

Nature's magnificence is still the same. Forest and valley, mountain and plain, are enchanting in their beauty. But the red men are best known to us in history, and best remembered when the sighing winds and falling leaf seem to speak of the spirits of those who once built their council fires where the mighty tide of civilized life now rolls.

The study of Indian life and character will form a taste among our young people for grand scenery, and win them to admire that self-control and bravery which sustained the Indian in the most trying reverses. While we would familiarize their minds with the facts of ancient history, we would have them make American history their own by an actual transfer of its incidents to their glowing minds and hearts. The men of iron nerve and enduring perseverance, who struggled to establish institutions which are the pride of the New World, have long since passed away, but the record of their magnanimity lives, and our children will embody in verse and song the story of American liberty and American bravery, and thus in process of time shall we have a literature purely national and purely original. Though America cannot vie with the Eastern Continent in holy associations, nature has so garnished her landscapes as to leave nothing to wish for, in point of beauty and diversity; and man has so set his impress throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the march of intellect goes on with celerity; and the time is not distant when, arresting the mighty machinery of home improvement, she will be able to look across the billows to ancient Asia and Africa, and say, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Montreal, Oct., 1854.



## MY AUNT MARY.

### A SKETCH.—(*Original.*)

I have rarely seen a lady of such unequivocal beauty as my aunt Mary. Her features are perfectly symmetrical; rather of the Grecian order. Her complexion is fair to transparenoy, contrasting finely with her raven locks and fine dark eye. A faint color in the cheek, the rich ruby lip, the intellectual expression, and the deep melancholy which almost always rests on her lovely face, her graceful, yet dignified deportment, and agreeable con-