

"Ah! bitter chill it is!

The owl, for all his feathers, is a cold."

In a wooded country, as this province has been emphatically called—the thirty and industrious have but little to dread from the approach of frost and darkness. A log-built pyramid of flame, in the recess of a huge chimney, roaring and crackling like a furnace, is admirably calculated to restore confidence to the very chilliest trembler at the blast of winter, and banish all dread of curling up into an icicle, or congealing into a frost-preserved mummy, to be thawed out slowly on the approach of the tardy summer.—We can face the enemy boldly, and look out upon the night. Starlight is glittering over the silent world, with an intensity and brilliancy unknown to the blue summer nights of our fatherland. No damp or exhalation is dimming the ethereal clearness of the frosty air, and thousands apparently of stars, invisible through the fog and vapour of duller atmospheres, are looking down upon us. A white light is trembling on the verge of the northern heaven, just where the dim crests of the far pine ridge mingle with the deep blue sky. Now pale shadowing columns are advancing with swift strides toward the zenith, shifting and changing in the kindling ether. Well do we know—gladly do we hail, those quaint masquers of our midnight skies—

"We may tell by the streamers, that shoot so bright,
That spirits are riding the northern light;"

and beautiful, startlingly beautiful, are the wild evolutions of those wandering phantoms. For hours together, we have seen the heaven, one instant overspread with the tangled labyrinth of streamers, the next, the pale stars alone gleaming white and wan through the darkening air. Again the columns dash swiftly from the northern horizon, no longer in thin pale lines, but thrown together in a mighty flood of radiance,—deepening and colouring as it advanced, till the zenith was lit up with a glowing ocean of crimson light—and the snowy world kindled beneath the fleeting splendour, as we have seen a glitter at the parting flush of the sunset heaven—

"Like the rose tints that summer twilight leaves
Upon the lofty glacier's virgin snow."

But it is time that we retrace our steps, and thought of returning from empty speculation by frozen lake and forest-river, "or idle star-light reveries," to the busy haunts of active life.

Hark to the eternal tinkling and chiming of the sleigh-bells; every variety of tone and jingle combined in their endless repetitions. How some of our English whips would delight to exhibit their taste and dexterity over the smooth surface of our now unrivalled roads! That matchless artist, Frost, puts pot-Macadam completely to the blush in the formation of those conveniences for travel; and the smoothest turnpike track in the mother country could not for an instant be compared to the noiseless and exquisitely even road afforded to the transit of the sleigh runners, as the winter substitute for wheels is designated. In summer we make no remark on our Canadian thoroughfares, but now we challenge competition or comparison from any country, and assert our measureless superiority.

We have tandem clubs, skating clubs, curling clubs, &c., all in active operation. The number of occasional idlers from the numerous regiments quartered in the country, devote much of their valuable time to these fashionable amusements, rivalling each other in the elegance, grotesqueness, or oddity of their respective appointments. Civilians, too, of the same "dolce for niente" school, turn their attention to excelling in the same accomplishments. Everything, in short, not forgetting the fact of our possessing "two kings of Brentford on one throne," in the shape of our worthy lieutenant-governor, Sir George Arthur, and the silken Mr. Poulett Thomson, combine to produce a gaiety and bustle in this remote corner of the empire unknown and unlooked-for in the golden age anterior to the present period of Atlantic steam navigation, reform bubbles, and lord high commissioners.

In those melancholy days of tory despotism and irresponsible corruption, when three hundred soldiers kept the peace through this vast country from Montreal to Lake superior, the honest Canadian sat under the shelter of his "own vine or fig-tree," and dream-

ed not of the coming of the glorious advent of reform and whiggery, when the tender mercies of a Durham or a Melbourne would depute thirteen thousand soldiers to guard our remote shores, to protect the working of the great experiment of democratic institutions which their wisdom considered that we prayed for and would rebel for.

But yet a little while, and the summer will be coming "on soft winds borne;" our lakes and forests will be starting from their sleep, and everything be bursting out fresh and vigorous from the dim lethargy of winter. So let us look with hope and confidence, that when the spring awakens the green valleys of merry England, the frozen chains of radicalism and infidelity may be unloosed from around her throne and government, and the helm of the freed vessel be grasped by firmer and manlier hands than those of the dastards that had steered the good ship to the verge of the wild breakers of destruction.

MEMOIR OF THE RIGHT REV. PHILANDER CHASE,
First Bishop of Ohio in 1819; and elected Bishop of Illinois, 1835.*

However unusual it may be to publish a memoir during the lifetime of an individual, the distance which separates the subject of the present biographical sketch from those into whose hands it is likely to fall, may allow of its making an exception to the general rule,—particularly as his cause is, in the present day, most remarkably connected with that of the Protestant faith, and with the prosperity and extension of the Episcopal Church.

The object of this publication is, to strengthen the hands of this indefatigable servant of God, by drawing the attention of the public mind to the peculiarity of his situation, and obtaining for him such aid as may support him in the arduous charge of the extensive diocese of Illinois, to which he was appointed, by the primary convention of that state, on the 10th of March, 1835, without any offer of remuneration. While the Romanists are making unusual and almost unheard-of exertions in Illinois, and our own emigrants are flocking into that country by thousands,—we are forcibly called upon to give him substantial demonstrations of our love and sympathy, both as Britons and Protestants.

The following account of himself and his ancestors is chiefly selected from his own writings, casually scattered amongst his friends in England:—

My ancestors were English, and originally from Cornwall; they settled first at Newbury Port, and then at Sutton, in the state of Massachusetts; and afterwards procured from the colonial government of New Hampshire the grant of a township of land, and called it Cornish on that account. This happened previously to any settlements being made northward of Charleston, on Connecticut river, which divides two of the New England states, New Hampshire and Vermont, upon the banks of which our land was situated, and to which my grandfather and his sons migrated from a town near Boston, the chief of the New England states, about the year of our Lord 1763.

My father and his family, consisting of my mother and seven children, were the first to take possession of the soil, which was then covered by an entire forest of the largest and tallest trees.

When the family, in their painful journey through the woods, arrived at No. 4 Fort, as Charleston was then called, it was thought advisable that my mother and children should remain there for shelter, and for their greater security from the Indians. To this arrangement my mother consented, although, as she told me, it was with great reluctance. "I shuddered," she said, "at the thought of being penned up with my precious bairns within the precincts of a narrow fort, rudely built for defence against savages, for a period of time I knew not how long; for it was sixteen miles up the river whither your father and his company of workmen were going, where the land was to be cleared, and the crop for the approaching season to be planted. But necessity is an imperious dictate, and submission was my duty: it was never-

* From the Church of England Magazine.

† A subscription for Bishop Chase's object is opened at Messrs. Farquhar and Herries, St. James's Street.

theless a hard parting when your father pressed his babes to his bosom, and mine to his manly cheek, as he stepped into his canoe, and took command of his little fleet of stout and cheerful men, both able and willing to subdue the forest and plant the virgin soil.

"It was sometime in the early spring that this parting scene took place on the fertile banks of the Connecticut river. The bud was then bursting from its wintry fetters; the birds were commencing their wooing songs, and the wild herbage sprang up all around me. Among these I wandered, admired their beauty, and inhaled their sweets: but all had no charms for me while your father was gone. I tried to banish my fears for his safety when I thought of his defenceless state, and the proximity of the ruthless savage—for there was then war between France and England, and no fort between us and Canada. I also endeavoured to seek refuge from my painful feelings in employment for myself and children—but our condition in the fort precluded the observance of regularity, and without that, little can be done. So much mingling of contending interests, especially among a crowd of little children, bade defiance to all efforts for order or peace. Days seemed weeks, and weeks seemed months; and scarcely did a sun rise without witnessing my wandering on the banks of the flowing stream where I had parted from your father and his blithe company of Cornish woodmen."

"It was in one of these walks, that, with my children by my side, I saw as the day drew to close, a canoe coming round a point of the river bank above me. I thought first of the approach of savages—but before I had time to flee, I recognised the well-known canoe of your father, and in it our trusty neighbour Diab Spalding. My heart leaped with joy—and no sooner did the canoe reach the shore than the children were in it and on his knees—nor did they suffer him to stir till they had told him I was resolved that we should all return with him to their father in the woods. 'Do you know, are you apprised, dear madam,' said he, respectfully approaching me,—'are you aware, that such has been our anxiety to put in a crop and plant the ground for the coming summer, that we have found no time to erect the semblance of a house? I am come to tell you your husband is well and all his men are well, and to obtain information of your health and safety, and to carry back with me a recruit of provisions for their comfort—but we have all slept upon the uncovered ground, and as yet have no place to shelter ourselves—much less you and your little ones—from the pelting of the storm—and will you venture with them into the woods before you are sure of a refuge? I will go, and with all my children endure a storm, if you will give me but a safe and speedy conveyance to my husband. If there be no shelter or fence, or fort, his faithful arm will guard me, and his trusty men will aid him—and their God, who is above all, ruleth all, and directeth all—will protect us.'"

"A much smaller degree of sagacity than our neighbour Spalding possessed, would have been sufficient to make him sensible that it was in vain to thwart resolution so firmly taken—and the speedy resolution once determined on, all the force of his ingenious friend's and was called into action to make the ready. Such goods as we needed least were secured in the fort—and such as the boats would carry, we needed most, with ample provisions, were put aboard—and the morning sun had scarcely risen, the indefatigable exertions of Spalding, and the anxious assiduity of my children, had made all ready for the voyage. Spalding was a good craftsman—and under the protection of the Almighty, whom our trust was placed, the exertions of his strong arm, and the industrious aid of my elders, made our speed, though slow, yet unceasing, and time of war ascending a rapid stream in a frail little canoe, we reached before night the little opening among the towering trees, from whence the spot your father's choice appeared to our longing eyes. 'There they are,' said the mingled voices of my children—'there is our dear father, and yonder are men—I hear his voice, and the sound of their arms.' For a moment all was hidden from our view, by the density of the forest trees intervening. This was the time to utter what was labouring in my bosom—a prayer of faith and benediction. 'God of our ancestors, bless your father, and me your helpless