

busily arranging the loading, which, from the careful precautions used, of secure packing, had received little or no injury from the rain that had fallen during their absence. During this business their conversation principally turned on the satisfactory subject of being able that evening to reach their point of destination—a fur trading post far inland, where some of them expected to meet old companions, and where all of them knew that they should enjoy a respite of some days from farther hard labour. At length all their preparations for embarking were completed; their short pipes were all lighted, and the bowman of each canoe was already in his place, paddle in hand, when suddenly one of the party called out, “*Mais où est que c’est notre Bourgeois ?*” Until now apparently the absence of the young stranger had not been noticed. A loud yelling summons was now uttered by some of the men, which was loudly re-echoed from the shores and hills around—they then paused silently awaiting a reply. None reached their ears. Again they called in louder and more prolonged halloosings—they listened and still came no reply. “*C’est étrange,*” said one of the men who had not yet embarked. A third time they raised their voices to the highest scream, the whole number now uniting in their efforts to render effectual the hail. Again they listened, and looked at each other in anxious silence. No welcome sound cheered them in return. At length almost in a whisper, the gray headed old conductor uttered “*Porage,*” and immediately proceeded to search of the absent youth—the others remaining in fearful suspense by the lake side. In less than a minute a loud agonizing call to the party was heard from the old man. They simultaneously rushed towards the place whence his voice proceeded, and there, extended at the foot of the beech tree which I have already mentioned, lay the body of the absent one quite dead. Awhile they stood aghast in dreadful dismay, until the old man, without uttering a word, slowly pointed with his finger from the bottom to the summit of the tree. They looked and beheld a narrow split in the bark, reaching from the highest part down to some letters which the young man had evidently carved, and there it stopped. “*La tonnière la frappée,*” said the conductor. The others assented by silent gestures. On searching farther, they discovered a penknife, the blade shivered into fragments; and on taking up the handsome rifle which lay upon the ground, the lock was found to have been wrenched from the stock, and the silver inlay partly discolored, though strange to say, the piece had not exploded. A few minutes consultation decided them: they took up the body of the young man and carefully embarked it in one of the canoes, carefully also preserving the remnant of the penknife, and of the mutilated rifle. They then re-embarked, and in the course of a few hours, arrived sorrowfully at the post, the termination of their la-

bours, to which they had hitherto looked forward with so much eagerness.

It only remains to be told, that one of the gentlemen of the post, a few days after, having to pass the portage distinguished by the melancholy event, curiosity led him to examine the beech tree, on which the young man had, according to the story of the voyageurs, been writing—and there exactly at the termination of the lightning streak, he distinctly read the word ELIZA, and beneath it

VALENT.

J. B.

LONG LIVE THE QUEEN.

BY MR. HOLLINGSWORTH.

A bumper fill high of the choicest and best,

Let the goblet with nectar o’erflow;

My theme is the joy of each true Briton’s breast—

It alone in the heart can ere grow.

Still with each coming day may this be our theme—

Old England for ever! and long live the Queen!

Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

Old England for ever! and long live the Queen!

A true heart’s a gem, to honesty dear,

Of more worth than a Crown ere could boast;

It’s the safeguard of honor, of villains the fear,

And in Loyalty’s cause ’tis a host.

May Victoria’s reign be blest and serene.

And Britons protect their dear country and Queen!

Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

Old England for ever! and long live the Queen!

PREJUDICE.

THERE is a high degree of difficulty in questioning opinions established by time, by habit, and by education: every religious and political innovation is opposed by the timidity of some, the obstinacy and pride of others, and the ignorance of the bulk of mankind, who are incapable of attention to reasoning and argument; and must, if they have any opinions, have opinions of prejudice. All improvements, therefore, in religion and politics must be gradual. There was a time when the most part of the inhabitants of Britain would have been as much startled at questioning the truth of the doctrine of transubstantiation, as they would, in this age, at the most sceptical doubts on the being of a God.—*Anon.*

TO OYSTER EATERS.

RECEIVE oysters from the hand of the opener, taking care that they be eaten off the deep shell, to preserve every drop of the precious liquor, so peculiarly their own. Laying an oyster, after being opened, on a dish, no matter for how short a period of time, diminishes materially the piquancy of flavour, and deteriorates the fish.—*Blackwood’s Magazine.*