



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

THE VULTURE OF THE ALPS.

It is difficult to imagine anything more terribly exciting than a scene such as depicted by the following lines. Terrible as it is to imagine, it is no doubt that such things have occurred. The Condor of the Andes is the largest species of bird in the world, capable of carrying a small sheep or a child five or six years old, to the highest cliffs of the mountains. Birds of the same species are nearly as powerful here among the cliffs of the Alps.—LORD DUN.

There I from a shepherd heard,
A narrative of fear,
To read a mother's heart—
Which mothers might not bear—
As he was standing in his eyes
In voice was tremulous—
Whispering all those words away,
He told his story thus—

Among these barren cliffs,
The vulture's nest was built,
From fathers on his prey,
Which from afar he sought—
Patient watching hour on hour,
From a lofty rock,
Single and lone, he sat,
Staring from the flock.

On Sabbath morn'g
From my children on the green,
I saw a fearful cry,
I saw a fearful deed—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—

I fled out to the center,
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—

What a awful spectacle
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—
I saw a fearful sight—

And with a snarling note,
That earthly power could not avail,
That innocent to save
My infant stretched his little hands
Impetuously to me,
He struggled with the ravenous bird
Who sought to get from me
At intervals I heard his cries,
As loud he shrieked and screamed,
I hid upon the craggy rock,
A lowering spot he seized.

The vulture clapped his sail-like
Wings,
Though heavily he flew,
A note upon the air's loud face,
He seemed unto my view
But once I thought I saw him stop,
As if he would alight,
I saw only a deceptive thought,
For all had vanished quite.

All search was vain, and year he
Passed,
That could we never find,
When once a dark hunter combed
I into a lofty spot,
From whence upon the rugged crag,
The chimney was removed,
He saw an infant's three bones,
The elements had bleached.

I thought of that fearful child,
I could not stay away,
I knew that were my father's bones,
That haunting to-day,
A father's garment yet remained,
Though torn to shreds, a shroud,
The crimes can be worse than death,
Was still upon the head.

That dark spot is never out,
To intruder passing by,
Who sees it with a shuddering fear,
As if it were a sign,
And as I passed that spot to-day,
Along my way,
The presence of a child to me,
Who bore the infant's bones.

THE GREAT OTTAWA COUNTRY.

The romance of the old forests of Canada is now nearly dead away. Our Province is becoming quite settled. The woods that once abounded is going back still farther to the north-west. The wild-wood scenes and stories that our boyhood familiar with, have vanished in the old settlements with the years. It is under these circumstances pleasant to peruse articles as the two following—especially the second, which is a thrilling account of things belonging to the northern parts of Canada. There lies, yet in its primitive wildness, a tract of land to the north of Lake Huron and Simcoe, and to the west of Peterboro along the line of the noble Ottawa River, a immense tract of unsettled yet fertile land, filled with game, and seems an aboriginal Indian tribe. In a few years hardly a man will take possession of even this tract, and when they do the Ottawa banks will be as well settled as are those of the Lawrence do so.—Ed. Sox.

THE OTTAWA.

The New York Tribune of the 15th contains a letter, which in three columns and a half of that enormous Journal, is devoted to the Ottawa, its tributaries, surrounding country, scenery, &c. It speaks in high terms of the beauty of the Ottawa, and of the people who live along its banks. It says that the Ottawa is one of the finest rivers in the world, and that the people who live along its banks are the most civilized and happy in the world. It says that the Ottawa is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and that the people who live along its banks are the most civilized and happy in the world.

take the time or trouble to become. It contains much that is worth reading, and much that is pleasant enough to read. Though the Ottawa has not quite as many heads upon it as one would like to strike, it has many seen in the few would like to turn their backs upon; and we purpose taking here and there a glimpse of them through the latter in question.

Speaking of the magnitude of this fine river, the writer says—
Some idea may be formed of the immense volume of water running in the Ottawa if we examine its tributaries. Besides the rivers Dumaine and Montreal, already mentioned, and many others tributaries above, which have no place on any map, the following rivers will give the reader a view of the mighty Ottawa—The Petawawa is 130 miles in length; Black River 130; the river Coulonge 160; the Beau-chene, 120; the Madawaska 210; the Missisquoi 101; the Rodoua 116; the Gouveau nearly 300; the Riviere de Louisa 200; the North and South Nason Rivers, each about 100; the River Rouge 90; the River du Nord 100; the River Assumption, which has a course of 130 miles. The length of these rivers is more than three thousand miles, and drain a immense area, besides many other large rivers not here enumerated, which swell the volume of the Ottawa. Many of these rivers equal in size to the Hudson, the St. Lawrence, the James, the Trent, the Spey, and the Clyde have scarce a name upon any map, yet any one of them, flowing in some parts of our province, would soon become famous in story and song.

We have the village of Penikese, on the Ottawa, for some distance, is called Deep River. In this region, it is found a beautiful forest of the finest mountain and abrupt hills along the north side of Deep River, under the scenery truly magnificent and extensive. It is a beautiful forest, in the opinion of many, the finest of the "Lake of the Thousand Islands" on the St. Lawrence. Here beauty and grandeur are united, while there is a fine view of the mountains of the Lake of the Thousand Islands. The valley of the Ottawa has an extent of nearly eight times as large as the State of Vermont. This immense tract contains a great variety of geological formations, and presents a rich and varied character of features, from the river mouth to the southern shore of the Ottawa to the rugged ridges in the north. The Ottawa is one of the most fertile rivers in the world, and its banks are covered with a rich soil. The Ottawa is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and its banks are covered with a rich soil. The Ottawa is one of the most fertile rivers in the world, and its banks are covered with a rich soil.

INDIANS AND GAME TO THE NORTH.

A recent letter from the Woodstock Branch American, who has been engaged during the summer months in exploring the country lying between Georgian Bay and the Upper Ottawa, has just favoured us with a most interesting letter, descriptive of his wanderings. We had the luxury of going a lengthy extract for the benefit of our readers—we trust he will pardon us for making this use of a private communication, and we are sure they will read his account of incidents in the unknown region with pleasure. He says—

"Some time since I have been over a great region of country, of very diversified character, and possessed of varied aspects of interest. The whole region is usually uninhabited from Lake Huron to the Ottawa, where I struck it, except by a very few Indians, on the West side of the height of land, and a few lumbermen towards the lower end on the East side. From Lake Huron, I ascended a river as far as the Muskoka, passing through a series of cascades and beautiful lakes, in its course it runs about 120 to 130 miles, and rising in elevations over the surface of Lake Huron, runs 150 to 160 miles. The main trunk of the river is about 100 miles long, and is a very fine river. It is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and its banks are covered with a rich soil. The Ottawa is one of the most fertile rivers in the world, and its banks are covered with a rich soil. The Ottawa is one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, and its banks are covered with a rich soil.

ous rites and Pagan ceremonies of their ancestors—and on occasions painting and bedizening themselves with skins and feathers as in days of yore. Their wig-wags were of birch-bark, as usual—but although of the most primitive order of construction, were nevertheless, not only extremely clean, but were, in some instances, at all events, absolutely elegant. Some of their ward-dresses, instruments, wrap-ups, and pipes are exceedingly handsome, and the people themselves, have an independent bearing and look, and good contours of face, I have seldom or never seen among Indians before. We were greatly amused one night, by the performance of a religious ceremony among them—intended to invoke the devil in favor of a poor creature rapidly descending to the grave with consumption; which, however efficacious it might be with the powers of light or darkness, I should certainly suppose was as good a receipt for his bodily destruction, as if they had knocked him on the head with an axe. The preparatory arrangement for each ceremony is, namely, to drive a set of stakes in the ground firmly; round which, large sheets of birch bark are lashed; the place selected for the purpose, apparently, being sound ground, adorned with lofty piles, and fanciful wooden erections, ornamented with colours, patterns, &c. At dark, (which appears to be the time for all such orgies) a man is put into the birch-bark box, who immediately commences making a hideous noise, by shaking the bark and howling out incantations in a fainter or louder key alternately,—and keeps the same thing up without interruption, for three or four hours together. The performer, or the "Jack in the box," is supposed to be a personage of great and mysterious importance, having direct communication either with a good or an evil spirit, who can either oppose or aid his desires; he is usually an elderly personage of grave and dignified demeanour—and is known as "The Great Medicine man;" but on this occasion, at which I was present, I must acknowledge that the tenance of the whole exhibition, fell largely in its consequences in my estimation, when I beheld the prisoner from his cage, who should pop out but a boy of about twenty years of age, laughing, talking and joking as unlike any agent of the devil ever I heard of, as he would could be! After the dreadful noise had ceased, and I do not set when the poor dying man would have tried to sleep—his merciful ministers of spiritual medicine—all for the benefit of the invalid—began to beat the tom-tom, which, with howling, screeching, and wailing, they kept up till daylight, when all was still again and quiet as the grave. The worthy medicine man was no kind afterwards, as to take one of my men, who had received an injury carrying one of the canoes, back to Lake Huron. The last time I wrote, I complained of want of game—since that time the quantity that we have come upon, have amply compensated for its absence previously. I never heard of game in such quantities as we have found them over a country at least, 100 miles broad, and deer, ducks, and partridges, were in ample abundance.—Speckled trout, of the very finest kind I ever saw in my life, we could look out, just as fast as we could throw a line, weighing from one to four or five pounds—and the Lake or Salmon Trout we speared or caught with trolls on the Lakes. When the stream and day are right, I could guarantee a fish every minute in the hour, during the latter part of the day. I killed 15 trout one evening in about 15 minutes, and lost several besides, the total weight of which must have been from 25 to 40 pounds. To add to the comforts of good cheer, while on the height of land, we had no fire! The temperature had become exceedingly cold so that great coats were called into requisition, and in the morning we found ourselves surrounded by a thick coating of hoar-frost. I am no opposer of cold weather, but I prefer it to being half-dressed up with furs—and I had a never failing appetite, and the means of supplying it amply. Strange enough, we have not met any bear—and the only ferocious beast we have come across was a fine Lynx, which I shot a good way down the Petawawa."

KAFFIR CHIEFS.

The Kaffirs or Kaffers are an important class of natives with which the English colonists of South Africa have more intercourse than with those of any other tribe. The term Kaffir, which appears to be a word applied by the Europeans of the Cape to certain tribes, who live on the colonial frontier, and derive their name from their common stock. They are a far more energetic race than the Hottentots of the country, and besides their usual occupation of herdsmen, they add to the calculation of grain which