

work. The "Maple Leaf" thus contributed much to the genesis of a high-class Canadian literature. It were to be wished that the editor of this volume had identified himself with Maple Leaf as a nom-de-plume instead of resigning it altogether to the volumes of which he superintended the issue. The papers in that book are all anonymous. If none of them are from his own facile and elegant pen, it is certain that the prefaces are his handwork. From these accordingly I venture to make an excerpt or two, treating them as though they had appeared under the signature of Maple Leaf.

First, I give a pleasant account of our Canadian London as it was in 1848, with some remarks on the Canadian habit of transplanting local names from the "Old Country." "The good custom," Maple Leaf says, "of naming places, as they spring into existence in this new world, after the old localities with which the early associations of the settlers are connected, at once attests the affectionate remembrance of the fatherland, and preserves unimpaired the sweet ties which bind us to 'home,' as we still fondly call the far-distant land of our birth. In the present case the town of London, the county of which it is the capital is Middlesex, the stream the banks of which it graces bears that name so closely associated with the most thrilling events of English history, the Thames. The toll-gate on the right of our view opens on another Westminster Bridge; and a second Blackfriars would meet the eye if we could but see a little more to the left."

"Procedo et parvam Trojam, simulataque magnis
Pergama, et arentem Xanthi cognomine rivum
Agnosco, Scææque amplector limina portæ."

"Nor is the Canadian stream," Maple Leaf continues, "wholly wanting in historic interest; for in a battle in its neighbourhood fell the noblest Indian warrior that ever drew bow, or raised rifle, in defence of the 'White Father' of the tribes. It was at the battle of the Thames that the gallant *Tecumseth* was lost to his brother warriors, and to his country; but this, however, was at a distance from the scene more immediately under our notice. Elevated on a pleasant bank, which looks down upon the junction of two streams, stands our Canadian London. As it stretches itself towards the waters that flow on either side of it, it seems as if fondling them into that amity with which they embrace and flow on united, ere they leave the reconciler of their variance. From this 'meeting of the