

## LITERATURE.

## COME FORTH!

(Dedicated, without permission, to the Clergy of the Diocese of Sydney.)

BY A STUDENT.

COME FORTH! ye believers, the banner unfurl,  
Haste! haste to the ramparts, and rally around;  
Contempt on the base-minded, sycophant churl,  
Who seeks for a shelter where none's to be found!  
Shall the tyrant decrees of a Broughton affright you,  
Your God—your religion—your all to betray?  
Come forth! and the hand of the Lord will aight you—  
Hang back, and your doctrines at once you'll bewray.  
Oh! rally around for the creed of your fathers—  
That creed for which trials and pains they had seen—  
And Heaven will smile on the flock which thus gathers,  
When deprived of its shepherd—where he should have been.  
Shall the doctrines of Newman and Pusey allure you  
To that harlot whose blood-stained robes should but scare?  
Was't for this that a Saviour once died to secure you  
A Heaven of joy with His Father to share?  
Come forth! one and all, that the flock you are tending  
May know where the shepherd they follow is bound;  
Come forth! and the chains of a tyrant when rending,  
The doctrines of Heaven you'll boldly expound.  
Will ye see the proud harlot her whoredoms entwining,  
Like the deep poi-son'd wreath, round the innocent brow;  
Come forth! and the aid of a Saviour combining,  
As of old it sustained you, will still shield you now.  
Shall the deep tones of anguish, in sorrow despairing—  
Unguarded—unthought of—fall thus on your ears;  
Shall no stand of our psalmers with the enemy warring,  
Encourage our hopes and allay our dark fears?  
Come forth! and no longer in bondage enthralled  
Shall the servants of God to their prelate be slaves;  
Be worthy—be worthy of your sacred calling,  
And the bright sun of joy shall succeed Scence's waves.

Sydney, March 13th, 1849.

*Narrative of a Journey round the World during the years 1841 and 1842.* By Sir George Simpson. 2 vols. Colburn.

Far and wide as modern travel has extended, there has been no Overland journey of equal length with that of Sir George Simpson, who has here "put a girdle round the earth." Not, it is true, like Ariel, in "forty minutes;" but, considering the many difficulties to be encountered, in the comparatively short space of nineteen months and twenty-six days; travelling, to accomplish this task, between parallels of the Arctic circle and the tropic of Cancer. He was accompanied by his secretary, four or five gentlemen connected with the Hudson's Bay Company's service (of which Sir George is the Governor), and also by a gentleman in the Russian American Company, who, to give an idea of the vastness of the Russian empire,—was thus sent on his route from Petersburg to Sitka, by way of Western Europe and America, on account of its being shorter by thirty degrees of longitude than if he had proceeded in an easterly direction!

To enumerate only the names of the places which were visited by Sir George Simpson in the course of his long travel, would of itself present an array so formidable as to deter all but the most resolute from following his track, and might reasonably make us shrink from the task of even presenting an analysis of the journey. But, though never before travelled continuously in its length and breadth, Sir George's mission did not lie in undiscovered regions, and does not therefore call for that minute examination which so arduous an undertaking would at first appear to require. Let us add, at the same time, that, although preceding travellers have made much of the road and many of its incidents familiar, there is sufficient freshness of description and novelty of adventure in this journey Overland, to make it a welcome narrative to all the world within or without the zone of which it treats.

Sir George Simpson started from Liverpool "after an early dinner" on the 4th of March, 1841, in the Caledonia steamer for Halifax; had a storm to begin with as a foretaste of the enjoyments in store; and met with a "light-a-head" which was taken by all on board for "a magnificent revolver." And a magnificent revolver it was; though neither the light on Sable Island nor that on Sambro' head, but even a newly-risen star which had put on the deceptive appearance. From Halifax to Boston; thence onward through Vermont to Lake Champlain, where a grinning waiter "fixed the wrong man" by calling Sir George up at two instead of five in the morning; and along the usual track to Montreal;—we set forth with the travellers. In the beginning of May the party, reinforced by Lords Mulgrave and Caledon, who wished to visit the Red River settlement; and by Colonel Oldfield of the Engineers, and his aide-de-camp, Mr. Bainbridge, on their way to Lake Nipissing; embarked on the waters of the St. Lawrence and set out for the wilderness. Having given them a fair start with their faces to the west; and home in that direction, distant, as the crow flies, upwards of 280 degrees of longitude, or some 14,000 miles; we shall henceforth only note their progress by some particular occurrence or characteristic trait. And first we will give a description of a day's march as a general specimen of the whole journey.

To begin with the most important part of our proceedings, the business of encamping for our brief night, we selected about sunset some dry and tolerably clear spot; and, immediately on landing, the sound of the axe would be ringing through the woods, as the men were felling whole trees for our fires, and preparing, if necessary, a space for our tents. In less than ten minutes our three lodges would be pitched, each with such a blaze in front as virtually imparted a new sense of enjoyment to all the young campaigners, while through the crackling flames were to be seen the requisite number of pots and kettles for our supper. Our beds were next laid, consisting of an oil-cloth spread on the bare earth, with three blankets and a pillow, and when occasion demanded, with cloaks and great coats at discretion; and, whether the wind howled or the rain poured, our pavilions of canvass formed a safe barrier against the weather. While part of our crews, comprising all the landmen, were doing duty as stokers, and cooks, and architects, and chambermaids, the more experienced voyageurs, after unloading the canoes, had drawn them on the beach with their bottoms upwards, to inspect, and, if needful, to renovate the

stitching and the gumming; and as the little vessels were made to incline on one side to windward, each with a roaring fire to leeward, the crews, every man in his own single blanket, managed to set wind and rain and cold at defiance, almost as effectually as ourselves. Weather permitting, our slumbers would be broken about one in the morning by the cry of "Lève, lève, lève!" In five minutes, woe to the inmates that were slow in dressing; the tents were tumbling about our ears; and, within half an hour, the camp would be raised, the canoes laden, and the paddles keeping time to some merry old song. About eight o'clock a convenient place would be selected for breakfast, about three quarters of an hour being allotted for the multifarious operations of unpacking and repacking the equipage, laying and removing the cloth, boiling and frying, eating and drinking; and, while the preliminaries were arranging, the harder among us would wash and shave, each person carrying soap and towel in his pocket, and finding a mirror in the same sandy or rocky basin that held the water. About two in the afternoon we usually put ashore for dinner; and, as this meal needed no fire, or at least got none, it was not allowed to occupy more than twenty minutes or half an hour. Such was the routine of our journey, the day, generally speaking, being divided into six hours of rest and eighteen of labour.

While striving to get through the broken ice on Lake Superior, near its northern shores, the following story was told illustrative of the treacherous nature of the ice, and of the belief of the Indians in a Special Providence:

Some three or four years ago a party of Salteaux, being much pressed by hunger, were anxious to cross from the mainland to one of their fishing-stations, an island about twenty miles distant; but it was nearly as dangerous to go as to remain, for the spring had just reached that critical point when there was neither open water nor trustworthy ice. A council being held to weigh the respective chances of drowning and starving, all the speakers opposed the contemplated move, till an old man of considerable influence thus spoke:—"You know, my friends, that the Great Spirit gave one of our squaws a child yesterday. Now he cannot have sent it into the world to take it away again directly; and I would, therefore, recommend our carrying the child with us, and keeping close to it, as the assurance of our own safety." In full reliance on this reasoning, nearly the whole band immediately committed themselves to the treacherous ice; and they all perished miserably, to the number of eight and twenty.

Of one of these Indians, Sir George gives an amusing portrait. "He was a tall, handsome man, and was dressed in a scarlet coat with gold epaulettes, the whole apparently spick and span new, for the bright buttons were still enveloped in their original papers, and, whether from the want of inexpressibles or from a Highland taste, the tail of his shirt answered the purpose of a kilt."

But a party of Indians of a different description furnish us with a striking anecdote illustrative of the murderous energy of a woman:

Many summers ago, a large party of Assiniboines, pouncing on a small band of Crees, in the neighbourhood of this knoll, nearly destroyed them. Among the victors was the former wife of one of the vanquished, who in a previous foray had been carried off by her present husband from her ancient lord and master. Whether it was that her new friend was younger than her old one, or that she was conscious of having been a willing accomplice in the elopement, the lady, rushing into the thickest of the fight, directed every effort against the life of her first lover. In spite, however, of the faithless Amazon's special attentions, the Wolverine, for such was his name, effected his escape from the field of carnage, while the conquerors were gloating over the scalps of his brethren in arms. Creeping stealthily along for the whole day, under cover of the woods, he concealed himself at nightfall in a hole on the top of the rising ground in question. But, though he had thus eluded the vigilance of his national enemies, there was one who, under the influence of personal hatred, had never lost sight or scent of his trail; and no sooner had he sunk, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, into a sound sleep, than the unswerving and untiring bloodhound sent an arrow into his brain, with a triumphant yell. Before the morning dawned, the virago proudly presented to her Assiniboine husband the bleeding scalp of his unfortunate rival; and the scene of her desperate exploit was thenceforward known as the Butte à Carcajar, or the Wolverine Knoll. In proof of the truth of the story, the Indians assert that the ghosts of the murderess and her victim are often to be seen from a considerable distance struggling together on the very summit of the height.

The disadvantages of an unskilful guide in these regions are thus described:

In the morning we forded the White Sand River, with the mud up to the bellies of our horses; and one of the carts, perversely enough, managed, in this bottomless mire, to upset over a stone, though luckily without damaging its load. Hitherto our weather had been dry, clear, and warm. Now, however, a cold rain fell all the afternoon and night. To aggravate the evil, our road lay through swamps and thickets, which were often almost impassable to our carts; and our guide became quite bewildered, leading us a dance first in one direction, then in another, and so on. What with the wet, and the chilliness, and the uncertainty, we were by no means in high spirits or good humour. The weather also deprived us of an excellent supper, for though a red deer crossed the track within a few yards of some of our people, he escaped with impunity, inasmuch as every gun was unfit for service. We spent a miserable night under the pouring torrent, while the wolves and foxes rendered our position more hideous by their howling, to the special discomfort of the novices, who considered the serenade merely as a prelude to an attack,—a kind of war-whoop on the part of the hungry quadrupeds. In the morning, after being dragged by our blundering guide through swamp and brushwood, and across two tributaries of the White Sand River, we degraded the old fellow to the ranks, placing ourselves once more under the direction of Sinclair; and before breakfast we caught a distant glimpse of the object of our long and anxious search.

The quantities of buffaloes that range the prairies between the Saskatchewan and the Red River seem almost incredible. Sir George gives a good description of the buffalo, and of the sport he affords to the hunters.

The buffalo is larger than the domestic cattle, excepting that its legs are shorter. Its large head, about a third part of its entire length, gives it a very uncouth appearance, while its shaggy beard and mane resemble the lion's though on a larger scale; and, when running fast, it tosses its rugged frontispiece at every step. But, notwithstanding its terrific looks, it is really a timid creature, excepting that, when urged by despair to do justice to its physical powers, it becomes a fearful antagonist. Several parties, of about six or eight men each, having been formed for the occasion, each division approached its own chosen quarry cautiously, till within a few hundred feet of the devoted band, it rushed at full gallop on

its prey. Taking the alarm, the animals immediately started off at a canter in single file, an old bull usually taking the lead. When alongside, as they soon were, the hunters fired, loading and discharging again and again, always with fatal effect, without slackening their pace. The dexterity with which the experienced sportsman can manage his gun is quite wonderful. While his steed is constantly galloping, he primes his lock, pours out the proper quantity of powder, first into his left hand and then into the muzzle, drops a ball upon the charge without wadding, having merely wetted it in his mouth, and then knocks down the fattest cow within his reach,—all in less than half a minute. The morning's chase resulted in about fifty killed; but so abundant were provisions at this moment, that after taking the tongues, we left the carcasses to the mercy of the wolves. The affair, however, is very different when the professional hunters go in hundreds to the plains to make as much as they can of the buffalo. When they meet the herd, which often makes the whole scene almost black with its numbers, they rush forward pell-mell, firing and loading as already mentioned; and while the bullets fly amid clouds of smoke and dust, the infuriated and bewildered brutes ran in every direction with their tormentors still by their sides. By reason of the closeness of the conflict, serious accidents from shots are comparatively rare; and nearly all the casualties are the result of falls, which few riders have leisure either to prevent or to soften. When the buffaloes are dispersed, or the horses exhausted, or the hunters satisfied, then every man proceeds to recognise his own carcasses, having marked one with his cap, another with his coat, a third with his belt, a fourth with his fire-bag, and so forth; and then come into play the science and art of curing what has been killed. Sometimes dried meat is preferred, the bones being taken out, and the flesh hung up in the sun; but, if pemmican be the order of the day, the lean, after being dried, is pounded into dust, which being put into a bag made of the hide, is enriched with nearly an equal weight of melted fat. The buffaloes are incredibly numerous. In the year 1829, for instance, I saw as many as ten thousand of their putrid carcasses lying mired in a single ford of the Saskatchewan, and contaminating the air for many miles round. They make yearly migrations from one part of the country to another, reversing in this respect the ordinary course of birds of passage. During the winter they go north in order to obtain the shelter of the woods against the severity of the weather, while, on the approach of summer, they proceed to the open plains of the south with the view of eluding the attacks of the mosquitoes.

The vicissitudes of North American travel, as of all similar enterprises in large and thinly-peopled continents are very great. All things are in extremes; unparalleled cold and excessive heat; long droughts, balanced by drenching rain and destructive hail; and absolute famine or useless plenty. Sir George says that when wintering at Athabasca Lake in 1820, the provisions of the establishment fell short; and that on two or three occasions he went for three whole days and nights without a single morsel to swallow. But as a set-off against this severity, he adds that he was afterwards one of a party of eleven men and one woman, who discussed three ducks and twenty-three geese at a sitting. On the Saskatchewan the daily rations were eight pounds of meat a head; but in other districts, a pint of meal and some parchment were all they had for their subsistence. An agreeable bill-of-fare this for an exploring law party, particularly if the parchment were engrossed! Such alternations were frequent, with pemmican and *tripe de rocher* one day, and venison steaks and buffalo tongues the next. Occasionally, too, the party obtained supplies from native hunters, and the nomenclature of these allies was often curious. Two brothers, very good shots, rejoiced in the names of "Potato" and "Turnip;" while three others who lived at Fort Pitt were called "Sandfly," "Mosquito," and "Napoleon Bonaparte."

With respect to the population of the wide country between the Red River and the Rocky Mountains, the amount appears to be very small; somewhat less than 1,700 being the number of the tribes who people a district at least as large as England. Those, indeed, who have to contend with them for territory, for gain, and often for the means of preserving existence, are infinitely fewer; but they make up for the want of numbers by a determination of purpose which never succumbs.

To give an instance:—a band of Assiniboines had carried off twenty-four horses from Edmonton; and being pursued, they were overtaken at the small river Boutbière. One of the keepers of the animals, a very courageous man, of the name of François Lucie, plunged into the stream, grappling in the midst with a tall savage; and in spite of his inferiority of strength, he kept so close that his enemy could not draw his bow. Still, however, the Indian contrived to strike his opponent on the head with the weapon in question, and thereby to knock him off his horse into the water. Springing immediately to his feet, Lucie was about to smite the Assiniboine with his dagger, when the savage arrested his arm by seizing a whip which was hanging to his wrist by a loop, and then turning round the handle with a scornful laugh, he drew the string so tight as to render the poor man's hand nearly powerless. François, nevertheless, continued to saw away at the fellow's fingers with his dagger till he had nearly cut them off; and when, at length, the Assiniboine, of necessity, relaxed his grasp, François, with the quickness of thought, sheathed the deadly weapon in his heart.

Female beauty is not particularly rife amongst the Indian tribes. The ladies of the Kootonais, who seem to merit the less uphonious designation of "squaws," are hideously ugly. The more venerable of the fair sex, indeed, hardly bore to our travellers the semblance of human beings; particularly when they shut their eyes and scratched their heads. They appear, however, to be good hands at driving a bargain.

From a female chief we had bought a fine mare with her colt of two years of age, giving in exchange one of our own horses, a blanket, twenty rounds of ammunition, and a fathom of tobacco. When we were all ready, however, for starting on our afternoon's march, the lady, who had doubtless come to the conclusion that she had sold her favorite too cheap, tried to jockey us into paying for the foal which the mare was to produce next spring. This demand, though most seriously meant, we treated as an excellent jest, setting out forthwith, in order to avoid any farther extension of so fertile a principle of extortion.

Taking a long stride from the prairies to the shores of the North Pacific, we find Sir George Simpson embarked on the Cowlitz, a feeder of the Columbia, in a bateau, on board of which was a very polyglott crew. It consisted of ten men, and among them were

Iroquois, who spoke their own tongue; a Cree, half-breed of French origin, who appeared to have borrowed his dialect from both his parents; a North Briton, who understood only the Gaelic of his native hills; Canadians who, of course, knew French; and Sandwich Islanders, who jabbered a medley of Chinook, English,

&c., and their own vernacular jargon. Add to all this; that the passengers were natives of England, Scotland, Russia, Canada, and the Hudson's Bay Company's territories: and you have the prettiest congress of nations, the nicest confusion of tongues, that has ever taken place since the days of the Tower of Babel.

The Quakeolths, a race on the coast near Vancouver's Island, famous both for ferocity and guile, and like most savages, not over scrupulous as to the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*, are wonderfully tenacious of their own property. We like the instance given by Sir George, and think we have something like it, now and then, in more civilised life.

Just while getting up the steam again, Captain McNeill discovered that the capote of one of the wood-cutters had been stolen in the bush on the previous evening. After a great deal of fruitless clamour on both sides, the captain took an axe from the chief, who opened against Captain McNeill with the following harangue in Chinook:—"The white men are very pitiful, since they have stolen my axe. My axe must have been very good; indeed, otherwise the ship would not have stolen it. If an Indian steals anything, he is ashamed and hides his face; but the great ship-chief Ma-ta-hell steals my axe and is not ashamed, but stands there scolding and laughing at me, whom he has robbed. It is good to be a white chief, because he can steal, and, at the same time show his face. If he was not strong, with a large ship and long guns, he would not be so brave. I am weak now, but I may be strong by and by, and then perhaps I will take payment for my axe. But it is very good to be a white chief in a large ship with big guns;—he can steal from a poor Indian who is here alone in his canoe, with his wife and child, and no big guns to protect him." All this was said with provoking coolness, while a contemptuous smile played on the speaker's manly countenance; and his pretty little princess, to whom he ever and anon turned round for encouragement, was constantly freshening the inspiration, as it were, by her blindest looks. To detain the axe was impossible, after so rich a treat; and we restored it the more readily, as we were convinced by the chief's tone and manner that he was guiltless with respect to the missing capote.

The name of this orator was "Looking-glass; his second in command was called "Killum;" and the third "an old fellow of sturdy form and facetious countenance, glories in being Shell Fish. In one respect, the last mentioned grandee resembles the Wandering Jew, having, as I was told, undergone no change in appearance during the last twenty years." Curiously enough, it is on this very shore that Eugene Sue first introduces his hero, *Ahasuerus*, to his readers.

Sir George Simpson gives a very interesting account of the Russian Fur Company's establishment at New Archangel on Sitka Island; and of the seals which supply the staple of their trade, he says:

In the month of May, with something like the regularity of an almanack, the fur-seals make their appearance at the Island of St. Paul, one of the Aleutian group. Each old male brings a herd of females under his protection, varying in number according to his size and strength; the weaker brethren are obliged to content themselves with half-a-dozen wives, while some of the sturdier and fiercer fellows preside over harems that are two hundred strong. From the date of their arrival in May to that of their departure in October, the whole of them are principally ashore on the beach. The females go down to the sea once or twice a day, while the male, morning, noon, and night, watches his charge with the utmost jealousy, postponing even the pleasures of eating, and drinking, and sleeping, to the duty of keeping his favourites together. If any young gallant venture by stealth to approach any senior chief's bevy of beauties, he generally atones for his imprudence with his life, being torn to pieces by the old fellow; and such of the fair ones as may have given this intruder any encouragement are pretty sure to catch it in the shape of some secondary punishment. The ladies are in the straw about a fortnight after they arrive at St. Paul's; about two or three weeks afterwards they lay the single foundation, being all that is necessary of next season's proceedings; and the remainder of their sojourn they devote exclusively to the rearing of their young. At last the whole band departs, no one knows whither. The mode of capture is this. At the proper time the whole are driven, like a flock of sheep, to the establishment, which is about a mile distant from the sea; and there the males of four years, with the exception of a few that are left to keep up the breed, are separated from the rest and killed. In the days of promiscuous massacre, such of the mothers as had lost their pups would ever and anon return to the establishment, absolutely harrowing up the sympathies of the wives and daughters of the hunters, unaccustomed as they were to such scenes, with their doleful lamentation.

Another wide sweep past the Oregon territory and California, to which Sir George devotes many agreeable pages, takes us to the Sandwich Islands; but we only name them to indicate a deflection from our travellers' onward track. After an absence of three or four months we find him again at Sitka. At some baths near New Archangel he tells the following anecdote:

I remained only one night, having bathed twice, or rather once; for, on the second occasion, whether the temperature was higher, or my skin had been rendered more sensitive by the first operation, I was glad to scramble out immediately, as red as a lobster, or, to humour the locality in the way of a simile, as red as the rosy cheeks aforesaid of the lady of the descendant. This tutelary nymph, by the bye, led a recent visitor into a capital mistake. In her capacity of handmaid, she had frequent occasion to enter the room where he was sitting; and invariably, on coming into the presence, she bowed down to the ground at every step, crossing herself reverentially all the while. Whether she meant to exorcise him, or to worship him, or, in default of a cap, to set her rosy cheeks at him, he could not tell; but, by means of signs, he kept intreating her not to trouble herself on his account. In spite of my maturer years, the pretty maiden behaved towards me in the same extraordinary way; and what was far more mysterious, she still continued, when I slipped away to try her, to rehearse her obeisances before the empty chair. While I was speculating on her proceedings, I happened to cast my eye on the grim visage of an image, which occupied a niche in a dark corner of the room immediately behind the position which I had just left. The bubble was now burst; and my young predecessor was, of course mortified to find, on my return to head-quarters, that the Naiad's conspicuous attentions had been directed over his head to a musty old saint.

We cannot cross from America to Asia without noticing an observation made by Sir George on the extraordinary difference of temperature and productions between countries, occupying the same parallel of latitude in different parts of the globe. "To place in the most striking light the contrast in point of climate between the opposite shores of the Continent, Kamtschatka and the British Isles may be said, with sufficient accuracy for this purpose, to lie in the same latitudes and to

present, the same area, and even to occupy the same position with respect to the proximity of water: and yet, while the British Isles from their own agricultural resources (?) feed at least twenty-five millions of inhabitants, Kamtschatka, with the help of extraneous supplies, can barely prevent its population of four thousand souls from starving. How different the history of man would have been if Providence had made these two extremities of the Old World exchange climates, merely by causing the tropical trades to blow from the west, and the counter-currents of the temperate zones from the east; or to express the same thing, I apprehend, in other words, merely by reversing the direction of the earth's daily revolution."

Neither ought we to leave the New World without giving an extract to show in what manner the ceremonies of the Old have taken root there. We select an account of a wedding:

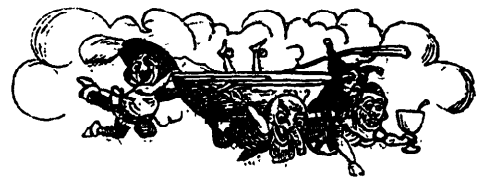
New Archangel, notwithstanding its isolated position, is a very gay place—much of the time of its inhabitants is devoted to festivity; dinners and balls run a perpetual round, and are managed in a style which, in this part of the world may be deemed extravagant. Amongst other gaieties that took place during my visit, was a wedding between one Pauloff, a mate of a vessel, and a rather good-looking Creole girl, about twenty years old, named Archemantoffra. Attended by their friends and the principal inhabitants of the establishment, the happy couple proceeded about six in the evening to church, where a tedious service of an hour and a half was solemnized by the monk. At the close of the ceremony, which comprised fully the usual proportion of dumb show, the bridegroom led off his bride to the ball-room. I was going to say that he was followed by his guests; but the expression would have been incorrect, for the guests were not his. The sufferer, in these cases, according to the rule made and provided in Russia, is the individual who has enjoyed the honor of giving away the lady—an honor which, however unpleasant in itself, or in its incidents, no man is expected to decline. Archemantoffra's father for the occasion was Lieutenant Bertram, one of the Company's principal officers. On entering the ball-room, the bride and bridegroom took their station at the upper end, where Lieutenant Bertram described a variety of mystic signs on their breast with the bridal cake, which, being thus consecrated, was sent off as fit for use. The newly married pair sat side by side, while every gentleman, in his turn, drank to their health and happiness in a glass of champagne. On this occasion were assembled nearly all the beauty and fashion of Sitka, the latter quality, if I may presume to offer an opinion, being perhaps more conspicuous than the former. The ladies were showily attired in clear muslin dresses, white satin shoes, silk stockings, kid gloves, fans, and all other necessary or unnecessary appendages; and these fair ones enjoyed the advantage of being at a high premium, inasmuch as the gentlemen, who amounted to about fifty, outnumbered them in the proportion of nearly two to one. The ball was opened by the bride and the highest officer present; quadrilles and waltzes followed in quick succession; and the business was kept up with great spirit till three o'clock in the morning. The band was of superior description, some of the clerks and servants being fine performers, who exerted themselves to the utmost. The master and paymaster of the ceremonies did his duty like a prince. Tea, coffee, chocolate, and champagne, were handed about in profusion, varied at proper intervals, with sandwiches and liqueurs; while a smoking-room, besides being a necessary of life to many, afforded a place of retreat to all such as did not wish to take part in the dancing. On these matrimonial occasions the father of the bride, however hard his lot, gets off much more cheaply than some of the other auxiliaries in the drama. According to the law of the church, the bridesmaids and bridesmen are prohibited from marrying each other; but as, in the limited society of New Archangel, where the lottery consists of so few tickets, youths and maidens would never officiate together on such forbidding terms, the church has indulged Sitka with a special dispensation in this respect.

On the voyage to Ochotsk, Sir George thus speaks of the value of the walrus to the inhabitants of the Aleutian islands, who turn every part of his carcass to account:

Thus the teeth, besides being valuable in commerce as ivory, serve to barb spears and arrows; the flesh affords food; the oil warms the huts and cooks the victuals; the bones and skin forms the materials of the baidarka. But the skin of the animal is converted to more than one useful purpose by civilized men. First it covers the packages of furs that are sent to Kiachta, then the chests of tea that are carried to Moscow; having, by this time, been coined, as it were, with a great variety of stamps on its travels, it again visits its native seas, cut up into a circulating medium of small change for the Company's posts.

However desirous Sir George Simpson might have been to put his foot once more on the continent of the Old World, Ochotsk, where he landed, offered few temptations for any one to remain longer than he could help. "A more dreary scene can scarcely be conceived. Not a tree, and hardly even a green blade, is to be seen within miles of the town; and in the midst of the disorderly collection of huts is a stagnant marsh, which, unless when frozen, must be a nursery of all sorts of malaria and pestilence. The climate is at least on a par with the soil. Summer consists of three months of damp and chilly weather, during a great part of which the snow still covers the hills, and the ice chokes the harbour; and this is succeeded by nine months of dreary winter, in which the cold, unlike that of more inland spots, is as raw as it is intense." Yet people live here, and not altogether badly; at least those who are fond of fish. "The sea of Ochotsk yields as many as fourteen varieties of the salmon alone, one of them, the neska, being the finest thing of the kind I ever tasted." Now that the Rocher de Caucule is going out of fashion, the epicures of Paris may perhaps find their way to the sea of Ochotsk.

Welcomed by the cuckoo, a bird unknown in America, Sir George Simpson again set forward to traverse the vast extent of the Russian empire from east to west, a distance of upwards of 7,000 miles. How he sped must be learnt from his own pages, where the details are given of the rivers he forded on horseback, and crossed in boats of the frailest kind; experiencing summer by day and winter by night; of the glaciers or fields of ice, the rugged mountain paths, the deep morasses, and the wide dreary steppes he passed; till Yabutsk, the country of the Tungusi, Irkusk, Tomsk, Tobolsk, and finally the Volga, were left behind, and civilization once more met him at Moscow. Had our space permitted, we would have quoted more, and especially from Sir George's account of Eastern Russia: but while we refrain from doing so, we can honestly recommend all who are fond of narratives of "perils by land, and perils by water," to abandon themselves freely to his guidance.—*Examiner*.



### A Bobol of Punch.

REGULATIONS FOR LENT 1848.

The following are the regulations and dispensations for the Lent of the present year, 1848.

The general law of the one Holy and True Infallible and Unchangeable Catholic Church which ordains Abstinence from flesh meats during the entire Lent is by our accommodating church so far dispensed with, and altered to suit the taste of all parties that regular trumps are allowed to masticate what usually has been the forbidden meat, on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays. This permission is to be used at dinner only,—except on Sundays, when the carnivorous teeth may be kept in exercise during the whole day.

The preceding permission may be generally used and only with the limitations referred to, except during the first four days of Lent, and the last week when the faithful must become teetotallers, (except on Palm Sunday when they can make up for lost time) after the manner of our enlightened and wise forefathers.

Fasting days must be rigidly observed, except in the morning and evening when a collation may without danger of damnation be indulged in providing the milk and butter which are used are not taken in sinful quantities. With respect to the butter, which is a more objectionable article of food than milk, even although the latter have the cream on, [which indeed *Punch* may observe is the very cream of the joke] the sin of using it has been kindly dispensed with so far as regards those who being constantly used to it, cannot do well without it, but as regards those who cannot afford to buy it, and who can do very well without it, as indeed they must, the sin of using it still remains. But to comfort those who may feel rather queer at the prospect, whence beef-steaks, mutton-chops, sirloins of beef, legs of mutton, ham, bacon, veal, pork, *et omne hoc genus*, are so cruelly banished, eggs are allowed to all who can afford to purchase them, on all days except Ash Wednesday and Good Friday, on which occasions it would be *folly* wrong to eat the eggs of fowls, aye even geese eggs otherwise so appropriate. But although at the morning and evening collations the eating of butter by any one who can do without it is exceedingly sinful, both butter and cheese are allowed at dinner, the wisdom of which regulations I am sure the clear headed faithful will not be slow to perceive. The period during which the Paschal duty of annual Confession and Communion is to be fulfilled, commences on the first Sunday of Lent and continues until Trinity Sunday inclusive. We earnestly entreat all the faithful to be present each day during Lent at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass if they have the opportunity and the means, if not they can stay away. We recommend masters of families and parents to assemble each day their household for prayer or spiritual instruction, a duty which on other occasions is not binding, but on the present is peculiarly proper. On this occasion they are to manipulate their beads with the greatest solemnity and to recite, not any part of the scriptures, because of course they can't understand inspired books which are not nearly so intelligible as the services of the church, but the Psalter of Jesus, or the Litanies with the Penitential Psalms. Persons engaged in laborious occupation, in delicate health [a singular thing to be engaged in truly,] or so circumstanced that fasting would be injurious to them are exempt from the law. In all cases of doubt recourse must be had to the pastor when by reason of distance or of other serious obstacle [a truly elegant expression] application to the pastor cannot be made each one will decide in his own case according to the dictate of conscience, which of course is no rule in other circumstances, as conscience is but poor authority compared with the dictum of the priest, for true Catholics must know that they are to believe by proxy although of course they will be damned in person.

We are persuaded that the preceding comprehensive regulations will suit the stomachs of all parties, for so many valves are placed by which to escape, that none of the regulations will be found to be too stringent.

By order of his Grace the Archbishop.

H. G. GREGORY, Vicar General.

THE HERALDIC DAILY AND MAMMON.

*Punch* asks, what is there that the "Daily" will not pander to, so as mammon can well be worshipped and served? How beautifully illustrative of dealing in moral and scriptural principles is advertisement No. 4580, *Sydney Morning Herald* March 14, 1848, containing six columns of subject matter quite foreign to Puseyism and Popery, and *mal-approprios* introduced in, virtually, the Bishop of Sydney's oracle. What will his reverence say to this outrage? *Punch* thinks he hears the responsive interrogation of the proprietors. "What can he say? It is an advertisement!!! The subject matter is of course against conscience and belief, and as such, we made it a money matter, and "a consideration for being sent to the purgatorial regions for a time by Arch-Bishop and Bishop, and Mr. Secretary of Associations." Might *Punch* ask Waddle and Twaddle the secret?—hem!—the price?—and during their purgatorial abeyances—a-hem!—a-hem!—what amounts are in the exchequers for Sunday Offertories, to restore them in due season to the founts of George-street? *Punch* would not be too inquisitive—"Sworn to no Master"—only Mammon, right or wrong.

THE "DAILY" AND LITERATURE.

*Punch* gives Mrs. Gamp the greatest praise for her exquisite taste in selections of literature, as caterer for the public appetite at breakfast-time. *Punch* finds such infinite variety throughout the columns, that he absolutely gluts his soul in feasting—eggs and ham, chicken pie, and chocolate—the *pabulum corpore*, are removed untouched, condemned as only fit for the depraved appetite of the *don vivant*. How deeply interesting was Mr. Henry Grainger's letter of last Tuesday! "Miles' Boy" was right to have his reputation duly supported, rather than suffer the same to be trodden under foot by the false reports of the "daily" reporter. Master Murphy and Mrs. Murphy, and the Pistols with the Pistol transfer, &c., &c., are most interesting personages and interesting transactions, of whom and with which the public should be unquestionably most fully acquainted!

WHO'S GOT ALL THE MONEY?

It is very evident that some avaricious fools are playing the same game with the gold that was played a little while ago with the corn, and that people are holding, and holding, and holding their cash, even at its present high value, in the hope that it will become more valuable still by the increase of the panic. We give them notice that they will burn their fingers; for, some fine