

as any other. The names of Caphtorim, Misraim, &c., are all real and connected with the history of Ham's children. Some of the incidents, too, are founded on traditional story.

TIME.

(Translated from the Italian of Fillicaja, by Miss Agnes Strickland.)

I saw a mighty river, wild and vast,
Whose rapid waves were moments, which did glide

So swiftly onward in their silent tide,
That ere their flight was noted, they were past;—
A river that to Death's dark shores doth fast
Conduct all living, with resistless force;
And though unfelt, pursues its noiseless course,
To quench all fires in Lethe's stream at last.
Its current with creation's birth was born,
And with the heavens commenced its course sublime,

In days and months still hurrying on untired.
Marking its flight, I inwardly did mourn,
And of my musing thoughts in doubt inquired,
"The river's name?"

My thoughts responded—"Time."

FOREST LIFE—THE LOGGERS OF MAINE

In England, and indeed in European countries generally, we have well-nigh forgotten what forest-life is. Yet once it was almost the only kind of life in England and in Europe. Magnificent old forests covered the entire land, only the stunted remains of which are here and there to be met with, as at Sherwood, New Forest, Epping, and Charnwood; but one can form no idea of the old forests from these petty remnants of the grand primeval woods. These forests stretched from sea to sea, across plains and swamps, over hill and dale, covering the mountains to their summits. Men lived then under the shade of forests,—the only roads were the forest paths,—herds of swine fed upon the acorns which dropped from the boughs of the oak-trees,—and deer, boars, wild bulls, and game of all sorts roamed at large, and yielded a ready store of food to the thinly scattered denizens of the forest. In the progress of cultivation of the soil—as the use of cereal grains extended with the advancement of civilization—the forests have gradually been cut down to make way for the plough, or the timber has been used by the increasing population for the purposes of fuel; and the wild deer, boars, bulls, and wolves, have been extirpated, to give place to tamer breeds of animals,—such as the farmer can turn to profitable account.

To form an idea of primitive forest-life, we must go to the unreclaimed forests of North America—to the State of Maine, the province of New Brunswick, and the Canadas, where

The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in
the twilight.

Stand like D.uids of old, with voices sad and prophetic.
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their
bosoms.

Mr. Springer, an American writer, has given us a graphic account of the adventurous life still led by numbers of men in the great old forests of Maine and New Brunswick.* There, a numerous class of men live, year by year, engaged in a life of toil, adventure, and danger—they are generally known by the name of Lumber-men, or Loggers. Their business is, to search out the finest timber of the forest, fell it, drag it to the river's side, and float it down into the bays along the coast, from whence it is shipped off to American or British markets. The trees there are of all sorts—elm, birch, maple, beech, chesnut, oak, ash, poplar, hemlock, pine and hickory, all furnishing specimens of gigantic magnitude, are, however, the trees most frequently met with. The white pine may well be denominated the monarch of the American forests, growing to an almost incredible size. "I have worked," says Mr. Springer, "in the forests among this timber several years, have cut many hundreds of trees, and seen many thousands, but have never found one larger than the one I felled on a little stream which emptied into Jackson Lake, near the head of Backahegan stream, in the eastern part of Maine. This was a "Pumpkin" Pine; its trunk was as straight and handsomely grown as a moulded candle, and measured six feet in diameter four feet from the ground, without the aid of spur roots. It was about nine rods in length, or one hundred and forty-four feet, about sixty-five feet of which was free of limbs, and retained its diameter remarkably well. I was employed about one hour and a quarter in felling it. The afternoon was beautiful; everything was calm, and to me the circumstances were deeply interesting. After chopping an hour or so, the mighty giant, the growth of centuries, which had withstood the hurricane, and raised itself in peerless majesty above all around, began to tremble under the strokes of a mere insect, as I might appear in comparison with it. My heart palpitated as I occasionally raised my eye to its pinnacle, to catch the first indications of its fall. It came down at length with a crash which seemed to shake a hundred acres, while the loud echo rang through the forest, dying away among the distant hills. It had a hollow in the butt about the size of a barrel, and the surface of the stump was sufficiently capacious to allow a yoke of oxen to stand upon it. It made five logs, and loaded a six-ox team three times. The butt log was so large that the stream did not float it in the spring; and when the drive was taken down, we were obliged to leave it behind, much to our regret and loss." Think of a forest of gigantic trees of this description extending over hundreds of miles of country! Such are the forests of Maine and New Brunswick. The pines, which usually grow in clumps, seem to constitute the aristocracy of the forest,—the rest of the trees making up the populace. The pine is the most useful and valuable of all the trees,—being used in all kinds of house architecture, and very extensively in ship-building; and it furnishes a large amount of employment to lumber-men, mill-men, rafters, coasters, truckmen, merchants, and mechanics of all sorts. An idea of the extent,

* *Forest Life and Forest Trees*; comprising winter camp life among the Loggers, and wild-wood adventure, &c. By John S. Springer.