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"DUOIT AMOR PATRIÆ."

THE

British Canadian Review.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

Canadian Names and Surnames.

BY J. M. L.

A CONTRIBUTOR to *Blackwood*, under the heading "The Scot in France," reviewing Mr. Francisque Michel's book, "*Les Ecosais en France*," graphically delineates the honorable part played some centuries back in the affairs of France, by Scotchmen. The learned critic, amongst other things, successfully traces to their origin several modern French names, and clearly demonstrates, after divesting them of the transmogrifications of time and language, that many of these names formerly belonged to brawny, six feet Scotchmen, whom little Johnny Cra-paud, out of spite, had christened on account of their aldermanic appetites "wine bags;" in fact the same distinguished class that we moderns, on the undoubted authority of Judge Barrington, would designate "Twelve bottle men," select individuals scarcely ever heard of in these degenerate teetotal times, and of which class, Marshal de Saxe, Mdle. Lecouvreur's friend, was in the last century a pretty fair representative. Might it not also be worth our while to examine some of the ludicrous changes to which, in our own country, some old names have been subjected? Every one knew that Normandy and Brittany had furnished the chief portion of the earliest settlers of our soil; the exact proportion in which this emigration took place cannot at present be a subject of debate now that we have in print the Abbé Ferlaqd's laborious researches. We accordingly find, in the appendix to the first volume of his "*Cours d'Histoire du Canada*," a list and address of all the French who settled in Lower Canada, from the year 1615 to 1648. No one, perhaps, except a searching student of the Abbé's school, would have

taken the trouble to trace the pedigree of all the families in Canada ; on this subject, it is not too much to say, that the veteran historian is a living cyclopedia. 'Tis true, he had ample sources of information at command, having had access to the Register of Marriages, Births and Burials of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Quebec, and these took him uninterruptedly as far back as 1640, in which year they were destroyed by fire, and restored from memory ; he could also consult the ample details of the several Census Tables, compiled by order of the French Government, yet in manuscript in our public libraries.

It is really singular to notice what a large portion of settlers came from Normandy to New France. Almost all the educated Frenchmen, such as Messrs. Rameau, Ampère, De Puibusque, and others who have visited Canada, have been struck with the resemblance between the customs, manners and language of the French Canadian peasantry of this day, and those of the peasants of Brittany and Normandy. All of them admitted that as a general rule, our *habitants* spoke better French than the same class in the country parts of France. Of course, it is not pretended that even the educated in this country, could compare for the purity of their idiom, with Parisians, who alone claim the right to speak *pure* French. Parisian writers, on this point, have promulgated canons which are rather exclusive. It is pretended for instance, that the nicety of Parisian taste is such, that *even* a Parisian writer who removes for four years from his native city to the provinces, is liable to be detected when he writes. This is going far, and naturally reminds one of the fish-woman of Athens, who, by his accent, detected a new customer as belonging to the suburbs of the city.

When Mr. Rameau was in Quebec, I took occasion to ask him what he thought of our best writers. "Sir," said he, "I will relate to you what occurred to me in Paris last winter. I was acquainted with Canadian literature before I came here, and in order to test the correctness of my own opinion, I assembled some literary friends and told them that I intended reading them a chapter out of two new books which they had never seen before ; they assented ; this done, and replacing the books in my book case, I requested them to tell me candidly where they could have been written. 'Why in Paris, where else,' they replied ; 'none but Parisians could write such French.' Well, gentlemen, said I, you are much mistaken, these books were written on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at Quebec. Etienne Paren, and the Abbé Ferland are the authors. My friends could scarcely be convinced of the fact." I take pleasure in

recording this, as both the works alluded to are re-published in the New Year Volume, presented to subscribers, by the publishers of the "Foyer Canadien," and because such a circumstance does honor to the country. I take particular pleasure in noticing this honorable fact, because it also effectually bears on a stupid assertion not altogether uncommon, viz : That French Canadians speak nothing but *patois*—whereas, if the whole truth were known, it would appear that our peasantry talk* better French, than does one-half of the rural population of France ; in fact, it is not rare to find the French peasantry of one Department, scarcely able to understand the idiom of the corresponding class in another Department. Several causes might be adduced in explaining this singular feature ; the first settlers in Canada had left France about the time when literature was at its zenith, and when the language was singularly beautiful. Whatever efforts may have been made in literature by modern France, no writer since the great revolution, has surpassed Corneille, Racine, Boileau, Voltaire or Sevigné, in each of their several departments ; the language of the peasantry in New France has remained what it was two-hundred years ago ; it is not purer, but it is just as pure. If on one hand the French element in Canada has escaped the disorganizing influence of the revolutionary era of '89, on the other hand, it has received the infusion of no new blood ; the race is essentially conservative, too much so, perhaps, according to men of the 19th century ; still as the component part of a great nationality, who could complain of its being too cohesive ; who, on looking across the line, and viewing democracy in full rout, and possibly a renewal of the horrors of '89, in this land of the West, close at hand ; who would not prefer at least one million of staunch conservative people, who under proper treatment would understand loyalty to their Sovereign, as the Vendéens did, to a God-forsaken, atheistical, democratic rabble, worshipping no other deity than the Almighty dollar ?

But this is wandering away from the subject which heads this sketch ;
revenons a nos moutons.

There is, in this country, a spice of drollery about some transformations of names, worthy of notice. These queer changes do not necessarily imply abject ignorance in the class which adopts them. We

* In connection with this fact, it appears that the French Canadians have alone kept in their original purity the simple old Norman songs, which their ancestors brought into the country ; that the same popular ballads have become so altered in France by time, that a request has been sent out to Canada to have them collected in their original purity. An eloquent young Professor of the Laval University has turned his attention to the subject.

may have in this country backwoodsmen excessively stupid and ignorant, but where (except within the precincts of a lunatic asylum) would you find even a brat of a boy, who would give the same reply which the free born Briton gave to Lord Ashley, one of the commissioners appointed to enquire into the condition of the lower classes in England, "That all he knew about God, was that he had often heard the workmen say God dam!" We say we thank Providence for this, for whatever other colonial drawbacks we may labor under, we are spared the spectacle of extreme social degradation side by side with fabulous wealth. Now to the point. Did you ever, my dear reader, know, from whence the first Know-Nothing hailed? Perhaps you will meet me with the common place reply, *cui bono*? Is not Know-Nothingism dead and buried? True, I reply; so is the builder of the pyramids dead, (or at least, unless he can beat old Methusaleh, he ought to be,) and still the enquiry about the originator has been going on for some time, and is likely to continue, although for any practical purpose, the origin of the Pyramids or of Know-Nothingism is of the same moment. Well, I assert clearly and most emphatically, that the first Know-Nothing, officially designated as such, lived at Cacouna, some seventy years ago. Now for the proof. About the end of the last century, an English vessel was stranded in the fall of the year, at Bic; the crew had lost everything, and as in those days the country below Quebec was thinly populated, they had to travel upwards on foot. Along the road, they obtained their food by begging it from the French Canadian peasantry, and of course, various questions were put to them, as to who they were, where they came from, where they were going to? This constant questioning became troublesome to the honest tars, who knew naught of the language of Louis XIV. The first effort they made was to try and learn to say that they could not understand the question put, and in a very few days, the stereotyped reply to all enquiries, was "J'en sçais rien." I don't know. One of them was rather a good looking fellow, and not being accustomed to snow-shoes, he got the *mal de raquette*, and had to stay behind; a wealthy Canadian peasant took pity on him, and admitted him under his hospitable roof. Jack was not long before falling a victim to the tender passion; and Mdlle. Josephthe, the daughter of the house, having shown him some kindness in his forlorn state, the gallant Briton, could do nothing less than lay his heart at her feet.

"Amour tu perdis, Troie,"

as old Lafontaine said in his fable of the cocks and hens; but for Jack the effect was diametrically opposite; it was his salvation, the dawn of a

bright future. It was, however, love under difficulties in the beginning. To the fair one's enquiries, the interminable reply was returned, "J'en sçais rien." Mdlle. Josephite began to believe that the words sounded musically in her ears, and she facetiously christened her Saxon friend *J'en sçais rien*, and soon the Curé of the Parish was called on to pronounce the magical "Conjunctio vos" over Mademoiselle and the English sailor. The union of the Norman and the Saxon, which seven hundred years before was a daily occurrence on the banks of the Thames, was re-celebrated on the banks of the St. Lawrence, and with the same happy results. In the course of time, English Jack became the respected pater familias of a patriarchal circle of small "Sçaisriens," genuine Jean Baptistes in every thing, except that they were handsomer than the rest of the children of the Parish. An addition to the family name soon took place, and to "J'en sçais rien," was affixed the words *dit l'Anglais*, (*alias the Englishman*.) It is a common practice amongst the French Canadians to have this addition, for instance, J. B. Portugais dit La Musique, Sansouci dit L'Eveillé, and so on. To this day there is a large progeny of "Sçais rien, dit l'Anglais" in the Parish of Cacouna. Now, reader, if I have made out my case, I pray for a verdict, for this is the first mention of of a Know-Nothing I find in history.

There is a very worthy N. P., on the Island of Orleans, a descendant of an Englishman or Scotchman, whose name was Richard somebody, but his heir has never been able to clear up the point; and still a family name he must have, by hook or by crook; so the Richard was made into Dick, and *Monsieur le Notaire Jean Dick*, is now known all over the Island, and executes deeds under that and no other name; I do not believe that he understands or speaks English.

A locality near this city, the village on the St. Lewis Road, which the Hon. Wm. Shepperd, formerly of Woodfield, laid out, has undergone several strange appellations.

It was, of course, intended to be named Shepperdville, and did at one time bear that name under which several know it still;—a number of French Canadians having settled there, considered that as there was no Saint in the calendar under the name of Saint Shepperd, it was not right to give such a name to the Parish; however, on finding out that the Parish was not canonically erected by the Bishop, they consented to leave the original name, if it was only translated into French, and Shepherd meaning Berger, why they would put up, until a Saint was chosen, with Bergerville—this was considered, however, such a concession to anglicisation, that the knowing ones suspected that had not

the Hon. William's ground rent agent interfered, holding over non-paying malcontents the fear of sundry writs of ejectment, the Saxon name would have been swept away, and blotted out for ever. Matters were going on smoothly until a number of Irish having also elected domicile in Bergerville, were much shocked at the liberty the French Canadian tenants had taken, in daring to re-christen the settlement; they were of opinion that as a considerable portion of the residents would not be out of place in St. Giles, in London, it might be more suitable to call the place* Beggarville, and not Bergerville; and just as party denominations have been in England in times of yore, subjected to various fluctuations between the houses of York and Lancaster, so it has been on the estate of the Hon. William on the St. Louis Road, near Quebec!

In October last, an octagenarian Greenwich Pilot died at Cap Rouge, near Quebec. Tom Everell was well known all round; he had many years before married into a French Canadian family, and gradually lost his family name of Everell; he was called by the *habitants* Tom, le père Tom; he left a large number of children; they are all called Toms, there is Norbert Tom, George Tom, Henriette Tom, Jean Bte. Tom, but as a compensation to this loss of nationality in his offspring, a glorious distinction was made for his eldest son, in which primogeniture shines forth; of the whole family, he alone is allowed to bear the family name of his progenitor as a christian name; he is not called Tom or Thomas Everell, but is recognised as EVERELL TOM.

In looking over English periodicals, I find that the transformation of names is not confined only to Scotchmen in France, or Englishmen in Canada, but also to Englishmen in their own country. Listen to this extract of Dicken's, with which I shall close:—

“Surnames are by no means fully established in some parts of England. In the colliery districts, particularly, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* says, that clergymen in Staffordshire ‘have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name.’ Every man in these colliery fields, it seems, bears a personal sobriquet, descriptive of some peculiarity, but scarcely any person has a family name,

* Odd names seem fashionable in this village; there is one family composed of boys; several are very hard cases; one of them, aged about 17, combines all the vices of the rest; he is singularly vicious, just a shade better than a highwayman; he goes by the name of *Grande Père*; why? I never have been able to find out. I have come to the conclusion that it might be because he was supposed to unite the vices of three generations!

either known to himself or others. A story is told of an attorney's clerk who was professionally employed to serve a process on one of these oddly-named persons, whose supposed real name was entered in the instrument with legal accuracy. The clerk, after a great deal of inquiry as to the whereabouts of the party, was about to abandon the search as hopeless, when a young woman, who had witnessed his labors, kindly volunteered to assist him. 'Oy say, *Bullyed*,' cried she to the first person they met, 'does thee know a mon named Adam Green?' The bull-head was shaken in token of ignorance. They then came to another man. '*Loy-a-bed*, dost thee?' *Loy-a-bed* could not answer either. *Stumpy* (a man with a wooden leg,) *Cowskin*, *Spindleshanks*, *Cockeye*, and *Pigtail* were successively consulted, but to no purpose. At length, however, having had conversation with several friends, the damsel's eye suddenly brightened, and slapping one of her neighbors on the shoulder, she exclaimed—'Dash my wig! whoy he means moy feyther!' Then turning to the astonished clerk, she cried—'You shoul'n ax'd for *Ode Blackbird*!' So it appeared that the old miner's name, though he was a man of substance, and had legal battles to fight, was not known even to his own daughter.

The Iron Mines of the St. Maurice Territory :

THEIR DISCOVERY, THE PROGRESS OF THEIR DEVELOPEMENT, AND THEIR PRESENT CONDITION.

II.

THE PROGRESS OF THEIR DEVELOPEMENT.

WE brought the first number of this article to the year 1756, a short time previous to the victory of Wolfe over Montcalm, on the Plains of Abraham, when French occupation of the soil of Canada was compelled to give way to British dominion. It will not be considered necessary in dealing with our subject, to recur to the details of the military contests which fill an important part of the pages of history during that eventful period. The Province of Canada was wrested from France by a series of military movements which culminated in the defeat of Montcalm's forces, in the immediate vicinity of Quebec. The excitement,

agitation, and unsettled condition of public affairs, necessarily consequent upon a change from French to English rule, produced for some years a corresponding neglect of commercial and manufacturing interests. The lower section of the Province, (to which we must, in treating this subject, confine our attention,) was inhabited by a population which could justly be called homogeneous. We are aware that the correctness of this opinion may be questioned by many readers, who have been taught by the historians of Canada to believe, that, because the Seigneur and the Censitaire lived upon the same soil, and existed thereon in their relative capacities, it naturally followed that their interests were dissimilar. We must take exception to this view of the relative positions of Lord and Vassal in French Canada, at the date of the conquest. The Governors and Intendants who had been sent to this Province, from the day's of the Cabots and Jacques Cartier, to the cession of the Colony of Great Britain; were permitted to use an unlimited discretion in disposing of the vast area of unoccupied land, of which, their high and comparatively irresponsible position gave them the control. The Seigneurs De Comporté, D'Argenteuil, D'Aillebout, Lefèbre, De Beauharnois, De Beauport, De la Ronde, Deléry, De Beaumont, De Becancour, Berthiér, De la Touche, De Cournoyer, Cressé, Dumontier, De la Perade, Godefroi, Levrard, De Lotbinière, De Grandpré, De St. Michel, De Tonnancour, D'Artigny, Deschailions, Dubois, De Boguinet, De Lavalère, and many others, were the recipients of this boon at the hands of the French Kings, from the year 1626, to 1754. These "*Seigneuries*," (as they are generally called,) were granted on the recommendation of the "*Gouverneurs*" and "*Intendants*" of the day, ostensibly for services rendered, but in many cases they were made to favourites, and personal friends. The vassals or "*censitaires*," who had emigrated from the parent state, were compelled to submit to the regulations imposed upon them by the French feudal laws, as laid down in *La coutume de Paris*. Their interests, therefore, were to maintain French customs and French laws in the country, because the seigneur and censitaire had learned in France to live together, on the principle that the latter owed "*foi et hommage*," to the former. When the treaty was signed in 1763, between Great Britain and France, the population of the Lower Section of the Province, was almost exclusively of French origin.

The St. Maurice Territory, or the Northern part of the District of Trois Rivières, comprised at that time the seigneuries of *Batiscan*, ceded in 1639, to the Jesuit Fathers; *Cap la Magdeleine*, to the same in

1651; *Champlain* to De Latouche part in 1664, and the remainder in 1697; *Grandpré* to Sieur de Grandpré, in 1695; *Dusablé* to Sieur Dusablé in 1739; *St. Marguerite* to De Boguinet in 1691; *Carufel* in 1705, to De Carufel; *St. Marie* to Sieur Lemoine in 1672; *Grosbois* to De Grandpré in 1672; *Gatineau* in 1750, to Sieur Boucher; *Maskinongé* to De St. Michel in 1672; *Pointe du Lac* to De Tonnancour in 1734; *Rivière du Loup*, part to Sieur Lechasseur in 1633, part to D'Artigny in 1689; *Sainte Anne*, part to DeLanaudiere in 1672, and the remainder to De la Pérade in 1700; *St. Jean* to Les Dames Ursulines de Trois Rivières in 1701; *St. Maurice* to the Company of the Forges in 1740; and finally *Trois Rivières*, part of which was conceded to the Jesuit Fathers, 9th June 1650, and the town, banlieu and common were divided into different small seignories, no accurate description of which can be found in the records under examination.

The fief *St. Etienne*, which joins the fief *St. Maurice*, was granted to the same Company of the Forges, by the edict of Giles Hocquart, Intendant, in 1737. The above *resumé* of the position of the different Seigneuries comprising the *St. Maurice Territory* at the date of the conquest, seems to us necessary in treating the subject of the Iron Mines. These were at that time the only source of profit to the locality, apart of course, from the agricultural products of the farms on the immediate borders of the *St. Lawrence*, which were cultivated by French *paysans*.

In the articles of Capitulation between Lord Amherst, Commander in-Chief of His Majesty's troops in North America, and Marquis de Vandreuil, Governor and Lieutenant of the King of France in Canada, signed at Montreal, on the 8th Sept., 1760, we find the following clause :
Article 44. :

"The papers of the intendency, of the offices of comptroller of the marine, of the ancient and new treasurers of the King's magazines, of the office of revenues, and *Forges of St. Maurice*, shall remain in the power of Mr. Bigot, the Intendant, and they shall be embarked for France in the same vessel with him. These papers shall not be examined."

From this date until 1767, a period of seven years, no attempt was made to work "*Les Forges St. Maurice*." After their abandonment by the representatives of His Majesty the King of France, at the time of the conquest, we find a lull which lasted for a few years. In 1767, an enterprising merchant of Quebec, called Christophe Pelisier, enlisted a number of his contemporaries in the cause. He suggested the formation of a company to work these abandoned "*Forges of St. Maurice*." The appeal to his enterprising fellow-citizens met with a

hearty response. A petition was addressed without delay to His Majesty George III., through His Excellency Guy Carleton, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of the Colony, asking for a lease of these St. Maurice Forges to the Company formed by the applicants, at a moderate rental. The prayer of the petitioners was immediately acceded to, and on the 9th day of June, 1767, a proclamation was issued by Governor Carleton, granting the tract of land and works known as "*Les Forges St. Maurice,*" to Messrs. Christophe Pelisier, Alexandre Dumas, Thomas Dunn, Benjamin Price, Colin Drummond, Dumas St. Martin, George Alsopp, James Johnston and Brooke Watson, for the term of sixteen years, commencing on the 9th day of June, 1767, and ending on the same day in the year 1783. The rent was fixed by this proclamation at the sum of £25, *lawful money of our said Province of Quebec.*

We have no reliable accounts of the operations of the firm of Pelissier & Co., and it is supposed that during their occupation of the establishment, the system adopted by those who had managed for the French Government previous to the conquest, was strictly adhered to. The merchants who had formed this Company no doubt contributed their annual share of capital towards carrying on the manufacture of stoves and hollow-ware, and made up for any deficiency in the profits, by charging exorbitant prices to the consumers of these articles of commerce in the cities of Quebec and Montreal. We repeat, that nothing reliable on the subject of their occupation of the Forges can be offered to our readers. At the expiration of the lease in 1783, His Majesty, through Governor Haldimand, by Royal Proclamation, leased the same premises to Conrad Gogy, Esquire, Member of the Council, for the term of sixteen years, commencing on the 10th day of June, 1783, and ending on the same day in the year 1799, on precisely the same conditions as those imposed upon Messrs. Pelissier & Co. The rent was fixed at the sum of £18. 15s. sterling money of Great Britain. In the beginning of the year 1787, Conrad Gogy, Esquire, was sued by a money-lender named François Lemaitre Duaine, for sums of money advanced to him for carrying on his operations. Judgment having been obtained, Sheriff Gray, of Montreal, seized and sold all and several the goods and chattels belonging to the said Conrad Gogy, together with the unexpired lease of the St. Maurice Forges. The sale took place on the 10th day of March, 1787, and the unexpired lease was adjudged to Alexander Davison and John Lees, co-partners, for the sum of £2,300 cy. Subsequently, the partnership of the latter being closed, Mr. Davison be-

came sole proprietor of the unexpired lease. On the 6th day of June 1793, Alexander Davison sold all his rights and titles to the premises, to George Davison, David Munro, and Matthew Bell, co-partners, for the sum of £1,500 currency. On the 30th March, in the year 1799, on the recommendation of Governor Prescott, the lease was extended to the 1st April, 1801, at a rental of £18. 15s. sterling, per annum, in favor of the same parties. On the expiration of this lease, the property had evidently increased in value, as we find that Governor Sir Robert Shore Milne, by Proclamation, leased the same premises to Messrs. Munro and Bell for the term of five years, ending in 1806, at a rental of £850 stg., per annum. From the 1st April, 1806, to 1st January, 1810, the property was held in sufferance by the same firm at a similar rental. On the latter date, Governor Sir James Henry Craig, leased the Forges of St. Maurice to the same parties for a term of 21 years, ending on the 31st day of March, 1831, at the rate of £500 currency, per annum. Such are the historical details of the Forges of St. Maurice, from the date of the conquest to 1831, gleaned from the original Proclamations and title-deeds, of record in the Public Departments of the Province. Messrs. Davison, Munro and Bell, when they took possession in 1793, commenced operations on a large scale, and an efficient staff of iron-workers was brought out from England and Scotland. For some years, the enterprise proved successful, and large sums of money were realized by the fortunate lessees. They invested, however, ample capital in the carrying on of the works, and although they paid £850 rental, per annum, until 1810, when the rent was reduced; still we are credibly informed that the profits realized, from the date of their first occupation of the Forges, to 1806, exceeded the amount realized by their subsequent operations on a lease of 21 years, at the reduced rental of £500 per annum.

We quote from an account of the locality published in 1815: "Since the year 1806, Messrs. Munro and Bell have occupied these valuable premises on the terms above named; previous to that period, their annual rent was £850 per annum; on the termination of their former lease they were, very reasonably, entitled to the consideration of the Government in re-letting them, as indeed is every tenant on the expiration of a given term, after his ability and exertions have materially enhanced the value of the property; but it very rarely occurs that similar circumstances of improvement have operated as a cause for a reduction of the rent almost fifty per cent; at any rate these gentlemen, whose industry and skill prove undoubtedly useful to the Province, have many good reasons to be satisfied with their bargain."

The St. Maurice Forges of 1806, would contrast strangely with the same establishment in 1863. The brief description given by Monsieur de Franquet, in 1752, when the Forges were worked by and for the Imperial Government of France, might also serve for an account of a visit in 1806. In 1815, a visitor thus records his impressions: "The foundery of St. Maurice is situated in the fief of the same name, in a beautiful valley at the confluence of a small stream with the River St. Maurice, about eight miles above the town of Three Rivers. The high banks of the river, embellished with every variety of fine trees in groups on each side, the dark hue of the large pineries and immense surrounding forests, and the more distant and softened shades of the lofty mountains that bound the view, form together a bold and magnificent prospect when viewed from the place where the road ascends the brow of the ridge that overlooks the valley. The foundery itself is replete with convenience for carrying on an extensive concern; furnaces, forges, casting-houses, workshops, &c., with the dwelling-houses and other buildings, have altogether the appearance of a tolerably large village. The articles manufactured consist of stoves of all descriptions, that are used throughout the provinces, large cauldrons or kettles for making pot-ashes, machinery for mills, with cast or wrought iron-work of all denominations; there are likewise large quantities of pig and bar iron exported; the number of men employed is from 250 to 300; the principal foremen engaged in making models, &c., are either English or Scotchmen; the workmen are generally Canadians."

In 1815, the sound of the hammers, the smoke of the furnaces, the arrival at different hours of the day of heavy charcoal waggons drawn by stout Canadian ponies, the ore-washing at the head of the water-power, and many other signs of activity, unmistakably denoted the prosperity of the works at that time. In 1863, those familiar sounds have disappeared, and have given way to sombre, solemn silence. The cheerful faces of the ore-diggers, the wood-choppers, the furnace-feeders, the blacksmiths and moulders are no longer heard. The houses are still there, but they are unoccupied, and the worm of decay is feasting upon the relics of past years. The miserable remnants of a few families once happy and contented in that little village which was to them a world, still linger near the place of their birth. They toil elsewhere for their daily bread, and return on Saturday night, with provisions for their forelorn families. To one who has seen the Forges of St. Maurice in their hey-day of prosperity, their present condition of abandonment

and decay is truly a heart-rending spectacle. The reader may have seen a promising crop in autumn, he may have admired its graceful wave and rich green color ; a blighting frost during the ensuing night deprived him of the same pleasure on the morrow. On that spot the Earl of Dalhousie, then Hon. Fox Maule and his friends, enjoyed the pleasures of fishing and shooting. The Governors of Canada revelled in the enjoyment of every luxury that the hospitality of Messrs. Munro and Bell could provide for them, the *tally-ho* of the English hunt was once re-echoed through the hills and dales of the River St. Maurice, and the *brush* was competed for by red-coated, well-mounted cavaliers, with as much energy and activity as in the mother-land beyond the sea. Nothing now remains but a ruined decayed village, surrounded by a few miserable potato plots, cultivated by the remnants of the former working families of the Forges. From 1831 to 1846 the property was held by Mr. Bell on Orders in Council which were issued from time to time. The history of the working of those mines from the time of their first occupation by Davison & Lees, in 1787, to their abandonment by Matthew Bell, in 1846, can be easily recorded. A manager at the Forges conducted the practical part of the operations. He resided at "*the Big House*," where the store and office of the establishment were kept. The foreman of each branch reported to the manager, and received his orders. His command was to both foremen and men, equivalent to an Imperial ukase. Neglect was visited with the most severe pecuniary punishment, and disobedience or insolence were generally met by instructions to ascend the hill. This implied a discharge from the works, and so firmly were the men attached to the proprietors and to the village where many of them had been born, that they frequently begged of the manager to repeal his edict. This request was generally acceded to, on a promise being given that the offense would not be repeated. All orders for iron were sent from an office which was established by the firm in Three Rivers. In that office, all the financial affairs of the Company were managed. There were Agents in Quebec and Montreal, who received the iron-ware shipped to them from Three Rivers, which had been sent down in flat boats from the Forges, *via* the St. Maurice. The River St. Maurice being navigable for loaded bateaux only down current, teams were employed to convey all supplies from town to the Forges. For sixty years it may be said that the routine remained almost unaltered.

Early in this century, another foundry was established on the River Batiscan, a few miles above the parish of St. Genevieve. The

original proprietors were Messrs. John Craigie, Hon. T. Dunn, Frobisher and Coffin. In 1815, a visitor thus describes them : "About six miles up on the east side of the River Batiscan, is a foundry of the same name. It consists of a furnace or smelting-house, a casting-house, two forges, dwelling-houses, and various other buildings. The manufactures carried on here are similar to those of St. Maurice ; some pig and bar-iron are also exported, but neither on so extensive a scale as from the other foundry. From the expensive nature of these works, that require the continued application of large sums of money to keep them going, the revenue in proportion to the trade is by no means equal to that of St. Maurice. In opening a field for ingenuity and industry, as well as causing a competition in supplying articles of internal consumption, they are undoubtedly of service to the provinces, yet they are said not to be a very profitable speculation to the owners of the property."

The Batiscan Forges were abandoned many years ago, and although situated in the immediate vicinity of flourishing villages, they offer the same appearance of ruin and decay, as we find at the St. Maurice Forges.

We must now revert to the St. Maurice Works. On the 4th of August, 1846, the property was sold by public auction, on the demand of the Provincial Government, and was adjudged to Henry Stuart, Esquire, Advocate, of Montreal. He commenced operations vigorously, and expended large sums of money in the latest improvements in machinery. Several new and handsome buildings were erected, the Big-House was repaired, the staff of workmen was increased, and it was confidently surmised that better days were in store for all interested parties. A very brief occupation of the premises, however, proved to Mr. Stuart that success depended entirely upon economical management, and the least possible expenditure in "new-fangled notions." A French Engineer, induced him to squander thousands of pounds in the construction of new works, which soon proved to be utterly useless. He leased the property for a term of years, to the Hon. Mr. Ferrier, of Montreal, on certain conditions, the main object of which seemed to be the liquidation of a debt which Mr. Stuart had incurred in favor of the latter, to carry on his works. Mr. Ferrier worked the Forges for some years, with, it is said, extraordinary success. By the introduction of a strict system of economy in every department, by the proper and judicious application of the funds which Mr. Ferrier had at his disposal, and by a rigorous management of the workmen in his employ, the experiment proved that profits could be realised. On the expiration of this lease, Mr. Stuart

disposed of his interest to Messrs. Andrew Stuart and John Porter, of the City of Quebec, who worked the establishment on a limited scale until the year 1859, when they were finally abandoned.

We have thus reached a point in our narrative, when it is necessary to pause. We have traced the Iron Mines of the St. Maurice Territory from their discovery in 1669, to the abandonment of the Batiscan and St. Maurice Forges, the latter as late as 1859, and we reserve for our next and concluding article, the present condition of those mines, including the establishment and extraordinary progress of the Radnor Iron Works, situated in the Village of Fermont, County of Champlain, midway between the two establishments which have been abandoned. We have laboured to give to our readers the most accurate data on this subject, and can only hope that any apparent short-comings may be pardoned by the reader, who will, no doubt, perceive the obstacles which have to be surmounted in obtaining accurate dates of events which have transpired during two centuries, few of which are to be found in the published pages of Canadian history.

(*To be continued.*)

A Northern Rune.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

AIR.—“*The Brave old Oak.*”

Loud rolleth the rune,
 The martial rune
 Of the Norse-King-Harpist bold ;
 He's proud of his line,
 He's erect as the pine
 That springs on the mountains old.
 Through the hardy North
 When his song goes forth,
 It rings like the clash of steel ;
 Yet we have not a fear,
 For his heart's sincere,
 And his blasts we love to feel.

Then, hi ! for the storm,
 The wintry storm,
 That maketh the stars grow dim ;
 Not a heart shall fail,
 Not a nerve shall quail,
 When he rolls his grand old hymn.

A NORTHERN RUNE.

O, hale and gay
 Is that Norse King gray,
 And his limbs are both stout and strong ;
 His eye is as keen
 As a falchion's sheen,
 When it sweeps to avenge a wrong.
 The Aurora's dance
 Is his merry glance,
 As it speeds through the starry fields ;
 And his anger falls
 Upon Odin's Halls
 Like the crash of a thousand shields.

Then, hi ! for the storm, etc.

His stately front
 Has endured the brunt
 Of Scythian rack and gale,
 As the vengeful years
 Clashed their icy spears
 On the boss of his glancing mail.
 When he steps in his pride
 From his Halls so wide,
 He laughs with a wild refrain,
 And the elfins start
 From the icebergs' heart
 And echo his laugh again.

Then, hi ! for the storm, etc

When the woods are stirred
 By the antlered herd,
 He comes like a Nimrod bold,
 And the forest groans,
 As his mighty tones
 Swoop down on the startled fold ;
 In his mantle white
 He defies the Night,
 With the air of a King so free ;
 Then hurrah for the rune,
 The North King's rune,
 For his sons, his sons are we !

Then, hi ! for the storm, etc.

Kingston, C. W.

The Cruise of the *Dixie* from Montreal to Labrador,

A NAUTICAL, LEGENDARY, HISTORICAL AND SPORTING JOURNAL.

BY X. X. X.

CHAPTER III.

In which the subject is mooted, and the devil outwitted.

IT will be within the recollection of our readers that the last feat of Mr. Sawney at Sorel was to purchase a pointer: the animal went by the name of "Bang," and had scarcely been on board the yacht five minutes when Capt. Bernier's bull terrier "Tiger," alias "Snarleyow," very nearly demolished him. After a sumptuous repast, consisting of fresh fish, wood-ducks and treble X, the *Dixie* set sail for Three Rivers, forty-five miles lower down. The atmosphere was clear and bracing;—there was little to attract notice save and except large flocks of water-fowl swooping with whistling wing over the Sorel shores in the direction of La Baie du Fevre. The Commodore was quietly enjoying his meerschaum; Capt. Bernier reading Dumas' last novel; Mr. Sawney was busy cleaning and getting ready his fowling-piece, and Mr. Viger was absorbed in a book.

"Well, sir," broke forth the Scottish youth, "you must be much interested in your book; for a long time I have been watching your motions, wondering whether you were thinking of La Belle France, and those rollicking days you must have spent in Paris, when you were studying the law there. Could you not favor us with some anecdote illustrative of the French nation? Tell us a few jokes about the Emperor, without the fear of Cayenne or the Attorney General, before your eyes!"

"My dear friend," retorted the Barrister, "I am now concocting a pretty little tale, which I think I shall publish hereafter; it will show how important results sometimes flow from small causes. Listen to this: 'Arletta's pretty feet,' says Sir Francis Palgrave, 'twinkling in the brook gained her a Duke's love, and gave us William the Conqueror. Had she not thus fascinated Duke Robert the Liberal, of Normandy, Harold would not have fallen at Hastings, no Anglo-Norman dynasty could have arisen, no British Empire.' And again: 'But for the thrashing the Saracens got at the hands of Charles Martel,' and the interpretation of the Kora n

as Gibbon remarks, would now be taught in the schools of Oxford, and her pulpits would demonstrate to a circumcised people the sanctity and truth of the revelations of Mahomet."

"Well, what has this to do with the story you are now weaving?"

"It proves this much," rejoined Mr. Viger, "that, just as Palgrave demonstrates, but for Arletta's pretty ankles there would have been no British Empire, and that you may thank a Frankish Chief, that you are not a circumcised Mahomedan, according to your great historian Gibbon; so I can show that but for Commodore Bouchette, Canada would now be included in the Great Republic."

"Mr. Viger, really, you must excuse, if I do not fully understand what you mean by this. I have been promised by my friend, the Commodore, information historical, legendary, and sporting about Canada; is the elucidation of this new thesis to come under either of these heads? if so, you will find in me a willing listener."

"There is nothing legendary about it," replied the advocate; "'tis a simple episode of the history of Canada, relating to the very locality we are now travelling over. It is the heroic conduct of a colonist who, at the risk of his own life, successfully piloted Sir Guy Carleton, (who, afterwards, under the name of Lord Dorchester, was one of our most beloved Governors) from Montreal to Three Rivers and Quebec in 1766. Read the thrilling narrative in the *United Service Magazine*; it forcibly illustrates how useful it is to retain in danger one's presence of mind. Commodore Bouchette, with a picked crew and muffled oars, paddled Sir Guy all the way from Montreal to Point Platon, where an English war brig received His Excellency. The Americans had captured Montreal after severe fighting, and had Sir Guy fallen into their hands, Quebec being quite unprepared, division existing in the garrison, it must have fallen. You know too well Brother Jonathan's habit of holding fast to whatever he seizes on, to imagine that the place would ever have been given up again. Federal emissaries had then been sent all over Canada, and incredible efforts made by the Washington Government to seduce the French Canadians from the allegiance they had so recently sworn to Britain, but all in vain; nothing availed but violence and threats in those portions of Canada which the Americans had taken possession of. Sir Guy Carleton, disguised as a Canadian peasant, disembarked at Three Rivers and was for some hours in a house occupied by the Americans, but the Commodore, also disguised, played his part so well that both slipped away without exciting the suspicions of their inveterate enemies. Don't you think now this historical fact might form the ground work of a most in-

teresting tale, illustrative of the high-mindedness of the British Governor who trusted himself in the hands of his French subjects, and equally creditable to the fidelity of the subjects at a most critical juncture."

"Mr. Viger, I perceive you lose no opportunity of placing prominently before me any thing which may redound to the credit of your countrymen."

"Be it so: who will blame me, provided I do not disparage other nationalities, provided I do not in the political compact, claim superiority or pre-eminence of my nationality over yours, but a mere even-handed justice, a perfect equality for all the denominations which this young country contains. Must it be a crime for me to let you see that a colonist is not necessarily an imbecile, that a French Canadian is not necessarily disloyal? But let us forego this. If you wish to acquire legendary information about the St. Lawrence, read the Abbé Casgrain's fascinating stories of Witches, Ghouls, and Iroquois ferocity, you will also in Mr. DeGaspé's* book *L'Influence d'un Livre*, peruse some well told narratives of the quips and pranks in former times of His Satanic Majesty on the shores of the St. Lawrence; you will be struck by the analogy of traditions on these subjects, amongst different nations; you will find here as in Scotland, and in Lancashire, account of encounters with the Prince of Darkness, Will of the Wisps beguiling travellers over precipices, mysterious lights burning over the waters, in the dead of night, such as the Lake St. Peter light, the Baie des Chaleurs light and others."

"Oh tell us about the Lake St. Peter light."

"There is," Mr. Sawney, "little to be learned from this; it is as usual a rehearsal of popular delusions and traditions, the same in every country; it can have no interest for you but that it relates to this portion of the St. Lawrence which we shall soon cross over. A contemporary thus expresses himself:—

"Reading some time since of the strange light which is said to be occasionally seen moving on Bay des Chaleurs, brought to our mind the stories current among the *habitants* of Pointe du Lac and Port St. Francis, of a round ball of light which was seen several times moving over the ice at the foot of the Lake during the month of January, 1860. Speaking to a friend the other day of this circumstance, he related

* Philippe A. DeGaspé died in Halifax about 1840. He was a singularly gifted young man—in fact I do not believe the French idiom has ever been written in this country with more purity than is displayed in the works of A. DeGaspé, Patrice Lacombe, M. Dessaulles, Etienne Parent, P. Chauveau, our city member P. Huot, and the Abbé Ferland.

the following incident in his own history, and we can vouch for the narrator's veracity.

“Thirty years ago, in the month of January, he left Three Rivers with a friend, and they crossed over on the ice a little below Pointe du Lac, and proceeded as far as Nicolet, where they remained most of the day, only leaving in time to return with day light. While yet on the river, and just before dark, an East wind sprung up and a whirlblast whipped a weighty fur cap off one of their heads, carrying it off over the ice. The cariole was stopped, and chase given after the cap; but although they came so near as to place their hands on it several times, a fresh blast would come and take it off again, until finally it was carried completely out of sight. The circumstance was the more impressed upon their minds, because the cap had been the property of a man who was buried only a few days previously. The night had now come on, and on reaching the North shore they stopped at a house to warm themselves, and just after starting they observed on looking down towards the river, a round ball of light, somewhat larger than a man's head, leaving the ice, and coming up along a fence towards the road. They at once quickened their pace, in order to reach a point where they would come up with this light, and see what it was; but just as they thought their object was attained, the light flitted off over the snow, and on down again to the river. The story at that time went the rounds that old Mr —— was come back for his cap. This light has appeared periodically, usually when there is an East wind and only after the river has taken. There is a legend connected with the first appearance of this light, which dates back to the time of the occupation of the country by the French.”

“Now Mr. Viger, that I know about the Lak. St. Peter light, tell me one of Mr. DeGaspé's stories.”

The Montreal Barrister related the following:—

ROSE LATULIPPE.

“It was on Shrove* Tuesday of the year 17—, I was returning to Montreal, after spending five years in the North-west. It was snowing hard, and although there was no wind, I determined to camp early. I had to cross a wood three miles in breadth, without any house on

*Shrove Tuesday, especially formerly, when lent was rigidly observed, was a day memorable in Canada for gastronomic feats; the peasantry would first gorge themselves with meat as none was to be eaten for forty days; feasting and dancing was then kept up vigorously until midnight, but none but the ‘impious’ would dance after the fatidical hour of 12.

the way, and I was too conversant with the climate to attempt such a thing at night-fall. It was therefore, with unfeigned pleasure I spied a small house, on the edge of the wood, to which I directed my steps and asked for a bed. The house contained, when I entered, three persons only; an old man of about sixty years of age, his wife and a pretty young girl of about seventeen summers, who at that moment was drawing over her foot in another part of the room a neat blue stocking, with her back, of course, turned towards us; in fact she was just finishing her toilette. 'You had better not go, Marguerite,' her father had said, just as I opened the door. He stopped short when he saw me and politely beckoned me to be seated. 'You appear tired, sir, said he. Wife, give us a clean glass, the gentleman will take something; it will refresh him.'

"The peasantry in those days, were not so well off as they are now, nor any thing like it. The house wife brought an old wine glass without a stand to it, and which could be used either as a drinking cup or else to stop up the bottle, and giving it a turn in a bucket of water suspended behind the door by a wooden hook, the old man presented it to me still sparkling with the liquid drops, saying, 'Let me help you to a wee drop, sir; it is the real old Cognac, tip top stuff, as is not often drunk since the English have taken possession of the country.'

"Whilst the old man was doing the civil to me, the young girl was fitting a fringe round her muslin cap, using for a mirror the bucket of water in which my glass had been washed, for in those times looking-glasses were scarce. The mother was evidently pleased with her daughter's personal appearance, but the old man seemed out of sorts. 'Again I repeat it,' said he, rising from before the stove and placing on his pipe-bowl a red hot coal which he held there with the end of his leaden-handled knife, 'I think you had better not go there.'

"'Oh! Papa,' said she, 'that is the way you always are; one ought never to amuse one self.'

"'My old friend,' said the house wife, 'there is no harm in her going. José will come and fetch our daughter there; you would not like to see her offend him, would you?'

"José's name thus brought in, seemed to pacify the old man.

"' 'tis true, 'tis true,' said he drily, 'but she must promise not to dance on Ash Wednesday, you know what happened to Rose Latulippe.

"'Of course I won't,' rejoined the Canadian beauty; 'you need not be afraid I shall. Here's José coming.'

True enough, the arrival of a cariole had taken place, a smart

young fellow alighted from it, briskly shaking the snow from his moccasins. José was a great buck, and you, my fashionable friends, you would no doubt have smiled, on seeing him 'got up' in his Sunday's best. He wore on his head the classical *bonnet gris*, a black long waisted over-coat, with a sash of different colours hanging to his heels, green leggins, with crimson seams; such was his attire.

"I think said the old man, we shall have an awful storm, you had better remain, and enjoy yourself with us (*enterrer le Mardi gras.*)"

"What are you afraid of,' said José, turning smartly round and cracking his eel skin whip. 'Do you imagine my mare is done up? It is true, she has already, since the Fall, drawn thirty cords of maple out of the woods, but that is only sufficient exercise to give her a brisk appetite.'

"The old man having nothing more to urge, José helped into his cariole, his fair friend who wore nothing else on her head but a muslin cap, threw a blanket round him and her, for in those days, rich folks only could afford Buffalo robes; touched up then with the whip his mare, who started at a canter, and in less than a minute man and beast had disappeared in the snow drift.

"It is to be hoped no accident will happen them,' said the old man, restuffing the bowl of his pipe.

"But tell me old fellow,' said I, 'what apprehension have you about your daughter to-day; is she not going to spend the evening amongst respectable people?'

"Oh! my dear sir,' replied the old man, 'perhaps you forget this is Shrove Tuesday; it is an old story, but a true one for all that. Let us draw near the table and whilst we are discussing the contents of that bottle, I will relate you all about it. It was my grandfather who told me first; I will try and relate the story exactly in his own words.'

"In times bygone, there lived a man named Latulippe, the respected father of a handsome and only child; and truly, Rose Latulippe was a pretty brunette, rather frisky, not to say wild. She had a lover named Gabriel Leopard, whom she prized as much as the pupil of her eye. Notwithstanding when another young fellow made up to her, she would drive her friend wild with her coquetry. She was passionately fond of dancing. On one occasion, it was like this very day, Shrove Tuesday, there were upwards of fifty guests at Latulippe's house. and Rose, as great a coquette as ever, contrary, however, to her custom, behaved remarkably well to her betrothed. There was nothing very surprising in this, they were to be married at Easter following. It might have

been 11 p.m., when all at once in the midst of a cotillion, a vehicle stopped at the door. Several rushed to the windows and striking them with their fists to free the panes of the snow which adhered to them from outside, they looked out to see who was the new comer, for it was very stormy. 'By Jove!' some one cried out, 'it is a swell. What a splendid black horse he drives; what fire in his eyes! Good gracious! one would imagine that he will run on top of the house.' While the inmates were passing these remarks, the new comer had entered the house, and politely asked permission to join in the dance for a few moments

" 'This would be doing us too much honor,' replied old Latulippe; 'take off your overcoat, sir, whilst we have your horse put in the stable.' This last request the strange gentleman absolutely refused, alleging that he would only spend half an hour there, as he was pressed for time. He however removed a magnificent racoon skin coat and then appeared in a suit of black velvet, richly braided. He did not however remove his gloves, and asked as a favor to be allowed to keep on his fur cap, as he said he was suffering from a head ache.

" 'Monsieur will take a glass of brandy,' said Latulippe, handing him a glass. The unknown did so, but a horrible contortion convulsed his face when he swallowed the liquor: Latulippe being short of bottles, had emptied out the contents of the one which held the holy water, and replenished it with brandy.

"The unknown was a handsome fellow, although his complexion was dark, and there was something sinister in his looks. Advancing towards Rose, he took her hand, 'My pretty young lady,' said he 'I hope you will dance with me to-night, and that more than once.'

" 'Certainly,' timidly replied Rose, while she glanced towards poor Leparc, who bit his lips until they bled. The handsome stranger never quitted Rose during the remainder of the evening, so the unfortunate Gabriel, seated in a corner, watched what was going on in a silent mood.

"In a little apartment opening on the ball room, one might, at that moment, have seen an aged and pious woman, seated on a chest at the foot of a bed, praying fervently. In one hand she held her beads; with the other, she motioned to Rose that she wished to say something to her.

"Listen,' said she; 'it is very wrong for you, Rose, to leave Gabriel your betrothed, for this gentleman. There is something I do not like about the stranger, for each time I pronounce the holy name of Jesus and Mary, his eyes turned towards me with anger. Just see what savage glances he has just darted towards us.'

“‘Rattle on your beads, old dame, and leave us young folks enjoy a little fun,’ replied Rose!

“‘What did that old fool say to you?’ enquired the unknown from Rose.

“‘Oh! nothing; you know old fogies like to croak and preach to the young ones.’

“‘Twelve o’clock struck, and the master of the house was desirous of ending the dance, observing that it was ill-becoming to dance on Ash Wednesday.

“‘Another little dance,’ said the stranger!

“‘Oh! yes, dear papa,’ said Rose, and the dance went on.

“‘You have been mine all the evening, my fair friend,’ said the stranger, ‘why would you not be mine forever?’

“‘Now, don’t say that,’ replied Rose, ‘it is not right for a gentleman like you to make fun of a simple peasant girl like me.’

“‘I vow,’ said the unknown, ‘I never was more serious; only say yes, and nothing can ever separate us.’

“‘But, sir.....!’ and Rose cast a glance towards the unfortunate Lepard

“‘I understand,’ said the stranger, with feigned pride, ‘you love him.’

“‘Well yes, I love him, or rather I *loved* him once. But fine gentlemen like you are such humbugs, that I cannot believe what you now say.’

“‘What! my pretty Rose, could you think me base enough to deceive you; I swear by all that is holy, by——’

“‘Oh! no, do not swear. I believe what you say,’ replied the poor girl; ‘my father, however, may refuse his consent.’

“‘Your father,’ said the stranger with a sneer; ‘only say you will be mine, and I will arrange the rest.’

“‘Well, yes,’ she replied.

“‘Give me your hand to seal our plight.’ The unfortunate Rose extended her hand, which however she instantly withdrew, uttering a low but piercing groan of anguish, for she had felt the point of some sharp instrument in her flesh. She grew ashly pale, and feigning to be ill, she stopped dancing. At that moment two young fellows entered the house with an alarmed look, and calling aside Latulippe, they said to him: ‘We have just been outside looking at the strange gentleman’s horse; would you believe that all the snow is melted round where he stands, and that his feet rest actually on the soil?’ Latulippe went to see for himself, and finding matters as stated, seemed the more terrified us

he had previously witnessed the paleness of his daughter, who had half confessed what had taken place between her and the stranger. Terror soon spread amongst the guests; whispers went around, and the entreaties of old Latulippe alone prevented the company from withdrawing. The unknown seemed to view with indifference what was going on, and continuing his attentions to Rose, he offered her a magnificent gold necklace, set with pearls. 'Remove those glass beads you wear, my pretty friend, said he, and accept for my sake this necklace of real pearls.' But to the glass beads on Rose's neck was attached a little cross, and the poor girl did not care about exchanging it.

"A very different scene was at that time taking place at the *presbytere*. The old parish priest kneeling since nine o'clock that evening had unceasingly prayed to God to forgive all the sins which his parishioners would commit on that sinful night of Shrove Tuesday.

"The holy man had fallen asleep while praying, and had been in a deep slumber for more than an hour when, starting up, he ran to his man-servant. 'Quick, Ambrose,' said he, 'lose not a minute; harness my mare! In the name of God be quick! I will make you a present of one, of two, of three months wages, if you will hurry!'

"'What is the matter, *Monseur le Curé?*' cried out Ambrose, who knew how zealous his master was, 'is any one in danger of death?'

"'In danger of death!' replied the priest; 'more than that, my good Ambrose! there is a soul in danger of eternal damnation. Be quick! be quick!'

"Five minutes after and the priest was galloping towards Latulippe's house, in spite of the storm; Sainte Rose was lending her aid. It was high time that the minister of religion did arrive; the strange gentleman, by pulling at the beads Rose wore, had broken the thread which held them, and was preparing to seize hold of her, but the priest was too quick, and passing his stole round the girl's neck, he drew her towards him and then in a voice like thunder: 'What art thou, arch fiend, doing amongst Christians,' said he. The guests had all fallen on their knees on witnessing this awful scene, some shedding tears at seeing their venerable pastor, generally so frail and so timid, become at once so courageous, in the presence of the enemy of God and man. 'I do not,' replied Lucifer, glaring with fiery eyeballs, 'recognise as Christians those who disgrace their faith by dancing and carousing on days devoted to penance by your damnable precepts; this young girl has chosen to be mine,—with the blood which flowed from her hand, did she seal the compact which binds her to me for ever.'

“Hence, Satan, hence!” roared the priest, striking him on the face with his stole and repeating some Latin words which none present understood. The devil immediately vanished amidst an awful clatter, filling at the same time the house with such an odour of brimstone as nearly suffocated the inmates. The good man, retaining close to his side Rose, who was speechless, offered a prayer, in which the terrified guests all joined.

“Where is he? where is he?” exclaimed the young girl, recovering herself. ‘He is gone!’ all replied. ‘Holy father, do not leave me,’ rejoined Rose! ‘You alone can protect me! I will take the veil in a convent!’

“Be it so, poor repentant lamb, which now returns to the fold. Be it so, if you are serious; I can understand your feelings after the events of this day.’

“Five years after this and the melancholy tolling of the bell of the Convent of ——, had announced that a young nun had rejoined in heaven her celestial spouse. A large concourse of people attended the funeral; amongst the crowd which curiosity had attracted, three persons in deep sorrow might be noticed: an aged priest, kneeling in the sanctuary, was praying fervently; an old man in the nave was shedding tears for the loss of an only child, and a young man in deep mourning was grieving over the death of his first and only love, his betrothed—her name was Rose Latulippe!”

“Bravo! Mr. Viger. Why, this actually beats the Lancashire tale of the ‘Devil outwitted, flying away on the dun horse.’”

(To be continued.)

National Character,

“Character is Power.”

IN viewing the different nations of the earth the mind seems intuitively to apprehend what we may be permitted to term their “distinctive National Character,” and its apprehension of that character is not developed by any process of reasoning, but arises in the mind with the absolute conviction of truth. If asked what this national character is, it would indeed be difficult for us to explain ourselves exactly, yet we feel there is such a thing as national character. Every one knows, who for a moment reflects upon the subject, that as countries become the object of his thoughts, people presents to his mind’s eye different phases of character, and the shades of character amongst nations differ as widely as the shades of color from the European down to the African. But, although we may be at a loss to give an exact definition of our thesis, we may fairly presume that national character proper is but a reflex of individual character, it is the crystallization of a nation’s correct thinking, and is not stereotyped or fixed, but receives modifications from every new phase of national thought, and as the individual character of those composing a State is good or bad, so will its effect upon that of the State be healthy or not. It is therefore, of the utmost importance for the instructors of youth to keep in view the ultimate effect of the mind they are forming upon the character of the State; this is a truth which we opine will meet with little or no contradiction. Our intention in this communication is not to develop any new idea, or to enunciate a new principle, we merely wish to awaken the recollection of a very simple fact which it seems to us finds its way with unerring aim into every heart, that as an individual is judged by his, so will a nation be judged by its character, and on the estimation placed upon it will depend much of its power in diplomatic relations with other States.

If statements can only receive the force of truth from illustration, we are at no loss to illustrate; we can point to a country, the not mentioning of whose name will scarcely conceal it, whose people are active, industrious and enterprising, if ever a people were so, and possess all the qualifications which ensures success in a strictly commercial sense, who with astonishing rapidity have built up new cities and made a perfect net work of railways of their country, but whose moral worth, notwith-

standing, cannot bear the least severe scrutiny. It is surprising to see that country so great commercially, so morally insignificant,—the population of which have, unfortunately for themselves, in their utter contempt and independence of example, developed in equal ratio their weakness and their power, and in the end, the first stroke of discontent sounded the whole diapason of their weakness. Should the foregoing illustration be better seen by contrast, we can point to another country which as people are becoming more enlightened, becomes more and more the object of universal admiration. The people of this country have left the impress of their mind upon everything which has fallen in the way of being influenced by it, equally great and original in all things which in a scientific or literary way they have dealt with, never led astray by impulse or imagination from the dictates of reason and common sense, this country is essentially great, and the moral worth of its inhabitants has necessarily enough forced them into the position they now occupy as the leaders of European politics. It will be easy to perceive from our remarks above that we have endeavoured to point out how our prejudice against and our prepossession in favor of a country is based upon our estimate of the worth of its National Character: how some countries call forth our warmest admiration, while others excite within us no other emotion than that of pity. If then we form opinions upon the character of other countries, we should recollect that one day an opinion will be entertained about our own, never perhaps while it is merged in the greater of the Mother Country, but when it stands out in its individuality and takes its place in the ranks of "nations character."

It would be well then as ours is merely in the process of formation, that we should attend at the outset to giving it a proper direction, to keep steadily in view the fact that as the individual consistency of character results from a well regulated condition of the moral feeling, so in a state, will national character result from a well regulated condition of the political system. It is impossible to pay too much regard to the materials which are being gathered for the construction of a nation, that we are now collecting these materials no one can deny, and although many may not see the tendency of the times, the fact is none the less true. We are proceeding quietly onwards in the march of Empire, we are gradually outgrowing the swaddling clothes of infancy, and, circumstances have been favorable to us in this respect, that accustomed as we have been to the management of our own affairs, should the eventful day arrive at any time within our lives, the transition from dependency to independency will be borne by us with becoming dignity, the revolu-

tion will be a moral and not a physical one, it will not be attended with the evils incident to separation, but will leave undisturbed the social system, and render more enduring if possible the friendship existing between us and the Mother Country. But in the first steps toward national greatness we must not

“Build high hopes which would crush us with their fall,”

we must not cherish the idea of absolute greatness and its concomitant absolute power, fortune frequently decides that which reason never perceives, or if perceiving never could attain by any continued line of action however well conceived and followed out, but nevertheless, by proceeding steadily and surely, cultivating in equal ratio our intellectual and commercial power, we shall no doubt ultimately become the leaders of transatlantic opinion and the founders of a great northern dynasty, gigantic, powerful and just. We have at present certain duties to perform as sacred as ever fell to the lot of man; we are at once the architect and builders of a pedestal upon which Canadian independence must ultimately stand, and it is with regret that we feel we will one day sever from a country under whose present protection it is our boast to live, but however disagreeable the reflection it is nevertheless a true one. We should therefore, in a country such as ours, where politics as yet are scarcely regarded as a science, where from the diversity of races the most opposite notions of political law and justice obtain, where to use a comprehensive term the political mind is unformed; be extremely careful in selecting from the multiplicity of speculative and untried opinions which float about in confusion and disorder in the Canadian political horizon. Indeed many of the notions which have hitherto prevailed might beneficially be forgotten, notions I regret to say which are only associated with the rivalries of races, and which only serve to awaken the recollection of our disjointed existence. In our study of political science, we might easily abstract from known political systems their common truths, and reject their specific errors, and from the whole, work out an example for our future guidance, or, which would be far better, we might ourselves generate a political system the more to be admired from its being the creature of our own production, a system comprehensive and just which will receive the universal sanction of a people who will consecrate its existence and recognize its power, by submitting to its authority. To the fulfilment of that duty should be directed the best efforts of those who undertake and become the rulers and arbiters of our destinies. Let it not be imagined for one moment that we are

in this communication discussing any visionary proposal for the establishment or arrangement of a state of society in which every part composing it shall be perfect. With all the imperfections inherent to Canadian society, which in common with all others it is possible for us to give birth to, or to lay the foundations of a system which will by the justness and practicability of its principles challenge the assent of our people and by the steadiness of its growth, familiarize us with its maturity as the rule of our civil life. The idea of a change in our political code would, we doubt not, appal the heart of many who look not beyond the surface to the causes which underlie it, nor would a change at all violent be advantageous or in any case advisable; in unweaving our political web, we must cause no injury to the frame on which a new one must be woven. We must not, though in our fondness for the past, imagine that its institutions are abiding. Every thing in life changes in accordance with the immutable laws of nature and the artificial works of man which alone do not fall under the law's growth are admirable only as histories of the greatness of a past humanity, like other things dependant upon man in the exercise of his mental faculties, constitutions and codes are ever changing from good to bad, and *vice versa*; political codes or creeds are not quiescent, and those that were attempted to be made so have proved signal failures. Activity is the soul of politics, systems beget systems as ideas beget ideas, and the political mind to be eminent must ever be active, continually searching after better and purer principles than those with which it is immediately conversant, anxious for the attainment and the adoption of those which, unseen, wield a powerful influence on the well being of society, which regulate the springs of the heart, and prepare men for a higher order of life than that with which human wit is cognizant, and although the mind may be often baffled in its attempts to attain them, every efforts makes it purer and renews its strength for more vigorous activity.

In the formation of a character it is also absolutely necessary that the members of a same community should regard one another and mankind generally with feelings of the highest order of justice,—justice to the interest of others,—justice to their opinions, and above all we should exercise the most impartial justice in estimating the character and conduct of those with whom we are brought into daily contact.

The benefits arising to society from judicious acting, and proper reflection upon the relative duties of mankind, would eventually give an individuality to our national character, distinguished and defined for its

moral strength and *symmetrical* perfection. And although we all move on even in this age of enlightenment with equal blindness as to the future, it is no contradiction to say that fortune has not everything to do in regulating human affairs, but on the contrary a great deal of our prosperity or adversity may be attributed to ourselves as the effect of our own actions; we could illustrate this fact by casting a retrospective glance upon the people of ancient Rome who under one form of government met with nothing but successes, but who under another form of policy the offspring of luxury and corruption, were beset with evil and misfortunes of every kind at every step, and the descendants of those once proud rulers of the destinies of man have become with their music and their monkeys the veriest nuisances of our capitals. In all states apart from the chances of fortune, and, regulating them to a certain extent, there exist certain moral or physical causes which raise or lower its character. Every individual is a cause either building up or tearing down the power and character of a nation, and as the whole mass of society moves in one direction or the other, will order be upheld or anarchy reign. In our progress towards our proposed goal many obstacles will rise up before us, but we shall by cultivating our moral power to its fullest extent, and steadily keeping in view the fact that "national is but the reflex of individual character," when we move as a united whole, force them from their position, as some great stream noisesly and quietly mines the rocks which rise up against its course, shall we cause to disappear nor leave an eddy to mark the spot where once they stood those *oppilations* which stand between us and the ultimate end we have proposed to ourselves of obtaining character as a nation. But like all countries settled by the representatives of different races, the most formidable obstacle exists at home, and from its being nearer escapes the eye in its search after more distant ones. UNITY is not a quality or a mere accessory; it is the essence of national character. It is therefore, an incontestable truth that we must have achieved unity before we can pretend to character as a nation. National cannot be the reflex of divided individual character from its very nature, it must be the reflex of the individual character of a united, moral and intellectual people; unity is then in our case the essential requisite to becoming great. Shall we hesitate to adopt and consecrate the policy which leads to distinction and rank; we are sure we shall not; and even now a feeling spreads through the ranks of our society, which is destined ultimately to produce the happiest results. As we conclude this communication we see the past growing smaller and smaller as it sinks into the distance, but the future we see expanding broadly into

national existence. These are not the unreal shadows of a dream, they are fully warranted and indicated by the march of events, and it is to be hoped that the day will come when our character as a nation will stand by the side of hers who quickened it into life, and not pale by the comparison, when the noblest aspirations of men now living shall be realized, and our present conceptions be manifested by the solidity which government derives from unity, and the force which it exemplifies by character.

Answers to Correspondents.

MONTREAL.—A closely written and extremely long review of "Les Misérables." We regret that we cannot publish it, as it alone would fill up one number of our work. It is written with great care and ability.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—The works in question can only be noticed on our reception of them.

FUROR.—Your article is of course rejected. It is evident you are one who has not the interest of this country at your heart, or you would never stoop to the prostitution of the ability you seem to possess as a writer to stir up one section of the people against another. It is impossible to return your manuscript, as it is mislaid. We anticipate the impertinance of your asking for it, which can only equal the impertinance of your sending such a production to the **BRITISH CANADIAN REVIEW.**