

MAPLE LEAF

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CANADIAN SKETCHES.

We have been favoured with some advanced sheets of a work to be shortly issued by J. M. Le Moine, Esq., of Québec, containing sketches of Canadian scenery, literature, and sporting intelligence. It seems likely to command as great a sale as the celebrated sketches the same writer published under the name of *Maple Leaves* in 1863-64-65. It will form two handsome volumes. The following short chapter graphically alludes to Canadian winter scenery: it will, we hope, rejoice the *littérateur* no less than the sportsman.

THE GLORIES OF WINTER.

"Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the earth and sky below;
Over the house tops over the street,
Over the heads of the people we meet,
Dancing, flirting, skimming along.

"Beautiful snow; it can do no wrong,
Flying to kiss a lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!"

Has it ever been your fortune, kind reader, to enjoy, in the depth of winter, a ramble in a Canadian forest, at the mystic hour when the Queen of Night holds gentle sway? Have you ever revelled in this feast of soul, fresh from the busy hum of city life—perchance strolling up a mountain path with undulating plains of spotless whiteness behind you, or else canopied by the leafy dome of odorous pine or green hemlock, with no other companion but your trusty rifle, nor other sound but the hoot of the Great Horned Owl, disturbed by the glare of your camp fire—on the rustle of the passing hare, skulking fox, or browsing cariboo? Has it ever been your lot, venturous hunter, with the sable shades of evening descending, to have, after a twenty miles run, to abandon the red-stained trail, reserving for the morrow the slaying of the stricken deer? Can you recall the sense of weariness with which you retraced your heavy steps to the *cabane*—perspiring at every pore, panting with thirst—faint—perhaps bewildered with the flakes of the gathering storm—yea, so exhausted that the crackling of the pine faggots of your mountain hut—watched over in your absence by your faithful Indian "Gabriel"—struck on your ravished senses amidst the winter gloom like heavenly music—sounds as soft, as welcome as the first April sunbeam? Have you ever had the hardiness to venture

with Indian guide and *toogga*: on an angling tour far north in the Laurentian chain to that *Ultima Thule* sacred to the disciples of old Isaac, Snow Lake, over chasm, dale, mountain, pending that month dear above all others to King Hiems—inexorable January? If so, you can indeed boast of having held communion with the Grim God of Winter in some of his stern though captivating moods. Nor are these the only charms which the capricious monarch has in store.

Never shall I forget, one bright March morning, sauntering along the green uplands of Sillery, towards the city, while the "sun god" was pouring overhead waves of purple, fecundating light. The day previous, one of our annual equinoctial storms had careered over the country; first, wind and snow, then wind and sleet, the latter dissolving into translucent, icy tears, encircling captive nature in thousands of weird, gloomy, living crystals; every tree of the forest, according to its instinct, its nature, writhing in the conqueror's cold embrace—rigid, groaning, ready to snap in twain rather than bend: witness the red oak or sugar maple; or else, meekly, submissively curving to the earth its tapering, frosted, fettered limbs, like the white birch—elegant, though fragile ornament of the Canadian park, or else heaving amid air a graceful network—trembling, ever-waving; transparent sap-



RESCUE OF THE SURVIVORS FROM THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER *REWARD* DURING THE GALE AT ST. JOHN, N. B., ON THE 30TH ULT.
FROM A SKETCH BY E. J. RUSSELL.