

We find that so early as 1819, when only 27 years of age, and amidst the toil and drudgery of parliamentary life, he published in quarto a "Life of William, Lord Russell, with some account of the times in which he lived. We also find that two years afterwards, he published a very popular work on the "History of the English Government and Constitution, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the present time." This is a work of great merit, and most favorably spoken of by the critics and reviewers. This was soon followed by an effort in verse, entitled "*Don Carlos or Persecution, a Tragedy in Five Parts*,"—this work was published in 1822. It was exceedingly popular and most favorably received, and passed through several editions in one year. This work was soon followed by another, but one of a very different character, entitled, "*Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht*." In a later period of life he published another work entitled "*A selection from the Correspondence of John, fourth Duke of Bedford*," and again another work entitled, "*Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*." He is a man of uncommon industry and great versatility of talent; he has served his country faithfully; has maintained a spotless character, and pursued a consistent career through a long, public life. It is said he is soon to be raised to the Peerage, and he is worthy of the distinction and promotion. He is an honor to the British Nation.

Yon.

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## REMINISCENCES OF THE PAST.

In the summer of 1841, after a residence of three years on the north shore of Lake Superior, which at that time was much further removed from the civilized world than it now is, I started on a visit to the Indians of Lake Nipigon. This lake, which is some 70 miles long and 40 broad, lies north-west of Lake Superior, near the height of land. The whole region is rocky, mountainous, and barren in the extreme. At that time there were about 300 Indians trading at a post established at that place. A missionary had never been in that region. I had intimated an intention of paying them a visit, and some how or other it soon reached them, and a message came back in return, that if I did so they would not allow me to land, but would upset my canoe, give me a ducking, and compel me to return. As there was no mention of tomahawks or scalping knives, I did not consider this message very hostile. Two young men belonging to that tribe had been away on business for the Company, and were returning in a small bark canoe, so I arranged to go with them. Starting from the Pic Station, which is 200 miles from the Sault, we coasted along the shore of the open