

Then followed great rejoicing among the natives, and a grand feast was prepared, whereat it was intended to try the courage of the wonderful white warriors, and wise men, himself among the rest, to participate in the coming rejoicings.

Cortereal knew not until he had come to the village of his entertainers, that the prisoners about to be tortured, were the strange whitemen who came from unknown lands in great canoes with white wings, and he determined to save or perish with them. The captives were led forth, and Cortereal with astonishment looked upon his brother. Unable to control himself he grasped him to his heart; with grim wonderment the savages beheld the meeting. The prisoner did not recognize in the fantastic being that caressed him his long lost brother, until he called him by name; a few words told the history of their misfortunes, as these unhappy brothers so strangely met.

From their allies the tribe which Cortereal had so cruelly used learned the true state of affairs, and recognized in the strange Medicine man, their former visitor. A council was held of all the grim warriors and wisacres present, and it was finally determined that Cortereal should suffer with his brother, and that on the following day. Now Cortereal's Indian wife did not at all agree with this decision, and vowed to herself she would prevent it if possible; and she succeeded, for when the village was wrapt in sleep, she stole to the prisoners, cut their bonds, and with them embarked upon the river, and when the sun arose it found them many miles away from the scenes of their disaster. When their absence was discovered a hot pursuit began; our unfortunate Mariners were but poorly acquainted with the management of canoes, and their enemies were fast gaining upon them; at last their only hope was to land and take to the woods, for resistance was hopeless.

After many days weary travelling and much suffering, they reached the borders of a deep river, whose rapid current rushed between high cliffs, clothed with the sombre growth of centuries of gloomy cedars, pines and firs; imagine their astonishment on beholding on the opposite cliff a wooden fort, over which waved the blue and white ensign of their native land. They were observed from the fort, and in less than an hour were within its walls, and Cortereal found himself among his followers from whom he has reluctantly parted, when his ship broke away from her moorings.

When those men discovered the ship had gone and left them to the chances of fate in the wilderness, they selected this place and built themselves a house, and being on friendly terms with the neighboring tribe, they had managed so far, to live through the awful change of a climate, which was as trying to them as it was unexpected. They had laid up great stores of valuable furs; had sought eagerly but vainly for mines of

gold, though from the natives they had heard wonderful stories of the lands that lay, and the tribes that dwelt, further to the West. Sickness want and suffering told heavily upon their numbers and they were gradually dwindling to extinction. This was the first settlement ever made in Canada, and to the curious in such matters I will say that if they search on the shores near where the Saguenay pours its dark flood into the St. Lawrence, they may even yet find the remains of the old Portuguese Fort. Years passed by and no ship came from over the great waters to their relief; one by one the members of the forgotten colony departed for a better world and were buried side by side, where the tall pines sing eternal requiem over the unwritten past. Among them perished Cortereal's brother, and becoming desperate, he determined to make one more effort to reach his native land, for this purpose he built a large canoe, placed in it all the necessaries it could carry, and with his two companions set forth, intending to sail to the south side of the river, where he thought he would have a better chance of intercepting any ships which might be exploring those unfrequented shores.

For many days he sailed along, coasting among rocky islands inhabited by savage beasts and thousands of birds; but all dreary, cold, and desolate, even as they are to-day. At length, driven by adverse winds and tides, he found himself far out at sea; of his two companions, one, in the insanity produced by want and exposure had flung himself into the ocean and never rose; the other he found dead at the helm, and once again he was alone upon the ocean. The storm increased, he was driven further away, until the ocean, as if in pit, opened its deep bosom and carried his lifeless form into the vault of that great temple, upon the walls of which no epitaph has yet been written.

AMERICAN ARTILLERY.

Our readers will recollect that we have on one or two occasions recently received intimation by telegraph that the trial of the American Rodman, 450 pounder gun, had resulted in a complete victory for that enormous weapon. We were so well convinced of the superiority of English guns that we were not at all inclined to believe the truth of the report, and upon receiving our latest files of old country papers we find that the result of the truth has been to establish most completely the superior power of the British weapon. It is, indeed, admitted that at a range of 70 yards and with a direct blow some of the more lightly armoured vessels of the Royal Navy might be penetrated, but it is also evident that the same result would be obtained with far more certainty by the 300 pounder Armstrong, while it is also rendered sure beyond controversy that the laminated armour of the American Monitors would be penetrated with ease. It is a pity

that the Americans for the sake of a momentary sensation should disgrace themselves by publishing such falsehoods as that to which we refer.

With reference to the trial of the Rodman gun, the London Times says, when iron targets had attained a point from which they defied all but the strongest guns, there was a great cry that the Americans should be followed in their pursuit of heavy smooth bores, and the air was full of dismal foreboding, prophesying "Woe to the nation that bows not down before the American intellect! There is but one system of offence, and Rodman and Dahlgren are its prophets."

It was vain the scientific officers declared their power of calculating accurately enough for practical purposes the results which must follow the action of known charges of powder upon known guns. Their opinions were treated as theoretical ideas, which would be dispersed on the first actual trial. So at last a real American big gun has been brought over to this country, with powder and shot of American manufacture, being precisely the ammunition used the United States Government. After a few rounds to ascertain the velocities, &c., the gun was fired on Wednesday last at a target commonly known as "8-inch with Warrior backing." Now, this target was erected for various experimental purposes, its strength being designed to just resist a 9-inch rifled gun with steel projectile, and it was found to answer the purpose exactly. The only 9-inch projectiles which have penetrated it have been Palliser's shells at 200 yards, and they not always. The 10-inch gun, however, can conquer its resistance without the least difficulty.

The 9-inch gun weighs 12 tons, and throws a shell of about 250 lbs., with a battering charge of 48 lbs of powder.

The 12 inch American gun weighs 19 tons, and its shot range from 453 lbs., the weight of the cast iron projectile, to 498 lbs. that of steel shot. Its battering charge is 60 lbs. of American powder, equal to 50 lbs. of English powder.

The gun having been carefully loaded and directed against a sound part of the target, as well as its rough tangent scale and sights would permit, the spectators ran to earth; for the life of an American gun, firing battering charges, can only be insured at a very high premium, the rule laid down being that 20 rounds with such charges are as many as should be fired unless in cases of great emergency. There were men upon the ground who expected to see the gun victorious, so when the roar of the discharge and the blow upon the target was heard, and the last splinter—of what? shot or target?—had fallen, the faces that emerged from the bomb-proof shelter, wore an eager expression and speed rather than dignity was the rule as the visitors and members of the Select Committee ran towards the target. There it stood unpierced, and at its foot a broken and misshapen black lump, the shot that had struck it. The blow had taken effect just at the lower edge of the upper plate, so that the force fell upon part of both plates, and, therefore, upon rather a weak portion of the construction. Nevertheless, the depth of the indent was only four inches, the hole measuring across 14 by 15 inches. The plate was buckled five inches at the deepest part, the total diameter of the portion thus bent being 40 inches. In rear two ribs were slightly cracked, and