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"DUCIT AMOR PATRIÆ!"

VOL. I.

No. 1.

THE

British Canadian Review



DECEMBER, 1862.

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"DUCER AMOR PATRIÆ."

THE

British Canadian Review.

DECEMBER, 1862.

To Our Readers.

IN compliance with the usual custom on the publication of a new periodical, we solicit the attention of our readers, while we address them in a few short remarks, on the subject of our enterprise. The widely extending patronage which our efforts have met, in the founding of the BRITISH CANADIAN REVIEW, calls from us an expression of sincere gratitude, to all our newly acquired friends and subscribers, and in thanking them for their support and encouragement, we can assure them that no exertion will be wanting on our part, to make this Magazine a trustworthy source of information and amusement, and a truthful repository of National literature, pure and undefiled. In using the word National let us be understood, that while we will always use our poor endeavours to keep alive and perpetuate the daily increasing esteem and appreciation of each other, which springs from the relations of the mother country, with the loyal representatives of her blood, language and habits, on this side of the water, we will still consider it, and claim it as one of our special privileges, to assert (when we deem it necessary to do so, on any question which may arise,) the claims of this Province, as paramount to consideration among the often conflicting and jarring interests of the Empire.

We will also humbly endeavour to foster the growing spirit of Nationality—the pride of Country—which is the true secret of a people's strength, and without which they will always be found wanting at trying moments, in that self reliance which is necessary to their existence.

Our columns will always be open to the many elegant writers we have among us, who may favour us with their contributions; for there are many with leisure time on their hands during the long winter evenings, who are anxious to keep their pen in practice, and their brains from congealing, and to whom literary labor is more a source of amusement than a task, aside from that feeling of consciousness, which is so natural to all, that perhaps their efforts have tended to develop some hidden talent in our midst, and to promote the spread of sound, judicious, and useful information.

Our Future.

“In our present union lies our future greatness.”

NO period since the memorable day on which England vested in this colony the power to govern itself, is more appropriate than the present to place before Canadians, the necessity of having in Canada but one nationality. Our task would be a bold one indeed, were we to attempt to bring within the narrow compass of these pages, all the considerations of which the subject is pregnant, nor is this our intention: to present to view a few facts, to merely enunciate the “first truths” of the thesis; such must be our theme.

We do not mean by the words which we have used in the title of this paper, to convey the idea that in the permanency of the union between the two sections of the Province, lies our future greatness; it may so happen that the continuance of this union beyond a certain period, may be fraught with peril. The present union of course, nominally makes of the two sections one people, but it is from a very different union, from a sentiment much holier than that which surrounds the present political compact, that we augur for our people strength and national greatness. We do not advocate what is termed a homogeneous population for Canada; we do not think this practicable, judging from the past, and were it practicable, we would long hesitate before attempting this expedient. The Anglo-saxon and the Celt, the Milesian and the Teuton, must yet for ages hold the soil of Canada in common: let them live as friends, as good neighbors; such is what we mean when we talk to them of having but one nationality.

Let us leave to children the idea, that homogeneity can be effected by act of Parliament, (although we all know that an act of parliament

can do many things.) Apart from the faith of treaties, there are state reasons which do not render it desirable for British interest, that colonists should assimilate too much with surrounding nations of Saxon descent.

We hold that one general and distinctive appellation, one only, suits those who are either Canadian born, or who have made this their adopted home; that appellation is summed up in the word "Canadian." With this term must be associated the future expansion of our people. We cannot consider otherwise but as public enemies, as foes to the common-weal, all those who trade on distinctions of race, who, unable to ride into power on national issues, seek in sectional strife props for their ephemeral greatness: if their efforts were directed to the promotion of Canadian interests, in a broad and national point of view, what happy results would follow!

The time has now arrived when the question must be solved,—shall we become a united people, truly Canadian in principle, in thought and in action, or shall we remain as we are, a weak and disjointed colony, each and every one of us, adhering to the national names and prejudices of the country from which we sprang, like so many half grown boys, who, instead of aspiring to the matured existence of manhood, pine away in fruitless regret for the toys of early years?

That we are preparing for ourselves a perilous future, by remaining disunited, who can deny? Our aims are too selfish to produce any benefits, and as we grow older, the prejudices of classes will assume broader and deeper roots, and ultimately defy eradication. Let us then endeavour henceforward to foster a purely Canadian feeling, and what nobler sacrifice can we offer on our new built altars, than the prejudice to which we have been so long attached? A nationality having its basis in the mutual affection of different races to a common country, would before long produce a state of things which at present, under our hollow friendships, are undreamed of. Perchance the keeping in abeyance old ideas, and cherished associations, may cost us an effort, but how insignificant the effort compared with the ultimate good.

A nationality is a thing to be loved from whatever point of view we may look at it,—equally to be prized for the evils it will prevent, as for the actual benefits it has in store: from it we will borrow a *status*, which at present we have not, and which we never can have until we become a people, and we never can in this country, at any rate, become *one people*, in the strict acceptance of the term, until we first do away with, and completely efface, the division line between Upper and Lower Canada; for

while the Quebecker speaks of the Torontonion, as a resident of *Upper* Canada, and *vice versa*, it seems to me, as far as it may be looked upon, as an exhibition of the feeling which ought to exist, between the residents of one country, as if one spoke of St. Petersburg being in Russia. All real friends of Canada, ought to labor assiduously in forming us into one nationality. The materials of which we are at present composed, are capable, with a little management, of being moulded into almost any shape, but should the attempt be delayed too long, our component parts may assume the gritty solidity of a rock, and the singular anomaly of men born on Canadian soil, calling themselves Englishmen, Frenchmen, Irishmen, or Scotchmen, will be perpetuated with all its dissolving elements of hatred, distrust, and jealousy.

What will be the result of such a state of things? The result will simply be, that no undertaking can be looked upon as a national one, for we shall have no nationality as a people; we shall be so many independent nationalities, living and acting exclusively for the benefit of the class to which we belong.

The enquiry raised in this communication does not at this moment present any of its bad features, because the more violent of our passions are lulled into repose, by the wholesome connection with Great Britain: but under this apparent unanimity amongst different races in this country, what an under-current of hatred, what elements of division and weakness lie unrevealed at the surface; of all which feelings we must absolutely rid ourselves, before we can lay the shadow of a pretention to self-government or independence; and it is sincerely to be hoped, that the Metropolitan government will not cast us adrift, until we shall have learned to look upon ourselves as *one people*.

Just let us imagine for one moment, that the *calico* gentry of Manchester, have succeeded in severing the colonial link between England and Canada; what then will become of this country, split up into all manner of parties, embittered against one another by diversity of opinions, of religions, of races? Why as soon as the equilibrium between parties will be destroyed, the strongest party will immediately rise to supreme power, crushing in its course the weaker ones, until probably the latter, uniting among themselves, will in turn override their stronger rival. Such would be the scenes enacted, if to-morrow, we were left to ourselves. With these facts staring us in the face, and seeing, that according to the march of events, we must one day become an independent people, why not now sow the seeds of future greatness, under the supervision of a mother who will nurse and protect the ten-

der plant, until its stem has acquired strength sufficient to bear up against the blast, previous to yielding its golden fruit.

In noticing the jealousy between the various races which inhabit Canadian soil, it is far from our intention to draw between those races an invidious comparison; were it a noble jealousy, or rather an enlightened rivalry in the great race of progress, it would be a very different thing, but it is a mere petty sentiment of hatred or envy: the spark is latent, and it would be well to annihilate it completely before it has assumed a malignant form.

If parties desire to live within themselves, let them cease to dream of greatness, empire, arts, literature, &c.; these are plants, which like the olive branch, symbolize peace, and require the fertile soil of union to flourish in: distrust and envy kill these plants, like the north wind. If we live disunited, our noblest aim will be to invent ingenious and cunning devices to upset rivals, and our best activity will be frittered away to effectuate purposes of ruin.

Let us remember that we who are now living hold the future of Canada in our hands, and that if we fail to consolidate and amalgamate the races into one, we leave room for discord and violence in years to come. By transmitting to our successors a nationality, we shall produce an identity of interests among all classes, and raise an effectual barrier against future discord; we shall lay the foundation of a good and solid government, embracing in its fold as one, the sons of all countries, of all creeds, and to all alike meting out the most impartial justice.

On some Singular Customs of the Middle Ages.

“LE DROIT DE GRENOUILLAGE.”

“Et le dit Sieur, en sa qualité de gentilhomme a déclaré ne savoir signer.”

IN this eminently progressive age of railroads, telegraphs and balloons, when the subjugation of time and space so loudly proclaims the royalty of man, the sovereignty of mind over matter, few will dare to revert, except for the sake of contrast, to those times which, with so much self-complacency, we style the dark ages; and still this is precisely what we intend to do, less however to show that this condemnatory expression is misapplied—in fact a misnomer,—less to disturb the verdict of posterity and demand a new trial, than in the spirit of

the old judge who during his leisure hours reads over the evidence on which he based his judgments in former trials. Like over him, an indistinct sense of doubt occasionally creeps over us, which in the secret of our hearts, now and again forces on our attention the following questions:— Have we thoroughly sifted in all its bearings the subject on which we have adjudicated? Have those same middle ages, brought before our tribunal, had a fair trial? Have we not perchance given too much weight to the crown witnesses, and not enough to those summoned for the defence? Has the defendant had an opportunity of bringing into court all the documentary evidence available in such a momentous inquiry? In other words, when we lavish such wholesale abuse on our ancestors, are we sure we fully understand, truly appreciate the hidden motives which actuated their actions? Are we certain some designing men have not for a purpose traduced this eventful period of the world's history, purposely vilified its institutions, knowingly libelled its actors? Fortunately it is not our province to answer satisfactorily and fully these grave inquiries. We will be quite content for the present with merely raising a corner of the veil which stands between us and the past; and reader, if perchance during the operation, your peering eye should detect the nakedness of some of our forefathers' queer conceits, we beseech you not to judge of them by the standard of to-day, but rather look on like Shem and Japheth, *i. e.* with charity. Rest assured, little analogy can exist between the customs and manners of a period in which it was not considered out of place to lavish stores of the most recondite learning in solving the unimportant problem "how many spirits can stand on the point of a needle without jostling one another?" Another subject of deep research at one time, but which will doubtless appear of secondary moment to the general welfare of mankind, was "what was the color of the Virgin Mary's hair?" Some profound thinkers, by elaborate arguments, showed that it must have been red; we would have preferred auburn.

We are led to the present inquiry by the perusal of a cleverly written book, compiled by Louis Veillot, ex-redacteur of the *Univers*, a Paris newspaper recently suppressed by the elect of thirty-two millions of free men, either because his people were not sufficiently advanced to have a free press, or that a free press was a *malum per se*; we know of some of his subjects in Canada who, in their writings, deny both these doctrines.

But, says the utilitarian, practically, what have we in Canada to do with Louis Veillot or his book? Nothing, certainly, more than this: it

contains over and above a most interesting controversy waged by the champion of the ultra montane party in France and the late Attorney General and present President of the Cour de Cassation, Mr. Dupin, on this occasion the mouth-piece of the French Liberal party—the confirmation of an opinion frequently set forth here, viz. ; *that the Feudal tenure, in its mildest form only, was introduced into Canada*, although France, England and Germany, for centuries, groaned under its most obnoxious features. Those feudal Barons, whom we depict to ourselves so intent on oppressing and so ready for trivial offences to roast and quarter their unfortunate serfs, were in very many cases the very reverse of cruel ; nay, some were humane and considerate to a degree. We read of some being quite satisfied with the gift of a pig, a goose, a sheep, for the right to pasture the whole flock on the domain of the landlord ; sometimes their eccentric humors betrayed them into strange fancies. We find a seigneur in France to whose manor the peasantry drove each year, in a vehicle drawn by four horses, a lark ; in another locality, an egg was substituted. We are also told that at Boulogne the Benedictine Monks of Saint Proculus exacted from those who had lease-hold property under them, the *steam* of a boiled capon ; the operation was performed thus on a fixed day in each year the tenant drew near the table of the seigneur, bearing the boiled chicken between two dishes, when the upper dish was removed to allow the fumes to escape ; this done he would remove the dish and the chicken.* He had acquitted his feudal service. Now we do not wish to speak ill of Benedictine or any other monks, but we

* We find several instances of tenures equally singular in England :—“A farm at Brookhouse, in Langsett, in the parish of Peniston, and county of York, pays yearly to Godfrey Bosville, Esq.,” a snow ball in midsummer and a red rose at Christmas.”

William de Albemarle holds the manor of Loston “by the service of finding for his Lord the King, two arrows and a loaf of oat bread, when he should hunt in the forest of Dartmore.”

Solomon Attefeld held land at Reperland and Atherton, in the county of Kent, upon condition “that as often as our Lord the King would cross the sea, the said Solomon and his heirs ought to go with him to hold his head on the sea if it was needful.”

John Compes had the manor of Finchingfield given him by King Edward III., for the service of turning the spit at his coronation.”

Geoffry Frumband held sixty acres of land in Wingfield in the county of Suffolk, by the service of paying to our Lord the King *two white doves* yearly.

John de Roches holds the manor of Winterslew, in Wiltshire by the service that when the King should abide at Clarendon, he should go into the butlery of the King's palace there, and draw out of what vessel he chooses, as much wine as should be needful for making a *pitcher of claret*, which he should make at the King's expense ; and that he should serve the King with a cup, and should have the vessel whence he took the wine, with all the wine then in it, together with the cup whence the King should drink the claret.

The town of Yarmouth is, by charter, bound to send the Sheriffs of Norwich a *hundred herrings*, which are to be baked in *twenty-four pies or pasties*, and

do state, without fear of contradiction, that at that remote period there existed many Abbés whose appetite was not satisfied merely from inhaling the steam of a boiled chicken. Some of those feudal land owners were right good fellows. It is recorded that before the year 1450, the peasantry of Vaulx, in Normandy, residing within five miles of the Abbey of the Holy Trinity of Caën, were annually treated, on the *fête* of the Holy Trinity, to a substantial repast within the walls of the Monastery. The *carte de cuisine* stood thus: "they were first to wash their hands (not altogether a superfluous preliminary for labouring men); then all sat down, a cloth was spread before them; to each was served out a small loaf of bread weighing from twenty to twenty-two ounces, a square piece of pork six inches long, after which came a slice of grilled ham (*lard rousé sur le greil*), a pannikin of bread and milk, and cider and cervoise *ad libitum* during a four hours sitting. With such royal cheer and such considerate masters it is not at all surprising to hear a King of France—Louis X.—in 1315, after publishing edicts to liberate his subjects from the feudal servitude, complain that some of his people, being *ill advised*, preferred to remain as they were to becoming free. A learned writer, Delisle, from these and other instances, concludes that several of the customs which now appear to us as the most obnoxious, were the very ones which in the feudal times were considered the lightest, as their performance was attended with no trouble. And to this class belonged the famous *Droit de Grenouillage*, the subject of Messrs. Dupin and Michelet's irreverent mirth. These writers had furbished up some old worm eaten charters on whose authority they charged the landed aristocracy of the middle ages of being in the habit of compelling their serfs to turn out on the wedding night of the Lord of the Manor, to beat the frog ponds in order that his Lordship's rest might not be disturbed by the noisy croakings of the frogs; and what was worse in the eyes of Veuillot, certain jolly Friars, such as the Abbé de Luxeuil and the Abbé de Prüm, stood also charged with having required the performance of this sardanapalian service (not of course on their wedding night, for none but bad Abbés married in those times), but whenever they resided in their domains, as the following lines showed:—

Pâ ! Pâ ! rainotte, Pâ ! (silence, frogs, silence !)

delivered to the Lord of the Manor of East Carlton, who is to convey them to the King.

At the coronation of James II. the Lord of the Manor of Heydon, in Essex, claimed to hold the *basis and ewer* to the King by virtue of one moiety, and the *towel* by virtue of the other moiety of the same manor, whenever the King washed before dinner, but the claim was allowed only as to the towel.

Voici monsieur l'abbé que Dieu gâ (Near you rests monsieur l'abbé, whom may heaven watch over).

Not only were the peasants compelled to beat the frog ponds, but during the operation, in order to keep themselves awake, they were expected to croak out (in a subdued voice, we should imagine) this cabalistic formula. The performance of the croaking service was confined to those vassals whose lands had on that condition been freed from *servitude*. A large portion of the volume before us is taken up in discussing this custom, of which few instances can be found; amongst others, the case of a drowsy German Emperor is adduced, who having to sojourn over night in the village of Freinsenn, was threatened of being kept awake by the concerts of frogs; fortunately for his Highness, the peasantry mustered in time and compelled Aristophanes' noisy heroes to knock under, on which the mighty Emperor freed his considerate vassals. Although it is said that at one time it was considered a special seigniorial privilege for a Baronial Benedict to sleep soundly on his wedding night, nothing exists to show that this was the real cause why Mynheer Deutchman had so highly prized his uninterrupted nap; the probability is that he felt tired after travelling and wanted more than "forty winks."

Mr. Véuillot thinks that this *Droit de Grenouillage* was not a whit more humiliating than the obligation the ordinary seigneur was under to pour out drink for his superior, and his superior did not consider himself degraded for having to hold the shirt of his royal master when dressing. Counts and Barons stood protracted law suits to enforce their rights to *do* homage to those above them, who struggled as hard to get rid of an homage too expensive for them to keep up. When the Count of Cahors, who was also a Bishop, approached his chief city, the Baron of Cessac was wont to precede him to a certain spot, indicated in old titles, where he was bound to meet him. Once arrived there, he would dismount, and having saluted the prelate with his hat off, his right leg bare and wearing a slipper, he would take the Bishop's mule by the bridle and thus lead it towards the cathedral, from thence to the episcopal palace, where he would wait on the Bishop during dinner time; this performed he would retire, taking with him the Bishop's mule and *silver plate*. This ceremony took place as late as 1604, for the Bishop Etienne de Poppian; it resulted in a law suit, which was submitted to the Parlement of Toulouse. The complaint preferred by the Baron de Cessac was that the silver plate used on this occasion was not suitable to the *status* of the parties concerned, nor in accordance with the terms

of his charter. The court condemned the Count to provide the Baron with a gilt set of silver plate or else its legitimate value *à dire d'experts*, due regard being had to the quality of the individuals and to the grandeur of the occasion. The *experts* decided that the value of the plate was 3,123 livres. Etienne de Poppian's successor, Pierre de Habert tried to enter the city in 1627 without notifying the Baron de Cessac; the latter summoned him; the Bishop pleaded that he was not liable, that it was optional with the seigneur to require the attendance of his vassal at any ceremony whatever, that the attendance herein alluded to was particularly humbling for the vassal, for which reason he had dispensed with it. The Baron de Cessac replied that it was a special prerogative of his to be allowed to attend on the Count on his entry in his chief town, quoting various old Roman customs and Latin texts in support of his position. The Bishop lost his suit in that court and in the Court of Appeals, and by decree (*arrêt*) of the 16th July, 1630, the Baron was maintained in his cherished homage toward the Count. Mr. Veuillot having shewn pretty conclusively that all feudal rights and services were not necessarily oppressive and odious, discusses with his usual eloquence, another feudal custom, which, if well authenticated, is undoubtedly one of the gravest charges against the morality of those times. This custom is known to old French writers as the *Droit de Jambage*; the apologist of the middle ages calls it simply *Droit du Seigneur*; he summons to his aid all his erudition, all his ingenuity, to explain off the *arrêts* and passages* invoked by Messrs. Dupin, and Michelet, with what degree of success the reader of his book can judge for himself.

The want of space compels us, albiet reluctantly, to adjourn this inquiry into the institutions of times gone by. We may again revert to it hereafter, but before concluding, we must on the authority of Mr. Veuillot, and we do so with pleasure, deny the correctness of a charge frequently made respecting the penmanship of our ancestors, as embodied in the words prefacing this sketch and said to be found at the end of several old deeds and charters:—"Le dit Sieur, en sa qualité de gentilhomme, a déclaré ne savoir signer." A careful examination of many thousand deeds and charters, enabled him to assert the contrary

*The following is one of the quotations on which Mr. Dupin rests his theory:

"J'ai vu dit Boërius (décision 297) juger dans la Cour de Bourges devant le métropolitain, un procès d'appel où le curé de la paroisse prétendait que de vieille date, il avait la *première connaissance charnelle* avec la fiancée; laquelle coutume avait été annullée et changée en amende

most positively. Here we are at the end of this communication without having scarcely redeemed our promise "to raise a small corner of the veil of the past," in order to lay before the reader the grounds for philisophical doubts as to the entire correctness of the verdict arrived at by posterity, respecting the feudal times.

J. M. LEMOINE.

Recollections of Old Ruins.

IT was on a beautiful morning, some years ago, that I found myself among a party who were starting on their road to Guatemala; how I got there, and what my motives were for joining that party, involves too long, and too uninteresting an explanation to the reader, to render it worth the space it would occupy in these pages. With our mules well loaded down, we faced the road, and toiled on along the summit of the mountain range of the Micos. On either side of us were green valleys veined with flashing streams, and from our height we looked down on banana patches, fields of corn, and the huts of the natives, half buried in their rich foliage. We had gone far enough along the mountain range, when we reached at last the pretty river of Montagna, and on its banks, in the valley below the road we came, we called a halt, and camped down for two days, to wait for some of a party of Mexican cattle traders, who were to overtake us here. We were close to the boundary line of Guatemala and Honduras; on each side of the river lay the broad potreros, or grazing grounds, into which most of the inhabited valleys are divided. This was an opportunity which would enable myself and the friend who was with me, to visit the ruins of Copan, and we were not long in making up our minds to take advantage of it. Making our way through tobacco plantations to the village of Copan, we managed there to charter a canoe, and the services of the copper coloured owner along with it. We floated down the stream, buried in a scene of solemn beauty. On each side of us were the orange trees, the plantain, banana, and wild pine apple, and a slight breeze from the shore wafted to us the odour of fruits and flowers.— We fastened our canoe to a tree and scrambled up the banks; a few paces plunged us into the heart of a forest, and for an hour and a half we followed a low, dark, narrow path, the wood growing thicker and the

trees meeting closer over our heads. Keeping close to the heels of our Indian guide, we stumbled on over stones, and against branches, the roots of the mahogany trees tripping us up, when suddenly, on a turn of the path, we came upon a statue fourteen feet high, loaded with fantastic ornaments, and all sorts of curious hieroglyphics, its fierce face frowning down upon us, as if in anger at our intrusion; we turned our head to the right only to encounter the fixed stare of an enormous sculptured head, resting on a heap of broken masonry. We moved on, and at almost every step, came upon some fresh figure, resembling the others, most of them buried to the middle in vegetation, and staring at us with their great eyes. We advanced among a row of death's heads carved in stone, and arrived at what must have been at one time an immense wall; we followed on over broken stones, and climbing over a pile of ruined masonry, stood before the remains of an altar richly carved, the grotesque ornament upon it resembling that upon the large figure we had first encountered. Here must have stood a temple of the great city that once existed, and I could well imagine that that altar had been covered in by a hall of royal magnificence; but who can tell now the glories of that ancient temple. Those monuments stand as the sole mementoes of a people whose history is totally effaced from among the records of the nations of the earth. Perhaps those figures have seen a mighty nation standing in its pride; armies as noble, treasures as great, and men as brave, as those of modern times. What awful rites of worship have been performed before that altar; to what God was it dedicated. Perhaps mighty rulers have sat here among their nobles, planning new conquests and the spread of empire; these walls may have resounded in their turn to the crash of armies, and the sound of peaceful music. Was it by degrees these walls have crumbled, and the beauty of that ancient work faded out, or did it perish in a night by some convulsion of nature, or by the destroying hands of fierce hordes of barbarians. Is this to be the end of all the handiwork of man, not even a tradition left of the race who must have gloried in the strength of their arm, and the cunning of their hand. Well might I imagine that big mouth opened and said to me, traveller, we have out-lived mighty kingdoms, forgotten races of men; perchance we may be destined to survive your race, your language, yes, even the memory of your generation.

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

A NAUTICAL, LEGENDARY, HISTORICAL AND SPORTING JOURNAL.

BY X. X. X.

A preliminary Dinner.—Benedictus benedicat, benedicatur, benedicatur.—The *personnel* of the Crew—Christening of the Yacht—Day of Departure decided on.

ON the 1st of May, 1861, cosily seated round a substantial dinner, in the cabin of a smart looking craft, anchored at the "head of the salt water navigation," to wit: in the port of Montreal, you might have seen four persons of aspect very different. The afternoon was bright, the river calm, and the Quebec steamers had just left their moorings, on their downward trip, as the last rays of the setting sun gilded the green slopes of the *Royal Mount*, from which the thriving city takes her name. Our sporting friends had decided to inaugurate, by an ample repast, their departure for a three months cruise, in a pleasure yacht, owned by one of them, to the distant shores of Labrador. It was to be a shooting, fishing, and sea-bathing frolic, combining amusement with health. But who were the members of this jolly crew? We shall say nothing of Pierre and Antoine, two French Canadian sailers engaged to navigate the craft. The culinary department was under the charge of an intelligent descendent of Ham, fresh from the shores of Alabama, Ebony by name.

Of course the most important personage on the quarter deck, or below, was the owner; accordingly his brawny form graced the head of the table: a French Canadian by birth, and of great muscular strength. After travelling considerably, he had settled down and become an enterprising merchant; his was a kind of instinctive admiration for the sturdy self-reliance which distinguishes the anglo-saxon race, naturalized in the new world, and just as strong his contempt for the helplessness and arrogance of those who land fresh from the shores of England or France. His ideas were liberal, his conversation and conduct marked by good sense, firmness and forbearance; he was, withal, on excellent terms with himself, admired the great neighboring Republic, without underrating the manliness of the then budding Southern Confederacy. In politics, he was what we generally call a Rouge; no lover of colonial dependence, he moderately valued British connection. A serious, intelligent,

brave fellow, was the owner, and had you seen him on that eventful 1st of May, with his eyes intently fixed on the portrait of Jacques Cartier, carved on the stern post of the yacht, you would have said he was just the man Drake, Raleigh, or the late Captain Cook, would have selected to second them in their adventurous sea voyages. Such was the owner of the *Dixie*, whom his comrades had dignified with the title of Commodore. Far different in character and appearance was the person sitting on his right. His silvery locks denoted advancing years, but his ruddy countenance, square shoulders, and bright black eyes, betokened an energetic spirit in a strong body. His dress was a short neat blue coat, with bright buttons, blue pants, and gold band round his skull cap—not a bad impersonification of a jaunty English post captain, and still he, at one time, hated every thing English with a vengeance, but had considerably cooled down. Born at St. Eustache, near Montreal, he had played a considerable part in the troubles of 1837-38; had suffered much hardships at the hands of the loyalists of that period, having had his house and barn burnt, by order of———, and lost his only son in the flames. He never allowed any opportunity to pass, of venting his spite and curses on *les sacrés Tories de 1837*. He had taken to the sea at the age of twenty-five; knew the St. Lawrence thoroughly; liked dogs, and had a most fierce looking bull terrier on board of the yacht; and was a splendid shot. These latter points had, no doubt won him the favor of the Commodore, who brought him down more as a useful companion in a storm, than on account of his nautical knowledge, during the trip, for the Commodore was acquainted with the soundings, and every nook and corner of the coast too well to require a pilot; such however was the sailing master of the yacht, Captain Jean Baptiste Berniér. The third personage was a spare young Scotchman, fresh from Eton, travelling for his health, well read in the classics, brimful of conceit and contempt, for any thing and every thing colonial. Persuaded with Mr. Ashworth of Manchester notoriety, that a large portion of the colonists must be inferior “imbeciles;” in fact, being of French origin, and like that illustrious descendant of the Tooley street celebrities, convinced that the value of the colonies depended on the price of cotton or calico, and on the quantity which England could export,—that Canada was an incubus, a dead weight, which the mother country was bound to throw out of the vessel of state, as soon as it attempted and dared to have manufactures of its own—the Eton youth was not however devoid of intelligence; was ever ready to publish his opinion on all subjects, and grandly supercilious when his spleen overcame him.

The Commodore had received some attention in England from the friends of this youth, whom we will call Mr. Sawney; and Mr. Sawney's kind mamma having begged of the Commodore to bring out to Canada "young hopeful," whose health was bad, the Commodore had freely consented.

The fourth guest at the Commodore's table, was a promising young advocate of Montreal, a great sportsman too. Of French Canadian extraction, he had been sent to the college of Saint Stanislas, at Paris, to complete his studies; had returned strongly tinctured with imperialism, and at one time he would not at all have objected to seeing the tricolor flag float over the Quebec citadel. He soon found out his gallic proclivities awakened no echo, and that the occasional exhibition of French sentiments, on festive and national occasions, was a mere fourth of July display, for effect only, not genuine: he gradually toned down, and began to believe that there might be in the future a still more desirable existence for Canada, than dependance on England or France. This last sentiment, and his feats with the gun, were probably the chief points of contact between him and the Commodore. His stay on board of the yacht was to be limited, to its arrival at Quebec, where the *Dixie* was to take in an intimate friend of the Commodore, to whom the writing of the journal of the cruise was to be confided.

Such was the *personnel* of the *Dixie*—a strange conglomeration of heterogenous materials, amongst whom the germs of strife, and controversies innumerable, were plainly visible: happy, if the good sense of the Commodore should be always equal to the task of preventing open hostilities. Mr. Sawney was sure to fall under the lash of the irascible sailing master, nor was the illustrious Scot likely to be spared by the limb of the law, should he attack the institutions and customs of the country: unquestionably there were breakers ahead, and this was apparent even before the dinner was over,—which was the first time they had all met together.

• Operations began by the Eton student rising to say grace in the old oxonian style. One of the first questions for discussion, as soon as the cloth was removed, was the christening of the yacht. The Montreal barrister, full of gallantry, "thought that *Eugenie* would be a sweet name; it was that of a graceful and beautiful woman, the empress of a most noble and chivalrous people," (it was clear the port and champagne had been appreciated). "My dear sir," ejaculated Mr. Sawney, "how can you presume to give us the French as authorities in any thing connected with the sea; they fight well enough on land, but bless my soul, England

swept from the ocean their fleets, during the reign of the uncle of the present man, and can do so yet." This brusque sortie took every one aback; a slight curl of the lip was the only reply of the barrister, who abstained from retorting, for fear of marring the enjoyment of the rest. Not so with Captain Bernier, "Does this beardless youth," said he, "intend to dictate to us what we should think, either of the French or of the English nation?" Here the Commodore opportunely chimed in, asking the sailing master to take wine with him, and peace was momentarily restored. But what shall we call the yacht, asked again the special pleader?

"Well, if you must have a name," said Mr. Sawney, "call her the *Yottingfrau*; have we not on board a Vansly-Perkin and his dog Snarley-yow?" This was evidently aimed at Capt. Bernier, who, not being familiar with Marryatt's sea tales, failed to see the point of it, and perhaps it was just as well for the youthful traveller, "or else," said he, "call her the *Red Rover*," "or the *Jacques Cartier*," chimed in Capt. Bernier. "Gentlemen," said the Commodore, "I can see perfectly you will not agree as to a name, and as I have a voice in the matter, here is my suggestion: There is now, as you are aware, a violent controversy raging at our doors. I do not approve, as you all know, of the course the south is now adopting; for all that I admire its spirit, in venturing at such fearful odds, to meet in combat the gigantic north; supposing we call the yacht '*The Dixie*!'" "Hurrah for the *Dixie*," they all exclaimed! A bumper all around! Hip! hip! hurrah! Three times three! Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

This important point settled, other subjects connected with the cruise also came up for discussion and adjustment. Outfits, provisions, stopping places, books, maps, sea charts; every thing was completed and arranged and set down. Mr. Sawney began to thaw, and get more companionable. He ventured to ask the barrister's opinion, as to how many wild geese he could shoot in a day, on the beach of the St. Lawrence, informing him that his worthy mother had knitted him a game bag of colossal proportions. Sundry other bumpers were emptied to the success of the cruise, and it was unanimously resolved, that the *Dixie* would set sail the next day at six p.m., in order to be at Sorel the following morning. After shaking hands with the sailing master, Captain Bernier, who remained in charge of the yacht, the Commodore, the barrister, and Mr. Sawney, peaceably wended their way to their respective homes.

To be Continued.)

J. M. Leconte

*(Re-printed.)***My Reminiscence of the 13th October, 1812.**

I WAS stationed at Fort Erie on the memorable 13th of October, 1812. At day-break, having returned with my escort as visiting rounds, after a march of about six miles in muddy roads through forest land, and about to refresh the inward man after my fatiguing trudge, I heard the booming of distant artillery, very faintly articulated. Having satisfied myself of the certainty of my belief, hunger, wet, and fatigue were no longer remembered; excitement banished these trifling matters from my mind; and I posted off to my commanding officer to report the firing, now more audible and rapid. I found my chief—booted, spurred, and snoring—lying, as was his nightly wont, on a small hair mattress on the floor of his barrack room, which boasted of furniture: one oak table covered with green baize, two chairs of the same, a writing-desk, a tin basin containing water, and a brass candlestick in which had been placed a regulation mutton-dip, now dimly flickering its last ray of light, paling before the dawn now making its appearance through the curtainless window. The noise I made in entering the Major's sleeping and other apartment awoke him. As he sat up on his low mattress, he said, "What is the matter?" "Heavy cannonading down the river, sir." "Turn the men out." "All under arms, sir." "That 'll do." By this time he was on his legs, his hat and gloves on. His batman was at the door with his charger, who, like his master, was in ready harness for any sudden eventuality. He was in the saddle and the spurs in his horse's flanks in an instant, leaving the orderly, batman, and myself to double after him up to the Fort, some hundred yards off. As we reached it the men were emerging through the gate in measured cadence, and we were on our way to the batteries opposite to the enemy's station at Black Rock. Before we reached our post of alarm, the sun was up and bright. We had not assumed our position long before an orderly officer of Provincial dragoons rode up, and gave us the information that the enemy were attempting to cross at Queenston, and that we were to annoy him along the whole line, as was being done from Niagara to Queenston, by any and every means in our power, short of crossing the river.—Everything was ready on our parts. The enemy all appeared asleep, judging from the apparent quiet that prevailed on their side of the river. The command to annoy the enemy was no sooner given than

bang! bang! went off every gun we had in position. Now there is a stir. The enemy's batteries were in a trice manned, and echoed back our fire, and the day's work was begun, which was carried on briskly the greater part of the day from both banks of the Niagara.

About two o'clock, another Provincial dragoon—battered, horse and man, with foam and mud—made his appearance; no waving of his sword or helmet. Said an old Green Tiger to me—"Horse and man jaded, sir; depend upon it, he brings bad tidings." "Step down and ascertain what intelligence he brings." Away my veteran doubles, and soon returns at a funeral pace; "Light heart, light step, were my inward thoughts." I knew by poor old Cliborn's style of return something dreadful had occurred. "What news, Cliborn? what news man—speak out?" said I, as he advanced towards the battery, that was still keeping up a brisk fire. Cliborn walked on, perfectly unconscious of the balls that were ploughing up the ground, uttered no word, but shook his head. When in the battery, the old man sat down on the platform; still no word, but the pallor and expression of his countenance indicated the sorrow of his soul. I could stand it no longer. I placed my hand on his shoulder: "For Heaven's sake, tell us what you know." In choking accents he revealed his melancholy information. "The General is killed; the enemy has possession of Queenston Heights." Every man in the battery was paralyzed; the battery ceased firing. A cheer by the enemy, from the opposite bank of the river, recalled us to our duty. They had heard of their success down the river; and the men who had in various ways evinced their feelings,—some in weeping, some in swearing, some in mournful silence,—now exhibit a demoniac energy. The heavy guns are loaded, traversed, and fired as if they were field-pieces; too much hurry for precision. "Take your time, men; don't throw away your fire, my lads." "No, sir; but we will give it to them *hot and heavy*." "Steady, men, steady." All the guns were worked by the forty-nine men of my own company, and they wished to avenge their beloved chief, Brock, whom they knew and valued with that correct appreciation peculiar to the British soldier; they had all served under him in Holland, and at Copenhagen. I had a very excellent reconnoitring-glass, and as I kept a sharp look out for the effect of our fire, and the movements of the enemy, I observed that powder was being removed from a large wooden barracks into ammunition-waggons. The only man of the Royal Artillery I had with me was a bombardier—Walker. I called his attention to the fact I had observed, and directed him to lay a gun for that part of the building wherein the powder was

being taken. At my request, he took a look through the glass; and, having satisfied himself, he laid the gun as ordered. I with my glass watched the spot aimed at. I saw one plank of the building fall out, and at the same instant the whole fabric went up in a pillar of black smoke, with but little noise, and it was no more. Horses, waggons, men, and building, all disappeared—not a vestige of any was to be seen. Now was our turn to cheer; and we plied the enemy in a style so quick and accurate, that we silenced all their guns, just as a third dragoon came galloping up to us, shouting "Victory! victory!" Then again we cheered lustily; but no response from the other side. Night hid the enemy from our sight. The Commissariat made its appearance with biscuit, pork, rum, and potatoes; and we broke our fast for that day, about nine, p.m. How strange and unaccountable are the feelings produced by war! Here were the men of two nations, but of common origin, speaking the same language, of the same creed, intent on mutual destruction; rejoicing with a fiendish pleasure at their address in perpetuating murder by wholesale; shouting for joy as disasters propagated by the chance of war, hurling death and agonizing wounds in the ranks of their opponents. An yet these very men, when chance gave them an opportunity, would readily exchange, in their own peculiar way, all the amenities of social life, extending to one another a draw of the pipe, and quid, or glass; obtaining and exchanging information from one and the other of their respective services, as to pay, rations, duty, and so on; the victors with delicacy abstaining from any allusion to the victorious day. Though the vanquished would allude to their disasters, the victors never named their triumphs. Such is the character of acts and words between British and American soldiers I witnessed, as officer commanding a guard over American prisoners.

As I have written the word, prisoners of war, I will here detail an event demonstrating the necessity of caution in the handling of fire-arms. Lieut. F. G., of the 49th Regt., had a separate command, composed of all the men whose names figured in the regimental records, as notorious troublesome characters, who were ever and anon the subjects of courts-martial. They were all Irishmen, speaking the Irish vernacular, as did their countryman and chief. His duty was principally to collect information of the enemy's movements, and do everything in his power to annoy them. On the occasion I am about to narrate, he was scouting the banks of the Niagara river, opposite to Grand Island. Observing two officers in a dug-out, leave the main, and proceed to the island, he decided to apprehend these gentlemen, and, with one of his

sergeants, proceeded in a boat to the same place. He pounced on them as, nose to nose, one was giving to his friend the light from his cigar. This most unexpected intrusion, and the menacing point of a bayonet in close proximity to each of their persons, and the very intelligible order, "Drop your pistols to the ground, and surrender, or we bury our bayonets in your body," was a suggestion that these two gentlemen knew not how to get over, other than by a ready compliance, and they became disarmed prisoners of war. They now made an appeal to F. G.'s honor, stating that they came on the island to settle an affair of honor, and that their adversaries would soon join them. On hearing this, to which he turned a deaf ear, he placed the two gentlemen in charge of the sergeant, and proceed in quest of the adverse party.— Looking towards the American shore, he saw a second dug-out, with two men, crossing over to the island. Quietly, and in rifleman style, he trees himself close to the landing. As the dug-out grated on the sands, he covered them with his brown bess, called out to them to surrender, and land immediately without their arms, or they were dead men. Surprised at such a reception, bewildered, not knowing how many men were backing the British soldier, they disembarked, leaving their duelling pistols in the canoe, and were then marched by their opponent a few paces to the rear of his position, and introduced to their adversaries; and the four Yankees were marched off by the two Britishers, and landed on the Canadian shore. The whole party proceeded then to Chippewa, where I was stationed, and entered my barrack-room as I and my chum, Dr. Steele, were at breakfast. This addition to a sub.'s breakfast table was only to be hospitably entertained by an immediate relinquishment of our breakfast to the hungry pedestrians, and by borrowing cups and saucers from my brother sub. in the next room. Having made our Yankee cousins as comfortable as circumstances would allow, I did the part of host to my disconcerted guests. During the frugal meal, of bread, butter, and tea, I observed a very perfect duelling pistol on an adjoining table. It was a saw-handle rifle bore, amber flinted, murderous looking weapon, that excited my admiration. It had a steel ram-rod, which I drew and sprung, and ascertained that it was not loaded. At this moment the bugle sounded the officers' call for parade, to which I proceeded, leaving my friends at their breakfast, and a sentry in charge of them, who was posted outside of the room door. Whilst I was on parade, they were removed under an escort to head-quarters, then at Niagara. My chum having visited his hospital, and parade being over, we assembled to have our breakfast. The pistol was just as I left it on

the table. I took it up and called the attention of my friend Steele to its perfect workmanship; and as the flint was a very superior one, I wished to exhibit to him the quantity of vivid fire it would emit. I held the muzzle to his breast; my fore finger was on the trigger. As I pulled it, I at the same time turned the weapon from him as a general rule of precaution, not that I believed it to be loaded; but to my utter consternation, the pistol went off and lodged a ball in the cornice of the room. Had I not turned the weapon from him, he must have been shot dead. The fact is, that the Americans, I have no doubt, had loaded it to shoot the sentry and escape to the woods, which would have restored them to freedom, as there were plenty of American settlers in and about Chippewa, who would aid them in various ways to make good their retreat, and safe return to their homes and families.

A CANADIAN VETERAN.

A New Northern Nation.

IN the division of labor among Nations, the all-wise Master of life, seems to have apportioned to each, some peculiar tasks and duties, which no other could so well undertake or perform. Thus Egypt treasured for Europe, the mysterious learning of the elder world; thus Greece became the artist, and Rome the organizer of the earlier states, of which history preserves for us the recollection.

Nationality is, viewed in this light, originality. It is the successful assertion by a people, either insular or continental, of a set of political principles of their own—or, at least the successful establishment of an original combination of such principles. This originality of character in a people, energetically maintained, crowned by success in their early and after life as a people, makes them bold, liberal, enterprising, enduring, tolerant, generous, and just. It gives dignity to the individual, lustre to the age, and history to the country. It is that prize for which wise men meditate, and brave men cheerfully lay down their lives.—Poets arise who celebrate its glories, orators who expound its blessings, and priests who mediate with Providence, for its preservation and perpetuity.

Is it desirable—is it possible—that there should arise in the new world a British-American nationality? Have this people the original

deposit of first principles upon which alone such a nation can be founded—have we the elements of success at our command, by which alone it can be established?

It may be said, "Nations are not constructed *a priori*, but rather, they grow as the trees grow." We answer—France, England, Russia—we answer, Clovis, Alfred, Frederick. Nature and circumstances, we admit, are powerful adjuncts; but wisdom governs nature, and valor conquers circumstances.

Are there the signs and assurances in our circumstances—in the natural position of British America—that an original nationality can be wisely founded among us? We answer for ourselves, at once, and without qualification, in the affirmation. We are a northern people, north of the 45th parallel. We have a natural frontier, distinguishing us broadly from our American neighbours. We have climatic necessities, geographical advantages, and marine resources, all peculiarly our own. We have retained, or rather recovered, (for at one time they had nearly vanished) those sentiments of reverence and respect, for the crown, and the christian church, which have almost wholly disappeared in republican America. We have seen the error of our neighbors, and the failure of the Federal system, as a government of laws, rather than of men. We are, in fine, 3,000,000 bred and schooled in the management of representative institutions, under a constitutional Sovereign, and, therefore—as it seems to us, both by our antecedents and our circumstances—in the most favorable position possible, to set seriously about the erection of a new northern nation.

It cannot be concealed, however, that the differences of race and religion, which almost equally divide British America, into two social and intellectual camps, must some time longer, stand in the way of national unity. There is only one solvent for these obstructive difficulties, and that is the cultivation in ourselves—especially in the young men of our epoch,—of a just and fearless eclecticism. An eclecticism, which will embrace in the past, with equal ardor, Cartier and Cabot, Champlain and Hudson, Montcalm and Wolfe, as the heroes of the land; an eclecticism which will feel equal pride in the reputation of Laval and McGill, of Toronto and Lennoxville, the denominational and secular colleges. Through the cultivation of this eclecticism, as through the Gulf the Ocean, British American nationality can alone be reached, and to whosoever is now prepared to enter on that voyage, the *British Canadian Review* offers its pilotage, or at least, its companionship.

Poetry.

(Original.)

A FRAGMENT.

The woods, the lone green woods I love :
 When cities' noise, and clash, and dust,
 And man's chicanery, bear hard
 Upon the tasked and o'erwrought brain ;
 Then do I love the wilderness,
 With dog, and gun, and trusty steel,
 To wander forth and study God,
 In all his wondrous works.

First comes

The rock, foundation of the soil,
 Which grows the trees, and shrubs, and moss :
 These again form soil, encroaching
 On the waters evermore ;
 Or to some distant period when
 The land, having swallowed all the
 Waters of the earth, the whole world
 Shall be consumed by fire : So hath
 Decreed the Architect of all
 The Universe.

But to my theme :

Ye muses help me, I implore,
 To sing the praises of the woods,
 The pleasant, airy, cheerful woods,
 Where all are free, beast, bird, and fish,
 As well as man. No cage doth coop
 Them in its narrow bounds, making
 Each life one long protracted pain ;
 But all enjoy true liberty.

First see the stately Moose, stalking
 In majestic grandeur, monarch
 Of all the wilds of Canada.

POETRY—A FRAGMENT.

No fear hath he, but looks at man
With piercing eye and lifted head,
As if to say, you're subtle; but
I'm strong: and should the hunter wound
Him, but not kill, let him beware;
For if he stand at bay, and couch
His ears, there's mischief in his brain.

The timid Caribou, walking
Along the shores of lakes, pricking
His ears, and looking right and left,
With soft, gazelle-like eyes, when he
Perceives a stranger, comes to see;
Curious to know who 'tis disturbs
His solitude: and when he knows
He'll turn and flee, with nose on high
And antlers on his back, crashing
The branches like a hurricane.

The prowling Bear is seldom seen,
Though often near, except in young
Burnt lands, where blueberries abound
In season; there, when nothing mars
The view, you'll see him feeding at
His leisure: he's very fond of
Sweets: or you may see him sitting on
The bank of some cool stream, fishing
For his food: he'll catch the finny
Tribe without the aid of Walton.

Next comes the sapient Beaver,
Self-taught engineer; as he builds
A home for shelter, in which he
Stores his food 'gainst the inclement
Winter; and he constructs a dam
To raise the waters of the lake
On which he dwells. His little ones
Have always water close at hand,
In which to sport, and exercise
Their growing limbs.

Many more are
 To be seen, by wandering hunters,
 Which to onumerate, with all
 Their habits, would fill large volumes
 Of manuscript and lettered books;
 But all are there for man, and may
 Be used for food, and clothing too,
 By the red man, or any one
 Who seeks the woods for solitude,
 For pleasure, or for profit.

When
 The day's march is ended, down by
 The bank of some cool spring, or lake
 Perhaps, the hunter rests, to cook
 The produce of his hunt, looking
 The while at the retiring sun.
 After his frugal meal and pipe,
 He lays him down and tries to sleep,
 If sleep he can; but then the flies,
 The flies, Apollyon! how they bite!

(Original.)

THE BANNER.

I see through my dreams,
 In the far distance beam,
 A banner as white as the snow,
 Around it a wreath
 Of our own Maple leaf,
 And freedom emblazoned below.

It rises above
 The land that I love,
 And flutters about in the wind;
 As graceful and free,
 As waves of the sea,
 Or thought in the realms of mind.

Brittania close by
 With hope twinkling eye,
 Seems watching the base of its pole ;
 As the Angel of light,
 In the darkness of night,
 Watches over the innocent soul.

The Recent Historical Celebration in Maine.

AN occurrence of very great historical interest, was the celebration at Fort Popham, State of Maine, on the 29th of August last, of the first English occupation of North America, at that spot, in the reign of king James I. The celebration was instituted by the Maine Historical Society, and was held partly within the walls of the new Fort, now in course of erection, and partly under canvass on a neighboring eminence. About 7,000 persons, of both sexes, were present; the religious services adopted, were those of the church of England—the identical formula used by the chaplain of the first colonists, being scrupulously adhered to on this occasion. The oration was delivered by the Hon. John A. Poor, of Portland, the chief promoter of the celebration, and the services were conducted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Maine.

By permission of the United States government, a memorial stone, bearing the following inscription, was placed in the walls of the new Fort, with all the rites and ceremonies of the Masonic society:—

In Memoriam

GEORGII POPHAM,
 Angliæ qui primus ab oris
 Coloniam collocavit in Nov., Angliæ terris,
 Augusti mense annoque MDCVII.
 Leges literasque Anglicanas
 Et fidem ecclesiamque Christi,
 In hac sylvas duxit.
 Solus ex colonis atque senex obiit
 Nonis Februariis sequentibus,
 Et juxta hunc locum est sepultus.
 Societate Historica Mainensi auspicante,
 In præsidio ejus nomen ferente,

Quarto die ante calendas Septembres,
 Annoque MDCCCLXII,
 Multis civibus intuentibus,
 Hic lapis positus est.

The face of the memorial stone bore the following English inscription :—

The First Colony
 On the shores of New England,
 Was Founded Here,
 August 19th O. S., 1607,
 under
 GEORGE POPHAM.

The people of Maine, of all classes, attach great importance, and cherish with a very commendable degree of pride, the event thus commemorated. It established within their limits, the corner stone of Anglo-American civilization, a circumstance well calculated to raise the historical dignity of that State, among the other communities of the new world. The whole of the facts illustrative of the late celebration, are about to be published in a "memorial volume," by the Maine Historical Society, but the following *precis*, published by the committee, in its invitations of last year, contains the main points of the argument:—

"The colonization of the continent of North America by the Anglo-Saxon race, first attempted by Sir Humphrey Gilbert, and followed by Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville, without success, was finally accomplished by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, who obtained from King James the charter of April 10, 1606, under the broad basis of which, the subsequent settlements were made. The voyages of Bartholomew Gosnold, in 1602; of Martin Pring, in 1603, and of George Weymouth, in 1605—all incipient measures towards a common end—were under the guidance or patronage of Sir Ferdinando Gorges, the Governor of the Island and Fort of Plymouth, and his friend, the Earl of Southampton, the illustrious friend and patron of Shakspeare. In May, 1606, the Lord Chief Justice of England, Sir John Popham, having become associated in the enterprise, sent out Capt. Haines, "in a tall ship belonging to Bristol and the river Severne, to settle a plantation in the river of Sagadahoc," but from the failure of the master to follow the course ordered, the ship fell into the hands of the Spaniards by capture, and the expedition failed of success. In August of the same year, a ship sent out by Sir Ferdinando Gorges, under command of Henry Challong, for the same purpose—the two designed to form one

expedition—shared a similar fate. So that in consequence of these mishaps, Virginia was occupied prior to Maine. The expedition of Captain Newport, to the Chesapeake, which sailed December 19, 1606, landed at Jamestown, May 13th, 1607.

“On the 31st of May, 1607, the first colony to New England sailed from Plymouth for the Sagadahoc, in two ships—on, called the *Gift of God*, whereof George Popham, brother of the Chief Justice, was commander; the other, the *Mary and John*, whom Raleigh Gilbert commanded—on board which ships were one hundred and twenty persons, for planters. They came to anchor under an Island, supposed to be Monhegan, the 31st of July. After exploring the coast and Islands, on Sunday, the 9th of August, 1607, they landed on an Island they called St. George, where they had a sermon, delivered unto them by Mr. Seymour, their preacher, and returned aboard again. On the 15th of August, they anchored under Seguin, and on that day the *Gift of God* got into the river of Sagadahoc. On the 16th, both ships got safely in, and came to anchor. On the 17th, in two boats, they sailed up the river—Capt. Popham in his pinnace, with thirty persons, and Capt. Gilbert in his long boat, with eighteen persons, and ‘found it a very gallant river; many good Islands therein, and many branches of other small rivers falling into it,’ and returned. On the 18th, they all went ashore, and then made choice of a place for their plantation, at the mouth or entry of the river, on the west side, (for the river bendeth towards the nor-east and by east,) being almost an Island, of good bigness, in a province called by the Indians ‘Sabino’—so called of a Sagamo, or chief commander, under the grand bashaba.

“On the 19th they all went ashore, where they had made choice of their plantation, and where they had a sermon delivered unto them by their preacher, and after the sermon the President’s commission was read, with the laws to be observed and kept.

“George Popham, gent., was nominated President, Capt. Raleigh Gilbert, James Davies, Richard Seymour, Preacher, Capt. Richard Davies, and Capt. Harlowe, were all sworn assistants; and so they returned back again.

“Thus commenced the first occupation and settlement of New England, and from which date the title of England to the new world remains unquestioned. At this place they opened a friendly trade with the natives, put up houses and built a small vessel, during the autumn and winter.

“On the 5th of Feb., 1608, George Popham died, and his remains

were deposited within the walls of this Fort, which was named Fort St. George."

A complimentary sentiment in honor of the memory of our illustrious *Pater Patriæ*, Samuel Champlain, was given at the celebration, and worthily responded by the President of the Executive Council of Canada.

(Re-printed.)

The Old French Canadian Gentleman.

And so I am strong to love this noble France,
This poet of the nations, who dreams on
And wails on (while the household goes to wreck,)
For ever after some idle good.

MRS. BROWNING.

IT is not very many years ago when, to hate the French, was considered as a moral duty incumbent upon British youth. This feeling has happily died away. Another feeling, not so wicked, but at least as foolish, is still prevalent in many quarters. I mean the absurd prejudice with which ignorant men of British origin regard the French population of Lower Canada. I say *ignorant* men, because such sentiments are never found among those who have been acquainted with them.

I remember that, on my first arrival in Canada, I was told by a gentleman on board the steamer that French Canadians were a nuisance to the colony. That they were an inferior race, a tolerably harmless, old foggy kind of citizens, very ignorant, very much behind the age, a drag on all energy and enterprise, a sort of expiring nationality which would soon cease to exist. On arriving I found that many of this inferior race filled high offices in the State, and that, by the united testimony of all nationalities, they conducted themselves with remarkable ability. I found the Chief Justice a Canadian, titled by his Queen, and respected by all except the eccentric Sir Francis Head; the Premier a Canadian, the Chief of the Lower Canada Opposition Canadian. I never heard the most violent party spirit deny the ability of both. The Speaker a Canadian, the Superintendent of Education a Canadian, and a man of literary attainments, and last, not least, an indefatigable French Police Magistrate, whose exertions for the relief

of his Irish fellow-citizens during the late flood will not be forgotten for many a long day.

Then there is another notion prevalent, that the Canadian is effeminate, and deficient in manliness, courage and fortitude. Good authorities are of a different opinion. Wolfe thought otherwise. Washington thought otherwise, and they both knew something of the characteristics of bravery. The race which produces the French voyageurs and lumbermen can hardly be called effeminate. That little band who followed the gallant DeSalaberry were not exactly cowards.

By the way, my dear *Spirit*, how is it that through the length and breadth of Canada we have not sufficient patriotism to raise a monument in honor of the hero of Chateauguay? Brock has his monument; an obelisk at Quebec is raised to the joint memory of Wolfe and Montcalm, but not a stone reminds us of the existence of the Frenchhero.

With this long digression let us return to our subject.

He is a gentleman, every inch of him—mild, genial and courteous in manner. His deportment toward the fair sex is almost chivalrous. On the hottest day in summer he wears a black suit of clothes of rather an antique cut. The trousers are low over the boot, and an old and very large seal hangs to his watch-ribbon.

The old gentleman wears a brown wig which fits rather awkwardly, and in winter has a fur cap of prodigious size, resembling a small tower, and a tippet of the finest mink.

The old man's politics are revolutionary in theory, and highly conservative in practice. His three great heroes of history are Napoleon I., Papineau, and Pius IX. When excited he is apt to jumble these three worthies together rather strangely. If asked what is the greatest calamity that has lately befallen Canada, he will answer, without the slightest hesitation, "The Grand Trunk Railway." He hates railways; he always did. He never travelled by one, and never will. It is impossible to convince him that the recent flood was not in some way caused by the Victoria Bridge. But this is the way of the present generation. He remembers the time when the city was lighted with oil. Well! it was good enough for our forefathers, and why not for us? But now we must have gas, and water-works, and drainage, and railways, and all this sort of thing. We shall soon be ruined by taxes if that goes on. "Ah! les Anglais!—les Anglais!"

Let us not suppose that the old man has any evil intentions towards the British; far from it. He relieves himself of a little loose spleen now and then, but never lets anybody abuse the British but himself.

Queen Victoria has not a more loyal subject. His loyalty has recently been immensely on the increase; since—since—his daughter danced with the Prince of Wales.

Mdlle. Ernestine is the sole unmarried daughter left to him. She and her brother Charles belong to the go-ahead part of the "jeunesse Canadienne." The Officers of the Garrison are beginning to find out that Mademoiselle is decidedly pretty. Mademoiselle has found out long ago that the society of well-bred young Englishmen is by no means disagreeable. The hospitality of a French Canadian, be he rich or poor, has no limits; but it must be confessed that since his daughter has become a fashionable young lady the old gentleman does not pass a very pleasant existence. In the first place he likes sitting in the house in shirt-sleeves. Mademoiselle insists upon his wearing his evening coat whenever Captain —— comes, which is very often indeed. Then the old gentleman likes a pipe of tobacco. This is strictly forbidden. He likes a little quiet game at cards. This is too slow for the young folks. He does not care much for those brilliant pieces which his daughter executes on the piano, and he thinks of the time when he used to play old French airs on the accordeon to his sainted wife. She loved them and praised them, but things are altered now. The youth of the present day are not what they were in his young days. He sits in his library reading some old French history, or old romance, or old book of devotion. Sometimes he pays a visit to an old friend into whose family Anglicisms have not yet penetrated. Sometimes the old gentleman looks in at the theatre. He never tells his family of these awful dissipations. How he does enjoy the performance! His laugh is quite refreshing, and how he does cry over "Pere Martin."

This is the type of a species soon to pass away. The old men of the next generation will be very different. They will probably be men of enterprise, men of self-acquired wealth, men of science, men of reading and accomplishments.

"I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise;
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days—"

All honor for their progress, but whoever loves the courtesy of Sir Roger de Coverly, joined to hearty hospitality and kindness, frugality without meanness, and truth without hypocrisy, united to a child-like simplicity, will always hold in kindly remembrance the old Canadian gentleman of the middle of the nineteenth century.

ALFRED BAILEY.

How Jack Milman got Married.

PERHAPS, reader, you don't know Jack Milman? I address the rising youth of the town, those who are addicted to frequenting John street after office hours,—between 4 p.m. and dinner time—and whose pasttime it is to admire the young ladies who promenade and drive on that thoroughfare. No, I do not think you do, you are too young. Jack Milman is hardly ever now seen on John street, in fashionable hours, except it be “running home” to his dinner; but there was a time, some years antecedent to ours, when he was the great gun—the pink of dandyism—the Beau Brummell—the Captain Gronow of our society, and of course a promenader of John street. But, dear me! how all has changed,—the good looking, dashing, well apparelled, perfumed, and withal fashionable Jack Milman of those days, has changed to the fat and dumpy—the short and ruddy—the great-coated, comfortably comfortered—the big red whiskered, and beard-unshaved three days man; in fact, such a change as we witness in old engravings of his late majesty, King George the IV—of happy memory, when he was a young man, and when he was king. Reader, can you tell me what it was that worked this change in our hero? No! Well then, he took one for better for worse!—he got married. Its no use appearing incredulous, young lady, it's a fact; for I heard it from Jack himself, only a short time ago. I am a young man, and I am going to make as much capital out of the moral of his story as any young man can possibly do, with large expectations, and great ambition,—I mean the energy and perseverance, and all that sort of thing, which the young men of these go-ahead times, are in the habit of calling to their aid, for the purpose of constructing “a glorious career,” and “a life of usefulness and honor,” for their biographers to blazon forth, after they, the energetic and persevering young men, have “shuffled off this mortal coil.” I very often go up to smoke a pipe with my old friend Milman,—he is an old friend, although comparatively speaking I am a young one,—for the sake of old times, and to talk of things gone by, which I dare say are not within your remembrance, young gentlemen. One night last winter, two or three of us old cronies, (ha! ha!) were gathered around Jack's red-hot coal fire, smoking and talking of the past. It was a cold, frosty, clear night without, and past eleven. Mrs. Jack and the

children had retired; none of us thought of moving, yet the talk flagged, and we were all thinking of a subject. At last, old Jim Racket put the question, as to whether we had read the new novel, "*Marrying for Money*." Of course we had. "Talking of marrying for money," said Jack, "reminds me of a strange case, the strangest on record, I bet, and that is my own. Come—its a long time since it happened, and although, doubtless, you have heard the story before, still I do not think you heard the true version—replenish your glasses, fill your pipes, and I'll let you have it." Having complied with his request, and piled on the fire an additional quantity of coals, and taken an easy position in our chairs, Jack, with his old battered meerschaum in his mouth,—which resembled the hero of a hundred fights, or one of Cromwell's old troopers—and after having drunk off half the contents of his tumbler, commenced as follows:—

"You all remember, boys, what a devil of a fellow I was in the days when we used to 'go around.' I don't wish to pass any compliments on myself, but I think you'll all acknowledge, that in those days I was a deuced smart fellow, knew a thing or two, and was besides exceedingly good looking—at least my mother and the servant maids used to tell me so. Like most young men who are possessed of that conceit, I was very vain and egotistical, and fancied every good looking girl I met, was dead in love with me. I'm not joking, when I say now, that I know many who really were; for you must be aware, that the wilder and more go-to-the-devil sort of a fellow a man is, the more the girls will run after him—(Puff! puff!) Infinitely they prefer such a man to your studious, bookish youth, who, as the saying is, 'is intellectually inclined.' Being a wild harem-scarem fellow, as you all know well, I had lots of these opportunities. But I was something of a philosopher too—I philosophised in my own way, and I philosophised thus,—that wishing to lead an easy life, (not having any profession, and hardly any means to subsist upon) my best policy was to marry an heiress. I could not think of marrying an ugly woman, oh! no! What I wanted was beauty and wealth combined, and I was looking all over the city—a small field, I must confess—for such a party; but all in vain.—Although I sought and enquired, no one could be found eligible; two or three there were, to be sure, but all had some draw-back that could not be overcome.—(Puff! puff!) I had passed six months in search of such a treasure, when at length my industry and diligence were rewarded. One fine morning in the fall of 1834, by the boat arrived at Payne's Hotel, a young lady and an old gentleman, her father, who

entered their names on the book as 'Colonel and Miss Mary Waynford, United States.' They had been staying at the hotel more than a week, and although none of us had seen the Miss Waynford aforesaid, yet rumour, with her thousand and one tongues, had painted her as a young lady of extraordinary beauty, and the possessor of a very large fortune. Here was the very thing I had been, and was still looking for. 'Oh! oh!' said I, 'here is a chance at last,' and forthwith began making the necessary enquiries. I learned that she was indeed beautiful, and what was more to the point, very rich; that she had a remarkably pretty black eye, and that she and her father intended passing the winter in Quebec. But here all my attempts at making discoveries failed. I could get no further information. There was a mystery that surrounded them, which could not be fathomed. They dined by themselves; seldom or never left their rooms, and then only after dark to take a walk. Every thing was odd and strange to my fancy, for I was burning with anxiety to know all about them of course. I made up my mind at once, that there was something horrible going on; perhaps the old man forcing his daughter to take the veil against her will. I determined to know the worst, for I was already in love with her, and if possible determined to assist her to escape, and then—(Puff! puff!) After various ideas and plans had been discarded as impracticable, I made up my mind to address her, and after a great deal of bother and worry, I wrote some lines in her praise, subscribed my name and address, and sent them to her. I think the first verse ran as follows:—

'TO MISS MARY'S BLACK EYE.

Talk not of your beauties, soft, languishing, calm,
 With features all skilled in repose,
 Dear delicate cheeks glowing silently warm,
 With the hue of the newly blown rose;
 Of course they are pretty, we all will allow—
 Yet orbs softly dreamy and shy,
 A look on the gazer can never bestow,
 Like the glance from a pretty black eye.'

"Good poetry you will all allow, for a young man about town.—(Puff! puff!) ('Capital,' 'splendid,' 'very good,' we all cried in a chorus.) Fill up your glasses again. I waited impatiently for an answer all the next day—in fact, I was on pins and needles—and in the evening dropped into Payne's to see what I could see, as the song says; I had hardly entered before one of the waiters came up and told me, that a person

wished to speak with me in the drawing room. How I inwardly trembled. My bosom heaving with emotion, my whole frame filled with a feeling, I know not what, and I myself jumping with joy. Indeed feeling very much like Bob Acres when his courage oozed out at his fingers' ends, only there was a nice sensation about the feeling. I bent my steps towards the room, and entered. Sitting on a sofa was a young lady of about nineteen, of surpassing beauty. After thanking me for what she was kind enough to call the very beautiful lines addressed to her yesterday, we entered into conversation, on general subjects, and I found that she possessed a cultivated mind, and was evidently a very well read person. But although we had been talking for fully half an hour there was no word of a mystery, or conspiracy, or in fact anything diabolical, and, like Lydia Languish, I was terribly disappointed in taking all the romance out of the affair, and so being prevented from making myself a bed-chamber hero. We talked on every thing, at last on—love. I could not contain myself, and fearful lest some other should come in and secure the prize from me, I forthwith made an avowal of my deep and soul absorbing passion for her—mind you I had never seen her before—and, need I add, to my surprise she reciprocated my affection; but I suppose this was owing to my good looks. What could mortal wish for more? I was in a perfect frenzy of delight.—(Puff! puff!) I visited her many times, walked out and invited her to the balls and parties, which in those days were so frequent in old Stadacona; in fact, I hardly ever left her side when she was at liberty, very seldom saw her father, and what was more strange, we had never exchanged a word. Her maid I saw often, a pretty, pleasant, black-eyed wench. This state of things could not last long. I proposed, was accepted, and the wedding announced to come off, at an appointed day not far distant. Friends congratulated me, and I was very happy.—(Puff! puff!) * *

“The wedding took place on the appointed day, and the ceremony came off with great *eclat*. The Colonel unbended his rigidity for once, and what I thought strange, had the maid with the nice black eye hanging on his arm. All my friends were present, and we were in the best of spirits. But what a surprise awaited me. Upon going to sign the registry book, I received a shock, from which I didn't recover for some time. ‘What is this, my dear,’ said I to the bride elect, ‘you have not signed your name properly.’ ‘Oh, yes love, it is perfectly correct,’ replied Mrs. Jack. ‘No, my darling, here is Mary Bradford, when you know your name is Mary Waynford.’ ‘Oh, no it isn't, my duck, it is correct.’ ‘What!’ cried I,

turning to the Colonel, 'Then I have not married your daughter after all.' 'Not quite,' said the old fellow laughing, 'seeing that I have no daughter.' 'Then you are,'—addressing the *quasi* maid with the black eye, —'Mrs. Mary Waynford at your service,' said that young lady. I saw it all, but too late to retrieve my error. I had married the maid instead of the mistress, and there was no Miss Waynford after all. However, for discreetness sake, I kept quiet. The Colonel set me up in business. By some fatality the whole affair came out and got around town, although I never sent an advertisement to the paper, and retired to the country for three months. It furnished *pabulum* for the scandal loving portion of the community, and of course I was laughed at for my stupidity. I stood it all, and good naturedly joined in the laugh. Mrs. Jack, however, has made one of the best of wives, and here we are, surrounded by our children, as happy as the day is long, I, to be sure, somewhat stouter than what I was thirty years ago, and more careless in my dress, but still the same Jack Milman in feeling, and although I didn't catch an heiress, I have made a fortune through my attempt to catch one."—(Puff! puff!)

As Jack concluded his story, the voice of his better half was heard from the corridor above—"John, my dear, it is half-past one." "Yes! yes! Duckey, I'm coming." The eternal pipe was laid down, and of course we betook ourselves off.

H. J. Morgan
NONCONFORMIST PENFUDDLE.

THE GYMNASIUM.—We hail with great pleasure the establishment in Quebec, of what we may be allowed to call a good institution, we allude to Mr. Dearnaly's Gymnasium, and we think we are justified in making it the subject of a short paragraph. The want of exercise is followed not only by a degeneration of the body, but by a clouding of the mind, and in course of time the impairing of the intellect, to such an extent as to render the duties of a profession both distasteful and burdensome. Mr. Dearnaly's Gymnasium, when it is completed, will contain all the required apparatus for the development and strengthening of feeble muscle. Dumb-bells, boxing-gloves, foils, swings, vaulting bars, weights, ladders, &c., &c. An hour's use of these each day will tend to improve the mind and body, for mental and bodily activity keep pace with each other. We wish all success to Mr. Dearnaly's enterprise, it is worthy of all praise, but it is more worthy still of the generous encouragement of the young men of our city.

Reviews and Notices of Books.

HESPERUS, AND OTHER POEMS AND LYRICS.

This little volume, by Mr. Sangster, of Kingston, Canada West, is worthy of perusal. It has often been said that poetry is merely a vehicle for bad language; and Mr. Sangster, in his "St. Lawrence and the Saguenay," certainly proved that the saying is, in some measure, correct. We say, in some measure, because many poets have succeeded in producing works which are written as correctly as prose. Such men as Milton, Shakespeare, Byron, and even the Tennyson of our own not poetic age, have sometimes written grammatically; although in rhyme or blank verse. Milton's "Paradise Lost" is to this day used as a text book for parsing by intellectual teachers of the English language, and will be so used, so long as the art of printing remains to the human family. Shakespeare has conveyed more in a few words of verse than, perhaps, any one man in a thousand could convey in as many words of prose. Byron's power of description in rhyme was truly wonderful and Spencer was nearly always sublime. But as we wish to notice only Mr. Sangster's last work, (the work of a living Canadian poet,) we shall not call up the memory of any other of those almost inspired, and in some cases, perhaps, insane men, who have done more for morality and fineness of feeling, than all the teaching of the schools. We wish merely to acknowledge that poetry may be, sometimes, as correctly written as the more usual way of expressing ideas. Mr. Sangster, in many parts of his last work, has imitated Tennyson, and has done it with success. Some of his measures are very fine, and his conception, as shewn through even his first work, is really grand. He, although a man advanced in years, appears still to have, in his feelings, the freshness of youth. He is in love, not only with his Mariés and Evas; but with all nature, animate and inanimate. He personifies a waterfall, a roaring rapid, and a maple leaf, with the same facility and *empressement*; and his choice of subjects, for Canada, is very appropriate. His imagination is undoubtedly very prolific, perhaps too much so, and his ear must be very fine, or rather his bump of "time" must be very large; for his verses run very smoothly. He shews some carelessness, however, in reading his proofs; for in some cases his measure would be better by

substituting a better word for one that spoils the construction of a sentence. Perhaps a poet's proofs should be read by a man who is not a poet. He would read them in a matter of fact way, and more easily discover the grammatical errors, and even the mistakes in the number of feet. As a whole, the book is one of which a young country may be proud, and we shall give a few specimens from it, without dipping our pen in the gall of the critic.

In "Hesperus" there is this fine passage :—

"Far back in the infant ages,
 Before the eras stamped their autographs
 Upon the stony records of the Earth ;
 Before the burning incense of the Sun
 Rolled up the interlucant space,
 Brightening the black abyss ;
 Ere the Recording Angel's tears
 Were shed for man's transgressions :
 A Seraph, with a face of light,
 And hair like Heaven's golden atmosphere ;
 Blue eyes serene in their beautitude,
 God-like in their tranquility ;
 Features as perfect as God's dearest work,
 And stature worthy of her race,
 Lived high exalted in the sacred sphere
 That floated in a sea of harmony
 Translucent as pure crystal, or the light
 That flowed unceasing, from this higher world
 Unto the spheres beneath it."

In "The Wine of Song," our poet well describes his own feelings :—

"Within Fancy's Halls I sit and quaff
 Rich draughts of the Wine of Song ;
 And I drink, and drink,
 To the very brink
 Of delerium wild and strong,
 Till I lose all sense of the outer world,
 And see not the human throng."

This is a very good state of mind in which to write poems ; but a bad one to read proof.

The "Plains of Abraham" is a good memento of that well fought field. Here is a verse :—

"I saw the broad claymore
 Flash from its scabbard o'er
 The ranks that quailed and shuddered at the close and fierce attack :
 When victory gave the word,
 Then Scotland drew the sword,
 And with arm that never faltered, drove the brave defenders back."

In "The Rapid" is a verse which Mr. Sangster could not have written without having himself run a rapid :—

"More swiftly careering,
 The wild rapid nearing,
 They dash down the stream like a terrified steed ;
 The surges delight them,
 No terrors affright them,
 Their voices keep pace with their quickening speed :

Hurrah for the rapid! that merrily, merrily
Shows its arrows against us in play;
Now we have entered it, cheerily, cheerily,
Our spirits are light as its feathery spray."

This very well describes the feeling of joy, mingled with the exciting sense of danger, of the Canadian *voyageur* when he enters a rapid. Few dwellers in towns, even in Canada, have ever felt it; and of course it is unknown to Europeans. We might as well expect the *London Times* to know anything of Canada, as that a man who had never seen a canoe, should know anything of a rapid.

This book should be in every Canadian library, and we are happy to be able to notice it in the first number of the *British Canadian Review*.

LE FOYER CANADIEN.

Our French Canadian brethren have enlarged and rechristened their national repertory of literature; it will hereafter be called *Le Foyer Canadien*, and will be issued about 1st January next. Amongst its contributors can be mentioned the learned Abbe Ferland, the historian of Canada; Guerin Lajoie, the author of a charming novel on Canada, and also of a tragedy; L. H. Frechette, a brilliant young poet; J. M. LeMoine, whose name is connected with natural history; Dr. Larue, P. LeMay, Etienne Parent, and a host of other well known names. Success to Canadian enterprise!

THIRTY-NINE MEN TO ONE WOMAN.

Such is the eccentric title which our old friend Emile Chevallier, formerly of Montreal, now of Paris, has given to his last novel. It has been translated in the United States rather indifferently, and is for sale at Messrs. Coombe & Co.'s, in this city. The prolific pen of M. Chevallier has already produced a number of romances, such as "Les Trappeurs de la Baie d'Hudson," "L'Heroine de Chateauguay," "Oroboa," "Le Pirate de St. Laurent," "Les Nuits de Montreal," "Le Guerrier Noir," all relating to Canada, and denoting literary talent in their author. Every one who has read the early history of Canada has noticed the sad fate of the Marquis de la Roche's party of unfortunate colonists landed on Sable Island, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, in 1598. After five years starvation and misery on the barren and desolate spot in which they had been left, the survivors, *seven in number*, were rescued by a French vessel sent out for them and brought back to France. Their appearance was most extraordinary; having allowed their beards to grow, and having long since worn out their scanty wardrobe, they had

covered their persons with the skins of wild animals, and could scarcely be recognized as human beings. They were produced at the French Court *just as they were found*; the King took compassion on them, and gave them each a sum of money.

Mutiny had also added to the horrors of this unfortunate crew. It is out of these materials that Emile Chevallier has woven his stirring romance, introducing amongst those horrible figures, as a contrast, the character of a young girl of high birth who had saved her brother's life by taking passage for Canada; she managed to conceal her sex and remain until the end pure and uncontaminated. This is doubtless a very dramatic subject, and the novelist has made the most of it. Some of the situations, however, are unnatural and too far fetched, and recourse frequently had, when it was not necessary, to the clap-trap of modern sensation novels of the Jules Janin, Balzac and Dumas school. M. Chevallier deserves praise for having added several works to the literature of the country, on subjects yet so little known as Canadian legends and tales.

CASCA.

MORRIN COLLEGE.—Within the past month an event has transpired, the importance of which cannot, at this moment, be thoroughly appreciated.

Morrin College—an institution which owes its existence to the liberality of Dr. Morrin, who, before death called him from our midst, was looked upon as one of the best and most esteemed men in this city—was inaugurated on the 6th ultimo.

The hall in which the inaugural addresses were delivered, was crowded with the *elite* of the city. Dr. Cook, the Principal of the College, in his opening address spoke with warmth and fervor on the advantages of such an institution, where all classes and professions could obtain that education which, while it developed the mind, it threw a charm over the ordinary occupations of life.

The learned doctor was followed by an address from Professor Hatch on the advantages of the study of the classics.

The clearness with which the professor pointed out his views was astonishing, and although the subject was not one that gave room for imaginative play, at times he rose to an eloquence which at once exhibited the purity of his fancy and the power of his reason.

Under the management of such able men, the institution is destined to rank with the first universities in this country.