

What do we live for?
The question is sounding
Low in the silence, and loud in the din,
And to each heart-ear,
With warm pulses bounding,
Answers come thronging, without and within.

What do we live for?
We live to be waging
Battle, unceasing, with indwelling sin;
We live to fight on,
In conflict engaging
Temptations without, and passions within.

What do we live for?
To sow, by all waters,
Fruit-bearing seeds of deeds for all years;
To toil in the ranks
With earth's sons and daughters,
Manfully striving with doubtings and fears.

What do we live for?
We live not to rust out,
Slothfully standing aloof from the strife;
A thousand times better,
More noble, to wear out,
Battered and burned in the hot forge of life.

WHIP-POOR-WILL.

ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

There is a lonely spirit
Which wanders thro' the wood,
And tells its mournful story
In every solitude;
It comes abroad at eventide
And hangs beside the rill,
And murmurs to the ear of night
"Whip-poor-will."

Oh 'tis a hapless spirit
In likeness of a bird,
A grief that cannot utter
Another woeful word,
A soul that seeks for sympathy,
A woe that won't be still,
A wandering sorrow murmuring
"Whip-poor-will."

CANADIAN HISTORY.

The Fort George Massacre.

(Continued.)

Having given vent to my feelings of compassion, and having soled an unfortunate, I hastened to get my own little party on board of the boats, which was done instantly. The distance was short: two hours were sufficient to get to the end of our journey. The tent of the Chevalier de Lévi stood at the entrance to the camp. I took the liberty to pay my respects to this personage, whose name is synonymous with merit, and who is still better than his name. The conversation turned on the circumstance which had saved the life of the five English prisoners, whose perilous adventure I have just related. I was far from knowing the details, which are indeed startling, viz.: M. De Corbette, a French colonial officer, had been ordered the night previous to cruise on Lake St. Sacrement. His detachment consisted of about fifty French and a little over three hundred savages. At dawn of day, he discovered, in boats, a detachment of three hundred English. These boats, being more lofty and stronger in build than birch canoes, more than compensated the superiority we had over them in numbers. Our men did not hesitate to attack them, and the enemy at first seemed ready to fight, but this resolve did not last. The French and savages, whose only chance of victory rested in their boarding the boats, and who fought at a disadvantage, being at a distance, closed in, in spite of the heavy fire poured on them. The British no sooner saw them drawing near, than terror disarmed them. It was not a fight: 'twas a rout. Of all alternatives, the

most dangerous, though the less honorable, was for the English to seek to land: they chose it. They made their way towards the shore accordingly. Some jumped in the water to swim ashore, in hopes of hiding in the woods: a bad plan, the folly of which brought sorrow on them. However swift their boats might be, could they expect to beat the birch canoes which fly through the liquid element with the swiftness of an arrow? Soon did the French and savages catch up to them. In the first heat of the fight all were massacred without quarter—torn to pieces. Those who took to the woods did not fare better. An Indian in the woods is in his own element; he can run through them as nimbly as a deer. The enemy was hacked to pieces. At last the Outaouacks, seeing that they had to deal, not with fighting men, but with beings who allowed themselves to be slaughtered without resisting, set to making prisoners. There were 157 prisoners taken and 131 killed; twelve only escaped captivity and death. The boats, equipments, provisions, all were taken and plundered. No doubt you fancy that such a victory cost us dear. The fight took place on the water, that is in an open place, where no ambush could be laid. The enemy had time to prepare; he had the advantage of attacking from boats with lofty sides, frail bark canoes which a little skill or coolness would have sunk with their crews. Well, this is all true, and still this success only cost us one Indian, disabled by a shot in the wrist.

Such was the fate of the British under the unfortunate Mr. Copperel, who, it was thought, was drowned. The English speak of this engagement in terms denoting as much sorrow as surprise at its results. They frankly admit the extent of their losses; it would, indeed, be difficult to deny the slightest detail: the corpses of their men floating on the waters of the lake or strewn on its beaches, tell the fearful tale. As to those made prisoners, the greater portion are still in the dungeons of M. Le Chevalier de Lévi. I saw them fying off in detachments escorted by the victors, who, barbarously occupied with their triumph, thought little of softening the pangs of a defeat. In the space of a league which I had to walk before joining my Abenakis Indians, I met several small squads of these prisoners. More than one Indian stopped to exhibit to me, with pride, his capture, expecting I would applaud his success. The love of country certainly did not make me insensible to a triumph favorable to our nation. But misfortune's commands respect, not only on behalf of religion, but even from nature. Moreover, these prisoners seemed in such a plight; their eyes swimming in tears, their faces covered with perspiration and blood, and a halter round their necks: in presence of such a spectacle, compassion and humanity asserted their rights. The rum, which the savages had freely imbibed, had gone to their heads and increased their natural ferocity. I feared to witness every minute, some of the prisoners slaughtered and falling at my feet, victims of cruelty and drunkenness; I scarcely dared to look up for fear of meeting the sorrowful glance of some captive. A spectacle more horrible than what I had yet seen was soon to take place.

My tent had been pitched in the centre of the Outaouack camp. The first thing I noticed on arriving there was a large fire: wooden stakes, stuck in the earth, announced a feast. It was one, but, good heavens! what a feast: the remains of an Englishman's corpse cut up and half eaten. I saw these fiends a short time after greedily devouring a human creature: they were helping themselves from the pot with large ladles to the reeking flesh as if they could never sallow enough. I heard that they had prepared themselves to this feed, by drinking brimful, out of the skulls, human blood; their smeared faces and gory lips confirmed the statement. What was still more awful, they had placed, close by, ten English prisoners to witness the abominable repast! The Outaouack nation resembles that of the Abenakis; I thought that by gently rebuking them for this act, I might make some impression on their mind. I erred: a young warrior said, "You speak and act like a Frenchman, but I am an Indian, human flesh is good for me." He then handed me a baked fragment cut from the English corpse. To his words I made no reply, but his offer I rejected with visible horror. Convinced, by what I had just witnessed, that I could do nothing to alter the state of things in respect to the dead, I thought I would see what I could do for those still living, whose fate was much more to be pitied. I walked up to the English, one of whom attracted my notice; by his uniform I saw he was an officer; I resolved to purchase him, and thereby save his life and liberty. I made up, with this object in view, to an old Outaouack, thinking that the ice of age would have tempered his ferocity, and that he would be more manageable; I extended my hand to him, bowing civilly at the same moment. It was not a man I had to deal with; it was a being even more ferocious than a wild beast, as wild animals often yield to kind-