

at the "Villa ad Cataractas Sanctæ Mariæ,"—or, as this village at the efflux of Lake Superior is usually called, at Sault.

It was only, however, an arrival to depart again; for the steamer which was to bear me away, and on board which I date my last salutation to Lake Superior, started the next morning. I bade adieu to many worthy men—perhaps for ever—and my departure rent the thread of many studies I had arranged, as it did of my newly-formed friendships. I left behind me fairy tales for a New Arabian Nights' Entertainment, and I had hardly succeeded in securing two or three of them. Rapidly disappearing nations remained behind me, whom I shall never see again, and who yet appeared to me so deserving of a thorough study, when I had myself scarce laid my fingers' ends on them. Hundreds of questions crossed my brain, which—had not the last grain of sand fallen in my hour-glass—I should have wished to propose to the willing echo of the lake, and reap copious replies. I felt like the poet when he described Hiawatha's departure:

And I said: Farewell for ever!
Said: Farewell, O Hiawatha!
And the forests dark and lonely,
Moved through all their depths of darkness,
Sighed: Farewell, O Hiawatha!

THE END.