

Up with the hatchet! O, my sons awake!
 The war club raise!
 And ye shall see the cowards fly
 Like sheep in sad amaze
 Before your rage-lit eye!
 Arise! and for your country fight or die.
 In vain, in vain, their magic baffles ours,
 And, o'er our own, extend their martial powers—
 A mighty God is theirs!
 Once as a man on earth 'tis said he came,
 And bore deep insults, tho' devoid of blame;
 Nor vex'd by human fears
 He calmly died, beset by those
 Who should have been his friends, but were his foes.
 Domagaya has said, no torments known
 Where the sun rises or he sets to rest
 Beyond yon mountain's crest,
 Invented by the subtlest of our race,
 Could equal those he underwent—
 Scourg'd, spit upon, and treated with disgrace.
 The earthquakes rent
 The earth as he departed—mounting high
 Into his native sky."

III.

So spake the King; nor was it long before,
 Torn from his country and his native shore,
 A captive was he led.
 His wives and subjects rais'd a cry—
 O Agouhanna! anguish in each eye—
 And Cartier heard and wondered.
 In pity then, for their excessive grief,
 The noble Captain said:
 Twelve moons alone (a period brief)
 And ye shall see your King again.
 Thus were they sooth'd. A league was made,
 And Cartier swore
 That safely o'er the bounding main
 He would their Chief restore.
 Twelve moons, nay five times twelve had sped,
 Summers had come and gone—
 Their Chief-stain came not: and at last
 When hope was flown,
 The Stranger on their shore his anchor cast
 And told them—he was dead.

IV.

Now, Stadacone, upon thy lofty height
 No lofty pines or oaks are seen,
 The axe hath level'd all:
 But on each lofty spire, or whiten'd wall,
 Or scarp'd rock, with mossy verdure green
 And fum'd for many a fight,
 A spirit glides at night.
 Far o'er the waves it comes, from sunny France,—
 From an old *château* dim with age,
 Which has withstood all hostile rage
 Since Francis first was King.
 Converted to the faith, he died
 Believing in the God whose bloody side
 Receiv'd the lance,
 His peace with Cartier made.
 And nightly now is heard or seen his shade
 Over the city hovering.
 With him comes Domagaya, tir'd
 Of serving other lords,
 And Taigurangui too;
 And now we view,
 In death-clothes dress'd, a spectral crew
 Tho' not with fury fir'd,
 Nor arm'd with flaming swords,
 Attendant ghosts around them fly,
 And fill with joyous sounds the sky,
 As tho' they sang "Hosanna;"
 And echo, from the hills beyond,
 Their clam'rous joys respond
 With Agouhanna!

THOMAS COLB.
 Teacher.

Peninsula, Gaspé Bay North, 12th Sept., 1862.

SCIENCE.

Science in Rupert's Land.

The present year has witnessed, in the founding of the Institute of Rupert's Land, a remarkably interesting illustration of the changes which are slowly but surely revolutionising this vast continent; and giving evidence of an intellectual dawn which heralds the period when states and empires of the great northwest are to claim their place in the world's commonwealth of nations. The meeting for the formation of the Institute was held on the 12th of February, in the Court-room of Upper Fort Garry, where the Lord Bishop of Rupert's Land, as president of the Institute, delivered the opening address. After alluding to the Universities and other seats of learning in England, and to the influence they had exercised in fostering science, his Lordship referred to the striking contrast presented to the natives and colonists of the Red River Settlement in their field of labour. But, while, as he remarked, all might feel inclined to acknowledge the Universities and Colleges of Britain, and of Europe at large, as the nurseries of science, where its fitting guardians were to be looked for; and to recognise that its progress was to be anticipated under their fostering care: "Have we," asked the learned prelate, speaking in the name of his Red River auditors, "Have we any field for such pursuits? Does our land, in its present state, offer scope and opportunity for anything of the kind proposed? To this our reply is, others think so. Only the summer before last, a party of travellers passed through the Settlement and proceeded northward,—not lured by the prospect of gain; not attracted by any dazzling commercial speculation; yet fired, as was obvious to all who met them, with no less ardent enthusiasm, and eager to overcome every obstacle with this one object at heart. They wished, as you will recollect, to gain a spot from which, as they had calculated, they might obtain the best view of a marvellous phenomenon in the heavens. (1) Theirs was surely a praiseworthy ambition; and you saw in them, that science has her devoted followers, ready to encounter on her behalf any difficulties. The very same summer, I found on my arrival at Moose, that a traveller had preceded me, (2) and gone along the shores of the East Main, sent under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute chiefly as an Oologist or collector of the eggs of wild birds. And we have yet another (3) in our territory on the Mackenzie River, the Youcon, or the shores of the Arctic Sea, who has spent two or three winters in those solitary regions, gathering specimens of the insects of the land for the same scientific body. Besides those, there have been two or three fully organized exploratory expeditions: that of the British Government under Capt. Palliser and Blakiston, with its Naturalist, Geologist and Astronomer; and that of the Canadian Government under Mr. Dawson and Professor Hind, with its reports carefully drawn up and digested, and the detailed results submitted to the observation of the public. Such is apparently the judgment of others: they survey the land and look into its treasures and find something to reward their labors. Shall we, however, think only of strangers; have we no spirit of research among ourselves? There is one present, (4) who in the midst of a laborious life, has often stolen hours from rest, looking with curious eye into the mysteries of nature, scrutinizing the beautiful texture of the insect's wing, or minutely examining the wild flower of the Prairie or the Bay. Another too there is, holding the same rank in the Hon. Company's service, whose best energies have, for many years, been given to the cause; who has pursued it unintermittingly, whether at Martin's Falls, at Norway House, or as I last saw him, full of the one topic, on the shores of Lake Superior. The name of Mr. Barnston is not unknown in Britain as that of a scientific collector, and his valuable contribution of insects from this country may be seen in the Entomological Department of the British Museum."

Dr. Schultz, in addressing the meeting, sought to indicate the field of scientific labour to be overtaken by the new Institute, and to stimulate its members to a hearty co-operation by further reference to scientific labours already successfully carried out in their

(1) The Astronomical Expedition to take observations of the Solar Eclipse of July 18th, 1860.

(2) Mr. Dressler.

(3) Mr. R. Kennicott.

(4) W. Mactavish Governor of Assiniboin, whose valuable collections of Natural History received the thanks and acknowledgments of the Smithsonian Institution in 1861.