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CANADA.

BY ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

They may talk of the land of the mountain and heather,
The land of the virtuous, the brave and the free:
They may tell us on earth there is not such another,
But, Canada, thou art far dearer to me.

The banks of the Rhine are historic in story,—
The Danube once sheltered the eagles of Rome,
The Thames and the Seine are a national glory,
But across the St. Lawrence a slave cannot come.

I love thy dark forests and deep rolling rivers,
The moss covered ground where the red man doth roam;
Thy touch the poor captive from bondage delivers,
He treads thy free soil and he calls thee his home.

When the poor stricken slave, driven mad by oppression,
Attempts from his Southern bondage to flee,
Thy fair fertile fields are to him a possession,
His shackles fall off, and he cries, "I am free!"

The cliffs of old England are grander and bolder,
And the proud Atlantic foams wild on her shore,
Her towers and her castles are sterner and older,
But Albion bears not Niagara's roar.

And France may have fields that are richer and fairer,
And Italy's valleys are classical ground,
But where are the wilds that to nature are nearer,
In majesty grander, in depth more profound.

O! Canada, give me thy lakes and thy woodland,
Let me live where the cataract hurls and foams,
By the banks of some stream where I gambol'd in childhood,
No homes are more dear than Canadian homes.

But history warns us with useful instruction,
To mark where dissension and ruin begin;
For of all those proud empires now swept to destruction,
The deadliest blow always came from within.

Then may not mismanagement mar thy resources,
Nor internal misgovernment pervert thy laws,
And all the true happiness freedom enforces,
Will be the effect, aye, if right be the cause.

From the *Canadian Quarterly Review*.

It is a curious fact, and one very much to be regretted, that, while the study of History, both ancient and modern, is pursued to a considerable extent in the Public Schools of Ontario, the History of Canada, our own country, is left, if not severely alone, almost so. This should not be; while no one will deny the benefits of studying the History of foreign countries, still, it is only right that Canadian History should have precedence above all others. We hope the time is not far distant when this shall be the rule, and not the exception.

LEGENDS OF CANADA.

BY E. G. GARTHWAITE.

THE CAVE-CHUJAH.

The traveller who has explored the beautiful scenery in the vicinity of Riviere du Lièvre and White Fish Lake, will probably remember a very remarkable cave, the interior of which bears a striking resemblance to a church. Its roof is a dome of solid rock, whose rugged curves and corners present to the imaginative beholder quaint carvings and curious forms, whilst here and there along the sides are natural niches, in which one almost expects to find figures of saints enshrined, but the most singular portion of the cavern is a large raised mass of stone at its extremity, suggesting by its shape and position an altar. This strange natural imitation of a sacred building cannot fail to impress its visitors with feelings of wonder and awe; but few are acquainted with the sad and pathetic story attached to the grand weird scene on which they gaze.

In the year 1648 the Huron and Iroquois Indians were engaged in deadly war. The former were in every way inferior to the latter, who had determined upon the extermination of their enemies. At this time the Church of Rome was making a great effort to extend its power amongst the savages. Many Jesuit missionaries had gone forth as pioneers of their religion, and were, consequently, subjected to most severe trials and hardships in the pursuit of their arduous and heroic enterprise. Several devoted women had also arrived from France, and even at this early period more than one convent had been established. Amongst the inmates of the Ursuline Convent, with which will ever be associated the name of the zealous Marie de l'Incarnation, was a pious nun, whose compassion and kindness towards the Huron Indian women are still remembered by the remnant of that ill-fated race. Although Sister St. Joseph deserves a wider fame than to be recorded among the oral traditions of a savage tribe; no better monument could be erected to her memory than the cave-altar on which she died in the cause of philanthropy and mercy.

In the autumn of 1648, the nuns of the convent above named were startled one night by the clamor of Indian voices without their walls. On hastening to the gate they beheld a party of Hurons, who had evidently travelled a great distance, led by a chief named Topati, who had lately been converted. The Indians were admitted into the outside room and the old chief briefly explained the object of his visit. It appeared that whilst he and his warriors were on a hunting expedition, a band of Iroquois had treacherously taken and burned their

village, killing most of the women and children. Those who had not been killed outright had been inflicted with most horrible torture, and would assuredly die. Amongst these wretched victims, the old chief's wife and daughters were numbered. They were well known to the Ursuline nuns, who had taught them on religious matters during the previous summer, and were to have been shortly baptized into the church.

The old chief had told this portion of his story unmoved, but his stern and callous manner relaxed as he implored the nuns to visit these poor women and show them the true way to the kingdom of God before they died.

The story deeply moved the pious nuns and they consulted together upon the course they should pursue. The Indian's request was most urgent, and, if complied with, involved a long and perilous journey into the heart of a savage country; but this did not daunt these good hearted women. They retired to their private chapel to pray that God would reveal his will in the matter, leaving the Hurons in anxious suspense. It was not long before the Sisters returned and told the Indians that one of their number would go with them to their village and endeavor to save the souls of their dying women.

To Sister St. Joseph the lot had fallen, and in a short time she left the convent with the savages, the nuns singing hymns as they departed. For several days they travelled with great caution owing to the danger of meeting hostile Iroquois. At length they reached the neighborhood of White Fish Lake and entered the cave in which the Hurons had placed the sick women for safety.

The singularly sacred character of the place at once arrested the attention of Sister St. Joseph, who regarded it in the light of a miracle and interpreted it as a divine assurance that her mission had not been undertaken in vain, but was clearly a predestined duty. Impressed with these thoughts, the pious woman regarded these unfortunate victims of the recent treachery, who were lying on the sandy floor of the cave. Great was their joy when they recognized the Sister, and many were the blessings the poor Indians invoked upon her, but Sister St. Joseph heeded them not, for her soul was intent upon the holy business she had been commissioned to perform. Her first regard was for the bodily sufferings of the poor creatures, and so far, as the limited means around her permitted, she dressed their wounds and relieved their agonies, after which she spoke to them on spiritual matters and tried to make clear to their dark minds the simple yet sublime truths of the Christian religion. Under her zealous and ceaseless care

(Continued on second page.)

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INTRODUCTORY.

In presenting to the Public this first number of THE CANADIAN JOURNAL, we cannot but bring to mind the vast number of Canadian Magazines and Journals which have lived to blossom for a short period so pleasantly, and to have died so suddenly and unkindly. Our object in bringing this little journal before you is to render some little assistance in preserving from oblivion many items of Canadian interest that might otherwise be overlooked in the rush of our busy and active Canadian life, and we believe that we are supplying a want long felt in Canada, that of having a purely Canadian paper. Without doubt there have been Journals, which, in a manner, related to Canada, but only in a cursory way; whereas we desire to make this Journal, as its name implies, purely Canadian.

We shall have both original and selected matter pertaining to this young country of ours, and no pains will be spared to make "The Journal" first class in every respect.

We have already secured the services of some of the best writers on Canadian subjects, and we promise our readers, some good material for the succeeding numbers. We shall be pleased at all times to receive interesting items, relating to any part of the Dominion, and we request our readers to assist us in furnishing readable Canadian news. A glance at the contents, will reveal the nature of "The Journal," much better than a lengthy introduction.

Before closing we would just say a word to business men:—Send us your advertisements, our rates are exceedingly low, and as "The Journal" will circulate in nearly every part of the Dominion, it cannot fail to yield a very profitable return. To one and all, we would say,—Subscriptions are always in order, let them pour in by every mail, and we promise you that ere long we shall present you with a paper of which Canadians shall justly be proud.

This month we send out a great many copies of our paper to those who are not yet subscribers, in the hope that they soon may become such. The subscription, 50 cents per year, is a mere trifle to any one person, and can easily be afforded by all, while, at the same time, there is the satisfaction of supporting a Canadian publication. We intend to enlarge THE JOURNAL considerably, just as soon as the subscription list warrants such a proceeding, so all may depend on receiving good value for their money.

(Continued from first page.)

the sick woman soon gave signs of recovery, and within a month they were all able to rise from their beds of skins and assist in the general labor. In vain Sister St. Joseph endeavored to teach them it was to God they should render thanks; for the Indian women would only yield to her their praise and gratitude. However, the pious nun continued in her good work until it was fully done, and only when the last sufferer had recovered did she think of returning to her convent. Much sorrow was shown by all the little band when she announced her departure, and it was arranged that all should go back with her to be baptised in the Christian Church.

On the day previous to their leaving, the Huron warriors went on a hunting expedition in order to provide for their journey. The evening drew on and the women in the camp were making preparations for the Indians' return. The scene around was most beautiful, for it was the Indian summer time, and all was calm and still except the mellow music of the even-song of birds, which floated along with the rippling murmurs of the lake. Alone in the cavern, Sister St. Joseph was engaged in pious meditation and devotional exercise before the altar of stone. Suddenly there rose around the camp the simultaneous shouts of more than a hundred Iroquois. Again had they surprised the unhappy Hurons, and in a few seconds had commenced a ruthless slaughter of the defenceless women and children. The massacre did not last long, and soon all but one of the victims were clubbed or tomahawked.

The one who had managed to elude the Iroquois was Kamara, the wife of the Huron chief, and she was running to the cave when an Iroquois perceived her and killed her with a hatchet. The poor woman fell a few feet from the mouth of the cave just as Sister St. Joseph appeared at its opening within a few feet of the savage. The unexpected figure of the pale-face nun in her peculiar dress startled the warrior, and he ran back to the rest of the band to apprise them of his discovery. Sister St. Joseph beheld the result of the terrible butchery, and knew she would soon experience a similar fate. She returned to her prayers and in a few minutes the savages were cautiously looking into the cave. All that could be seen was the sister draped in black, kneeling before her crucifix beside which burned a feeble light. The Iroquois approached and more than one tomahawk was raised to kill her, when the chief ordered her to be bound and taken back with them a prisoner. Scarcely had he spoken the words than fearful yells without announced the Hurons' return and the discovery of their enemies. Hastily the Iroquois left the cave and a battle took place, in which they were defeated and obliged to fly. Some fled into the cave where they were all killed by the Hurons who pursued them. The Iroquois chief was the last to fall; but after desperate resistance he was pierced with a poisoned arrow at the foot of the altar, to which he had been compelled to retreat. As he received his death wound, he saw the pious sister still engaged in prayer a few feet from him, and in the vindictive spirit of his savage nature threw his tomahawk with fatal

aim as he fell down dead. His weapon had lodged in the head of the poor nun, who died instantly. The Hurons grieved much more for her death than for all their women, and took her body back to the Ursuline Convent the next day.

Such is the story connected with the curious cave near the White Fish Lake; a story suggestive of much deep thought and emotion, and which, if not known to the many tourists who happen to visit that temple of nature, is at least remembered with veneration by the few descendants of that unlucky band of Indians.—*Selected.*

HOW TO STUDY POLITICS.

A KNOWLEDGE OF CANADIAN GEOGRAPHY AND HISTORY NECESSARY—READ BOTH PARTY PAPERS.

The Rev. H. Pedley, B.A., in a recent address before the Young Men's Reform Club, Cobourg, on the subject of "The study of Canadian Politics," said, "one of the conditions of an intelligent study of Canadian politics is first to have a thorough knowledge of the geographical nature, of the country, its size, divisions, resources." Draper, in his "Civil Policy of America," devotes nearly a third of the book to this part of the subject. His saying, "It is within a narrow range of latitude that great men have been born—in the earth's southern hemisphere not one as yet has appeared," had a very comforting ring in relation to Canada. Between geographical conditions and political destiny the relation was close. What Canada is to be nationally will be largely determined by what she is physically. This point was illustrated by a remark of Dr. Dawson's, showing how nature, in putting the iron and coal side by side in Great Britain, had foreordained the transference of the seat of empire from the South to the North. This bearing of Geography upon politics was also exemplified by the geographical complexion of such questions as those of the building of the Pacific Railway, and the Ontario Boundary Award. Since then, all great questions have been and are to be, not as to how much life and wealth we can destroy in brilliant foreign wars, but as to how much we can sustain by the development of our internal resources. It was impossible to study these questions intelligently without having a thorough knowledge of the geography of the country.

The second qualification for the political student was to have an acquaintance with Canadian history. Only thus could he understand the present position of parties, and measure the forces now at work. One advantage to the student here was the brevity of the Canadian annals. They cover not more than 350 years. During nearly two-thirds of this time the country belonged to France. The history of that time, though not of great consequence politically, was possessed of fascinating interest. The lives of such men as Champlain, and LaSalle belonged to the very romance of history. But the real history of Canada began with the taking of Quebec by Wolfe, in 1759. From that date up to the year

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1841 we had one great constitutional struggle, when we made the transition from an aristocratic to a popular form of government. Such men as Baldwin, Papineau, and W. L. Mackenzie, though not faultless, were ever to be remembered for the sacrifices they made at the shrine of Canadian freedom. As to the rebellion of 1837, the wonder was that so mighty a political change was effected with so slight a ripple on the surface of our history. The events leading up to the Confederation, as well as those since that period, needed to be carefully studied in order to bring the student *en rapport* with the political questions of the day.

The third qualification was to have a fair method of studying contemporary politics. The meridian line of party cuts through all our political circles, from the Central Government at Ottawa down to the Council Boards in our towns. Hence it was difficult to get from any single quarter a full presentation of living issues. The newspaper was a natural history in daily parts, but the newspapers, as a rule, were special pleaders for their party. Hence it was absolutely necessary for a man to read two sets of them. The Reformer should read a Conservative paper; the Conservative should read a Reform paper. The question "How to study politics," for most men, resolved itself into the question "How to read the newspaper." Our first efforts should always be to arrive at the facts of the case. Having these we stand on a rock. Having these, we can estimate at their true value the philippics of the editorial column and the rhetoric flights of the political orator. It is remarkable how great blustering Blunderbore giant of general assertions cover and cringe before Jack the Giant-killer in the shape of a fact.

Selections.

We understand that a young leading member of the bar, of Montreal, with true Canadian spirit, is making a collection of all works possible to obtain relating to Canada. He is fortunately possessed of ample means with which to gratify this desire.

The new Peter Redpath Museum is being pushed forward to completion with a care worthy of this grand structure. We believe we can say, without fear of contradiction, it is one of the most substantially built edifices of any kind in British North America. The glaziers are busy putting in Pilkington's, Lancashire, British plate glass. The walls inside are nearly all finished and dry. Plasterers are busy setting in the various cornices. God bless the liberal donor, whose noble example we hope will stimulate others of our wealthy citizens to do likewise.

We are glad to know all early books on Canada are much sought after and bring excellent prices. "Smith's History of Canada," published 1815, "Hochelaga Depicta," "Hawkins' View of Quebec," and some others, are very much in demand, and bring high figures.

MR. GERALD E. HART, we believe, has one of the finest collection of books on Canadian History owned by any one gentleman in this city.

We understand a widow lady living on Sherbrook street, near Union Avenue, one of the most indefatigable collectors of all that is *antique* or *curious*, and whose ceramic collection is second to none in this city, is about to donate her entire large and valuable collection of *bric-a-brac*, to the new Redpath Museum.

MR. V. B. HALL, on St. James street, displays some very fine, rare proof Gold, Silver and Copper Coins, rare large silver Indian medals, and several Military medals, also the very scarce Chateauguay War Medal.

PAUL HOLLAND KNOWLTON.

The following sketch of the early days of the late Col. Paul Holland Knowlton, Esq., M.L.C. was, from its singularity, selected some twenty years ago, from a Canadian paper, and is now reproduced as of fresh interest, on account of his late decease:—

"A writer in the *Brattleboro Phoenix*, relates the following romantic history of a Green Mountain boy:—

The town of Newlane, in this county, was many years since the birthplace of an infant, who was christened Paul Holland Knowlton. As he grew up to manhood, the Yankee spirit of enterprise carried him to Canada, and in the interior of the country he commenced the practice of law. His industry and perseverance were rewarded with success, and after a time he removed for more lucrative practice to the City of Montreal. Prosperity and good fortune attended him, and he soon became a delegate and was elected to the Canadian Parliament, where his ability and good judgment secured to him a respectable position and influence. While a member of the Parliament, he received a letter purporting to be written by an old lady in England, also of the name of Knowlton, stating in substance, that she had not a single relation, and was alone in the world; that, seeing his name in the papers, as a member of the Canadian Parliament, and it being the same as hers, she thought he might be of the same family. She further stated, that she was possessed of considerable property, and knew of no kindred to whom to leave it, and that if he would come to see her she would pay his expenses, and make him heir to her property. Mr. Knowlton, supposing this to be a hoax, made no answer, and paid no attention to it. Two or three months after, he received another letter from the same person, urging in still stronger terms his visit to her, and with so much apparent sincerity and earnestness, that he resolved to go to England and see what truth there was in it.

He did go and found his correspondent as she had described herself. She was living in an elegant mansion, in the country, and in handsome style. She was delighted with the visit of Mr. Knowlton, and spared no pains to make it agreeable to him. After spending some time there he prepared to return home. The old lady defrayed all his expenses, and made him many presents, and before his departure she renewed to him her promise to leave to him all her property, and related to him the incident which led to the correspondence.

She informed him that she was betrothed to a young man of the name of Paul Holland, who was an officer in the British Army. That he had fallen in battle before the consummation of his nuptials, and that she had since remained unmarried and true to his memory. That seeing his name uniting the name of her lover and her own, she was struck with the singular coincidence, and thought she could not better show her devotion to the memory of her betrothed, than to bestow her property on him, who seemed by his name to be the representative of both. He left her and returned to Montreal, and within a year afterwards received intelligence of her death, and that by her will

he was made sole heir to her estate. He set out immediately for England, and found on his arrival everything prepared for him. His claim was recognized, and he entered at once into the possession of a large fortune. He is now living in the enjoyment of his good fortune at Montreal, and is now, or recently has been, a member of the Canadian Parliament.

This is a true sketch of the history of one Vermont boy. The regions of fiction, and the highest flight of the imagination, do not furnish a more romantic adventure."

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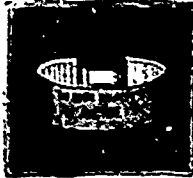
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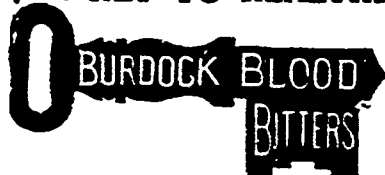
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