

IN A REMINISCENT MOOD

Mr. Harry A. Patterson, Now of Brockton, Mass., but Formerly of Grand Lake Stream, Maine. Descants at Length on the Old Home Town

A new "Deserted Village" has arisen, the scenes connected with its rise and fall, most of which, as well as the actors, are well known to the editor, but although in some respects they are quite as poetic and pathetic, there is no Goldsmith to embalm them in immortal verse.

The editor of THE JOURNAL went there for the first time at the age of 14, accompanied by his mother, in June, 1871.

We were driven from Newmarket to Harvey Station by the late Thomas McCashen; from there took the train for St. Stephen, crossed the bridge to Calais, and the next morning took the train for Princeton, and the next the stage to Grand Lake Stream—the village and the tannery which was intended to support it, both being at that time in process of erection.

We had intended to make this place our home, built a house and lived more or less comfortably for six years.

Then the house was burned down, I lost my arm, and later on the Shaw Bros. failed. Then the business was dragged along by trustees for some years and finally failed altogether.

A remnant remain, and our correspondent tells in his letter how they earn a livelihood; but the glory of the village is departed, and a mere handful is all that remain of "all the village train," who "led up their sports beneath the spreading tree," organized picnics and blueberrying excursions up the lakes in the summer and kissing parties and dances during the winter evenings.

Although for me Grand Lake was veritably a "Lake of Tears," having there experienced most of my sorrow and disappointments and the accident that embittered my after life and hindered my chances of advancement, I still clung to it so long as I could get a rag and a crust, until finally thrust out by the denial of any further employment from the cruel company at whose hands the accident happened. And to-day my heart goes back to it as the scene of all my boyish happiness. It is present before my mind's eye in my waking hours and in my dreams at night.

The "call of the wild" is upon me, in the little backwoods hamlet, where all men are equal and free, instead of the thrice cursed pride, caste and conventionality of the cities that "turns man from man and breaks the social tie." Where a man is not even welcome in his neighbor's house, where the people are split up into degrees of caste and have very little in common except the Post Office, the City Hall and the baseball ground.

"O, for the pure and sinless wild,
Far from the city's pother;
Where the spirit mild of nature's child
On the breast of its holy mother,
In the silence deep may hear the beat
Of her loving heart and tender;
Nor wish to change the greenwood range
For worldly pomp and splendor.

O, for the laugh of the merry loon,
For the chant of the fearless thrushes,

Who pipe their tune to sun and moon
In clear and liquid gushes;
For the roar of floods and the echoing
woods,

And the whispering above us
Of the twilight breeze through the
trembling trees,
Like words of those who love us."

My last visit was in April, 1890, and I had intended to go back again soon, but circumstances connected with my household affairs prevented—but were I free and alone I would go back tomorrow, build with my own hand a lean to by the side of the lake and trust to earth and wood and water to produce me a living.

"And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return and die at home at last."

MR. PATTERSON'S LETTER.

Mr. Martin Butler, Fredericton, N. B.
FRIEND BUTLER, —Notwithstanding over a year has elapsed since I was the recipient of a letter from you I deem it just and proper that I reply even at this late hour. If my memory serves me correctly, you intimated in your communication that you would like to know as to the welfare and whereabouts of the people who once eked out an existence at Grand Lake Stream. You readily understand that back in the previous part of the eighties there dwelt a happy and contented people in G. L. Stream. A little later on during the "Shaw failure" and when the trustees failed to run longer dark days

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