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INDIAN LYRICS.

IV.

THE PRECIOUS METALS.

The White man came from the rising sun,  
Axe, spade and firelock in his hands;  
With rum and presents, our trust he won,  
We then for trinkets lost our lands.  
The tall old trees and bush he'll fell,  
Plough up the prairie and hunting ground,  
These let him take—but we never tell  
Where silver mine or the gold is found.

By many a river with Indian name,  
In gullies deep, in creeks and bays,  
And rocky hills—where in search of game  
The Trapper spends his nights and days,  
By streams and barrens where beavers dwell  
And moose and cariboo herds abound,  
Is coal and copper—we never tell  
Where are the precious metals found.

'Mid scenes like these, and in pathless wild,  
The squatter's footsteps far beyond—  
Where the cedars guide the forest child,  
We find rich ores with hazel wand.  
But certain death by the mystic spell,  
Or secret arrow and poisoned wound,  
Is doom of him who has dared to tell  
Where silver mine or the gold is found.

In ages past, as our Sachems say,  
Long bearded men, for sordid gain,  
The Sons of Thunder, in proud array,  
Came from the vine clad hills of Spain,  
By instinct led in their quest of gold—  
They sought—as chases red deer, the hound—  
Their El Dorado—no traitor told  
Where are the precious metals found.

As spoils of War, these marauders, mailed,  
Their plumes and pennons in the air,—  
The Incas' treasures bore off—but failed  
To find the nuggets buried there.  
Rude native weapons could not repel  
The hosts who fought with explosive sound  
And lightning flash—but we never tell  
Where silver Ore and the gold are found.

For our Reserves, leaving fields and flocks,  
Still Westward ho! cry the Yengeese,  
And ransack rivers, hills and rocks,  
How can we smoke the Pipe of Pence?  
In search of placers and grains of gold  
They sift the sands and burrow the ground,  
But by the Braves they will soon be told  
To leave our lands where the mines are  
found.  
Montreal. H. J. K.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

A GLANCE INTO THE FUTURE.

We have, already, traced as well and as faithfully, at the same time, as shortly as we could the past history of our country. Let us, now, glance into the future! Let us penetrate, as far as is possible, into the scenes of the *yet to be!*

“The future like a crescent lights the deepening sky of Time,—

sings McCarthy in the lines we have quoted in a previous essay. Man may err, and must necessarily err to some extent in his ideas with regard to the unknown events that lie hid in the mysterious shrouds of the impervious future. But without laying claim to a spirit of prophesy, and without a great fear of our vision being formed of aerial castles—judging from the universal history of nations—from the past and present—of our own land, we may safely express our ideas and opinions upon the events, that years hence the historian, sitting upon some ruined monument of the present age, may have to chronicle upon his page.