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CANADIAN SCENERY.

The scenery of Upper Canada, with the exception of the great Niagara, and some along the shores of Lake Superior, might be classed under what the poet has described as 'tame and domestic.' There are no mountain chains with their summits clothed with perpetual snow, or around which the 'stormy mists gather,' no valleys adown which the summer rill meanders, or the foaming winter torrent roars. But though we have no lofty peak or wild mountain pass, we have lakes spreading to the sunlight, a surface of oceanic extent, cataracts dwindling into insignificance all the Velinoes and Chausseaus of older continents, and rivers rolling to the ocean with the majesty of seas, forests of mighty magnitude, and fields rich with abundance, crowning the labors of the husbandman. Yet the eye of the Irishman glances in vain over this glorious expanse of woodland scenery for anything to remind him of the lofty peak of Schiehallion, or the ever-changing outline of the Wicklow hills; the Englishman misses the fair range of the Cotswold and the green summit of the

Wreckin, and the Scotsman sighs in vain for the wild passes of the Graupians and the white lofty peak of Ben Nevis. The Lower Province has more of the wild and romantic, more of those charming inland scenes which many have been accustomed to look upon in earlier days. Lake Memphremagog is one of them; its placid surface dotted with islets, and the hills rising from its margin and culminating in the Owl's Head, might compare favorably with some which are better known. A visit to it will amply repay the tourist, whether he travels as a man of science, or only as an admirer of the works of nature.

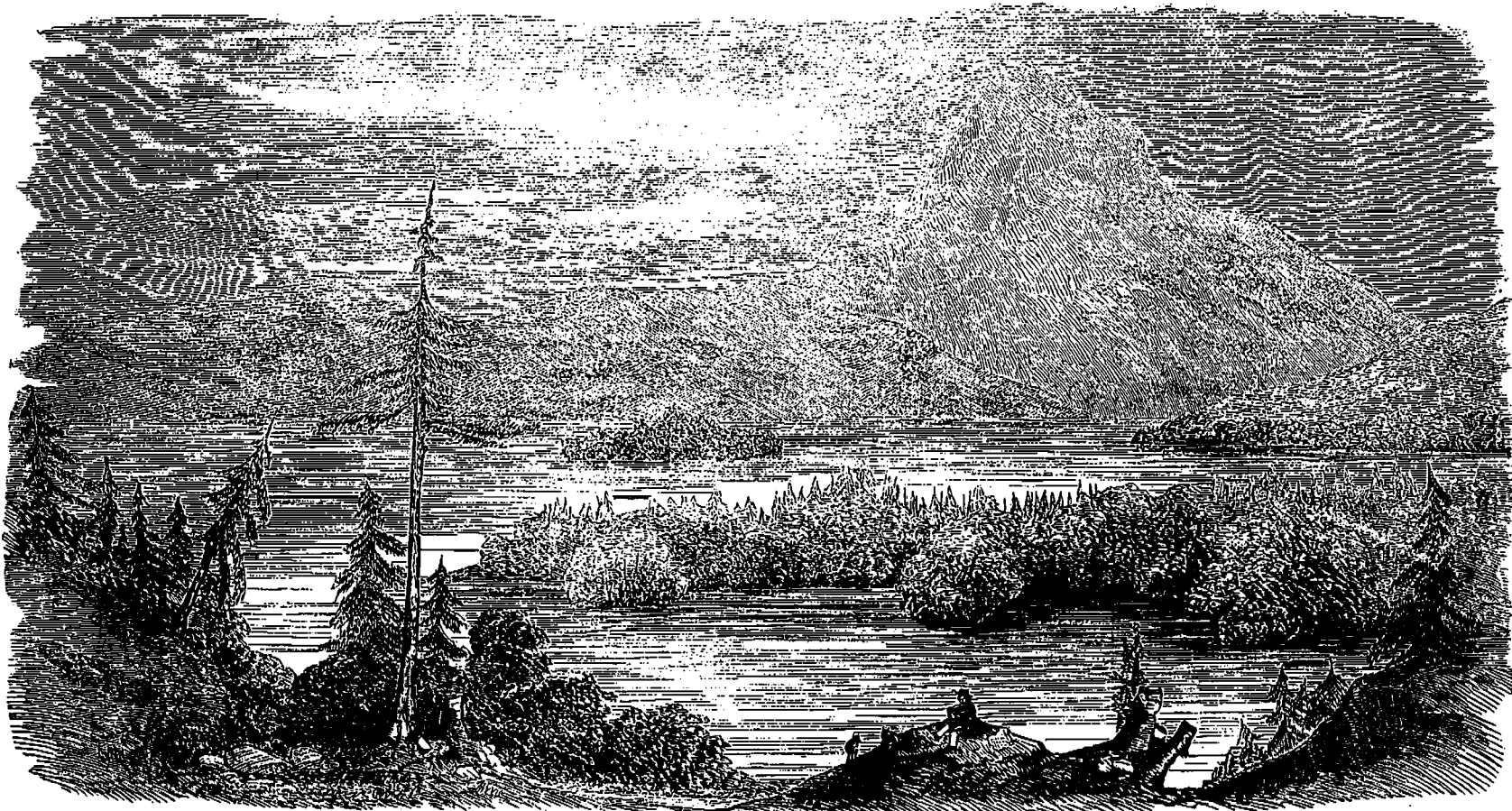
WHAT IS GENIUS.—Genius is the bird that sits and sings and soars as her feelings move her. She rises like the eagle on her heavenward way; she touches the tops of the loftiest crags, and if she comes down to the vales and plains below, it is but to descend gracefully and dip her plumage in the crystal waters of the mountain lake. Genius is the anvil of the dragon, which, uplifted, evokes all earthly and divine things; unlocks all secrets of nature, science, art; which calls,

and is answered; which says, and it is done; which commands, and it stands forth; which makes things of what were not things. But we promised to show not only what this strange and mystic power called genius is, but also what its relations are to talent and to tact; other forces upon which it depends for its best manifestations and most beneficent results.

But what is talent? and what is the connection between it and genius? Talent is a faculty of the mind which enables it to put forth useful effort. 'It comprises general strength of intellect and a peculiar aptitude for being moulded to specific employments.' Such is the definition the learned give us. Talent, too, is the result of training in no such sense as genius is. We would call it an acquisition rather than an endowment. For instance, a man, as the result of years of patience, industry, and faith, may paint a good picture; or carve a statue, or write a poem. By following certain maxims and rules in literature and art, he may acquire an aptitude for certain special kinds of labor. But if he be a painter, he cannot paint like Apelles; he cannot make cherries look so natural that the

birds of heaven shall be deceived, and come and peck at them. Talent in painting, sculpture, architecture, or in any other art, may result in considerable progress and efficiency, may, may lead to respectability on the part of him who exhibits it; but that is all; eminence is impossible to any efforts save those of consummate genius. Nevertheless, talent, as we have said, is not to be despised; nay, it will accomplish what genius itself cannot achieve. Talent is intellect in its vigor and strength, and it is that which rules the world. If it cannot plan cathedrals, it can build them; if it cannot shine as the sun, it can twinkle as a star; and genius herself must look through windows constructed by eye and ear, and head off this homely yet useful power.

A LESSON LEARNED AT HOME.—The Rev. George Heaton, chaplain of Gloucester Gaol, relates that when he was examining a juvenile offender in the Scriptures, he said to him, 'As many as had plagues came to Jesus: what do you mean by plagues?' The lad—mindful, no doubt, of what he had often heard his mother say—replied, 'Children.'



LAKE MEMPHREMAGOG.