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“ Know'st thou the Land of the mountain and flood,  
Where the Pine of the forest for ages has stood ;  
Where the Eagle soars forth on the wings of the storm.  
And screams o'er the hills which his God doth adorn ?  
'Tis the Land of thy hope, 'tis the Land of our dream,  
Where in fancy we wander by mountain and stream.”

ALTERED FROM MRS. ELLIOT.

WE went aboard, affected with melancholy, from the terrified countenances of the male inhabitants of Trois Rivieres, who, as in all other places, have plenty of bluster, and ‘ much speaking,’ but infinitely less of that calm, quiet, unostentatious bravery, which is natural in the female character, and makes their society so pleasing, their beauty so enchanting, their friendship so invaluable, and their love, beyond what mortal could ever have imagined for himself: causing a thrilling tremor of delight to pervade the soul, rendered nearly insensible, from excess of undefinable rapture ; and which no Angel can have a conception of, unless he has been man, walked arm in arm by greenwood tree, sat upon a mossy bank near a murmuring rivulet, or noble river, rushing over its rocky bed, looking at the mild lightning of her full eye; and shade, thrown by her raven hair upon the neck, formed by an Almighty Artist. Unless of man's nature, such rapture could not be felt and experienced,—because, although birds would sing more melodiously, on the approach of such glorious perfection,\* and the creeping things chirp without fear, as the little feet fall with noiseless tread, close to the placē where they have chosen to sing and bask, without thinking that, in a short time, a change and transformation will take place, altering their shape, which is first precluded from experiencing pain, by insensibility. It is likely that these, and others, will rejoice, at the near presence of such an exalted creature ;—that Angels will bend, looking with complacency ; but even these last, with all their knowledge of the past, present, and to come, cannot feel the pleasure, devotion, extacy, which man experiences, when beside the being who returns his affection, and whom he has singled from all her lovely sisterhood. None but man can feel these, because he was created to experience such sensations ; and she was made to excite and satisfy them, in man alone. When cur

\* Perfection when compared to gold hunting man.