

Here, too, the Carribou in herds assemble,
 Secure and peaceful—till the distant gun,—
 With panic fear, doth bid them start and
 tremble,
 And seek in flight approaching fate to shun.

And here removed from haunt of sturdy squatter
 Within thy depths the stealthy trapper
 roams;

To lure the cunning fox, the watchful otter,
 And busy beaver from their chosen homes;
 And as he studies well how each one liveth,
 —With little less than reason's powers im-
 bued,—

He wonders at the wisdom instinct giveth
 The creatures of thy secret solitude.

In frosted robe of silvery whiteness shining,
 I've seen thee on a morn of winter's day.
 In regal splendor, on thy throne reclining,
 And dallying fondly with the Orient's ray;
 And thou wast dazzling, then, in the pure glory
 Of "silver thaw"—a "thing of beauty" rare,
 Beyond the wild imaginings of story,
 Or highest flights that poet's genius dare.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever"—
 So Keats, the poet, sang most truthfully;
 And thou wast then, art now, and wilt be ever,
 Both joy and beauty unexcelled to me.
 For beauty neither times nor seasons knoweth;
 And while in summer's golden hours it glows,
 Its god-like presence still for ever showeth
 Its form, though draped in icy winter's snows.

Original.

THE FRENCH FISHERIES AT ST. PIERRE, AND ON THE COAST OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

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About the middle of the eighteenth century, France had extended her dominion over a very large and valuable portion of the Continent of America. Her flag floated from the fortresses she had erected at Louisbourg, and on the borders of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. She had driven the English from the valley of the Ohio, and established her posts on the Mississippi, as far as the Gulf of Mexico. The ambition of her statesmen was directed to confine the old colonies of England to the

Atlantic coast, as far as possible, and to lay the foundations of a great Empire, in connection with France, on this continent. Happily for the prestige and power of England, the elder Pitt assumed the control of public affairs in the course of 1757, and adopted that vigorous policy which led immediately to the fall of Louisbourg and Quebec, and ended in the acquisition, by the English, of the whole of that vast area of country now known as British America. By the Treaty signed at Paris, in the commencement of 1763, France ceded to England Canada, and all the islands in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, with the exception of two inhospitable rocks, which she reserved for the purpose of carrying on the fisheries. These two rocky islets were St. Pierre and Miquelon, situated at the entrance of the Gulf, a few leagues to the southward of the island of Newfoundland; and valueless as they may look on the map, yet she has clung to them with remarkable pertinacity at the conclusion of every treaty she has made with Great Britain since 1763. In the present article, I propose to give a brief description of these foggy islands, and show why they are so highly valued by their French owners.

I left Sydney, in a trading schooner, on the morning of a fine day in June, and after a good passage of about forty hours we made land just as the sun was rising. By and by, the morning mist had risen from the rocky precipitous land immediately before us, and we saw coming toward our schooner a little boat, flying over the water "like a thing of life." We "lay to" for a moment, whilst we took on board the French pilot,—a sturdy old man, with a face bronzed and seared by exposure to all sorts of weather, and exhibiting the peculiar features of his Basque origin,—who had been engaged in his occupation for very many years, and had piloted innumerable vessels into the port of St. Pierre. The schooner moved over the water slowly, and it was nearly an hour before we could plainly see the island, with its rugged outline, and some