

## LINES TO DU PERRIER ON THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBE.

Thy grief, Du Perrier, will it ne'er depart?  
And shall the words of woe  
Paternal love is whispering to thy heart  
For ever make it flow?

Thy daughter's fate, in sinking' mid the dead—  
The lot in store for all—  
Is it some maze, wherein thy reason, fled,  
Is lost for evermore?

I know what charms were spread about her youth,  
Nor hath it been my aim,  
My injur'd friend, the fatal blow to soothe,  
By weakening her fame.

But she was of that world, whose brightest flow'rs  
To saddest fate are born;  
A rose, she number'd all a rose's hours,  
The space of one bright morn.

Oh! Death hath rigours beyond all compare,  
To pray to her is vain;  
The cruel sprite is deaf to all our care,  
She heeds no cry of pain.

The poor man in his hut, whate'er his state,  
Must meet the dart she flings;  
And sentries watching at the palace gate  
Cannot defend our kings.

## THE WITHERED LEAF.

(From the French of A. V. Arnault.)

"De ta tige détachée."

From thy branchlet torn away,  
Whither, whither dost thou stray,  
Poor dry leaf?—I cannot say.  
Late, the tempest struck the oak  
Which was hitherto my stay.  
Ever since that fatal stroke,  
To the faithless winds a prey,  
Not a moment's rest I gain.  
From the forest to the plain,  
Without fear or show of pain,  
I am carried by the gale.  
Yet I only go the way  
That the rose-leaf shuns in vain,  
And where laurel-leaves grow pale.

Mascouche, July, 1865.

J. R.

## CANADIAN HISTORY

## Champlain on the Ottawa. (1)

The arrangements just indicated were a work of time. In the summer of 1612, Champlain was forced to forego his yearly voyage to New France; nor, even in the following spring, were his labors finished and the rival interests brought to harmony. Meanwhile, incidents occurred destined to have no small influence on his movements. Three years before, after his second fight with the Iroquois, a young man of his company had boldly volunteered to join the Indians on their homeward journey and winter among them. Champlain gladly assented, and in the following

(1) A chapter from Mr. Parkman's new work, of which a notice appeared in our last number. It will derive additional interest from the fact that the seat of government is now established at Ottawa. Champlain never dreamt that near these wonderful falls of the *kettles*, where an offering of tobacco was made to the *manitou* of the place, a city would be built that, two hundred and fifty years afterwards, should deprive his own dear Quebec of the metropolitan honors.

summer, the adventurer returned. Another young man, one Nicholas de Vignan, next offered himself; and he, also, embarking in the Algonquin canoes, passed up the Ottawa and was seen no more for a twelvemonth. In 1612 he reappeared in Paris, bringing a tale of wonders; for, says Champlain, "he was the most impudent liar that has been seen for many a day." He averred that at the sources of the Ottawa he had found a great lake; that he had crossed it, and discovered a river flowing northward; that he had descended this river, and reached the shores of the sea; that here he had seen the wreck of an English ship, whose crew, escaping to land, had been killed by the Indians; and that this sea was distant from Montreal only seventeen days by canoe. The clearness, consistency, and apparent simplicity of his story deceived Champlain, who had heard of a voyage of the English to the northern seas, coupled with rumors of wreck and disaster, (1) and was thus confirmed in his belief of Vignan's honesty. The Maréchal de Brissac, the President Jeannin, and other persons of eminence about the court, greatly interested by these dexterous fabrications, urged Champlain to follow up without delay a discovery which promised results so important; while he, with the Pacific, Japan, China, the Spice Islands, and India stretching in flattering vista before his fancy, entered with eagerness on the chase of this illusion. Early in the spring of 1613, the unwearied voyager crossed the Atlantic, and sailed up the St. Lawrence. On Monday, the twenty-seventh of May, he left the island of St. Helen, opposite Montreal, with four Frenchmen, one of whom was Nicholas de Vignan, and one Indian, in two small canoes. They passed the swift current at St. Ann's, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and advanced up the Ottawa till the rapids of Carillon and the Long Saut checked their course. So dense and tangled was the forest, that they were forced to remain in the bed of the river, trailing their canoes along the bank with cords, or pushing them by main force up the current. Champlain's foot slipped; he fell in the rapids, two boulders against which he braced himself saving him from being swept down, while the cord of the canoe, twisted round his hand, nearly severed it. At length they reached smoother water, and presently met fifteen canoes of friendly Indians. Champlain gave them the most awkward of his Frenchmen and took one of their number in return,—an exchange greatly to his profit.

All day they plied their paddles. Night came, and they made their camp-fire in the forest. He who now, when two centuries and a half are passed, would see the evening bivouac of Champlain, has but to encamp, with Indian guides, on the upper waters of this same Ottawa,—to this day a solitude,—or on the borders of some lonely river of New Brunswick or of Maine.

As, crackling in the forest stillness, the flame cast its keen red light around, wild forms stood forth against the outer gloom;—the strong, the weak, the old, the young; all the leafy host of the wilderness; moss-bearded ancients tottering to their death, saplings slender and smooth, trunks hideous with wens and goitress and strange deformity; the oak, a giant in rusty mail; the Atlantean column of the pine, bearing on high its murmuring world of verdure; the birch, ghastly and wan, a spectre in the darkness; and, aloft, the knotted boughs, uncouth, distorted shapes struggling amid dim clouds of foliage.

The voyagers gathered around the flame, the red men and the white, these cross-legged on the earth, those crouching like apes, each feature painted in fiery light as they waited their evening meal,—trout and perch on forked sticks before the scorching blaze. Then each spread his couch—boughs of the spruce, hemlock, balsam-fir, or pine—and stretched himself to rest. Perhaps, as the night wore on, chilled by the river-damps, some slumberer woke, rose, kneeled by the sunken fire, spread his numbed hands over the dull embers, and stirred them with a half-consumed brand. Then the sparks, streaming upward, roamed like fire-flies among the dusky boughs. The scared owl screamed,

(1) Evidently the voyage of Henry Hudson in 1610-12, when that voyager, after discovering Hudson's Strait, lost his life through a mutiny. Compare Jérémie, *Relation*, in *Recueil de Voyages au Nord*, VI.