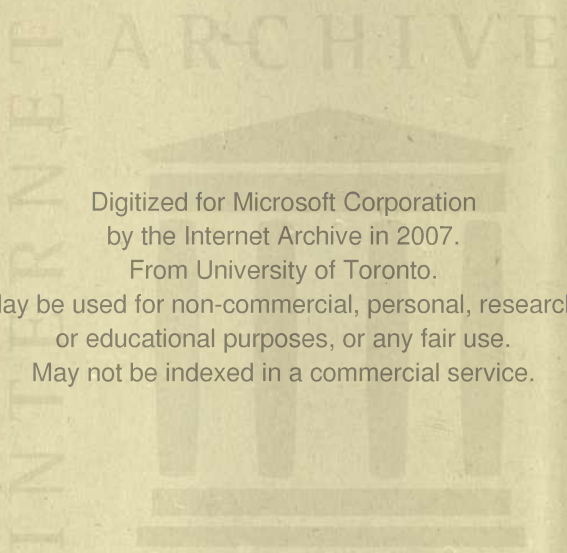




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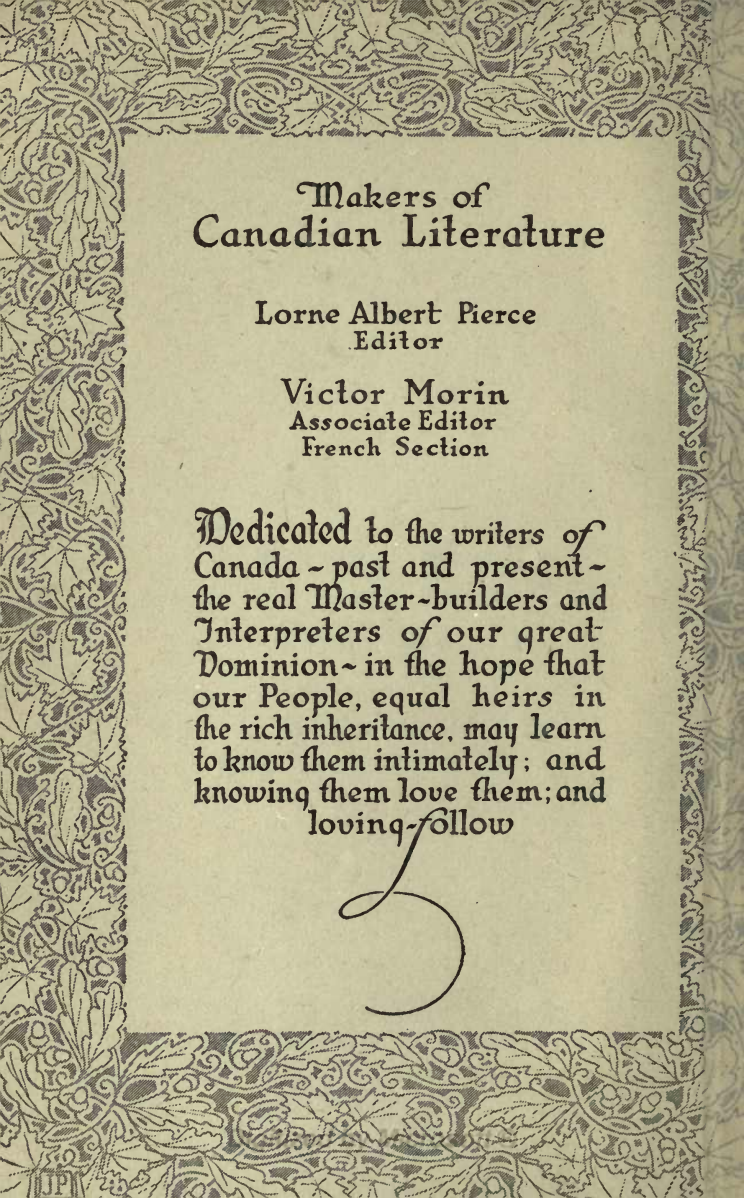
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Makers of Canadian Literature
WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

LIBRARY EDITION


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Makers of Canadian Literature

Lorne Albert Pierce
Editor

Victor Morin
Associate Editor
French Section

Dedicated to the writers of
Canada - past and present -
the real Master-builders and
Interpreters of our great
Dominion - in the hope that
our People, equal heirs in
the rich inheritance, may learn
to know them intimately; and
knowing them love them; and
loving - follow

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WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

by
John Ford
J. F. MACDONALD



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William Henry Hammond

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WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND



WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND belongs to a considerable group of writers whom we are proud to call Canadians, even though we have to admit that they are citizens only by adoption. And dearly as he loved his adopted home, Drummond had all the sentimental attachment and romantic feeling of the true Celt for his native Ireland. He was born on the 13th of April, 1854, at the village of Mohill in the south of County Leitrim, where his father, George Drummond, was then stationed as an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary. Two years later George Drummond was moved to the little hamlet of Tawley on Donegal Bay, some forty miles to the northwest. Here three other sons were born to the Drummonds during their seven years' stay in the place. Drummond was moved back to Mohill and, after little over a year there, emigrated to Canada with his wife and four sons.

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The future "poet of the habitants" thus passed the most impressionable years of boyhood on the beautiful and romantic west coast of Ireland, a countryside steeped in traditions of ancient glory and harboring still old beliefs in "the little people" of faery. It is the very country of William Allingham's ballad about the "wee folk" and their old king:

With a bridge of white mist
Columbkil he crosses,
On his stately journeys
From Slieveleague to Rosses.

The man who had listened as a boy to many a tale of the leprechawn and banshee was not the one to turn a deaf ear to French Canadian legends of the loup-garou and "la Chasse gallerie."

But Drummond learned more than these traditions of a sensitive and imaginative race. He had as teacher a certain Paddy McNulty, one of the last of the old "hereditary scholars" of Ireland. All his life Drummond looked back with respect and affection on the gentle old scholar of whom he had been the favorite pupil. Moreover he learned to fish. Most boys who live near a stream with fish in it learn to catch them with worm or minnow, but

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few boys have the luck to be initiated into the delicate art of fly-fishing by a Prime Minister of Great Britain. Lord Palmerston, whipping the little River Duff that flowed past the old Manor House of Tawley where the Drummonds lived, came on his friend's son fishing with worms. Then and there he inspired the lad with a love of the "clean sport" of fishing with the fly. Drummond took the lesson to heart and years afterwards, partly by ridicule but still more by his own enthusiasm, drove young Montrealers to take up the same fascinating and difficult art. It was his love of fishing that gave Drummond so many chances to hear the old legends and simple, wholesome philosophy of the habitants as they smoked with him round the camp-fire after the day's fishing was done. Had he been golfer instead of fisher, it is hardly too much to say there would have been no "Habitant" or "Johnnie Courteau."

The Drummonds had been in Canada only a few months when the father died in the early summer of 1865, leaving his widow with slender means to rear her four boys, of whom the eldest was barely eleven and the youngest only five. But Mrs. Drummond was made of

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heroic stuff. She saw clearly that in this new land education was the one thing her sons needed for success in life. So the boys were kept at school. In a few years William, a sturdy lad, very big and mature for his age, came to realize something of the household struggle and insisted on getting work to help support the family. He studied telegraphy, soon became expert, and in the summer of 1869, though barely fifteen years of age, was stationed at Bord-à-Plouffe on the Rivière des Prairies, back of Mount Royal.

The little village was a centre for the lumber trade, especially the rafting. Here young Drummond first came to know the French-Canadian habitant and voyageur. At least one poem, "The Wreck of the *Julie Plante*," is directly due to his acquaintance with an old lumberman of the village, Gèdèon Plouffe, whose description of a storm, "an' de win' she blow, blow, blow," rang in Drummond's ears till he wrote the poem with these words setting the tune. "Old Tam on Bord-à-Plouffe," written years afterward, shows how vivid an impression the varied life of the little village and the beauty of the countryside had made on the imaginative Irish lad.

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After a few years spent in earning money as a telegraph operator, Drummond went back to study at Montreal High School. From it he went on to McGill College, and Bishop's College, Lennoxville, where he was graduated as a doctor of medicine in 1884. Such stories as survive from his student days picture Drummond as a favourite and a leader. He was somewhat older and considerably more mature than most of his fellows. He was also a first-class athlete, adept at snowshoeing, throwing the hammer and putting the shot. For a time he held the amateur championship of Canada as a walker. He was a big, burly man of unusual strength, the type that finds himself in demand to-day at our Canadian universities as an inside or middle wing on the senior football team. He was a very fair student, but by no means a first-class one, never excelling in subjects that required exact and prolonged reasoning. This, of course, does not mean that he lacked ability. It means that he had not the exact, logical mind of the scientist. Like many a brilliant Irishman, he arrived at the right conclusion by an unorthodox method, or rather by a kind of swift intuition.

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His first practice of medicine, aside from his experience as house-surgeon in the Western Hospital, began amid the Notre Dame Mountains of Quebec. In August, 1883, he had visited a college friend who was then doctor at Marbleton, a village in the south of Wolfe county, about a hundred miles due east of Montreal. The flattened, rolling hills and the little lakes may have reminded Drummond of his boyhood home in Ireland. At any rate he liked both the country and the people he met, especially a pioneer clergyman, the Reverend Thomas Shaw Chapman. And so, when he heard that his friend was giving up the Marbleton practice, Drummond hastened to the village to make arrangements for succeeding him, but was disappointed to find another doctor already established.

Mr. Chapman drove him over to Stornoway, a little village in the northern part of Compton county, almost thirty miles to the east. On the way they met a man driving hard towards Knowlton to fetch the doctor for a girl desperately ill with scarlet fever. As time was important, he took advantage of this chance meeting with the rector and the new doctor and hastened with them back to the patient.

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Luckily Drummond was able to save her life and so make his reputation throughout the countryside. He settled at Stornoway and for two years practised as a country doctor in this picturesque district. In 1886 he bought out a doctor's practice at Knowlton, in county Brome, and in this more thickly settled and even lovelier country spent the next two years. These four years of what was in the main a country practice gave the young doctor enough experience and won for him a host of friends, but, with the low charges and long credit of those days, not a very rich reward in money. However, it was probably the Irish love of family that turned the scales in favor of Montreal, where he might be with his mother and brothers. At any rate, he moved to the big city in the autumn of 1888, to the general regret of the people in Brome county, where for years afterwards he was a welcome visitor.

In Montreal, at the family home on St. Antoine Street, he entered on the less arduous and better paid work of the prosperous city physician. For he was successful from the start. He had all the gifts that bring and deserve popularity. Indeed, Dr. Drummond was as nearly the ideal family physician as one

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is likely to find. Big, strong, cheery, he was one of those doctors whose patients say of them: "It does me good just to have him come in." Moreover, he was now a mature man of thirty-four and so not subject to the handicap of too youthful appearance which young doctors have to outgrow. Besides, he was a good doctor, keenly interested in his work and always ready to do his best whether the patient were rich or poor. His wife tells one characteristic incident in her intimate little memoir published in Drummond's posthumous volume, "The Great Fight." "On one occasion, when two calls came simultaneously, one to a wealthy man of good standing, the other to a poor carter, from whom a fee might scarcely be expected, he chose to attend the latter, saying, 'The rich can get any number of doctors, but poor Pat has only me.'" The fact, too, that the carter's name was Pat had no doubt its strong appeal.

There were other special reasons for the rapid growth of Drummond's reputation as good doctor and good fellow. He entered with enthusiasm into the sports for which the city then was famous. Every winter Montrealers snowshoed and tobogganed, and

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built a great ice castle, whose storming and capture amid a blaze of fireworks was the culminating spectacle to a week of winter sports. No one thought or cared about the possible effect on immigration. Kipling's famous phrase, "Our Lady of the Snows," was still to come with its curiously irritating effect on some thin-skinned and commercial-minded Canadians of to-day. Why should Montreal's tobogganning on the slopes of Mount Royal, or Ottawa's skiing down the Gatineau valley, or the hockey played in every city and town and hamlet of the country, frighten settlers away? Canadians enjoy these sports and grumble when there is a green Christmas or a prolonged January thaw, but of late years we have grown strangely apologetic about the dazzling blue and white of our glorious winter weather. Drummond at any rate enjoyed it to the full. The summer, too, brought its delights in fishing trips to the famous streams and lakes of Quebec, where the doctor practised the art he had learned to love in his boyhood days in Ireland. The best testimony to Drummond's popularity is the fact that within ten years of his return to the city he was president of a large and exclusive fish and game club, presi-

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dent of the Montreal Kennel Club, and the most popular after-dinner entertainer in Montreal.

He owed not a little of this success to his wife. In the spring of 1894 he had married Miss May Harvey, a cultured and talented woman, a daughter of an English doctor living at Savanna-la-Mar in Jamaica. Drummond had met her in the fall of 1892, when she and her father had come on a fishing trip to Canada. His wife's sympathy and encouragement was exactly what he needed to stimulate his talent for verse. Though his "Wreck of the *Julie Plante*" and "De Papineau Gun" had got into print and were widely known in Canada and the United States, it does not seem to have occurred to him that he should make a collection of the pieces he had written and publish them in book form. The success of "Le Vieux Temps," which he read at a dinner of the Shakespeare Club in 1896, though it rather bewildered the doctor, seems to have convinced him that there must be more merit than he perceived in the verses he could write with such facility.

Even after this, however, Drummond would have been quite content to go on writing poems,

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as gentlemen did in Elizabeth's reign, for the delight and entertainment of a small circle of friends. His wife and his brother Tom took the matter out of his hands. Mrs. Drummond tells in her memoir how she spent a Sunday afternoon pasting copy into a book to be submitted to publishers in New York. After two or three firms declined to accept the manuscript, Putnam's decided to publish it, and issued "The Habitant" in the autumn of 1897. It had the great advantages of a charming introduction written by the French-Canadian poet, Louis Fréchette, and admirable illustrations drawn by Drummond's friend, Frederick S. Coburn. The first edition was not large enough to supply even the Canadian trade. The book was reprinted more than twenty times within ten years.

From this time forward Drummond was in great demand as an after-dinner entertainer and speaker. Unfortunately, very little of his prose has been preserved. The two letters from "Phil-o-rum Abroad," written after his visit to Britain in 1902, and a humorous sketch, "The Montmorenci Election," describing an incident in the Federal contest of 1900, are all that find a place in his works. In the preface

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to "The Great Fight," Mrs. Drummond makes the explanation that "he hated to express himself in prose." Apparently this statement is quite true of the labour of writing, but it is also true that he developed into an effective and popular speaker. Some of these speeches on special occasions have been preserved in whole or part. A paragraph from an address delivered to the Canadian Club of Toronto in November, 1904, is a good illustration of his characteristic humour. "Judging by political history, the son of Ontario who reaches the years of maturity, and the right to a vote, never dies. Once his name has been enrolled upon the glorious roster of his country, his name, if not his fame, is undying. He may pass from this earth and the place that once knew him will know him no more for months, or even for years at a time. There he lies, the noble son of Ontario, perchance in some foreign land, where instead of the butternut of his native homestead, the gloomy cypress guards his lonely grave; but though the dread trumpet remains unblown, yet one blast from the old familiar party horn summons him to the same old polling booth. His ashes may have been scattered to the winds, or his body

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become food for worms, but his vote goes marching on." One could make out a good case for Drummond, rather than Leacock, as the founder of what is coming to be recognized as a Montreal school of humour. In broad and kindly human sympathy, however, he has no rival among the Canadian fun-makers of to-day. ✓

"Phil-o-rum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres," a beautifully illustrated little twelve-page booklet, was published in 1898. This was followed in 1901 by a substantial volume, "Johnnie Corteau," which contains much of his very best work. Two other books, "The Voyageur," of 1905, and "The Great Fight," published in 1908 after his death, complete Drummond's work. "Johnnie Courteau" had to be reprinted six times within five years. My copy of the 1906 edition has on the title page the words "Seventeenth Thousand," a big sale for a book of poems in those days before the poetry renaissance of 1911.

What remains to be said of Drummond's life can be briefly put. He prospered in his profession and for some years held the chair of medical jurisprudence in his alma mater, Bishop's College. Honours came to him for his

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work in Canadian poetry, an LL.D. from the University of Toronto and a D.C.L. from Bishop's College. He was also made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of England, and later of the Royal Society of Canada.

In 1902 he went back for the first and only time to visit the motherland. After spending some time in England and Scotland, he crossed to Dublin, but went back to Glasgow and came home to Canada without revisiting his boyhood haunts in county Leitrim, the object that had led him to take the trip. His friend, the Scottish novelist, Neil Munro, explains that in Dublin something came to Drummond, "an apprehension possibly of the fact that the actual Ireland was not the Ireland of his warm imagination," and apparently he preferred to leave the land of his boyhood a far-off thing of glamour in his memory. It is an illuminating and pathetic little incident.

+ The death in September, 1904, of his second son, Billy, a lovable little lad of three and a half, cast a permanent shadow over the sensitive Celtic spirit of the poet. In the following summer he gave up the regular practice of medicine to look after the Drummond Mines, which his brothers and he had secured in the Cobalt

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district. His brothers, it must be noted in passing, had by this time become great folk in Montreal. Away back in the early '80's they had founded a company with another young man, J. T. McCall, to import heavy iron and steel for sale to the trade in Canada. When the Tupper iron tariff was put into effect in 1888 the young company managed to raise enough capital to start the pioneer work of manufacturing pig-iron in Canada. Their bold adventure met with the success it deserved. Within fifteen years the firm of Drummond, McCall and Company had become the parent of the Canada Iron Furnace Company, the Montreal Pipe Foundry Company, the Canadian Iron and Foundry Company and the Londonderry Iron and Mining Company, with plants at Radnor, Three Rivers and Montreal, in Quebec; Londonderry, in Nova Scotia; and Midland, St. Thomas and Hamilton, in Ontario. In 1903, George Edward, the brother next in age to Doctor Drummond, reached that apotheosis of the Canadian business man, the presidency of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He was president of the Montreal Board of Trade in 1904-5; and the next brother, Thomas Joseph,

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the "Tom" of Mrs. Drummond's memoir, was president of the same body for 1908-9. The *Montreal Star* in 1909 rated the brothers as millionaires. The rise of the Drummond family supplies all the material for a chapter of romance in the history of Canadian business.

Doctor Drummond enjoyed his Northern Ontario experience, and, from all accounts, was as popular with his men of the Drummond Mines as he was with the habitants among the Laurentides of Quebec. In the spring of 1907 a telegram came from Cobalt with the bad news that small-pox had broken out in the camp. For some months he had not been in his accustomed high spirits and vigorous health. Whether because of depression due to somewhat lowered vitality, or because of a Celtic foreboding of death, he was strangely reluctant to leave home, and, as Mrs. Drummond records, bade them all an unusually solemn farewell. In less than two weeks he was dead. He was stricken with apoplexy and after being unconscious for five days died, of cerebral hemorrhage, in the hospital at Cobalt.

One has only to look up the files of Montreal newspapers and read the accounts of Doctor Drummond's funeral to realize how his death

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came home to Montrealers almost as a personal bereavement. Few men in our Canadian cities have been so widely and sincerely mourned. It is little wonder. Drummond was one of those rare spirits who never lose the common touch though they may consort with the great ones of the earth. And so children and shrewd old habitants and rough miners in the North all loved "the Doctor" and talked to him as their equal. Like many another big Irishman, too, he was very tender-hearted. For several years before his death he had practically given up shooting, as he could no longer bear to think of the suffering it inflicted. But he kept his interest and his skill in fishing, the sport that old Izaak Walton praises so lovingly as "the gentle pastime."

He lies now with his mother, who died only a year before him, and his little son, in the beautiful cemetery on the side of Mount Royal, a Celtic cross at the head of the plot, and over him a flat slab engraved with three lines from his favourite writer, Moira O'Neill. Whoever chose them recognized the secret of Doctor Drummond's popularity:

Youth's for an hour,
Beauty's a flower,
But love is the jewel that wins the world.

ANTHOLOGY

THE HABITANT

De place I get born, me, is up on de reever
Near foot of de rapide dat's call Cheval
Blanc
Beeg mountain behin' it, so high you can't
climb it
An' whole place she's mebbe two honder
arpent.

De fader of me, he was habitant farmer,
Ma gran'fader too, an' hees fader also,
Dey don't mak' no monee, but dat isn't
fonny
For it's not easy get ev'ryt'ing, you mus'
know—

All de sam' dere is somet'ing dey got ev'ry-
boddy,
Dat's plaintee good healt', wat de monee
can't geev,
So I'm workin' away dere, an' happy for stay
dere,
On farm by de reever, so long I was leev.

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O! dat was de place w'en de spring tam she's
comin',

W'en snow go away, an' de sky is all blue—
W'en ice lef' de water, an' sun is get hotter
An' back on de medder is sing de gou-glou—

W'en small sheep is firs' comin' out on de
pasture,

Deir nice leetle tail stickin' up on deir back,
Dey ronne wit' deir moder, an' play wit' each
oder

An' jomp all de tam jus' de sam' dey was
crack—

An' ole cow also, she's glad winter is over,
So she kick herse'f up, an' start off on de
race,

Wit' de two-year-ole heifer, dat's purty soon
lef' her,

W'y, ev'ryt'ing's crazee all over de place!

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin',
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' dore is jompin'
Dey all got deir own way for mak' it de
fonne.

ANTHOLOGY

But spring's in beeg hurry, an' don't stay long
wit' us

An' firs' t'ing we know, she go off till nex'
year,

Den bee commence hummin', for summer is
comin'

An' purty soon corn's gettin' ripe on de ear.

Dat's very nice tam for wake up on de morning

An' lissen de rossignol sing ev'ry place,

Feel sout' win' a-blowin', see clover a-growin',

An' all de worl' laughin' itself on de face.

Mos' ev'ry day raf' it is pass on de rapide

De voyageurs singin' some ole chanson

'Bout girl down de reever—too bad dey mus'
leave her,

But comin' back soon wit' beaucoup d'-
argent.

An' den w'en de fall an' de winter come roun' us

An' bird on de summer is all fly away,

W'en mebbe she's snowin' an' nort' win' is
blowin'

An' night is mos' t'ree tam so long as de
day,

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You t'ink it was bodder de habitant farmer?

Not at all—he is happy an' feel satisfy,
An' cole may las' good w'ile, so long as de
woodpile

Is ready for burn on de stove by an' by.

W'en I got plaintee hay put away on de stable
So de sheep an' de cow, dey got no chance to
freeze,

An' de hen all togedder—I don't min' de
wedder—

De nort' win' may blow jus' so moche as she
please.

An' some cole winter night how I wish you can
see us,

W'en I smoke on de pipe, an' de ole woman
sew

By de stove of T'ree Reeve—ma wife's fader
geeve her

On day we get marry, dat's long tam ago—

De boy an' de girl, dey was readin' its lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bite heem de pup,
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' an' beeg stove is
roarin'

So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

ANTHOLOGY

Philomene—dat's de oldes'—is sit on de
winder

An' kip jus' so quiet lak wan leetle mouse,
She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fony, for moon isn't dat side de house.

But purty soon den, we hear foot on de outside,
An' some wan is place it hees han' on de latch,
Dat's Isidore Goulay, las' fall on de Brulé
He's tak' it firs' prize on de grand ploughin'
match.

Ha! ha! Philomene!—dat was smart trick you
play us
Come help de young feller tak' snow from
hees neck;
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder
W'en moon you was look for is come, I
expec'—

Isidore, he is tole us de news on de parish
'Bout hees Lajeunesse Colt—travel two-
forty, sure,
'Bout Jeremie Choquette, come back from
Woonsocket
An' t'ree new leetle twin on Madame Vail-
lancour'.

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But nine o'clock strike, an' de chil'ren is sleepy.
Me'sef an' ole woman can't stay up no more;
So alone by de fire—'cos dey say dey ain't tire—
We lef' Philomene an' de young Isidore.

I s'pose dey be talkin' beeg lot on de kitchen
'Bout all de nice moon dey was see on de sky,
For Philomene's takin' long tam get awaken
Nex' day, she's so sleepy on bote of de eye.

Dat's wan of dem t'ing's, ev'ry tam on de
fashion,
An' 'bout nices' t'ing dat was never be seen.
Got not'ing for say me—I spark it sam' way me
W'en I go see de moder ma girl Philomene.

We leev very quiet 'way back on de contree
Don't put on sam style lak de big village,
W'en we don't get de monee you t'ink dat is
fonny
An' mak' plaintee sport on de Bottes
Sauvages.

But I tole you—dat's true—I don't go on de city
If you geev de fine house an' beaucoup
d'argent—
I rader be stay me, an' spen' de las' day me
On farm by de rapide dat's call Cheval Blanc.

ANTHOLOGY

THE WRECK OF THE *JULIE PLANTE*—

A LEGEND OF LAC ST. PIERRE

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre,
De win' she blow, blow, blow,
An' de crew of de wood scow *Julie Plante*
Got scar't an' run below—
For de win' she blow lak hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre
Wan arpent from de shore.

De captinne walk on de fronte deck,
An' walk de hin' deck too—
He call de crew from up de hole
He call de cook also.

De cook she's name was Rosie,
She come from Montreal,
Was chambre maid on lumber barge,
On de Grande Lachine Canal.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes'—
De sout' win' she blow too,
W'en Rosie cry "Mon cher captinne,
Mon cher, w'at I shall do?"

Den de Captinne t'row de big ankerre,
But still the scow she dreef,
De crew he can't pass on de shore,
Becos' he los' hees skeef.

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De night was dark lak' wan black cat,
De wave run high an' fas',
W'en de captinne tak' de Rosie girl
An' tie her to de mas'.

Den he also tak' de life preserve,
An' jomp off on de lak',
An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear,
I go drown for your sak'."

Nex' moning very early
'Bout ha'f-pas' two—t'ree—four—
De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie
Was corpses on de shore,
For de win' she blow lak' hurricane
Bimeby she blow some more,
An' de scow bus' up on Lac St. Pierre,
Wan arpent from de shore.

MORAL

Now all good wood scow sailor man
Tak' warning by dat storm
An' go an' marry some nice French girl
An' leev on wan beeg farm.
De win' can blow lak' hurricane
An' s'pose she blow some more,
You can't get drown on Lac St. Pierre
So long you stay on shore.

ANTHOLOGY

DE BELL OF SAINT MICHEL

Go 'way, go 'way, don't ring no more, ole bell
of Saint Michel,
For if you do, I can't stay here, you know dat
very well,
No matter how I close ma ear, I can't shut out
de soun',
It rise so high 'bove all de noise of dis beeg
Yankee town.

An' w'en it ring, I t'ink I feel de cool, cool
summer breeze
Dat's blow across Lac Peezagonk, an' play
among de trees,
Dey're makin' hay, I know mese'f, can smell
de pleasant smell
O! how I wish I could be dere to-day on Saint
Michel!

It's fonny t'ing, for me I'm sure, dat's travel
ev'ryw'ere,
How moche I t'ink of long ago w'en I be leevin'
dere;
I can't 'splain dat at all, at all, mebbe it's
naturel,
But I can't help it w'en I hear de bell of Saint
Michel.

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Dere's plaintee t'ing I don't forget, but I
remember bes'

De spot I fin' wan day on June de small san'-
piper's nes'

An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de
beeg, beeg trout

Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem
out.

An' leetle Elodie Leclair, I wonner if she
still

Leev jus' sam' place she use to leev on 'noder
side de hill.

But s'pose she marry Joe Barbeau, dat's alway
hangin' roun'

Since I am lef' ole Saint Michel for work on
Yankee town.

Ah! dere she go, ding dong, ding, dong, it's
back, encore again

An' ole chanson come on ma head of "a la
claire fontaine,"

I'm not surprise it soun' so sweet, more sweeter
I can tell

For wit' de song also I hear de bell of Saint
Michel.

ANTHOLOGY

It's very strange about dat bell, go ding dong
all de w'ile
For when I'm small garcon at school, can't
hear it half a mile;
But seems more farder I get off from Church
of Saint Michel,
De more I see de ole village an' louder soun'
de bell.

O! all de monee dat I mak' w'en I be travel
roun'
Can't kip me long away from home on dis beeg
Yankee town,
I t'ink I'll settle down again on Parish Saint
Michel,
An' leev an' die more satisfy so long I hear dat
bell.

WHEN ALBANI SANG

Dat song I will never forget me, 'twas song of
de leetle bird,
W'en he's fly from its nes' on de tree top,
'fore res' of de worl' get stirred.
Ma-dam she was tole us about it, den start off
so quiet an' low,
An' sing lak de bird on de morning, de poor
leetle small oiseau.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

I 'member wan tam I be sleepin' jus' onder
some beeg pine tree
An' song of de robin wak' me, but robin he
don't see me,
Dere's not'ing for scarin' dat bird dere, he's
feel all alone on de worl',
Wall! Ma-dam she mus' lissen lak dat too,
w'en she was de Chambly girl!

'Cos how could she sing dat nice chanson, de
sam' as de bird I was hear,
Till I see it de maple an' pine tree an' Richelieu
ronnin' near?
Again I'm de leetle feller, lak young colt upon
de spring
Dat's jus' on de way I was feel, me, w'en
Ma-dam All-ba-nee is sing!

An' affer de song it is finish, an' crowd is mak'
noise wit' its han',
I s'pose dey be t'inkin' I'm crazy, dat mebbe
I don't understan',
'Cos I'm set on de chair very quiet, mese'f
an' poor Jeremie,
An' I see dat hees eye it was cry too, jus' sam'
way it go wit' me.

ANTHOLOGY

Dere's rosebush outside on our garden; ev'ry
spring it has got new nes',
But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I know her
from all de res',
An' no matter de far she be flyin' away on de
winter tam,
Back to her own leetle rosebush she's comin'
dere jus' de sam'.

We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe
cole on de winter, too,
But de heart's "Canayen" on our body, an'
dat's warm enough for true!
An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome for
travel all roun' de worl'
I hope she'll come home, lak de bluebird an'
again be de Chambly girl!

DE STOVE PIPE HOLE

Dat's very cole an' stormy night on Village
St. Mathieu,
W'en ev'ry wan he's go couché, an' dog was
quiet, too—
Young Dominique is start heem out see Em-
meline Gourdon,
Was leevin' on her fader's place, Maxime de
Forgeron.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Poor Dominique he's lak dat girl, an' love
her mos' de tam,
An' she was mak' de promise—sure—some
day she be his famme,
But she have worse ole fader dat's never on
de worl',
Was swear onless he's riche lak diable, no
feller's get hees girl.

He's mak' it plaintee fuss about hees
daughter Emmeline,
Dat's mebbe nice girl, too, but den, Mon
Dieu, she's not de queen!
An' w'en de young man's come aroun' for
spark it on de door,
An' hear de ole man swear "Bapteme!" he's
never come no more.

Young Dominique he's sam' de res',—was
scare for ole Maxime,
He don't lak risk hese'f too moche for chances
seein' heem,
Dat's only stormy night he come, so dark
you cannot see,
An' dat's de reason w'y also, he's climb de
gallerie.

ANTHOLOGY

De girl she's waitin' dere for heem—don't
care about de rain,
So glad for see young Dominique he's comin'
back again,
Dey bote forget de ole Maxime, an' mak de
embrasser
An' affer dey was finish dat, poor Dominique
is say—

“Good-bye, dear Emmeline, good-bye; I'm
goin' very soon,
For you I got no better chance, dan feller on
de moon—
It's all de fault your fader, too, dat I be go
away,
He's got no use for me at all—I see dat ev'ry
day.

“He's never meet me on de road but he is say
'Sapré!
An' if he ketch me on de house I'm scare he's
killin' me,
So I mus' lef' ole St. Mathieu, for work on
'noder place,
An' till I mak de beeg for-tune, you never see
ma face.”

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Den Emmeline say "Dominique, ma love
you'll alway be

An' if you kiss me two, t'ree tam I'll not tole
noboddy—

But prenez garde ma fader, please, I know
he's gettin' ole—

All sam' he offen walk de house upon de
stockin' sole.

"Good-bye, good-bye, cher Dominique! I
know you will be true,

I don't want no riche feller me, ma heart she
go wit' you."

Dat's very quick he's kiss her den, before de
fader come,

But don't get too moche pleasurement—so
'fraid de ole Bonhomme.

Wall! just about dey're half way t'roo wit'
all dat love beez-nesse

Emmeline say, "Dominique, w'at for you're
scare lak all de res'?"

Don't see mese'f moche danger now de ole
man come aroun',"

W'en minute affer dat, dere's noise, lak'
house she's fallin' down.

·ANTHOLOGY

Den Emmeline she holler "Fire! will no wan
come for me?"

An' Dominique is jomp so high, near bus' de
gallerie,—

"Help! help! right off," somebody shout,
"I'm killin' on ma place,
It's all de fault ma daughter, too, dat girl
she's ma disgrace."

He's kip it up long tam lak' dat, but not hard
tellin' now,

W'at's all de noise upon de house—who's
kick heem up de row?

It seem Bonhomme was sneak aroun' upon de
stockin' sole,

An' firs' t'ing den de ole man walk right t'roo
de stove pipe hole.

W'en Dominique is see heem dere, wit' wan
leg hang below,

An' 'noder leg straight out above, he's glad
for ketch heem so—

De ole man can't do not'ing, den, but swear
and ax for w'y

Noboddy tak' heem out dat hole before he's
comin' die.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Den Dominique he spik lak' dis, "Mon cher
M'sieu Gourdon
I'm not riche city feller, me, I'm only habi-
tant,
But I was love more I can tole your daughter
Emmeline,
An' if I marry on dat girl, Bagosh! she's lak'
de Queen.

"I want you mak' de promise now, before it's
come too late,
An' I mus' tole you dis also, dere's not moche
tam for wait.
Your foot she's hangin' down so low, I'm
'fraid she ketch de cole,
Wall! if you give me Emmeline, I pull you
out de hole."

Dat mak' de ole man swear more hard he
never swear before,
An' wit' de foot he's got above, he's kick it
on de floor,
"Non, non," he say, "Sapre tonnerre! she
never marry you,
An' if you don't look out you get de jail on
St. Mathieu."

ANTHOLOGY

“Correc’,” young Dominique is say, “mebbe
de jail’s tight place,
But you got wan small corner, too, I see it on
de face,
So if you don’t lak’ geev de girl on wan poor
habitant,
Dat’s be mese’f, I say, Bonsoir, mon cher
Ms’ieur Gourdon.”

“Come back, come back,” Maxime is shout—
“I promise you de girl,
I never see no wan lak’ you—no never on de
worl’!
It’s not de nice trick you was play on man
dat’s gettin’ ole,
But do jus’ w’at you lak’, so long you pull me
out de hole.”

“Hooraw! Hooraw!” Den Dominique is pull
heem out tout suite
An’ Emmeline she’s helpin’ too for place heem
on de feet,
An’ affer dat de ole man’s tak’ de young peep
down de stair,
W’ere he is go couchè right off, an’ dey go on
parloir.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Nex' Sunday morning dey was call by M'sieur
le Curé,
Get marry soon, an' ole Maxime geev Emme-
line away;
Den affer dat dey settle down lak' habitant is
do,
An' have de mos' fine familee on Village St.
Mathieu.

JOHNNIE COURTEAU

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

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

Sam' t'ing on ev'ry shaintee
Up on de Mekinac,
Who was de man can walk de log,

ANTHOLOGY

W'en w'ole of de reever she's black wit' fog,
An' carry de beeges' load on hees back?

Johnnie Courteau!

On de rapide you want to see heem
If de raf' she's swingin' roun'
An' he's yellin' "Hooraw Bateese! good man!"
W'y de oar come double on hees han'
W'en he's makin' dat raf' go flyin' down,

Johnnie Courteau!

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

Johnnie Courteau!

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

Johnnie Courteau!

Oh, he never was scare for not'ing
Lak' de ole coureurs de bois,
But w'en he's gettin' hees winter pay

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

De bes' t'ing sure is kip out de way
For he's goin' right off on de Hip Hooraw!
Johnnie Courteau!

Den pullin' hees sash aroun' heem
He dance on hees botte sauvage
An' shout "All aboar' if you want to fight!"
Wall! you never can see de finer sight
W'en he go lak' dat on de w'ole village!
Johnnie Courteau!

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

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

An' ev'ry wan feel astonish
From La Tuque to Shaw-in-i-gan
W'en dey hear de news was goin' aroun',

ANTHOLOGY

Along on de reever up an' down,
How wan leetle woman boss dat beeg man,
Johnnie Courteau!

He never come out on de evening
No matter de hard we try
'Cos he stay on de kitchen an' sing hees song,
"A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigner!
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai."

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

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

An' Philomene watch de monee
An' put it all safe away
On very good place; I dunno w'ere,

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

But anyhow nobody see it dere
So she's buyin' new farm de 'noder day,
Madame Courteau!

LITTLE LAC GRENIER

(*Gren-Yay*)

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

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

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

Leetle Lac Grenier, she's all alone,
No broder, no sister near,
But de swallow will fly, an' de beeg moose deer

ANTHOLOGY

An' caribou too, will go long way
To drink de sweet water of Lac Grenier.

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

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

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

LITTLE BATEESE

You bad leetle boy, not moche you care
How busy you're kipin' your poor gran'pere
Tryin' to stop you ev'ry day
Chasin' de hen aroun' de hay—
W'y don't you geev' dem a chance to lay?
Leetle Bateese!

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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

Too sleepy for sayin' de prayer to-night?
Never min'; I s'pose it'll be all right
Say dem to-morrow—ah! dere he go!
Fas' asleep in a minute or so—
An' he'll stay lak' dat till de rooster crow,
Leetle Bateese!

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

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

ANTHOLOGY

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

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

PHIL-O-RUM'S CANOE

"O ma ole canoe! w'at's matter wit' you, an'
w'y was you be so slow?
Don't I work hard enough on de paddle, an'
still you don't seem to go—
No win' at all on de fronte side, an' current
she don't be strong,
Den w'y are you lak lazy feller, too sleepy for
move along?
"I 'member de tam w'en you jomp de sam' as
deer wit' de wolf behin'
An' brochet on de top de water, you scare
heem mos' off hees min';

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

But fish don't care for you now at all, only jus'
mebbe wink de eye,
For he know it's easy git out de way w'en you
was a passin' by."

I'm spikin' dis way jus' de oder day w'en I'm
out wit' de ole canoe,
Crossin' de point w'ere I see las' fall wan very
beeg caribou,
W'en somebody say, "Phil-o-rum, mon vieux,
wat's matter wit' you youse'f?"
An' who do you s'pose was talkin'? w'y de
poor ole canoe shese'f.

O yass, I'm scare w'en I'm sittin' dere, an'
she's callin' ma nam' dat way:
"Phil-o-rum Juneau, w'y you spik so moche?
You're off on de head to-day—
Can't be you forget ole feller, you an' me
we're not too young?
An' if I'm lookin' so ole lak you, I t'ink I
will close ma tongue.

"You should feel ashamed; for you're always
blame, w'en it isn't ma fault at all,
For I'm tryin' to do bes' I can for you on
summer-tam, spring, an' fall.

ANTHOLOGY

How offen you drown on de reever if I'm not
lookin' out for you
W'en you're takin' too moche on de w'iskey
some night comin' down de Soo.

“De firs' tam we go on de Wessoneau no feller
can beat us den,
For you're purty strong man wit' de paddle,
but dat's long ago ma frien',
An' win' she can blow off de mountain, an'
tonder an' rain may come,
But camp see us bote on de evening—
you know dat was true Phil-o-rum.

“An' who's your horse too, but your ole canoe?
An' w'en you feel cole an' wet
Who was your house w'en I'm upside down
an' onder de roof you get?
Wit' rain ronnin' down ma back, Baptême!
till I'm gettin' de rheumateez,
An' I never say not'ing at all, moi-même, but
let you do jus' you please.

“You t'ink it was right, kip me out all night,
on reever side down below,
An' even 'Bon Soir' you was never say, but
off on de camp you go,

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Leffin' your poor ole canoe behin' lyin' dere
on de groun'

Watchin' de moon on de water, an' de bat
flyin' all aroun'.

"O! dat's lonesome t'ing hear de grey owl
sing up on de beeg pine tree,

An' many long night she kip me awake till
sun on de eas' I see,

An' den you come down on de morning for
start on some more voyage.

An' only t'ing decen' you do all day is carry
me on portage.

"Dat's way, Phil-o-rum, rheumateez she come,
wit' pain ronnin' troo ma side;

Wan leetle hole here, 'noder beeg wan dere,
dat not'ing can never hide;

Don't do any good fix me up agen, no matter
how moche you try,

For w'en we come ole an' our work she's
done, bote man an' canoe mus' die."

Wall, she talk dat way mebbe mos' de day,
till we're passin' some beaver dam

An' wan de young beaver he's mak' hees tail
come down on de water flam!

ANTHOLOGY

I never see de canoe so scare, she jomp nearly
two, t'ree feet,
I t'ink she was goin' for ronne away, an' she
shut up de mout' toute suite.

It mak' me feel queer, de strange t'ing I hear,
an' I'm glad she don't spik no more,
But soon as we fin' ourse'f arrive over dere on
de noder shore
I tak' dat canoe lak de lady, an' carry her off
wit' me,
For I'm sorry de way I treat her, an' she
know more dan me, sapree!

Yass! dat's smart canoe, an' I know it's true,
w'at she's spikin' wit' me dat day,
I'm not de young feller I use to be w'en work
she was only play;
An' I know I was comin' closer on place w'ere
I mus' tak' care
W'ere de mos' worse current's de las' wan
too, de current of Dead Riviere.

You can only steer, an' if rock be near, wit'
wave dashin' all aroun',
Better mak' leetle prayer, for on Dead Riviere
some very smart man get drown;

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

But if you be locky an' watch youse'f, mebbe
reever won't seem so wide,
An' firs' t'ing you know you'll ronne ashore,
safe on de noder side.

THE CURÉ OF CALUMETTE

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

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

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

ANTHOLOGY

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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

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

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

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

ANTHOLOGY

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

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

It's de bell of de leetle Curé, de music of
deat' we hear,
Along on de black road ringin', an' soon it was
comin' near.

Wan minute de face of de Curé we see by de
lantern light,
An' he's gone from us, jus' lak a shadder, into
de stormy night.

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

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

ANTHOLOGY

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

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

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

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

THE VOYAGEUR

Dere's somet'ing stirrin' ma blood to-night,
On de night of de young new year,
W'ile de camp is warm an' de fire is bright,
An' de bottle is close at han'—
Out on de reever de nort' win' blow,
Down on de valley is pile de snow,
But w'at do we care so long we know
W'ere safe on de log cabane?

Drink to de healt' of your wife an' girl,
Anoder wan for your frien',
Den geev' me a chance, for on all de worl'
I've not many frien' to spare—
I'm born, w'ere de mountain scrape de sky,
An' bone of ma fader an' moder lie,
So I fill de glass an' I raise it high
An' drink to de Voyageur.

For dis is de night of de jour de l'an,*
W'en de man of de Grand Nor' Wes'
T'ink of hees home on de St. Laurent,
An' frien' he may never see—
Gone he is now, an' de beeg canoe
No more you'll see wit' de red-shirt crew,
But long as he leev' he was alway true,
So we'll drink to hees memory.

* New Year's Day

ANTHOLOGY

Ax' heem de nort' win' w'at he see
Of de Voyageur long ago
An' he'll say to you w'at he say to me,
So lissen hees story well—

“I see de track of hees botte sau-vage*
On many a hill an' long portage
Far, far away from hees own vill-age
An' soun' of de parish bell—

“I never can play on de Hudson Bay
Or mountain dat lie between
But I meet heem singin' hees lonely way
De happies' man I know—
I cool hees face as he's sleepin' dere
Under de star of de Red Rivière,
An' off on de home of de great w'ite bear,
I'm seein' hees dog traineau.†

“De woman an' chil'ren's runnin' out
On de wigwam of de Cree—
De leetle papoose dey laugh an' shout
W'en de soun' of hees voice dey hear—
De oldes' warrior of de Sioux
Kill hese'f dancin' de w'ole night t'roo,
An' de Blackfoot girl remember too
De ole tam Voyageur.

* Indian boot

† Dog-sleigh

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

“De blaze of hees camp on de snow I see,
An’ I lissen hees ‘En Roulant’
On de lan’ w’ere de reindeer travel free,
Ringin’ out strong an’ clear—
Offen de grey wolf sit before
De light is come from hees open door,
An’ caribou foller along de shore
De song of de Voyageur.

“If he only kip goin’, de red ceinture,*
I’d see it upon de Pole
Some mornin’ I’m startin’ upon de tour
For blowin’ de worl’ aroun’—
But w’erever he sail an’ w’erever he ride,
De trail is long an’ de trail is wide,
An’ city an’ town on ev’ry side
Can tell of hees campin’ groun’.”

So dat’s de reason I drink to-night
To de man of de Grand Nor’ Wes’,
For hees heart was young, an’ hees heart was
light
So long as he’s leevin’ dere—
I’m proud of de sam’ blood in my vein;
I’m a son of de Nort’ Win’ wance again—
So we’ll fill her up till de bottle’s drain
An’ drink to de Voyageur.

* Canadian sash

ANTHOLOGY

THE LAST PORTAGE

I'm sleepin' las' night w'en I dream a dream
An' a wonderful wan it seem—
For I'm off on de road I was never see,
Too long an' hard for a man lak me,
So ole he can only wait de call
Is sooner or later come to all.

De night is dark an' de portage dere
Got plaintee o' log lyin' ev'ryw'ere,
Black bush aroun' on de right an' lef',
A step from de road an' you los' you' se'f.
De moon an' de star above is gone,
Yet somet'ing tell me I mus' go on.

An' off in front of me as I go,
Light as a dreef of de fallin' snow—
Who is dat leetle boy dancin' dere
Can see hees w'ite dress an' curly hair,
An' almos' touch heem, so near to me
In an' out dere among de tree?

An' den I'm hearin' a voice is say,
"Come along, fader, don't min' de way,
De boss on de camp he sen' for you,
So your leetle boy's going to guide you t'roo.
It's easy for me, for de road I know,
'Cos I travel it many long year ago."

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

An' oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead—
Dead wit' de young blood in hees vein—
An' dere he's comin' wance more again
Wit' de curly hair, an' dark-blue eye,
So lak de blue of de summer sky—

An' now no more for de road I care,
An' slippery log lyin' ev'ryw'ere—
De swamp on de valley, de mountain too,
But climb it jus' as I use to do—
Don't stop on de road, for I need no res'
So long as I see de leetle w'ite dress.

An' I foller it on, an' wance in a w'ile
He turn again wit' de baby smile,
An' say, "Dear fader, I'm here, you see—
We're bote togeder, jus' you an' me—
Very dark to you, but to me it's light,
De road we travel so far to-night.

"De boss on de camp w'ere I alway stay
Since ever de tam I was go away,
He welcome de poores' man dat call,
But love de leetle wan bes' of all,
So dat's de reason I spik for you
An' come to-night for to bring you t'roo."

ANTHOLOGY

Lak de young Jesu w'en he's here below
De face of ma leetle son look jus' so—
Den off beyon', on de bush I see
De w'ite dress fadin' among de tree—
Was it a dream I dream las' night
Is goin' away on de morning light?

HOME

“Oh! Mother, the bells are ringing as never
they rang before,
And banners aloft are flying, and open is
every door,
While down in the streets are thousands of
men I have never seen—
But friendly are all the faces—oh! Mother,
what can it mean?”

“My little one,” said the mother, “for many
long, weary years—
Thro' days that the sunshine mocked at, and
nights that were wet with tears—
I have waited and watched in silence, too
proud to speak, and now
The pulse of my heart is leaping, for the
children have kept the vow.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

“And there they are coming, coming, the
brothers you never knew,
But, sightless, my ears would know them, so
steady and firm and true
Is the tramp of men whose fathers trod where
the wind blows free,
Over the heights of Queenston, and willows of
Chateaugay.

“For whether it be a thousand, or whether a
single man—
In the calm of peace, or battle, since ever the
race began,
No human eye has seen it—’tis an undis-
covered clime,
Where the feet of my children’s fathers have
not stepped and beaten time.

“The enemy at my threshold had boasted and
jeered and cried—
“The pledge of your offsprings’ birthright your
children have swept aside—
They cumber the land of strangers, they
dwell in the alien’s tent
Till “home” is a word forgotten, and “love”
but a bow unbent.

ANTHOLOGY

“Planners and builders of cities (were ever
such men as these?),
Counsellors, guides, and moulders of the
strangers' destinies—
Conquerors, yet are they conquered, and this
is the word and sign,
You boast of their wise seed-sowing, but the
harvest they reap is *mine*.’

“Ah! little the stranger knew me—this mock-
ing but friendly foe,
The youngest mother of nations! how could
the stranger know
The faith of the old grey mother—her sor-
rows and hopes and fears?
Let her speak when her sons are tested, like
mine, for a thousand years!

“Afar in the dim savanna when the dawn of
the spring is near,
What is it wakes the wild goose, calling him
loud and clear?
What is it brings him homeward, battered and
tempest-torn?
Are they weaker than birds of passage, the
children whom I have borne?

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

“Nay! the streets of the city tremble with the
tread that shakes the world,
When the sons of the blood foregather, and
the mother flag flies unfurled—
Brothers are welcoming brothers, and the
voices that pierce the blue
Answer the enemy’s taunting—and the chil-
dren of York are true!

“Wanderers maybe, traitors never! By the
scroll of their father’s lives!
The faith of the land that bore them, and the
honour of their wives!
We may lose them, our own strong children,
blossom and root and stem—
But the cradle will be remembered, and home
is aye home to them!”

LE VIEUX TEMPS

Venez ici, mon cher ami, an’ sit down by me
—so
An’ I will tole you story of old tam long ago—
W’en ev’ryt’ing is happy—w’en all de bird is
sing
An’ me!—I’m young an’ strong lak moose an’
not afraid no t’ing.

ANTHOLOGY

I close my eye jus' so, an' see de place w'ere
I am born—

I close my ear an' lissen to musique of de
horn,

Dat's horn ma dear ole moder blow—an'
only t'ing she play

Is "veins donc vite Napoléon—'peche toi
pour votre souper."—

An' w'en he's hear dat nice musique—ma
leetle dog "Carleau"

Is place hees tail upon hees back—an' den
he's let heem go—

He's jomp on fence—he's swimmin' crik—
he's ronne two forty gait,

He say "dat's somet'ing good for eat—Car-
leau mus' not be late."

O dem was pleasure day for sure, dem day of
long ago

W'en I was play wit' all de boy, an' all de girl
also;

An' many tam w'en I'm alone an' t'ink of day
gone by

An' pull latire an' spark de girl, I cry upon my
eye.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Ma fader an' ma moder too, got nice, nice
familee,
Dat's ten garçon an' t'orsteen girl, was mak' it
twenty t'ree
But fonny t'ing de Gouvernement don't geev
de firs' prize den
Lak w'at dey say dey geev it now, for only
wan douzaine.

De English peep dat only got wan familee
small size
Mus' be feel glad dat tam dere is no honder
acre prize
For fader of twelve chil'ren—dey know dat
mus' be so,
De Canayens would boss Kebeck—mebbe
Ontario.

But dat is not de story dat I was gone tole
you
About de fun we use to have w'en we leev a
chez nous
We're never lonesome on dat house, for many
cavalier
Come at our place mos' every night—
especially Sun-day.

ANTHOLOGY

But tam I 'member bes' is w'en I'm twenty
wan year—me—

An' so for mak' some pleasurement—we
geev wan large soirée.

De whole paroisse she be invite—de Curé
he's come too—

Wit plaintee peep from 'noder place—dat's
more I can tole you.

De night she's cole an' freeze also, chemin
she's fill wit snow

An' on de chimley lak phantome, de win' is
mak' it blow—

But boy an' girl come all de sam an' pass on
grande parloir

For warm itself on beeg box stove, was mak'
on Trois Rivières—

An' w'en Bonhomme Latour commence for
tune up hees fidelle

It mak' us all feel very glad—l'enfant! he
play so well,

Musique suppose to be firs' class, I offen hear,
for sure

But mos' bes' man, beat all de res', is ole
Bateese Latour—

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

An' w'en Bateese play Irish jeeg, he's learn
on Mattawa
Dat tam he's head boss cook Shaintee—den
leetle Joe Leblanc
Tak' hole de beeg Marie Juneau an' dance
upon de floor
Till Marie say "Excuse to me, I cannot dance
no more."—

An' den de Curé's mak' de speech—ole Curé
Ladouceur!
He say de girl was spark de boy too much on
some cornerre—
An' so he's tole Bateese play up ole fashion
reel a quatre
An' every body she mus' dance, dey can't get
off on dat.

Away she go—hooraw! hooraw! plus fort
Bateese, mon vieux
Camille Bisson, please watch your girl—dat's
bes' t'ing you can do.
Pass on de right an' tak' your place, Mamzelle
Des Trois Maisons
You're s'pose for dance on Paul Laberge, not
Telesphore Gagnon.

ANTHOLOGY

Mon oncle Al-fred, he spik lak' dat—'cos he
is boss de floor,
An' so we do our possibill an' den commence
encore.

Dem crowd of boy an' girl I'm sure keep up
until nex' day
If ole Bateese don't stop heseff, he come so
fatigué.

An' affer dat, we eat some t'ing, tak' leetle
drink also
An' de Curé, he's tole story of many year
ago—
W'en Iroquois sauvage she's keel de Can-
ayens an' steal deir hair,
An' say dat's only for Bon Dieu, we don't be
here—he don't be dere.

But dat was mak' de girl feel scare—so all de
cavalier
Was ax hees girl go home right off, an' place
her on de sleigh,
An' w'en dey start, de Curé say, "Bonsoir et
bon voyage
Menagez-vous—tak' care for you—prenez
garde pour les sauvages."

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

An' den I go meseff also, an' tak' ma belle
Elmire—

She's nicer girl on whole Comté, an' jus' got
eighteen year—

Black hair—black eye, an' chick rosée dat's
lak wan fameuse on de fall

But don't spik much—not of dat kin', I can't
say she love me at all.

Ma girl—she's fader beeg farmeur—leev
'noder side St. Flore

Got five-six honder acre—mebbe a leetle
more—

Nice sugar bush—une belle maison—de bes'
I never see—

So w'en I go for spark Elmire, I don't be mak'
de foolish me—

Elmire!—she's pass t'ree year on school—
Ste. Anne de la Perade

An' w'en she's tak' de firs' class prize, dat's
mak' de ole man glad;

He say "Ba gosh—ma girl can wash—can
keep de kitchen clean

Den change her dress—mak' politesse before
God save de Queen."

ANTHOLOGY

Dey's many way for spark de girl, an' you
know dat of course,
Some way dey might be better way, an' some
dey might be worse ;
But I lak' sit some cole night wit' my girl on
ole burleau
Wit' lot of hay keep our foot warm—an'
plaintee buffalo—

Dat's geev good chances get acquaint—an' if
burleau upset
An' t'row you out upon de snow—dat's better
chances yet—
An' if you help de girl go home, if horse he
ronne away
De girl she's not much use at all—don't geev
you nice baiser!

Dat's very well for fun ma frien', but w'en
you spark for keep
She's not sam t'ing an' mak' you feel so scare
lak' leetle sheep
Some tam you get de fever—some tam you're
lak' snowball
An' all de tam you ack lak' fou—can't spik no
t'ing at all.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Wall! dat's de way I feel meseff, wit Elmire
on burleau,
Jus' lak' small dog try ketch hees tail—roun'
roun' ma head she go
But bimeby I come more brave—an' tak'
Elmire she's han'
"Laisse-moi tranquille" Elmire she say "You
mus' be crazy man."

"Yass—yass," I say, "mebbe you t'ink I'm wan
beeg loup garou,
Dat's forty t'ousand 'noder girl, I lef' dem all
for you,
I s'pose you know Polique Gauthier your
frien' on St. Cesaire
I ax her marry me nex' wick—she tak' me—
I don't care."

Ba gosh; Elmire she don't lak' dat—it mak'
her feel so mad—
She commence cry, say "'Poleon, you treat
me very bad—
I don't lak' see you t'row you'seff upon
Polique Gauthier,
So if you say you love me sure—we mak' de
mariée."—

ANTHOLOGY

Oh it was fine tam affer dat—Castor I t'ink
he know,
We're not too busy for get home—he go so
nice an' slow,
He's only upset t'ree—four tam—an' jus'
about daylight
We pass upon de ole man's place—an' every
t'ing's all right.

Wall! we leev happy on de farm for nearly
fifty year,
Till wan day on de summer tam—she die—
ma belle Elmire
I feel so lonesome lef' behin'—I t'ink 'twas
bes' mebbe—
Dat w'en de Bon Dieu tak' ma famme—he
should not forget me.

But dat is Hees biz-ness ma frien'—I know
dat's all right dere
I'll wait till he call “ 'Poleon” den I will be
prepare—
An' w'en he fin' me ready, for mak' de longue
voyage
He guide me t'roo de wood hesef upon ma las'
portage.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

DE NOTAIRE PUBLIQUE

M'sieu Paul Joulin, de Notaire Publique
Is come I s'pose seesty year hees life
An' de mos' riche man on Sainte Angelique
W'en he feel very sorry he got no wife—
So he's paint heem hees buggy, lak new, by
Gor!

Put flower on hees coat, mak' hese'f more
gay

Arrange on hees head fine chapeau castor
An' drive on de house of de Boulanger.

For de Boulanger's got heem une jolie fille
Mos' bes' lookin' girl on paroisse dey say
An' all de young feller is lak Julie
An' plaintee is ax her for mak' mariée,
But Julie she's love only jus' wan man,
Hees nam' it is Jérémie Dandurand
An' he's work for her sak' all de hard he can'
'Way off on de wood, up de Mattawa.

M'Sieu Paul he spik him "Bonjour Mamzelle,
You lak promenade on de church wit' me?
Jus' wan leetle word an' we go ma belle
An' see heem de Curé toute suite, chérie;

ANTHOLOGY

I dress you de very bes' style á la mode,
If you promise for be Madame Paul Joulin,
For I got me fine house on Bord à Plouffe
road
Wit' mor'gage also on de Grande Moulin."

But Julie she say "Non, non, M'Sieu Paul,
Dat's not correc' t'ing for poor Jérémie
For I love dat young feller lak not'ing at all,
An' I'm very surprise you was not know me.
Jérémie w'en he's geev me dat nice gol' ring,
Las' tam he's gone off on de Mattawa
Say he's got 'noder wan w'en he's come nex'
spring
Was mak' me for sure Madame Dan-
durand.

"I t'ank you de sam', M'Sieu Paul Joulin,
I s'pose I mus' be de wife wan poor man
Wit' no chance at all for de Grande Moulin,
But leev all de tam on some small cabane."
De Notaire Publique den is tak' hees hat,
For he t'ink sure enough dat hees dog she's
dead;
Dere's no use mak' love on de girl lak dat,
Wit' not'ing but young feller on de head.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Julie she's feel lonesome mos' all dat week,
Don't know w'at may happen she wait till
spring

Den t'ink de fine house of Notaire Publique
An' plaintee more too—but love's funny
t'ing!

So nex' tam she see de Notaire again,
She laugh on her eye an' say "M'Sieu Paul,
Please pass on de house, or you ketch de rain,
Dat's very long tam you don't come at all."

She's geev him so soon he's come on de door
Du vin de pays, an' some nice galettes,
She's mak' dem herse'f only day before
An' he say "Bigosh! dat is fine girl yet."
So he's try hees chances some more—
hooraw!

Julie is not mak' so moche troub' dis tam;
She's forget de poor Jérémié Dandurand
An' tole de Notaire she will be hees
famme.

W'en Jérémié come off de wood nex' spring,
An' fin' dat hees girl she was get mariée
Everybody's expec' he will do somet'ing,
But he don't do no'ting at all, dey say;

ANTHOLOGY

For he's got 'noder girl on Sainte Dorothée,
Dat he's love long tam, an' she don't say
"No,"
So he's forget too all about Julie
An' mak' de mariée wit' hese'f also.

THE FAMILY LARAMIE

Hssh! look at ba-bee on de leetle blue chair,
W'at you t'ink he's tryin' to do?
Wit' pole on de han' lak de lumberman,
A-shovin' along canoe.
Dere's purty strong current behin' de stove,
W'ere it's passin' de chimley-stone,
But he'll come roun' yet, if he don't upset,
So long he was lef' alone.

Dat's way ev'ry boy on de house begin
No sooner he's twelve mont' ole;
He'll play canoe up an' down de Soo
An' paddle an' push de pole,
Den haul de log all about de place,
Till dey're fillin' up mos' de room,
An' say it's all right, for de storm las'
night
Was carry away de boom.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Mebbe you see heem, de young loon bird,
Wit' half of de shell hangin' on,
Tak' hees firse slide to de water side,
An' off on de lake he's gone.
Out of de cradle dey're goin' sam' way
On reever an' lake an' sea;
For born to de trade, dat's how dey're made,
De familee Laramie.

An' de reever she's lyin' so handy dere
On foot of de hill below,
Dancin' along an' singin' de song
As away to de sea she go,
No wonder I never can lak dat song,
For soon it is comin' w'en
Dey'll lissen de call, leetle Pierre an' Paul,
An' w'ere will de moder be den?

She'll sit by de shore w'en de evenin's come,
An' spik to de reever too:
"O reever, you know how dey love you so,
Since ever dey're seein' you.
For sake of dat love bring de leetle boy home
Once more to de moder's knee."
An' mebbe de prayer I be makin' dere
Will help bring dem back to me.

AN APPRECIATION

AN APPRECIATION



DOCTOR DRUMMOND'S poems fall into three unequal groups, the considerable number written in standard English, the few in Irish dialect, and the immense majority in the broken English of the French-Canadian habitant. This may seem an arbitrary, even in some sense an accidental division. In reality the difference in medium of expression reflects, or at any rate accompanies, a change in the very spirit of the man. And so it is more than a mere matter of convenience to consider these three groups in the order named.

In the complete edition of "The Poetical Works of William Henry Drummond," published by G. P. Putnam's Sons in 1912, there are in all 111 poems. Though the English poems come to rather more than a fifth of the total number, twenty-three to be exact, they fill barely one eighth of the volume. They

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

nearly all belong to what is known as "occasional" verse. A tramp by the St. George Snowshoe Club, a brother's birthday party, a St. Patrick's Club dinner, these are some of the occasions that stir Drummond to writing. If poetry thus written, as it were, to order, turns out to be good verse, it achieves all that one can reasonably expect. Even a Poet Laureate, with a great occasion to prick him on, does not often succeed in writing inspired poetry. Though some of Drummond's admirers declare that his English poems are superior to those he wrote in dialect, few indeed will agree with their judgment. The English poems, one may as well admit at the outset, have no high or distinctive merit. Some of them are clever skits dashed off in a fit of high spirits. "Cauda Morrhuæ," for example, with its punning Latin title (the tail of a cod), is just a bit of verbal fooling, well enough in its way so long as one doesn't recall "Faithless Sally Brown" or any other of a dozen poems by that great master in punning verse, the inimitable Tom Hood. The four line "Pæan" that concludes "The Godbout" shows Drummond at his best in this jovial mood:

AN APPRECIATION

Joy! Joy at the Pêche—let the cariboo dance,
Let the fatted oxen at last be slain,
Let the men get full, and the bull moose prance,
For the Commodore has come home again!

“The Grand Seigneur” is a graceful and pleasant little ballad, written specially for the French-Canadian singer of a generation ago, Madame Albani, by birth a Miss Lajeunesse, of Chambly county. “Madeleine Vercheres” is a rather long and somewhat laboured narrative of the heroic defence of a little fort on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, some twenty miles below Montreal. The heroine with her two young brothers, two soldiers and a cripple held out for six days against a war party of the Iroquois, until they were finally relieved by a company of regulars from Quebec. A half dozen or more of these English poems celebrate the out-door sports that Drummond loved; a half dozen others are in patriotic vein. Probably the most successful of these English poems is “Home,” reprinted in this volume. It is vigorous, patriotic verse with more concrete imagery and the throb of deeper feeling than most of the others. One stanza, at least, is not unworthy to be put beside Kipling’s “The English Flag,” which “Home” at once suggests:

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND

Afar in the dim savanna when the dawn of the spring is
near,
What is it wakes the wild goose, calling him loud and
clear?
What is it brings him homeward, battered and tempest
torn?
Are they weaker than birds of passage, the children
whom I have borne?

Two other poems deserve mention, "Donal' Campbell" and "We're Irish Yet," the last poem Drummond wrote. He recited it at the annual banquet of the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, just a week before he left on his ill-fated journey to Cobalt. Even in it there is something of the Celtic wail which thrills through "Donal' Campbell":

O! the wailing of the women, O the storm of bitter
sorrow
Sweeping like the wintry torrent thro' Athol Moray's
glen,
When the black word reached the clansmen, that
young Donal' Bane had fallen
In the red glare of the battle, with the gallant Gordon
men!

One wonders why Drummond, coming to Canada at the age of eleven, and loving the land of his adoption dearly as he did, should feel so much more keenly the romantic appeal of the old world. Perhaps it is inevitable that he should. Whatever the reason, no Canadian poet has been able to use what seems easy

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magic in Kipling's verse as he conjures up the vision of some far-off struggle:

See you the dimpled track that runs
All hollow through the wheat?
Oh, that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

Certainly Drummond's "Canadian Forever" is thin and rhetorical in comparison even with those poems of his own that draw their inspiration from love of the old land.

On the whole, an unbiassed critic would hesitate before he claimed high distinction for Drummond's English poems. At best he could only maintain that several of the lighter poems are clever and vivacious verse. The serious ones nearly all suffer from a curious restraint of feeling and a heightened rhetorical phraseology that gives them an air of insincerity. Take the first stanza of "Child Thoughts" for example.

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

How different that is from the naturalness,

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from the directness and simplicity of the opening stanza of "Dreams":

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

Drummond is distinctly happier in his poems in Irish dialect. "Twins" is a rollicking letter written by Uncle James to his sister's son, Francis, whose wife has just borne him a fine pair of twins. The letter is a warning to give the children good Irish names, a warning enforced by the story of Michael Whalen's boy, Clarence Montizambert, who could never rise above the job of driving a hack at the Bonaventure Station

Till his friend, John Reilly, tould him,
"Change the haythen name for Pat."

Patrick Joseph—now behold him
Walkin' dillygate! think o' that!
So be careful, Master Francis,
An' ye'll bless yer Uncle James—
Don't be takin' any chances
With thim God-forsaken names!

"Marriage" is the confession and half-humorous lament of a roving lad:

There's a girl at Calabogie, an' another at the Soo
An' with sparkin' and colloquin', I've been foolish with
the two.

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He had fancied a girl at home "that could dance to bate the fairies," but she was too "proud and indipendint" even to look at him. So he won the heart of a girl at Calabogie, where he had gone to work, and afterward that of another at the Soo, where he drifted when work got slack in Old Ontario. The mining fever drove him into the rush to Cobalt.

An' the girls, of course they suffered, for I hadn't time
to write;
Divil a thing but pick an' shovel, an' working day an'
night,—
Till a dacint wild-cat claim I sold for fifteen thousand too—
Now, I sez, "It's all a toss-up—Calabogie or the Soo?"

But the girls had tired of waiting and had married, one a farmer, the other a brakesman, and there is nothing for him to do but visit the old home with his new-found fortune. There the once proud sweetheart and her mother soon enveigle him into a wedding.

It's no wonder I'm distracted whin the two o' thim
'll say,
"Oh, Pathrick, mind the baby, sure you got out
yesterday."

I suppose I'm doin' pinnance for the sins of airly youth,
Tho' I blame it on the women—they betrayed me—
that's the truth.

But for all I know about thim, 'twould have been the
same thing too
With the girl from Calabogie, or the other at the Soo.

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The poem has the ring of sincerity and is an interesting blend of resignation, half-humorous vexation and puzzled wonderment at the riddle of this life.

"The Boy from Calabogie" is a simply told and pathetic little story of Danny, a strapping youth of twenty, who went West in April to make his fortune in the mines. He had promised his mother to come back for Christmas if the boss would let him. He kept his word, for on Christmas Day the villagers took off the train at Calabogie the wooden box in which he was shipped home from the northern mining town where he had died of fever. Drummond's own fate gives a touch of added pathos to Danny's story.

Even "The Dublin Fusilier," a tale of the Boer War and the least successful of the four poems in Irish dialect, is simpler, freer and more direct than most of those in English.

Some writers who dislike dialect of any kind, maintain stoutly that the humour, the pathos, the naturalness and simplicity that others see in Burns and Lowell and Drummond are nearly all illusion. It is for the most part, they say, just an odd manner of expression, a quaint turn of homely idiom, a suggestion of ludicrous

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pronunciation that brings the tears or laughter. Put the same thought in ordinary English and it would leave the reader cold. Now it is quite true that, aside altogether from dialect, any style which differs markedly from conventional English, for example that of Doughty's "Arabia Deserta," is more arresting than the smooth flow of Addison's prose or Tennyson's verse. Further, it is not always possible to put the same thought into ordinary English. Change the style and you see the thought slip away when you try to make it prisoner in a new cage of words. There is that much truth in their contention. On the other hand it is sometimes possible, merely by changing the spelling and substituting a few words for others, to turn a bit of dialect into standard English without serious loss. The bloom may disappear, the atmosphere may change, but the thought remains. Luckily for our purpose the stanza from "Dreams" quoted above is such a passage. Here it is in its starched dress:

Bord à Plouffe, Bord à Plouffe,
What do I see when I dream of you?
A shore where the water is racing by,
A small boy looking and wondering why
He can't get wings and be off to fly
Like the hawk making rings on the summer sky—
That's what I see.

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Match that if you can in Drummond's English poems. Whatever illusion the dialect brought, it obviously did not bring the touch of pathos nor the vivid little picture, for there they are still in the English version.

It is the business of the critic, of the interpreter, to find out, if he can, why Drummond wrote so simply, easily and naturally in his guise of habitant, and somewhat stiffly and rhetorically without its protective charm. The explanation, it seems to me, is to be found in the poet's innate shyness, of which Mrs. Drummond speaks so often. He shrank from expressing his feelings, especially his deeper and tenderer feelings, in the naked revelation of everyday English. Like Browning, Drummond needed the spiritual medium of another character to voice what lay in his deeper consciousness. He found that medium in the French-Canadian habitant talking his odd broken English. Most of us have seen amateur actors who could do very well with the assistance of 18th-century costume and facial make-up, but who became stiff and self-conscious when they tried to act in a realistic play of our own time, where dress and gait and

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accent had all to simulate the everyday life around them. To use the fashionable language of psycho-analysis, dialect, like stage-costume, removed an inhibition.

Before dealing with Drummond's French-Canadian verse it is necessary to say something about what is meant by the term dialect. It is used in two quite distinct senses. Burns' poetry, for instance, is said to be in Scots dialect, or, more specifically, in the dialect of his native Ayrshire. Many of the words he uses are not found in Standard English and those which are common to both tongues differ more or less in their pronunciation. Burns' language, of course, is not a corruption of English. It is a distinct speech, much closer in vocabulary, and probably in pronunciation, to Old English than is the English of to-day. Practically the same things might be said of the dialects still spoken in Dorset and Devon, in York and Lancashire. They are all slowly dying from the changes brought about by travel and compulsory school attendance. Even on this side of the Atlantic there are marked differences in speech between the Kentucky mountaineer and the Connecticut

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Yankee. The peculiarities of these dialects can be traced to their source in the racial origin of the groups that speak them.

Where people speaking different languages have to talk to one another they do one of three things: learn to speak the foreign language more or less like natives, invent or develop a new speech that is usually a combination or blend of the other two, or speak the foreign language haltingly and brokenly with many turns of phrase, based on their own speech and sounding odd in the other one. Montreal, with its large proportion of bilingual citizens, is a good example of the first method. The "Pidgin English" of the seaports of China and the Straits Settlements in the Far East is the best example of the second type. The "broken English" of almost any recent immigrant will illustrate the third. Now it sometimes happens that foreigners of one race are numerous in a country and their broken speech is familiar to the people. This speech finally gets into literature and is more or less standardized there, as in the familiar speech of the stage Irishman, Scotchman and Dutchman. The stage Frenchman, too, goes back to the Elizabethan period. These are

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all somewhat conventionalized figures speaking a jargon that often enough has little resemblance to any speech actually in use.

The speech adopted by Drummond, on the other hand, really represents with remarkable fidelity the broken English spoken by habitant and lumberman a generation ago, and even yet in out-of-the-way places. These men had little need for English save to understand the boss in shanty or saw-mill, or to act as guide for fisher and hunter through the lakes and woods of Quebec. Naturally no two of them spoke English exactly the same way; there was, for all that, a striking similarity in their speech. Words were pronounced with a French accent or intonation, and French idioms were turned literally into English, often with quaint effect. So far as I am able to judge, Drummond has reproduced the language to the very life. If my judgment is at fault it is not from lack of evidence. Thirty years ago I went to school in Glengarry with the children of Quebec parents, who were among the first of that French invasion which has changed what was almost a solid Highland-Scotch community into one that is more than half French. The children at school learned to speak English as well as

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the rest of us within a year or two at most; but their parents never did. Drummond's dialect might be a transcript of their talk. Further, in the fall of 1901, I had an interesting experience as the first instructor in what was then newly christened the "Reading Camp Movement," and has since developed into the Frontier College. Mr. Alfred Fitzpatrick, who has been the moving spirit in the enterprise from the first, persuaded me to see what could be done to carry instruction to the men in three lumber camps near Nairn Centre, a little Algonoma village on the Soo line about forty miles west of Sudbury. It was before the days of the big Polack immigration, and the great majority of the men in the camps were French-Canadians from the Ottawa district and the Province of Quebec. The rest were mainly Ontario farm boys. For weeks I listened to the picturesque speech of the habitant until its turn of phrase and shift of accent grew familiar to the ear.

X A better testimony than mine to the fidelity of Drummond's language is the approval of the men themselves. Some good people in Toronto had made up a box of books for the

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Reading Camp and shipped it north to Fitzpatrick. We toted it in one day to the largest camp, of about a hundred men, and I went over the contents to see what might be interesting. So far as I remember, the fifty odd volumes were mostly "good" books of the type that no ordinary mortal ever reads for pleasure, but there were two treasures among them, a copy of Drummond's "Habitant," and Butcher and Lang's translation of the "Odyssey." The men who came into the reading shack of an evening would listen to either of these as long as I would read. And they thoroughly enjoyed "The Habitant." After we got acquainted they would correct my pronunciation of the French phrases when my Ontario French offended their ears, and sometimes one of them, who was a good raconteur, would launch into a tale suggested by the last poem read. It was obvious they felt that the language was true to life, and believed that the poems were those of a kindly friend who understood and loved them. Some people, who know little of the matter, have thought that the poems might be resented by French-Canadians. The charming introduction to

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"The Habitant," written by Dr. Louis Fréchet, should have been enough to dispel that fear.

Strange as it may seem to some, the men liked the "Odyssey" quite as well, and would discuss the adventures of the much-enduring hero with the greatest animation. Two comments on incidents in the story stick in my memory. I had been reading from the fifth book the very detailed account of how Odysseus built the raft on which he set out from the isle of Calypso. As the vivid description ended "and at last he pushed the raft with levers down to the fair salt sea" an old river-driver broke out in admiration, "By golly, he's dam' good raftsman, dat." It was a great tribute to the art of Homer. One evening, too, I had read the moving story of Odysseus' old dog Argos, who recognized his long-lost master even in the disguise of a beggar, as he drew near the door of his hall where the old dog lay at the point of death. "He wagged his tail and dropped both his ears, but nearer to his master he had not now the strength to draw. But Odysseus looked aside and wiped away a tear that he easily hid from Eumæus" and, as you remember, passed into the hall

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without daring to pet the faithful hound or even to speak to him for fear some man might notice the dog's delight and recognize his master too. Next morning I had gone out across the Spanish River to see the boys fell a very big white pine. They were going to show me how you could drive a stake by making the trunk hit it a hundred feet from the butt as the tree came roaring down. They showed me right enough. But when the saw was nearly through and the two men paused for a moment, one of them, a blue-eyed, fair-haired giant of a boy, said to me shyly, "Dat's too bad about de old dog las' night. I wish Odyssee he give him one or two pat and say little somet'ing to him before he's comin' dead."

All this is a digression, but yet it goes to show that Drummond's picture of the French Canadian is not wholly idealized. It is true that, taken as a whole, Drummond's poems show only the best or, at any rate, the pleasanter side of habitant and lumberman and voyageur, but what he does show is true to life.

The dozen dramatic lyrics that make up the anthology in this volume fully represent Drummond's characteristic merits, his truth to

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life, his humor and his pathos. "The Habitant" is as true to French-Canadian life as "The Cottar's Saturday Night" was to that of the Scottish crofters a century ago. The contentment with his lot, the good humour, the joy in the procession of the seasons, the love of friendly gossip with his neighbors—all that made the very spirit of the older generation of habitants, is there in the poem. And with what few deft strokes Drummond conjures up the peaceful domestic scene of the winter evening when the man sits smoking and his wife sewing beside the big box stove:

De boy and de girl, dey was readin' its lesson,
De cat on de corner she's bit heem de pup,
Ole "Carleau" he's snorin' and beeg stove is roarin'
So loud dat I'm scare purty soon she bus' up.

Drummond has something of Wordsworth's power to select a few significant details and make them suggest the whole picture. For surely every one must see that room, so snug and cosy in the quiet after-supper hour of the winter evening.

Louis Hemon's "Maria Chapdelaine," that fine story of French-Canadian farm life in the Lake St. John district, has been justly praised, but in one respect at least it is not true to the

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feeling of the pioneer frontiersman. It was perhaps inevitable that a man brought up in the softer climate of France should impute something of his own feeling to the Chapdelaine family as he shrank from the long, hard winter and shuddered at the grim line of the dark spruce forest. Drummond, who lived in Canada from early boyhood and had grown to love the winters, strikes the true Canadian note in "The Habitant" and "The Voyageur." In the one is pictured the comfort of sitting warm and secure indoors when the storm is loud without; in the other the joy of adventure on the far, lone trail under the cold glitter of the northern stars.

How perfectly one stanza in that fine poem, "Johnnie Corteau," reveals the character of the quiet little school teacher who had married the wild Johnnie and domesticated him:

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

Two other poems must be mentioned for their fidelity to fact, "De Bell of St. Michel" and "When Albani Sang." The first voices the

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homesickness of the young Canadian in the big Yankee town. When June comes round he longs to have once more the pleasant smell of the hay in his nostrils and in his ears the homelike sound of the parish bell. Drummond never showed more insight into boy life than when he wrote:

Dere's plantee t'ing I don't forget, but I remember bes'
De spot I fin' wan day on June, de small san'-piper's
nes'
An' dat hole on de reever w'ere I ketch de beeg, beeg
trout,
Was very nearly pull me in before I pull heem out.

Most of us remember some such boyhood thrill. "When Albani Sang" begins in a humorous vein, but in the closing stanzas, quoted in this volume, passes over into poetry marked by fine sympathy and delicate poetic feeling. Albani's song of the little bird flying at break of day from its nest in the tree-top goes straight to the heart of the listening habitant, who is carried back in memory to the morning he heard a robin sing above his head as he wakened from sleep under a big pine tree on the bank of the Richelieu.

"Wall! Madam she mus' lissen lak dat too, w'en she
was de Chambly girl!"

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Probably no one else in the crowded hall saw so clearly the secret of the singer's power.

Most people, one notices, think of Drummond as, above everything else, a humorous poet. This opinion is probably due to the effect the quaint dialect has on those to whom it is not familiar. I have seen an audience go almost into fits of laughter over "The Wreck of the *Julie Plante*," which isn't primarily a humorous poem at all. It never raised a smile among my shantymen in Algoma until the last stanza, the "Moral," was reached. Then, of course, there was much chaffing of each other about "the nice French girl" way back home. Of course there is plenty of humour in Drummond, humour that would still be there even if the verse were turned into ordinary English. There is, in the first place, the humour of plot, of mere situation. "De Stove-Pipe Hole," for instance, depends almost entirely on the ludicrous plight of the grouchy old father, stuck fast in the pipe-hole and threatened with being left there unless he consents to give his daughter to a young fellow who has come by stealth to see her. This is exactly the kind of story that appealed to the

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X humour of the lumbermen and would set them off to tell similar good yarns about things that had happened in the home parish. Perhaps the best example of his humour of situation to be found in Drummond is "Mon Choual 'Castor,'" the story of an old street-car horse who, near the finish of the grand matched race for one mile straightaway, when he was just coming into the home-stretch well ahead of his rival, "Cleveland Bay," heard the kling-klang of a little bell rung by some small bad boy and immediately slowed down and stopped dead about fifty yards from the finish, thinking no doubt that his street-car conductor had rung the bell. Poor Paul Archambault loses his side bet of "twenty dollarre" and is so unmercifully guyed in the village that he gets "busy for sole 'Castor.'" "M'sieu Smit," too, is just a series of ludicrous incidents in the hunting trip of an Englishman in the Canadian woods.

X But there is many a stroke of delicate humour in Drummond. One of them is that picture in "The Habitant" of the eldest daughter, Philomene, sitting pensive and quiet as a mouse by the window through which she peers out into the night:

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She say de more finer moon never was shiner—
Very fonna, for moon isn't dat side de house.

The old folks are a bit puzzled at her behaviour, but they see the reason for it when Isidore Goulay comes to the door.

Ha! Ha! Philomene! dat was smart trick you play us;
Come help de young feller tak' snow from hees nec',
Dere's not'ing for hinder you come off de winder,
W'en moon you was look for is come, I expec'."

Sometimes, of course, the humorous effect is heightened by the dialect, or rather, as one sees if he stop to analyze the reason for his laughter, by the startling appropriateness of some ludicrous metaphor or simile like the one that describes the lover's feeling in "Le Vieux Temps":

Jus' lak' small dog try ketch hees tail—roun', roun'
ma head she go.

Then there is that rare, deep humour which affects us in such a way that we hardly know whether to laugh or cry. It permeates "Phil-o-rum's Canoe" and "Little Bateese," but depends so much on the whole atmosphere and setting of these poems that it is not easily represented by isolated quotations.

As one might expect in a Celtic poet whose favorite authors were Neil Munro and Moira

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O'Neill, Drummond's pathos is even more penetrating than his humour. Phil-o-rum's patched canoe points out to him the tragedy of growing old:

Don't do any good feex me up agen, no matter how
moche you try,
For w'en we come ole an' our work she's done, bote
man and canoe mus' die.

How poignant, too, is the old man's wistful longing in "Little Bateese" to keep his grandson a small boy yet awhile as he turns from the bed where he has just tucked in the too active Bateese, safe asleep at last.

So chase de chicken an' mak' dem scare
An' do w'at you lak wit' your ole gran'pere
For w'en you're beeg feller he won't be dere—
Little Bateese!

"The Last Portage" voices Drummond's grief at the death of his own little son in September, 1904. Mrs. Drummond writes in her memoir: "The death of this child threw a lasting shadow over the poet's bright spirit and on the Christmas Day following the sad event, when, according to custom, the entire family dined at the house of one of the brothers, it was noticeable that William, usually the life of the party, sat through the meal in almost absolute silence. Shortly

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after our return home that evening, he brought to me the finished copy of 'The Last Portage,' and I learned for the first time of the dream or vision which it portrays, and which, the night before, had been an actual experience." The poem is a striking illustration of what was pointed out in the early pages of this appreciation. Drummond had to express his deeper feelings through the medium of another personality and under the cloak of dialect. So an old voyageur is made to tell how he dreamed last night that when he was making in the dark his last long and hard portage, stumbling blindly forward, suddenly there appeared a little boy in white dancing ahead and lighting him the way. The child called back to his "fader" to follow him, for he knew the road.

An' Oh! mon Dieu! w'en he turn hees head
I'm seein' de face of ma boy is dead.

Every phrase of this dramatic lyric is appropriate in the mouth of the simple, trusting old voyageur, and yet every line is vibrant with Drummond's own sorrow. He could pour out his soul in the voice of the voyageur, though it wasn't physically possible for him to utter more than a few broken words in his own person and his own speech.

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Within the limited circle of the French-Canadian types Drummond chose to represent, his dramatic touch is as sure as that of Browning himself, although, of course, there is not the range and variety of characters found in Browning's "Men and Women" or "Dramatis Personæ." Seldom, indeed, does one come on a false note. In "Pioneers" the old settler, who has been reached at last in his forest clearing by the surveyor and the first of the new settlers that are coming in, grows reminiscent about the years he and his good wife have spent there alone.

Yass, of course, I know she's changin' since de day
she marry me—
An' she'll never sit no more dere on de fence lak
leettle kitten—
She'd be safer on a stone wall, but she's still ma
Rosalie.

That "She'd be safer on a stone wall" is a harsh discord in the general tone of the poem. One couldn't believe the pioneer would say it in the tender mood of his brooding recollection. But false notes like this are unusual. Practically always the language, in choice of word and turn of phrase and apt comparison, is the very speech that would be used by the

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one into whose mouth it is put. This dramatic power is one of Drummond's great merits. It is the more noticeable because it is so seldom met in Canadian poetry.

Some admirers of Drummond have spoken of his "creation" of the French-Canadian dialect. The word is unfortunate. The dialect actually existed, still exists indeed, and Drummond at most fixed it as a literary medium. It had even been used before him, somewhat sparingly it is true, and mostly for humorous effect. One can find a few bits in Sir Gilbert Parker's early novels and in Henry Van Dyke's sketches of summer fishing trips in Quebec, as well as in various magazine stories. Drummond, however, certainly used it more largely and with greater fidelity than any one else. It is interesting to note that Mr. Paul A. W. Wallace's legends of French Canada, which ran in the *Canadian Magazine* and *The Canadian Forum*, under the title of *Baptiste Larocque*, and have now been reprinted in book form, are in the dialect that Drummond used. Spelling, turn of phrase, and general atmosphere are very like Drummond's "Habitant." It is in no small degree

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the interest in French-Canadian life awakened by Drummond's verse that has led to the writing of these interesting legends.

After all it is the poetry, not the dialect, that matters. It may fairly be claimed that Drummond is at once the most original and the most thoroughly Canadian of our poets. Most of them have concerned themselves either in describing the landscape or the feelings produced in them by the landscape. Now Drummond, too, has his pictures of the countryside in all the changing seasons. There is, for instance, that vivid picture of spring in "The Habitant":

An' down on de reever de wil' duck is quackin'
Along by de shore leetle san' piper ronne—
De bullfrog he's gr-rompin' an' doré is jumpin'—
Dey all got der own way for mak' it de fonne.

And again there is "Little Lac Grenier," whose charm can draw the poet back to it in his day dreams even far away in the city, for it is clearly Drummond himself who is speaking, though his voice is disguised in dialect. Even in his bits of description, however, Drummond is interested chiefly in the people of his poems, not in the landscape which is their setting. He has a good deal of

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Scott's healthy, objective way of viewing the world. That way is rare in Canadian poetry. So, too, is the power to create characters that live with those of Scott and Dickens, like real people in our memories. Think of the Habitant himself, of little Bateese, of little Fader O'Hara, the Curé of Calumette, of mon frere Camille and ole Docteur Fiset and Johnnie Courteau. Can you marshall a company to match them from all the rest of Canadian poetry? Their creation is the proof of Drummond's power and originality.

Some mystery of genius haunts his page.

Some wonder secret of the poet's spell

Died with this master of the peasant thought.

Peace to your Northland singer and farewell!

So wrote his friend, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, in the closing stanza of his tribute to the dead poet.

It is the simple truth. A mining man who was at Cobalt when Drummond went there first, told me how of an evening the poet would entertain a little company around the camp-fire by reciting some of his poems, and, he added, "Wherever he stuck, there was always some one in the group who was able to prompt him." What finer tribute could be paid to "the

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poet's spell?" The secret of that spell must remain, of course, a secret still, after the critic or interpreter has done his best to penetrate to the heart of it. The rhythm of the verse, the quaint humour, the pathos, the fidelity to fact—all these are blended to make the charm. Even more, there is the touch of genius in seeing the essential and abiding things of life in the humblest setting. Everything that is merely accidental falls away and life is pictured as it was in substance centuries ago and will still be centuries hence.

If a group of well read Canadians were asked each to select the Canadian poem that has the best chance of living still in English poetry three hundred years from now, what a variety of answers there would be. Lampman, Roberts, Isabella Valancy Crawford, Duncan Campbell Scott, Marjorie Pickthall and, I suppose, half-a-dozen others would be among the authors from whose works the poem might be selected. My vote would go to "Little Bateese." It is fast rooted in the fundamentals of life which do not change with the centuries. Boys will still be boys then, active and bothersome and always hungry, and grandfathers will be as indulgent of them as they are to-day. Death

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will be there, too, waiting inexorable for the old men who, like the old gran'pere of Drummond's poem, will yearn to keep their grandsons little boys for a while longer. The theme of the poem is perennial, and there is nothing in its treatment that would make it anything but delightfully humorous and poignantly pathetic even in a future age. But when that anthology of the twenty-third century is made and "little Bateese" is in it, we'll "not be dere." The dialect of Drummond's poems may come to be, I suppose inevitably will come to be, regarded as an historical curiosity. The critic of that time, however, if he understands his art, cannot fail to recognize that William Henry Drummond was, if not a great, at least a genuine poet who touched the heart of his own generation.

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GLOSSARY

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arpent—the old French land measure, about equal to the English acre.

baiser—kiss.

beaucoup d'argent—plenty of silver; lots of money.

bon soir—good evening.

bon voyage—safe journey.

botte sauvage—moccasin; shoe pack.

brulé—burnt land; land that has had its timber cleared off by burning it.

burleau—cutter; small one-horse sleigh for passengers.

Canayen—Canadian.

canoe d'ecorce—birch-bark canoe.

caribou—the American reindeer.

cariole—a small open sleigh.

cavalier—young man; beau.

ceinture—sash.

Chambly—a county in the province of Quebec on the south bank of the St. Lawrence, opposite Montreal.

chanson—song.

chemin—road.

couchè—bed; *go couchè*—go to bed.

coureurs de bois—free lance fur-traders, trappers and explorers.

curé—vicar; parish priest.

diable—devil.

doré—the pike-perch or pickerel.

embrasser—embrace.

En Roulant—a well-known French ballad.

fameuse—a fine table apple that ripens in early fall.

It is very like the Snow apples of Ontario.

fatigué—tired.

galettes—crumpets, thin cakes.

gou-glou—bob-o-link.

garçon—boy.

gallerie—balcony.

GLOSSARY

habitant—Quebec farmer.

Irlandais—Irish.

laisse-moi tranquille—let me alone.

latire—taffy.

loup-garou—werewolf, a man who is able to turn himself into the form of a wolf.

maison—house.

menagez-vous—take care of yourselves.

oiseau—bird.

paroisse—parish.

plus fort—stronger, louder.

politesse—politeness, courtesy, elegant behaviour.

portage—the carrying of canoe and goods from one navigable water to another; also used of the trail over which goods are carried.

prenez-garde pour les sauvages—look out for savages (or Indians).

racquette—snowshoes.

rossignol—the white-throated sparrow, sometimes called the Canada bird.

sapré tonnere—a mild oath.

savoir faire—knowing how to do things; tact.

soirée—party; ball; dance.

toute suite—at once; right off.

traineau—dog-sleigh.

vieux—old; old friend.

vien donc vite Napoléon, 'peche toi pour votre souper—come quick, Napoleon; hurry up for your supper.

vin du pays—home-made wine.

voyageur—a man employed by the fur companies to transport men or goods to or from distant trading-posts; more generally, a boatman and trapper of the north.

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