

"Song for August.

"Beneath this starry arch,
Nought resteth or is still;
But all things hold their march
As if by one great will.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, oh, for ever.

"Yon sheaves were once but seed;
Will ripens into deed;
As cave-drops swell the streams,
Day thoughts feed nightly dreams;
And sorrow tracketh wrong,
As echo follows song.
On, on, for ever.

"By night, like stars on high,
The hours reveal their train;
They whisper and go by;
I never watch in vain.
Moves one, move all;
Hark to the foot-fall!
On, on, for ever.

"They pass the cradle head,
And there a promise shed;
They pass the moist new grave,
And bid rank verdure wave;
They bear through every clime,
The harvests of all time.
On, on, for ever."

JUNIA.

From Mrs. Moodie's *Backwoods of Canada*.

THE CANADIAN INDIANS.

A FAMILY of Indians have pitched their huts very near us; on one of the islands of our lake we can distinguish the thin blue smoke of their wood fires, rising among the trees, from our front window, or curling over the bosom of the waters.

The squaws have been several times to see me; sometimes from curiosity, sometimes with the view of bartering their baskets, mats, ducks, or venison, for pork, flour, potatoes, or articles of wearing-apparel. Sometimes their object is to borrow "kettle to cook," which they are very punctual in returning.

Once a squaw came to borrow a washing-tub, but not understanding her language, I could not for some time discover the object of her solicitude; at last she took up a corner of her blanket, and pointing to some soap, began rubbing it between her hands, imitated the action of washing, then laughed, and pointed to a tub; she then held up two fingers, to intimate it was for two days she wanted the loan.

These people appear of gentle and amiable dispositions; and, as far as our experience goes, they are very honest. Once indeed, the old hunter, Peter, obtained from me some bread, for which he promised to give a pair of ducks, but when the time came for payment, and I demanded my ducks, he looked gloomy, and replied with characteristic brevity, "No duck—Chippewa (meaning S—, this being the name they have affectionately given him) gone up lake with canoe—no canoe—duck by-and-by." By-and-by is a favorite expression of the Indians, signifying an indefinite point of time; may be it means to-morrow, or a week, or a month, or it may be a year, or even more. They rarely give you a direct promise.

As it is not wise to let any one cheat you if you can prevent it, I coldly declined any further overtures to bartering with the Indians until my ducks made their appearance.

Some time afterwards I received one duck by the hands of Maquin, a sort of Indian Flibbertigibbet; this lad is a hunch-backed dwarf, very shrewd, but a perfect imp; his delight seems to be tormenting the grown babies in the wigwam, or teasing the meek deer-hounds. He speaks English very fluently, and writes tolerably for an Indian boy; he usually accompanies the women in their visits, and acts as their interpreter, grinning with mischievous glee at his mother's bad English, and my perplexity at not being able to understand her signs. In spite of his extreme deformity, he seemed to possess no inconsiderable share of vanity, gazing with great satisfaction at his face in the looking-glass. When I asked his name, he replied, "Indian

name Maquin, but English name Mister Walker, very good man;" this was the person he was called after.

These Indians are scrupulous in the observance of the Sabbath, and show great reluctance to having any dealings in the way of trading or pursuing their usual avocations of hunting or fishing on that day.

The young Indians are very expert in the use of a long bow, with wooden arrows, rather heavy, and blunt at the end. Maquin said he could shoot ducks and small birds with his arrows; but I should think they were not calculated to reach objects at any great distance, as they appeared very heavy.

'Tis sweet to hear the Indians singing their hymns of a Sunday night; their rich soft voices rising in the still evening air. I have often listened to this little choir praising the Lord's name in the simplicity and fervor of their hearts, and have felt it was a reproach that these poor half-civilized wanderers should alone be found to gather together to give glory to God in the wilderness.

I was much pleased with the simple piety of our friend the hunter, Peter's squaw, a stout swarthy matron, of a most amiable expression. We were taking our tea when she softly opened the door and looked in: an encouraging smile induced her to enter, and depositing a brown papoose (Indian for baby or little child) on the ground, she gazed round with curiosity and delight in her eyes. We offered her some tea and bread, motioning to her to take a vacant seat beside the table. She seemed pleased by the invitation, and drawing her little one to her knee, poured some tea into the saucer, and gave it to the child to drink. She eat very moderately, and when she had finished, rose and wrapping her face in the folds of her blanket, bent down her head on her breast in the attitude of prayer. This little act of devotion was performed without the slightest appearance of pharisaical display, but in singleness and simplicity of heart. She then thanked us with a face beaming with smiles and good humour; and taking little Rachel by the hands, threw her over her shoulder with a peculiar sleight that I feared would dislocate the tender thing's arms; but the papoose seemed well satisfied with this mode of treatment.

In long journeys the children are placed in upright baskets of a peculiar form, which are fastened round the necks of the mothers by straps of deer skin; but the young infant is swathed to a sort of flat cradle, secured with flexible hoops, to prevent it from falling out. To these machines they are strapped, so as not to be able to move a limb. Much finery is often displayed in the outer covering and the bandages that confine the papoose.

There is a sling attached to this cradle, that passes over the squaw's neck, the back of the babe being placed to the back of the mother, and its face outward. The first thing a squaw does on entering a house, is to release herself from her burden and place it up against the wall, or chair, chest, or any thing that will support it, where the passive prisoner stands looking not unlike a mummy in its case.

The squaws are most affectionate to their little ones. Gentleness and good humor appear distinguishing traits in the tempers of the female Indians; whether this be natural to their characters, the savage state, or the softening effects of Christianity, I cannot determine.

The squaws are very ingenious in many of their handiworks. We find their birch-bark baskets very convenient for a number of purposes. My bread-basket, knife-tray, and sugar-basket, are all of this humble material. When ornamented and wrought in patterns with dyed quills, I can assure you they are by no means inelegant.

They manufacture vessels of birch-bark so well, that they will serve for many useful household purposes, such as holding milk, soup, water, or any other liquid; they are sewn or rather stitched together with the tough roots of the tamarack or larch, or else with stripes of cedar-bark. They also weave very useful sorts of baskets from the inner rind of the bass-wood and white-ash. Some of these baskets, of a coarse kind, are made use of for gathering up potatoes, Indian corn, or turnips; the settlers finding them very good substitutes for the osier baskets used in the old country. The Indians are acquainted with a variety of dyes with which they stain the more elegant fancy baskets and