

with lively interest, "I suppose you see the hanging last week?"

"You mean Foot, the murderer? Oh no," said Sue, with a shudder.

"You didn't go! Laws, ain't that strange? Why, I'd good thoughts of going up to Marathon myself on purpose, and taking Timothy John; it ain't often one gets such a chance. I read his last confession out loud to all the children last night. I thought it ud be a warning to them. I suppose there's lots of fires and fights up to Marathon 'most every night, ain't they? I always read all I can get hold of about them; it's something lively to think of in this dull place. Wa'al, good-night, ladies; I hope you'll sleep well," concluded Mrs. Ben, as she left us at the door of our bed-chamber.

It was a still, warm night, and Sue and I expended all our strength in vain upon the small window—it would not open. Finally discovering two nails at the top, we succeeded in pulling them out and letting some fresh air into the room, which had been heated like an oven by the hot sun on its sloping roof. A feather-bed and gay patchwork quilt invited us to summing repose. We slept, and the mosquitoes came up from the canal in battle-array, and reveled until they

were satiated; they then drew off their forces and retired in good order, leaving their marks behind them.

The next morning we left the hospitable farm-house, and retracing our steps past the coal mine and up the steep hill, we took the lost road to Argos. Bob was dead lame, and Sultan coughed as only a horse can cough. Sue and I concealed our mosquito-bitten faces under thick veils; and grandfather, drawn up with rheumatism, vouchsafed not a word from the front seat.

At ten o'clock we reached Argos; the horses were put up in a stable, and silently we took the noon train for Marathon.

Moral by grandfather: "Tempora mutantur."

Moral by Sue: "Three wise men of Gotham," etc.

Moral by the historian of the expedition, which takes the form of an anecdote: A Frenchman went to visit some friends in Scotland, and was taken up to the summits of all the neighboring mountains before daylight to see the sun rise. Another guest arrived. The Frenchman drew him aside, and in a tragical tone demanded, "*Aimez-vous les beautés de la Nature? Pour moi, je les ABHORRE!*"

## OFF THUNDER BAY.

### A LEGEND OF LAKE HURON, 1772.

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;  
Over old Huron on we go;  
Above, above us the summer clouds float,  
Sailing aloft as we sail below;  
Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,  
Wing-and-wing he bears us away;  
And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake  
Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."

Her brown hands toy with the flowers in her lap—  
Spicy juniper, balm sweet;  
Her black hair waves from her red-beaded cap  
Down to her little moccasined feet.  
"Alone with ourselves, alone with our love,  
Wing-and-wing through the summer day,  
We sail below, and the clouds sail above,  
O'er the deep waters off Thunder Bay."

Upon the Evergreen Isle in the north  
The Indian mother silent waits;  
The old French father strides back and forth,  
And hails the ship coming through the straits:  
"Ho, brave voyageur, our child hast thou seen—  
Petite Marie, Flower of the Snow?  
We find but the fringe of her mantle green,  
The print of her foot off Tuskenoe."  
"Ah oui, Antoine," cries the voyageur;  
"Down on Huron her boat we met;  
But a blue-eyed stranger was with La Fleur,  
And all the canvas was southward set.  
The wind was fair, the boat sailed at its best,  
Wing-and-wing went dancing away:  
They sailed southeast, we wore tacking northwest;  
We passed each other off Thunder Bay."

O'er the island fort the English flag waves;  
English soldiers pace to and fro;  
Behind, the plateau with Indian graves;  
A little French town on the beach below.

The old commander comes down from the height,  
Hails the vessel with pompous mien:  
"A young subaltern escaped last night—  
A boat sailing southward have you seen?"  
"Ah oui, capitaine," cries the voyageur,  
Bowing before the gold-laced officer;  
"We saw a young soldier with sweet La Fleur;  
We caught the gleam of his uniform.  
Two lovers behind and two sails before,  
Wing-and-wing they vanished away—  
First a sail, then a speck, then nothing more  
Save the blue offing of Thunder Bay."

The Indian mother soon passed away—  
Passed away with her fading race;  
But year after year, and day after day,  
French Antoine watched with eager face—  
Watched the long point of the green Bois-Blanc  
shore;  
Watched for his child with longing pain;  
Watched for the sail-boat that came back no more;  
Watched out his lingering life in vain.  
The cross of St. George came down from the height;  
Stars and Stripes wave in Huron's breeze;  
A hundred long years have rolled into night;  
A navy dots the fresh-water seas:  
But still the lake sailors see the white sails  
Wing-and-wing on a summer day;  
As the boat glides past them the soldier hails,  
And they hear his song off Thunder Bay:

"We sail, we sail in our Mackinac boat;  
Over old Huron on we go;  
Above, above us the summer clouds float,  
Sailing aloft as we sail below;  
Behind us the north wind sings in our wake,  
Wing-and-wing he bears us away;  
And off to the right o'er the sparkling lake  
Looms up the headland of Thunder Bay."