

of the prediction hath gone hand in hand with the years that have elapsed since it was heard in the vision of the aged chief; and the tribes are becoming lost in the vague traditions of the past. Their own wars, fanned by the diplomacy of the whites, have left them only a scattered remnant of the once brave and noble, and in a few years they will be among the forgotten, and the place which knew them shall know them no more.

THE MORAL.

And, oh! that our countrymen would con the lesson read by the Manitou of the red-man, and let it impress upon their hearts the all-powerful influence of united efforts for their country's weal. We address all us our countrymen. What matters it which of the sea-girl isles may have seen our birth? What matters it, that some amongst us may claim the Emerald gem of ocean-sea as their father land—that some have first inhaled the ether of existence, mingled with the rose breath of glorious Albion—that others have tried their infant footsteps on the bounding heather of our own loved Caledon—or have been cradled beneath the vine of classic and sunny Germany—nay, that there are those whose sires have followed the lily of chivalrie France. Let it be written of us, with emphasis and truth, that “WE ARE ONE”—“one and indivisible”—denizens of the same glorious empire, whose first wish is the prosperity of our fellow-men. Then, indeed, our march to the respect of our compeers were an easy task. Commerce, gathering her tribute from every nation, from “Indus to the Pole,” would cast her wealth into the lap of our country—the rich harvest, yielding its fruits from fields well tilled, would bring happiness to the cottar's ingle—while the industrious follower of the useful arts of peace, blest in the smiles of a household, happy in the plentiful enjoyment of earth's choicest stores, would feel the happiness that glows in our breast at the bare anticipation of a scene so fair.

Oh! let us not look upon the reverse of this picture, nor pourtray the ruin with which dissension is laden. A glance cast upon the records of the past will bring its sad result home to every breast. A country, torn and bleeding from a hundred wounds, will form the sad picture upon which the eye must rest. Let us then bury the hatchet indeed,—let the right hand be extended in loving fellowship, and each rival the other in his endeavours to elevate his country to a fitting sphere in the scale of nations. Let this be our “latest dream at night—our earliest vision in the morning.” Then will the future, in contrast with the past, present a picture which the patriot will never look upon without offering the tribute of his thanks to the Divine hand, which is the only true source of happiness and peace.

THE DUELLIST.

A SCENE FROM THE NOVEL OF THE “UNFORTUNATE MAN.”

Villeneuve, a most notable villain, was one day surprised by young Talbot whilst instilling his venom of deception into the ear of his sister. The words which passed were few. Suspicions and anonymous letters had already awakened the vigilance of the brother, and had prepared him to wreak ample vengeance on the shoulders of Villeneuve. The blow could not be excused; a meeting took place, and the usual barrier-duel was proposed. To this the young Englishman most positively dissented. He had heard that day after day, and morning after morning, his adversary was to be seen popping at fifty paces at little plaster-of-Paris figures, about the size of a thimble, and that, thanks to his patience, his practice, and his own pistols, the aim was unerring. The “*Tir au Pistolet*,” now a very general resort of all young Frenchmen, in order to prepare them to commit murder, was likewise the resort of Villeneuve. He was a proficient—a cool, dead shot; cool from the knowledge of his own powers, and that coolness always gives courage when challenged. He smiled as much as to say “it is immaterial to me;” and the next morning he was with his second at the appointed spot. “I will not,” said young Talbot, “consent to be shot like a chicken at a stake. I know I have no chance that way of obtaining redress for the injury my family have received. I know that my death is certain, even at fifty paces, and I am resolved to have a chance for my life; so just tell that French officer that the only way I will consent to fight is to have one pistol loaded and the other not, to draw for first choice, and then to stand within a pace of each other; and may heaven direct the choice of him whose cause is the most just!” It is strange, that even before battles men pray to be assisted by a beneficent benevolent Creator in the work of destruction, as if the mingled host dealing out death and destruction, the rude charge of cavalry or the shock of infantry, could be pleasant to the eyes of Him who made us, who gave us life, and has taught us how to live! To return thanks after the battle is another thing: we may safely return thanks that we have been spared to repent of our murders: but there is something quite revolting to Christianity, in the belief that the Supreme Being mingles in the contest, or that the results can be gratifying to an all-merciful God. Villeneuve did not make the slightest objection to the proposition of Talbot's second, although several of his own, countrymen, who had come on the pleasant excursion to witness the fight, strongly and vainly endeavoured to persuade their friend to leave his life to a better chance. The preparations did not take long. The pistols, both being of course exactly alike, were loaded by the seconds, and enveloped in a large silk handkerchief.