

It would not be simple because a piece had been performed, that was fashionable but because the music had reached the heart. Burke has well said—"the taste is improved, exactly as we improve our knowledge, by a steady attention to our subject, and by frequent exercise"—and we are aware that the foregoing remarks render us amenable to the reflex influence of that principle. That will not, however, change the nature of the fact which is founded upon an inherent principle in our constitutions. We remember at one time in our wanderings to have heard "The Garb of Old Gaul" played on the Claijonet in a city on the Neva, and the poor musician was hugged almost to nausea by some of the whiskered pandours. The same old air rang and was re-echoed amid the Lakes of Norway, and produced the same electric effect. And why? because it was the music of nature, and it sounded so sweetly, and vibrated so impulsively, as "The Meeting of the Waters," on the ears of an Irishman. Every nation has music, which either by association, or some peculiar characteristic has an inspiring effect. It would be unnecessary in order to substantiate this to allude to the magic effect of Yankee Doodle on the mind of an American; and when that national music is wedded to words which in their very essence are national, as in "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace Bled," the effect produced is only the more striking. Not only is the ear charmed with the simple strain, but the soul is fired with the inspiring sentiment.

#### THE RAIN CLOUD.

On Saturday last the Steamer City of Hamilton left the Toronto harbour, and with its living freight rolled on heavily against a high head wind. The waters of the Lake had been lashed into fury. Many of the passengers had become sick, and had stretched themselves down upon whatever had seemed convenient. It was a long dreary sail, and the mind, prepared to enjoy the anticipated pleasure, had long since palled with the irksome creaking din of the engine, and the endless, uneasy motion of the ship. But the monotony of the scene aspect. The waves raised themselves more in their majesty. A heavy dark cloud overhung the woods around Port Nelson. I gazed upon the murky lowering mass. The lightning gleamed suddenly from its midst. How sublime the scene! I saw the lightning bursting from its dark enclosure, and each succeeding flash only vividly revealed the portentous mass. The thunder pealed its solemn tones, and the passengers quickly sought the shade. A dark cloud now rose in the west, and it careered in majesty along the aerial vault, while it kept up a columnar communication with the lake, as if some vast forest of primeval pines was suddenly transported from its ancient seat—while their dark umbrageous foliage involved us in impenetrable gloom. This was the Rain Cloud, and its watery treasure was poured from it in torrents. The curtains of heaven's canopy were now drawn around us. The music had ceased in the saloon. The paddle wheels hung motionless amid the angry waves. The din of the clamorous engine gave way to the elemental war which now raged. The passengers crowded together in silent terror. The saloon lamp was trimmed, and its flickering light only deepened the surrounding darkness. What a sudden transformation. The scene ere while was one of comparative comfort.—Now it was a scene of dismay. Ontario foamed, and reared its thousand pearly crested surges. The lightning gleamed in vivid flashes. The thunder rolled in majesty. The rain poured down in torrents; while Darkness, seated on her ebony throne, held

regal sway. But Nature has within her ample store-house a powerful recuperative principle. The distilling Rain Cloud smoothed the angry lake. Once more we saw the heavens mirrored in its motley sheen. The wind veered round. The paddle wheels again revolved. The engine renewed its clanking din. The dark frown which had mantled the brow of the dismayed passengers was gradually removed, as the half-suppressed exclamation simultaneously escaped many lips—"I think the danger is past." Yet the impending danger had disappeared, and the breathing was more free, and the light of joy had returned in every countenance. The heavy Rain Cloud, which had so copiously diffused its treasures, assumed the appearance of a mass of silvery frost-work, whose reluctant brilliance was faintly concealed behind a thin gauze veil. Beneath its jagged edge, a yellowish tinged transparent sky, receding far into space, skirted the horizon, while balls of fire, somewhat like falling-stars, were darted across its surface from the impending mass. But these myriads of coruscations brought no terror. They gave no sudden electric impulse to the system, as they burst from their dark enclosure. They were brilliant, harmless, magnificent. Another phenomenon now presented itself.—A line of mist, dense and undulating floated near the surface of the lake. But what appeared as mist was in reality innumerable myriads of insects, dancing in joyous unconsciousness of the sublimity of the departed scene. We reached the wharf at Hamilton about an hour and a half behind the usual time, and I speedily put myself in communication with that gigantic omnibus—that travelling palace,—so handsomely constructed, so tastefully decorated, so comfortably sealed, and so well set on its springs, as to be entitled to the name of The Omnibus of Canada, and ere long we were safely disembarked in front of the City Hotel. I hastened to the telegraph, to announce to the friends I had left behind, my safe arrival in the aspiring city, and received a dreamy consolation in having dinned in my ears—that miserable phrase—"The lines are down." P.

#### Literary Notices.

CANADA, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE: TORONTO  
T. MACLEAR.

We should at an earlier day have announced the completion of Mr. Maclear's valuable work. The several parts were noticed as they issued from the press, and now we have only to say that the work is finished, and trust that a ready demand may be made for the extra copies which the publisher may have on hand. The work has been compiled by Mr. Smith, after upwards of eight years perambulations through the province at large, collecting material from each respective locality, and although the concentrated essence of all this extended enquiry is not portrayed in the highly refined and florid poetic diction of the book-makers, we have all the facts of the case, which for personal application are much more tangible. Taking Canada West as a whole, a full statement is given as to the quality of the land in each section, its value, distance from market; the population of cities, towns, villages, &c. The divisions are also very faithfully represented by very well executed copperplate maps. Canada is there exhibited as a fertile, healthy, abundantly wooded, and well watered country, rich in mineral wealth, and possessing admirable water communication in Lakes, Rivers, and Canals. It were well that some thousands of this work were circulated in Britain to endeavour to counteract the very deleterious effect: the Bush Life of the eloquently gossiping Mrs. Moodie will undoubtedly have there, as that highly coloured work has not only been widely

circulated in England, but has been more widely heralded through the columns of Blackwood, than it would have been had the author given a more truthful picture, and at the same time not have had a sister, an eminent writer in England. Canada has an area about the same extent as the whole of Europe, and a population much smaller than the City of London. There is plenty of room then for a large draft of emigrants that are crowding from the shores of Europe, and we have no doubt that some steps will be taken by the present government to throw a little more light on the subject. If statistical evidence be required no better authority could be appealed to than this work of Mr. Maclear, which we trust will be circulated throughout the wide extent of the country.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—June.—Toronto: T. Maclear, A. H. Armour, & Co., C. Fletcher.

This Harper opens with the fine bellad—Auld Robin Gray, accompanied with two characteristic illustrations; but it is evident that the engraver never saw an old Scotch Spinning-wheel. This is followed by the Summer Tourist—or Scenery in the Franconia Mountains, with eight very neat illustrations. This has no connection at all with the Franconia stories of Mr. Abbott. The illustration "The Old Man of the Mountain," is a curious perpendicular cliff of the Profile Mountain—the wonder and pride of the Franconia Notch. It ascends with a gradual wooded slope to the height of two thousand feet, abruptly terminating in a perpendicular rocky precipice, five hundred feet high, which in a bare rugged front extends along the eastern face of the mountain for two miles. The upper part of this precipice represents the profile of an old man, and it is said he does not change his countenance under the closest scrutiny of the spy-glass. We have a continuation of Napoleon Bonaparte by J. S. C. Abbott, with eight illustrations, so that with the fashions and other incidental cuts, this number will compare favorably as to the illustrations with any of its predecessors. The third part of Bleak House is given, as also the Editor's Table, Drawer, Easy Chair, Literary Notices, &c, &c. The Publishers state that their editorial department is prepared by six of the most accomplished literary gentlemen of the country, at an expense of several hundred dollars for each number. It is evident that a considerable amount of spirit has been infused into it recently, which will maintain its popularity.

#### Oriental Sayings.

In the territory of the Greeks, a caravan was once attacked, by a large band of robbers, and plundered of all its valuables.

The merchants began to set up a great lamentation, and in prayer asked the intercession of the great prophet. But it was of no avail.—When the daring robber is flushed with victory, what careth he for the travellers, despair? Lucman the great fabulist and philosopher, happened to be one of the caravan, and one of the travellers begged him to address some maxims of wisdom and administration to the robbers, perhaps they might be moved by them and restore at least a part of the plundered goods, for it is a pity, said he, that such valuable articles should be cast away. A greater pity replied the philosopher, to cast away the maxims of wisdom and admonition on them. From the iron which the rust has corroded, the canker cannot be eradicated with a file: what use will it be to preach to these wicked and dark minded fellows? It is impossible for a nail of iron to penetrate into a piece of flint. And after all, the fault may be