

Life's road has been a very dusty way,
 Thorny and rough, producing, here and there,
 A gaudy poppy or a pale henbane,
 But few flowers lending fragrance to the air,
 And none that, gathered, could its charms retain.
 Oh, Mary, years have passed since here we stood
 (We nevermore shall stand together here);
 This stately tree hath well those years withstood;
 Me, gnarled have they left, sapless and sere.
 Aye, I am sadly changed in outward form,
 Thou would'st not know me, darling! but the scope
 Of my old love for thee, Time hath not drawn—
 'Tis broad in hopelessness, as 'twas in hope.

T. W. FYLES.

SKETCHES OF THE HUDSON'S BAY TERRITORY.

PART II.

THE title at the head of this article has hitherto been a misnomer; for it has been anything but "Sketches of the Hudson's Bay Territory." These, however, are looming in the future, and the readers of the *Lennoxville*, for some time longer, will have to suffer the infliction of reading my "pencillings by the way," which, if they have no other charm, can, at least, lay claim to the charm of novelty.

The subject of the present paper will be the narrative of a canoe voyage from Fort William, situated at the north-west corner of Lake Superior, at the mouth of the River Kaministigewa, lat. $48^{\circ} 24'$ and long. $89^{\circ} 22'$, along the shores of the lake to Michipicoton—a distance of about 300 miles—in company with the late Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and his able Secretary, Mr. Hopkins; and I will conclude with a brief sketch of the career of Sir George himself, who for so long a period ruled over that vast country from a mean parallel of 49° latitude to as far north as one might choose to go. This, I hope, will prove interesting, not only from the fact of a probable annexation of this Territory, but also from the circumstance that many will be glad to learn something of the career of a very remarkable man, the impress of whose management will be felt in the country for at least half a century to come.