

glided for him on every distant cloud. His favorite reading for many months had been De Foë's *Robinson Crusoe*, and as the boat passed in and out among the many thousand islands of the river, he pointed to his mother, in glowing colors, all that it would be possible to do, if thrown adrift upon a spar, he should by some strange chance find himself alone upon the pebbly beach. Very charming he thought the fairy like islands with their tender screens of larch and maple, veiling just enough from feeble human sight the warm glory of the sun.

They were on, the islands were passed, and as the boat began to descend the rapids. A head wind lifted the breakers, the sky darkened, but the child and mother felt the excitement of the scene. Like a living human creature, the strong boat kept its way. It took a manly pride, it rowed, in mastering the obstacles to its course, and as it rose and fell with heavy swing, a sense of power, half divine, filled the hearts and souls of the passengers.

The boy stood still. Tighter and tighter he grasped his mother's hand, and with blue eyes darkened by sunset thought, looked upon the face of the water. Soon the rain began to fall heavily, the water was still more agitated, and the mother felt that when the heat of the raised grated against the rocks, visions of storm and wreck passed through the little one's mind. She saw that he was frightened, and began to question whether it would not be best to carry him to the river cabin, and by song and story beguile his excited mind. Just at this moment, he gently pressed her hand, and looking down upon him, she saw the expression of serious thought give way, a sweet smile twinkled on his lips, as he said softly to himself, rather than to her, the following lines:

"Then the captain's little daughter
Took her father by the hand,
Saying, Is not God upon the water,
Just the same as on the land?"

The pleasant poet who wrote the simple lines, of which the above were the child's broken remembrance, was in a foreign land. The drawing rooms of the noble open readily to his genial presence, and the air of the literature with the cheer and merriment his joyous tones excite; but no words of courtly compliment, though spoken with royal lips, will fall more sweetly upon his ear than would these words of a trusting child, could he have stood by his side and watched the dawn of faith in his pure soul as he spoke. Oh, little children! God teaches us in many ways that to make others happy is one of the truest objects of life. It is better to make others good, but at least of all to turn the heart of a little child in trusting love to its Heavenly Father. If, like the great poet, we are ever able to speak or write one word which shall do this, let us bless God for the high privilege.—*Montreal Juv. Mag.*

Selections.

MARSHALL NEY.—The inauguration of a statue of Marshall Ney took place, with great military pomp, in Paris on the 7th instant. The correspondent of the *Tenants* eloquently premises a description of the ceremony:

PARIS, Dec. 7. G. R. M.

It was on the day 33 years that one of the most heroic of those military chiefs whose names had once stirred the heart of France like the blast of a trumpet, died. The death of his, perhaps unprepared, traitor to the restored King of France. The details of that death have become a matter of history. It is known that Marshall Moncey, who was appointed to act as one of the judges of the Court-martial named by Royal ordinance, refused the office. He was for that reason deprived of his honour, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. Ney, noting on the advice of his counsel, M. Dupin and M. Berryer, father of the celebrated orator, objected to the competency of the tribunal; and Marshal Massena, also a member of the Court-martial, declared that his impartiality was liable to doubt from the fact of his having had, when they both served the emperor, serious discussions with his brother Marshall during the retreat of the French army from Portugal. His scruples were not listened to; and, when brought before the tribunal a second time, Ney reiterated his objections to the competency of the Court, and demanded that his reasons for doing so should be explained at length by M. Berryer. The Court declared itself incompetent by a majority of five votes; and a Royal ordinance the next day summoned the Chamber of Peers to try the Marshall for high treason. The fact of Ney having at the last moment withdrawn the Royal cause, and gone over with his sword to the Emperor, was too patent for detail, and need not be justified, except that he found himself misled on by the course of events which were irresistible, and by the astonishing success of the march of Napoleon

from Grenoble. A man of moral firmness would, under such circumstances, have resigned the post entrusted to him by the Monarch to whom he had sworn allegiance, when he found that even his influence over the army was as nothing compared to the magic power of Napoleon's name on the heart of the soldier. But he was a doomed man. His only defence was in the 13th article of the capitulation of Paris, of the 3rd of July, which stipulated that "Individuals who are at present in the capital shall continue to enjoy their rights and liberties, without being disquieted or prosecuted in any respect in regard to their functions which they occupy, or may have occupied, or to their particular conduct or opinions."

The counsel of Ney were, it is said, interdicted from pleading that capitulation, and they were driven to technical objections. M. Dupin urged that, in virtue of the treaty of the 30th of November, Ney was not a French citizen, as Barrois, his native town, had ceased to form part of France. This plea was indignantly rejected by Ney, who interrupted his counsel, and cried,—"Yes, I am a Frenchman—I will die a Frenchman. I thank my defenders for what they have done—for what they are ready to do: but I pray them to cease defending me rather than only half do so. I prefer not being defended at all to having a semblance of defence. I am accused on the faith of treaties, and I am debarred from appealing to them. I am like Moreau—I appeal to Europe and to posterity." His trial was proceeded with, and the Chamber of Peers, after six hours' deliberation, condemned "Michael Ney, Marshal of France, Duke of Elchingen, Prince of Moskowa, ex-Peer of France, to the penalty of death." The sentence was communicated to him at 5 o'clock in the morning. He demanded the spiritual assistance of the Curé of St. Sulpice, who accompanied him in the carriage that conveyed him to the place of execution.

Ney gave a sum of money for the poor of his Parish, and a small gold box, with his portrait, as his last gift for his wife. At 9 o'clock in the morning of the 7th of December, he reached a retired spot in the garden of the Luxembourg, and was placed with his back to a wall, where a detachment of soldiers (said to be Vendéans, disguised as soldiers) were drawn up with their pieces loaded. He was prayed to allow his eyes to be bandaged: he pushed the bandage away, and said,—"Do you not know that for five and twenty years I have looked upon death?" He uncovered his head with his left hand, and cried, "I protest against the sentence which condemns me. I should have preferred dying for my country on the field of battle, but this too, is the field of honour. *Vive la France!*" (and, pointing with his right hand to his heart, said), "Soldiers, do your duty;—aim here!" As he uttered the last word, he fell pierced by six balls, two of which he received in the head. His body was transported in a litter to the Hospice of the *Materne*. It was soon after given up to his family, who procured it a decent interment. Thus fell the hero of a hundred fights,—*la plus brave des braves*.

A STRANGE RACE IN THE HEART OF CALIFORNIA.—INTERESTING NARRATIVE.—Through the very centre of the great Basin runs the Rio Colorado Chiquito, our Little Red River. It takes its rise in the mountain that skirts the right bank of the Rio Grande, flows almost due west, and empties into the Colorado at a point on the same parallel of latitude with Walker's Pass. About 100 miles north of this, and running almost parallel with it, is the river San Juan. Each of these streams is about 250 miles long. Between them stretches an immense table land, broken occasionally by sierras of no great length, which shoot up above the general elevation. About halfway between the two rivers, and midway in the wilderness between the Colorado and Rio Grande, is the country of the Moquis. From the midst of the plain rises abruptly on all sides a butte of considerable elevation, the top of which is as flat as if some great power had sliced off the summit. Away up here the Moquis have built three large villages, where they rest at night perfectly safe from the attacks of the fierce tribes who live to the north and east of them. The sides of this table mountain are almost perpendicular cliffs, and the top can only be reached by a steep flight of steps cut in the solid rock. Around its base is a plain of arable land, which the Moquis cultivate with great assiduity. Here they raise all kinds of grain, melons, and vegetables; they have also a number of orchards, filled with many kinds of fruit trees. The peaches they raise, Capt. Walker says, are particularly fine. They have a large flock of sheep and goats, but very few beasts of burden or cattle. They are a harmless, inoffensive race—kind and hospitable to strangers, and make very little resistance when attacked.—The warlike Navajoes, who dwell in the mountains to the north-east of them, are in the habit of sweeping down upon them every two or three years, and driving off their stock. At such time they gather up all that is moveable from their farms, and fly for refuge to their mountain stronghold. Here their enemies dare not follow them. When a stranger approaches, they appear on the top of the rocks and houses, watching his movements. One of their villages at which Captain Walker stayed for several days, is five or six hundred yards long. The houses are generally built of stone and mortar—sometimes of adobe. They are very snug and comfortable, and many of them are two and even three stories high. The inhabitants are considerably advanced in some of the arts, and manufacture excellent woollen clothing, blankets, leather, basket-work and pottery. Unlike most of the Indian tribes of this coun-

try the women work within door, the men performing all the farm and outdoor labour. As a race, they are lighter in colour than the Digger Indians of California. Indeed, the women are tolerably fair, in consequence of not being so much exposed to the sun. Among them Captain Walker saw three perfectly white, with white hair and yellow eyes. He saw two others of the same kind at the Zuni villages, near the Rio Grande. They were no doubt Albinos, and probably gave rise to the rumours which have prevailed of the existence of white Indians in the Basin.

The Moquis have probably assisted nature in leveling the top of the mountains as a site for their villages. They have cut down the rocks in many places, and have excavated out of the solid rock a number of large rooms, for manufacturing woollen cloth. Their only arms are bows and arrows. Although they never war with any other tribe. The Navajoes carry off their stock without opposition. It is unlike almost every other tribe of Indians on the continent, they are scrupulously honest. Captain Walker says the most attractive and valuable articles may be left exposed and they will not touch them.

Many of the women are beautiful, with forms of faultless symmetry. They are very neat and clean, and dress in quite a picturesque costume of their own manufacture. They wear a dark robe with a red border gracefully draped, so as to leave their right arm and shoulder bare. They have most beautiful hair, which they arrange with great care. The condition of a female may be known from her manner of dressing the hair. The virgins part their hair in the middle behind, and twist each parcel around a hoop of six or eight inches in diameter. This is nicely smoothed and oiled, and fastened to each side of the head, something like a large rossette. The effect is very striking. The married wear their hair twisted into a club behind.

PAUPERISM IN THE UNITED STATES.—Nothing shows more forcibly the wide difference between the great mass of the laboring class in the United States and that of the same class in Great Britain, than a comparison of the pauperism of the two countries. In 1832, the number of persons in England and Wales who received relief from the poor-rates, on the 1st of July, was 796,234: in round numbers, about 1 out of every 20 inhabitants. In the United States, the total number of persons receiving relief, on the 1st of June 1850, was 50,353: about 1 pauper out of every 450 inhabitants. The ease with which employment and good wages can be obtained in America is no doubt one great cause of this difference; but it may also be traced in a considerable degree to the superior education of the working classes there, and to that spirit of independence and determination to make their way in the world which naturally prevail among a well-educated population. Among the numerous systematized returns relating to the pauperism in Great Britain, it is strange that the Poorlaw Board has never ordered one which would tabulate the amount of education among the out-door and in-door paupers, and the causes which have led to their becoming a burden to the community.—*English Paper.*

A FRIGHTFUL SCOURGE.—Mr. Gladstone in a public address recently, in Liverpool, made the following digression upon the Eastern Question and the horrors of war.

"When we speak of a general war, we do not speak of a real progress on the road of freedom—of real progress in the advancement of human intelligence.—These may sometimes be the intentions—rarely, I fear, are they the results of war. When we speak of a general war we mean the face of nature stained with human gore—we mean the bread taken out of the mouths of millions—we mean taxation indefinitely increased, and trade and industry woefully diminished—we mean heavy burdens entailed upon our latest posterity—we mean that democratization is let loose, families are broken up, and lust stalks unbridled in every country which is visited by the calamity of war. (Loud cheers). If that be a true description of war, is it not so true that it is the absolute duty of the government to exercise for themselves that self-command which they recommend to others, and that they should labor to the uttermost for the adoption of every honest and honorable expedient which may be the means of averting that frightful scourge."

WHAT IS LIFE?—It is even as a vapour, says the good book. The poet Keats says:

Stop and consider! Life is but a day,
A fragile dew-drop on its perilous way,
From a tree's summit, a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a man?
Life is the rose's hope: while yet unblown,
The reading of an ever-changing tale,
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil,
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air,
A laughing school-boy without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

But if any reader prefers a plain prose answer to the question, What is life? we answer, It is man's opportunity on earth for doing good, acquiring good, and preparing for an eternal career of goodness hereafter.