know de poor boy 's gone
below,

W'ere hees bone will join de oder on de
place w'ere dead man be—

An' we only see phantome of young Captinne
Pierre Guillaume

Dat sail de Rose Delima all night along de
sea.

So we help heem all we can, kip de schooner
off de lan'

W'ere bad spirit work de current dat was
pullin' us inside—

But we fool dem all at las', an' we know de
danger 's pas'

W'en de sun come out an' fin' us floatin'
on de morning tide.

So de Captinne's work is done, an' nex' day de
schooner run

Wit' de sail all hangin' roun' her, to de port
of St. Simon.

Dat 's de way young Pierre Guillaume bring
de Rose Delima home
T'roo de wil' an' stormy wedder from St.
Pierre de Miquelon.

An' de leetle Virginie never look upon de sea
Since de tam de Rose Delima 's comin'
home,
For she 's lef' de worl' an' all! but behin' de
convent wall
She don't forget her fader an' poor young
Pierre Guillaume.



LITTLE MOUSE

GET along leetle mouse, kick de snow up
behin' you

For it's fine winter road we 're travel to-
night

Wit' de moon an' de star shinin' up on de sky
dere

W'y it 's almos' de sam' as de broad day
light.

De bell roun' your body it 's quick tune dey 're
playin'

But your foot 's kipin' tam jus' as steady
can be,

Ah! you dance youse'f crazy if only I let you,
Ma own leetle pony—petite souris.

You 'member w'en firse we be tryin' for broke
you

An' Joe Sauvageau bet hees two dollar bill
He can drive you alone by de bridge on de
reever

An' down near de place w'ere dey got de
beeg mill.

An' it 's new cariøle too, is come from St.
Felix

Jo-seph 's only buyin' it week before,
An' w'en he is passin' de road wit' hees trotter
Ev'ry body was stan' on de outside door.

An' dere he sit, sam' he don't care about
not'ing

Hees foot on de dashboar', hees han' on de
line

Ev'ry dog on de place is come out for barkin'
An' all de young boy he was ronnin' behin'.

Wall! sir, Joe 's put on style leetle soon for
hees pleasure

For w'en de mill w'issle, you jomp lak de
cat

An' nex' t'ing poor Joe is commencin' get
busy,

Non! I never see fine run-away lak dat.

'Way go de pony den—'way go de cariole,
 Poor Joe say, " good-bye " on de foot of de
 hill
 An' all he can see of de sleigh de nex' morning
 Is jus' about pay for hees two dollar bill.

Ah! your right nam' jus' den should be leetle
 devil
 An' not leetle mouse, de sam' you have now.
 Wall! dat 's long ago, an' you 're gettin' more
 quiet
 Since tam you was never done kickin' de
 row.

But I 'm not very sorry de firse day I see you
 Settle down on de trot lak your fader he get
 W'en he beat Sorel Boy on de ice at T'ree
 Reeve
 Bes' two on t'ree heat, an' win all de bet.

Your moder she 's come off de Lachapelle stock
 too
 Ole Canayen blood from Berthier en haut
 De bes' kin' of horse never look on de halter
 So it is n't moche wonder you know how to
 go.

Dat 's church bell we 're hearin' off dere on de
 hillside

Get along leetle mouse, for we must n't be
late,
Fin' your way t'roo de res' of dem crowdin' de
roadside
You 'll never get better chance showin' your
gait.

· · · · ·
Wall! church is all over, an' Josephine 's comin'
For drive wit' us home on her gran'moder's
house
So tak' your own tam an' don't be on de hurry
Your slowes' gait 's quick enough now, leetle
mouse.



Strathcona's Horse

(Dedicated to Lord Strathcona.)

O I was thine, and thou wert mine, and
ours the boundless plain,
Where the winds of the North, my gallant
steed, ruffled thy tawny mane,
But the summons hath come with roll of drum,
and bugles ringing shrill,
Startling the prairie antelope, the grizzly of the
hill.
'T is the voice of Empire calling, and the child-
ren gather fast
From every land where the cross bar floats out
from the quivering mast ;
So into the saddle I leap, my own, with bridle
swinging free,
And thy hoofbeats shall answer the trumpets
blowing across the sea.
Then proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of
the foe to-morrow,
For he who dares to stay our course drinks
deep of the Cup of Sorrow.

Thy form hath pressed the meadow's breast,
where the sullen grey wolf hides,
The great red river of the North hath cooled
thy burning sides;
Together we 've slept while the tempest swept
the Rockies' glittering chain;
And many a day the bronze centaur hath gal-
loped behind in vain.
But the sweet wild grass of mountain pass, and
the shimmering summer streams
Must vanish forevermore, perchance, into the
land of dreams;
For the strong young North hath sent us forth
to battlefields far away,
And the trail that ends where Empire trends,
is the trail we ride to-day.
But proudly toss thy head aloft, nor think of
the foe to-morrow,
For he who bars Strathcona's Horse, drinks
deep of the Cup of Sorrow.



Johnnie's First Moose

DE cloud is hide de moon, but dere 's plain-
tee light above,
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low,

Move de paddle leetle quicker, an' de ole canoe
we 'll shove

T'roo de water nice an' quiet

For de place we 're goin' try it

Is beyon' de silver birch dere

You can see it lak a church dere

W'en we 're passin' on de corner w'ere de lily
flower grow.

Was n't dat correc' w'at I 'm tolin' you jus'
now ?

Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low,

Never min', I 'll watch behin' — me — an' you
can watch de bow

An' you 'll see a leetle clearer

W'en canoe is comin' nearer—

Dere she is—now easy, easy,
For de win' is gettin' breezy,
An' we don't want not'ing smell us, till de
horn begin to blow—

I remember long ago w'en ma fader tak' me out,
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low,

Jus' de way I 'm takin' you, sir, hello! was
dat a shout ?

Seems to me I t'ink I 'm hearin'
Somet'ing stirrin' on de clearin'
W'ere it stan' de lumber shaintee,
If it 's true, den you 'll have plaintee
Work to do in half a minute, if de moose don't
start to go.

An' now we 're on de shore, let us hide de ole
canoe,

Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low,

An' lie among de rushes, dat 's bes' t'ing we
can do,

For de ole boy may be closer
Dan anybody know, sir,
An' look out you don't be shakin'
Or de bad shot you 'll be makin'
But I 'm feelin' sam' way too, me, w'en I
was young, also—

110 Johnnie's First Moose

You ready for de call ? here goes for number
 wan,
Steady Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
 low,
Did you hear how nice I do it, an' how it
 travel on
 Till it reach across de reever
 Dat 'll geev' some moose de fever!
 Wait now, Johnnie, don't you worry,
 No use bein' on de hurry,
But lissen for de answer, it 'll come before you
 know.

For w'y you jomp lak dat ? w'at 's matter wit'
 your ear ?
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
 low—
Tak' your finger off de trigger, dat was only
 bird you hear,
 Can't you tell de pine tree crickin'
 Or de boule frog w'en he 's spikin' ?
 Don't you know de grey owl singin'
 From de beeg moose w'en he 's ringin'
Out hees challenge on de message your ole
 gran'fader blow ?

You 're lucky boy to-night, wit' hunter man
 lak me!
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
 low—

Johnnie's First Moose 111

Can tole you all about it! H-s-s-h! dat 's
somet'ing now I see,
Dere he 's comin' t'roo de bushes,
So get down among de rushes,
Hear heem walk! I t'ink, by tonder,
He mus' go near fourteen honder!
Dat 's de feller I been watchin' all de evening,
I dunno.

I 'll geev' anoder call, jus' a leetle wan or
two,
Steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head down
low—
W'en he see dere 's no wan waitin' I wonder
w'at he 'll do?
But look out for here he 's comin'
Sa-pris-ti! ma heart is drummin'!
You can never get heem nearer
An' de moon is shinin' clearer,
W'at a fine shot you 'll be havin'! now
Johnnie let her go!

Bang! bang! you got heem sure! an' he 'll
never run away
Nor feed among de lily on de shore of Wes-
sonneau,
So dat 's your firse moose Johnnie! wall! re-
member all I say—

112 Johnnie's First Moose

Does n't matter w'at you 're chasin',
Does n't matter w'at you 're facin',
Only watch de t'ing you 're doin'
If you don't, ba gosh! you 're ruin!
An' steady, Johnnie, steady—kip your head
down low.



The Old Pine Tree

(Dedicated to the St. George Snowshoe Club.)

“LISTEN my child,” said the old pine
tree, to the little one nestling near,
“For the storm clouds troop together to-night,
and the wind of the north I hear
And perchance there may come some echo of
the music of long ago,
The music that rang when the White Host
sang, marching across the snow.”

“Up and away Saint George! up thro’ the
mountain gorge,
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and
the great white flakes are flying
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry
men,
Follow the trail, tho’ the shy moon hides, and
deeply the drifts are lying.”

“Ah! mother,” the little pine tree replied,
“you are dreaming again to-night

Of ghostly visions and phantom forms that for-
ever mock your sight
'T is true the moan of the winter wind comes
to my list'ning ear
But the White Host marching, I cannot see,
and their music I cannot hear."

"When the northern skies were all aflame
where the trembling banners swung,
When up in the vaulted heavens the moon of
the Snow Shoe hung,
When the hurricane swept the hillside, and the
crested drifts ran high
Those were the nights," said the old pine tree,
"the great White Host marched by."

And the storm grew fiercer, fiercer, and the
snow went hissing past,
But the little pine tree still listened, till she
heard above the blast
The music her mother loved to hear in the
nights of the long ago
And saw in the forest the white-clad Host
marching across the snow.

And loud they sang as they tramped along of
the glorious bygone days
When valley and hill re-echoed the snow-
shoer's hymn of praise

Till the shy moon gazed down smiling, and the
north wind paused to hear
And the old pine tree felt young again as the
little one nestling near.

“ Up and away Saint George! up thro’ the
mountain gorge.
Over the plain where the tempest blows, and
the great white flakes are flying.
Down the long narrow glen! faster my merry
men.
Follow the trail, tho’ the shy moon hides, and
deeply the drifts are lying.”



Little Bateese

YOU bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you 're kipin' your poor gran'-
pere

Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—

W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay ?

Leetle Bateese!

Off on de fiel' you foller de plough
Den w'en you 're tire you scare de cow
Sickin' de dog till dey jomp de wall
So de milk ain't good for not'ing at all—
An' you 're only five an' a half dis fall,

Leetle Bateese!

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night ?
Never min' I s'pose it 'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—

An' he 'll stay lak dat till de rooster crow,

Leetle Bateese!

Den wake us up right away toute suite
Lookin' for somet'ing more to eat,
Makin' me t'ink of dem long leg crane
Soon as dey swaller, dey start again,
I wonder your stomach don't get no pain,
Leetle Bateese!

But see heem now lyin' dere in bed,
Look at de arm onderneat' hees head;
If he grow lak dat till he 's twenty year
I bet he 'll be stronger dan Louis Cyr
An' beat all de voyageurs leevin' here,
Leetle Bateese!

Jus' feel de muscle along hees back,
Won't geev' heem moche bodder for carry pack
On de long portage, any size canoe,
Dere 's not many t'ing dat boy won't do
For he 's got double-joint on hees body too,
Leetle Bateese!

But leetle Bateese! please don't forget
We rader you 're stayin' de small boy yet,
So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you 're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Leetle Bateese!



Donal' Campbell

DONAL' CAMPBELL
—Donal' Bane—
sailed away across the
ocean

With the tartans of Clan
Gordon, to the Indies'
distant shore,

But on Dargai's lonely hill-
side, Donal' Campbell
met the foeman,

And the glen of Athol

Moray will never see him more!

O! the wailing of the women, O! the storm of
bitter sorrow

Sweeping like the wintry torrent thro' Athol
Moray's glen

When the black word reached the clansmen,
that young Donal' Bane had fallen

In the red glare of the battle, with the gallant
Gordon men!

Far from home and native sheiling, with the
sun of India o'er him
Blazing down its cruel hatred on the white-
faced men below
Stood young Donal' with his comrades, like the
hound of ghostly Fingal
Eager, waiting for the summons to leap up
against the foe—

Hark! at last! the pipes are pealing out the
welcome Caber Feidh
And wild the red blood rushes thro' every
Highland vein
They breathe the breath of battle, the children
of the Gael,
And fiercely up the hillside, they charge and
charge again—

And the grey eye of the Highlands, now is
dark as blackest midnight,
The history of their fathers is written on each
face,
Of border creach and foray, of never yielding
conflict
Of all the memories shrouding a stern uncon-
quered race!

And up the hillside, up the mountain, while
the war-pipes shrilly clamour

Donal' Campbell

Bayonet thrusting, broadsword cleaving, the
Northern soldiers fought
Till the sun of India saw them victors o'er the
dusky foemen,
For who can stay the Celtic hand when Celtic
blood is hot ?

But the corse of many a clansman from the far-
off Scottish Highlands
'Mid the rocks of savage Dargai is lying cold
and still
With the death-dew on its forehead, and young
Donal' Campbell's tartan
Bears a deeper stain of purple than the heather
of the hill!

Mourn him! Mourn him thro' the mountains,
wail him women of Clan Campbell!
Let the Coronach be sounded till it reach the
Indian shore
For your beautiful has fallen in the foremost
of the battle
And the glen of Athol Moray will never see
him more!



The Dublin Fusilier

HERE 'S to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté!
an' slainté galore.

You 're a dacint ould man, begorra; never
mind if you are a Boer.

So with heart an' a half ma bouchal, we 'll
drink to your health to-night

For yourself an' your farmer sojers gave us a
damn good fight.

I was dramin' of Kitty Farrell, away in the
Gap o' Dunloe,

When the song of the bugle woke me, ringin'
across Glencoe;

An' once in a while a bullet came patherin'
from above,

That tould us the big brown fellows were send-
in' us down their love.

'T was a kind of an invitation, an' written in
such a han'

That a Chinaman could n't refuse it—not to
spake of an Irishman.

So the pickets sent back an answer. " We 're
comin' with right good will,"
Along what they call the kopje, tho' to me it
looked more like a hill.

" Fall in on the left," sez the captain, " my
men of the Fusiliers ;
You 'll see a great fight this morning—like
you have n't beheld for years."
" Faith, captain dear," sez the sergeant, " you
can bet your Majuba sword
If the Dutch is as willin' as we are, you never
spoke truer word."

So we scrambled among the bushes, the bowl-
ders an' rocks an' all,
Like the gauger's men still-huntin' on the
mountains of Donegal ;
We doubled an' turned an' twisted the same
as a hunted hare,
While the big guns peppered each other over
us in the air.

Like steam from the divil's kettle the kopje
was bilin' hot,
For the breeze of the Dutchman's bullets was
the only breeze we got ;

An' many a fine boy stumbled, many a brave
lad died,
When the Dutchman's message caught him
there on the mountainside.

Little Nelly O'Brien, God help her! over
there at ould Ballybay,
Will wait for a Transvaal letter till her face an'
her hair is grey,
For I seen young Crohoore on a stretcher, an'
I knew the poor boy was gone
When I spoke to the ambulance doctor, an' he
noddod an' then passed on.

“ Steady there! ” cried the captain, “ we must
halt for a moment here. ”
An' he spoke like a man in trainin', full winded
an' strong an' clear.
So we threw ourselves down on the kopje,
weary an' tired as death,
Waitin' the captain's orders, waitin' to get a
breath. .

It 's strange all the humors an' fancies that
comes to a man like me;
But the smoke of the battle risin' took me
across the sea—

It 's the mist of Benbo I 'm secin'; an' the
rock that we 'll capture soon
Is the rock where I shot the eagle, when I was
a small gossoon.

I close my eyes for a minute, an' hear my poor
mother say,
“ Patrick, avick, my darlin', you 're surely **not**
goin' away
To join the red-coated sojers ? ” — but the
blood in me was strong—
If your sire was a Connaught Ranger, sure
where would his son belong ?

Hark! whisht! do you hear the music comin'
up from the camp below ?
An odd note or two when the Maxims take
breath for a second or so,
Liftin' itself on somehow, stealin' its way up
here,
Knowin' there 's waitin' to hear it, many an
Irish ear.

Augh! Garryowen! you 're the jewel! an' we
charged on the Dutchman's guns,
An' covered the bloody kopje, like a Galway
greyhound runs,

At the top of the hill they met us, with faces
all set and grim;
But they could n't take the bayonet—that 's
the trouble with most of thim.

So of course, they 'll be praisin' the Royals
an' men of the Fusiliers,
An' the newspapers help to dry up the widows
an' orphans' tears,
An' they 'll write a new name on the colors—
that is, if there 's room for more
An' we 'll follow them thro' the battle, the same
as we 've done before.

But here 's to you, Uncle Kruger! slainté! an'
slainté galore.

After all, your 're a dacint Christian, never
mind if you are a Boer.

So with heart an' a half, ma bouchal, we 'll
drink to your health to-night,

For yourself an' your brown-faced Dutchmen
gave us a damn good fight.



BORD á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I see w'en I dream of you ?
A shore w'ere de water is racin' by,
A small boy lookin', an' wonderin' w'y
He can't get fedder for goin' fly
Lak de hawk makin' ring on de summer sky.
Dat 's w'at I see.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I hear w'en I dream of you?
Too many t'ing for sleepin' well!
De song of de ole tam cariole bell,
De voice of dat girl from Sainte Angèle
(I geev' her a ring was mark "fidèle")
Dat 's w'at I hear.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
W'at do I smoke w'en I dream of you ?

Havana cigar from across de sea,
 An' get dem for not'ing too? No siree!
 Dere 's only wan kin' of tabac for me.
 An' it grow on de Rivière des Prairies—
 Dat 's w'at I smoke.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
 How do I feel w'en I t'ink of you?
 Sick, sick for de ole place way back dere—
 An' to sleep on ma own leetle room upstair
 W'ere de ghos' on de chimley mak' me scare
 I 'd geev' more monee dan I can spare—
 Dat 's how I feel.

Bord á Plouffe, Bord á Plouffe,
 W'at will I do w'en I 'm back wit' you?
 I 'll buy de farm of Bonhomme Martel,
 Long tam he 's been waitin' a chance to sell,
 Den pass de nex' morning on Sainte Angèle,
 An' if she 's not marry—dat girl—very well,
 Dat 's w'at I 'll do.



The Old Sexton. +

I KNOW very well t' was purty hard case
 If dere 's not on de worl' some beeger place
 Dan village of Cote St. Paul,
 But we got mebbe sixty-five house or more
 Wit' de blacksmi' shop an' two fine store
 Not to speak of de church an' de city hall.

An' of course on village lak dat you fin'
 Some very nice girl if you have a min'
 To look aroun', an' we got dem too—
 But de fines' of all never wear a ring,
 Since firse I 'm t'inkin' of all dem t'ing,
 Was daughter of ole Narcisse Beaulieu.

Narcisse he 's bedcau on de beeg church dere,
 He also look affer de presbytere,
 An' leev on de house close by,

On Sunday he 's watchin' de leetle boys,
Stoppin' dem kickin' up too much noise,
An' he bury de peop' w'en dey 're comin' die.

So dat 's w'at he do, Narcisse Beaulieu,
An' it 's not very easy I 'm tolin' you,
But a purty large heavy load,
For on summer de cow she was run aroun'
An' eat all de flower on de Curé's groun'
An' before he can ketch her, p-s-s-t! she 's
down de road.

Dat 's not'ing at all, for w'en winter come
Narcisse got plaintee more work, ba gum!
Shovellin' snow till hees back was sore,
Makin' some track for de horse an' sleigh,
Kipin' look out dey don't run away,
An' freezin' outside on de double door.

But w'enever de vault on de church is fill
Wit' de peop' was waitin' down dere ontil
Dey can go on de cimetièrè,
For fear dem student will come aroun'
An' tak' de poor dead folk off to town
Narcisse offen watch for dem all night dere.

An' de girl Josephine she 's her fader's pet,
He never see nobody lak her yet,
So w'en he 's goin' on St. Jerome

For travel about on some leetle tour
 An' lef' her alone on de house, I 'm sure
 De house she 's all right w'en he 's comin'
 home.

Wall! nearly t'ree year is come an' go,
 De quietes' year de village know,
 For dem student don't show hees face,
 An' de peop' is beginnin' to ax w'at for
 Dey 're alway goin' on Ile Bizard
 An' never pass on our place.

But it 's bully tam for de ole Narcisse,
 An' w'en he 's lettin' heem go de pries'
 For stay away two t'ree day
 He t'ink of course it was purty good chance,
 So he buy heem new coat an' pair of pants,
 An' go see hees frien' noder side de bay.

An' dat very sam' night, ba gosh! it seem
 De girl 's not dreamin' some pleasan' dream
 For she visit de worse place never seen
 Down on T'ree Reeve, an' near Kebeck
 W'ere robber-man's chokin' her on de neck—
 De poor leetle Josephine!

So she 's risin' up den and she tak' de gun
 An' off on de winder she quickly run
 For fear she might need a shot
 An' dem student he 's comin' across de square

Right on de front of de cimetièrè
An' carryin' somet'ing—you know w'at!

So she 's takin' good aim on de beeges' man
An' pull de trigger de hard she can,
An' he 's yellin' an' down he go,
Hees frien' dey say not'ing, but clear out quick,
Dat 's way Josephine she was playin' trick
On feller was treatin' poor dead folk so!

Den she kick up a row an' begin to feel
Very sorry right off for de boy she keel
An' de nex' t'ing she 's startin' cry
An' call on her fader an' moder too,
Poor leetle Josephine Beaulieu,
An' wishin' she 'd lak to die.

But she did n't die den, an' he 's leevin' yet—
Dat feller was comin' so near hees deat'—
For she 's nursin' heem back to life,
Dey 're feexin' it someway, I dunno how,
But dey 're marry an' leev' in de city now
An' she 's makin' heem firse class wife.

An' Narcisse hese'f he was alway say,
“ It 's fonny t'ing how it come dat way
But I 'm not very sorry at all,
Course I know ma son he 's not doin' right,
But man he was haulin' aroun' dat night
Is worse ole miser on Cote St. Paul.”



Child Thoughts

WRITTEN TO COMMEMORATE THE ANNIVERSARY OF MY BROTHER TOM'S BIRTHDAY

O MEMORY, take my hand to-day
And lead me thro' the darkened bridge
Washed by the wild Atlantic spray
And spanning many a wind-swept ridge
Of sorrow, grief, of love and joy,
Of youthful hopes and manly fears!
O! let me cross the bridge of years
And see myself again a boy!

The shadows pass—I see the light,
O morning light, how clear and strong!
My native skies are smiling bright,
No more I grope my way along,
It comes, the murmur of the tide
Upon my ear—I hear the cry
Of wandering sea birds as they fly
In trooping squadrons far and near.

The breeze that blows o'er Mullaghmore
I feel against my boyish cheek

The white-walled huts that strew the shore
From Castlegal to old Belleek,
The fisher folk of Donegal,
Kindly of heart and strong of arm,
Who plough the ocean's treacherous farm,
How plainly I behold them all!

The thrush's song, the blackbird's note,
The wren within the hawthorn hedge,
The robin's swelling vibrant throat,
The leveret crouching in the sedge!
In those dear days, ah! what was school?
When Nature made our pulses thrill!
The lessons we remember still
Were learnt at Nature's own footstool!

“ The hounds are out! the beagles chase
Along the slopes of Tawley's plain! ”
I rise and follow in the race
Till fox, or hare, or both are slain,
With heart ablaze, I loose the reins
Of all my childish fierce desire,
My faith! 't is Ireland plants the fire
And iron in her children's veins!

The mountain linnets whistles sweet
Among the gorse of summer-time,
As up the hill with eager feet
The sun of morning sees me climb

Until at last I sink to rest
Where heatherbells swing to the tune
That Benbo breezes softly croon —
A tired child on the mother's breast!

And now in wisdom's riper years,
Ah, wisdom! what a price we pay
Of sorrow, grief, of smiles and tears,
Before we reach that wiser day!
We meet to greet in joy and mirth
The white-haired parent of us all
Our childhood's memories to recall
And bless the land that gave us birth.



Bateese and his Little Decoys

O I 'm very very tire Marie,
I wonder if I 'm able hol' a gun
An' me dat 's alway risin' wit' de sun
An' travel on de water, an' paddle ma canoe
An' trap de mink an' beaver de fall an' winter
t'roo,

But now I t'ink dat fun is gone forever.

Wall! I 'm mebbe stayin' long enough,
For eighty-four I see it on de spring;
Dough ma fader he was feelin' purty tough
An' at ninety year can do mos' ev'ry t'ing,
But I never know de feller, don't care how ole
he come,

Dat is n't sure to t'ink he 's got anoder year,
ba gum!

Before he lif' de anchor for de las' tam!

It 's not so easy lyin' on de bed,
An' lissen to de wil' bird on de bay,
Dey know dat poor Bateese is nearly dead,
Or dey would n't have such good fun ev'ry
day!

136 Bateese and his Little Decoys

Put ma gun upon de piller near de winder, jus'
for luck,
Den bring w'ere I can see dem, ma own nice
leetle duck
So I have some talk wit' dem mese'f dis
morning.

Ah! dere you 're comin' now! mes beaux
canards!

Dat 's very pleasan' day, an' how you feel?
Of course you dunno w'at I want you for,
Wall! lately I 've been t'inkin' a good deal
Of all de fuss I 'm havin' show you w'at you
ought to do
W'en de cole win' of October de blin' is blow-
ing t'roo
An' de bluebill 's flyin' up an' down de reever.

O! de bodder I 'm havin' wit' you all!
It 's makin' me feel ole before ma tam!
Stan' over dere upon de right again de wall,
Ma-dame Lapointe—I 'm geevin' you Ma-
dame
'Cos you walk aroun' de sam' way as ma cousin
Aurelie
An' lak youse'f she 's havin' de large large
familee,
Now let us see you don't forget your lesson!

Bateese and his Little Decoys 137

Qu a-a-ck! you 're leetle hoarse to-day, don't
you t'ink?

Quack! quack! quack! dat 's right Mam-
zelle Louise!

You go lak dat, an' quicker dan a wink,

It 'll ring across de lake along de breeze,

Till de wil' bird dey will lissen up de reever
far an' near,

An' tole de noder wan too, de musique dey was
hear

An' dey 'll fly aroun' our head before we know
it.

Come here, Francois, an' min' you watch
youse'f!

You can't forget de las' day we was out,

Your breat' dere 's very leetle of it lef'

An' I tole you it was better shut your mout'

W'en you start dat fancy yellin', for it soun'
de sam' to me

Lak de devil he was goin' on de beeges' kin'
of spree,

Francois! dat 's not de way for mak' de
shootin'!

Wan—two—t'ree,—now let us hear you please,

It is n't very hard job if you try,

Purten' you 're feelin' lonesome lak Louise

An' want to see de sweetheart bimeby,

138 Bateese and his Little Decoys

Quack! quack! quack!

O! stop dat screechin', don't never spik no
more

For if anyt'ing, sapree, tonnerre! you 're worsen
dan before,

I wonder w'at you do wit' all your schoolin'!

Come out from onderneat' de bed, Lisette,

I believe you was de fattes' of de lot;

It 's handy too of course, for you never feel de
wet,

An' w'en you lak to try it, O! w'at a voice
you got!

So let us play it 's blowin' hard, an' duck is up
de win'

An' you want to reach dem—sure—now we 're
ready for begin,

Hooraw! an' never min' de noise dat you 're
makin'.

Quack! quack! quack! quack! O! let me
tak' de gun

For I would n't be astonish w'en Lisette is
get de start,

Roun' de house dey 'll come a-flyin', an' den
we 'll have de fun!

Yass, yass, kip up de flappin', O! ain't
she got de heart!

Bateese and his Little Decoys 139

Not many duck can beat her, an' I wish I had
some more,
Can mak' de song lak dat upon de water!

Dat 's very funny how it ketch de crowd!
An' now dey 're goin, all de younger wan!
But if you don't stop singin' out so loud,
I 'm sorry I mus' tole you all begone,
'Cos I want to go to sleep, for I 'm very very
tire,
An' de shiver 's comin' on me! so Marie poke
up de fire
An' mebbe I 'll feel better on de morning.

.

De leetle duck may call on de spring tam an'
de fall
W'en dey see de wil' bird flyin' on de air
Dey may cry aroun' hees door, but he 'll never
come no more
For showin' dem de lesson! ole Jean Bateese
Belair.



Phil-o-Rum's Canoe

“ O MA ole canoe! w'at 's matter wit' you,
an' w'y was you be so slow ?
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an'
still you don't seem to go—
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current
she don't be strong,
Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for
move along ?

“ I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sam' as
deer wit' de wolf behin'
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare
heem mos' off hees min' ;
But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus'
mebbe wink de eye,
For he know it 's easy git out de way w'en you
was a passin' by.”

I 'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day w'en I 'm
out wit' de ole canoe,
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan very
beeg caribou,

W'en somebody say, " Phil-o-rum, mon vieux,
wat 's matter wit' you youse'f ? "
An' who do you s'pose was talkin' ? w'y de
poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I 'm scare w'en I 'm sittin' dere, an'
she 's callin' ma nam' dat way :
" Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche,
you 're off on de head to-day
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an' me
we 're not too young,
An' if I 'm lookin' so ole lak you, I t'ink I
will close ma tongue.

" You should feel ashamed ; for you 're always
blame, w'en it is n't ma fault at all
For I 'm tryin' to do bes' I can for you on sum-
mer-tam, spring, an' fall.
How offen you drown on de reever if I 'm not
lookin' out for you
W'en you 're takin' too moche on de w'isky
some night comin' down de Soo.

" De firse tam we go on de Wessoneau no fel-
ler can beat us den,
For you 're purty strong man wit' de paddle,
but dat 's long ago ma frien',

An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an'
tonder an' rain may come,
But camp see us bote on de evening—you know
dat was true Phil-o-rum.

“ An' who 's your horse too, but your ole
canoe, an' w'en you feel cole an' wet
Who was your house w'en I 'm upside down
an' onder de roof you get,
Wit' rain ronnin' down ma back, Baptême! till
I 'm gettin' de rheumateez,
An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-même, but
let you do jus' you please.

“ You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night
on reever side down below,
An' even ' Bon Soir ' you was never say, but
off on de camp you go
Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' dere
on de groun'
Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat
flyin' all aroun'.

“ O! dat 's lonesome t'ing hear de grey owl
sing up on de beeg pine tree
An' many long night she kip me awake till sun
on de eas' I see,

An' den you come down on de morning for
start on some more voyage,
An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry
me on portage.

“ Dat 's way Phil -o- rum, rheumateez she
come, wit' pain ronnin' troo ma side
Wan leetle hole here, noder beeg wan dere, dat
not'ing can never hide;
Don't do any good fix me up agen, no matter
how moche you try,
For w'en we come ole an' our work she 's
done, bote man an' canoe mus' die.”

“ Wall! she talk dat way mebbe mos' de day,
till we 're passin' some beaver dam
An' wan de young beaver he 's mak' hees tail
come down on de water flam!
I never see de canoe so scare, she jomp nearly
two, t'ree feet
I t'ink she was goin' for ronne away, an' she
shut up de mout' toute suite.

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear,
an' I 'm glad she don't spik no more,
But soon as we fin' ourse'f arrive over dere on
de noder shore

I tak' dat canoe lak de lady, an' carry her off
wit' me,
For I 'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she
know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat 's smart canoe, an' I know it 's true,
w'at she 's spikin' wit' me dat day,
I 'm not de young feller I use to be w'en work
she was only play;
An' I know I was comin' closer on place w'ere
I mus' tak' care
W'ere de mos' worse current 's de las' wan too,
de current of Dead Riviere.

You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit'
wave dashin' all aroun',
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere
some very smart man get drown;
But if you be locky an' watch youse'f, mebbe
reever won't seem so wide,
An' firse t'ing you know you 'll ronne ashore,
safe on de noder side.



The Log Jam

DERE 's a beeg jam up de reever, w'ere
rapide is runnin' fas',
An' de log we cut las' winter is takin' it all
de room ;
So boss of de gang is swearin', for not'ing at
all can pass
An' float away down de current till some-
body break de boom.

“ Here 's for de man will tak' de job, holiday
for a week
Extra monee w'en pay day come, an' ten
dollar suit of clothes.
'T is n't so hard work run de log, if only you
do it quick—
W'ere 's de man of de gang den is ready
to say, ' Here goes ? ' ”

Dere was de job for a feller, handy an' young
an' smart,
Willin' to tak' hees chances, willin' to risk
hees life.

'Cos many a t'ing is safer, dan tryin' de boom
to start,
For if de log wance ketch you, dey 're cut-
tin' you lak a knife.

Aleck Lachance he lissen, an' answer heem
right away
" Marie Louise dat 's leevin' off on de shore
close by
She 's sayin' de word was mak' me mos' hap-
pies' man to-day
An' if you ax de reason I 'm ready to go,
dat 's w'y."

Pierre Delorme he 's spikin' den, an' O! but
he 's lookin' glad.
" Dis morning de sam' girl tole me, she mus'
say to me, ' Good-bye Pierre.'
So no wan can stop me goin', for I feel I was
comin' mad
An' wedder I see to-morrow, dat 's not'ing,
for I don't care."

Aleck Lachance was steady, he 's bully boy all
aroun',
Always sendin' de monee to hees moder
away below,

Now an' den savin' a leetle for buyin' de house
an' groun',
An' never done t'inkin', t'inkin' of Marie
Louise Lebeau.

Pierre was a half-breed feller, we call heem de
grand Nor' Wes'—
Dat is de place he 's leevin' w'en he work
for de Compagnie,
Dey say he 's marry de squaw dere, never min'
about all de res'—
An' affer he get hees monee, he 's de boy
for de jamboree!

Ev'ry wan start off cheerin' w'en dey pass on
de log out dere
Jompin' about lak monkey, Aleck an' Pierre
Delorme.
Workin' de sam' as twenty, an' runnin' off
ev'ryw'ere,
An' busy on all de places, lak beaver before
de storm.

Den we hear some wan shoutin', an' dere was
dat crazy girl,
Marie Louise, on de hillside, cryin' an' raisin'
row.

Could n't do not'ing worsen! mos' foolish t'ing
on de worl'

For Pierre Delorme an' Aleck was n't
workin' upon de scow.

Bote of dem turn aroun' dere w'en girl is com-
mencin' cry,

Lak woman I wance remember, got los' on
de bush t'ree day,

" Look how de log is movin'! I 'm seein' it
wit' ma eye,

Come back out of all dem danger!" an' den
she was faint away.

Ten year I been reever driver, an' mebbe
know somet'ing too,

An' dere was n't a man don't watch for de
minute dem log she go;

But never a word from de boss dere, stannin'
wit' all hees crew,

So how she can see dem movin' don't ax
me, for I dunno.

Hitch dem all up togeder, t'ousan' horse crazy
mad—

Only a couple of feller for han'le dem ev'ry
wan,

The Log Jam

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Scare dem wit' t'onder an' lightning, an' den 't
is n't half so bad

As log runnin' down de rapide, affer de
boom she 's gone.

See dem nex' day on de basin, you t'ink dey
was t'roo de fight

Cut wit' de sword an' bullet, lyin' along de
shore

You 'd pity de log, I 'm sure, an' say 't was
terrible sight

But man goin' t'roo de sam' t'ing, you 'd
pity dat man some more.

An' Pierre w'en he see dem goin' an' log jom-
pin' up an' down

De sign of de cross he 's makin' an' dive on
de water dere,

He know it 's all up hees chances, an' he rader
be goin' drown

Dan ketch by de rollin' timber, an' dat 's
how he go, poor Pierre.

Aleck's red shirt is blazin' off w'ere we hear de
log

Crackin' away an' bangin', sam' as a honder
gun,

Lak' sun on de morning tryin' to peep t'roo
de reever fog—

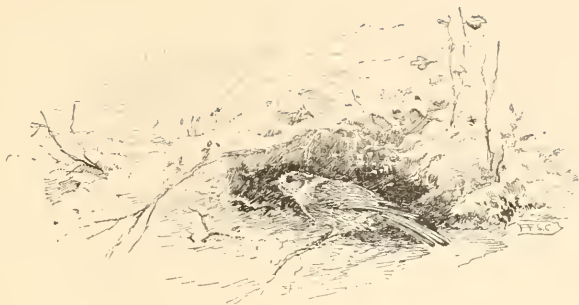
But Aleck's red shirt is redder dan ever I see
de sun.

An' w'en dey 're tryin' wake her: Marie
Louise Lebeau,

On her neck dey fin' a locket, she 's kipin' so
nice an' warm,

An' dey 're tolin' de funny story, de funnies'
I dunno—

For de face, Baptême! dey see dere, was de
half-breed Pierre Delorme!



The Canadian Magpie

MOS' ev'rywan lak de robin
An' it 's pleasan' for hear heem sing,
Affer de winter 's over
An' it 's comin' anoder spring.
De snow 's hardly off de mountain
An' it 's cole too among de pine
But you know w'en he sing, de sout' win'
Is crowdin' heem close behin'.

An' mebbe you hear de grosbec
Sittin' above de nes'—
An' you see by de way he 's goin'
De ole man 's doin' hees bes'
Makin' de wife an' baby
Happy as dey can be—
An' proud he was come de fader
Such fine leetle familiee.

152 The Canadian Magpie

De gougrou of course he 's nicer
 Dan many de bird dat fly,
 Dunno w'at we do widout heem,
 But offen I wonder w'y
 He can't stay quiet a minute
 Lak res' of de small oiseaux
 An' finish de song he 's startin'
 Till whish! an' away he go!

Got not'ing to say agen dem,
 De gougrou an' all de res'—
 'Cept only dey lak de comfort,
 An' come w'en it suit dem bes'—
 For soon as de summer 's passin'
 An' leaf is begin to fall—
 You 'll walk t'roo de wood an' medder
 An' never hear wan bird call.

But come wit' me on de winter
 On place w'ere de beeg tree grow
 De smoke of de log house chimley
 Will tole you de way to go—
 An' if you 're not too unlucky
 De w'iskey jack dere you 'll see
 Flyin' aroun' de shaintee
 An' dat was de bird for me.

You 'll mebbe not lak hees singin'
 Dough it 's better dan not'ing too,

The Canadian Magpie 153

For affer he do hees bes', den
W'at more can poor Johnnie do ?
It 's easy job sing on summer
De sam' as de rossignol—
But out of door on de winter
Jus' try it youse'f—dat 's all.

See heem dere, now he 's comin'
Hoppin' an' hoppin' aroun'
W'en we start on de morning early
For work till de sun go down—
T'row heem hees piece of breakfas'
An' hear heem say " merci bien,"
For he 's fond of de pork, ba golly!
Sam' as de Canayen.

De noise of de axe don't scare heem
He stay wit' us all de day,
An' w'en he was feelin' lak' it
Ride home wit' de horse an' sleigh.
Den affer we reach de shaintee
He 's waitin' to see us back
Jompin' upon de log dere
Good leetle w'iskey jack!

So here 's to de bird of winter
Wearin' de coonskin coat,
W'enever it 's bird election
You bet he can get ma vote—

154 The Canadian Magpie

Dat 's way I be feel about it,
Voyageurs let her go today!
W'iskey jack, get ready, we drink you
Toujours à vot' bonne santé!
Baptême!



The Red Canoe

DE win' is sleepin' in de pine, but O! de
night is black!

An' all day long de loon bird cry on Lac Waya-
gamack—

No light is shinin' by de shore for helpin' steer
heem t'roo

W'en out upon de night, Ubalde he tak' de
red canoe.

I hear de paddle dip, dip, dip! wance more I
hear de loon—

I feel de breeze was show de way for storm
dat 's comin' soon,

An' den de sky fly open wit' de lightning
splittin' t'roo—

An' 'way beyon' de point I see de leetle red
canoe.

It 's dark again, but lissen how across Waya-
gamack

De tonder 's roarin' loud, an' now de mount-
ains answer back—

I wonder wit' de noise lak dat, he hear me, le
 bon Dieu
 W'en on ma knee I ax Heem save de leetle red
 canoe!

Is dat a voice, so far away, it die upon ma ear?
 Or only win' was foolin' me, an' w'isperin'
 " Belzemire " ?
 Yaas, yaas, Ubalde, your Belzemire she 's
 prayin' hard for you—
 An' den again de lightning come, but w'ere 's
 de red canoe ?

.

Dey say I 'm mad, dem foolish folk, cos w'en
 de night is black
 An' w'en de wave lak snow-dreef come on Lac
 Wayagamack
 I tak' de place w'ere long ago we use to sit, us
 two,
 An' wait until de lightning bring de leetle red
 canoe.



Two Hundred Years Ago

TWO honder year ago, de worl' is purty slow
Even folk upon dis contree 's not so
smart,

Den who is travel roun' an' look out de
pleasan' groun'

For geev' de Yankee peop' a leetle start ?

I 'll tole you who dey were! de beeg rough
voyageurs,

W'it deir cousin w'at you call coureurs de bois,
Dat 's fightin' all de tam, an' never care a dam,
An' ev'ry wan dem feller he 's come from
Canadaw

Baptême!

He 's comin' all de way from Canadaw.

But He watch dem, le bon Dieu, for He 's got
some work to do,

An He won't trus' ev'ry body, no siree!

Only full blood Canadien, lak Marquette an'
Hennepin,

An' w'at you t'ink of Louis Verandrye ?

158 Two Hundred Years Ago

On church of Bonsecours! makin' ready for
de tour,

See dem down upon de knee, all prayin' dere—
Wit' de paddle on de han' ev'ry good Canad-
ien man,

An' affer dey be finish, hooraw for anyw'ere.

Yass, sir!

Dey 're ready now for goin' anyw'ere.

De nort' win' know dem well, an' de prairie
grass can tell

How offen it is trample by de ole tam botte
sauvage—

An' grey wolf on hees den kip very quiet, w'en
He hear dem boy a' singin' upon de long
portage.

An' de night would fin' dem lie wit' deir faces
on de sky,

An' de breeze would come an' w'isper on deir
ear

'Bout de wife an' sweetheart dere on Sorel an'
Trois Rivieres

Dey may never leev' to see anoder year,

Dat 's true,

Dey may never leev' to kiss anoder year.

An' you 'll know de place dey go, from de
canyon down below,

Or de mountain wit' hees nose above de cloud,

Two Hundred Years Ago 159

De lake among de hill, w'ere de grizzly drink
hees fill

Or de rapid on de reever roarin' loud ;
Ax de wil' deer if de flash of de ole Tree
Reever sash

He don't see it on de woods of Illinois
An' de musk ox as he go, w'ere de camp fire
melt de snow,

De smell he still remember of tabac Canadien
Ha! Ha!

It 's hard forgettin' smell of tabac Canadien!

So, ma frien', de Yankee man, he mus' try an'
understan'

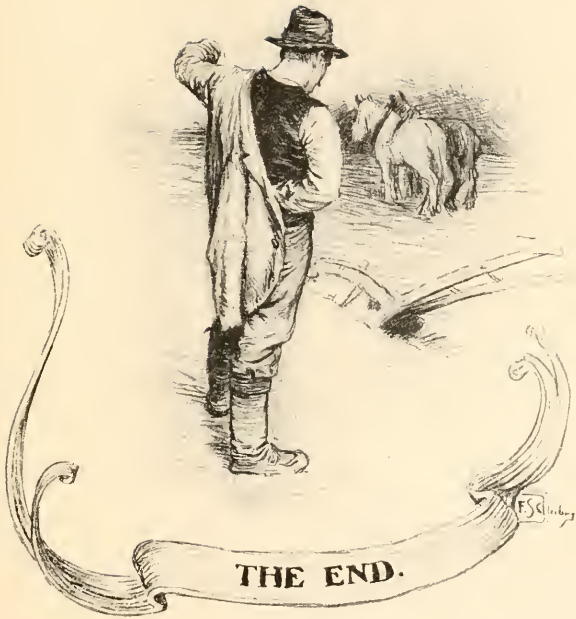
W'en he holler for dat flag de Star an'
Stripe,
If he 's leetle win' still lef', an' no danger hurt
hese'f,

Den he better geev' anoder cheer, ba cripe!
For de flag of la belle France, dat show de way
across

From Louisbourg to Florida an' back ;
So raise it ev'ryw'ere, lak' de ole tam voy-
ageurs,

W'en you hear of de la Salle an' Cadillac—
Hooraw!

For de flag of de la Salle an' Cadillac.



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