

MONTCALM'S N. S. SISTER.

MARIE PAYZANT AND HER MISFORTUNES IN ACADIE.

Is It History or Legend?—The Killing of Payzant—The Journey to Port Pisiquid With the Indians—The Scene After the Great Battle at Quebec.

In France, in 1712, Louis, the eldest son of the Marquis of Montcalm, was born, and three years later a little sister, Marie, entered the household. Afterwards there were other brothers and sisters, but this sketch has to do only with Louis and Marie.

In childhood's days they were constantly together at play in the ground surrounding the noble old house, and though, like other children, they had their quarrels, they were very fond of each other. One great trial to Marie as she grew older was her brother's contempt for dolls; neither did she take as much interest in military play as he desired. But Louis grew to be a large lad, and was sent away to school, while Marie, robbed of her playmate, devoted more time to her studies and less to play, that Louis might not surpass her altogether.

The Montcalms were Catholics; and when John Payzant, a man of integrity and some wealth, but a huguenot, fell in love with Marie, she knew that she could never marry him with her parents' consent. To do so without their consent meant to leave the old home so dear to her, never to return; but she concluded that life without him would be miserable even though surrounded by all that before had made her so happy. So they fled together, dwell for some time on the Isle of Jersey and finally sailed across to sea to make a home for themselves in the great western world where Catholic and huguenot might worship as his conscience dictated.

They settled on an island in Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia, where they lived very happy. Four children were born to them, John, Louis, Philip and a little girl. The parents instructed the children in the usual branches of learning, nor did they neglect religious training.

They felt more secure in their island home than though the water about them had been the great walls of a fort, and the trees soldiers on guard.

In the spring of 1756, soldiers from the fort at Lunenburg helped Mr. Payzant break up the soil. On Saturday afternoon they returned to the fort to spend Sunday. In the evening, when all was still, the family heard the report of a musket, followed by a scream of terror, and soon they saw a band of Indians approaching the house.

The scream was from a man captured by the Indians, who led them thither, hoping that the plunder they would find would induce them to release him. As soon as they reached the island the Indians shot him. Poor wretch! he little thought they were directed by a higher mind than his.

As he saw the Indians coming, John Payzant fastened the heavy oak door and stood behind it. Finding that the door would not yield, the Indians pointed their muskets at it in different directions and fired. A bullet entered the father's breast, and he fell backwards into his wife's arms, simply saying, "My heart is growing cold, Mary," and his life on this earth was ended.

Heretofore their life and home was peace and sunshine they had enjoyed together—now his heart had grown cold, and she was left in the gathering gloom with her terrified children at her side. Impossible it would be to protect the little ones she loved from the savages now breaking down the door. In agony she awaited her fate. The screams of a servant's child annoyed the Indians and they seized the innocent babe and dashed out its brains against a rock. Then, because the distressed mother gave vent to her grief she was put to death by the tomahawk.

Mary Payzant and her family were led to the canoes, and after the Indians had plundered the house they fired it and paddled away. Silently, and mournfully, the mother left her home where, but last evening, they had been so happy as they heard the children recite their lessons. As she looked back she shuddered to think of her dead husband lying in the midst of the flames; his ashes mingling with the ashes of their home.

And these, her children, what tortures were they to endure? Must she stand dumb and silent and see them put to death in some cruel manner, as was the servant and her child? Horrible thought!

Leaving the bay, they passed through a river and several lakes, the Indians bearing the canoes on their shoulders as they tramped across the portages.

Long years afterwards, Mary Payzant told her grandchildren how, passing down the Avon river, Hants county, in the silent moonlight, they came in sight of Fort Pisiquid, now the town of Windsor. The Indians, fearing their captives would be seen by the men at the fort, forced them to lie in the bottom of the canoes.

Many days passed and still they were on the march, sometimes tramping through gloomy forests, and often moving over lake or stream in the canoes. Wearisome it was, but as the days went by and they suffered no violence from the Indians, the great terror that at first seized the children wore away. The redskins became friendly and taught the boys the use of the bow and arrow.

The mother thought it was better for the children not to be alarmed, but deep in her heart was a nameless dread—a horror of the fate awaiting them at their journey's end; for oft had she heard of the treachery of the Indians. On, on they went. At last, leaving the forest, they paddled up a large river until they came to a city, built partly on low ground and partly on a high bluff. They landed and were led through the lower to the upper town. And here a surprise awaited the weary anxious woman. Lo, she was met by her brother Louis, General Montcalm, commander of the French forces at Quebec.

Then, like a great flood, surged back the recollection of a fond husband, now dead; a happy home, now laid in ruins; the long weary journey and the sickening anxiety that had filled her heart; and here is the author of her misery, her brother.

Bitterly, scornfully, she accused him of destroying her home and of murdering her husband. She would hear no explanation—she could never forgive him.

Montcalm placed John and Louis in the Jesuit college, where they were educated for Catholic priests, and he made his sister

as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances. Ample time had she then to brood over her wrongs, and as time passed her heart did not soften towards her brother, who would fain have beheld in his sister the loving comrade of his early days.

Weeks, months, years went by, until in 1759 the city was besieged. For months Wolfe lingered before the city seeking some feasible point of attack and still the French felt secure in their high fortress. But when the sun rose beautifully on Sept. 13th, Wolfe and his men were revealed drawn up in line of battle on the Plains of Abraham.

Montcalm heard as in a dream that the British had gained the heights, but resolved not to surrender without a struggle, and at once made an impetuous attack; the result you know.

Borne from the battle-field mortally wounded, being told he could live but a few hours he sent at once for his sister. As she entered the apartment he said, "Marie, I am dying. For the sake of the old days in France hear me. I heard of your arrival in Nova Scotia, and wished to shield you from the perils of this war and the attacks of Indians. I sent some friendly Indians with an order to bring you here unharmed, that I might see you here again and act the part of a brother. But unfortunately, your husband was killed and you hate me. In this my dying hour, I ask you to forgive me for the misery I have brought to you, though, indeed, I meant but kindness. Will you forgive me, Marie?"

"Louis," she said, and her face became less stern, "you are dying—far, far away from the dear old home in France, and you ask my forgiveness. I can forgive the loss of my quiet, happy home; the anxiety for the safety of my children; the long, weary march and the trials that may come ere I again have a home;—I can forgive all these; I cannot forgive the death of my husband." So Montcalm died without his sister's pardon.

After the death of her brother, Mary Payzant and her children wandered back to Nova Scotia, where in Falmouth, Hants county, she took up a grant of land. There she spent the remainder of her life, and there some of her descendants live at the present time. The two boys educated for priests became Protestant preachers, one preaching for many years in Liverpool, Queen's county.

Many were the adventures they told to their grandchildren (often with tears in their eyes) of that dreadful journey with the Indians.

HE INVESTED ONLY 7s. 6d.

THERE is a man who has spent the past twenty-five years of his life exploring for gold and other minerals in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, and New Zealand. He has no doubt picked up some money, yet he says that the investment of 7s. 6d. brought him in bigger returns than any other he ever made.

Yet, hold on a minute. Don't let us jump to the conclusion that we can all get rich out of the proceeds of 7s. 6d. till we hear farther from this financier. He has a humorous way of putting a serious thing, for which we should like him all the more. Some folks have no idea that sound sense and genuine fun are twin brothers, but they are all the same.

Our friend's name is William Bromfield Peck, and he lives at Russell, New Zealand, a long way off. He says it is a lovely country and intends to stay in it the balance of his days. As he landed in Australia, from England, in 1866, he has been there long enough to know what he is talking about. He advises persons of limited means who would like to become landholders to emigrate to New Zealand.

Still, he reminds us that in the end we must pay for what we get. "The calling of a prospector, for instance," said Mr. Peck, "is full of hard work. Besides, it entails rough living, such as salt junk, soddened damper, with tea in buckets. One must have the digestive capacity of an ostrich or an anaconda to stand that diet for long. It must therefore be taken as proof of the good machinery inside of my system, when I mention that I actually stood it for nearly twenty-five years."

"My punishment was delayed, you see, but it didn't fail. At last the climax came and I was prostrated with agonising pain in the stomach and all the other symptoms of a profound derangement of all the digestive organs. I had to knock off work and cease all exertion. I was imbued with disgust with all things mundane. I believe that dyspepsia is responsible for a large portion of the world's suicides."

Mr. Peck's conjecture is exactly parallel with the fact as set forth in the official statistics of all civilized countries. No other disease so demoralizes and depresses human nature. It attacks the secret stronghold of the reason and drives people into sane; it stumps the sensibilities; it turns men and women into selfish, useless, nuisances; it impels them to commit crime. All this in addition to their own desolation and suffering. Yes, Mr. Peck is quite right.

But to get back to what he says himself. "At the advice of a friend—Mr. W. Williams of this place—I began to take the far-famed Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. What result did it have? I'll tell you: It has transformed me from a prematurely old man into one quite regenerated."

"I am a rapid eater and can't break myself of the bad habit. Hence I make it a point to keep a bottle by me always and an occasional dose when necessary to set me right. I can safely assert that the investment of 7s. 6d. in Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup was the best I ever made in all my chequered career. You may depend that I prescribe this medicine to all and sundry people I come in contact with. Prior to using it I spent pounds at different times, but only got partial relief. The Syrup seems to make straight for the seat of the trouble. I pen these lines just to show other sufferers the way out. There are no number of respectable persons here who can attest to the truth of what I have written.—Respectfully (Signed) Wm. BROMFIELD PECK, Russell, Bay of Islands, New Zealand, July 2nd, 1892."

We don't call for witnesses. Mr. Peck's tale is frankness and truth itself. We hold out our hand in greeting across the sea. Dyspepsia is a living death, and Mother Seigel gives new life. Millions sing that chorus. But he had better eat slower. Write again and tell us you are doing so, Friend Peck.

WILD BILL AT ABILENE.

An Incident That Explains Why He Was a Terror to Bad Men.

"There were two terminal towns of peculiar cussedness in the history of the extension of the two great railroads westward across the Kansas prairies," said E. D. Burnham of a big Leavenworth commission house. "Before Newton, on the Atchison road, was started, Abilene on the Kansas Pacific, had its day, and it was there that Wild Bill made his famous record as City Marshal. It was the nearest shipping point for western Texas and New Mexico cattle, and the cattlemen, when they came in with their great herds in the fall and spring, felt like turning themselves loose and running the town. Wild Bill, however, kept pretty good order in Abilene, for there was no mistaking the fact that he was the big hero of the frontier, and a man who as marshal or deputy sheriff meant to do his duty at all hazards."

"I was on the road for our firm at that time, and I came from Topeka into Abilene one night with four or five others travelling salesmen. We arrived early in the evening, and as we left the train Wild Bill was standing on the station platform. He was a man of great distinction in those days, and worth looking at twice, with his towering, athletic form, blond moustache, long hair as fine as a woman's rolling down over his shoulders, and the long record of bad men that he was known to have killed. He wore the broad-brimmed slouched hat of the plainsman, but, instead of the buckskin garments of his scouting days in Indian warfare, he was attired in the black frock coat and trousers, which in those times pertained to city marshals, gamblers, clergymen, and other people distinguished above the common mob."

"As we started with our gripsacks for the hotel, Wild Bill walked down the street just ahead of us. We were glad to find him in town, because the cattle droves were just in from Texas, and Abilene, that night, unless the authorities held control, was likely to be an uncomfortable city to people of quiet tastes. We had got nearly to the hotel when there came to our ears a great outcry and pounding of horses' hoofs, and up the street, coming in a direction to meet us, rode a crowd of cowboys, yelling, firing their revolvers, and shouting out insults and defiance to Wild Bill."

"Wild Bill turned neither to right nor left, but kept straight on down the middle of the street. All of our party, seeing that there was going to be trouble right at hand, jumped for the first shelter that appeared, which happened to be a pile of dry goods boxes piled on the sidewalk in front of a store. We hadn't more than crunched under cover when shooting began. For a few seconds there was lively firing, and after that the sound of horses scattering in all directions."

"The fight was over, and just as we were about to venture out to see what had been going on Wild Bill stepped behind the pile of boxes where we were and began to throw the cartridge shells out of his emptied revolver. Up the road and side streets horses with riders and riderless horses were galloping away, and there in the street three men were lying dead. The cowboys who had ridden into town to kill Wild Bill had found him."

"The next day in the hotel I talked with some of the cattlemen, owners of the droves that had been driven from Texas. 'We have got as tough a crowd of cowboys as often come up from Texas,' he said, 'but if you took fifty of the bravest and armed them to ride into Winchester you couldn't get them to ride into town to-day and undertake to tackle Wild Bill.'"

MUNICIPAL PAWNSHOPS.

The First French Mont de Pieté was Started at Avignon.

There are records of a pawnshop regulated in the interest of the borrowers in Bavaria, in 1138, and one in the Franche Comte 1350, before the first Italian monte di pieta was established by a priest at Perugia in 1440. The movement for State-regulated pawnshops received its great impetus from the action of the statesman monk and Social Democrat, Savonarola, who liberated the Florentines from oppression and gave them popular institutions. In no other direction were his services to the people more successful than in founding monte di pieta. The law for creating his monte di pieta was passed in 1495, and before many years they were established in all the principal towns in Italy and had spread throughout Europe.

The first monte di pieta in France was started at Avignon in 1577, and still exists. Their establishment in the Netherlands dates from the sixteenth century. A Spanish priest, Don Francisco Piquer, founded the monte di pieta of Madrid in 1705, starting with the modest capital of 5 pence, which he found in the offertory box he had placed in the church to receive contributions for the institution. By the end of the seventeenth century there were monte di pieta, formed more or less after the Italian model, in most countries of Europe.

The characteristics of the original institutions remain with those of today, although they have long since ceased to be managed by the priests, or to be under the influence of the churches. The main object which Savonarola and other early founders had in view—the protection of the poor from usurers and their relief in periods of distress—is still maintained, and the monte di pieta in all Latin countries are associated with charitable institutions and hospitals.

Business Competition.

Billboard competition runs pretty high nowadays in the metropolis. An owner of some down-town property was awakened by the loud ringing of his door bell recently in Harlem.

"What on earth is that?" he exclaimed, "Is the house on fire?"

"Somebody's dead," said his wife. In the mean time a servant was returning from answering the bell.

"Please sir, there's two gents down stairs as wishes to see you," said the girl.

"See me? Why, it's three o'clock in the morning."

"Important business, they says, sir."

"Well, I should think it would be—waking a man up this time o' night. I'll have to go down, I suppose."

He quickly threw on some clothing and went below. Two "gents" awaited him in the hall.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for knocking you up at this hour, but I want to make you a proposition for billboards around the

corner of your place on Blank street while you are rebuilding. Name your figures, including two theatre tickets every night of the season."

"And, sir," began the other "gent," "my company would like to make you a proposition for the use of the walls that may remain standing after the fire."

"Fire! Fire! What are you talking about?" The old man was completely nonplussed.

"Why, your place caught fire about two hours ago," said the second "gent."

"And is gutted by this time," added the first "gent."

"Of course you'll give me the refusal for billboards—remember the two theatre tickets!" yelled the first "gent" as the old man bolted for the stairs.

IT WAS A WEDDING.

But the Genial Undertaker Did Not Happen to be a Minister.

Barclay's Mission, of Atlanta, is known everywhere as the original "Sunday School on Wheels." The interest manifested in this famous mission by Mr. J. F. Barclay has led some persons to believe that Mr. Barclay was a minister. Now Mr. Barclay is in the undertaking business, and thereby hangs a tale.

The other day a very serious young man entered his establishment.

"I would like to speak with Mr. Barclay," he said.

The young man looked more serious than ever, but he said:

"I—I want you to come around to my house this afternoon at three o'clock."

"Very well," said Mr. Barclay.

The young man hesitated, coughed, and added:

"It's such a serious matter, that—"

"All funerals are," observed Mr. Barclay.

"But this isn't exactly a funeral," explained the young man, "it's a marriage, and I want you to tie the knot for us."

"But, my dear friend," said the astonished Mr. Barclay, "I am not a minister."

"Not a minister?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then," cried the young man, in a hopeless voice, "I'm done for! Eternally done for! My girl told me that she would never marry me unless you performed the ceremony, and if you don't get a license to preach rich away, I'll be a bachelor forever!"

A Pattern-Map.

"This," said the enterprising contributor, "is a map illustrating certain phases of the Chinese-Japanese war." "We never touch upon such matters," said the editor. "This is a fashion paper." "Good!" cried the enterprising contributor. "That being so, you can use this same map for a pattern. Cutting up here along the Korean boundary, and running down here, and ending up at Peking will give you the finest pattern for a winter dolman, suited to a woman of forty, you ever saw."

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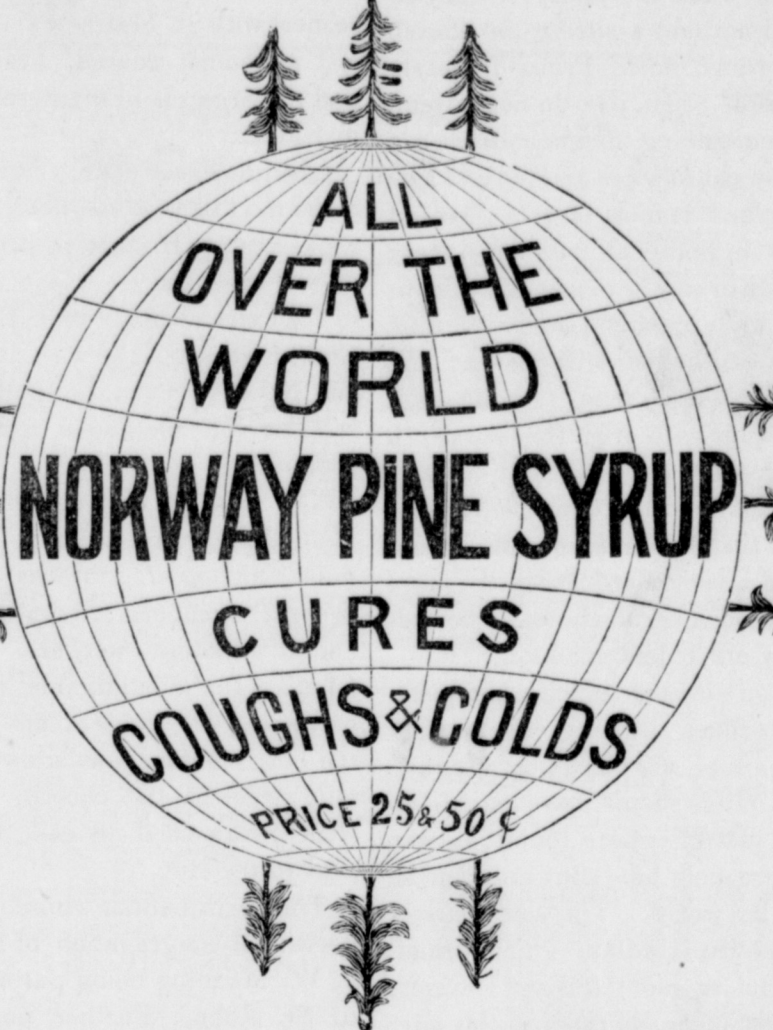
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IRA CORNWALL, Esq., Agent "YOST" TYPEWRITING MACHINE, Saint John, N. B.

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Yours very truly, E. T. C. A. SNOWLES, Barrister.

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