

THE OLD HOME.

It stands upon the hillside, with the tall elms bending o'er it,
The homestead with the lilacs by the door,
And the quaint old-fashioned garden, gently sweeping down before it,
I see it just as in the days of yore.

I remember how the sunshine fell across the golden meadows,
Beyond the wood doorstep, old and worn;
And how the summer cloudlets cast their quickly fleeting shadows
On the distant fields of rustling, ripening corn.

In the pleasant, roomy kitchen I see my father sitting,
With leather-covered Bible open wide;
While my sweet-faced mother listens, as she lays away her knitting,
And rocks the old red cradle by her side.

Three brown-eyed little children, with tangled golden tresses,
When evening prayer in simple words I said,
Come clinging round her neck with loving, soft caresses,
Then merrily go tripping off to bed.

O happy years of childhood, with thoughts so true and loving,
And sweet and guileless days so full of rest!
Our old hearts love to linger, after all our years of roving,
And clasp fond memory's picture to our breast.

Shall we ever in that country the bright and glorious heaven,
Win back the simple innocence and bliss,
We knew when, in our childhood, in the dear old home at even,
We received our angel mother's good-night kiss?

AN ACADIAN HEROINE.

HEROIC WOMEN.—STIRRING TIMES ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER.—EARLY LIFE IN NEW BRUNSWICK.—THE STORY OF LADY LATOUR.

(Scottish American.)

Although thousands of women in all ages of the world have displayed to the fullest extent the virtues of patience and courage in private life, the number of those who by their daring in battle have proved themselves worthy to be leaders of men has been extremely small. This of course is in part due to the fact that the opportunities given to women for such leadership are comparatively few, but the more potent reason undoubtedly is that woman from her disposition and temperament is more fitted to shine in passive endurance than in active enterprises. Yet at long intervals women have arisen who seemed born to command, and from whose natures all the weakness of the sex appeared to be eliminated. When such women do dawn on the world they seem to reach a higher degree of heroism than any man can attain, for they are usually impelled to deeds of daring by influences which give their efforts the character of a crusade. Urged on to the field of strife by religion, patriotism, love of husband or of children, to them there is no middle way between victory and destruction; they must triumph or they must perish. The latest of these female paladins, the Rane of Jhansi, kept the field against the British in India for some months after her cause had become hopeless, and finally died sword in hand charging at the head of her cavalry among those who resisted to the last. Sir Hugh Rose, her conqueror in his general order said that "the best man upon the side of the enemy was the woman found dead, the Rane of Jhansi."

America has produced but few women of the heroic type, and the most remarkable of them all, living as she did two centuries and a half ago in a remote corner of the continent, and being of a foreign race, is comparatively little known to the people of the United States. Yet if Longfellow had been a poet of war and battle, when he went to Acadia for a heroine, instead of the mythical and impossible Evangeline, he would surely have chosen that real woman, Lady Latour, who was a heroine indeed. As it is he has left for some other bard the finest subject for an epic that America has yielded. Although her story has been mainly told by her enemies, or in the dry pages of official despatches to the French Government, her figure emerges from the mist of two centuries firm in outline as it appeared to her contemporaries and so real in its humanity we never doubt that the actual woman is before us. Frances Marie Jaquelin, who afterwards became Lady Latour, was a native of France and belonged to a Huguenot family of Rochelle. She was born in the early years of the seventeenth century, when that city was the focus of a religious movement which ended in civil war. Born and reared amid the stirring scenes which Rochelle witnessed she became well fitted by training and education for the stormy and eventful life she was destined to lead in Acadia. When very young she married Latour, then on a visit to France, and sailed back with him to that wild romantic land which became the scene of her heroism and her death. Her arrival in Acadia took place in 1625, a year before Peter Minuit's purchase of Manhattan Island from the Indians, and five years before the settlement of Boston. The whole continent, now the seat of an ever widening civilization, was a vast wilderness in which half a dozen bands of struggling colonists from Florida to Quebec were contending against the rugged might of nature.

Latour himself was a man of extraordinary talents, alternately the sport and the favourite of fortune. Although of such high descent that he could claim

kinship with the great house of Bouillon, his family had been totally ruined in the civil wars. In 1609, when a mere boy, he went to Acadia with his father, and when the Port Royal Colony was destroyed by Argal, four years later, took to the woods and lived with the Indians for many years. It would take too long to enumerate the successive steps by which he emerged from this humble station. Biencourt, the grantee of Port Royal, died and bequeathed his rights to Latour. The latter became Lieutenant General for the French King in Acadia, and received a vast grant of territory on the St. John river. And to crown all, through the influence of his father, who was a favorite at the English Court, he was made a Baronet by James I. and Sir William Alexander, the Scotch grantee of Acadia, gave him a very large tract of land. Thus in the enjoyment of grants and titles from both Crowns his fortunes could hardly have looked brighter than they were in 1635. But troublous times were at hand.

Latour's fort was at the mouth of the St. John River, on the site of the New Brunswick city of that name, and from its position it gave him the thousand square miles of territory. His establishment was on a scale suitable to the magnitude of the interests he controlled. There were seldom less than two hundred men in Fort Latour, and several small vessels were employed in ranging the coast and trading with the Indians. The spoils of forest and stream were at the command of Latour and his men, for the woods abounded in game, and the rivers and sea with fish, and a rude abundance reigned at his hospitable board. But it was a sadly lonely life for Lady Latour, without female companionship but that of her servants, and with her lord often away ranging the woods, cruising on the coast, or, perhaps, on a voyage to France. It was a schooling well fitted to develop all the latent qualities of a strong nature.

Latour had a rival for the possession of the trade of Acadia in Charnissay, who also held a commission from the king and had forts at Port Royal and Penobscot. Charnissay's father was a Councillor of the King in Paris, and had the ear of Cardinal Richelieu, a fact which emboldened the former to endeavour to effect Latour's destruction. Latour was accused of all sorts of malfeasance, and his wife was denounced as a heretic. He was accused of being friendly to the English, and she of being the cause of his disloyalty. It is needless to examine these charges, for Latour was afterwards publicly exonerated from them all by the French Government. It was true, however, that Lady Latour was a Protestant, as such she lived and died.

After years of effort, Charnissay succeeded in his object, and a royal edict went forth which was intended to destroy Latour. He was commanded to return to France to answer the charges against him, and his commission as Governor was revoked. If he refused to obey Charnissay was authorized to seize him and carry him to France, and to make an inventory of his effects. A ship was sent out specially by the king to carry home the Governor. Latour no doubt appreciated the delicate attention, but declined to avail himself of it. He refused to go to France or to admit Charnissay to his fort, and the latter could only go away breathing vengeance, for Latour had four and twenty cannon mounted on the walls of his stronghold. Charnissay returned to France to obtain more royal orders, to dislodge Latour. The latter in the meantime thought open up a trade with the people of Massachusetts Bay, and to enlist their aid in his cause. In the first he succeeded, but not in the last, although he made friends in Boston who proved most serviceable to him at a later day. But what was more to the purpose he sent a triad agent to Rochelle to obtain the aid of his friends there against Charnissay. The response came in the shape of a fine ship, and having on board one hundred and forty men. But before this vessel could reach her destination Latour was already in great straits. Early in the Spring of 1643 Charnissay appeared at St. John with six vessels and five hundred men and blockaded Fort Latour. Attack after attack failed, but a blockade continued and famine threatened in time to compel a surrender. But the wily Latour kept watchers down the coast to intercept the ship from Rochelle, and when she appeared, slipped through the blockading squadron in the night, and turned her bow towards Boston, where he confidently counted on obtaining help. His lady went with him to add her persuasions to his when dealing with the grave rulers of Massachusetts.

One pleasant Sunday in June, when the Boston people were returning from church, Latour's ship sailed boldly into the harbour to the great astonishment of all and the consternation of many. Latour immediately waited on Governor Winthrop and told him his errand. Next day the magistrates were called together and the matter discussed. The result of their deliberations, after a long search of the Old Testament for precedents, was to refuse Latour active aid, but to give him permission to hire such

ships and men in Boston as he required to enable him to reach his fort in safety. This, however, was enough, and Latour hired in Boston four armed vessels and one hundred and forty-four men, besides purchasing a large quantity of supplies. With this augmented force he returned to St. John, drove Charnissay away and chased him to Port Royal, where he attacked him and captured a considerable amount of property. The New Englanders venture to Boston in triumph, and Charnissay went back to France to organize another attack on Latour.

Up to this time Lady Latour had stood by her husband's side as his chief adviser and companion, but now the time came when she had to act alone. As Latour did not dare to appear in France, it became necessary for her to go there to obtain further assistance against their resolute enemy. She accordingly set sail for Rochelle, her old home, but had scarcely arrived there when Charnissay heard of her presence in France and procured a warrant for her arrest. But she had timely notice of her danger and escaped to England, and there was able to obtain all the munitions of war and supplies she needed. Freighting a ship with them she set sail from London in March, 1644, for Fort Latour. In the same ship embarked a man little loved by the men of Massachusetts Bay, Roger Williams, the founder of the Providence plantation.

Unfortunately the master of the ship, instead of proceeding on his voyage with due diligence, loitered on the way to trade, and did not reach Cape Sable until September. Charnissay in the meantime had reached Acadia and was cruising in the Bay of Fundy to intercept his enemy. Latour, half distracted at the delay in his lady's return, had been to Boston seeking further help, only to find that source of assistance closed against him by the threats of Charnissay. The latter maintaining a close watch in the Bay of Fundy, boarded Lady Latour's ship, but she and her party were concealed in the hold, and the Master pretended that he was bound direct to Boston. So Charnissay had to let the vessel go and his prey escaped; but it was no longer possible to reach Fort Latour, and to Boston the vessel went. There Lady Latour brought an action on the charter party for deviation and delay, and recovered a verdict of two thousand pounds. Then hiring three armed ships in Boston to convey her home she at length reached Fort Latour after having been absent more than a year.

Difficulties and dangers were now gathering around that doomed fortress. Charnissay had command of the sea, and was able to cut off its supplies. Then Latour leaving his brave wife in command of the fort went to Boston early in the winter, and sent a small vessel laden with provisions to St. John. Charnissay, however, captured it and Latour found himself unable to return to his fort. So the brave lady was left to face her own and her husband's enemies alone. It was here that the great energy and the heroine of her character were brought into play. Although bothered with the care of a child that was hardly more than an infant, she showed herself in the fullest sense, capable of command. Her vigilance never rested, and she inspired her men with her own courage. But their number, after weeding out traitors and deserters, was less than one hundred and they were badly supplied with provisions and munitions of war. In February, immediately after the capture of Latour's provision ship, Charnissay attacked the fort. He expected an easy conquest, but found himself sadly mistaken. From one of the bastions Lady Latour directed the fire on his ships, and with such effect that one of them had to be towed away in a sinking condition, her decks covered with dead and dying. It took Charnissay nearly two months to repair the damage done his vessel in that brief contest with Fort Latour. In April he again returned with a larger force, and this time attacked the fort from the land side. For three days and as many nights the assault proceeded, but Lady Latour conducted the defence with such skill and courage that the besiegers made no progress, and Charnissay was obliged to draw off his forces with loss. With calm eyes that looked upon danger without fear, the heroine was ever foremost in the fight, nerving the timid by her example, and encouraging the bold. This siege, like the former ones, would have failed but for the foulest treachery. Charnissay found means to bribe a Swiss sentry who guarded one of the bastions, and in the dim light of Easter Sunday morning, when the garrison were at prayers, this traitor suffered the enemy to approach. They had already scaled the walls before the alarm was given. Lady Latour in this extremity showed the same cool daring as when fighting behind battlements. She placed herself at the head of her little band and made so desperate a defence that every foot that Charnissay won in the fort was paved with dead men. It was only when further resistance was unavailing, and for the purpose of saving the lives of her devoted men, that she consented to accept the terms offered by Charnissay and surrender.

These terms, however, were shamefully violated. Charnissay was so much enraged at the havoc that had been made in his ranks that he resolved to wreak his vengeance on the garrison. He caused all the men in the fort to be hanged except one man to whom he gave his life on condition that he became the executioner of his comrades in arms. Lady Latour would have shared the same fate but the fear that the Court of France would resent such an outrage. But he compelled her to be present at the execution of her soldiers with a rope round her neck, like a reprieved criminal. Three weeks later she too had passed from earth, but, whether she died of a broken heart, or of ill-treatment, or by poison, there is no record. But it may safely be said that no braver or truer heart ever beat in human breast than that which was stilled by her death.

It is not often that the truth of history can be made to square with poetic justice, but in this instance something like that took place. Charnissay was drowned five years after Lady Latour's death, and Latour obtained a reversal of all the decrees against him and a restoration of all the honors he had lost through his rival's arts. More than that he married Charnissay's widow and came into possession of his entire property, ending his life in a good old age, and prosperous with numerous children to inherit his name and estates.

MISCELLANEOUS

FROM MILK TO BUTTER IN TWO HOURS.—Since the establishment of the creamery at Hanover, it had frequently occurred to me that the morning's milk might be transformed into butter for the breakfast table the same morning, and on Saturday, Aug. 7, it was decided to try the experiment.

At 4:30 a.m., the farm help at the College farm were in readiness to commence milking, and at 5 o'clock, 60 pounds of warm new milk were on the scales at the creamery, which is located some 60 rods away. At 5:15 steam was turned on and the Excelsior engine set in motion the machinery which was to do in 10 minutes what nature demanded 2 hours to complete. Five minutes later the DeLaval separator was at its full speed of 8,000 revolutions per minute and the milk was turned on; 10 minutes later 45 pounds of perfectly sweet skim milk and 15 pounds of equally sweet cream were the existing representatives of the original 60 pounds of milk. At 5:45 the cream, cooled to 56°, was in the small test churn, and at 6:20 the butter had parted company with the butter milk and was ready for the salt, and at 6:50 it had assumed the form of one-fourth pound prints, and in 10 minutes more was on the breakfast table at the College farm house, thus completing the journey from milk to butter in just 2 hours and only 2 1/2 hours from the time that milking was commenced.

It may seem a little unaccountable to those who have never given any thought to the subject of mechanical separation of cream, that butter from the morning's milk may contribute toward the completion of the breakfast of the same day scarcely 2 hours after it is milked, yet such is the result of our trial, and such is the triumph of the inventor's genius over the plodding ways of Father Time. By the old time methods, from 36 to 48 hours intervened between milking, and churning, and by the cold setting in patent cans only a part of the cream can be obtained in 3 hours, while the average time is 24 hours, but with the new system all the cream is obtained from 100 pounds of milk in from eight or 10 minutes.

ODD COURTSHIP OF A CONDUCTOR.—Yes, said a conductor on the Illinois Central, I'm married boys, and am mighty glad of it. But the strangest part of the story is how I came to meet my wife. It was about a year ago. One day we stopped at one of the stations down the line, where the track is double, where there was a freight train approaching on the track west of the station. The freight train slowed up, so that passengers would have time to cross, and then put on steam and came along after I had given the signal to start. But I stood on the ground looking out for passengers who might jump off and get hurt, as I always do under similar circumstances. On this occasion it was well that I did, because a young woman came running out of one of the coaches of my train and excitedly made a jump to get off. She landed right in my arms and if I hadn't been there she'd have fallen before the freight engine and been crushed to death. Well, boys, I just held on to her until those two trains had passed, and they weren't very short trains either. She was so excited I didn't dare put her down and I felt quite comfortable the way I was, anyhow, with her heart beating against mine. Well, in that minute and a half I lost my heart and we were married a week before Christmas. She says she always did like a man who had sense enough to hold fast to a good thing when he had a good chance.

SOMETHING ALL WANT.

A good fitting suit of clothes is what everyone wants, and there is no reason why they should not have it.

Thos. W. Smith is now receiving his fall stock of Cloths, consisting of the very best makes, and the latest designs; and his genial Cutter Mr. James A. Robinson, being ably assisted by Mr. C. E. Collins, a first-class Pressman, is willing to warrant every garment made in this establishment in both fit and workmanship, unsurpassed by any other establishment in the trade. We solicit an inspection of our stock, which will be shown by the affable Messrs. E. McGarrigle and W. J. Crewdson, who will be delighted to show the goods, and take orders. With such a genial and competent staff of aids, the subscriber feels assured, that everyone who favors him with a call, will receive every attention, and be kindly treated, whether they leave their orders or otherwise.

We have always in stock the best and cheapest line of gents' furnishing goods; men's and boys' fur and felt hard and soft hats, very cheap also.

The balance of our trunks and valises we are selling regardless of cost, in order to clear them out.

The balance of men's and boys' boots and shoes are being cleared out at a sacrifice.

THOS. W. SMITH.

192 Edgecombe's Building,

Queen Street, Fredericton,

204

AUGUST 14.

NEW GOODS

—AT—

John J. Weddall's,

Silk Plushes,

DRESS GOODS,

Jacket Cloths,

CORSETS,

HOOP SKIRTS

BUSTLES.

JOHN J. WEDDALL

IS THE TIME to secure some elegant premiums, absolutely free. Equal in appearance to solid gold. Full particulars & 50 lovely Chromo Cards, with name, loc., & this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

PER CENT PROFIT, to an agent of either sex, selling a grand box of New Goods, sent by return mail for 25c. or 3 three-cent stamps. Get the samples and illus. Novelty Catalog, 3c. and this slip.

A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N.S.

Private Board.

SEVERAL persons can be accommodated with board at reasonable rates. The rooms are commodious and pleasant, and the situation, convenient.

Apply to Mrs. ROBERT SMITH, Cor. Brunswick and Westmorland Sts.