

was wrought in ice. On them and on the wooden buildings erected near the Table Rock, the spray from the cataract had accumulated and formed into the most beautiful crystals and tracery work; they looked like houses of glass, melted and moulded into regular and ornamental shapes, and hung round with a rich fringe of icy points. Wherever we stood we were on unsafe ground, for the snow, when heaped up as now to the height of three or four feet, frequently slipped in masses from the bare rock, and on its surface the spray, for ever falling, was converted into a sheet of ice, smooth, compact, and glassy, on which I could not have stood a moment without my *crampons*. It was very fearful, and yet I could not tear myself away, but remained on the Table Rock, even on the very edge of it, till a kind of dreamy fascination came over me; the continuous thunder, and might and movement of the lapsing waters, held all my vital spirits bound up as by a spell. Then as at last I turned away, the descending sun broke out, and an Iris appeared below the American Fall, one extremity resting on a snow mound; and motionless there it hung in the midst of restless terrors, its beautiful but rather pale hues contrasting with the death-like colourless objects around; it reminded me of the faint ethereal smile of a dying martyr."

But far more adventurous than this winter journey to Niagara, and in every way more novel and interesting, is a journey which Mrs. Jameson made at the later period to Lake Huron and the Sault Ste. Marie, or the Falls of St. Mary, in the course of which she sojourned among the wild Indian tribes, a solitary wanderer, with scarcely any other protection than her own good sense and good-nature. This part of her work is very exciting—it is like a chapter out of the book of some old traveller! From Detroit, where she suffered severely in health, Mrs. Jameson proceeded in a magnificent United States steamer to the lovely and lonely little island of Mackinaw, on Lake Huron, a place which she has painted in such charming colours, and made interesting by so many little incidents, that we are quite certain we shall dream of it in our pleasantest dreams. Here she was amongst the natives, and besides herself there were only some dozen of civilised beings on the island. While at Mackinaw, our traveller was favoured with the sight of an Indian Dance.

AN INDIAN DANCE.

"In the afternoon, Mr. Johnston informed me that the Indians were preparing to dance, for my particular amusement. I was, of course, most thankful and delighted. Almost in the same moment, I heard their yells and shrieks resounding along the shore, mingled with the measured monotonous drum. We had taken our place on an elevated platform behind the house—a kind of little lawn on the hill-side;—the precipitous rocks, clothed with trees and bushes, rose high like a wall above us: the glorious sunshine of a cloudless summer's day was over our heads—the dazzling blue lake and its islands at our feet. Soft and elysian in its beauty was all around. And when these wild and more than half-naked figures came up, leaping, whooping, drumming, shrieking, hideously painted, and flourishing clubs, tomahawks, javelins, it was like a masque of fiends breaking into paradise! The rabble of Comus might have boasted themselves comely in comparison, even though no self-deluding potion had bleared their eyes and intellect. It was a grotesque and horrible phantasmagoria. Of their style of clothing I say nothing—for, as it is wisely said, nothing can come of *nothing*:—only if 'all symbols be clothes,' according to our great modern philosopher—my Indian friends were as little symbolical as you can dare to imagine:—*passions par-la*. If the blankets and leggings were thrown aside, all the resources of the Indian toilette, all their store of feathers, and bears' claws, hawks' bills, vermilion, soot, and verdigris, were brought into requisition as decorations: and no two were alike. One man wore three or four heads of hair, composed of the manes and tails of animals; another wore a pair of deers' horns; and another was *coiffe* with the skin and feathers of a crane or some such bird—its long bill projecting from his forehead; another had the shell of a small turtle suspended from his back, and dangling behind; another used the skin of a polecat for the same purpose. One had painted his right leg with red bars, and his left leg with green lines: parti-coloured eyes and faces, green noses, and blue chins, or *vice versa*, were general. I observed that in this grotesque deformity, in the care with which everything like symmetry or harmony in form or colours was avoided, there was something evidently studied and artistical. The orchestra was composed of two drums and two rattles, and a chorus of voices. The song was without melody—a perpetual repetition of three or four notes, melancholy, harsh, and monotonous. A flag was stuck in the ground, and round this they began their dance—if dance it could be called—the movements consisting of the alternate raising of one foot, then the other, and swinging the body to and fro. Every now and then they paused, and sent forth that dreadful, prolonged, tremulous yell, which re-echoed from the cliffs, and pierced my ears and thrilled along my nerves. The whole exhibition was of that finished barbarism, that it was at least complete in its way, and for a time I looked on with curiosity and interest. But that innate loathing which dwells within me for all that is discordant and deformed, rendered it anything but pleasant to witness. It grated

horribly upon all my perceptions. In the midst, one of those odd and unaccountable transitions of thought caused by some mental or physical re-action—the law which brings extremes in contrast together, came across me. I was reminded that even on this very day last year, I was seated in a box at the opera, looking at Carlotta Grisi and Perrot dancing, or rather flying, through the galloppe in 'Benyowsky.' The oddity of this sudden association made me laugh, which being interpreted into the expression of my highest approbation, they became every moment more horribly ferocious and animated; redoubled the vigour of their detestably awkward movements and the shrillness of their savage yells, till I began involuntarily to look about for some means of escape—but this would have been absolutely rude, and I restrained myself.

"I should not forget to mention that the figures of most of the men were superb; more agile and elegant, however, than muscular—more fitted for the chase than for labour, with small and well-formed hands and feet. When the dance was ended, a young warrior, leaving the group, sat himself down on a little knoll to rest. His spear lay across his knees, and he reposed his head upon his hand. He was not painted, except with a little vermilion on his chest—and on his head he wore only the wing of the osprey; he sat there—a model for the sculptor. The perfection of his form, the graceful abandonment of his attitude, reminded me of a young Mercury, or of Thorwaldsen's 'Shepherd Boy.' I went up to speak to him, and thanked him for his exertions in the dance, which indeed had been conspicuous; and then, for want of something else to say, I asked him if he had a wife and children? The whole expression of his face suddenly changed, and with an air as tenderly coy as that of a young girl listening to the first whisper of a lover, he looked down and answered softly, 'Kah-ween!'—No, indeed! Feeling that I had for the first time embarrassed an Indian, I withdrew, really as much out of countenance as the youth himself. I did not ask him his name, for that were a violation of the Indian form of good breeding, but I learn that he is called *the Pouncing Hawk*—and a fine creature he is—like a blood horse or the Apollo; West's comparison of the Apollo Belvedere to a young Mohawk warrior has more of likelihood and reasonableness than I ever believed or acknowledged before.

"A keg of tobacco and a barrel of flour were given to them, and they dispersed as they came, drumming, and yelling, and leaping, and flourishing their clubs and war-hatchets."

We would fain follow our author to Sault Ste. Marie, and the borders of Lake Superior, and insert some of her adventures there; but we have already so far exceeded our prescribed limits, that we must conclude with one or two scattered fragments, especially as those delightful volumes will so speedily be in the hands of our readers.

CLERGY RESERVES AND NEGLECT OF EDUCATION.

"The House of Assembly is now sitting, and the question at present agitated is the appropriation of the clergy reserves—a question momentous to the future welfare of the colony, and interesting to every thinking mind. There are great differences of opinion, and a good deal of bitterness of spirit, prevailing on this subject, so often brought under discussion, and as yet unsettled. When Upper Canada was separated from the Lower Province (in 1791,) one-seventh part of the lands was set apart for the maintenance of the clergy, under the name of Clergy Reserves: and the Church of England, as being the church by law established, claimed the entire appropriation of these lands. The Roman Catholics, under the old conditions by which the maintenance of their church was provided for on the conquest of the colony, also put in their claim, as did the Presbyterians on account of their influence, and the Methodists on account of their number. The inhabitants, meantime, through the legislature, petitioned the government that the whole of the clergy reserves should be appropriated to the purposes of education, for which the funds already provided are wholly inadequate, and are ill managed besides—but of this hereafter. If the question had been left to be settled by the House of Assembly then sitting, the Radicals of 1832, there is no doubt that such would have been the destination of these reserves, which now consists of about two millions of acres out of fourteen millions, settled or in course of cultivation, and indefinitely increasing as more and more land is reckoned from the unmeasured, interminable forest. The government at home sent over to the legislature here a cession of the crown lands, and a recommendation to settle the whole question; but we have now a House of Assembly differently constituted from that of 1832, and the preponderance is altogether the other way. I am now aware that there exist three parties on this subject:—

"First, those who would appropriate the whole of these reserves solely to the maintenance of the Church of England. This is a small but zealous party—not so much insisting on their own claim, as on the absolute inconsistency and unrighteousness of allowing any other claim. The Church of England, as the archdeacon observed last night, being the only true church, as well as the church by law established, to maintain any other religion or form of religion at the expence of the state, is a manifest rebellion against both the *gospel* and the *law*.

"A second party represent that the Church of England consists of but a small number of the colonists; that as no profession of belief (quakerism excepted) can exclude a man from the provincial legislature, so each religion tolerated by the state should be by the state maintained. They exclaim against disuniting religion and education, and insist that the reserves should be divided in shares proportionate to the number of members of each church,—among the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Wesleyan Methodists, and Baptists. This party is numerous, but not unanimous. In hostility to the exclusive pretensions of the episcopal church they are agreed, but they seem to agree in nothing else; and some numerous and respectable sects are altogether excluded.

"A third party, and by far the most numerous, require that the maintenance of the clergy should be left, as in the United States, to the voluntary aid of their congregation, and the entire produce of the lands reserved for the education of the people.

"I have not been long enough in the country to consider the question practically, as applying to the peculiar wants and circumstances of the people; but theoretically I do not agree with any of these parties, and at present am content to listen to all I hear around me. With regard to the petition forwarded to the home government, it has been an ample source of ridicule that a house of parliament, of which many members could not read and many more could not spell, should be thus zealous on the subject of education. In truth, I have seen some specimens of the writing and spelling of honourable members, men of influence and property too, at which it was impossible not to laugh; but I felt no disposition to join in the ridicule freely bestowed on the writers: it seemed anything but ridiculous, that men who had not themselves received the advantage of a good education, should be anxious to insure it to their children. Mr. H. told me the other day, that in the distant townships not one person in twenty or thirty could read or write, or had the means of attaining such knowledge. On repeating this to Mr. B., a native Canadian, and perfectly acquainted with the country, adding some expression of incredulity, he exclaimed, laughing, 'Not one in twenty or thirty!—Madam, not one in seventy!'"

SLEIGHING AT TORONTO.

"It should seem that this wintry season, which appears to me so diabolical, is for the Canadians the season of festivity, and if I were not sick and a swager,—if I had friends near me, I should really enjoy it. Now is the time for visiting, for sleighing excursions, for all intercourse of business and friendship, for balls in town, and dances in farm-houses, and courtships and marriages, and prayer-meetings and assignations of all sorts. In summer, the heat and the mosquitos render travelling disagreeable at best; in spring the roads are absolutely impassable; in autumn there is too much agricultural occupation: but in winter the forests are pervious; the roads present a smooth surface of dazzling snow; the settlers in the woods drive into the towns, supply themselves with stores, and clothing, and fresh meat, the latter a luxury which they can seldom obtain in the summer. I stood at my window to-day, watching the sleighs as they glided past. They are of all shapes and sizes. A few of the carriage-sleighs are well-appointed and handsome. The market-sleighs are often two or three boards nailed together in the form of a wooden box upon runners; some straw and a buffalo skin or blanket serve for the seat; barrels of flour and baskets of eggs fill up the empty space. Others are like cars, and others, called *cutters*, are mounted on high runners, like sleigh-phaetons; these are sported by the young men and officers of the garrison, and require no inconsiderable skill in driving: however, as I am assured, they are overturned in the snow not above once in a quarter of an hour, and no harm and much mirth ensue: but the wood-sleighs are my delight; a large platform of boards is raised upon runners, with a few upright poles held together at top by a rope; the logs of oak, pine, and maple, are then heaped up to the height of six or seven feet. On the summit lie a couple of deer frozen stiff, their huge antlers projecting in a most picturesque fashion, and on these again a man is seated with a blanket around him, his furred cap down upon his ears, and his scarlet woollen comforter forming a fine bit of colour. He guides with a pole his two patient oxen, the clouds of vapour curling from their nostrils into the keen frosty air—the whole machine, in short, as wildly picturesque as the grape wagons in Italy, though, to be sure, the associations are somewhat different."

Extract from Eusebius, bishop of Cesarea.—In matters which admit of investigation, it is idleness to shrink from investigation; yet, where investigation is needless, it is rash. What subjects then ought to be investigated? those which we find to be laid down in the scriptures. But what we do not find in the scriptures, it is better not to investigate. For if it were proper that they should be known to us, certainly the Holy Spirit would have inserted them in the scriptures. Let us not run such hazards, but let us speak safely; if however any thing is written on any point, let it not be blotted out. Confine yourself to Scripture language, and the debate will be soon terminated.