

QUEENSTON SUSPENSION-BRIDGE

It is a melancholy reflection, that before the onward march of the civilizer, the savage disappears like snow before the summer sun, that, they are so antagonistic, instead of mutually leading vigour and intelligence, the animal sinks before the mental, and that, not by its direct operation, but by the extraneous force it imparts to the same animal development in others, it gives it for the time the mastery, to be displaced in its turn by that from which it received its power. Thus the white man in teaching the redskin the wants of civilization, opened also a market for its luxuries, and, with the introduction of artificial wants, engrafted civilization and its fruits on nature, whilst having engrossed the profits of Indian labor, the descendant of the squatter and emigrant occupy that soil which should have yielded its produce to the aboriginal, and thus oppressed by the arts, not of war, but of peace, the Indian sinks overwhelmed in the flood. Yet is this reflection modified and softened not only by general but also by particular effects as well for, though the nations which had reigned undisturbed lords over the land are disappearing, the scarce perceived amalgamation of their races has frequently resulted in the advancement of the descendant of the aborigines, and many occupy places of honor and trust among the abodes of civilization, whose fathers dwelt under the canopy of heaven.

This is a source of consolation when memory recalls the extinct races of the eastern shores of America, the glory of her forests and wastes, when in traditionary recollections, we hear again the sweet dove like sounds which floated softly round the council fires of the chivalric Delawares. The mill and the factory of the white man may be less picturesque than the deer skin lodge of the red: the smoky steamer, as, parting she cleaves our lakes or rivers, less in harmony with their features, than the undulations of the buoyant canoe: the clearing less grateful to the eye than the woodland glades: the whirl of the iron road, than the forest trail; but the perfection to which they lead, the bright day of peace and love, of which they are the harbingers—though but faintly discernible in the long perspective of years to come, is too pregnant with the happiness of the human race, and the glory of

the Deity, to leave any serious pain upon the mind which looks forward to it.

No where, perhaps, has the white man produced more striking changes than along the precipitous shores (we may not call them banks) of the mighty Niagara, and should the reader but in imagination transport himself to where the great northern "Father of the Floods" rolls his waves along, some such picture as the following will doubtless rise in fancy's glass. His mind has reverted to the time ere the sylvan abode of the aboriginal had been disturbed by the foot of his white brother, when opposing tribes contended with each other for the possession of hunting-grounds, presenting advantages superior to those they already occupied; and after one of these encounters he sees a vanquished chief, Man-na-quah, bound and led by his captors to their encampment, not far from the gigantic leap of the mighty stream. It was ever a great and honorable feat to take captive a chief, for nobility with the Indian is strength of arm and fearlessness of danger, and the chief of a tribe was ever foremost in the field and in the chase. Man-na-quah, then, the terror of all his foes, the pride of all his friends, a captive, and fettered, is doomed to die a painful and lingering death, his enemies treat him with that respect that the prestige of a renowned name always commands, but securely is he bound and closely is he watched, lest the tribe should be disgraced by his escape. It is but seldom that an Indian acts traitorously towards his friends, but they always seek to return a kindness. So it was with the boy, Po-wen-a-go. The brave Man-na-quah had generously spared his life in their last engagement, for he warred not he thought with women or boys, but he told not Po-wen-a-go why he spared him, and happily for him it was that he did not so, for already had Po-wen-a-go devised a scheme for his escape, waiting only for darkness to put it into execution. Night came on, and dark masses of cloud hung about the heavens striving to obscure the beams of the moon, (fortunately for Po-wen-a-go's plans, in her last quarter) and shrouding her gradually sinking orb in their dusky mantle, as if in league with the envious stars, the watchers of earth. Now it was that Po-wen-a-go released Man-na-quah, and pointing in the direction of a brilliant star in the east, bade him, in a whisper, follow