C002 Collection Canadiana

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C002 Canadiana Collection

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De La Rue & Co's

IMPROVED

MANIFOLD WRITER.

Directions.

Place the Tablet between a sheet of Letter Paper, on which put the Black Paper done on both sides, covering it with a leaf of the Copying Book; write with *the point* on the Copying Leaf, pressing rather hard. When properly arranged they are thus:—

1. **Copying Leaf on which Write.**
2. **Black Leaf.**
3. **Writing Paper.**
4. **The Tablet.**

To produce two letters with the copy at one operation, take two sheets of thin Writing Paper, place the Tablet in the centre —on the leaf next the Tablet lay a sheet of Black Paper, done on *one side*, with the black side downwards, and on the upper leaf a sheet of Black Paper, *done on both sides*, then place them under a leaf of the Copying Book. When arranged they will stand thus:—

1. **Copying Leaf.**
2. **Black Leaf.**
3. **The Letter.**
4. **Black Leaf, done on one side, with black side downwards.**
5. **Second Letter.**
6. **The Tablet.**

☞ When writing, place the Guard under the hand. When not writing return the Black Leaf to its Book, and be careful not to rub it against the Writing Paper.

Guard.

De La Rue & Co's

IMPROVED COPY BOOK

Warranted to retain its Properties in all Climates.

Dea

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6 St
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2 70
Chown
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given
Lot
77 1/2

Kingston Sept 4th 72

Dear Charley.

Please ship soonest possible per G L R to A Chown

6 Hf Bbls 10 + 12 + 6 do 10 + 14

Brasen & George per G L R

5 Kgs 10 Galls Co Q Harmsk 92½

12 Cans 1 Salt Co No 1 Carriage Paid

at $1 1/75 Cans + Kgs chd extra.

also per express 6 Ellis No 3 diamond

at $3 50 Co.

I have been quoting $2 20 2 45 + 2 70 for Glass + I see you have quoted Chown $2 20 2 35 + 2 60 which is it to be. It wont do for me to quote one price + have different quotations given from the office. Buckleton bot oil from John Jamieson at 77½ for Boiled

Yours in haste

Henry

Montreal

J. Abrate

E. Wade

#4

Lindsay Sept 12th/72

Dear Charley.

Enclosed find the order you have taken on Fair of J. M. Carter. Picture for sale.

Pictures next trip...

2 Doz [illegible] Lemonade Glasses on Cards
3 — 6 " Lemons — —
2 " Red Plain Glass
10 " Pickled Pattern Glass
5 " Plain " —
12 Bots 1 pt Cat
6 — 2 " " Red Grape
6 — 1 " Cat Cut Amber
6 — 2 " " Red Pattern Sauce
6 — 1 " " Red Pattern Sauce
10 " Dog Pattern Sauce
1 Box Dry Fan Red
1 — Assorted Colors
1 — Lampl on Bows Pencils
1 — Assorted Lampblack 5 pt
1 Kg 20 pkts Cl Vermil 1.00
1 — 10 — Japan 90
1 Box 3 pkts Gilder 20
1 — 5 — Red Crayon 12
1 — 5 — Red Crayon Bits 20
1 — 5 — Glass Wood Polishing 12

3 M Board Cuts

3 of Boards 8 x 10 2.22
3 — — 10 x 12 —
5 — 10 x 14
8 — 12 x 16
2 — 15 x 24
2 — 16 x 20
1 — 16 x 28
1 — 16 x 30
1 — 18 x 28
1 100 feet 22 x 28
1 — 22 x 30
1 — 20 x 24
1 — 24 x 30
1 — 24 x 34
1 — 24 x 36
1 — 26 x 36
1 — 30 x 40
2 All 15 x 32
2 — 15 x 34
3 — 15 x 36

All of the above Board Cuts can be Dressed Matched or Shiplapped on Inquiry, the only price Varied on Dressed & Matched.

M. Dawson Bellwood Mr. Pedon

25 Kg 25 c a C Lead
3 — 300 c a C — Sheet Pure on hand
3 Cases Rolling Bricks 2 to 2 feet a about 1.50
3 Doz 25 c a Pencilsharpener 2.44
1 Kg Can Ammonia
3 Doz Jam Jars 7.50
2 Bbls Paris White 15
12 M Shingles 7 x 9 x 4 — 16 x 30 to order
4 — 18 x 30 no 2 no 20 x 40 x 1 100 feet
M x 36 all Matched

Quebec Oct. Leaving at once

80 tins 1 lb @ Prof Black in oil 20 ¢

41 Half boxes 7 x 9 $2.20

2 Cases roofing 30 x 40

2 " " 24 x 36

+ 10 drive. Iron assorted

5 Cases roofing 30 x 40 ⊿ 2

1 " " 28 x 42 "

2 " " 32 x 42 "

1 " " 32 x 54 "

3 " " 24 x 36 "

1 " " 30 x 40 "

1 " " 20 x 30 "

1 " " 24 x 30 "

McLennan & Co Lindsay

Imp & buy for Brantford following 26 of

Smithwick Mast. say

1 Case Red roll roofs 38 x 46 — 1 Case

28 x 42 ship along with it

2 Bbls Pale Blot 82 ½

1 " Putty 3/4

300 lb Putty in tins.

2 Boxes Lampblack at local prices

3 " Paint white

+ 1 Good Varnish for kitchen 6 ¢

Parcel Post about $30 3.20

Peterboro Sept 13th/17

Dear Charlie

Please ship immediately to John Bertram Peterboro per G.T.R. via Midland RR. all the 12 x 20 Star we have in stock $2 30

1 Bbl French ochre 1 3/4 ¢
2 — Whiting 75 ¢ per cwt
1 — Choc L & P Pt 1 1/2 ¢

R. Keegan Peterboro via G.T.R to Port Hope care Midland R R

4 Half Boxes 8 x 10
4 — — 10 x 12
4 — 10 x 14
2 — 10 x 16
2 — 12 x 16
2 — 12 x 18
1 Bbl Pale Boat 82 1/2
100 lbs Best Spruce ochre
2 tons 25th Com Yellow Pt
6 tins 3lb @ } White Paint
6 — 5th @ }
4 — 10th @ }
6 — 1th @ Round Tan Red
6 — 1th - Chrome Yellow Pt

Yours in haste

Henry

Oshawa Sept 16th/72

Dear Charlie

Please ship the following to the Bowmanville Manuf'g Co per G.T.R. 2 Bbls Best Flowing T.F/Z. 2 Bbls C & 2 Bbls Spt-shellac. I gave them no quotation for any varnishes. Mr Johnston was very polite & showed me all over the factory. Ship also to Leake & Bros Oshawa 1 Bbl Pure shellac $2.00 They dont want any other varnishes just now but will order from us when they want. I have seen the Gibbs here. but they are not in want of anything at present. I saw a Contract of Jamieson's to supply them with varnishes by the year at fixed prices. Will tell you about it when I return. I shall leave in an hour for Whitby & be in Toronto about midnight: will write again soon. All well.

Yours &c

Henry

St Catharines Sept 19th

Dear Charly

Herewith find the orders I have so far taken. which get ready & ship as directed. with the exception of Jacques & Hays which can stand till I return as both the varnish & Japan must be made especially for them. they have tried the sample sent up & find it good. the Co for them must have some hard pitch in it & I think we ought to have another case of that 70 # North Coast to melt with the Rosin. as that is much cheaper than any hard pitch we have We will also want another case of shellac for the Japan. & I think it ought to be made according to the recipt in that book. at any rate it will do after I get home as they are not in a hurry for it. I expected to have got an order from Brownlow & P for 500 boxes glass. but while they were looking over their stock to see what they wanted Drake came up & sold them

about 1000 boxes at $ 2 10 for small sizes. to them before I saw them again. I believe Drake and it to buy & work of some of Ramsays surplus stock. as he seems to say (so B & P told me) that Ramsay is feeling the tightness of the money market considerably. I offered Thomson & Burns 1000 Boxes at $ 2 15 2 30 & 2 50 & they are to give me an answer when Mr Thomson returns home or when I get back again from the west. Phillips said he would pay me when I returned to Toronto. McNab will send down an order for 1000 or 1500 Boxes to import for next Spring at current rate. Arrived here at 11 o'clock & will leave at 5 for Hamilton. where I will buy & get through so as to leave for Brantford Friday eve. Paris on Saturday P M. & London Saturday eve & stay there over Sunday. If your with Saturday or Monday send to see Wm Rolff in Windsor or McKenzie Sarnia

quite well.

Yours aff brother
Henry

Ship Layman Bros Toronto
via G T R.

10 Bbls G at 90 ¢
3 — H 85
10 — Japan 82
2 — Black Japan 82 ¢
had to cut on this G as John Jameson
quoted them same price

Elliott & Co per G T R
6 Bbls G at 92 ¢
3 — Japan — 82

R Stay & Co G T R when I
action
5 Bbls Shellac Japan at $1.05
5 — G — 1.10

R W Laird on arrival per
Mail Line
500 feet 20 × 24 ⊏
500 — 20 × 26 —
800 — 22 × 28 —
300 — 22 × 30 —
300 — 24 × 34 —
200 — 26 × 36 —
100 — 26 × 40

I agreed to give Brondson & Paton 200 300
boxes Glass of Eyes that Ramsay was out of
at $2.15 2.30 & 2.50 to arrive.

Henry

London Sept 22 / 72

Dear Charlie

Since writing you last I have not been able to do much in getting orders. People seem either to have good stocks or are waiting to see how things are going to turn out. They seem to think that the stringency in the money market will have a tendency to make merchants anxious to sell bye & bye, & that prices will be lower in consequence notwithstanding the high prices in Europe they all seem to think they will have to stock up before navigation closes. but prefer to wait for a while before ordering Wood & Leggat. & McGowen & Co promise to send us orders to import for next spring as they want the Star Brand of glass. Oils are being cut very low. & the only things I seem to be able to get orders for are varnishes. in spite of both Jamiessons. & Baylis Wilkie's travellers who are on the road ahead of me. I left R C J & wife in Hamilton Friday. Mr Logie who is on the road also. has told quite a number of our customers that Peter was a partner (or going to be I dont know which) in their concern & that he (Peter) was going to make

Varnishes & would be able to supply them with the same kinds of varnish they were in the habit of getting from E & A & Co. as Mr D used to manufacture for E & A & Co.
The last letter I recd from you was dated the 17th, if you have written any to me since that. you had better write to the parties in whose care the letter is to forward it to meat the Queens Hotel Toronto. where I shall be sure to find it on my return. I will have to stay in Toronto over one day. as several of our customers are there wanted me to call on them on my return. & it will take some time to see them all. Quite a number have asked me to quote Turpentine. but I have not given a price to any one. Hope we have not missed it in waiting too long. before buying our Tempt for full I saw Freeborne in Hamilton. from all we could ascertain. the "Champion" discharged that case plate glass in Toronto & left it there. the Mr Kelly who owns the glass has been kicking up a great row about the delay. but of course could not blame us. I told Freeborne that in consequence of the Grand Line transhipping the case in Toronto that we would not hold ourselves liable for breakage. but that when the glass

arrived in Hamilton. & before he rec'd it from the Co., that he must have the case opened on the wharf & examined.. & if the glass was broken make the Mail Line pay for the damage Freeborne promised he would do so. By the way I forgot to tell you in my last that I gave some quotations to the following parties. so if you hear from them before I return you will know what to do. a Jeffrey St. C.

C Varnish 95 # Japan 85. Int Eng 2 75
B # 2 50 D/C # 1 75 Demar # 1 25
Hard Rubbing # 2 50 No 1 Rubbing 1/2 D/C
1/2 B # 2 00.

McGovern & Co Hamilton quoted
C 92 1/2 Japans 82 1/2 Demar # 1 25
D/C 1 75 Com Carriage 1/2 D/C 1/2 C
1 50 Some low army body 2 75 Hard
Rubbing # 2 50 Com Rubbing # 2 00

I arrived here late last night. will try & get through here tomorrow. so as to be in Chatham Tuesday & Windsor on Wednesday. If you should write me on Wednesday or Thursday send it care of. J M Bond & Co Guelph. I had one of my old fashioned sick headaches yesterday. & it has not quite gone yet otherwise I am first rate. Love to all

Your aff brother
Henry

You may book the following orders
W. J & J McCalla St Catharines
to arrive. per Propeller America or
Mchts Line.

5	Hf Bbls	16 + 32	Star	$2 50
5	— —	16 + 36	—	2 75
2	— —	18 + 36	—	—
1	100 feet	20 + 28	—	
2	—	22 + 32	—	
4	—	24 + 30	—	
1	—	24 + 36	—	
1	—	20 + 28	☐	
1	—	20 + 40	—	
1	—	22 + 32	—	
1	—	24 + 30	—	
1	—	24 + 36	—	
1	—	36 + 46	—	

Jas McGiverin Geo Hamilton
per Mail Line

5	Bbls	G	92 p/n
2	—	Brown Japan	82 p/n
1	—	No 1 Carriage	175
1	—	No 2 —	p/n D/G p/n G 150
1	—	Flowing No 1	p/n D/7 p/n G 200
1	—	Hard Drying Carriage	1/3 D 2/3 G 150
1	—	Lime Wearing Body	275

J. Winer & Co Hamilton per Western Exp Freight Line.

4	Bbls	Black Japan	82 p/n
2	—	G	92 p/n
2	—	Brown Japan	82 p/n
1	—	Damar	125
1	—	Extra Turpentine	
1	—	Spirit Copal	$1 40

I forgot to put down what I quoted for the Extra Turpentine. so have written to them to let me know what I quoted or send word to you

L. Ellis Brantford per G. T. R.

1 Bbl Cr 97 1/2

10 Galls Damar 1 30

10 — No 2 Rubbing 1/2 D/Cr 1/2 Cr 2 00

10 — Best Coach Body D 2 35

5 — No 1 — D/Cr 1 90

5 — No 1 Carriage D/Cr 1 70

5 Cans 1 Gall ea Lime Wearing Body

The above were the prices quoted to him about 5 or 6 weeks ago by letter. so I thus do give them to him as those prices.

He will send down what cans he has & the bal of his order except the Cr you will put into new cans

My trip is not turning out quite so well as I hoped. but am doing the best I can, at any rate it is better than Peters last fall trip. as far as varnish is concerned.

Henry

Hamilton.

Wood & Leggat

per Mail Line

5 Bbls Cr 92 1/2 } 6 mos

3 — Brown Japan 82 1/2 }

London Sept 23rd 1872

Messrs J. Ormer & Co
Hamilton

Dear Sirs

On looking over the order kindly given to me by your Mr Rutherford I find a Bbl of Extra Furniture ordered. but I omitted at the time to put down the price quoted. Will you therefore be kind enough to drop our people in Montreal a line. stating the price quoted you for the Extra Furniture varnish. & much oblige

Yours Very Resp.y
Henry. W. Wrater

Guelph Sept 29th /72

Dear Charlie

Enclosed find some small orders taken since I wrote you last. I dont know how it is but everybody seems not to want glass they have either got a full stock or have some coming ordered through Ansell. I find that he has taken several small orders to import for some of our customers & they are expecting the glass this fall. oils are offered at 72½ & 77½ so I cant touch them. As I shall be home as soon after you receive this letter will tell you all about my trip then. Although it may not be very remunerative in a pecuniary point of view. still I think my visits to our customers will turn out for the best in the end I rec.d your letter in Sarnia with quotations. for which am much obliged The tightness of the money market in

Wforstead has not apparently extended to Ontario. I have not heard a single complaint yet of difficulty in obtaining money at regular rates of interest. There is a good crop of wheat & farmers are getting good prices
Am sorry Lunt has gone up so much without our being able to buy a stock at lower rates. Have encountered quotations from both Jameson & B. N. & Co. Have therefore had to cut rather finer on varnishes than I wanted
Now may ship after Oct 1st to
B. A Mitchell of London per G.T.R
2 Bbls C.C. Varnish 92
2 — Brown Japan 82
1 — Black " 82
1 — No 2 Quick Drying Carriage
1/2 Dpt 1/2 C.C. @ 1.50
1 Kg 20 Galls Damar $1.25
Smith Chapman & Co per G.T.R.
if not previously ordered.
1 Bbl Brown Japan 85 p

R. Lewis London per 9th

5 Bbls Ge varnish @ 95 H

& to arrive

100 feet 24 + 46 ▱ D

200 — 24 + 50 —

200 — 26 + 50 —

200 — 28 + 46 —

100 — 30 + 46 —

J & W McKeough Chatham

per Mail Line to Hamilton care

Great Western Railway

1 Bbl Ge Varnish (no quotation)

I also agreed to send Rolff

the bal of his spring order

will explain to you when I get

home.

Yours truly

Henry

Hamilton Dec 13th

Messrs C. Cameron & Co

Dear Sirs

We sent you a short time ago a price list of Window Glass. Since that time however we have recd a somewhat lower quotation & are now enabled to offer you Messrs Bennett & Bivouts Gen Star Brand of Glass at the enclosed prices. which we hope you will find satisfactory

The writer expected to have had the pleasure of calling upon you this forenoon before leaving for Toronto but was unable to do so

Should you favor us with your commands. we shall be pleased to receive them as early as possible in order to insure the shipment by first spring vessels

Hoping your favors we remain

Yours very Resp

E. Wheeler & Co

4700 Metcalfe Avenue
Westmount

4100 Rockwell Avenue
Cleveland
October 9th 1915

E Atwater & Co

Copy

Affirmed Oct 3 1854

We the undersigned hereby agree to adopt the following proceedings & offer this date for food & the possibility of Government aid & food & well as this notice around the pecuniary for offering other presents by the Afforesgfardhaeaus or Authority. Resolutions by Authority of Ordination & Pastor of Elsewhere &c. Also that we believe it is the Prerogative of Stewardship, & also to each other to maintain & fellowship.

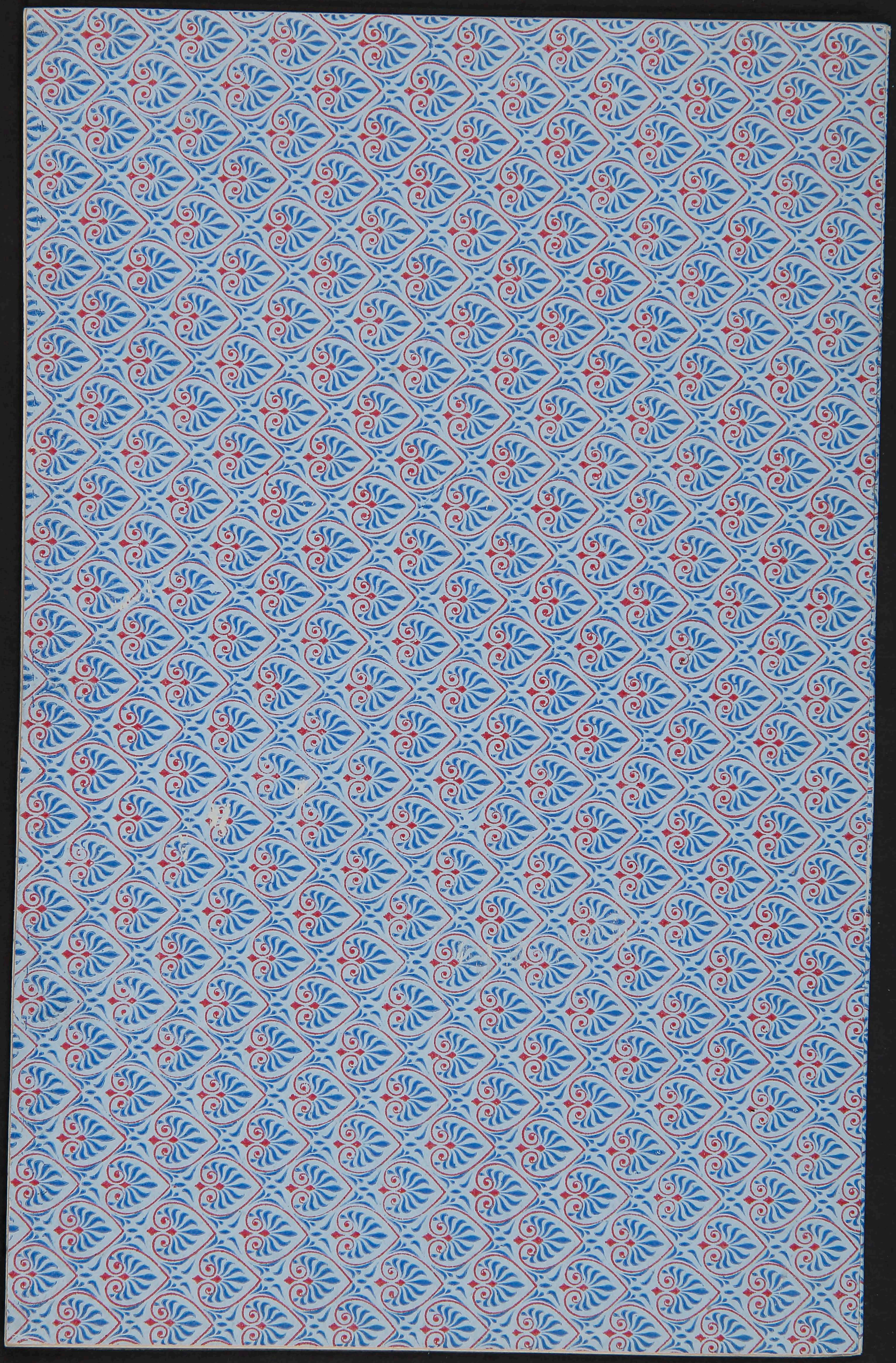
De La Rue & Co's

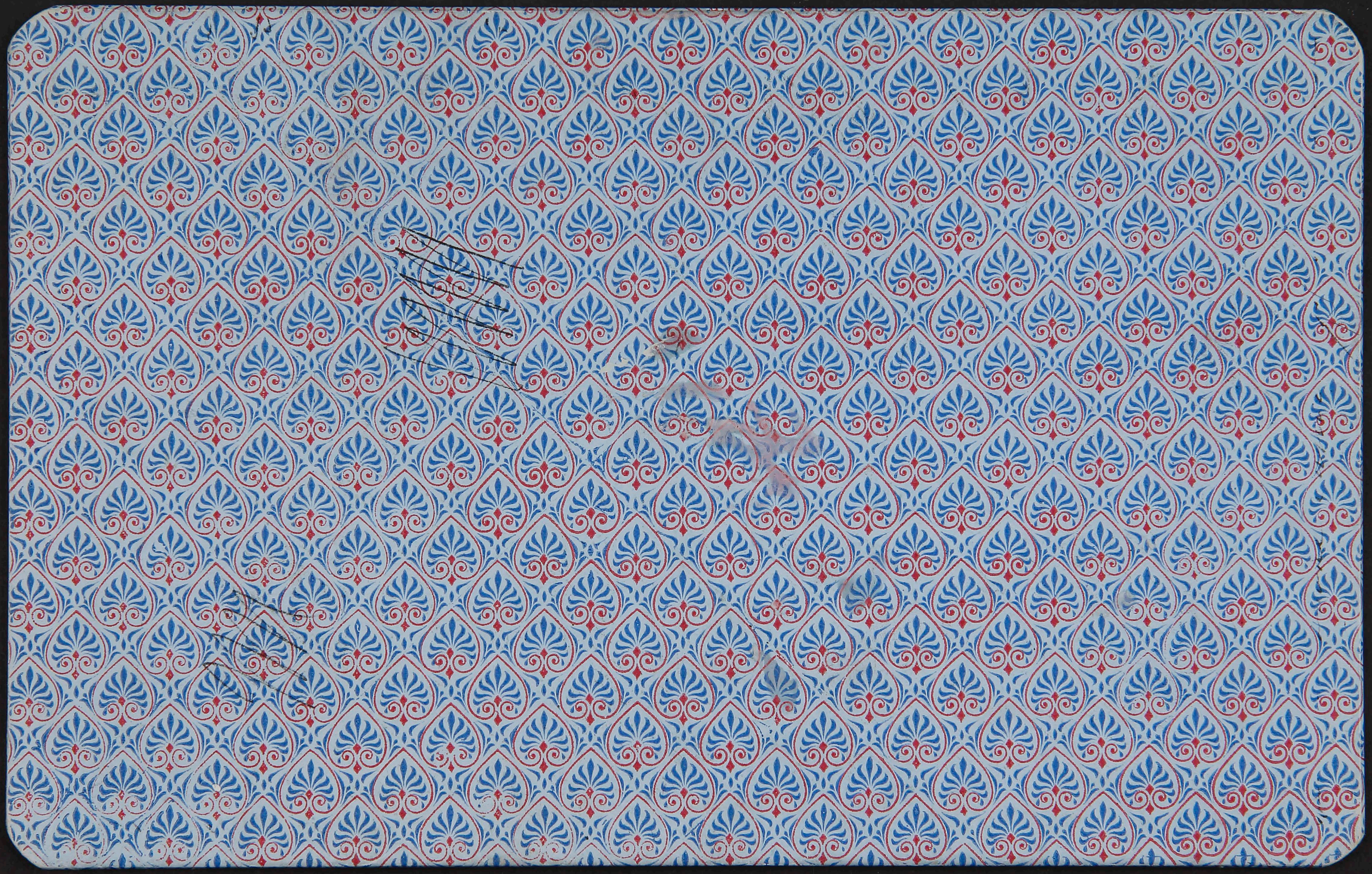
IMPROVED CARBONIC BOOK

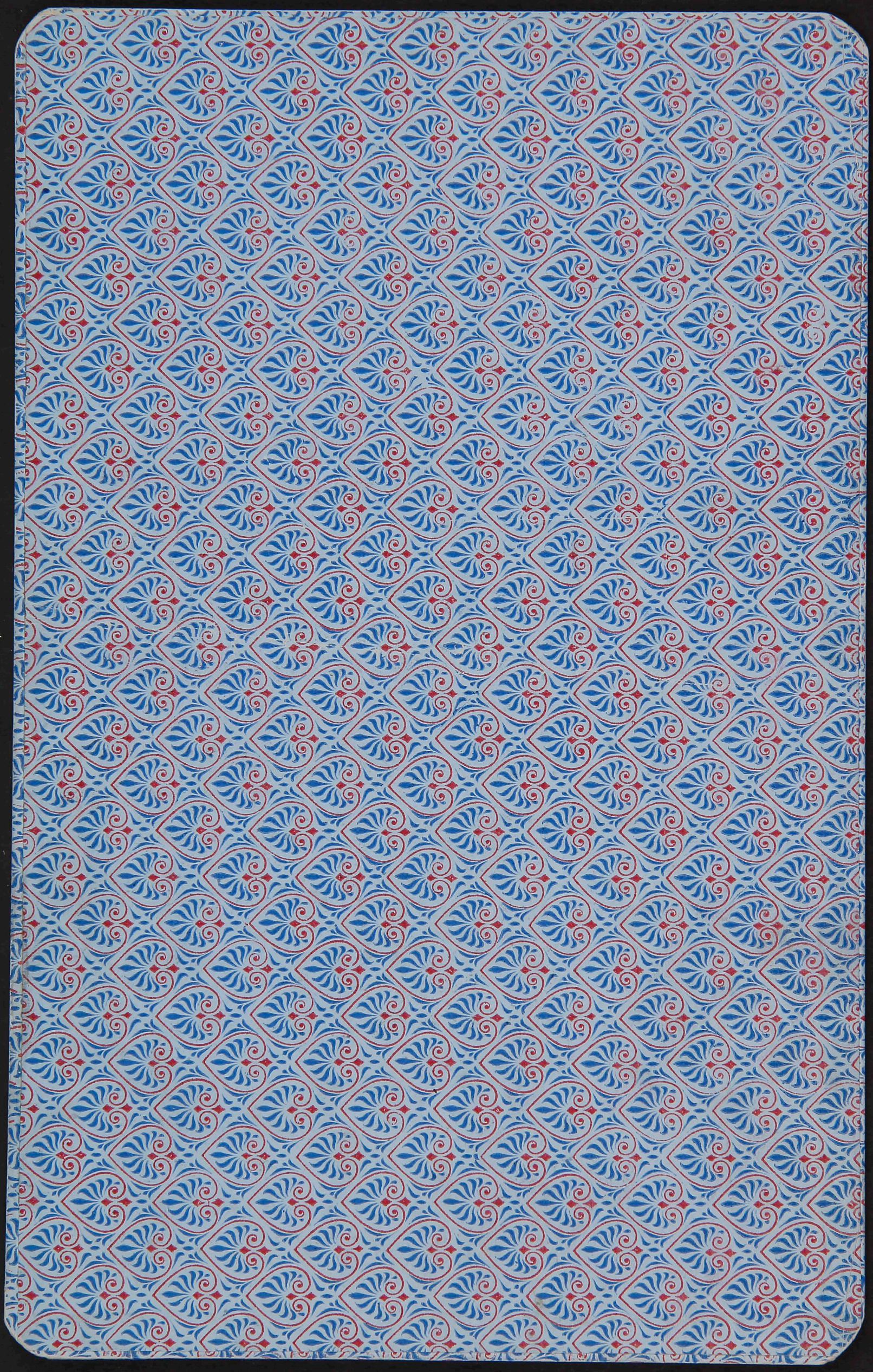
Warranted to keep good in all Climates, and not to soil the paper.

Ro198 5/2
200

Henry Monteith Esq.
of Carnock
Born Nov. 1771







PHARMACOPŒIA

OF THE

MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

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PHARMACOPŒIA

OF THE

MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL.

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PHARMACOPŒIA

OF THE

MONTREAL GENERAL HOSPITAL

INJECTIONES.

Injectio Zinci Sulphatis.

Sulphate of Zinc 1 grain (.06); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Injectio Zinci Chloridi.

Chloride of Zinc ½ grain (.03); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Injectio Zinci Acetatis Composita.

Sulphate of Zinc ½ grain (.03); Solution of the Subacetate of Lead 4 minims (.30); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Injectio Argenti Nitratis.

Nitrate of Silver $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Injectio Potassii Permanganatis.

Permanganate of Potassium $\frac{1}{2}$ grain (.03); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Injectio Zinci Sulphatis Composita.

Sulphate of Zinc 1 grain (.06); Oxide of Zinc 2 grains (.15); Rectified Spirit 8 minims (.50); Mucilage $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachms (5.50); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

LINCTUS.

Linctus Morphinae.

Solution of the Hydrochlorate of Morphine 3 minims (.18); Spirits of Chloroform 3 minims (.18); Glycerine $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm (2.50); Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Linctus Codeinae.

Codeine $\frac{1}{8}$ grain (.008); Compound Tincture of Cardamons, Spirits of Chloroform of each 5 minims (.28); Syrup $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm (2.5); Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Linctus Morphinæ cum Acido Hydrocyanico.

Solution of the Acetate of Morphine 5 minims (.30); Dilute Hydrocyanic Acid, 1½ minims (.08); Spirits of Chloroform 3 minims (.18); Syrup of Lemons ½ drachm (2.50); Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

LINIMENTA.

Linimentum Saponis.

Soft Soap 1 drachm (4.00); Camphor 24 grains (1.50); Rectified Spirit 96 minims (5.50); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Linimentum Belladonnæ et Chloroformi.

Liniment of Belladonna 3 drachms (10.00); Chloroform 1 drachm (5.00); Liniment of Soap to 1 ounce (30.00).

Linimentum Commune (Hospital Liniment).

Oil of Turpentine 1½ drachm (5.00); Stronger Solution of Ammonia 45 minims (2.50); Liniment of Soap to 1 ounce (30.00).

Linimentum Saponis cum Opio (Anodyne Liniment).

Tincture of Opium 2 drachms (7.00); Liniment of Soap to 1 ounce (30.00).

LOTIONES.

Lotio Plumbi.

Solution of the Subacetate of Lead 12 minims (.75); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Plumbi Evaporans.

Solution of the Subacetate of Lead 20 minims (1.25); Rectified Spirits 2 drachms (6.75); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Plumbi cum Opio.

Solution of the Subacetate of Lead, Tincture of Opium, of each 12 minims (.75); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Rubra (Red Wash).

Sulphate of Zinc 2 grains (.13); Compound Tincture of Lavender 20 minims (1.25); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Zinci Oxidi.

Oxide of Zinc 20 grains (1.30); Dilute Hydrocyanic Acid 10 minims (.60); Glycerine 40 minims (3.30); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Calcis cum Sulphure (Vlemingkx Solution.)

Lime 1 ounce (32.00); Sulphur 2 ounces (64.00); Water 1 pint (600.00). Slake the lime, add the Sulphur, and boil to 12 ounces (350.00).

Lotio Acidi Salicylici (Thiersch's Solution).

Salicylic Acid 1 grain (.07); Biborate of Sodium 6 grains (.40); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Zinci Oxidi cum Calomelane.

Oxide of Zinc 9 grains (.60); Calomel 3 grains (.20); Carbolic Acid 3 grains (.20); Glycerine 12 minims (.90); Lime Water to 1 ounce (30.00).

MISTURÆ.

Mistura Alba.

Carbonate of Magnesium 10 grains (.65); Sulphate of Magnesium 1 drachm (4.00); Peppermint Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Alkalina.

Iodide of Potassium 5 grains (.32); Bicarbonate of Potassium 15 grains (1.00); water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Ammonium Chloridi.

Chloride of Ammonium 5 grains (.32); Spirits of Chloroform 10 minims (.60); Compound Tincture of Camphor 15 minims (.92); Fluid Extract of Licorice 20 minims (1.50); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Bismuthi cum Acido Hydrocyanico.

Subnitrate of Bismuth 10 grains (.65); Dilute Hydrocyanic Acid 3 minims (.16); Infusion of Calumba to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Ferri Acetatis.

Tincture of the Perchloride of Iron 15 minims (.92); Solution of the Acetate of Ammonium 1 drachm (3.75); Dilute Acetic Acid 20 minims (1.25); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Ferri Aperiens.

Sulphate of Magnesium ½ drachm (1.95); Sulphate of Iron 2 grains (.13); Dilute Sulphuric Acid 5 minims (.30); Tincture of Calumba ½ drachm (1.90); Peppermint Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Ferri et Quininæ.

Sulphate of Iron Sulphate of Quinine, of each 1 grain (.065); Dilute Sulphuric Acid 10 minims (.60); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Ferri Perchloridi.

Tincture of the Perchloride of Iron 10 minims (.60); Dilute Phosphoric Acid 10 minims (.60); Tincture of Lemon Peel 30 minims (1.90); Syrup 1 drachm (5.00); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Gentianæ Alkalina.

Bicarbonate of Sodium 10 grains (.65); Compound Tincture of Gentian 1 drachm (3.75); Peppermint Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Hydrargyri (Green's Mixture).

Corrosive Sublimate $\frac{1}{12}$ grain (.005); Iodide of Potassium 5 grains (.32); Tincture of Calumba ½ drachm (1.90); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Ipecacuanhæ.

Wine of Ipecacuanha 10 minims (.60); Citrate of Potassium 15 grains (1.00); Sweet Spirits of Nitre ½ drachm (1.70); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Nitromuriatica.

Dilute Nitromuriatic Acid 10 minims (.60); Tincture of Calumba 1 drachm (3.75); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Pectoralis Acuta.

Tartarated Antimony ⅛ grain (.008); Wine of Ipecacuanha 10 minims (.60); Solution of the Acetate of Amononium ½ drachm (1.90); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Pectoralis Chronica.

Nitrate of Potassium 10 grains (.65); Compound Tincture of Camphor 20 minims (1.25); Vinegar of Squills 20 minims (1.25); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Potassii.

Citrate of Potassium 30 grains (2.00); Bicarbonate of Potassium 15 grains (1.00); Peppermint Water ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Potassii cum Hyoscyamo.

Tincture of Hyoscyamus ½ drachm (1.90); Potassium Mixture to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Potassii Acetatis Composita.

Acetate of Potassium 20 grains (1.30); Vinegar of Squills 20 minims (1.25); Sweet Spirits of Nitre ½ drachm (1.70); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Rhei et Sodii.

Bicarbonate of Sodium 10 grains (.65); Powdered Rhubarb 5 grains (.32); Peppermint Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Salina.

Sulphate of Magnesium 30 grains (2.00); Compound Tincture of Gentian ½ drachm (1.90); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Sodii Benzoatis.

Benzoic Acid 10 grains (.65); Biborate of Sodium 15 grains (1.00); Water to ½ ounce (15.00).

Mistura Olei Morrhuæ.

Cod Liver Oil, Apohaqui Water, of each 2 drachms (8.00).

PIGMENTA.

Pigmentum Carbolici et Resinæ.

Carbolic Acid 1 drachm (4.00); Resin 1 drachm (4.00). For toothache, to be placed in the cavity.

Pigmentum Belladonnæ.

Extract of Belladonna 1 drachm (4.00); Glycerine 7 drachms (36.00).

PILULÆ.

Pilula Aloes et Belladonnæ.

Aloes $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains (.16); Extract of Belladonna $\frac{1}{6}$ grain (.010); Extract of Nux Vomica $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016).

Pilula Camphoræ Composita.

Camphor 1 grain (.065); Opium $\frac{1}{2}$ grain (.03); Ipecacuanha $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Mucilage of Acacia a sufficiency.

Pilula Colocynthidis cum Hydrargyro.

Compound Extract of Colocynth 3 grains (.20); Pill of Mercury $1\frac{1}{2}$ grains (.10); Extract of Hyoscyamus $\frac{1}{2}$ grain (.03).

Pilula Camphoræ et Calomelanos.

Camphor 1 grain (.03); Calomel $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Oleo Resin Capsic 1-20 grain (.003); Powdered Opium and Powdered Ipecac of each $\frac{1}{2}$ grain (.03).

PULVERES.

Pulvis Calomelanos Composita.

Calomel, Powdered Boracic Acid, Powdered Starch, equal parts. As an application to venereal ulcers

UNGUENTA.

Unguentum Chrysarobini.

Chrysarobin 5 grains (.30); Vaseline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Lithargyri (Hebra).

Lead Plaster 10 ounces (30.00); Olive Oil 1 pint (60.00); Oil of Lavender 2 drachms (.60). Heat and mix thoroughly the Lead Plaster and the Olive Oil and then add the Oil of Lavender.

Unguentum Sulphuris Compositum.

Sublimed Sulphur 3 ounces (3.00); Oil of Cade 3 ounces (3.00); Green Soap and Lard, of each $\frac{1}{2}$ pound (8.00); Chalk 2 ounces (2.00). (Hebra's Ointment for Scabies).

Unguentum Zinci Compositum.

Zinc Ointment and Simple Ointment of each ½ ounce (15.00); Calomel 10 grains (.65); Oil of Cade 1 drachm (4.00).

Unguentum Resorcini.

Resorcin ½ drachm (2.00); Salicylic Acid 20 grains (1.50); Sulphur Ointment 1 ounce (32.00). (For Acne).

Unguentum Hydrargyri Ammoniati Compositum.

Zinc Ointment and Simple Ointment, of each 2 drachms (8.00); Ointment of Ammoniated Mercury ½ ounce (16.00).

Unguentum Hydrargyri Oleatis.

Oleate of Mercury (10 per cent.) 2 drachms (8.00); Prepared Lard 1 drachm (4.00); Oil of Lavender 3 minims (.2). (For Dandruff).

SPIRITUS.

Spiritus Saponis Viridis.

Green Soap 2 ounces (60.00); Alcohol 1 ounce (30.00); Oil of Lavender 20 minims (1.00). Dissolve the Soap in the Spirit, filter and add the Oil of Lavender.

VAPORES.

Vapor Iodi Compositum (Coghill's Inhalation).

Sulphuric Ether, Tincture of Iodine, Carbolic Acid, of each 3 drachms (8.00, 12.00, 15.00); Creasote $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachms (7.50); Rectified Spirits $5\frac{1}{2}$ drachms (18.00). Dose.—Ten drops on the sponge of an oro-nasal inhaler.

Vapor Creasoti et Acidi Carbolici.

Creasote, Carbolic Acid, of each 2 drachms (8.00); Rectified Spirits 4 drachms (14.00).

PHARMACOPŒIA

OF THE DEPARTMENT FOR

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR

COLLYRIA.

Collyrium Acidi Boracici.

Boracic Acid 15 grains (1.00); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Collyrium Aluminis.

Alum 5 grains (.30); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Collyrium Argenti Nitratis.

Nitrate of Silver 2 grains (.13); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Collyrium Boracis.

Boracic Acid, Biborate of Sodium, of each 6 grains (.40); Camphor Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Collyrium Hydrargyri Perchloridi.

Corrosive Sublimate 1 grain (.05); Distilled Water 10 ounces (300.00).

Collyrium Zinci Chloridi.

Chloride of Zinc 2 grains (.15); Distilled Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Collyrium Zinci Sulphatis.

Sulphate of Zinc 4 grains (.25); Boracic Acid 10 grains (.65); Distilled Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Collyrium Zinci Sulphocarbolatis.

Sulphocarbolate of Zinc 2 grains (.15); Distilled Water 1 ounce (30.00).

FOMENTA.

Fomentum Papaveris.

Poppy Capsules freed from their seeds and bruised 2 ounces (60.00); Water 1½ pint (900.00). Boil for a quarter of an hour, and strain. To be used as a hot fomentation.

Fomentum Boracis.

Boracic Acid 6 drachms (25.00); Boiling Water 1 pint (600.00).

Fomentum Belladonnæ.

Extract of Belladonna 1 drachm (4.00); Distilled Water 1 pint (600.00). Rub together until dissolved.

GUTTÆ.

Guttæ Atropinæ.

Sulphate of Atropine 4 grains (.26); Boracic Acid 6 grains (.39); Salicylic Acid $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Guttæ Atropinæ Mitiores.

Sulphate of Atropine 2 grains (.13); Boracic Acid 6 grains (.39); Salicylic Acid $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Guttæ Eserinæ.

Salicylate of Eserine 2 grains (.13); Salicylic Acid $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Guttæ Cocainæ.

Hydrochlorate of Cocaine 10 grains (.65); Salicylic Acid $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Guttæ Homatropinæ et Cocainæ.

Hydrobromate of Homatropine 4 grains (.26); Hydrochlorate of Cocaine 8 grains (.52); Salicylic Acid $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Guttæ Opii.

Wine of Opium 1 drachm (3.75); Distilled Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Guttæ Pilocarpinæ.

Hydrochlorate of Pilocarpine 4 grains (.26); Salicylic Acid $\frac{1}{4}$ grain (.016); Distilled Water 1 ounce (30.00).

INFUSA.

Infusum Abri.

Powdered decorticated Jequirity seeds 20 grains (1.30); Distilled Water at 100° F 38° C., 1 ounce (30.00). Steep the powder in the water for two hours and strain through fine muslin.

LAPIDES.

Lapis Divinus.

Sulphate of Copper, Alum, Nitrate of Potash, of each 1 part. Fuse together and add 1-60 of Camphor of the whole by weight. Run into suitable moulds.

Lapis Mitigatus I.

Nitrate of Silver 1 part; Nitrate of Potash 2 parts. Fuse and run into suitable moulds.

Lapis Mitigatus II.

Nitrate of Silver 1 part; Nitrate of Potash 3 parts.

LOTIONES.

These lotions, intended for aural use, should be introduced into the ear at the temperature of about 100 F. 38° C.

Lotio Acid Boracici.

Boracic Acid 1 drachm (4.00); Glycerine 1 drachm (5.00); Rectified Spirits 7 drachms (24.00); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Alkalina.

Bicarbonate of Sodium 12 grains (.80); Carbolic Acid 1 grain (.065); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Ammonii Chloridi Astringens.

Chloride of Ammonium, Alum, of each 6 grains (.4); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Aluminis.

Alum 6 grains (.40); Carbolic acid 1½ grains (.10); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Lotio Zinci Sulphatis.

Sulphate of Zinc 6 grains (.40); Carbolic Acid 1 grain (.10); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

PASTÆ.

Pasta Zinci Chloridi.

Solution of the Chloride of Zinc with Opium 1 ounce (32.00); Wheaten Flour 20 grains (1.30). Mix smoothly in a mortar, and heat over a water bath until of proper consistence.

UNGUENTA.

Unguentum Flavum I.

Yellow Oxide of Mercury 5 grains (.30); Paraffine 16 grains (1.00); White Vaseline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Flavum II.

Yellow Oxide of Mercury 10 grains (.60); Paraffine 16 grains (1.00); White Vaseline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Flavum III.

Yellow Oxide of Mercury 15 grains (.90); Paraffine 16 grains (1.00); White Vaseline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Flavum IV.

Yellow Oxide of Mercury 25 grains (1 50); Paraffine 16 grains (1.00); White Vaseline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Iodoformi et Acidi Tannici.

Powdered Iodoform, Tannic Acid, of each 4 grains (.25); White Vaseline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Peru.

Ammonio Chloride of Mercury 3 grains (.20); Balsam of Peru 12 drops (.90); Paraffine 16 grains (1.00); White Vaseline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Hydrargyri Ammoniatis Mitius.

Ammonio-Chloride of Mercury 5 grains (.30); Lanoline 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Hydrargyri Nitratis Mitius.

Ointment of Nitrate of Mercury 1 part; Soft Paraffine 11 parts.

Unguentum Acidi Boracici.

Powdered Boracic Acid 60 grains (4.00); Paraffine 16 grains (1.00); White Vaseline to 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Cocainæ.

Hydrochlorate of Cocaine 10 grains (.25); Soft Paraffine 1 ounce (30.00). Heat until dissolved and stir until cold.

Unguentum Ichthyolis.

Ichthyol 30 grains (2.00); Ointment of Oxide of Zinc 1 drachm (4.00); Soft Paraffin to 1 ounce (30.00).

Unguentum Atropinæ.

Sulphate of Atropine 4 grains (.25); Soft Paraffine 1 ounce (30.00). Heat until dissolved and stir until cold.

PHARMACOPŒIA

OF THE DEPARTMENT FOR

DISEASES OF THE NOSE AND THROAT

COLLUNARIA OR NASAL LOTIONS.

Collunarium Boracis (The "Cleansing Solution").

Biborate of Sodium, Bicarbonate of Sodium, of each 3 grains (.20); Carbolic Acid (Calvert's No. 1) 1 grain (.065); Glycerine (pure) 1 drachm (5.00); water to 1 ounce (30.00).

Collunarium Alkalinum.

Biborate of Sodium, Bicarbonate of Sodium, Common Salt, of each 7 grains (.45); Refined White Sugar 15 grains (1.00). Dissolve in half a tumbler of warm Water.

Collunarium Pini Canadensis.

Bicarbonate of Sodium, Biborate of Sodium, of each 8 grains (.55); Fluid Extract of Canadian Pine 15 minims (1.00); Glycerine (pure) 2 drachms (10.00); water (warm) 4 ounces (120.00).

Collunarium Zinci Sulpho-Carbolatis.

Sulpho-Carbolate of Zinc 2 grains (.15); Water (warm) 1 ounce (30.00).

Collunarium "Listerine."

Bicarbonate of Sodium 3 grains (.20); Listerine (Lamber Phar. Co.) 15 minims (1.00); Water (warm) 1 ounce (30.00).

Collunarium Potassii Permanganatis,

Solution (Liquor) of Permanganate of Potassium (Ph. B.) 6 minims (.30); water (warm) 1 ounce (30.00)

Collunarium Potassii Permanganatis Compositum.

Solution (Liquor) of Permanganate of Potassium (B.P.) 6 minims (.30); Muriate of Ammonium 2 grains (.10); Chlorate of Potassium 3 grains (.15); Water (warm) 1 ounce (30.00).

Collunarium Sodii Salicylatis.

Salicylate of Sodium ½ grain (.03); Biborate of Sodium 3 grains (.15); Water (warm) 1 ounce (30.00).

Collunarium Acidi Tannici.

Tannic Acid 3 grains (.15); Water (warm) 1 ounce (30.00).

NOTE.—Collunaria may be applied by means of atomization.

GARGARISMATA.

Gargarisma Acidi Carbolici.

Carbolic Acid (Calvert's No. 1) 1 drachm (1.00); Water 12 ounces (100.00).

Gargarisma Aluminis cum Acido Tannico.

Powdered Alum, Tannic Acid, of each ½ drachm (1.00); Water 8 ounces (65.00).

Gargarisma Potassii Permanganatis.

Solution of Permanganate of Potassium (B.P.) 1 drachm (1.00); Water 10 ounces (80.00).

Gargarisma Potassii Chloratis.

Take of Chlorate of Potassium 90 grains (6.00); Hydrochloric Acid 40 minims (2.50); Glycerine 1 fluid ounce (40.00); Distilled Water up to 20 fluid ounces (600.00). Mix the Acid and the Chlorate in a bottle, cork and let it stand for three minutes, then add the Water gradually with much shaking, lastly add the Glycerine.

Gargarisma Aluminis.

Powdered Alum 180 grains (12.00); Glycerine fluid 1 ounce (40.00); Distilled Water up to 20 ounces (600.00). Dissolve and mix.

Gargarisma Acidi Tannici.

Dilute Hydrochloric Acid 2 fluid drachms (7.50); Glycerine of Tannic Acid (B. P.) 3 fluid drachms (15.00); Water up to 20 fluid ounces (600.00). Mix.

INSUFFLATIONES.

Insufflatio Morphinæ et Iodoformi.

Sulphate of Morphine $\frac{1}{8}$ grain (.008); Powdered Iodoform, Powdered Acacia, of each 1 grain (065).

For laryngeal insufflation.

Insufflatio Morphinæ Simplex.

Sulphate of Morphine $\frac{1}{8}$ grain (.008); Powdered Starch 1 grain (.065).
For laryngeal insufflation.

Insufflatio Iodoformi Simplex.

Powdered Iodoform, Powdered Gum Acacia, of each 1 grain.
For laryngeal use.

Insufflatio "Iodol" composita.

Iodol, Tannic Acid, Boric Acid, equal parts by weight.
For nasal use.

Insufflatio Sanguinariæ (Bosworth).

Powdered Blood Root 2 drachms (1.00); Powdered Starch 6 drachms (3.00).
For nasal use.

MISTURÆ.

Mistura Potassii Chloratis cum Guaiaco.

Chlorate of Potassium 2 drachms (8.00); Ammoniated Tincture of Guaiacum 6 drachms (22.00); Strained Honey a sufficiency; Water to 6 ounces (180.00).
One dessertspoonful for each dose.

Mistura Acidi Tannici et Gallici.

Tannic Acid 6 drachms (24.00); Gallic Acid 2 drachms (8.00); Water 1 ounce (30.00).
To be sipped slowly for the prevention of hæmorrhage after Tonsillotomy.

NEBULÆ.

Nebula Chloralis Hydratis.

Hydrate of Chloral 16 grains (1.00); Water 1 ounce (30.00).
For a nasal and naso-pharyngeal spray.

Nebula Acidi Tannici Sedativa.

Tannic Acid 10 grains (·65); Carbolic Acid (Calvert's No. 1), English Oil of Peppermint, of each 1 minim (·06); Glycerine (pure) 1 drachm (5.60); Water 7 drachms (26.25).
For laryngeal use.

Nebula Hydrogeni Peroxidi.

Peroxide of Hydrogen (Charles Marchand's) 2 drachms (7 50); Water to 1 ounce (30.00).
Mix freshly, for nasal or naso-pharyngeal use in diphtheria.

PIGMENTA.

Pigmentum Argenti Nitratis.

Nitrate of Silver 10 grains (.65); Distilled Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Ferri et Aluminis Sulphatis.

Iron Alum 10 grains (.65); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Ferri et Aluminis Sulphatis Mitius.

Iron Alum 5 grains (.32); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Ferri Perchloridi.

Perchloride of Iron 20 grains (1.30); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Zinci Chloridi.

Chloride of Zinc 10 grains (.65); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Acidi Chromici.

Chromic Acid Crystals (Merck) 15 grains (1.00); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Acidi Chromici Mitius.

Chromic and Crystals 10 grains (.65); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Cupri Sulphatis.

Sulphate of Copper 10 grains (.65); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Zinci Chloridi Mitius.

Chloride of Zinc 5 grains (.32); Water 1 ounce (30.00).

Pigmentum Acidi Lactici.

Lactic Acid 20-80 parts; Water to 100 parts.

Pigmentum Iodi.

Iodine 6 grains (.40); Glycerine 1 ounce (40.00).

Pigmentum Iodi Mitius.

Iodine 3 grains (.20); Glycerine 1 ounce (40.00).

Pigmentum Iodi cum Acido Tannico. (Sajous')

Iodine 15 grains (1.00); Tannic Acid 2 drachms

(8.00) ; Water 4 ounces (120.00). Mix, filter and evaporate to 1 ounce (30.00). Add 2 ounces of Glycerine (80.00) and one minim of Carbolic Acid (.06.

Pigmentum Chloralis et Camphorae.

Powdered Camphor and Hydrate of Chloral of each half an ounce. Rub together in a warm mortar until liquified.

UNGUENTA.

Unguentum " Aristol."

Aristol 10 grains (.65); Lanoline, Vaseline, of each 4 drachms (16.00).

Unguentum Aristol Mitius.

Aristol 5 grains (.32) ; Lanoline, Vaseline, of each 4 drachms (16.00).

Unguentum Hydrargyri Biniodidi Dilutum.

Ointment of Biniodide of Mercury (B. P.) 1 drachm (4.00) ; Lard 7 drachms (28.00).

Unguentum Hydrargyri Subchloridi.

Subchloride of Mercury 2 drachms (8.00) ; Spermaceti Ointment 1 ounce (32.00).

Unguentum "Eucalyptol."

Eucalyptol 1 drachm (4.00); Lanoline 2 drachms (8.00); Vaseline 5 drachms (20.00).

VAPORES.

Vapor Benzoini.

Compound Tincture of Benzoin 1 drachm (3.75); Water at 140° F. (60°C) ½ pint (300.00).

Vapor Acidi Acetici.

Acetic Acid, 1 drachm (3.75); Water at 140° F. (60°C) ½ pint (300.00).

Vapor Creasoti.

Creasote 45 minims (3.00); Alcohol 1 ounce (30.00); Water at 140° F. (60°C) ½ pint (300.00).

Vapor Pini Sylvestris.

Oil of Scotch Pine (Fir Wood Oil) 40 minims (2.50); Light Carbonate of Magnesium 20 grains (1.30); Water to 1 ounce (30.00). Mix.

A teaspoonful to be added to ½ pint of water at 140° F. (60C°).

Vapor Acidi Carbolici Composita (J. Lewis Smith).

Carbolic Acid, Oil of Eucalyptus, of each 1 ounce (30.00); Oil of Turpentine 8 ounces (240.00). Mix

Add one ounce to one quart of boiling water in a shallow pan, and vaporize constantly by the aid of a spirit lamp.

Vapor Acidi Carbolici et Ammoniæ (Hager and Brand).

Carbolic Acid, Stronger Solution of Ammonia, of each, ½ ounce (15.00); Rectified spirits 1½ ounces (40.00); 5 or 10 drops to be poured into a funnel of blotting paper, and inhaled every 2 hours in acute coryza.

Vapor Ammoniæ.

Solution of Ammonia, Water, of each 4 drachms (15.00). Add one teaspoonful to one pint of hot water 120° F. (50°C). for laryngeal inhalation.

PHARMACOPŒIA

FOR

CHILDREN.

The following prescriptions are designed for a child one year old.

MISTURÆ.

Mistura Acidi Hydrochlorici Infantilis.

Dilute Hydrochloric Acid $1\frac{1}{2}$ minims (.09); Spirits of Chloroform $1\frac{1}{2}$ minims (.09); Tincture of Orange Peel 5 minims (.30); Water to 1 fluid drachm (3.75).

Mistura Aromatica Infantilis.

Carbonate of Magnesium 1 grain (.065); Aromatic Chalk Powder 5 grains (.32); Tincture of Rhubarb 5 minims (.30); Glycerine 5 minims (.40); Peppermint Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Mistura Carminativa.

Bicarbonate of Sodium $1\frac{1}{2}$ grain (.09); Aromatic Spirits of Ammonia $1\frac{1}{2}$ minims (.09); Glycerine 5 minims (.40); Peppermint Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Mistura Ferri Citratis Infantilis.

Ammonio-Citrate of Iron 1 grain (.065); Glycerine 5 minims (.40); Tincture of Orange Peel 5 minims (.30); Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Mistura Ferri Pernitratis Infantilis.

Solution of the Pernitrate of Iron 1 minim (.06); Dilute Nitric Acid $\frac{1}{2}$ minim (.03); Tincture of Nux Vomica $\frac{1}{2}$ minim (.03); Spirits of Chloroform $1\frac{1}{2}$ minims (.09); Glycerine 4 minims (.30); Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Mistura Ferri Perchloridi Infantilis.

Tincture of the Perchloride of Iron 3 minims (.18); Glycerine 5 minims (.40); Spirits of Chloroform $1\frac{1}{2}$ minims (.09); Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Mistura Hæmatoxyli Infantilis.

Dilute Sulphuric Acid 1 minim (.06); Tincture of

Catechu 5 minims (.30); Compound Tincture of Camphor 5 minims (.30); Syrup of Ginger 5 minims (.40); Decoction of Logwood to 1 drachm (3.75).

Mistura Olei Ricini.

Castor Oil 5 minims (.40); Powdered Gum Acacia and White Sugar of each 5 grains (.32); Caraway Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Mistura Potassii Citratis.

Citrate of Potassium $2\frac{1}{2}$ grains (.15); Glycerine 5 minims (.40); Water to 1 drachm (3.75).

Pulvis Hydrargyri et Rhei.

Mercury with Chalk $\frac{1}{2}$ grain (.03); Bicarbonate of Sodium and Powdered Rhubarb, of each 1 grain (.065).

copied

General Montcalm was born in France in 1712. He took command of the forces in Canada in 1756, and defeated the British in several engagements. In 1759, however, he was defeated and mortally wounded at the battle with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. He was a brave, heroic man.

From a Negative of the original painting in the possession of the present Marquise De Montebello Paris - - -

~~AppMS48/29~~
AppMS52/29

According to Franklin Graham –

First Theatre 1804-5. Montreal St Sulpice Street – near St Paul –

Second Feb. 1818. College Street – The Mansion House

Third Jan 1821. Notre Dame Street – Opposite Recollet Barracks.

Fourth 1822 The New Market Theatre – Jacques Cartier Square

Fifth 1824. The Royal Circus Craig Street in rear present site St Lawrence Hall

Sixth 1825. First Theatre Royal site Bonsecours Market – St Paul Street

Seventh 1845. Royal Olympic Theatre "Theatre" West Side of Jacques Cartier Square. near Notre Dame St Queen's Hotel site.

Eighth 1846-7. New Theatre Royal. Hay's Theatre – rear of Hays Block Notre Dame & Dalhousie Square, backed into Champ de Mars St.

Ninth 1852. New Theatre Royal Bonsecours Street –

There was a Military Theatre here in 1835. in the Artillery Barracks Yard –
Mons Alexander was here in 1841.
Bellamira Theatre in 1846. Nanette Sheers 184 –
Garrick Club in 1849.

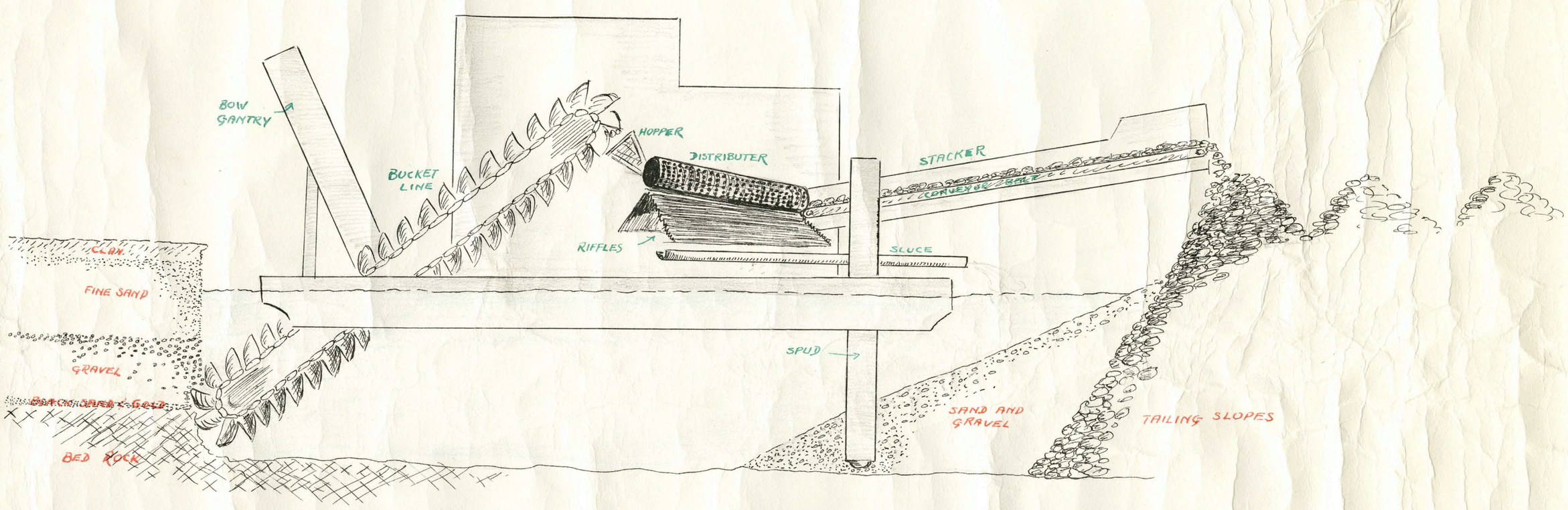
Dominion Theatre. Eleventh Gosford St 1870.

Academy Music 1875.

Her Majesty's Theatre. 1898.

St Jean Baptiste – Other recent French Theatres

Theatres Musical



THE GOLD DREDGE

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6/25/58

899. DUVAR (JOHN HUNTER—Canadian Poet). Autograph sketch of his life, 3 pp.; two A. L.'s S., 1895; autograph extract from his Canadian drama "*Roberval*," A. N. S., stating that his books are out of print; autograph extract (3 pp.), from his "*John a' Var gentilhomme et Trobadour, his Lais*": and a printed galley-proof and newspaper extracts of his poems. With autographed photograph.

CANADIAN ANTHEM.

(Copyright).

'Our own land is the fairest land,'
  And ours is one awakes a glow
Of pride to watch its powers expand
  And note how firm the fibres grow
From out the bush to frame a State
  That has the daring to be great.

We need the axe's toil no more,
  For countless leagues of ripened grain,
With cities dotted, fringe our shore,
  And freedom and contentment reign,
While home-built trading squadrons swim
  With ladings to earth's utmost rim.

As was said in the days of old
  All women virtuous and fair
And all men debonair and bold,
  With freedom for their native air.
Be ours to hand this loved land down
  'Neath British laws and Britain's Crown.

Stand fast, Saxons ! stand fast, Franks !
  Have but one sole heart and brain in your
    serried ranks.

*(On the demise of the Crown**
add two lines)

And through our welkin fervent ring
  The loyal prayer God Save the King !

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*An inevitable event in future history. Reference to it does not in the slightest indicate a desire to precipitate it, but merely gives assurance of Canada's loyalty to the succession.

THE MOIRA ENCANTADA.

[A belief of Spain. The wells of lonely Moorish ruins are haunted by the figure of a beautiful female, the Moira Encantada, or enchanted Mooress. Acquaintance with her brings misfortune and death.]

The Spanish night was breathless, still,
And in the shadow of the mill
No olive bent nor willow shook
Along the sullen meadow brook,
Nor any murmur met the ear
Save the rill tumbling o'er the weir,
When José his lorn loveplaint made
And softly sang this

SERENADE.

There lacks not music. Everywhere
The resting hills, the balmy air,
The æther blue, the stars, the moon,
In tune
Make silent melody, and sing
In chord with my love-zittern string.
Maraquita !

She answers not ; her closëd eyes
Make dark as when the daylight dies,
Why should her young life sleep so soon ?
O boon
O'er her soft dreams love-watch to keep,—
Rest dear tired eyes in sweetest sleep,
Maraquita !

Be still, guitar. Caressing string
To her ear not to-night shall ring,
Enough for now the mill weir's croon.
Ere noon
Of night I shall be over streams,—
Good angels give thee loving dreams,
Maraquita !

A small hand drew the bars apart
And from the lattice shy was flung
A white rose with a crimson heart,
While red lips lisped in love's fond tongue
"Querido mi, I love thee ?"
And answered low the voice that sung,
"Love's blessing be above thee !"

Young José took the homeward track
The while his heart with love-flame burned,
Ever and anon looking back,
Until he had an angle turned
That hid the water-dripping mill
With its low olive-circled grange,
Then set he stout to breast the hill
And make way to the higher range.

The higher up the more did change
The scene from meadows, lying lush,
To Moorland with its shades of browns,
Through which at intervals came rush
Of brook and runnel brawling down ;
Yet higher, where lay mossy hags
Dotted with huge grey lichened stones
Down tumbled from the beetling crags
That stood out like an old world's bones,
Until he reached the trodden line
That ran along the ridge's spine.

As he strode up the road's incline
He heard in gusts come rough but clear
The home

SONG OF THE MULETEER.

Ictch ! trusty mulos ! plod along the way,
Gee on ! brindles ! for mountain leagues are long,
Fair have ye footed, all the weary day,
Chime bells, mulos ! and I will join my song,
For Paquita the goodwife
Sits up in the hut,
Little one's all in their cribs
With their tired eyes shut.

Not far, borricos ! scarcely now a league,
Miles near the stable hardest are to draw,
Soon shall we cast our load and our fatigue
And you and I shall have our crisp rye straw,—
And Paquita the goodwife
Will bustle in the hut,
Little ones all in their cribs
And their dear eyes shut.

As o'er the selfsame landscape scene
The season's changing features pass
From springtime with its springing green
To summer with its wealth of grass,
And thence through autumn's ripened hues
Of nutty browns, till o'er the world
And vale and hill and running flues
Comes winter with its crystalled cold,
Yet still the visage is unchanged
Though over it have changes reigned ;

So o'er this sunny land of Spain,
This languorous home of pride and sloth,
Are left faint traces of each reign
From the Iberi to the Goth,
And from the Goth, through divers creeds
And grades of glory, f rce and law,
Shining, ignoble, noble deeds
Did Christian and did Moslemah ;
Hence faded faiths and present hopes
Are traced on these same mountain slopes.

It may be that in times of old
When Yousuf in Cordova reigned,
The gallant gay Morescoes bold
Their prancing Arab steeds restrained
Beneath wide spreading cork-oak aisles,
And bent their feathered turbans low
As through the forest's dim defiles
They lowered lance to 'scape some bough
That rained on them a rain of seeds,
As to the muster spurred they in
When war drum summoned men and steeds
With its long thunderous rolling din ;
Or to the tournament of reeds
Rode gaily when the war was o'er ;
Or went to beard the good wild boar.

But now no wealth of stalwart trees
Clothes with a shade the brown hillside,
Nor does the Andalusian breeze
From out the westward sweeping wide
Strike a low-sounding harp of leaves,
To ring a woodland melody
High up among the leafy eaves,
To chime with lay of chivalry
Sung of Zegri, or carolled clear
How at the bullfight Don Gazul,
The alcaydé, with dart and spear
Won Xarifa the beautiful,—
Gone are the woods that heard and saw
This on the march of Cordova.

There stood now but a Moorish hold,
Built of a ruddy, tinted stone,
In ruin, yet still haught and bold,
Though o'er its face the bronze had grown
And look of long old age ; its line
Of outer wall (which best endures
The gnaw of time and tooth and tyne,)
Was eaten into embrazures,
Through which was seen a horseshoe arch
Reared high, as it would bid and dare
Defiance to the ages' march.
At angle of the courtyard square
Was set a carven fountain shell
From out which came the water's play
And in a spray of stars down fell,
And falling, chimed a tinkling tune
Within a tiny lake that lay
As mirror to the demi-moon.

Here José stopped in startled awe,
For, leaning on the carven rim
Of the low balustrade, he saw,
Half hidden in the shadows dim,
A female form in Moorish guise
With pale brown face that looked at him
From out a pair of lustrous eyes
Lambent and large with languorous light,
Yet with exceeding earnestness,
As if they something would express
And speak to him if speak they might.

He knew the MOIRA, of the tale
That grandams in awed accents tell,
Who lures men by their strong desires
And draws them to the enchanted well
And offers treasure trove, but still
Her gifts oft turn to bale and ill ;
Yet as he saw her keeping vise
Beside the fount she leaned above,
Flushed through his heart, hysteric-wise,
One fierce warm rush of sudden love.

Love is a torrent,—rising swift
And foaming up tumultuously,
Bearing resolve like thistle down
And sweeping caution to the sea ;
Love is a fire,—a flaming wing
That scurries in its mad career,
And scorches up all living thing
And leaves the subheart parched and sere ;
Thus José, by his mad weird pressed,
His incoherent love expressed :

"Beautiful being ! if thou art
A spirit or a thing of form,
Thy loveliness wakes in the heart
Of him who sees thee, gust and storm
Of wild impassioned love. Be thou
My leman, Moira ! 'Neath thy feet,
Even on the spot thou standest now,
Lie mines of buried Moorish gold,
Give me the treasures, I entreat,
That were hid in the days of old,
And if thou seek'st to draw to thee
A mortal lover, I am he !"

There came distinctly to his ear,
As vibrant as a lute well strung,
Responding words, low-pitched and clear
In the soft lingua franca tongue :
"At the third quarter of the moon
Return and ask, and have thy boon."

The crescent moon grew full and round
And made a daylight of the night,
Throwing in hollows of the ground
Long inky shadows on the white,
And then she waned for evenings seven,
Each night more thin and wan, and reigned
A lessening planet in the heaven,—
But all this time for good or ill,
No love note sounded near the mill.

After a fervent day of sun
The air cooled with the twilight's rise,
And vapours rose when day was done
Up from the hot earth furtivewise
And with thin veil the landscape hid,—
In such a night might fancy call
Up filing ghosts as sorceress did
In Endor old the ghost of Saul.

No lights shone through the evening damp
Save from the hill a tiny billow
Of smoky ray shed from the lamp
Of Padre, Cura, Fray Pedrillo,
A rotund rosy man was he
And of peculiar sanctity.

The fray a romancero read
As, seated in his chair of cane,
He pecked a little biscuit bread
And sipped a little wine of Spain,
Until 'twixt half-awake and napping
He seemed to hear a timid tapping.

"Who knocks so late ? Go on your way
Whoe'er you be, nor seek my cell,
This is the hour in which I pray,
And there's a hospice down the dell
Wherein they do both bake and brew,
Go there, my son, your rose beads tell
And take my blessing 'long o' you."

A small hand raised the latchet pin
And Maraquita entered in.

"O holy fray ! here on my knees
I come to tell a dreadful thing !
My José promised, if you please,
From Cordova to bring the ring
And make of me his bonny bride
And wed me at midsummertide,
But now indeed for many an eve
I have not seen him,—and I grieve.
An herbero hath told to me
The Moira of the Haunted Well
Hath ta'en from me my good José
And holds him in unholy spell ;
O father ! father ! loose the chain
And give my sweetheart back again."

The worthy father scratched the ring
Of grey hair round his polished crown,
"Daughter, this is a fearsome thing,
Would make a Christian angel frown,
And needs the candle, book and bell,
Yet keep thy trust and faith in view,
For Holy Church can baffle spell
Of José and of Moira too,
Though, my sweet lambkin, be thou sure
'Tis hard to exorcise a Moor.
Thou, therefore, go, thy griefs express
Unto Our Lady of Bitterness,
And I will try if chaunts can quell
This pestilent wanton of the well."

Upon a round-topped sodded mound
That stood out from the hillside's steep
Which formed a dusky brown background,
In solemn loneliness and deep
Heroic size a Calvary stood.
August and dread the Holy One
Hung ghastly on the accursëd tree,
As saying deathly : "It is done,
Father, am I forsook by thee ?"
Around his brow the spiney crown,
The death-sweat streaming to his knee,
And ichor blood gouts dropping down
Betrayed his last dread agony,—
While at the black foot of the cross
There wept the Mother Dolorous.

Young Maraquita, crushed and prone,
With tear founts streaming from her eyes,
Knelt on the sacred mount alone
And prayed in accents full of sighs :
Madre dolorosa, hear me !
Thou thyself hast anguish known,
Be thy holy influence near me,
May thy pity easy my moan ;
By thine own heart-rending pangs
By seven dolors of thy Son !
Rescue from the witch's fangs
My own dear lover . . . .
Here sudden ceased her words, for she
Fell fainting by the calvary.

The mist cleared, and night's pulse stood still
Above each sleeping vale and hill,
With the concave all darkly blue
And dotted with the glance of stars,
Like eyes of angels peeping through
The chinks of heaven's lattice bars,
Till o'er the hills a space waxed clear
As if the dark were growing thin,
Until it seemed a silvery mere
That white cloud curls were sailing in,
A sheen of pearl,—and then, eftsoon !
A common miracle was wrought,
For up shot the last-quarter moon
And floated upwards like a boat.

While Maraquita wildly prayed
Before the hill Gethsemane,
Her José the Mooress essayed
And made his prayer distractedly :
"O beauteous Moira ! keep thy vow,
I come to claim the promise now."

The Moira with her deep dark eyes,
O'er which the long black lashes clung,
Looked with a pitying surprise
And murmured in her broken tongue :
"O living man ! the dead are cold
In person, and to have and hold,
But take my hand and kiss my mouth."

He, with hot clasp, a fervid storm
Of kisses rained, as rain on drouth,
And took within its amorous grips
No shadow but a woman's form ;
Yet no response nor answering breath
Like balmy air from sunny south
Came, but the icy cold of death
Were on her mouth and finger tips.
He died as a tired infant dies,
While she looked on with soft sad eyes.

The Moorish ruin solemn stands
In its old guise of browns and greys
Upon the slope of the Moor lands,
In light and shade of moon's-change rays,
While Maraquita, cloistered nun,
Still prays, each setting of the sun,
For the lost soul of her José ;
And Spanish maids, when spinning done
And gossip comes with close of day,
Tell at the firesides in Granada
Of the dread Moira Encantada.

Hernewood, P.E.I. HUNTER DUVAR.

[I regret that (excepting paper-covered copy of Enamorado, sent by Book post today) I have only one copy each of my books. Little can be made of the enclosed scraps, — which are not selected but happen to be among my papers. None of them show anything of a gay vein with which I am charged, in which although polished arrows are shot in plenty none of them are barbed with coarseness or malice.

Perhaps a selection may be made from these. (J.H.D.)]

These need not be returned.

from Enamorado:

fair examples of text may be found on page 38, 39 and page 67 and page 70 — marked. et al.

DOMINION DAY, 1874.

NATIONAL AIR OF CANADA.

STAND up! ye men of Canada!
  Hold up your heads, elate,
As members of a nation,
  As people of a State:
A State, upon whose utmost shores
  Earth's two great oceans roll,
Whose fence-line is the mighty lakes,
  And northmost bounds, the Pole.

A nation with a history;
  For on the rolls of fame
Is writ, in French and English blood,
  The proud Canadian name.
No stain is on her spotless shield,
  No blot upon her brow;
And we, as stainless as the past
  Will keep her record now.

From no ignoble origin
  Our Canada has sprung,
But hath wrought out her birthright well
  By sword and pen and tongue:
The past is past; the future comes
  With wider, nobler aims,
And future pen on history's scroll
  Will write Canadian names.

With her old mother England
  She side by side will stand;
With England proud to lean upon
  The leal Canadian land;
Home thoughts, home habits,—these within
  Her policy expressed,
Will make her, in this age, or next,
  The Britain of the West.

Upon Canadian waters
  Shall float Canadian fleets,
And in Canadian woods shall grow
  Productive labor's seats.
Full-grown, all armed for peace, or war,
  She is, or soon will be;
And then 'twill be; *gare à qui touche*
  Our stronghold of the free.

As did, of old, Horatius,
  Her sons will hold the gate,
As members of a Nation,
  As people of a State;
And, please The God, through present calm
  And distant storm that lowers,
They'll keep, quite safe for evermore,
  This Canada of Ours.

HUNTER DUVAR.

Pastoral Song.

[*From St. John Globe.*]

Beneath this mellow autumn sun
  Come sit we down and take no heed
Of how conflicting parties run,
  But tune the Doric reed.

Beneath these bending fruiting boughs
  Care not what coils the peoples keep,
But watch the milk white milking cows
  And tend the silly sheep.

We see no fal-lals, cups and grails,
  No bracelets, ouches, gauds or rings,
But here we see the brooks and dales
  With other pretty things.

The little birds from nests that fledge
  All in the gusty springtide days,
Do sit upon the hedge's edge
  And sing their virelays.

All in the shade, where small gnats lurk,
  The glinting butterflies do swim.
And busybody bees at work
  Intone an autumn hymn.

Vain world go by! let trouble pass! [crooks,
  We shepherds wreath with flowers our
And lay us down along the grass
  Beside the gadding brooks.

Upon our chestnut tresses bind
  No circlets we for ladies meet,
But lilies with blush-roses twined,
  And thyme and meadow-sweet.

And Nan doth dance and Jan doth play,
  Merry go-round doth swiftly spin,
And ne'er do we on ever a day
  Let carking trouble in.

When sunset falls, and all the deep
  Dark blue is flecked with crimson bars,
We say our prayers, then soundly sleep
  Beneath the winking stars.

When sunrise springing brings the day,
  And all the dawn is dashed with gold,
Again we take our woodland way,
  Again our sheep unfold.

Again we seek the mountain side—
  Whence dreamy we can see the sea—
Again our patient flocks we guide,
  Again are happy we!

The shepherds wont to pipe with Pan,
  Though now, alas! the fauns are mute,
Yet sing we loves of Nan and Jan,
  And blow the woodland flute.

HUNTER DUVAR.

Hernewood.

delegated

BY THE SEA.

THE stars looked down on an angry sea,
The grey clouds scudded across the moon,
And the roar of the surf came sullenly
Like the bass to some monotonous tune,—
At the landing stage behind the pier
Dirk Deadeye's fishing boat lapped and rocked,—
When a sea-ghost rose up, weedy and blear,
And came to the door and knocked,

Three solemn knocks on the lintel-post,
And then in voice, with an eldritch screech
And sobbing tone, spoke the sad sea-ghost:
"The wreck to-night drifts in on the beach,—
Sailors are drowning,—and never a sail
Will reach the harbour,—nor hull nor spar";— haven
Then the voice drew out to an eerie wail
That died away on the bar.

"Wak'st, good wife? Hist!" fisher Dirk did say,
"Did'st then hear some water-thing come and knock
To warn that Willie is cast away?
And,—I'll take my 'davy,—on Purcell's rock;— Deadman's
Thou better had'st say a prayer or two
If 'twas aught but my fears begat it,
But if 'twas some rascal of Jolkin's crew,
I'd like to catch him at it!"

All that night on the sands of the bay,
Castaway, drowned, on a drifting boom
That rolled and tumbled as if in play
In the wash of churning froth and spume, the
And tangled all in the salt sea-ware
That back and forth in the breakers ran,
There floated the boy with the curly hair
That sailed in the Mary Ann.

HUNTER DUVAR.

15th June/89

My dear Professor,

Is this any good? Do you kindly think the Poem worth
Would you kindly do me the favour
to let the Prince complimentary sheets to
accompany his march the inspired footprints
I am, they are addressed, or I do not know
that first Prince

Dunvar

From Sir John M. B. "Pro
8

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS

By Hunter Duvar.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

Whether upon the earth I cannot tell,
Or in a higher or a lower sphere,
A horror of great darkness there befell,
But where, no mortal man can guess anear
Nor place be found by any ghostly seer,
It may be in the eons long agone
Light might have been, but daylight now was none.

Or it may well have been within some world
Where darkness never yet has ceased to reign
Nor the wing brooding o'er the deep been furled
To loose the laughing sunlight all amain;
Or in some star to chaos given again;
Or orb where disembodied spirits dwell,—
And that there be such many sagas tell.

Youth bloometh quick, but dies ere buds expand,
Age liveth slow yet comes to dust again,
While all the time death's not unkindly hand
Is never tired of gathering in the grain,
And when the loosened spirit 'scapes life's pain
Before some high Court is its plea appealed,
Its cause is judged of and its fate is sealed.

Therefore beneath this horror of the dark
Were shrouded mysteries, close-folded aye,
Within an orb of which the outer arc
Bounded by space and suns whereof no ray
Could penetrate the mirk wherein there lay
The Court of Souls, the dread Judiciary
Of great Osiris, Lord of Heaven! He!

O'er that dread judgment place there hung a pall,
Opaque, tenebrous, sullen, dire and dense,
Egyptian darkness seeming like a wall
Of velvet black through which no eyeball's lens
Could look and live, but blackness more intense
Than depths of subterranean caverns bear,
So untransparent was the motionless air.

A point of light oped in the solid dark,
A vivid pencil of bright blood-red hue,
Which slow and silent from the central spark
In vast concentric rings expanding grew
And through the orb a sanguine solflight threw
More awful than e'er sung by poet's lyre,
A circular background of red, rayless fire.

In centre of this red and glowing sphere
A thin and shifting smoky mist appeared
Which, denser growing, cast a murky smear
Upon the red, and flickel about and neared
The central point, till in some manner weird
The mist had taken substance and had grown
Into the semblance of an ebon throne.

This giant throne was massive-framed and railed
With seeming limbs of gnarled withered trees
But which were writhing serpents, sable scaled,
That never ceased to interlwist and squeeze
One on the other. As caryatides
Seven living sphinxes did the throne upbear
And with their long eyes looked out from their lair.

Soon other mists came shimmering on the red
In soft, thin vapors like the wave of wings
Of wandering sprites that round the centre sped,
And drawing near the centre of the rings
Grew dense, till the unreal flickerings
Formed into corporal figures, towering tall,
And stood embodied, forty-two in all.

The Assessors these. One for each mortal sin.
An awsome company with heads of bears,
Bulls, lions, rams, and apes with ghastly grin,
Cats, crocodiles and vulture-beaks. In pairs
They all were ranged beside the throne on stairs,
O'er each head swaled a feather, and edged brands
Were upright held in all their mummied hands.

Higher than these the Genii of the dead,
Headed as man, as jackal, hawk and ape,
The four dread Masters who do cut the thread
And let the sprite forth flee from out the shape
And mortal coil that lies with mouth agape;
These four were there to witness what might be
The fate of the sad souls they had sent free.

And with them dog-faced Anubis, the guide
Who from the genii's liberating hands
Leads forth the souls and sails upon the tide
Until it safely reach the shadowy strands,
Freed from the effete body's swathing bands,
Where tinkt for its doings, or elate,
It waits to cross the lintel of the gate.

Right of the throne stood Horus, also known
As Har the Child, fair-haired and double-crowned,
With ribbon o'longed, around which was blown
His sunny hair, by sunlight more embrowned,
He 'twas that in his vengfance was renowned
Of his slain sire—as say Osiid hymns.

First on the left the moon-god Thoth there stood
With ibis face, and held the golden scale
Wherein to weigh the evil and the good,
And pen of record to record the tale
That measures out the benefit and bale,
A crescent moon lit up his curling hair
With rays like to an aureole of the air.

The others ranged alike on either hand:—
Shu the preventer, Nubt of the south, grim Bes
Abhorrent pigmy hated in the land,
Ra of the sunlight whom the people bless,
Priapian Khem, Khons with the single tress,
Kheph with the scarabeus, mummy bound,
And Atum lord of On the lotus-crowned.

Apophis the watersnake who brings
The accusation 'gainst the soul set free,
The nine Temara gods, masters of things,
Great Pithali, besides the Abstract They who be
Of Years, Age, Life and of Eternity,
All these and more were ranged in line of state
And with an air expectant seemed to wait.

Thus all these lurid forms personified
The qualities that judge the accused soul,
Each one to watch the faults the living hide
Of all the two and forty sins of dole,
Each sin full written on a penal scroll—
O awful lesson this, that under sun
No soul can 'scape the deeds in body done.

Until, inscrutably, an august Shape,
That had not entered, grew upon the eye
As grows the outline of a giant cape
From out the sea mists, so was seen anigh
Amid these fearsome courtiers standing by,
A Presence vast, majestic, magian, lone,
The Great Osiris seated on his throne.

A countenance so still, so passionless,
Ne'er words could paint in deepest fancy's dream
Nor that brow's majesty could faint express,
Nor tell the great long almond eyeball's gleam
Piercing, yet pitiful; the mien supreme,
The beardless chin and grave mouth's full, firm line
Conjoined to make a contour all divine.

As type of strength two horns—in shape new moons—
Thin arcs are they, "illuminate and lowne,"
Ripen to cressets of mid-months' white noons
Around the mighty form flowed ample down
(Throat-latched by Upper Egypt's feathered crown)
An opalescent mantle to the feet—
A regal vestiture, vague, wizard, meet.

Not raiment this, not web of woof or die—
But as when human vision would devise
The outline of the sun at noontide high,
Yet sees but dancing prisms—so the eye
That saw Osiris knew not if in size
He were a naked form, vast, undefined,
Or a draped figure present to the mind.

And as this Presence sate upon the throne
There slid out of the dark till dimly seen
A ghastly company, stern as of stone,
No man could number nor say who had been,
Their dry forms through their cerements showing green
And phosphorescent, as in waves on waves
These dead spectators came from out their graves.

Profoundly silent all. No motion broke
Nor whisper from that ghostly multitude,
'Twas scene such as a sorcerer might evoke
From out of hades in his wildest mood,
Till sudden, startling as a bell-stroke would,
A voice came like a storm-sough from the north
And spake the words: "Let the Accused stand forth!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Slow came before the throne and the stern line
Of the demones and assessors grim,
A female form most delicately fair
Of perfect symmetry and grace of limb,
Who stood before the Judge, and looked at him
With a proud regal port that seemed to be
A challenge made to an equality.

Robeless was she as when laid on her bier,
The perfect semblance now that she had borne,
For Anubis the angel brought her here
To show the body she on earth had worn
In the fair Nile-land of the fruit and corn,
Wherein her name had been a synonym
For all that other women did bedim.

Her com—
Or as if paley-bronze were lightly wash
With faintly ruddy ore, and where the mould
Of her fine figure carved and brightly flashed
Soft violet shadows hid as all abashed,
Her midnight-dark of tresses flowed adown
To her small feet and clothed her her like a gown.

Her countenance had all the beauty rare
That marked the noble of Egyptian race,
The broad, low brow, the cheek beyond compare,
Tinted, but where no wrinkle you could trace,
Straight nose, and in the contour of her face
Her large, black, slanting eyes with lustre glowed,
And the old blood of Memnon-monarchs showed.

A small, red mouth, with arched lips firm and full
That lightly touched in form of archer's bow,
Wearing a smile so sweet and beautiful
No man could look on her but feel a glow,
Had he in life but seen her even so,
And there she waited, the one beauteous thing
Of all the shapes of that appalling ring.

THE WATERSNAKE APOPHIS, THE ACCUSER, SPEAKS:

"Thou, Cleopatra, born of Pharoh's line,
Wearer of Egypt's double diadem,
The monarch's office is to be a sign
Unto the subjects, and to culture them
In pregnant myths that grow from Seb his stem,
To watch and ward and lead them, and to bow
To the immortal Gods—what answerest thou?"

CLEOPATRA.

"Lord of the dead and quick! of heaven, O King!
The world hath been so very fair to me,
My heart was full of joy that made it sing,
And my wrapt senses thrilled so blissfully
At pleasant sounds to hear and sights to see,
The air was blue, sun glorified the skies,
The moon was sister and the stars were eyes.

"The fountains in oasis, where they sang,
Spoke mystically pleasant words to me,
The bird-songs 'mong the tendrils as they rang
Through sigh of reeds and murmur of the tree,
The creeping of the Nile through lilied lea,
The blue of waters where my galleys lay
In the stretched arms of the Canopian bay.

"Were all a part of me—than diadem
I loved them—and (although I could not know)
Did think benificence had given us them,
Nor deem that joy could work us any woe.
It may be true. I know not. Be it so,
I did not make myself. Did I create
These feelings that they should affect my fate?"

ACCUSER.

"Fair Queen of men, power hideth not in sloth,
But is a charge of ever watchful care,
And when it loiters as the sluggard doth,
The governed land oftimes becometh bare
And fainant subjects neither do nor dare,
But in their discontent like serpents hiss
In environs plotting. What sayest thou to this?"

CLEOPATRA.

"What wars were waged? what draft of fighting men?
What sands with gore were moistened in my reign?
Boats swum, steeds ramped, slaves builded, and the pen
Papyri wrote. Corn yellowed on the plain,
None said the monarch's ease was people's bane,
Men lived and toiled at craft or trade and died,
Nor 'gainst me up to heaven their ghosts have cried."

ACCUSER.

"Accused! the gods claim worship."

CLEOPATRA.

"Through my land
The gods *had* worship. At the feasts of state
I oft was present, nay and with my hand
Did pet the white bull Apis, nor abate
The wine libations where the godheads sate,
Nor fail to place fresh flowers upon the lids
Of the kings' tombs are in the pyramids,

"If that I shuddered at the sight of gore
Of fawns and cooing doves and did recoil
From blood of living innocent things, the more
Did I bring to the altars corn and oil,
Fruits, flowers, and products of the soil,
Gum and frankincense and the woods of trees
My sea-ships brought from many lands and seas.

"The temples' walls I theted with hieroglyph
And sculptured sacred figures on the fanes;
Made altars misty with the pungent whiff
Of spikenard; fed the priests and ibis cranes,
And placed new sphinxes on the avenue lanes
Of mystic ontra as I traversed out the line

"As woman I revelled the Women Gods,
Athor the lady of the dance and glee,
Mistress of turquoises,—as say her odes,
Isis the mother veiled in mystery,
Full-bosomed Maat, for genatrix is she,
These I adored by loving all things fair,
For adoration is in praise, not prayer."

ACCUSER.

"Wanton! once of Two Egypt's crowned queen,
In thy luxurious and voluptuous life
Leman of sea-barbarians hast thou been,
Thus bringing luxury on the land, and strife."

CLEOPATRA.

"How could a Queen Egypt stoop to wife?
If that my hot blood surged as doth the sea
The blame lay with the gods and not with me."

The crowd of the spectator dead stayed still
Nor did they, at demand and countermand,
Lay on the soul at her ought charge of ill
Nor yet did tell good deeds done in the land;
Nor advocate did take the cause in hand,
But the accused stood, no one by her side,
Calm, proud, imperious, haught and monarch-eyed.

Then Thoth the writer took his tablet up
Where he had writ the record clear and fair,
And Anubis the weigher placed the cup
Of good deeds done, in one scale to compare,
And in the other held the brazen square
'Gainst which good mitigating acts are weighed,
While anxious all looked as the balance played.

The beam's vibration quivered to and fro,
A flicker through the golden balance ran
Quickly at first, then slowly growing slow
Till fell the the brazen square with motion none,
Showing the ill was more than good was done.
Then Apophis the snake stood forth and cried
In eerie tone, "This woman's cause is tried."

FYTTE THE THIRD.

May mortal tongue describe the august sounds
When a god speaks and the empyrean fills,
Loudly, in crashing thunder's dreadful rounds
Reverberating 'mong the canyoned hills,
Or, lowly, in the prattle of the rills,
Or in the sad sea's murmur when it grieves,
Or in the stealthy whisper of the leaves?

The judge Osiris spoke the direful doom:
"Daughter of balanced deeds, nor ill nor great,
Gay thing of whim, as frail as blossom bloom,
Too good art thou for hell, for heaven too late,
Too slight for purging fires, too delicate,
Due transmigration let thy soul enclasp
And for one cycle* be a lamian asp."

With piercing shriek the sentenced soul fell down
In writhing on the ebon paven floor,
Her selfdong hair that clothed her like a gown
Shrivelled to nothingness,—own form no more
But likeness of a spotted snake she bore,
Her white and carmine tints grew flecked with bars
And eyes shone out on her and phosphor stars.

Yet with a grace of motion. As she moved
The line of beauty to her progress clave
Though prone, in saltant spasms as behooved
Her new form, and a scintillation gave
As you have seen an undulating wave
Crested with light though body all a-green,
So undulated Egypt's hapless queen.

Meantime the antic pageant's bloodred glare
Deadened as metal taken from the fire,
And in the places where the figures were
Swam but faint films; soon even these expire
And the tenebrous ring contracting higher
Shrunk to one vivid spot; then out the spark
And once more fell the horror of the dark.

Long centuries have trailed since these accords
And Egypt's fate has veered for good and ill,
The Roman, Moslem, French and British hordes
Have made her weakness subject to their will,
But the sad sentenced Cleopatra still
Doth undulate athwart the lilied meads
Or by the Nile's banks hisses 'mong the reeds.

HERNEWOOD, P. E. I.

THE END.

*2000 years.

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THE JUDGMENT OF OSIRIS.

By Hunter Duvar.

FYTTE THE FIRST.

Whether upon the earth I cannot tell,
Or in a higher or a lower sphere,
A horror of great darkness there befell,
But where, no mortal man can guess anear
Nor place be found by any ghostly seer,
It may be in the eons long agone
Light might have been, but daylight now was none.

Or it may well have been within some world
Where darkness never yet has ceased to reign
Nor the wing brooding o'er the deep been furled
To loose the laughing sunlight all amain;
Or in some star to chaos given again;
Or orb where disembodied spirits dwell,—
And that there be such many sagas tell.

Youth bloometh quick, but dies ere buds expand,
Age liveth slow yet comes to dust again,
While all the time death's not unkindly hand
Is never tired of gathering in the grain,
And when the loosened spirit 'scapes life's pain
Before some high Court is its plea appealed,
Its cause is judged of and its fate is sealed.

Therefore beneath this horror of the dark
Were shrouded mysteries, close-folded aye,
Within an orb of which the outer arc
Bounded by space and suns whereof no ray
Could penetrate the mirk wherein there lay
The Court of Souls, the dread Judiciary
Of great Osiris, Lord of Heaven! He!

O'er that dread judgment place there hung a pall,
Opaque, tenebrous, sullen, dire and dense,
Egyptian darkness seeming like a wall
Of velvet black through which no eyeball's lens
Could look and live, but blackness more intense
Than depths of subterranean caverns bear,
So untransparent was the motionless air.

A point of light oped in the solid dark,
A vivid pencil of bright blood-red hue,
Which slow and silent from the central spark
In vast concentric rings expanding grew
And through the orb a sanguine self-light threw
More awful than e'er sung by poet's lyre,
A circular background of red, rayless fire.

In centre of this red and glowing sphere
A thin and shifting smoky mist appeared
Which, denser growing, cast a murky smear
Upon the red, and flicked about and neared
The central point, till in some manner weird
The mist had taken substance and had grown
Into the semblance of an ebon throne.

This giant throne was massive-framed and railed
With seeming limbs of gnarled withered trees
But which were writhing serpents, sable scaled,
That never ceased to intertwist and squeeze
One on the other. As caryatides
Seven living sphinxes did the throne upbear
And with their long eyes looked out from their lair.

Soon other mists came shimmering on the red
In soft, thin vapors like the wave of wings
Of wandering sprites that round the centre sped,
And drawing near the centre of the rings
Grew dense, till the unreal flickerings
Formed into corporal figures, towering tall,
And stood embodied, forty-two in all.

The Assesors these. One for each mortal sin.
An awsome company with heads of bears,
Bulls, lions, rams, and apes with ghastly grin,
Cats, crocodiles and vulture-beaks. In pairs
They all were ranged beside the throne on stairs,
O'er each head swaled a feather, and edged brands
Were upright held in all their mummied hands.

Higher than these the Genii of the dead,
Headed as man, as jackal, hawk and ape,
The four dread Masters who do cut the thread
And let the sprite forth flee from out the shape
And mortal coil that lies with mouth agape;
These four were there to witness what might be
The fate of the sad souls they had sent free.

And with them dog-faced Anubis, the guide
Who from the genii's liberating hands
Leads forth the souls and sails upon the tide
Until it safely reaches the shadowy strands,
Freed from the effete body's swathing bands,
Where timid for its doings, or elate,
It waits to cross the lintel of the gate.

Right of the throne stood Horus, also known
As Har the Child, fair-haired and double-crowned,
With falcon visage, around which was blown
His sunny hair, by sunlight more embrowned,
He 'twas that in his vengeance was renowned
On Typhon, and sought out the scattered limbs
Of his slain sire—as say Osirid hymns.

First on the left the moon-god Thoth there stood
With ibis face, and held the golden scale
Wherein to weigh the evil and the good,
And pen of record to record the tale
That measures out the benefits and bale,
A crescent moon lit up his curling hair
With rays like to an aureole of the air.

The others ranged alike on either hand:—
Shu the preventer, Nubi of the south, grim Bes
Abhorrent pigmy hated in the land,
Ra of the sunlight whom the people bless,
Priapian Khem, Khons with the single tress,
Kheph with the scarabeus, mummy bound,
And Atum lord of On the lotus-crowned.

Apophis the watersnake who brings
The accusation 'gainst the soul set free,
The nine Temara gods, masters of things,
Great Pthah, besides the Abstract They who be
Of Years, Age, Life and of Eternity,
All these and more were ranged in line of state
And with an air expectant seemed to wait.

Thus all these lurid forms personified
The qualities that judge the accused soul,
Each one to watch the faults the living hide
Of all the two and forty sins of dole,
Each sin full written on a penal scroll—
O awful lesson this, that under sun
No soul can 'scape the deeds in body done.

Until, inscrutably, an august Shape,
That had not entered, grew upon the eye
As grows the outline of a giant cape
From out the sea mists, so was seen anigh
Amid these fearsome courtiers standing by,
A Presence vast, majestic, magian, lone,
The Great Osiris seated on his throne.

A countenance so still, so passionless,
Ne'er words could paint in deepest fancy's dream
Nor that brow's majesty could faint express,
Nor tell the great long almond eyeball's gleam
Piercing, yet pitiful; the men supreme,
The beardless chin and grave mouth's full, firm line
Conjoined to make a contour all divine.

As type of strength two horns—in shape new moons'
Thin arcs are they, "illuminate and lowne,"
Ripen to cresets of mid-months' white noons,
Around the mighty form flowed ample down
(Throat-latched by Upper Egypt's feathered crown)
An opalescent mantle to the feet—
A regal vestiture, vague, wizard, meet.

Not raiment this, not web of woof or die—
But as when human vision would devise
The outline of the sun at noontide high,
Yet sees but dancing prisms—so the eye
That saw Osiris knew not if in size
He were a naked form, vast, undefined,
Or a draped figure present to the mind.

And as this Presence sate upon the throne
There slid out of the dark till dimly seen
A ghastly company, stern as of stone,
No man could number nor say who had been,
Their dry forms through their cerements showing green
And phosphorescent, as in waves on waves
These dead spectators came from out their graves.

Profoundly silent all. No motion broke
Nor whisper from that ghostly multitude,
'Twas scene such as a sorcerer might evoke
From out of hades in his wildest mood,
Till sudden, startling as a bell-stroke would,
A voice came like a storm-sough from the north
And spake the words: "Let the Accused stand forth!"

FYTTE THE SECOND.

Slow came before the throne and the stern line
Of the demons and assessors grim,
A female form most delicately fair
Of perfect symmetry and grace of limb,
Who stood before the Judge, and looked at him
With a proud regal port that seemed to be
A challenge made to an equality.

Robeless was she as when laid on her bier,
The perfect semblance now that she had borne,
For Anubis the angel brought her here
To show the body she on earth had worn
In the fair Nile-land of the fruit and corn,
Wherein her name had been a synonym
For all that other women did bedim.

Her color was of pallid, perfect gold,
Or as if paley bronze were lightly washed
With faintly ruddy ore, and where the mould
Of her fine figure carved and brightly flashed
Soft violet shadows hid as all abashed,
Her midnight-dark of tresses flowed adown
To her small feet and clothed her her like a gown.

Her countenance had all the beauty rare
That marked the noble of Egyptian race,
The broad, low brow, the cheek beyond compare,
Tinted, but where no wrinkle you could trace,
Straight nose, and in the conteur of her face
Her large, black, slanting eyes with lustre glowed,
And the old blood of Memnon-monarchs showed.

A small, red mouth, with arched lips firm and full
That lightly touched in form of archer's bow,
Wearing a smile so sweet and beautiful
No man could look on her but feel a glow,
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And there she waited, the one beauteous thing
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THE WATERSNAKE APOPHIS, THE ACCUSER, SPEAKS:

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Unto the subjects, and to culture them
In pregnant myths that grow from Seb his stem,
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My heart was full of joy that made it sing,
And my wrapt senses thrilled so blissfully
At pleasant sounds to hear and sights to see,
The air was blue, sun glorified the skies,
The moon was sister and the stars were eyes.

"The fountains in oasis, where they sang,
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"What wars were waged? what draft of fighting men?
What sands with gore were moistened in my reign?
Boats swum, steeds ramped, slaves builded, and the pen
Papyri wrote. Corn yellowed on the plain,
None said the monarch's case was people's bane,
Men lived and toiled at craft or trade and died,
Nor 'gainst me up to heaven their ghosts have cried."

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"Accused! the gods claim worship."

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I oft was present, nay and with my hand
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Of fawns and cooing doves and did recoil
From blood of living innocent things, the more
Did I bring to the alters corn and oil,
Fruits, flowers, and products of the soil,
Gum and frankincense and the woods of trees
My sea-ships brought from many lands and seas.

"The temples' walls I tinted with hieroglyph
And sculptured sacred figures on the pance;
Made alters misty with the pungent whiff
Of spikenard; fed the priests and ibis cranes,
And placed new sphinxes on the avenue lanes
At temple gates, and lengthened out the line
Of mystic obelisks and forms divine.

"As woman I revealed the Women Gods,
Athor the lady of the dance and glee,
Mistress of turquoises,—as say her odes,
Isis the mother veiled in mystery,
Full-bosomed Mant, for genatrix is she,
These I adored by loving all things fair,
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"Wanton! once of Two Egypt's crowned queen,
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Nor yet did tell good deeds done in the land;
Nor advocate did take the cause in hand,
But the accused stood, no one by her side,
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Then Thoth the writer took his tablet up
Where he had writ the record clear and fair,
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And in the other laid the brazen square
'Gainst which good misgiving acts are weighed,
While anxious all looked as the balance played.

The beam's vibration quivered to and fro,
A flicker through the golden balance ran
Quickly at first, then slowly growing slow
Till fell the the brazen square with motion none,
Showing the ill was more than good was done.
Then Apophis the snake stood forth and cried
In eerie tone, "This woman's cause is tried."

FYTTE THE THIRD.

May mortal tongue describe the august sounds
When a god speaks and the empyrean fills,
Loudly, in crashing thunder's dreadful rounds
Reverberating 'mong the canyoned hills,
Or, lowly, in the prattle of the rills,
Or in the sad sea's murmur when it grieves,
Or in the stealthy whisper of the leaves?

The judge Osiris spoke the direful doom:
"Daughter of balanced deeds, nor ill nor great,
Gay thing of whim, as frail as blossom bloom,
Too good art thou for hell, for heaven too late,
Too slight for purging fires, too delicate,
Due transmigration let thy soul enclasp
And for one cycle* be a lamian asp."

With piercing shriek the sentenced soul fell down
In writhing on the ebon paven floor,
Her selfdang hair that clothed her like a gown
Shrivelled to nothingness,—own form no more
But likeness of a spotted snake she bore,
Her white and carmine tints grew flecked with bars
And eyes shone out on her and phosphor stars.

Yet with a grace of motion. As she moved
The line of beauty to her progress clave
Though prone, in saltant spasms as behooved
Her new form, and a scintillation gave
As you have seen an undulating wave
Crested with light though body all a-green,
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Meantime the antic pageant's bloodred glare
Deadened as metal taken from the fire,
And in the places where the figures were
Swam but faint flues; soon eventhese expire
And the tenebrous ring contracting higher
Shrank to one vivid spot; then out the spark
And once more fell the horror of the dark.

Long centuries have trailed since these accords
And Egypt's fate has veered for good and ill,
The Roman, Moslem, French and British hordes
Have made her weakness subject to their will,
But the sad sentenced Cleopatra still
Doth undulate athwart the lilied meads
Or by the Nile's banks hisses 'mong the reeds.

HERBERWOOD, P. E. I.

THE END.

*3000 years.

CANADA, 1878.

By HUNTER DUVAR.

All hail the Norland! topmost gem
In that rich carcanet
That Britain in her diadem
Hath proudly looped and set.
Whence Canada, to realms afar,
A lustrous orb looks down,
The brightest constellation star
In the Colonial Crown.

Ours no plebeian heritage,
Ours no ignoble caste,
For bright is traced on history's page
Our record of the past;
Our cities' sites, hills, waters, plains,
Woods, prairies, both the seas
That wash the shores of our domains
Are full of memories.

The rockbound coast of Labrador
Hath seen brave Cabot's ships,
And echo woke on Chaleur's shore
To Cartier's cannons' lips,—
Then Stadacona's skiffs recall
When on St. Lawrence stream,
And by the town of Montreal
Of Hochelaga dream.

Who but those priests in fancy sees
Who came with good Champlain
And traced our water arteries
Far to the southern main,
The pioneers of axe and plow
Through many a toil and tramp,
Whose bark canoe bore on its prow
The dim-lit gospel lamp?

In Breton's isle of rock and mine
Still looms the fortress-wreck:
What thoughts of gallant deeds entwine
The hill-forts of Quebec!
Our scenes are full, where 'er they be,
Of memories that endure,
E'en in the country by the sea
They tell us of Latour.

Hush! In the dark and troubled days
Two chrisms of blood were mixed
In strife,—from whence war's lurid rays
Fired to a glory,—fixed
And radiant as an aureole,
Grew settled on Canada's brow.
A horror then, a doleful dole,
A glorious memory now.

Two bloods, two founts to found a race,
Two mixtures, clear and strong,
When war was o'er drew near a pace
And, mingling, flowed along,
One, sound as sap of mountain pine,
One, bright as glance of lance,
The warm blood of the Saxon line
And gallant blood of France.

The best, the bravest, each to each
Its purest heart stream lent,
With aim towards a higher reach
In one true people blent;
And ever may the Saxon strain
And gallant Gallic dash;
Urge effort on where end to gain,
And temper what is rash.

Our Norland, our Canadian land!
Brave land of honest toil,
Where trustful heart and willing hand
Can earn a share of soil,
Where healthful air and fertile ground
Cry: "Stranger! cease to roam,
Here stay content and haste to found
That blessed possession—home!

No tyrant's word, no feudal thrall
Here trespass in their might,
Nor antecedents' ghosts appal
Our People's sense of right.
Here man is Man—no grade hath he,
Here work repays its aim,
Here Freedom reigns, and Liberty
Is no illusive name.

Here rippling waves of golden grain
Lap down the primal woods,
And ploughshares rip the fertile plain
Where roamed the forest broods;
Here forges flare, here clang the mauls
Where glowed the wigwam fires,
Here launch we floating wooden walls
As did our British sires.

Here where but late the streamlets fair
Ran murm'ring 'mid the brakes,
And rivers with their bosoms bare
Flowed lonely to the lakes,
With pleasant splash and cheery hum
Spin labor's whirring wheels,
And inland navies go and come
With produce-laden keels.

Two mighty oceans east and west
Lay off our bounds and metes,
While world-wide skim upon their breast
Our fleet sea-going fleets,
And fisher folk along the coast
Ply net and hook and oars;
A sailor race, a hardy host
To garrison our shores.

Now busy city traffic girds
Around the lakeshores' edge,
Where once the lonely water birds
Stood fishing 'mid the sedge,
For now the restless energies
Of worker and of sage,
Give our land all appliances
Of this grand Iron Age.

Where crept, as glides the lithe dun deer,
The stealthy Indian scout
To bear words of despair or cheer
To some besieged redoubt,
Fly messages of peaceful trade
Along the spider lines,
In letters by the levin made
And lightning-written signs.

Where once was silence save the stream
Low singing to the reeds,
The swift car of the Giant, steam,
Like flying meteor speeds,
And now the filmy bridges span
Where once the Huron saw
The Manitou's grey mist veil fan
Thy falls Niagara!

Now thick as tents school-houses crowd,
Where children hum like bees,
And church spires pierce the leafy shroud
Of cloistered maple trees;
Whence shall the Lamp of Life gleam forth
With pure and steadfast glow,
As sunlight in the pure cold north
Irradiates the snow.

Till from the founts of knowledge
Shall wider thought be spread,
By Bible, church, school, college,
Our higher life be fed,
Till little aims and sordid lies
No more shall clog our view,
But politics' sole gathering cry
Shall be: for *Good* and *True!*

When all degrees, ranks, races, creeds,
Shall knit in brothers' bond,
And to stretched hand in time of need
Shall brothers' heart respond;
When Loyalty, sound, honest, clear,
Shall be a sign and seal,
For Britain as our mother dear,
For US as common weal.

And when the fair Canadian land
Shall rank among the States,
Her stalwart sons, with good right hand,
Will stoutly keep the gates,—
In arts, arms, commerce, letters fair,
Shall grow and swell her fame,
And coming men, be proud to bear
The proud Canadian name."

Lord of the nations, low we bend,
Our young State cries to Thee!
Guide our fate onward to the end
Whate'er that fate may be;
Alike, when summer's sunbeams pour,
Alike, when tempest lowers,
Do Thou, Lord, keep for evermore
This Canada of ours.

"Hernewood"
P.O. O'Leary Station, P.E.I., Canada

27th April 1895.

Dear Sir,

Your favor of 13th, through Mr McKinney, only received today, from imperfect P.O. address.

I esteem it an honor to supply the information enclosed, or any further that may be required. The brief semi-biographical sketch is written as dispassionately as if it were of a third person, and merely gives my own impression of my grade in letters, but does not in the least suggest a lead to your own judgment.

With best wishes for the success of an enterprise which not only promises interest as a

work

of reference, but offers perhaps to some of "us poor poets" our only chance of ever having our names mentioned after we are dead.

Yours truly

John Hunter-Duvar

Edmund C. Stedman, Esquire.

OVER

If you do not have him on your list, will you allow me to suggest Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., House of Commons, Ottawa, Ont., author of the epic of "Eros", — a gentleman whose scholarship and eloquence are eminent throughout the Dominion.

Canada.

John Hunter-Duvar,

of British birth, 1830, having lived the greater part of his life in Canada is regarded as a Canadian writer. He was for a time in the Canadian Civil Service; also attained the rank of Lieut. Colonel of the 3d. brigade of Halifax Garrison Artillery. He has always been a diligent student, is conversant with the belles lettres of five languages, and has followed literature rather as a recreation than a pursuit, having offered little to magazines although a number of ~~his~~ pieces of his writing, in prose and verse, have found their way into ~~the~~ Canadian and English papers. Besides translations from

Aucassin et Nicolette, the Vaux de Vire, &c, he has published John a' Var, troubadour et gentilhomme, his Lays, for private circulation, the Enamorado a drama of the Spanish school, — both of which are out of print, — also Roberval a closet drama of early Canadian romance, the Triumph of Constancy a romaunt, with minor poems. Messrs Digby Long & Co, publishers, London, have just issued a prose work of fancy of his, Annals of the Court of Oberon, and we learn he has nearly completed a poem of greater pretension which has engaged him at intervals for the last three or four years, written in ottava rima in a gay vein approaching the style of the Italian satiric poets, and which he modestly calls a burletta although it

abounds in passages of higher flight. While exhibiting intense appreciation of the beauties of nature he has selected few Canadian themes,* ~~and~~ as the tone of his mind is somewhat archaic his compositions show considerable individuality. Mr. Duvar resides in lettered retirement at his pretty place of Hernewood in Prince Edward Island.

* If I dared I would to say:
Having some skill in depicting characters by a few light touches, and, &c.

15th May 1895

Edmund C. Stedman, N.Y.

Mem°

Canada. John Hunter Duvar (additional)

Chanced today to come on this proof. Need not be returned.

I have directed publisher to send you by Book Post (— if you care to pay U.S. Customs duty on it, —) copy of volume containing "Roberval" and "Triumph of Constancy", the latter a romaunt which I myself rather like, as it is invented and not a legend versified.

Yours truly

John Hunter Duvar

Address Hernewood

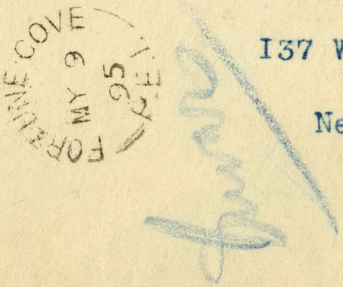
P.O. O'Leary Station P.E.I.

Canada.

Mr. Edmund C. Stedman,

137 West 78th Street,

New York City, U. S. A.



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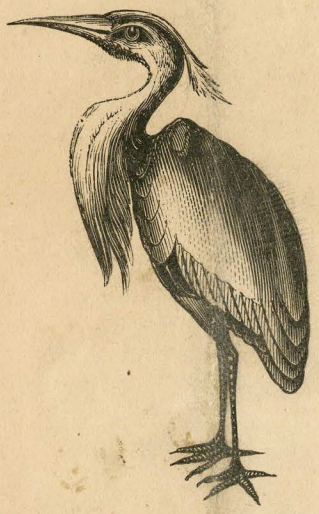
P-1A

John a' Var,

gentilhomme et Trobadour,

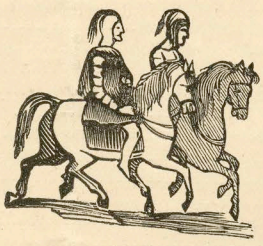
HIS LAIS.



EAST BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.:
H. F. HODGES & Co.'s, PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE.
1874.

Introductory Sonnet.

A wandering race of men, and ere they fell
To circus tricks of jongleurs and dissours,
A noble race of men, all records tell,
Were these old-time troveres and troubadours; —
Skilful of string, a passionate age they swayed,
Exalting deeds of daring; but above
Even valor ranging truth and modesty
And knightly continence and constant love.
The priests of innate courtesy they were,
Those cultured brethren of the lyre, who made
The unwritten bible of the *Gai Saber*,
The leaven of the lump of chivalry;
For, had it not been for their tale and song,
Mere brute strength had not kept its prestige long.



In Which He Relateth His History.

IV

'T was shrovetide, and, as happens now and then,
Fair Elene, bored, as great dames sometimes are,
Said to her mimic court, who smiled again,
"Ar't wearied, ladies, with this tintamarre?
I see among those rude and boisterous men
The celebrated minstrel John a'Var;
Let's cozen him to bend his steps this way,
And try to coax from him the latest lay."

* * *

Legend of the Holy Girdle.

* * * A ship sailed out from Joppa bar,
With flag of blue and crimson silk;
All luminous as is a star
She left a wake as white as milk
Behind her on the silver sea.
Abaft, the scented zephyrs sighed;
Before her, as to lead the way,
The dolphins flashed their glittering scales,
And swum and tumbled in their play;
The rosy nautiluses plied
Their latteen-sailed and pearly boats
Like men-o'war's-men on the lee;
Landbirds lit on the gasket-snoods,—
The sow-your-wheat and Robin Red,
And skylarks carolled overhead;
While turtle-doves from out the woods
Sat cooing on the bulwark rails,
And siskins with their silver throats,
And small, winged boys, as thick as motes,
And, night and day, the nightingales,
All singing up among the sails
Ave Maria purissima.

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on the subject of mediæval poetry and romance. The doctor, like many other persons of admitted genius, was a man of much one-sidedness. Perhaps his strongest idiosyncrasy was a hostility towards the "science joyeuse,"—the troubadours, troveres, jongleurs, dissours, improvisatori,—players on the citole, the mandora lute, the claricord guitar, hurdy-gurdy, lyre, harp, banjo, dulcimer and sackbut. Smiting his fist on the oak, he would libel them all as vagabonds. And with mine own ears have I heard him characterize the good [illegible]. Familiarity with my host's violent language, joined to the admittedly soothing character of his Stonewall, somewhat modified, therefore, the regret which I endured when he not unfrequently broke in,—rather rudely, I must say,—on what appeared apposite quotations from my favorite bard. "Johnny Var! sir,—Johnny Var!" he would exclaim, "there never was such a man, and if there *was* he ought to have been scourged at the cart's tail."

After the apotheosis of my erudite friend, circumstances gave me the means of triumphantly disproving his erroneous aspersions as to the identity of the minstrel. The lumber-wing of the grange, undermined by rats and time, toppled to its fall, and disclosed much litter that had been hidden beneath the cobwebs. Among the articles thus brought to light was a battered case that might once have held a lute, and which still contained some scraps of vellum marked with musical notation. The probabilities were that it had belonged to some minstrel of the period; perhaps, who knows, to my illustrious forbere, JOHN A'VAR! Further search confirmed the truth; for lo! was found, in a good state of preservation, not only his autograph, but his portraiture, of which here is presented a fac-simile :—

(BURLESQUE PORTRAIT HERE.)

Much as I have ever lamented the demise of my learned friend, (although he lived to a green old age), I never think without regret that he did not survive to see the complete refutation of his erroneous views. As to the biography of the celebrated minstrel, be it unwritten. Judging from intrinsic evidence he was born about the year 1122; went to the second crusade; and became a monk in 1167. For the rest—he lived, he sung, and the world is all the better for it. So it is with many whose harps were unlistened to on earth, but now swell the choir of the angels. In his works we must look for the scattered incidents of his life :—

> "For then he took the scallop shell
> And trod more lands than I can tell."

It has been said he lived, he loved, he fought, he sang, and in the odor of sanctity he died. A tale that has been told.

R. I. P.

from John a'Var, Story of Geoffroy Rudel and the Princess of Tripoli. 17

John a'Var

Outside the walls of Tripoli
There wells an ever-living spring
That drippeth in a sculptured stone,
And trickleth o'er refreshingly,
And maketh many a fairy ring
Upon the gazon, emerald grown;
And there in sweet spring's earliest prime
The primrose soonest opes its eyes,
Nor is there in all summer time
A spot so rich in rainbow dyes;
And there in fall time of the year,
In dulcet, mellow autumn-tide,
When elsewhere leaves are growing sere
You latest find the pensées pied
And dewy-eyed forget-me-nots.

(line space)

It was a lone and sacred spot
Made holy by the sculptured stone,
For in long ages past and gone
Ere Paynim held the land in bonds

RUN ON

It was a Christian place of prayer,—
And still a rudely graven cross
Half hid by nodding fern fronds,
Above the font there might be seen,
Though lichened o'er with marish moss
And liverworts of mauve and green.
'Twas in a cool umbrageous dell
So deep and leaf-entwined, that not
In summer any sunlight fell
Upon the fount's green garden spot.
A holy place. At dusty noon
The saints of old to Zion bound
Might there have trod with sandalled shoon
And made the garden blessèd ground;
Mayhap even there the Man of Woe
Had, wayworn, stooped His lip to drink,
And sanctified the crystal flow
Then, as now, running o'er the brink.
Fair Uzaülte sought the spot in gift,
Her Paynim father gave it her,
And there we gave our dead his shrift
With rites of Christian sepulture.

line space

The Moslems all with bended heads
Stood silent as his corse went past,
And women veiled, up on the leads,
Buds of white roses on him cast;
The Soldan's lancers grounded spears
And drooped their pennons to the boy,—
And thus it was, with many tears,
We buried there my poor Geoffroy.

line space

My friend lay dead beyond the sea,
Then took I ship to whence I came,
And brought this home-truth home ~~to~~ with me:
All are not dogs that bear the name.

Hunter Duvar

John a Var

Moresco. Chorus of grape-eating girls.

Pipe and tabor! pipe and tabor!
Where the sly buds peep in spring
Circle round in magic ring,
Cast the sandal from the heel,
Round and round in living wheel,
Swift as eddy, lithe as ~~vine~~ vine
Clash and cling and twist and twine!
Evviva!

Drum and flute! drum and flute!
All a-tiptoe circles weaving,
Tresses flying, bosoms heaving,
Swifter! swifter twist the twine,
Breathe the extacy divine
Swifter yet with cinctures doffed,
Wave the ~~bared bar~~ bare round arms aloft!
Evviva!

OVER

John a Var

ILLUSTRA

, and tyranny the strong,
ntumely and poor man's i
ork the world wrong,
nd ill
and then be still.

en dead on cottage floors,
smine-clustered beams,
at the trellised doors,
raves,
the ripe corn waves.

Then what am I
an God's blessed air
the sunshine-sky?
th,—
fe in death.

lute! expires m
cut to the skie
hee I best could
'er.—
o more! No mor

with other thing
ceforth am the
r touch the c
e its strings

lyric requ
c phrase—"
I give full s
contained i
purely lite
pursuit th
ay and to
' write
r, th
lower

'Rain the roses! rain the roses!
Shed ~~Shed~~ their perfumes down in rain,
Young love chases fast and fain;
Circle yet, each charm revealing
Till sweet languor cometh stealing,—
Now untwine;— ah! happy sigh!
Slower,— slowly,— cease,— we die!
Drum and fife! pipe and tabor!

Hunter Duvar

John a Var

A postal card from Mr. Duvar contains the following bit of scepticism, which, being so exposed to the public eye, must have been public property from the outset :

"Friend Edison may think 'twas he invented
The greatest marvel of this wondrous age ;
But, when I see the Phonograph indented
On rites of Isis and Pharaohic page,
I doubt the fact !—and so, say I, the bard,
The Age's Wonder is the POSTAL CARD,

and so I avail myself of it to say ——."

* * *

So long ago as the days of the *Maritime Monthly*, a book of song, by the above author, entitled "John a' Var, His Lays," was heralded in its pages ; but, so far as we are concerned, it became a dream and expectation, with the pleasing exception of a few fragments, which, by the poet's permission, are here presented. "A' Var" (Du Var ?) was a troubadour, with all the quaint traits of his profession, who went to the second Crusade and wound up by becoming a monk. The book gives the lyrics he sung. Had I lived in those days (the author writes privately what is here published) I, too, would have been a troubadour and gone to the second Crusade, and not unlikely ended by becoming a monk. Enclosed is an incident that occurred at A' Var's installation (never, I think, published,) that will be as appropriate *now* to me as *then* to him.

LXIV.

A shoal of gaesome troubadours and knights
With not much reverence pictured on their faces,
Kept crowding round the white-robed acolytes
And kept a coil while jostling them for places,—
Their unwonted presence at those sacred rites
Was not accounted for by new born graces,
But the new monk for whom was sung *Te Deum*
Was *John a' Var*, and they had come to see him.

* * * LXIX, *et al.*

When called to renounce his worldly goods, he drew forth a purse with gold, a hawk's bells, spurs, a jacques knife, divers love tokens and sundries,

All which he reverent on the altar laid.

LXXVI.

Therefore it was before that curious crowd
He stood in monkish stole. His youth had flown,
His minstrelsy, of which he once was proud,
Was over ; he must turn his heart to stone,
Forgetting all loves but his latest-vowed,
Our Lady of Mount Carmel,—she alone
To serve and love and worship. It might be
This was the subject of his reverie,

LXXVII.

For, with a sudden stride he reached his lyre
And dashed his fingers fiercely o'er the strings,
Which rang out wildly with impetuous fire,
Waking the echoes like a hundred wings
Away up in the rafters of the choir,
Then died in low pathetic mutterings ;—
The clergy were a good deal scandalized,
But then a convert such as he was prized.

LXXVIII.

So none forbade him when, with chastened look
His voice chimed piteously to match the strain,
And, both together twining, shed and shook
Soft falling whispers as of summer rain ;
But wilder rose and louder as he strook
The quivering chords that moaned and cried amain.
A passionate outburst. 'Twas the soul of song
In its last agony, but dying strong :—

'Take not from me my lute !
There is a spirit caught among its wires
That sentient thrill as if with living fires,—
Freres ! let me keep my lute.

It may not be ? ah, well,—
Once more e'er yet thou diest, O breathing string !
That plainest like the heart of lost sea-shell,
And talk'st to me with voice of living thing,
Sad now art thou and I,
Loved lute. Ring out, ring out, ere yet we die !

Ring out the clash of swords !
The meeting shock ! ring out the victor's strain,
Or dirge when peasants tramp o'er knights and lords,—
Jarring when the war-trumpet blows amain,
And scattered all afield
The shivered lance-shaft and the shattered shield.

Ring out to ladies' eyes !
To love's wild ecstacy of joy and woe,
To morning's mantling blush, to passionate sighs
That heave the rose-tipped mamalons of snow,
To gage d'amor, I ween,
That wakes the rapturous thoughts of—once hath been.

Ring out the words of fire !
'Gainst pride, and hate, and tyranny the strong,
'Gainst proud man's contumely and poor man's ir
And all the lusts that work the world wrong,
'Gainst envy, lie, and ill
Ring out protest once more, and then be still.

Wake gently softer themes !
Of white-frocked children dead on cottage floors,
Of dances 'neath the jasmine-clustered beams,
Of greybeards drinking at the trellised doors,
Of immortelles on graves,
Of red-cheeked lasses where the ripe corn waves.

This world hath been so fair,
So full of joyousness. Then what am I
That I should vow to shun God's blessed air
And veil my lids against the sunshine-sky ?
But that is idle breath,—
Life may be joyous, even if life in death.

Dying as echo dies
Faint and more faint, O lute ! expires m
They say there is a short cut to the skie
But yet, methinks, with thee I best coul
Our mission now is o'er.—
O Soul of Song ! fly free ! No more ! No mo

To lute, farewell. Farewell, with other thing
But, though for me, I henceforth am the
No meaner hand shall ever touch the c
Thus —— thus —— I rive its strings

The spirit and beauty of this lyric requ..es no mine, which, if the rather prosaic phrase—"a sh the skies"—were amended, would give full satisfa brief commentary to the poem is contained in the that, "in Canada, composition purely literar heartening unsatisfactory as a pursuit that mined to sin no more in that way and to a As I said to our friend, M———, 'write poetaster.'" We trust, however, th the Muse by one of her chief followers temporary.

monotone
e to throb,
it reads
times
RUN ON

for this purpose. With very little trouble, any one who can work the sewing machine deftly can make a quilted lining of silk, satin, or even sateen, which wears nicely also, and will wash if necessary. This quilted lining appears as you perceive on the collar, cuffs, and pocket of the dress, much after the fashion of a gentleman's smoking at. To strengthen and finish off the edge, a little silk cord should be sewn round, and the double-breasted front fastened by large buttons. The other is a loose dress of flannel in any pretty shade. Personally, I dislike flannel for the outside of a dressing-gown, as it catches (and keeps) hai s, and looks so quickly dirty. Serge is nearly as bad, bu alpaca is far better and wears well. So suppose this i y second figure is of alpaca of a pretty crushed straw- be tinge, or of a soft grey—in fact the hue is a matter of in vidual taste. It is made with a flat, cape-shaped yoke on he shoulders, and the rest of the dress plainly set into it and ored, so as to be wide and full round the feet. ay be ed with that thick flannel called Bath coating, is preferable in my opinion—quilting. A full the same material (alpaca), if you do not like to xpense of ribbon, will form the trimming round nd sleeves, and down the fronts and yoke. I safely recommend these two to you as really " dressing-gowns.

* * *

ures f elderly ladies are the subjects for my second ith I fear that whilst we are young we think matt about getting old, and without taking the with to consideration we grow up from childhood age d us, tacitly accepting the facts of their and had always been old, because we who have

XXIII
XXIV
XXV
XXVI
XXVII

XXVIII
XXIX

on the
persons
his stro
troubad
ole, the
dulcime
vagabon

head. My first head in the second illustration shows a tasteful way of draping the lace. The pins might with advantage be put a little lower down on each side, but the lace effectually covers the back of the head and nape of the neck, which last is not always so pretty as a woman passes the meridian of life. Lace is always dressy, and if good always in fashion. If a cap must be worn, then a simple little thing like the second sketch is sufficient with bows of ribbon or black ribbon velvet. You cannot do better than copy some of the caps worn in the time when Sir Joshua Reynolds and Romney painted beautiful women, for the smaller examples are always picturesque. I think that people may really wear almost anything so long as it becomes them and is spotlessly clean and fresh; but a dirty cap—oh! *can* there be anything that looks more slovenly?

* * *

Regarding Christmas presents I cannot possibly find space in one paragraph for all the pretty things I ought to describe to you. The shops here in London are more attractive I think than ever, and though it would be hopeless to attempt to chronicle all I see, I may yet describe a few of the things that are specially useful. Matchboxes for our gentleman friends follow all kinds of shapes, some with hunting scenes on their silver surfaces, others like an envelope that have a postmark and miniature stamp on them, and yet again those that puzzle people with a little false slide like a conjuror's trick. Then there are dear little travelling clocks of every variety of size, from quite tiny up to quite large. Delicious pencils, with three different colours in them, and others with enamelled outsides, some coming out of eggs, or little tops, to hang on a watchchain. Lunch cases for lady or gentlemen hunters, containing a tin for sandwiches and cake and a flask, the whole thing securely shut and made to fasten with straps to the saddle. Then what can I say of the gifts in jewellery that may be had for the wonderfully reasonable prices? Dainty little watches that wind up at the handle and are some of them arranged with chains to hang from the waistbelt in chatelaine fashion, to which they are fastened by a straight bar brooch. Pins with little birds and other devices in diamonds; lucky brooches of moonstones, and other gems. In furniture there are all sorts of pretty knick-knacks. Fireside screens of which one side is draped with drawn silk, and the other of pleated silk or plush, in which one may stick the photographs of one's friends, whilst half way down is a little shelf on which one's cup of afternoon tea may rest quite comfortably. Little silver bowl or vases are amongst some of the newest Christmas gifts in which to place the ferns that adorn our winter dinner tables. They are large enough to hold a small pot if it is not advisable to plant out the fern into its silver case. Cases for holding stationery are very tasteful now, and have in addition to the receptacle for paper a miniature clock and a calendar which can be moved on by just touching a little knob. I think I mentioned to you some time ago the carriage case for cards and directory books. These are now fitted with a little clock and a writing case, so that a letter may be answured in a hurry if needs be. This would be an invaluable present I should think for a medical man. Then there are all kinds of new games in tasteful cases, but the one of all others that has become the most modern form of mild gambling is the Rubicon bésique.

* * *

Have you made your mincemeat? Because if you have not, the less time you lose the better. Will you try my recipe, and tell me how you like it? Originally I used to put real meat into it, but I have come to prefer it without that addition, as I hope you also will. Take two pounds of suet after it has been carefully picked and chopped, three pounds of currants nicely washed and dried, one and a-half pounds of raisins stoned and chopped (to save trouble you may use Sultanas), one and a-half pounds of chopped apple, the grated peel and juice of one lemon, half a nutmeg grated, quarter of an ounce each of cloves, mace and cinnamon finely pounded, half a pound each of chopped candied orange, lemon and citron peel, half a pint of white wine, and quarter of a pint of good brandy. Mix all well together and keep in a jar closely covered. Stir it from time to time, as the wine and brandy will soak to the bottom, and add a little more brandy if it looks dry. When you have filled your mince pies lay a few slices of citron and orange peel on the top of each before you put on the crust.

Roberval

Niagara.

from Roberval, Act II, scene 5.

Falls of Niagara in the unbroken forest.

Roberval solus (after a long pause)

.... How august are thy works O God of Might.
.... This masterpiece of Thine Almighty hand
Transcends the range of words.... O soul of man
What can'st thou do but wonder and adore.
An ocean poured into a giant chasm
With one majestic sweep of quiet force,
Embodiment of power ineffable,
Resistless beyond utmost stretch of thought,
Too grand to have its features analysed,
Too vast to pick and speculate on parts
But in its whole so dread it numbs the mind
And merges all sensations into awe.
Visible image of immensity.
This wall of falling waters to the eye
Itself a miracle, but when conjoined
With that incessant slumberous monotone
That causes heart and ear alike to throb,
Addressing ear and eye alike, it reads
The occult riddle, how in former times

RUN ON

The very God came down and talked with man.
What can the hearer do but reverent say
This is the voice of God. The resonant rocks
And caverns echo it. Above the plume
And all along the stately rocking shore
The aged forests that like sentinels
With their gaunt shadows dim and tenebrous
Shut in the world's wonder, echo it,
While leagues away, through all the sylvan shades,
Outborne by the vibrating earth and air,
The cause unseen, the deep-toned murmur sounds
Like rolling of the Almighty's chariot wheels.
Nature's grand paean to that Nature's God.
Throughout the ages an unresting hymn!
No fitful leaping, no impetuous rush,
But stern and slow in solemn majesty,
With the dread calm of the inevitable
And cold serenity of shunless fate;
That ever-falling wall could, effortless,
Submerge a capital, sweep nations' fleets
In splinters to unfathomable deeps,
Or whirl whole armies of the empires, light

RUN ON

glassy eyes
As their limbs are stirred and their hair.

OVER

Upon its face as floating thistledown.
The beauty and the terror of it! The sprays,
In spiral smoke-wreaths, rise in shifting forms,
More than the incense of a thousand fanes
Until they mingle viewless with the clouds,
While, as reminder of the promise made
Water should not again destroy the earth, —
Rainbow tiaras span the dreadful fall,
And through them flash the flung-up water drops,
Making a rain of rainbows. Mystery
That the Creator should this marvel make
And shut it in with dreadest solitude.
How few the eyes that ever have looked on this,
How far transcendant beyond ~~poet's~~ painter's dream
Or the most vivid fancy ever poet
Wrapt in the world of faërie, ever had;
More wondrous even than the visions seen
By the Beloved in the apocalypse,
This wonder of the world — Niagara.

glassy eyes
their limbs are stirred and their hair.

OVER

Roberval

from Roberval, Act V. scene 3.

off the coast of Newfoundland. Long seas rolling in after a storm. Mermaids singing.

A gallant fleet sailed out to sea
With the pennons streaming merrily.

On the hulls the tempest lit,
And the great ships split
In the gale,
And the foaming fierce sea-horses
Hurled the fragments in their forces
To the ocean deeps
Where the kraken sleeps,
And the whale.

The men are in the ledges' clefts,
Dead, but with motion of living guise
Their bodies are rocking there,
Monstrous sea-fish and efts
Stare at them with glassy eyes
As their limbs are stirred and their hair.

OVER

Moan, O sea!
O death at once and the grave,
And ~~sorrow~~ sadden in passing, O cruel wave!
Let the resonant sea-caves ring,
And the sorrowful surges sing,
For the dead men rest but restlessly.

We do keep account of them
And sing an ocean requiem
For the brave.

A Pastoral.

BY HUNTER DUVAR.

Adown the valley
Where the stream
Soft meanders,
Making broken images
Like a dream,
In a cottage almost hidden
By a grape-vine, that unbidden
Clustered over roof and wall,
Lived young Lubin, straight and tall.

The woodman's girl
Was very fair,
Lithe and comely;
And like bunch of gold-thread rings
Was her hair,
And her voice was sweet to match
The robin's song beneath the thatch;
Gentle her eye and soft her hand,
And foot like lady's of the land.

Without knowing
What they did.—
Could they help it?
These two loved, the one the other
Nor love hid.
When they told their love-fraught story,
Each of them put on new glory;
The cot seemed lodge of rare device,
The vale grew vale of paradise.

But, Oh, dear me!
Who would think,
Oft and often,
Cup of life hath cruel poison
On the brink?
What it was themselves they hnew not,
But a tangle in love's true-knot
Came, and more in sport than pain,
She bade him not to come again!

Lubin ~~'listed~~ 'listed,
Milly cried,
And they thought
That she, when she saw him marching
Would have died;—
When, instead of cattle lowing,
Heard she war's stern bugle blowing,
Down the valley where the stream
Eddied like a troubled dream.

On a time
When war was o'er,
Milly sitting
With sad heart, but fingers knitting
By her door,—
For her means grew few and fewer.—
Came a one-armed soldier to her:
"Milly!" "Lubin! O forgive!"
——And now 'tis at the farm they live.

~~St. John Watchman~~.

27th April 1895

"Fernewood"

P.O.

~~For the Journal.~~

A Vesper.

AWAY dark dreams,—
This world is very fair to look upon.
And though it seems
Dreary sometimes in dusky twilight's gleams
Bright morrows come when yesterdays are gone.

Though winters creep
Swiftly on us and summer's foliage dies,
~~Though~~ roots but sleep
And soon again in spring the green leaves peep
And passion-flowers re-ope their starry eyes.

Lie down to rest
O man! and trust to God's protecting care,
And on the breast
Of slumber, as the Mother's Babe is pressed,
Sweet visions of the night, serene and fair.

Will come again,
And he who careth for the sparrow's fall
Will ease thy pain
And lift the shadow that thy senses thrald,
As David's music soothed the gloom of Saul.

HUNTER DUVAR.

dreams

The

~~Contributed to the Daily Sun.~~

Sent For.

"The black camel kneels at every man's door."
—*Arabian Proverbs.*

The Arabs call the camel the ship of the desert

Death, the black camel, knelt
At Sheik Ben Sadi's door;
Old was the shiek, and to his belt
His beard flowed thin and hoar,—
Revered and bowed and reverend,
With eyelids drooped and bent,
He sat and prayed in the twilight,
In his Bedouin tent.

The sheik, with well-pleased mien,
As sent for by his Lord,
Came calmly forth, with air serene,
Prepared to go on board,
And said:—"At length, and welcome,
O sable ship of the sea,
O black ship of death's desert,
I am ready to go with thee."

Out from the woman's apartment
Came El Ghazul the rose,
And with her swaying footsteps went
Softly, lingeringly, as those
Who, not tired yet, would bide a time,
Nor leave a loved abode,
For her years had scarce seen summer,—
But She was the camel's load.

"Il Allah! God is good,"
Devoutly said the sheik,
Though in his eyes the heart's springs stood,
And flowed his channelled cheek:
"On my Ghazul the Rose
The kismet hath been dealt!"
Ere long at the door of Ben Sadi
Again the camel knelt.

"This time, O silent ship,
O ship of the sable sea,
A welcome glad I give to thy trip,
Because thou comest for me."
But out from the inner zenana
Came little Ben Sadi ben Doad,
The tie of his grandfather's heart-strings,—
And He was the camel's load.

And the sheik is watching and waiting,
Crying, "Tarry not long on the road;
Art thou laden, or lagging, or baiting,
That thou comest not back for thy load?"
And the sheik, with his face towards Mecca,
Still looks for the Ship of the sea,
Ever sighing: "Black ship of the weary,
I am wearied waiting for thee."

HUNTER DUVAR.

A Rune.

Barrel-necked, yellow-haired, thin in flank,
  Halko, the Jarl, the Berserker,
Took his place on the rowing bank,
  And yelled, as he grasped the oar of ash:
  "Ho! cast off the landward chain!"
  (The the red chain rattled amain),
  "One! Watch well the roller's wash,
Dip your blades together as one!
  Two! Make of it a single splash!
In the name of the Trinity, three!
Dip!"—and the Serpent shot to sea.

Eight days full they tugged the sweeps,
  Eight full days they trimmed the courses,
Full eight days they ploughed the deeps,
  Eight days spurred the white sea horses,
As, like flails, the rowers' ranks
  Smote the running rollers' flanks,
Whilst the gull and cormorant,
  Screaming, fled before the sail,
  And behind the gale,
Till, in time, with yards aslant,
  Ran the Serpent on the strand
  Athwart the Nose of Iceland.

Halko, the Jarl, came to a mound
  Paven with brown blasted turf,
Lying within reach and sound
  Of the ever-flying surf.
Thrice he smote with good gray sword:
  "In the name of the Lord,
  Open, mound, and let me in,
  I am Halko the Berserker."

With a thunderous grumbling sound,
  Such as ship on leeshore awes,
Sullen oped the blasted mound,
  As the kraken opes its jaws,
  And Halko the Jarl went in;
There three women, giant tall,
In three robes of dusky pall,
  Each one silent, spinning, spinning,
  As they've done from the beginning—
    Spinning out the fates of men.

Bold, outspoken, cried he then:
  "Dames, so grandame-like, what cheer?
  What foul witch-woof spin ye here?
Give to me a swatch of web—
  See! I cut it with my sword,
  In the name of the Lord.
I to sea sail with the ebb,
  And want the raven and the kite;
I want the pestilence and flame
    And famine and pain and woe;
  Give me carnage, give me blight
Of dishonored ~~name and~~ fame and shame
    For Snorro Snorrsen, my foe."
What happened more no tongue can name,
  But bearing a fateful shred of clout,
  Halko the Berseker came out.

Eight days run to Skjortahaven—
  The ninth day did battle yield,
When the foul kite and the raven
    Fed on corpse, with screech and snarl,
  Till they could not fly afield,—
    But it was on Halko, the Jarl,
Thus it has been since the beginning,
  Special gifts aye prove a curse,
  And the bravest gets the worse
Of the Valkyrs' spinning.

~~Hornewood, P. [illegible]~~

Mrs

from Montreal Witness.

Jock and Jenny.

"DEAR JENNY! come hither and sit by me,
And put your waist in reach of my arm,
Your eyes are as clear as the sunlight sea
And your face has a fresh and girlish charm,
With your soft hair smoothed on your wide clear brow;
And your fine white teeth all as ~~good~~ as new, sound
Your heart as good as gold, and I vow
I think there was never a girl like you——"
"O fie Jock!"
"O fie Jenny!
Old woman, let's whisper in your ear,—
I've thought so now over twenty year.

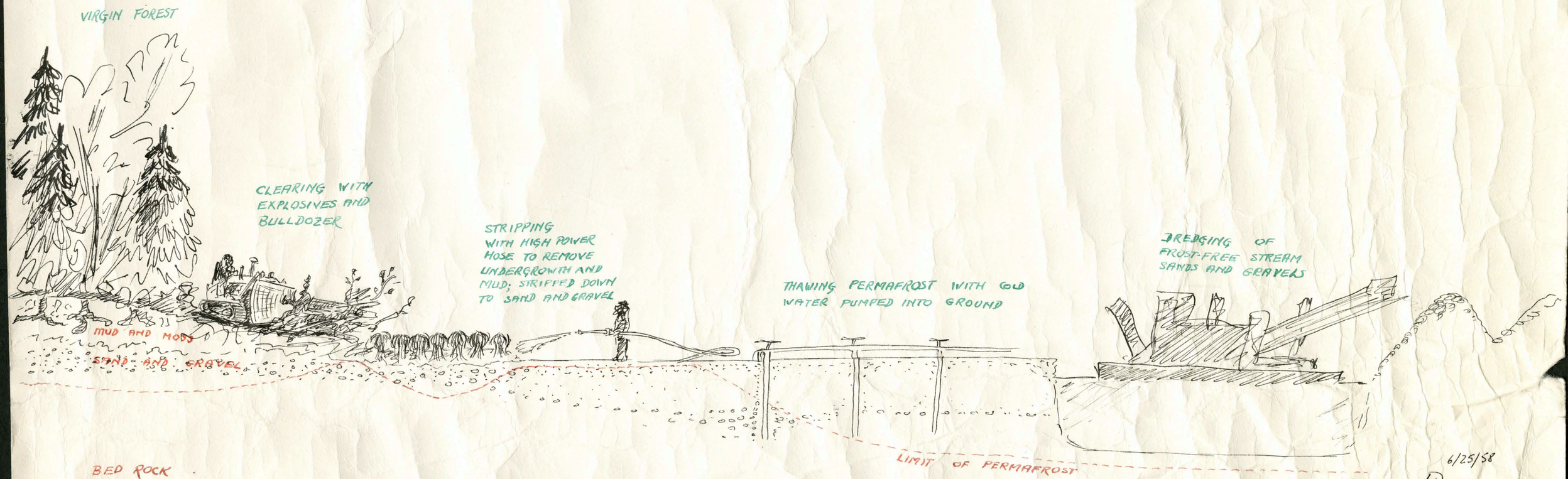
"Dost thou remember the shamefaced youth
And the modest maiden who, hand in hand,
Strayed, and who envied not in truth
The lord and the lady of all the land?
Ah! the path by the willows beneath the hill,
And the trysting place by the fairies well,—
And the lover's walk by the moss-grown mill,
Old woman! dost thou remember them well?"
"Aye! aye! Jock!"
"Aye! aye! Jenny,
Since then we've seen good and and seen evil cheer,—
How long and how short seem these twenty year!

"When I brought you home to my little farm
And the garden plot ~~that~~ my own hands had dug,
And, with your lithe waist within my arm,
I showed you our cottage so small and snug;
When after a time came a little child
That made you a mother in sorrow and pain,
It was many a day ere once more you smiled
When the angels had taken him home again—"
"Don't cry! Jock!"
"Don't cry! Jenny!
The loss of the babe but made *you* more dear
Had he lived he'd been nigh upon twenty year.

"Well, well, old lady, the worst is past,
We have leaned on each other and found it so,
We each on each other our burden cast
As we will on the road we have yet to go;
The time must come when we reach the end,
And, pleasant however may be the way,
We must reach the stile if the way we wend
And when, at the last, we both shall say:
'Good bye! Jock,'
'Good bye! Jenny,'
We'll lay us to rest without any fear—
—But hope it won't be this twenty year."

L. AND S.

(From the Temperance)


VIRGIN FOREST
CLEARING WITH EXPLOSIVES AND BULLDOZER
STRIPPING WITH HIGH POWER HOSE TO REMOVE UNDERGROWTH AND MUD; STRIPPED DOWN TO SAND AND GRAVEL
THAWING PERMAFROST WITH COLD WATER PUMPED INTO GROUND
DREDGING OF FROST-FREE STREAM SANDS AND GRAVELS
MUD AND MOSS
SAND AND GRAVEL
BED ROCK
LIMIT OF PERMAFROST

6/25/58

i.e. WHS's mother

For Your Dear
Mother

15 Palmer Street
Frome
Somerset
May 2d

My dear Sister,

I have fully thought of writing to answer Walter's kind letter, received from him so long time since, but have not had anything to write about, so it has gone on, thank God to say we are all well. of course I feel I am not getting younger, our time here will be short and I long to be where there will not be any Parting, with best love from your loving Brother E Smith

15 Palmer Street
Frome
Somerset
May 2nd

Dear Walter,

I received your kind letter, also the Papers. thank you very much for writing and sending the Papers, you must forgive me for not writing before it is not from neglect, but because I have not had anything to write about, I hope yourself and your dear Wife are well, also your dear Mother, thank God to write we are all well, I have been fully recovered from my accident thank God to say I can attend to my Business as well as ever and can walk any where without a stick.

but have a weakness still
in the knee, preventing me
from indulging in a run
in fact I feel my running days
are past and I do not desire
to go back, I know you will be
glad to hear we are all much
as usual, Poor Hugh I think
it will not last many weeks
Probably not many days, his
health has been good up till
a few weeks since now there
is a rapid break up, I know
you will be very sorry to hear
Mrs Pitman was very suddenly
paralyzed a few weeks since
the left side of the body is entirely
paralyzed and the left side
of the face, she has been

perpetuity insensible, and
speechless the whole time
it is a very great trial for Mrs P.
and not the slightest chance
of her being any better that is the worst
Myself Wife and Flora went to
Glastonbury to spend Easter
Mrs Smith is still there most
likely will not return till end
of the week. The country round
there looks very beautiful
I went up on the Tor Hill on
Monday, your dear Wife knows
it well enough, of course
you do not — never having seen it
George is doing very well, and
well in health, we all unite
in love to you. your dear Wife
and your dear Mother, and
hope to hear from you before
very long from your loving
Uncle G Smith

45 Clapham Road
Canterbury, N
March 25/85

My dear Nephew
I Your welcome letter to hand for the which we thank you . . I cannot tell you how thankful I am that the dear Lord has so prospered you in a strange land. I could weep for very joy the your face grapes I may never see again in this life yet to meet before the throne of God & to cast our blood bought crowns at the feet of the dear Redeemer will make up for all we have to pass through here, tho we often faint by the way, but as I get older I feel the trials are heavy and often wonder what the end will be, I often fancy if all of those dear unto me was doing well my trouble would all end but in the world we are

to have tribulation you will wonder
what is the trouble now well
your Uncle George could get nothing
to do he was in London a fortnight
ago, he came for goods to put in
a Shop he has taken at Yarmouth
in Polly. name the Rent is 3/6 per
week & Polly is answerable for the
same Emily had saved about £20.
So she had to pay for the Goods as
far as she could & what we could
let him have out of our Shop
we have so you may think we
do not feel very hopeful about
them getting a living, they cannot
live there for it is only a Shop
& Store Place tele John it is in
the St George Road, near the beach
he will know the place Susan
continues very poorly — —
your Cousin Henry was here yesterday
I told him what you said, last year
he said if he returned to Australia
he should go round America for
he has a great wish to see it

we sent a piece out of one of the papers to your Aunt Jane & when she wrote she said we must give her love to you & she thinks you very clever now you must not be proud. you must know one of your Cousins over there is very clever at Painting her name was in the Sydney Papers at an exhibition they had she has Painted her Mother & Father in Oil - it is Annie the second daughter, we did receive the Papers you sent & they have been much admired, your Aunt Anna thanks you for sending the Lausanne Cast but she does not think he very much likes the Gaddison - I do not know if I told you that your Cousin Henry was married last Sept to a young Lady at Lichfield so if he returns to Australia he will have his wife to take her friends treat very bad like the rest of us but then he is young & he would sell up if he send her

is likely to lose, Now give our best
love to your Mother & tele her
She was born on the 15th day of June
1816, so it is down and I think for
her age she is wondfule our dear
Mother had been ile for some time
before she was her age, give our
love to your Father & thank him
for the Paper sent likewise do not
forget Fred and your dear wife
tell them we often set & talk
about you all it is all we can
do now for we are almost left
alone, I will send you an Islington
Paper with this, give our love to
your Uncle Tom & tele him about
George, Emily is at blackheath she
when she coms we shall let her
see your letter tele your Mother
we have got a funny Lodger agane
She Pays her Rent but spends all she can
in drink we do not feel safe to leave her
in the house on Sunday, Mr Lawrance
was ile & after a few week took the
Small Pox & he was taken to Highgate

and has been away Eight weeks is better ~~now~~ but took cold yesterday. have had his room all done & Blankets &c. The Small pox has been very bad at Islington some Schools closed & one Public House closed at the End of Packington Street ~~closed~~ four people was laying ill in it but I think it is not quite so bad as it was. the weather is very cold we had a heavy fall of Snow on Sunday for the first time, you will remember Mr Stubbs she is living at Southend Now she Made us a nice Present sent us her Squire Stand & Cruet. Silver & Cut Bottles in them she is living in Lodgings & had no use for them & wished to Make us a Present. So you see if we was Grand we could use them Now I think I have told you all the News and with our love believe me to Remain

your Affectionate Aunt

Isabella Rounding

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WEATHER GUIDE

—BY—

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31 ARCADE STREET

Montreal, Nov. 22nd 1890

Hon. H. Mercier
Quebec

Dear Sir,

I have much pleasure in sending you ~~take the liberty of enclosing~~ the enclosed letter of mine on the adaptability of a large part of our Province for settlement. I should not have taken this liberty ~~or~~ of thus trespassing on your very valuable time had I not noticed that the question of colonization is being keenly discussed in the Legislature at present, or had I not also met Mr S. C. Stevenson ~~a day or~~ who desired me to forward you a copy declaring that the opening of settlement of this very region

was one of your most cherished desires. If I can be of at any time any assistance ~~semispecall~~ as a meteor object

Believe me to remain

~~Yours to command~~

Obediently Yours

Walter H Smith

OTTAWA SECURES INDIAN RELICS

Gazette 31/8/27

Discoveries in Newfoundland Throw Light on Original People

OTTAWA, Aug. 30.—(C. P.)—The second largest collection of relics in the world representing the original "Red Indian" of Newfoundland has been secured for the Canadian National Museum through the efforts of Diamond Jenness, chief of the division of anthropology, who has returned to the city after spending the full season digging among remains of the old Beothoe Indian settlements of Newfoundland.

Mr. Jenness said yesterday there were only two other museums in the world which have collections from the old camping sites of these people. They are the St. John Museum in Newfoundland which has the largest collection in the world, and the British Museum which has only a few specimens.

As a result of Mr. Jenness's trip some of the mystery which surrounds this extinct tribe has been cleared up, he claims. He believes he is in a postion to prove that this little known people migrated to Newfoundland from the coast of Labrador not more than 1,000 years ago and that the tribe was finally wiped out by incessant conflict with invading bands of Eskimos who swarmed over the country a little over 100 years ago.

Indians - Eastern

with compliments of W. J. Wintemberg

*Shell-beads of the Beothuk Indians**

By W. J. WINTEMBERG, F.R.S.C.

(Read May Meeting, 1936)

It has been remarked by several investigators that artifacts of shell are either exceedingly scarce or are not found at all in coastal aboriginal shell-heaps in New York,[1] New England[2] and Nova Scotia,[3] although their chances for survival should have been as good as that of the shells of which the heaps are mainly composed. Considering their absence from most coastal Algonkian sites, where we would normally expect to find them owing to the fact that they were used by historic Indians in the same area,[4] it is rather surprising that many shell-beads should be found in burial places of the Beothuk Indians, an isolated member of the Algonkian family, in Newfoundland and the Canadian Labrador.

In 1847 some beads derived from whole shells of the rock purple

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*Published with the permission of the Director, Bureau of Economic Geology, Department of Mines, Ottawa.

[1]See Skinner, Alanson B., *The Pre-Iroquoian Algonkian Indians of Central and Western New York*, Indian Notes and Monographs, vol. II, no. 1, New York, Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation, 1919, pp. 34-35; and *Archæological Investigations on Manhattan Island, New York City*, Indian Notes and Monographs, vol. II, no. 6, 1920, p. 208. Also, Harrington, M. R., *Ancient Shell-heaps near New York City*, Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History vol. III, 1909, p. 173.

[2]"A peculiar bead made out of the hinge tooth of the quahog" was discovered in a shell-heap on Goose island, Casco Bay, Me. (Proceedings Boston Society of Natural History, vol. XI, 1866-68, p. 289.) The oldest shell-beads from New England have been found in graves of what C. C. Willoughby calls "the old Algonkian Group" (*Antiquities of the New England Indians*, Cambridge, Mass., 1935, p. 264.) Specimens from graves of his "later Algonkian group", from Vasselboro and Waterville, Me., and Bridgewater, Deerfield, and Saugus, Mass., are seen in his fig. 140; but not one of them is from a coastal site.

[3]See Smith, Harlan I., and Wintemberg, W. J., *Some Shell-Heaps in Nova Scotia*, National Museum of Canada, Bulletin No. 47, Anthropological Series No. 9, Ottawa, 1929, pp. 20 and 114.

[4]According to Marc Lescarbot the Armouchiquois (considered by Parkman to refer to Algonkian tribes of New England) made "carcenets and bracelets" (which they called *matachias*) "of the shells of those great sea-cockles, called *vignols*, like snails, which they break into a thousand pieces and collect and then polish them upon a sandstone till they make them very small; then they pierce them and make them into rosaries, of which the beads are black and white" (*The History of New France*, vol. III, Publications of the Champlain Society, Toronto, 1914, p. 157.)

or dog winkle (*Purpura lapillus*)[5] and a few flat, discoidal beads[6] were found with other artifacts, including a few of European origin, in a sepulchral cave on Rencontre island (one of the Burgeo group), on the south coast of Newfoundland. The Rev. Mr. Blackmore, rural dean of Conception bay, who found them, later presented them to the museum of McGill University, Montreal.[7] The beads derived from *Purpura lapillus* are ground almost in half, exposing the interior, and are 3/8-inch long, and so must be of immature shells. Dawson thought the discoidal beads were "made of the shell of the large *Mactra*, probably *M. solidissima*".[8] The smallest specimen in 3/8-inch in diameter, the largest about 1 inch; and they are 1/8-inch thick. In another sepulchral cave, on Swan island, a few miles south of Exploits Harbor, on the north coast, were found "discs made of shells perforated in the middle",[10] which Howley thinks were made from shells of *Mya truncata* and *Saxicava rugosa*.[11] Although the same writer mentions "flat beads" that were found in a cave known as "Indian Hole", on Tilt island, one of the Ragged group of islands in Placentia bay, he does not state if they were made of shell, but they probably were of that material.[12] Another vague reference is made to some beads found in a burial cave on Comfort island, bay of Exploits, and it is uncertain if they were made of glass or shell.[13] He illustrates sixteen large and small discoidal beads, but he does not give the localities where they were found, although they possibly are from the burial cave on Swan island.[14] Other discoidal beads, in a string 21 inches long, mentioned by Patterson,[15] "are about 5/16-inch

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[5]See Dawson, Sir J. W., *Fossil Men and their Modern Representatives*, third edition, London, 1888, fig. 5*a*.

[6]*Ibid.*, fig. 5*b*.

[7]Dawson, Sir J. W., *Notes on Relics of the Red Indians of Newfoundland, collected by Mr. Smith McKay, and Exhibited to the Natural History Society*, The Canadian Naturalist and Geologist, vol. V, Montreal, 1860, p. 462 (the article was signed J.W.D.).

[8]*Ibid.*

[9]The writer is indebted to Mr. E. L. Judah, Secretary of the Museum Committee, McGill University, Montreal, for descriptions of these beads. The Accession Numbers are 1139 and 1146.

[10]See Howley, James P., *The Beothucks or Red Indians*, Cambridge, 1915, p. 289.

[11]*Idem*, footnote.

[12]*Ibid.*, p. 293.

[13]*Ibid.*, p. 333.

[14]Pl. XXIX, figs. 21-36.

[15]See Patterson, George, *The Beothiks or Red Indians of Newfoundland*, Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, 1891, vol. IX, Montreal, 1892, Section II, p. 159 and Pl. X, at top.

in diameter, and about 1/8 of an inch in length" (thickness). He also mentions imperfect strings of beads which are only about 1/8-inch in diameter.

In 1928 the writer found several broken cylindrical beads[16] in a burial cave on the north shore of the strait of Belle Isle, about half-way between Bradore bay and Blanc Sablon, and about 1 mile west of the boundary line between Saguenay county, Quebec, and Labrador. The fact that the human bones and the beads are covered with a reddish substance, like ochre in appearance, although the colour is not as vivid as on some of the bone ornaments from burial caves in Newfoundland, suggests that they are of Beothuk origin. The beads retain the spiral groove of the columellæ from which they are derived and are like some of those found in pre-[17] and post-European sites of Iroquois in Ontario and New York,[18] and of other cultures in the United States.[19] The smallest specimen is ½-inch long and may have been 3/16-inch thick; the largest is too broken to get an idea of its length, but is about ½-inch in diameter.

It is a question how long the discoidal and other beads were in use among the Beothuk. We know from Whitbourne[20] that as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century they decorated their seal-skin hats with some kind of shell-beads or ornaments. They probably did not get the idea from the Montagnais or Naskapi, their nearest Algonkian neighbours on the continent, with whom they were on friendly terms, because neither of those people appears to have made extensive use of shell-beads.[21] They may have acquired the idea of using the discoidal forms from the Eskimo, although the writer knows

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[16]Cat. No. VIII-E-343*a-t*, National Museum of Canada.

[17]See Wintemberg, W. J., *Distinguishing Characteristics of Algonkian and Iroquoian Cultures*, Annual Report of the National Museum of Canada, 1929, Ottawa, 1931, Pl. XVII, figs. 5, 6. The nearest locality where similar beads have been found is in an Iroquoian village site near Roebuck, Grenville co., eastern Ontario, abou 1000 miles to the southwest.

[18]See Beauchamp, W. M., *Wampum and Shell Articles used by the New York Indians*, Bulletin New York State Museum, vol. 8, no. 41 (Albany, 1901), fig. 111.

[19]*Ibid.*, figs. 108, 110, and 118.

[20]Whitbourne, Captain Richard, *A Discourse and Discovery of the Newe-founde-lannde* (London, 1622), in Conclusion, which is not paged separately, he said: they were "set round with fine white shells, such as are carried from Portugall to Brasseile; where they pass to the Indians as ready money".

[21]According to Father LeJeune (*Jesuit Relation*, 1634-35, vol. VII, p. 15), the Montagnais decorated the fringed edges of their leggings with *matachias*.

of only one locality where such shell-beads have been found associated with Eskimo remains.[22]

In most cases some of the artifacts found with these beads were of European origin; and one might be tempted to think that the beads had been introduced by whites were it not for the fact that they do not appear to have been machine-made, and, also, that in a few cases specimens were found in various stages of manufacture.

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[22]See Mathiassen, Therkel, *Eskimo Finds from the Kangerlugssuag Region*, Meddelelser om Grønland, bd. 104, no. 9 (Copenhagen, 1934), Pl. 1, fig. 36. Similarly shaped beads made of serpentine, soapstone, calcareous spar, slate, graphite, and even coal were also used by Eskimo (See Mathiassen, loc. cit., Pl. 1, figs. 22, 24, 25, 27, and 32, and, by the same author, *Pre-history of the Angmagssalik Eskimo*, Meddelelser om Grønland, bd. 92, 1933, Pl. 3, figs. 14, 15; also, Larsen, Helge, *Dødemandsbugten, an Eskimo Settlement on Clavering Island*, Meddelelser om Grønland, bd. 102, 1934, Pl. 7, fig. 11.)