



ANCIENT WATER MARGINS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE SUPERIOR. SKETCHED BY MAJOR SETON, 1862.

painful suspicion rolled in upon his mind; and the germ of jealousy was planted in his heart which was destined to take deep root there and send out many shoots to lacerate it through life. He could not forbear seeing the change in Ellinor's deportment towards Count Altenberg; her reserve had vanished and she conversed with him with evident pleasure. The under-current of her feelings he could not perceive. He did not understand that it was in her deep resentment towards him that she allowed herself to be pleased with the attentions of another.

'Do, pray, beg Lady Vivyan to sing no more of those Irish melodies; I must say her musical taste is very unfashionable,' observed Lady Esdaile, abruptly breaking in upon the moody silence of the Baronet.

The next moment he stood at Ellinor's side.

'Can you not play some operatic music? These wild airs so full of sadness strike unpleasantly upon our ears. Lady Esdaile declares they jar upon her nerves.'

There was rudeness in his manner as well as in the remark; but jealousy had flung its upas shade over Sir Reginald, and the amiability of his character drooped beneath the baneful influence.

Lady Vivyan stopped suddenly; and the crimson of resentment rose to her brow. Sir Reginald had often listened with pleasure to these exquisite songs of Erin's immortal bard; but now, because they did not please Lady Esdaile, she must not be allowed to play them. With a strong effort she subdued the storm of passion which thrilled her frame, and rose from the harp, cold, proud, and apparently unmoved.

The quick eye of Count Altenberg observed the wound which her husband's remark caused her.

'My dear Sir Reginald, how can you display such bad taste?' he asked in his blandest tones. 'Those melodies of Erin breathe the very soul of music! their thrilling notes, so sweet, so mournful, move the listener to the very depths of his being!'

'Lady Vivyan has communicated to you some of her own enthusiasm on the subject,' coldly observed the Baronet. Then turning to Ellinor he begged her to play some selections from Rossini on the piano.

'To gratify Lady Esdaile's fastidious taste?' she asked with a mocking air.—'Even her prejudices against my national music must be respected,' she added in a voice meant only for her husband's ear.

'If you would learn to conciliate 'Ellinor,' he said in a softened tone, 'all her prejudices would soon be overcome.'

A bitter reply rose to Ellinor's lips; for she felt in no conciliating mood; but she

checked it as Count Altenberg addressed her.

Taking from the music-stand some of Beethoven's beautiful waltzes, he requested her to play them, observing that Beethoven was his favorite composer. She immediately complied, unmindful of the previous request of Sir Reginald, and seating herself at the piano, which was a splendid instrument sent from London a short time before her arrival at Ravenscliff, she played for some time in a masterly style; her brilliant execution showing off its exquisite tones to advantage. Sir Reginald's pride was gratified by the admiration she excited. Gradually his momentary irritation vanished; and he crushed the painful suspicion which his aunt's invidious remarks had called forth.—Again was his heart drawn out in tenderness towards his beautiful wife, and he determined that for the future no unkindness on his part should wound her feelings.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SHORES OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

ANCIENT AND MODERN.

PYRAMID AT MONTREAL AT THE RUPTURE OF THE ICE IN 1863.

We publish two pictorial illustrations of the mechanical conditions of a changing and changed surface of country; one on page 52 before the reader's eye; the other on page 55. Though vastly remote the one from the other in point of time, and though a distance of fifteen hundred miles lie between the places depicted; and the season of that at Lake Superior is the heat of summer, while the season of the other is the last week of winter—winter packing up and departing to the eternity of the great Atlantic ocean, though there be those diversities of place and time, the ancient and the present conditions of change are closely related. We shall often have the freshly recurring delight of retracing and connecting them. The scenery of the lakes and of the rivers flowing into and out of them will never be exhausted in these pages. We, the writing individual Editor, the Artists, the Engravers, may change, all will sooner or later depart, when the great ice-shove shall come and carry us to the gulf of the ocean of eternity; but we believe in firmest secular faith that the Canadian Illustrated News will expand and continuously flourish as long as the Lakes shall last, the Rivers run, and the Races on their shores shall live and multiply. There will always be natural scenery, varieties of changing industry, and incidents in past and current history to yield in rich profusion, pictures of beauty and narratives of instructive interest. Let us

for the present revert to Lake Superior.

Mr. Henry P. Schoolcraft, in connection with General Lewis Cass, of Detroit, explored the North-eastern sources of the Mississippi in 1820 and 1822, and was afterwards the resident United States Agent at the Falls of St. Mary, the Sault Ste Marie river, which connects the lakes of Superior and Huron. He gave vivid descriptions of the scenery of the North-western regions in his reports to the American Secretary-of-War, the late Mr. J. C. Calhoun, and these were printed by Congress. Here is one of his word pictures of the

SCENERY OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

Few portions of America can vie in scenic attractions with this interior sea. Its size alone gives it all the elements of grandeur; but these have been heightened by the mountain masses which nature has piled along its shores. In some places, these masses consist of vast walls, of coarse gray, or drab-colored sandstone, placed horizontally, until they have attained many hundred feet in height above the water. The action of such an immense liquid area, forced against these crumbling walls by tempests, has caused wide and deep arches to be worn into the solid structure, at their base, into which the billows roll, with a noise resembling low-pealing thunder. By this means, large areas of the impending mass are at length undermined and precipitated into the lake, leaving the split and rent parts, from which they have separated, standing like huge mis-shapen turrets and battlements. Such is the varied coast, called the Pictured Rocks.

At other points of the coast, volcanic forces have operated, lifting up these level strata into positions nearly vertical, and leaving them to stand, like the leaves of a vast open book. At the same time, the volcanic rocks sent up from below, have risen in high mountains, with ancient gaping craters. Such is the condition of the disturbed stratification at the Porcupine Mountains.

The basin and bed of this lake act like a vast geological mortar, in which the masses of broken and fallen stones are whirled about and ground down, till all the softer ones, such as the sand stones, are brought into the state of pure yellow sand. This sand is driven ashore by the waves, where it is shoved up in long wreaths, and dried by the sun. The winds now take it up, and spread it inland, or pile it immediately along the coast, where it presents itself in mountain masses. Such are the great sand dunes of the Grande Sables.

There are yet other theatres of action for this sublime mass of inland waters, where the lake has manifested, perhaps, still more strongly, its abrasive powers. The whole

force of its waters, under the impulse of a northwest tempest, is directed against prominent portions of the shore, which consist of black and hard volcanic rocks. Solid as these are, the waves have found an entrance in veins of spar, or minerals of softer texture, and have thus been led on their devastating course inland, tearing up large fields of amygdaloid, or other rock; or, left portions of them standing in rugged knobs, or promontories. Such are the east and west coasts of the great peninsula of Keweenaw, which have recently become the theatre of mining operations.

When the visitor to these remote and boundless waters comes to see this wide and varied scene of complicated geological disturbances and scenic magnificence, he is absorbed in wonder and astonishment. The eye, once introduced to this panorama of waters, is never done looking and admiring. Scene after scene, cliff after cliff, island after island, and vista after vista are presented. One day's scenes of the traveller are but the prelude to another; and when weeks and even months, have been spent in picturesque rambles along its shores, he has only to ascend some of its streams, and go inland a few miles, to find falls, and cascades, and cataracts of the most beautiful or magnificent character. Go where he will, there is something to attract him. Beneath his feet are pebbles of agates; the water is of the most crystalline purity. The sky is filled, at sunset with the most gorgeous piles of clouds. The air itself is of the purest and most inspiring kind. To visit such a scene is to draw health from its purest sources, and while the eye revels in intellectual delights, the soul is filled with the loveliest symbols of God, and the most striking evidences of his creative power.

EARLY EXPLORERS.

The existence of copper in the region of Lake Superior appears to have been known to the earliest travellers and voyagers.

As early as 1689, the Baron La Hontan, in concluding a description of Lake Superior, adds: 'That, upon it, we also find copper mines, the metal of which is so fine and plentiful that there is not a seventh part lost from the ore.'—New Voyages to North America, London, 1703.

In 1721, Charlevoix passed through the lakes on his way to the Gulf of Mexico, and did not allow the mineralogy of the country to escape him. He said:

'Large pieces of copper are found in some places on its banks (Lake Superior,) and around some of the islands, which are still the objects of a superstitious worship among the Indians. They look upon them with veneration, as if they were the presents of those gods who dwell under the waters.'