



A Magazine of General Literature.

VOL. IV.

MONTREAL, JULY, 1879.

No 9.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is, indeed, strange how many persons we meet who continually complain about their unhappiness, their hundred-and-one ills, and who, in reality, are the most fortunate, and if they only knew it, the most happy of beings. They find fault with every thing; they envy their neighbors merely because their neighbors saw something they have never seen, or went to places where they have never visited. They continually desire to travel, to see other lands, to cross seas and seek out the beauties and pleasures, and advantages afforded by stranger nations. They would like to see the Vale of Tempe, or ramble 'neath the shades of Valambrosa, or tread the purple Apennines, or view the sun sink to rest as his last rays illumine the tall Campanilli of Florence or Naples. Still these persons never dream of seeking out the hundred gorgeous vales and gardens with which their own country abounds; they would never think of spending an hour contemplating the beauty of the Laurentides, purple as the mountains of Italy. They would love to stand beneath the shadow of the Coliseum, to muse in some old abbey or time-worn temple, to study history upon the ruins of ancient cities, to dream of deeds of valor and glory while walking over the graves of Europe's heroes; but never would they spend their time around the grand and noble monuments

of their own land: they see no beauty in the scenes of their home.

This spirit, which seems to have pervaded many lands and which, we regret to say, is appearing upon Canadian soil, is one that should be stayed in its onward march. If we purpose building up a grand nation, why not make use of the means at our disposal? and can we have for our land that affection which we owe her, if we see not in her the beauties, the perfections, the grandeurs and the glories which we so much admire in other nations? It is with a view to uproot that tendency, that we now propose, as far as our humble powers will permit, to show forth, in the pages of *THE HARP*, some of these numberless advantages which Canada presents to her sons.

Well did Campbell sing, that—

“Distance lends enchantment to the view,  
And robes the mountains in its azure hue.”

All that is far away seems wrapped in a fairy mist, hidden in clouds of beauty, but on drawing nearer, the rough, huge, wild and rugged proportions appear. We will begin our task by showing that upon our soil are to be found many of those advantages of which other lands have boasted, and that it is only necessary for the lover of the beautiful and good and true to look about him, and as if by magic every object will appear transformed. If he gazes upon Canada with the eye of a lover, a glorious panorama will spread out before him. He will then see, in truth, a land, perfect in the charms of its scenery, majestic in the sweeping of