

name than that of Canadian. And have we nothing to boast? Is this fair country of ours the miserable barren waste of snow which some delight to think it—does the configuration of the soil, and the wide expanse of its inland seas, the stately flow of its mighty rivers, give no promise of the high destiny which awaits those who even in the infancy of life exhibit a dangerous precocity? Can any one believe that a country which a good Creator has blessed with bountiful resources will fail to produce its impress on those who occupy and subdue it? Which one of you—says M. Cousin—believes that the land which he inhabits, the air which he breathes, the mountains or the rivers which are his neighbours, the climate, and all the impressions which result from it; in a word, that the external world are indifferent to him, and exercises upon him no influence? It would be on your part an idealism somewhat extraordinary; I imagine that you think with all the world, that the soul is distinct from, but not absolutely independent of the body. Do you think and does any one ever think that the man of the mountain has, and could have the same habits, the same character, the same ideas as the man of the plain, of the river side, of the island? Do you suppose that the man whom the fire of the Torrid Zone consumes might be called to the same destiny in this world as he who inhabits the desert icy regions of Siberia, that which is true of these two extremes ought to be equally true of two intermediate places, and of all latitudes." Again the learned Guizot in a similar strain emphatically declares the same doctrine made, however applicable to the new lords of this unrivalled continent, "America"—he observes—"lies glutted with its vegetable wealth in worked, solitary. Its immense forests, its savannas, every year cover its soil with their remains, which accumulated during the long ages of the world, form that deep bed of vegetable mould, that precious soil awaiting only the hand of man to work out all the wealth of its inexhaustible fertility. Meantime the human race of the new world, the Indian, the primitive owner of these vast territories, shows himself incapable or careless of the work; never has he opened the soil with the ploughshare to demand the treasures it encloses. Hunting is his livelihood; war his holy day. Upon a soil able to support millions of men in plenty, a few scattered inhabitants had a wretched existence in the bosom of the wilderness. Side by side with so much unused wealth, see the old world exhausted by long cultivation, overloaded with an exuberant population, full of spirit and of life, but to whom severe labour hardly gives subsistence for the day; devoured by activity, but wanting resources and space to expand itself; and you will perceive that this state of things, that a disproportion so startling cannot long exist. The gifts

God bestows on man He requires should be employed, and he takes from him who does not put it to use, the talent which has been entrusted to him. Man himself, the indigenous man bears in his whole character the ineffaceable stamp of the peculiar vegetative nature of this continent.—Living continually in the shadow of those virgin forests which overspread the land he inhabits his whole nature has been modified thereby. The very copper hue of his complexion indicates that he lives not like the negro beneath the scorching sunbeams. His lymphatic temperament betrays the preponderance in his nature of the vegetable element. The Indian is of a melancholy cold and insensitive race. Foreign to our hopes, our joys, our griefs it is rarely that a tear moistens his eyes, or that a smile lights up his features. The most barbarous tortures cannot extort from him a complaint, and his stoical indifference is disturbed only by vengeance or jealousy." The forest swept before the axe of civilization opens up the fertile soil, and compels it to yield its fruits and the new race vigorous, patient of toil and with minds quickened by centuries of intellectual light, are here re-acted upon by the immensity of nature and rise but sink not in the scale of advancement. Few will feel inclined to question the general accuracy of this most wonderful law as enunciated by two such astute philosophers as Cousin and Guizot. Indeed it is self-evident that it is but a complete exemplification of one of the most extraordinary circumstances connected with the history of human life, we receive our early impressions from the east, and develop them in the west. We may truly liken it to a vast and rapid stream which, taking its rise in the far off east, flows tortuously towards the west retaining not only all that was special to it at its rise, but acquiring fresh properties and increased vigour as its course enlarges, and its wanderings are directed through newer and varying scenes.—Isolation is but the signal for degradation, cut off the unrestricted intercourse of a people, dam back the tide of human life, and like the overflowings of a rivers banks, the water will accumulate and in accumulating, stagnate and acquire filth, until at length the uprising festering waters burst their bounds on the right hand and on the left, and form for themselves new channels. The human family must subdue the earth, they cannot linger in one region—man must invade and conquer the rude and thorn bearing soil, and if in his wanderings he should lose sight of the great object of his mission, his more obedient and less degenerate brethren are some day sure to overtake and occupy his place; but in all such violent and inevitable catastrophes, how much injury is effected? What horrible disasters follow on floods, what barbarous demoralization accompanies a revolution? The same power which in other ages