

a taste for literature. He was still receiving a scanty education at a charity school when, in 1814, his father died. Shortly afterwards he was received into the house of a clergyman's widow, where his desire for books was stimulated by his occupation to read aloud for the family. After a short sojourn in a factory he returned home, and was by his mother apprenticed to a tailor. Having an agreeable voice and some ambition to become an actor, in 1819 he sought an engagement in an humble capacity in the theatre at Copenhagen. Though rejected he succeeded in obtaining musical instruction at the Royal Conservatory to fit him as a singer for the stage, but his voice failed him in a few months. By the assistance of the poet Goldberg he was enabled to struggle on in poverty for several years, now studying, now employed in the theatre, producing several plays, which, though they commanded some attention, were never put on the stage. He was finally admitted free into a Government school, where he completed his education and began his literary career. Thence he went to the Royal College, where, in 1829, he produced his first book, "A Journey on Foot to Amak," which made him many friends and a reputation. A royal stipend four years later enabled him to travel, and in 1845 he received a pension that insured his comfort for life. He had travelled extensively and was a charming describer of foreign peoples, scenes and customs, and as a reader of his own works was to Denmark much what Dickens was to England. His fame, however, will rest upon his charming fairy tales for children, which have been translated into every language of the civilized world, and more universally read and affectionately regarded than any other works of a similar character that ever were produced.

## IX. Miscellaneous.

### AUTUMN IN CANADA.

When Erin's famous bard, Tom Moore, visited Canada, it was confidently expected that he would write a poem on Niagara, but on beholding the mighty cataract he declared himself struck dumb. He felt that no words of mortal man, unless his lips had been touched with celestial fire, like those of the prophet, could do justice to such a theme. In his "Canadian Boat Song" he has left us an abiding memorial of his visit, but he made no attempt to poetize Niagara. Other poets of far inferior powers have been more presumptuous, and have bestowed on it many high-sounding phrases, and much far-fetched imagery, but of its wondrous majesty and beauty no true image or adequate description has appeared. The painters have not succeeded much better than the poets, and it remains, and probably will forever remain, undescribed, unpainted and unpaintable.

Neither can that other glory of our land, the fall, as autumn is poetically called in Canada, ever be truly depicted. No poet's words could convey the slightest idea of the richness and vividness of its tints, the infinite variety of its colours, to those who have not seen them; no painting gives the faintest reflection of the clearness, the purity, the intensity of radiant light which adds the crowning glory to the brilliant hues of royal October. Painters try it, of course, over and over again, but their best efforts seem but a coarse and lifeless parody of the ethereal splendours of a Canadian fall. Had Turner, with his intense love of colour, and his passionate desire to put upon the canvas the brilliant dyes and effulgence of light in which he delighted, ever seen the flaming tints of Canadian woods in Autumn, he would surely have broken his brush and thrown away his palette in despair. Still more might a pre-Raphaelite painter go mad at the sight of those multitudinous streaks and spots and subtle gradations of hue which every leaf or every tiny plant and little shrub and mighty tree displays, and which all Holman Hunt's realistic art could never truthfully depict. It is, indeed, the infinite variety of hue and shades of colour that makes the chief wonder of the magnificent colour-spectacle presented to us in the fall.

In early October, when Jack Frost, that greatest of nature's painters, has done his work deftly and gently, and in a night or two solved all those mysteries of colour-painting which for ages have been the despair of mortal artists, go to some narrow gully or ravine, of which one side may be a grassy slope, the other thickly clothed with forest trees, and where a tiny but never failing creek or watercourse in the bottom keeps the shrubs and plants that grow in profusion round it in full leaf and flower till late in autumn; seat yourself on some mossy stone or log of wood, in some "coign of vantage," and then number the different tints and shades of tints brought together in the picture before you, if you can. You will find there every shade of red, from pink and pale scarlet to a crimson as dark as the heart of a Tuscan rose; every shade of yellow, from brilliant orange to delicate primrose; every shade of green, from the softest apple or pea green

to the invisible green of the hemlock pine; every shade of brown, from the darkest bronze to the lightest cinnamon. Down in the hollow you will see clumps of sumachs, with their beautiful red tufts turning to a golden bronze, and their graceful leaves freshly dyed a bright crimson, or spotted with crimson and gold; rich wreaths of Canadian ivy blazing in the same brilliant colours; thickets of golden rod and purple asters; red bunches of bitter-sweet berries, and wild vines bearing purple clusters of ripening grapes. Then raise your eyes to the rich masses of colour above. See the great oaks, with their splendid leaves of glossy green and glowing red; the golden-leaved hickory and butternut, the pendulous purple leaves of the black ash, the yellow and brown leaves of the poplar and soft maple, and monarch of all, true king of our forests, the glorious sugar-maple, in robes of pale pink, glowing orange, flaming scarlet, and bright green. See in every little opening tufts of golden or bronze ferns; look at the dark pines and hemlocks wreathed with the leaves and berries of some bright coloured creeper; mark how the brown, grey and black trunks come out every now and then to rest the eye; look at the lovely blue sky and golden October sunshine, the atmosphere so radiant, yet so ethereally light and transparent, and then say if the most gifted poet could fitly describe such a scene, or any painter's art portray it!

Now climb the hill and gaze on the broad expanse spread beyond. Catch the blue gleams of the lake in the far distance; notice the swamp with its rich colouring of yellow reeds and pink and crimson grasses; see the fresh green of the young fall wheat, the yellow stubble fields, the brilliant woods, with clumps of pine and hemlock intermixed; watch the rosy afterflow flooding earth and sky; then you will know something of Canadian autumnal colouring—something of the glories of the Canadian Fall.

English poets love best to write of spring, of April's charming skies, and May's early flowers; autumn in their songs is generally russet, sere and brown. Arthur Clough gives us, perhaps the brightest picture of autumn scenery to be met with in English poetry:

"The gorgeous bright October,  
Then when brackens are changed, and heather blooms are faded,  
And amid russet of heather and fern green trees are bonnie;  
Alders are green and oaks; the rowan scarlet and yellow;  
One great glory of broad gold pieces appears the aspen,  
And the jewels of gold that were hung in the hair of the birch-tree  
Pendulous, here and there, her coronet, neck-lace, and earrings,  
Cover her now o'er and o'er; she is weary and scatters them from her."

This is a bright and pretty bit of word painting, but it would be all green and gold and brown—the green of the alders and oaks, the brown of the heather and fern, the gold of the aspen and birch—if it were not for the scarlet berries of the rowan, or mountain ash, which gives one flash of deeper colour to the picture.

With us in Canada, October has a choice of royal reds and purples to mix with the gold he wears; like Sardanapalus, he gathers his richest treasures and most gorgeous robes to drape his funeral pyre, and dies in a blaze of glory.

Towards the middle of October, last year, the writer travelled from Hamilton on the Air Line Railway, which is cut through and along the side of a mountain. It was late in the afternoon when the train started, and the sinking sun threw its level rays on the beautiful valley lying below, on the pretty farm-houses, with groups of many coloured trees, gardens and orchards, and on the gorgeous hues of the woods beyond. The cars wound slowly along the edge of the precipice, and the hill rising above them gleamed red in the evening light, and mingled its deep tints with the rosy hues of sunset. In the valley beneath every tree flamed as if it had been decked with gigantic red rubies and yellow or purple amethysts; every little cottage glowed in a halo of light and colours as if it had been an enchanted palace. The glorious sunset and the lovely valley soon vanished, as he travelled on until the scene was lost in gloom and darkness.

TO PRESERVE AUTUMN LEAVES.—First, gather the leaves from the trees just as they are ready to fall, or as soon as possible after they have fallen; press them immediately for a week or more until they are perfectly dry. Get half a pound of yellow beeswax, put in a tin vessel, and place the vessel in a spider containing a little water, which must be kept constantly boiling on the top of a stove over a steady fire. Take each leaf by the stem and dip into the hot wax. Once dipping is usually sufficient. If the wax gathers on the edges touch the places lightly with the hot tin. The leaves dry instantly, and all the bright natural colours are preserved, and will remain for a year. By piercing the leaves near the stem with a doubled thread wire you can weave them on coarser wire, or on a large cord into any description of garlands.