

CANADA—A BALLAD IN THREE PARTS.

*Dedicated (by permission) to the Right Honourable the Earl of Dufferin,
K.P., K.C.B., Governor-General of Canada.*

PART THE FIRST.

While yet the river roll'd, unnam'd, its courses to the sea,
The red-man roam'd upon its banks as fanciful and free,
His wigwam in the dewy eve sent up its curling smoke,
And in the light of happy morn his peaceful slumber broke.

Bathing his brown limbs in the sun, whose rising spirit drew
His upward prayer along its rays to heaven's illumin'd blue—
'Great Spirit hear,' he said, 'my wish to send us plenty food,
For small papooses all and squaw, while me* go hunt the wood.'
Then throwing what remained of robe beside his birch canoe,
He, plunging in the sparkling wave, its crystals backward threw,
But suddenly a tremor seized those limbs that ne'er had quail'd,
And clammy sweats, with icy chill, that iron frame assail'd.

'Great Spirit what is that,' he cried, far yonder on the sea,
Like mighty bird, with stretching wings, and flying fast to me?
Back, back to shore, his brawny arms struck their imploring course,
And beck'ning to his busy mate—with speechless tongue and hoarse—
By gesture and outstretching arm, he caused her, frighten'd, see
The source of his profound alarm—the winged mystery.

All day they watch'd the spreading sail come flapping o'er the deep,
And, crouched in voiceless wonder, saw the image on them creep—
Till evening brought it to the vale where rear'd their lowly cot,
When something foaming from its side, like huge harpoon was shot;
While, folding close its mighty wings, a loud tremendous roar
In rolling thunder woke each cleft along the wooded shore.
Then from their hiding place came forth the forest children dumb,
In terror "whisp'ring with white lips"—behold! Great Spirit come!
And trembling on the pebb'd beach awaited, still, to hear
What the Great Spirit more would say—now, unto them, so near—
When lo! a lesser vision, from the larger one, they saw
Fly forth with foaming crest along, and bound up on the shore.

Approaching, men of warlike mien made signs to them to come
And take the proffer'd offerings into their pointed† home;
But fearful of the stranger's gaze and gifts brought from afar,
The Indian, turning to his camp, cries "na-da, Ca-na-da!"‡

* Anglo-Indian form of expression.
† Alluding to shape of Indian camp.
‡ Said to be Indian for "nothing—nothing here."
Fear quell'd at length, and friendship crown'd with quaffing of the cup,
From calumet, in fumes of peace, their vows to heaven went up!
When the chieftain of the pale-faced men cried out with lofty song,
Rememb'ring 'twas on that Saint's day, Saint Laurent! Saint Laurent!
And ever to his dying hour, when other red-men throng,
That Indian, pointing to the stream, cries—Laurent! Saint Laurent!
And the white-men landed on its bank, this new discover'd star
Among the kingdoms of the earth, proclaim'd fair CANADA!

PART THE SECOND.

The flowing tide of years roll'd on unnumber'd to the sea
Whose tideless wave engulfs all time amid eternity;
And faces pale, like autumn leaves, grow thick upon the strand,
Once peop'd only by the race of the red Indian band;
While vessels, from the mighty deep, in crowds the river deck,
And waken, with saluting roar, the fortress of Quebec.
Proud soldiers, gay, with martial tread, the maidens lead in dance,
And whiten'd folds of lilies spread the banner-flag of France—
"The chosen home of chivalry, the garden of romance!"

Great statesmen foster'd near the Throne, had greater grown abroad,
And martyr'd soldiers of the cross, had preach'd their risen Lord.
Foul war may blacken other climes, and harrow other soils,
But broad St. Lawrence rolls between New-France and such turmoils,
And perch'd upon her eyrie, like an angel in the sky,
Quebec looks down upon the foe, with stern, defiant eye!

Wolfe saw, and flash'd the challenge back upon entrench'd Montcalm,
And scaling o'er the diamond ridge which echo'd war's alarm,
Those heroes, dashing mid the fray, each thought the field was won—
Then sank in death at close of day, calm as its setting sun.
Fame's brightest rolls the names of both—of Wolfe and Montcalm—bear,
And years with new-born gems adorn the coronets they wear.

Though the triumph of Old England's arm then shook out in the sky
The red cross of St. George above where the Lily used to fly,
For aye may French and English sons, sworn friends unto the death,
Their native land, united, hail with every living breath—
And ever make against the foe one holy, common cause,
To guard the sacred treasure of their freedom and their laws!
And if the tyrant of the East, with others like, conspires
To raise his blood-red hand against the kingdom of our sires,
May every child of Canada rush, should the parent call,

To aid their glorious mother-land, or round her standard fall!
Although in death, with pallid brow, his lip cheers for the Queen
And England's Empire—like of which the world hath never seen—
Around, attending angels wait his last expiring sigh,
Then bear, with aureola crown'd, the hero's soul on high!

PART THE THIRD.

"Peace hath her victories as war," and peace hath conquered now
The fertile plains of Canada, by the triumphs of the plough;
And houseless men with foodless babes, upon her virgin soil
Have found a shelter and a home where bread rewards their toil.
And Commerce on exploring ways, increasing yearly, brings
Vast throngs of husbandmen to fill the womb of coming springs.
To pilgrims in the wilderness, each hearthstone lighted new,
Unfolds the paradise of home, with that of Nature's view:
And corn, and grain, and forest-trees, the harvest-bearing river,
While open to the sea, floats onward, onward ever—
To help to shelter and to feed the toiling ones at home—
The pledge of food and honest work, if hitherward they come.
No gilded rank of pedigree abashes manly brow;
But honest sweat, like diamonds set, sparkling behind the plough,
Prove truer jewels on the crown, whose richness doth instil
The bosom of our mother earth with fructifying skill.
No musty parchments foul with age, or fouler far with crimes,
Doom children of our soil to dwell in sickly, crowded climes—
While Earth's broad acres laughing lie beneath the golden sun,
 wooing the loving hands of toil their fruitful breasts upon;
And rank, worth taking, is as free, to all, as is the wind—
The rank which bears the stamp of God—the PEERAGE OF THE MIND!

The sapling to the tree hath grown, and now strikes out its root
In broad and deep'ning strength of hold—Britannia's proud offshoot!
And long may Britain's oaken germs, transplanted o'er the sea,
Preserve in Canada the life of British liberty—
While foremost 'mid the roll of names which help'd to usher in
The New Dominion's happy birth, stands that of Dufferin!
No "evanescent *eidolon*" that haunts our history's page,
But deeply graven in all hearts throughout undying age,
The coming Nation, may it prove—Dominion of the good!
And, in its growing years, stand, where Britain has ever stood—
The foremost in the cause of right! Upholder of the truth!
The nation which, with growth of years, grows in the strength of youth!
So may we cry, with hopeful voice, unto the heavenly powers,
For blessings on our native land—"THIS CANADA OF OURS!"

AGRI-HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

MR. EDITOR,—I am glad you have opened an Horticultural Column in the SPECTATOR, and at your invitation I beg to propose an enquiry. How can I produce variegations in geraniums, coleas, abutilon and other plants?

FLORA.

Answer.—Variegation seems a caprice of nature. The absence of proper green colouring or chlorophy produces the variegation in the leaf. It is therefore a disease, and may be propagated by slips of the part variegated; but if left to itself the plant will return to its original state, having recovered its vigor. If the variegation is examined closely it will be seen that there are really only two colours, even in Mrs. Pollock, sunrise or sunset geraniums or in the brilliant chameleon coleas. Where the white or pale yellow occurs it is simply an absence of green colouring; and the other brilliant colours are due to the red and green which either singly or by combination produce the endless variety of shades. Seeds from the variegated plants do not produce variegation. What we have said respecting the disease of variegation does not apply to the flower itself, but to the leaves. We doubt if a plant so diseased as to have an entire absence of the green or chlorophy could be propagated, but if there is a trace of green it can. Variegation of flowers is produced by mixing the pollen of different varieties, which is frequently done by the Bee in passing from one flower to another.

GREENS.—Nettles when young are used as food in France and Switzerland. The young shoots are boiled with a little soda and served like spinach. The common *milk weed*, known among the French as "wild asparagus" when about three inches long resembles in flavor asparagus so much as often to be mistaken for it at table. It is cooked and served precisely the same way as asparagus—dandelion, chicory and lettuce leaves, all form excellent dishes for the table. Another vegetable which resembles somewhat the asparagus is the sprout of the common hop. It is cut when four inches long, and cooked and served in the same manner as asparagus. The leaves of radish and beets are nearly equal to spinach.

The common purslain or pig weed form a most wholesome and agreeable dish and is scarcely more delicate than the lambs' quarters. Any one can have a dish to set before a king, by simply going out for a few minutes into the highways and hedges and gathering the above mentioned greens.

CONSANGUINEOUS MARRIAGES.—Mr. George Darwin, after a searching investigation, concludes that "the widely different habits of life of men and women in civilized nations, and especially among the upper classes, tend to counterbalance any evil from marriage between healthy closely-related persons." Mr. Darwin's views are in a measure sustained by Dr. Vorn's inquiry into the commune of Batz. Batz is a rocky, secluded, ocean-washed peninsula of the Loire Inferieure, France, containing over three thousand people of simple habits who do not drink and commit no crime. For generations they have intermarried, but no cases have occurred of deaf-mutism, albinism, blindness, or malformation, and the number of children born is above the average.