

## CANADA.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Canada, the blessed the free,  
With prophetic glance I see  
Visions of a future glory;  
Gazing to the world's great story,  
A page with many a page to write,  
That asks a wider range of thought—  
Borne onward on the wings of time,  
I trace thy future course sublime;  
And feel my noons but grow bright,  
Whilst basking on the glorious sight—  
Yes, my noons but grow bright with thee  
To ban thy noble destiny!

Yes, even now the sons inherit  
All thy British mother's spirit;  
Ah, to think of bond age, thou,  
With her blessing on thy brow,  
And her joyous and serene  
Crowning the crown of crown!  
Wealth her crown on thy brow,  
Wealth her crown on thy brow,  
And thou art worthy of her name.

By all thou hast inherited,  
Of fathers thou shalt stand the head;  
First to the land of the brave,  
Old oppressors shall be dead;  
Slaves to the land of the brave,  
Noble deeds to the land of the brave,  
Home of the land of the brave,  
Who shall be the land of the brave,  
On the land of the brave,  
Gone forever, her golden land,  
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By the water's soft smile,  
Sweet the land of the brave,  
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Nations old and new shall stand,  
From the land of the brave,  
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## Literary Department.

## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR L.—: Since leaving Toronto. I have traversed a considerable portion of the cultivated country West, or rather North West of your good city, and as most of it was new to me, though a genuine native, I can assure you I have derived much pleasure, and I trust in the long run, not a little profit. A Canadian must be acquainted with his country before he can labour successfully for its improvement, and to become so acquainted he must see it, and as it were take it by the hand, and converse with it. It will not do to trust to reputation only. He who knows but a part, and that a small part, will be very apt to err when he attempts to judge of the whole. You get impressions, you hardly know how or wherefore, as often erroneous as otherwise, and nothing but ac-

tual, *propria persona* observation will correct them. For instance, I was never more agreeably surprised than when after riding for several miles over a most barbarous road, through the worst part of Esquesing and Eramosa, I came suddenly in view of the smart little town of Guelph. There it lay before me, embosomed among the hills; the spires of its churches; the neat white houses scattered along the distant slope; its castellated stone Court-House and other substantial buildings of very white lime stone, with here and there a brick house of very red brick, surrounded by ornamental trees, and the green fields rising in the back ground, seemed the *beau idéal* of some lovely fancy sketch. Eramosa, said I to myself, as I was crossing a corner of it, must be little better than *Mariposa*. Indeed I could not help thinking that it was in a wilder state than its metrical compeer of the Home District. Nasagiewya, in spite of the map in my pocket, seemed to smack more strongly of the wig-wam and to be a more northern as well as a more recent acquisition than Nottawasaga. But there I was on the spot, the former township on the south of me, and Eramosa before me on the north. I had not proceeded far until I discovered that all my preconceived notions—the log shanty—the fluming-mill standing in the field—the oxen and the sled, and the usual *bush* appliances with which I had associated this township, must each and all of them be erased from “the book and volume of my brain.”

Eramosa is a fine township. There are many farms in a high state of cultivation—good fences—fields without stumps—nice stone houses—commodious barns and out-buildings are by no means rare. I could point out a farm in this township which in all these particulars would bear a comparison with the best in either Vaughan or Markham. The lower part, however, through which I passed on the road from Georgetown (in Esquesing) to Guelph, is rather poor land; and the farms, though not so new as I expected, indicate poor owners. In crossing the mountain, as it is called, (though I saw nothing but a succession of little hills and abrupt walls of lime-stone rock which might, as Paddy said, “do very well for the newness of the country”) several objects struck me as somewhat remarkable. At one place, after passing a small stream that fed two saw-mills within about thirty yards of each other, so great was its fall, I stooped to admire what seemed to me quite a natural curiosity. On the right of the road, on the summit of a considerable elevation, a pile of shattered rocks is seen which a less fanciful imagination than mine might easily convert into the remains of an ancient castle. The deep ravine in front within inaccessible banks opposite, suggested the moat and the draw-bridge. Two columns which rose up to the height of nine or ten feet marked the place of the gateway, and numerous square blocks of stone that lay scattered about, enclosing a large area, showed the locality of the walls. On the westerside, and for aught I know on the northern also, at a hundred yards distance from the supposed castle, there runs a stone-wall at least twelve feet high, which from its even, perpendicular surface and numerous rectangular seams almost convinces you that it is the work of art. But the most singular thing of it was, to see cedar trees thicker than a man's leg growing on the top of these columns of rock. Their roots push themselves into the crevices of lime stone, and appeared not to reach within six or seven feet of any thing like soil; in other places they grow out of the face of the solid wall, completely hiding their roots from view. Now, if these trees require sustenance from the earth, pray how do they get it? geologists tell us that on soil results from the disintegration of the primitive rock, which has been caused by the action of the elements. But in this case the vegetable appears to be capable of assimilating its food before any such changes have been produced. I had quite a discussion with the editor of the Galt Reporter, with whom I spent an hour or two upon

this subject. At first he contended that it was by no means certain that plants derived any nourishment from the soil. But when I asked him why manure was used, and on one soil plants would grow luxuriantly and on others not at all, the super-mundane or atmospheric conditions being in each case the same, he admitted that the soil must furnish something more than mere mechanical support. There is no doubt but less nourishment is derived from this source, and more from the atmosphere (including rain) than is usually supposed. I remember the statement in one of my school books (I think Comstock's Chemistry) of an experiment made by a Frenchman to test this question. He placed a large quantity of earth in a tight box and then weighed it. In this he sowed or planted a young willow, and after it had grown some years and reached a great weight, he separated its roots from the earth in the box, and then weighed the box again. It was found to be of the same weight, with a slight variation as at the beginning! Nothing had been added to the soil in the box except now and then a little water. From what source was the great weight of solid matter, of which the tree was composed, derived? If from the soil, we should expect to find the weight in the box diminished by so much as the tree had increased. At all events, we should expect to miss the weight of its inorganic elements—its ash. But I am away from my books, and must not venture too far into a subject that I have not very deeply examined. Some species of plants seem to need but little from the soil, and in the case of the willow probably the “little water” that it was constantly supplied with, contained all the mineral or inorganic food required, or left as much in the soil as the tree took from it.

As you come near the town of Guelph you see unmistakable evidences that a spirit of improvement has been there—that its refreshing influences have been shed upon the farmers, and not upon the other classes exclusively. As I rode along I observed by the road side in several well cleared fields, the smooth glossy skins, yellow muzzles, plump symmetrical forms, and happy countenances of the far-famed *Short Horns*. None that I saw were probably more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  or  $\frac{1}{3}$  blood, but the contrast to the big-boned, long-legged, long-horned, gaunt, coarse, ugly, uncomfortable looking natives that I had passed, feeding in the edge of the woods on weeds, leeks, and I dare say *lobelia*, was, as the exclamatory old gentleman in one of Scott's novels would say, “prodeegious.” There are three or four gentlemen in this neighbourhood who deserve great credit for the pains they have taken to introduce improved breeds of cattle, pigs, &c. among their neighbours. Among these Mr. Howitt and Mr. Harland stand foremost. I was not able from the short time I had allowed myself, to call upon either of these gentlemen, though I had intended it. The land about Guelph is very good and they tell me is well adapted to wheat. But to one living in the neighbourhood of Vaughan and Markham it looks too stony and too side-hilly, although there are few slopes that could not be ploughed without difficulty. There are upwards of forty stores in the town, the public buildings are respectable, and many of the private residences very neat. The population I believe is about 2,000. There is a great deal more said as is generally the case, about the feuds and demoralization of the people of this town at a distance from it, than in the neighbourhood. The whole disturbance which has created so much talk appears to have been confined to a few individuals—to have been kept alive and somewhat extended by what seems to me, the most unnecessary and at any rate unfortunate execution which took place here, and to be now dying away, if a few indiscreet persons would cease fanning it.

(To be continued.)

MADAME DE STAEL.—“A young but already influential female had lost to this latter party the prestige of her youth, her genius, and her enthusiasm—it was Madame de Staël. Necker's daughter, she had inspired politics from her birth. Her mother's salon had been the cradle of the

philosophy of the 18th century. Voltaire, Rousseau, Buffon, D'Alembert, Diderot, Raynal, Bernardin de Saint Pierre, Condorcet, had played with this child, and fostered her earliest ideas. Her cradle was that of the Revolution. Her father's popularity had played about her lips, and left there an inextinguishable thirst for fame. She sought it in the storms of the populace, in calumny and death. Her genius was great, her soul pure, her heart deeply impassioned. A man in her energy, a woman in her tenderness, that the ideal of her ambition should be satisfied, it was necessary for her to associate in the same character, genius, glory, and love.

“Nature, education and fortune rendered possible this triple dream of a woman, a philosopher, and a hero. Born in a republic, educated in a court, daughter of a minister, wife of an ambassador, belonging by birth to the people, to a literary world by talent, to the aristocracy by rank, the three elements of the Revolution mingled or contended in her. Her genius was like the antique chorus, in which all the great voices of the drama unite in one tumultuous concord. A deep thinker by inspiration, a tribune by eloquence, a woman in attraction, her beauty, unseen by the million, required intellect to be admired, and admiration to be felt. Her's was not the beauty of form and features, but visible inspiration, and the manifestation of passionate impulse. Attitude, gesture, tone of voice, look—all obeyed her mind, and created her brilliancy. Her black eyes, flashing with fire, gave out from beneath their long lids as much tenderness as pride. Her look, so often lost in space, was followed by those who knew her, as if it were possible to find with her the inspiration she sought. That gaze, open, yet profound as her understanding, had as much serenity as penetration. We felt that the light of her genius was only the reverberation of a mine of tenderness of heart. Thus there was a secret love in all the admiration she excited; and she, in admiration, cared only for love. Love with her was but enlightened admiration.

“Events rapidly ripened; ideas and things were crowded into her life; she had no infancy. At twenty-two years of age she had maturity of thought with the grace and softness of youth. She wrote like Rousseau, and spoke like Mirabeau. Capable of bold conceptions and complicated design, she could contain in her bosom at the same time, a lofty idea and a deep feeling. Like the women of old Rome who agitated the republic by the impulses of their hearts, or who exalted or depressed the empire with their love she sought to mingle her feelings with her politics and desired that the elevation of her genius should elevate him she loved. Her sex precluded her from the open action which public position, the tribune, or the army, only accord to men in public governments; and thus she compungingly remained unseen in the events she guided. To be the hidden destiny of some great man, to act through and by him, to grow with his greatness; be eminent in his name, was the sole ambition permitted to her—an ambition tender and devoted which seduces a woman whilst it suffices to her disinterested genius. She could only be the mind and inspiration of some political man; she sought such a one, and in her delusion, believed she had found him.”—[History of the Girondists.

INFLUENCE OF POETRY AS AN EDUCATIONAL AGENT.—“The people would become to a considerable extent their own educators, if more of the poetical were thrown round the aspects of their life. They would see that they are not merely members of the commonwealth of England, but members of the commonwealth of enlightened and enlightening minds, to whom in all periods of history, poetry has been a harmonizing principle. It is not mere change in its institutions that this country wants, though these have been obviously and imperatively necessary; it wants far more the culture of a harmonizing spirit which would refine the feelings, call forth the affections, purify and expand the reflective faculties, and which ever aiming toward catholicity of sentiment, or perception, and aspiring, would involve the good from the husk of error and sin—would transmute antipathy into love, and depravity into excellence, and would teach men to gaze, not on the changeable in each other, which they hate or despise, but on the unchangeable, which is the glory of their common nature, and which makes them one with their Father in Heaven.”—[Mac-call's Agent of Civilization.

AFFECTATION OF INDIFFERENCE.—There has risen up within my memory a habit, an affection of indifference, if you like to call it so, to all things on this earth; which indifference is born of a corrupt and degraded heart, and of sated and exhausted appetites. To a high mind furnished with keen and vigorous faculties, nothing on earth can be indifferent; for acuteness of perception, a quality which in its degree assimilates us to the Divine nature, weighs all distinctions. As God himself sees all the qualities of everything, whether minute or great, and gives them their due place, so the grander and more expansive the intellect may be, the more accurately it feels, perceives, and estimates the good or evil of each individual thing. The low and the base, the pallid taste of luxury, the satiated sense of licentiousness, of lust, covetousness, gluttony, effeminacy, and idleness, take refuge in indifference, and call it to their aid, lest vanity, the weakest but the last point to become hardened in the heart of man, should be wounded. They take for their protection the shield of a false and tinsel wit, the answer of a sneer, the argument of a supercilious look, and try to glaze over everything to themselves and others, with a contemptuous persiflage, which confounds all right and wrong [G. P. R. James.

SUCCESSFUL SURGICAL OPERATION.—We are informed from a credible source, that an eminent physician of this city, a few days ago, opened the stomach of a patient, and removed several hard adhesions, which had completely obstructed the passage from it. However singular this may seem, it is nevertheless true. The patient was