

Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
 These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
 Two strengthless doves shall draw me through the sky,
 From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
 As I have so light, sweet boy, and may it be
 That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?
Venus and Adonis.

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain,
 Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
 These blue-veined violets whereon we lean
 Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.
Ibid.

The Song of Ariel.

Where the bee sucks, there suck I;
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:
 There I couch when owls do cry.
 On the bat's back I do fly
 After summer merrily:
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
Tempest, Act 5, Scene 1

They are as gentle
 As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,
 Their royal blood encharged, as the rudd' wind,
 That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
 And make him stoop to the vale.—*Cymbeline.*

OPHELIA.

CANADIAN WINTER SCENERY.

OUR literary friends will doubtless learn with pleasure that a fourth instalment of those detached papers on Canadian subjects, published latterly each spring in Quebec, under the appropriate name of *Maple Leaves*, may be looked for with the return of the vernal season. *Sketches* of the history, literature, legends, ornithology and wild sports of our native country, are sure to find a hearty welcome in every Canadian home. Let us have another budget by all means. We are permitted to insert in advance the following description of the appearance of trees after the late storm; it closes a *tableau* of a Canadian winter.

"Has it ever been your fortune, kind reader, to enjoy in the depths of winter a ramble in a Canadian forest, at the mystic hour when the queen of night holds gentle sway? Have you ever revelled in this feast of soul, fresh from the busy hum of city life, perchance strolling up a mountain path with undulating plains of spotless whiteness behind you, or else canopied by the leafy dome of odorous pines or green hemlock, with no other companion but your trusty rifle—nor other sound but the hoot of the great horned owl, disturbed by the glare of your camp fire—or the rustle of the passing hare, skulking fox, or browsing cariboo. If so, you can indeed boast of having held communion with the grim god of winter, in one of his most pleasing moods; nor are these the only charms the stern monarch occasionally reveals.

Ever shall I remember, one sunny March morning sauntering along the green uplands of Sillery, towards the city while the "sun-god" was pouring over head floods of purple, fecundating light; the day previous one of our annual equinoctial storms had careered over the country; first wind and snow; then wind and sleet, the latter dissolving in translucent icy tears, enclosing all nature in thousands of weird, glowing crystals; every tree of the forest according to its instinct, its nature, wreathing in the conqueror's cold embrace—rigid—groaning—ready to snap in twain rather than bend; witness the red oak or hard maple; or else, meekly, submissively curving to the earth its tapering, frosted, fettered limbs like the white birch—elegant though fragile ornament of the Canadian park; or else rearing amid air a trembling, ever moving, graceful net work; transparent, sapphire-tinted arabesques woven on amber pillars, like the golden willow. Each gleam of sunshine investing this resplendent tapestry with all the glories of iris: here, rising above his compeers a stately lord of the grove, hoary with frost and years, whose outspreading boughs are burnished as if every twig had been touched by the wand of an enchanter; whilst there under his shade, bends a sturdy mountain ash still smeared with its crimsoned berries, now ice coated *bonbons* eagerly pecked at by a bevy of rose-coloured Grosbeaks merrily disporting amongst the whitened branches. O how lovely the contrasts!

Such the scene in the gladsome light of day; but of the same objects viewed by moonlight who can becomingly depict the wild beauty? the same incomparable woodland scenery, with the pale rays of Diana softly sleeping on the virgin snow; on each side of me, an avenue of oak, spruce and fir trees, the latter with their deep green, feathering boughs solidly wreathed in snow, and gracefully descending to the grounds in festoons, now and then rustling to the night wind, and disclosing their brown trunks, by a wavy motion of their frozen foliage, like the foam of the ocean billows breaking on dark rocks; the burnished gold of the morn converted into diadems of silver filagree, twinkling with a mild radiance under the eye of night, like myriads of diamonds—a lovely vision, such as dreamed of by oriental beauty in the halls of Alhambra; a realm of fairy land; the brightest of Armida's enchanted forests. Who can describe thy witchery, who can tell thy nameless graces, serene majesty of winter!" J. M. LE MOINE.

GEOLOGICAL SKETCHES. By L. Agassiz. Boston: Ticknor & Field; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

These sketches, originally prepared from notes of extemporaneous lectures, first appeared in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. They are written in a popular style, and form a connected history of the geological epochs, from the Azoic period, when the first solid surface of the earth was formed—and life, upon our planet at least, was not—down to the periods which immediately preceded the age of man.

The opening article claims,—and we believe the claim is now generally admitted,—that America although popularly termed the "New World," is geologically the "Old." Here the first dry land was lifted out of the waters; here the first shore was washed by the waves of the great ocean, which covered all the earth beside. According to our author, the Laurentian Hills, stretching from Eastern Canada to the Upper Mississippi, were "the first mountains that broke the uniform level of the earth's surface and lifted themselves above the waters." The insignificant height of the Laurentian chain, as compared with more lofty mountain ranges, is in accordance with the invariable rule by which the ages of mountains may be estimated; for when the earth's crust was thin and the heated masses within easily broke through it, they were not thrown to a great height. In after ages, the increased thickness of the crust of the earth presented greater resistance, and it must have been amidst fearful convulsions that the giant Alps and Himalayas forced themselves from their fiery prison-houses and shot up their towering crests.

The materials for the second article, which is devoted to the Silurian period, are chiefly drawn from those parallel ridges which run from east to west, across the State of New York, and are believed by the author, in common with many other geologists, to be the successive shores of a receding ocean. One of these beaches may be found near Whitehall, in the neighbourhood of Lake George. The fern forests of the Carboniferous period are the subject of the third article; which is followed by two very interesting chapters on "Mountains and their Origin," and "The Growth of Continents." Two other chapters are devoted to "The Geological Middle Ages," and "The Tertiary Period and its Characteristic Animals." The three concluding chapters are on "Glaciers"—the author's views in connection with which have lately attracted considerable attention in the scientific world.

The study of geology is surrounded with peculiar fascinations. The student stands face to face with those wondrous periods, running so far back into the dim past that he can scarcely estimate the hoary centuries which separate him from them. We gaze with peculiar reverence upon vestiges of ancient civilizations. The monuments of Assyrian art exhumed from Nineveh—the marvellous creations of genius rescued from the crumbling temples of Ancient Greece—that wondrous picture of the every-day life of a past age, stereotyped beneath the ashes which cover Pompeii and Herculaneum; and coming down

even to a later age, the writer remembers with what intense interest he gazed upon some of the documents preserved in the Library of the British Museum. Torn, faded, and partially illegible, yet precious—almost beyond price—from their connection with important events in the past, and the light they throw upon incipient struggles for that liberty which is man's universal birth-right. And has not the geologist his vestiges of a more wondrous past to scan—records graven upon the rocks—marvels of creative skill strewn along old sea-beaches upon which waves no longer ripple—links here and there, enabling him, in imagination, to re-people and revivify the old Pre-Adamite earth? We think many will agree with Professor Agassiz when he says:

"To me it seems, that to look on the first land that was ever lifted above the waste of waters, to follow the shore where the earliest animals and plants were created when the thought of God first expressed itself in organic forms, to hold in one's hand a bit of stone from an old sea-beach hardened into rock thousands of centuries ago, and studded with the beings that once crept upon its surface or were stranded there by some retreating wave, is even of deeper interest to men than the relics of their own race; for these things tell more directly of the thoughts and creative acts of God."

We have said that these sketches are intended for popular reading, and we know of few works which will so pleasantly lead the reader far back into the mysterious past; reveal to him there the agencies which have been at work to produce the wonderfully diversified world we see around us; familiarize him with the characteristics of the several geological epochs, and the gradations by which animal and vegetable life have through long ages steadily mounted from their first low and imperfect developments.

Although the author states that he has not written for the scientific reader, the pen of Professor Agassiz can never be employed on these subjects without writing much that must be of interest to those who have made the science of geology their study.

ST. MARTIN'S SUMMER. By Anne H. M. Brewster. Boston: Ticknor and Fields; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

This work purports to be written during a tour in Southern Italy, and is from the pen of an ardent admirer of the beautiful in art and nature. Turin, Genoa, Naples, Vesuvius, Amalfi, Pompeii, and Herculaneum; are visited, and one of the chief charms of the book is the unaffected delight with which the writer dwells upon the historical associations connected with these places, and the memories of the great men who have gilded this sunny land with the lustre of their own glory. Discussions on poetry, music, painting and sculpture are plentifully interspersed through the volume, but even in Italy other themes are forced upon the enthusiastic author. We have a chapter on Spiritists and Dreams; two or three love episodes—one ending in a marriage—are also introduced. There is a pleasing freshness and earnestness about this book, and we believe it will well repay the perusal of those who love to commune with the "Bible of the beautiful."

CANADA EMIGRATION GAZETTE.

This paper—the receipt of the first number of which we beg to acknowledge—is to be published monthly, for the purpose of disseminating amongst intending emigrants correct information of the extent, resources, institutions, means of employment, rates of living, and facilities for acquiring land, in Canada. The *Gazette* is issued with the sanction of the Government, who have appointed an agent in Liverpool to further its circulation. The importance of placing the fullest information as to the resources of our country before the emigrating classes of the mother-land cannot be over-rated, and we are glad to see that the *Gazette* is intended for free distribution. The Editor invites communications of a practical character bearing on the subject of emigration.