THE "BROOM BRIGADE."

[The following lines were composed by an aspiring poet, whose modesty prevents us giving publicity to his name. He desires to remain in the background until his success as a poet is assured. Our junior "Prince of Darkness" thinks there is little danger of the poet's name becoming public!—ED. ADVANCE.]

Come all ye good people,
And listen to me,
While a song I will sing
Of the Broom Brigadee!

Earthly glories are fleeting,
Its joys they soon fade,
But not so, gentle reader,
With the great Broom Brigade!

The roller craze has departed—
Mighty shortly it stayed—
But that aint the case
With the great Broom Brigade!

From Flesherton to Durham,
In glory arrayed,
With "palms" in their hands,
Went the bold Broom Brigade!

Over night there they stayed,
The poor Tories they flayed,
And loud was the shouting
Of the great Broom Brigade!

With the first peep of day,
G. put on his plaid,
And sweet was the joy
Of the great Broom Brigade!

Each got him a broom,
For which they well paid,
And back towards Flesherton
Came the bold Broom Brigade!

The horses were fresh—
G. wore his best plaid—
And with clatter and rush
Went the bold Broom Brigade!

High up in the air
The brooms were now swung,
With many a cheer—
Crash, bangety, bung!

Great then was the merriment,
With which they were swayed,
Thro' Priceville they swept—
The great Broom Brigade!

But loud was the shouting
From the man of the plaid,
When thro' Flesherton's streets,
Rush'd the bold Broom Brigade!

At last they get through, and
The final bray 's brayed,
Then out of the sleigh
Jumps the brave Broom Brigade!

"Landerkin's elected!"
Said the man of the plaid,
"But Sir John's at the helm!"
Thou foolish Brigade!

"It's alright," said T. W.,
As he flourished his broom,
"We've got in our man"—
Boom, boomety, boom!

"Yes, yes," said a Tory,
Who had watched the parade,
"But Artemesia did little
For the great Broom Brigade!"

"That's so," said another,
As the brooms he surveyed,
"And Canada did less
For the great Broom Brigade!"

Hurrah! and a tiger!
Let's cheer with a will,
The country is safe
From danger and ill!

The battle is over,
We're on a safe grade,
And deep is the gloom,
Of the sad Broom Brigade!

—*Alexus.*

SQUIRE SQUIB.

By Deacon Snukes.

A silent summer's evening; the romping children had gathered in their homes and were mostly sleeping in their cosy cots. The mothers, resting from their daily toil, were leaning on their garden gates or resting in the cottage porch, talking over the latest gossip. There was a peaceful calm around, which even the old dog, as he lay with his great shaggy head resting on his paws, seemed to enjoy. The cool air was refreshing after the heated day, and as the twilight deepned, the dark outline of the woods, beyond, which the last faint streak of the setting sun was barely visible, gave a fitting frame to so sweet a picture. The air was fragrant with the perfume of the Wall flower, Dafodill and sweet Violets, which grew in rich profusion in the cottage gardens; while the smell of the new mown hay borne on the rising breeze was a refreshing tribute of dame natures rich boquet. One after another, a light appeared at the small diamond-shaped panes of the upper windows, showing for a brief period the snowy whiteness of the curtains, then again all was darkness. There is an indiscribable charm in the quiet of a rural village, *so* quiet, *so* still. As you stood on the briege you could hear the water rippling over the stones beneath, while the moon, aslant of the old church tower, let down its silvery pall on its solemn surroundings, that you could fancy all nature sleeping in the mystic charm. Then in slow and solemn tones—tones which had sounded through the centuries of the past—tones which had hailed the birth or death of all the sleeping remnants of humanity beneath—struck out in measured notes the midnight hour. There was one home in which the deep echo of the last note, fell like a funeral knell, which was further increased by the hoot of a large owl as he flew from the church tower, almost in front of the open door of Squire Squibs cottage. A solitary watcher sat in the great arm chair; her hair was silvery white, a band of black velvet crossed her forehead, two small curls on each side of her face, which even in its failing and decay, was still beautiful. A china crape shawl, with colored silk embroidered flowers, was thrown over her shoulders, while two well worn plain hoops of gold, hung loosely on her ancient fingers. As she fondly toyed with one of these, a smile lit up her face, yet immediately after two silvery tears fell, unbidden guests, upon her hand. She had heard the same old tone from the bells year after year, while to-night in rapid retrospection, passed before her mind the years of long ago. It seemed but as yesterday, yet 55 years had come and gone, since as a blushing maiden, she had proudly passed the flower-strewn path through the old church door on her wedding day. The light and sunshine—cloud and gloom, of all her destiny she clearly saw. One precious gift carressed by parents love—then fell the shadows, and its pure wee form was laid beneath the daisy-covered mound. Another joy, a bright strong lad—a restless spirit grown to man's estate, then—off upon the stormy ocean borne, in dreaded darkness wrecked, and in its cold embrace lies forty fathoms deep, with his illfated crew. Swift footed time—all pass away. To-night, a silent watcher waiting for her husband's coming, another hour strikes and breaks the mystic spell—where is he?

Squire Squib, was a small farmer and malster who had for many years resided in Old Eynsford Village, he was somewhat eccentric in his habits, and his religious views were not such as would inspire confidence in our modern theologians. He would attend occasionally the Parish church, but had a pronounced objection to "dissenters," be they Baptists or Methodists, to the latter body, his wife was a conscientious adherant, though she shared in the general reproach which her husband showered liberally upon all others who differed with his religious views. He hobnobed with the Mandays and the Jewells and occasionally met Sir Percy for a run with the hounds. He was usually at the Dartford Corn Market on Saturday, generally imbibing somewhat, as was his usual custom, on the home trip, yet his faithful old roan who for so many years had carried him back and forth, had invariably reached home safely, though occasionally somewhat late. On this eventful night he came not, where could he be?

The long, long hours passed with leaden wings, as the solitary watcher, waited in vain for his return. The faintest glimmer in the east, whose grey tints were quietly dispelling the shades of departing night, proclaiming the advent of the coming day. Gradualy expanding soon the rising sun bathed in its golden sheen, the hill and dale. Up from the dew-bespangled graves, arose the lark on graceful wing, enriching nature with its warbling song—a fitting tribute to the day of rest.

With weary limbs Mrs Squib arose from her long virgil and soon the quiet of the Sabbath morn was broken by an unusual stir in the village, when the fact of the Squire's absence became known. Parties were speedily organized and dispatched, scouring the country in all directions for the missing one. The congregation at the church was small consisting of a few old ladies and children, as most of the men folk were amongst the searchers. The day passed wearily and no tidings arrived. Afternoon, evening, night—and the searchers came back sad and weary at their fruitless effort.

CHAPTER II.

Squire Squib, after leaving Dartford on the Saturday afternoon, was seen to pass through the Orange Tree toll gate, and also to dismount at the "Ship" at Sutton, at which hostelry he refreshed himself and beast. Late in the afternoon he was seen by a labourer passing over Francis Hill. Later in the dusk of the evening he passed the "Checkers" at Farningham, after this all traces of him were lost. Passing over the bridge he turned to the right through a recently cut wheat field, a short cut to Eynsford not public property, but from the fact that being somewhat late, and possibly indistinct in his calculations, thought he could venture in safety. About the centre of this field was a large excavation, which in previous years had been used as a chalk pit, it had been made the receptacle of weeds and general rubbish from the fields for some years past, its mouth was partly hidden by the long grass and bushes which overhung it. To this point, the horse with his rider, appear to have made direct, missing his foot-hold both fell down the shaft. Fortunately the large accumulation of debris broke the force of their fall, that beyond a severe shaking, neither man or beast sustained any serious injury. The Squire was thoroughly sobered, as he gazed up through the growing darkness above him. He began to realize his fearful position, in vain he cried for help, exhausted he at last fell to sleep. He awoke cold and stiff on the Sunday morning with his mind full of unrest. He was some two miles from Eynsford, nearly a mile from the public road, and as he reflected that no person was likely to pass that way, the awful possibilities of slow starvation nearly deprived him of his reason. He again called loudly for help, taking out his pocket knife, he now endeavored to cut steps in the perpendicuiar wall, until with broken blades and bleeding hands he was compelled to give up his vain endeavor. The day passed in indiscribable mental agony—alone, beyond all apparent human help—brought face to face with death in one of its most horrible forms, he at last thought of one who was able to deliver even from the "Horrible Pit." The greater part of the Sabbath night was spent in an agony of supplication for deliverance to the God he had so long despised. Monday found the old Squire almost exhausted from hunger and fatigue, yet in his heart he had a strange joy, for the light of life had shone into his dark soul, "old things had passed away to him "all things had become new." Some verses, long neglected in the past, came to mind, and a song of praise, with words of thanksgiving arose from the pit to the God of his salvation. The search was kept up all day on Monday—with no success. Tuesday morning one of the party thought of the bare possibility of his crossing the wheat field, diligent search revealed the tracks of the horse, which were carefully followed until the fatal pit was reached where all traces, and all apparent hope of life ended. Yet before returning with the mournful news some one ventured to shout down the pit, when to their great delight and astonishment a faint voice replied "we are both alive." While some staid by the pit, others ran for help and in a short time Squire Squib was carefully brought to the surface. Great care was required in administration of stimulents, as with tender hands he was carried home. The entire neighborhood was roused and with shoutings of joy the old horse was raised from the pit and led home in triumph, apparently not much the worse for his adventure. I have seen both the horse and the man many times after this occurance. Squire Squib lived some years to witness a good confession to the power of Him who had brought him up out of the "Horrible Pit" and had established his goings. His end was peace.

D. S.

A Dialogue.

Good morning, John, how are you making it go this winter;

JOHN.—Well, to tell you the truth, Joe, I am feeling much better, but during the fall my lower lip was pretty long. I had $300 or $400 against me all told. My crops were short and funds low, and how to meet my payments was a conundrum. My wife and I had many a chat over the matter; so one night as we were talking over our affairs, Abigail made a suggestion. Says she, John go up to Flesherton and call on W. J. Bellamy; he lends money. So next morning I goes up and called at his office near the Town Hall, on Toronto street. After talking the matter over with him and telling my troubles, says he, I can get you out of that fix. How, says I· Well, says he, you have a good farm and I will lend you all the money you want at six and a half per cent. straight loan, and you can have your own terms to pay the principal. So I borrowed enough to let me out alright. I paid all my debts and am a happy man to-day, and Abigal says she hardly knows me.

JOE.—Do you think I can get any from him;

JOHN.—Yes, yes, all you want.

JOE.—Well, I shall see him on election day. I desire to consolidate my liabilities and owe only one, so I shall let you know how I get along.

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