

The first choice fell to the lot of Villeneuve, who, placing his hand on the weapons, endeavoured to choose the heaviest; but he who is to stand such a dreadful hazard as the one proposed, must be more than a man of courage, if in such a moment he is cool enough to discriminate between weights to which a single small bullet gives the preponderance. He fixed upon the one he thought the heaviest, and the other was given to Talbot. They took their respective grounds, and so close that the muzzle of each man's pistol touched his adversary. Talbot expressed himself as ready to die as to commit the murder, but there was no alternative: he himself had proposed the mode of fighting, and the ungenerous precaution taken by his adversary gave him a little more of the murderous intention than his otherwise truly English feeling could have permitted. Men face some dreadful sights, but few have seen the parallel to this; neither is it to be thought by my readers as the mere effusion of an imaginary brain. The duel in question actually took place, and if the names were changed, every particular would be true. Dreadful must it have been for the friends of each; the certain knowledge that one must fall—the excitement, the agitation, the hope, the expectation, almost placed the bystanders in as great an apprehension as the principals. When both were placed on the ground, the seconds of each advanced, and took a last farewell. Talbot shook his friend's hand with an earnest trepidation: he merely whispered a few words, and, with a faint smile and fainter accent, said 'Good bye.' Villeneuve appeared as unconcerned as if he were a casual spectator: he spoke quick and rapidly; nodded to one or two of the company, more as a recognition than as a parting; and had taken leave of his second before Talbot had ended his low whisper. The words given were merely 'Are you ready?' then, 'Fire!' Both pistols went off on the second, and both men fell. Villeneuve only turned upon his side, and almost instantaneously died. Talbot was lifted immediately; the closeness of the pistol at the discharge had knocked him down, and his face was a little injured by the powder; but his worst feeling was that of disgust, when he saw his fallen enemy dead at his feet. The whirl of the brain left him reasonless for some moments, and he fixed his excited eyes upon the corpse; he was hurried from the spot in a dreadful state, and many months elapsed before he was perfectly restored to health, or even reason. There lay Villeneuve, the sworn foe to all Englishmen, having met the fate of almost all professed duellists. He died with a smile of contempt upon his countenance. One of his companions threw his cloak over the corpse; many looked on in silence. There was not a word spoken; the stillness of death had extended itself to the spectators, who one by one retired with cautious footsteps, as if fearing to awaken the slumbers of him who had gone to his long

account, and who had left behind him a memory so tarnished that friendship would gladly forget it, and had made the enmity he bore to our countrymen a kind of entailed curse upon his survivors.

THE INDIAN'S MORNING SONG.

GOD of the sun, of light and day,
Hail O GOD! to Thee we pray!
GOD of wood, of lake and river,
GOD! the everlasting ever!
Harken to the Indian's song,
And let each tribe the notes prolong.

GOD of love, and GOD of wonder,
GOD of lightning and of thunder:
GOD of tempest, storms and torrents,
Of foaming falls and rapid currents,
Of the fell and fierce tornado—
GOD without a form or shadow:
GOD the red-man's friend and father,
Before Thee let us quickly gather,
Chief and vassal, sire and son
Maid and mother—see! the sun
Rises god-like, broad and fulgent,
And bespeaks our GOD indulgent;
Then bow the head, and bend the knee
And praise HIM, freest of the free!

Spirit of each rock and mountain—
Of wind and rain, of flood and fountain;
GOD of the Arch whose boundless span
Ensures eternal hope to man;
GOD of the sky, the cloud and air,
Hearken to the red-man's prayer!

GOD of the fishes of yon lake—
Of birds and beasts in wold and brake—
Of cattle on a thousand hills,
And flowerets watered by thy rills;
With nature's rich and ample store,
Bless the wigwam's humble door.

GOD of peace, and GOD of war—
GOD of yonder morning star,
Shield! O shield! the Indian's life
Midst the battle's gory strife;
And where'er he dares to roam,
Safe conduct him to his home:
Harmless, midst each wood and wild,
In peace protect his wife and child.

GOD of endless time and space,
Long befriend the red-man's race;
Guard him from the white-man's chains—
The white-man's tortures, wiles and pains!
GOD of gods; and GOD of day,
Thus we praise, and thus we pray!

D. C.