

A VISIT TO THE SAULT.

MR. EDITOR.—Had I reflected on the demand which you were likely to make on me for a narrative of the tour to the North which I lately had the happiness of accomplishing, at the time when the Bishop of Toronto was on Visitation in those parts, I should have taken some copious notes at the moment of what I saw and heard. As it is, I have to depend principally on the impressions which have been left on my mind by the novelty of the scenes visited. The point reached was, as you know, the Sault Ste. Marie, which a few years ago used to be considered, not exactly the Ne plus ultra, but the Ultima Thule of civilized life in Canada. But this state of things is changed. You have to make an excursion some way to the westward of even Fond du Lac now, before you can catch a glimpse of

"The anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders."

In fact, the Sault has been promoted:—from being an outpost it has become a busy little centre of civilization and trade, which are radiating off from it, North, West, and South.—The mode of arriving at the place is as follows:—Supposing yourself first of all seated in Stage or Extra at your own door in Toronto—you turn up Yonge-Street two-and-thirty miles, till you come to the very pretty village of St. Albans:—here you turn off to the left; and after proceeding some six miles you arrive at the Landing on the West Branch of the Holland River, which flows into Lake Simcoe. At this point you find the Beaver waiting to convey you to Barrie on Kempenfelt Bay. In this little steamer you embark, and after threading the meanderings of the river, which winds its way wearily through a broad grassy marsh—a dense mat of floating vegetable matter penetrable through and through with a long pole, and capable, it is said, of being floated off some day—at length you emerge in Cook's Bay: then after passing the picturesque village of Keswick on the right, and catching sight of some rather large islands also towards the right, you make for the entrance to Kempenfelt Bay—down which you are pleasantly borne just as the sun is setting,—and are landed at Barrie after dark—the lights along the shore giving you the idea of quite a considerable place. Here you find an excellent Hotel (Marks)—and a comfortable fire—for the air is chilly in these parts.—Rising early, you take a walk round Barrie,—and observe its quaint Court-House and spruce jail; its Church,—and, at a short distance, its Grammar school. You notice also the residence and grounds of Mr. Justice Gowan, shewing what taste and perseverance can elicit even from the stoney soil of Vespra.—In the town you observe an appearance of life and improvement: new houses are erecting, and very respectable stores—and old buildings are being put in repair and enlarged. The railway from Toronto to Lake Huron is to touch here.—Barrie is built on a terrace which rises immediately up from Kempenfelt Bay—in the rear is a hill, the ancient bank of the Bay—covered with rather a wild-looking forest. Both terrace and hill abound in stone and gravel, which, though excellent material for highways, render cultivation difficult and expensive. Along this terrace you drive for a few miles to the eastward, and then strike north into the Penetanguishene road which runs in a straight line northwesterly for about 30 miles. This road was opened by the Government many years ago, for military purposes: a great portion of it still passes through forest, and for some miles immediately after you leave Kempenfelt Bay, you encounter holes and corduroys of the old primitive sort, and you run a risk of snapping your springs, if your vehicle has any.—By breaking our "Perch" and some other parts of the under-gear of the coach, we were brought to a standstill three times during the day: an abundance of young ash saplings however were at hand; by the aid of these, and a handy driver with an axe and a few small chains and ropes, we as many times succeeded in getting under way again—finding ourselves at last travelling—neither uncomfortably nor unsafely—supported simply by four elastic poles cut out of the woods. As you advance, the road improves—a considerable sum of money, procured for this purpose by the exertions, we were told, of Mr. W. B. Robinson, the member for this County, having been very advantageously laid out in grading and straightening it. Men were engaged in this work as we passed;—and when the whole of the improvements, which are extensive, have been completed this will be really a fine, broad, clear avenue to Lake Huron. This forest drive was to me quite exciting: the timber is not heavy, nor the soil very good,—but the huge screen of beautifully fresh and varied foliage towering up on each side of you for so many miles together, is very grand. Here and there are some rough-looking farms; but better are to be found, we were informed, to the right and left of the wooded ridge along which the great thoroughfare runs. Many sights and sounds along this road remind one of the state of things in the neighbourhood of Toronto, and along the Kingston and Dundas roads some five-and-twenty years ago: you have the same old fashioned unwhewn log-houses and low dingy-coloured rooms within—the solitary-looking taverns by the way-side with their very humble fare; you hear the old sounds of the drum of the partridge and the cry of the jay; and occasionally you catch the measured stroke of the lonely chopper echoing through the woods—sometimes you hear the clank of the logging chain, and the voices of men directing the slow oxen; now you come upon a clearing just commenced, overspread by the felled trees interlaced with one another in every direction on the ground, charred over black with fire—in some places, the brush heaps fiercely crackling, their flames looking red and beautiful but strange, in the broad sunlight, filling the neighbourhood with an atmosphere of blue smoke, and sprinkling the chance traveller with flakes of white ashes. Here and there, there is a clearing which has been abandoned—a few acres of dry-looking grass and immortels, beginning to be overgrown with a second growth of young shrubs—on one side, a decaying shanty: perhaps the soil was too bad; or the settler by mistake may have commenced working on the wrong lot. And once or twice there is a patch covered over with an inextricable maze of felled timber, from which, after having advanced so far, perhaps some poor solitary unaided old-countryman, deficient in the very necessary pluck, withdrew in despair.

There is something I suppose in the oddness of the name that even in the days of my childhood used to make me desire to see what sort of place "Penetanguishene" was.—(During this my recent visit to the north I have heard of another place which whimsically has established in its behalf a similar desire, which will, I feel, sometime have to be satisfied—"Michipicotton"—Every time I heard of a person going to Michipicotton, or being at Michipicotton, my curiosity became excited to see what sort of place Michipicotton is.)—And now my old dreams about Penetanguishene have been displaced by vision. I found it to be a scattered village of white wooden French-looking cottages, on the side and towards the foot of a roughish slope—

some gardens, and many vacant uncultivated spaces where large boulders lie imbedded—a wharf of logs running out into a fine inlet of Lake Huron of the width of about a mile, and depth inland of perhaps six, and winding so as to have the appearance of a beautiful lake: the opposite bank sloping up to a fine hill, looking wild and rough, with a few small clearings and small cottages,—and near the water's edge some wigwams. Along the grassy street leading down to the landing—underneath the stoups of the stores, and in the shade of the fences,—an unusual number of men, apparently having nothing to do, are to be seen lounging—some white, some red, some half and half. A large number of dogs are running about; amongst them fine specimens of a strong able dog used in sleighs in the winter.—At the wharf you embark in the steamer "Gore" which puts in here from Sturgeon Bay, eastward, in her way to the Manitoulin Island and the Sault.—Down the Bay, after passing an extent of wood on the right you come to the second division of Penetanguishene where the Garrison stands, now shut up: here are some pleasantly situated houses and farms scattered about the slope. The Garrison itself stands on a point running out into the Bay, and appears to be constructed of a whitish cut stone.—The Church is situated half way between the two villages of Penetanguishene, to the inconvenience of both sections of the inhabitants.

The "Gore" is a staunch strongly-built Boat, carrying a heterogeneous freight of lumber, cattle, barrels, Indians, French-Canadians, half-casts and whites, with their children and luggage. Here you begin to hear a novel jargon of Indian, French, and English of various dialects, with a little Gaelic.—Our stay on board of this vessel—the principal part of three days and two nights, both going and returning—was rendered very agreeable by the friendliness and innate good temper of her commander, Capt. MacGregor.

On putting out into the Lake you pass the Giant's Tomb—an island in which an isolated ridge rising above the usual lake-terrace has the appearance of a long grave—and the Christian Islands in which was once a Jesuit mission.—The swell of the lake in crossing Nottawasaga Bay was sufficient to make a bad sailor like myself a little uncomfortable: with this exception, the whole voyage to the Sault was as over a mirror where

"The deep reflected sky appear'd A calm sublime immensity below."

In the evening we arrived at Sydenham—the much-talked-of village springing up at the head of Owen's Sound. It is situated principally between two hills which form the secondary banks of a river which falls into the Sound. The place looks thriving. I noticed new stores erecting,—and a tannery and brewery on an unassuming scale in operation. The village at present does not extend quite down to the steamboat-landing. The Church, an Ecclesiastical-looking structure and well-situated, is not yet quite finished. The Service and Confirmation which the Bishop held, took place in a small log-house at present used as the Church. A dissenting place of worship is going up in the village.

The next morning we found ourselves doubling the N. E. cape of the great Manitoulin Island which presents a bold, lofty, wooded shore,—and at about eleven we were going down the deep Bay which runs in on the north side of the Island till it nearly meets a similar Bay running in on its south side.—Towards the termination of this Bay, and on its N. W. shore stands the village of Manitowahung. The banks of the Bay are high and steep; composed principally of round stones and shingle thrown up by the Lake when its level was much higher than it is now. The terrace between the base of these banks and the edge of the water is narrow. The water is deep close-in-shore, and wonderfully pure and pellucid. All along the shore northward were numerous wigwams and groups of Indians—many of those who had lately congregated here from other parts for the purpose of receiving the Government-presents, still remaining. A motley crowd collected round the Boat as soon as she was made fast to the shore. Here the Bishop landed for the purpose of consecrating the Church and holding a Confirmation. The Superintendent of Indian Affairs, Capt. Innesides, the Medical Officer, Dr. Layton, and the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, the Missionary in charge of the Station, received his Lordship with many welcomes. Among the red men his landing excited no particular attention.—The congregation in the Church was pretty numerous, mostly Indians. After the Consecration Service, fifteen were confirmed, and ten adults baptized by the Bishop, all Indians. Dr. O'Meara translated the Lessons, the principal prayers, and the Bishop's address, into Ojibway. The congregation throughout the services, maintained the same apathetic look which Indians usually wear.—The Church, which was now consecrated, is conspicuously situated on the hill behind the village; measures 50 x 30 feet, with a chancel 12 feet deep; is built of wood; has an ecclesiastical appearance, and is surmounted on the spire with the Christian emblem, plated over with tin.

After leaving Manitowahung,—which, by the way, signifies the "Hole or Burrow of the Manitou"—we proceeded along on the north side of the Island. The scenery here is very fine; but as on this occasion, we passed it in the night, I will reserve further reference to it, until I come to speak of our downward trip when we were more fortunate. In the evening, I may add,—after the Evening Prayer, which was read by Dr. O'Meara, the Rev. Mr. Ardagh addressed quite a considerable congregation assembled in the Cabin.

Early the next morning, we put in for wood at a wharf in a pretty Bay called Kaush-ka-waung, on the S. E. side of the Island of St. Joseph.—From this place we put across to the Bruce-mines on the north shore of Lake Huron. This shore is here an irregular undulating mass of rocks, of no great altitude, retiring gradually back, with a few diminutive trees scattered about. A long wharf runs out for the accommodation of vessels, with a tram-way on it. The works, with the houses of the miners, superintendent, &c., give the place quite a look of importance. The length of our stay enabled us to go up and examine some of the mines. The ore is dug out of the lodes with great labour, and is mixed up with a whitish quartz: the two together present a beautiful appearance—the copper-sulphuret being, some of it, exceedingly bright and gold-like,—and some of it "peacock-ore," as it is called—shot and richly-variegated with purple and red, like the breast of the humming-bird. The quartz-masses, when dug out, are broken small, and then passed through a crushing mill, coming out in the form of a fine gravel. The parts containing metal are then separated off by another process and smelted, yielding variously, 7, 8, 9, 10, and 13 per cent of pure copper. The smelting-works, which are very complete, extensive, and costly, are now at a standstill;—it being found more economical to ship off the ore to England to be smelted there.—Numbers of the men, women and children here have a strikingly Cornish look; and you hear the West-of-England-Saxon tones in all directions.—In a conspicuous position

above the town—as we must call it—stands a large unfinished Romanist place of worship, not used.—The majority of the miners are Wesleyans; but they are well-disposed towards the Church whenever any of the Clergy visit the spot.

(To be continued in our next.)

ENGLAND.

THE CONVOCATION OF THE CLERGY.

On Thursday morning his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, accompanied by Mr. F. H. Dyke, Her Majesty's Proctor, proceeded to the Jerusalem Chamber for the purpose of further proroguing the Convocation of the Clergy elected at the commencement of the present Parliament.

The following petition was presented:—

"To the Most Rev. the Archbishop and the Right Rev. the Bishops of the Province of Canterbury, in Synod Assembled.

The humble petition of the undersigned Clergy and Laity of the said Province, sheweth:—That for upwards of 130 years past the Church of England—the oversight of which is, by Divine Providence and permission, committed to your Lordships—has suffered grievous inconveniences and injuries through the continued suppression of her Synodal action, whereby she has been prevented from exercising her proper authority for the regulation and wholesome exercise of her discipline, for the development of her natural resources—that the result has been the weakening of the bonds of love and unity among Churchmen, the growth of unsound doctrine, great diversity of rites and ceremonies, and a lamentable deficiency of provision for ministering the word and sacrament and other means of grace to the people of this land, whereby it has come to pass that error and superstition, heresy and schism, ungodliness and immorality have greatly increased, to the injury of Christ's people and the reproach of the Church.

That in consequence of the recent aggressive measures of the Pope, the attention of the Queen and the people of England has been forcibly directed to the religious position of the country, and that if at this time the real cause of the decrease of true religion, as well as of the growth of Popery and other grievous errors and infidelity itself, were represented to Her Majesty by the Bishops of the Church, to whom it especially belongs to advise the Kings of the earth in regard to spiritual matters, there is great reason to hope that, by their representations and entreaties, her Majesty might be moved to restore to the Church the freedom of her Synodal action, as in ancient times.

Upon which consideration, the undersigned petitioners, having approached her Majesty in a humble address for the revival of the active functions of Convocation, humbly implore you, Rev. and Most Rev. Father in God, that you will again urge the prayer urged by the two houses of Convocation of the Province of Canterbury in the year 1847, for license to deliberate, and with the royal assent, to do all such things as concern the settled continuance of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England, to the end that, in concert with the Lower House of Convocation, you may be enabled to take such measures as may conduce to unity within the Church, and to her efficiency as the Church of the nation; and that so the salvation of souls may be promoted, and the mists of ignorance be dispelled, by the bright beams of Christ's Holy Gospel."

The Archbishops and Bishops having received the petition, it was ordered to lie upon the table.

During the time these proceedings were going on, the Lower House had assembled in an adjacent Chamber, under the presidency of the Very Rev. W. R. Lyall, D. D., Dean of Canterbury. A similar petition, *matulis mutandis*, was presented by the Very Rev. Thomas Thorp, B. D., Archdeacon of Bristol.

A lengthened discussion arose as to the sufficiency of the Lower House to receive the petition; and reference having been made to the Archbishop of Canterbury, his Grace decided in the affirmative; and the petition was recorded.

Under these circumstances, the members of the Lower House considered themselves qualified to take into their consideration general matters affecting the welfare of the Church and had entered upon a discussion, when the meeting was suddenly broken up by order of the Archbishop, and a further prorogation was ordered, when the Archbishop again attended and took his seat as President.

After some preliminaries, His Grace the Archbishop called upon Mr. F. H. Dyke, the Principal Registrar of the Province of Canterbury, to read the writ of prorogation.

Mr. Dyke then read the following document:—"In the name of God, Amen. We, John Bird, by Divine Providence Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of all England and Metropolitan, President of the present Provincial Synod or Convocation, of the Bishops and Clergy of the Province of Canterbury, do by this present writing continue and prorogue the said Provincial Synod of Convocation lately to and until this day and place continued and prorogued (and all singular the certificates and returns already made and delivered, and all others which have not yet been made and delivered, in the same state in which they are now), until February next coming to a certain upper chamber commonly called the Jerusalem Chamber, situate in the Deanery belonging to the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster, with further continuation and prorogation of days then following and places, if it shall seem necessary to be done in this behalf.

"J. B. CANTUAR."

The proceedings then terminated. We are sorry to state that the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells has been obliged to have three of his fingers amputated; mortification ensuing in these parts, the painful operation became necessary to save his Lordship's life.

The Rev. Owen Emery Vidal, Perpetual Curate of Holy Trinity, Arlington, Sussex, has been nominated, and is willing to go out, as the first Bishop of Sierra Leone. The Archbishop of Canterbury and Her Majesty's Government have signified their consent to Mr. Vidal's consecration, if a moderate endowment can be secured.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE AND CANON TOWNSSEND.—The Rev. Dr. Townsends, Canon of Durham, whose visit to the Pope, for the reconciliation of Christendom, will be fresh in the recollection of our readers, has procured an introduction to the Evangelical Alliance and has invited that body to select five brethren of different denominations, who are to come to his house and remain a week or so, to consult together on the question—How far is a union of all Christians possible? The proposition is to be immediately considered.

From our English Files.

NON-SECTARIAN EDUCATION.

[We take the following cutting satire from the English Churchman, who extracts it from the Tablet.]

A LECTURE AT COLLEGE IRELAND.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

- The Rector. [A Romanist.—Ed. E. C.]
Charles Softly, Esq., M.A., (Professor of Ethnology and Physical Geography.)
The Professor of Greek (a member of the Established Church.)
The Professor of Moral Philosophy (an Atheist.)
The Professor of Botany (a Quaker.)
The Professor of Chemistry (a Suedenborgian.)
The Professor of History (a Presbyterian.)
Daniel Isaacs (a Jew.)
Patrick Callagan (a Catholic.)
Edward Williams (a Methodist.)
George Bolder (an Infidel.)
Peter Dodson (an Atheist.)
Cornelius Burke (a High Church Anglican.)
Jeremy Tarbutt (a Socinian.)

SCENE.—The College Lecture-Room, with a rostrum erected at one end. Students assembling, taking their seats, preparing note-books, and looking at watches to see how the time goes.

Tarbutt—Has anybody seen this new Professor yet?
Dodson—Oh, yes! I saw him this morning.
Tarbutt—Well, what is he like? They say he is to be conciliator-general, and show the Papists that it is possible to separate conscience from religion.

Dodson—What he's to do I can't say. He certainly looks amiable enough. He has a baldish head, grey hair, fine open forehead, rather ruddy cheeks, dresses unexceptionably, and seems as if he would not like to kill a fly. He's a distinguished man, too, they say, in his own line; and makes it a rule never to quarrel with anybody.

Tarbutt—How on earth does he manage that?
Dodson—Oh, he praises everybody. To hear him talk you'd think all the world was full of mild gentlemen and ladies, spending their days in mutual compliments and pleasant parties.

Tarbutt—But what is his line? I don't quite understand what they mean by Ethnology.
Dodson—Why, the science of races, to be sure; a sort of physical metaphysics. Ah! here he comes.

[Enter Mr. Softly, accompanied by the other five Professors. The Students cheer faintly; Mr. Softly mounts the rostrum, and bows politely to his audience.]

Softly—Gentlemen, the science of ethnology is one of the most ennobling studies on which the mind of man can occupy itself. If it be delightful to contemplate the relics of past ages, to reanimate in imagination the vast bones of the mighty Saurian reptiles, to classify animalculæ, and to trace the interesting ties by which the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral kingdoms are linked together, so as to be able to point out every minute gradation between the primary strata of the earth, and the most perfect of the irrational animals who walk upon it; how much more satisfying, I say, must it be to study the ethnological peculiarities of that most noble of all animals to whose order it is our privilege to belong—the race of man himself!

One great difficulty, indeed, presents itself in the commencement of our ethnological studies.—The vital principle which reigns through so many other parts of the creation—(I beg pardon of the Professor of Moral Philosophy, and of any other gentleman here present who may object to the term "creation," as implying the existence of a Creator)—(applause)—this vital principle in the case of man assumes a very peculiar and composite form, and possibly influences to the varieties in the human race to an extent far greater than in the case of the lower animals. On the real nature of the animating principle of man, you are well aware that many differences of opinion unhappily exist. I call it "the animating principle" with a view to avoid the use of the much-vexed term, "the soul;" a term to which some of my brother Professors, and some of my hearers, attach a different meaning from myself. And here I would take occasion to request my audience that if at any time I should unfortunately use terms to which they may conscientiously object, they will be good enough to signify the same, of course as decorously as possible; or if I should make any statements which I may hurt their religious or non-religious convictions, I trust that they will not hesitate to request an explanation, in order that our studies may proceed with perfect harmony, and we may show to a bigoted world that it is possible for enlightened men of all creeds to act together in the glorious work of the education of the mind.

[Loud applause, except from Callagan, the Catholic and Burke the Anglican Student, who look very angry. As soon as the applause has subsided, Bolder, the Infidel Student, jumps up.]

Bolder—I beg to apologise for the interruption, Sir, but I must avail myself of your permission to ask a question.

[All eyes are turned to Bolder, the Students looking astonished, the five Professors disgusted.]

Softly—By all means; what is it?
Bolder—I heard it stated, Sir, by the Professor of Botany, that it was of the first importance, in all sciences, accurately to define the terms employed.—Now, you just used the term "mind." May I ask for an explanation of the sense in which you employ that term? [Bolder sits down.]

Softly—Your request is but reasonable. The word "mind" is susceptible of various meanings. By some it is used in a sense nearly the same as that of the still more questionable term "the soul;" by others it is taken to mean the intellectual faculties; by others, again, it is used to represent the action of the organised material agency, of which they consider the vital principle to consist; by a fourth party, again, it is taken to signify a fragment of a vast and mighty anima mundi; by a fifth—

Burke (the Anglican)—But how do you use it, Sir?
Softly—That, my young good friend, must depend upon circumstances.

Callagan (whispering to his next-door neighbour)—What a humbug the man is!

Softly (continuing)—On the whole, it may be best to leave every one present to employ the term in his own sense. (Applause, with a few murmurs.) Whether, then, we look upon the mind of man as immortal and spiritual, or as mortal and material, or as a portion of the Deity, or as naturally pure, we may safely proceed in our study of the varieties of the corporeal forms in which it is clothed in the various races of mankind.

Whatever be the nature of the soul, we must be content, in the spirit of humility so befitting the man of science, to leave the subject in that obscurity in which it has hitherto been destined to remain.