

coruscations of light over the sky, nor did the production of genius cease with the period that gave it birth. Ireland has still continued to add to her great names. *Canning* has passed to his tomb, but he will not be forgotten. *Moore* still lives, and his fame as the best of Lyric poets will be immortal. *Wellington*, as the victor of Waterloo, will need no other monument than the closing leaf of Napoleon's history. Who when speaking of the philosophers and scientific men that stand foremost in the ranks of learning, can overlook that most profound and original thinker, *Bishop Berkeley*, or *Sir William Hamilton*, the professor of Astronomy, to Trinity College, or *Lord Rosse*, the constructor of the largest solar telescope in the world.

In the arts, Ireland can boast of *Barry*, the first president of the Royal Academy of England, whose splendid paintings still adorn the walls of the Society of Arts, of *Sir Martin Archer Shea*, president of the Academy, of *Maclise*, the star of the Academy, of *Baily*, *Hogan* and *Carew*, three of the most celebrated sculptors, and of *Barry*, the successful architect of the new houses of parliament, now in course of erection.

In the drama, Ireland has produced a brilliant constellation of writers, of whom we need only mention *Congreve*, *Farquhar*, *Sheridan*, *O'Keef*, *Goldsmith*, *Maturin*, *Shiel*, *Tobyn*, *Griffin* and *Sheridan Knowles*. In general literature, there are *Sterne*, *Maxwell*, *Crafton Croker*, *Carleton*, *Dr. Maginn*, *Bamin*, *Sam Lover*, *Harry Lorrequer*, (Lever,) &c., &c. All good men and true who have stood and stand in the foremost ranks of art and literature.

(To be continued.)



The Heroine of the Snow Shoes.

"Can there in women be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!—

"O'way."

The gallant youths that are so frequently to be met with at this season of the year, strutting with important look, a pair of snow shoes fastened to their shoulders, their feet well secured, and their head erect in air, wending their way towards the suburbs of this city, first passing thro' the principal streets to invite admiration, will probably doubt the truth of the following narrative; nevertheless, it is true. A few weeks past, the writer visited that lonely spot some two hundred miles down the St. Lawrence from Quebec, called *Metis*, where the road terminates, and the telegraph posts leave the traveller to find his own way onwards, as best he can, and where the courier who is the humble bearer of Her Majesty's Royal Mail to Restigouche has to fight his way "thro' brake and breir," o'er hill and vale, across the Portage for ninety six miles, once every week, throughout the year, and in winter on snow shoes, a *fête*, which we are inclined to think would try the "nerve and sinew" of our gallant city snow shoe heroes. But, to continue,—a little cottage stands on the summit of a steep hill, from which the mighty river is to be seen, wending its way towards the mother ocean, this cottage, good reader, is Her Majesty's Post Office, and at the time the writer arrived there his attention was attracted by the approach of a toil worn, fatigued oppressed Canadian, bearing on

his back a leather bag, and in his hand a long staff, which he carried to enable him to save himself from the numerous pit-falls, by which his long and dreary journey is beset, this good reader, was the mail courier, before alluded to, on this occasion he was accompanied by a young girl, whose flushed cheek, sparkling eye, and flowing hair, assured us that she had been the companion of his journey. She was thinly clad, a tartan shawl was tied tightly round her shoulders, a small woollen cap protected her head from the storm, but could not prevent her glossy hair from flowing in wild freedom to the "*wooing breeze*," as she approached, an old man, who had evidently been waiting for the arrival of the courier, suddenly started forward, exclaiming "Good God, is that you, Annie." For a moment, the girl stood as if transfixed to the spot, then turning as pale and as bloodless as the marble, she cried out, or rather screamed "*Father, Father, we heard you were dying*." The old man had scarcely time to get to her side, when she sunk, fainting in his arms, on enquiry, we found that she was the daughter of an old English settler, who had come a few weeks before from Restigouche to Metis, to arrange some business, and while there was seized with an illness that prevented his return to his family, rumour ever ready to magnify stories of distress had found its way to his humble home, and his fair young daughter, with that courage she inherited from her fathers, instantly resolved to go to her sick parent, her only means of proceeding was to accompany the courier,—if she failed on the road, she must be left behind in the dreary Portage, (for the courier could not delay the mail,) but with persevering will, her young blood carried her thro' her undertaking, and although fatigued beyond her strength, the sight of her father, well and able to return to his home, soon restored her in health to his anxious arms. And now, snow shoe heroes, what do you think of this, ninety-six miles on snow shoes, in three days, will you not join with the poet and say:

Oh! woman! lovely woman, nature made thee,

To temper man, we had been brutes without you,

Angels are painted fair, to look like you,

There's in you all we believe of Heaven,

Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,

Eternal joy, and everlasting love!



THE SEA-SERPENT AT POINT-LEVI!!!

The Thermometer stood at fifty degrees below uncomfortably cold, when the startling announcement reached us, we rushed forth, notwithstanding, having first pulled our *Bonnet Rouge* over our ears, determined to look the scaly monster in the face, we confess we had a few doubts as to the truth of the report, but we remembered the statement of our ever to be respected observer of "men and things," Mr. Punch, "as how the *Sea-Serpent* was seen in the Thames, near Battersea Bridge," and, therefore, we admitted the possibility of its being able to find its way up the St. Lawrence in its "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

We shall pass over the many adventures we met in our efforts to reach the Point-Levi side of the