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1853

Half Price

THE
ILLUSTRATED

MAPLE LEAF
CANADIAN MAGAZINE



OCTOBER.



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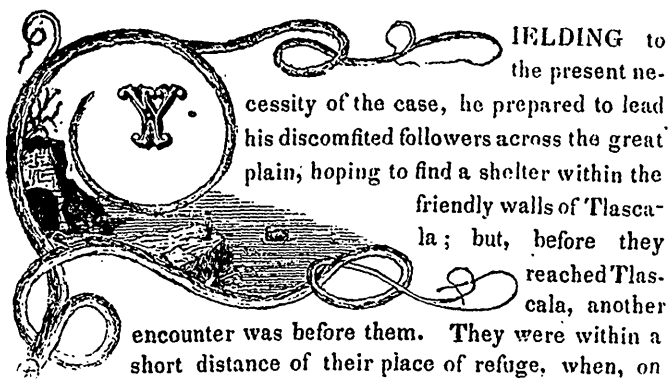
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Sketch of the Fall of the Aztec Empire, with the Destruction of Mexico.

(Concluded.)



FIELDING to the present necessity of the case, he prepared to lead his discomfited followers across the great plain; hoping to find a shelter within the friendly walls of Tlascalala; but, before they reached Tlascalala, another encounter was before them. They were within a short distance of their place of refuge, when, on reaching the valley of Otompan, they beheld an immense army stretched out across the plain, evidently determined to dispute their passage. It seemed impossible that the little band of Cortés could stand for an hour against the vast array. Every soldier must have felt his last hour was come. The Spaniards fought with the energy of despair; and the victory of Otompan was to the few, and not to the many. By a dexterous manœuvre, Cortés killed the young chief at an early period in the action. A panic seized the whole Indian army, who fled in wild disorder, overthrowing and trampling in their haste numbers of their own adherents.

Within a few days, Cortés entered Tlascalala, where he was kindly received, and his jaded followers found that rest and refreshment they so greatly needed. For some time after their arrival in Tlascalala, Cortés was laid on a bed of sickness, the consequence of extraordinary fatigue and long sustained anxiety of mind. During this season of repose, he matured his plans for again taking the field, determined nothing should induce him to abandon his grand enterprise. It required much persuasion, and an appeal to all a soldier's feelings of honor and ambition, to induce his companions heartily to co-operate in his schemes. Many were for returning to Vera Cruz, and from thence to the islands. Cortés gave free permission to as many as wished it, to return, saying, "he felt stronger in the

service of a few brave spirits, than if surrounded by a host of the false or faint-hearted." Such was the effect of his harangue, that not one forsook him, but all pledged themselves to stand by him to the last. Cortés now established his head-quarters at Tepeaca, a town at no great distance from Tlascalua, situated in a fruitful country, favorable for the support of an army. From thence he undertook various expeditions against the neighboring States, who favored the Mexican Government, in which he was invariably successful, and once more restored the renown of the Spanish army. By the directions of Cortés, eight brigantines were built at Tlascalua, in such a manner that they could be taken to pieces, carried on the shoulders of the Indians across the plain, and launched on the Lake of Tezcuco. This conception, bold as it appeared, was actually accomplished, the fleet constructed and borne across mountain and forest before it reached the waters of Tezcuco. Fortunately, at this period, Cortés' diminished band was reinforced by several companies of adventurers. It mattered not with what intention they arrived on the shores of Mexico, the authorities of Vera Cruz seized ships and crew, pressed them into the service of their general, and dispatched them to head-quarters; and such was the generous behavior, and the affable demeanor of Cortés, that many who entered his service unwillingly, became his warmest partizans. Cortés was well aware, in his second visit to the capital, he had a very different monarch to encounter than the generous, but weak and superstitious Montezuma. The brother and successor of this Emperor, Cuitalma, died, after a reign of four months. He was succeeded by his nephew, Guatemozin. He is described as "valiant, and so terrible, that his followers trembled in his presence." Against such a leader, Cortés prepared to measure his strength, and to lead his little band of Spaniards, which amounted, including all the reinforcements, to scarcely 600 men, against the united power of the Aztec Empire. True, the allies of Cortés were numerous, amounting to many thousands, and from them he received essential aid.

It was the latter end of May, 1521, Cortés and his allied forces, after a long and somewhat perilous march, appeared before the gates of Mexico. A close siege of nearly three months followed, during which the sufferings of the besiegers

fell little short of those of the besieged. A daily, and often nightly combat was sustained with equal obstinacy and desperation by Spaniards and Aztecs. The former resolved never to quit their post until Mexico acknowledged allegiance to Spain, and was completely humbled in the dust. The Aztecs fought for freedom, honor, and their sacred rights—for all that makes life dear. Guatemozin made the most active preparations for the defence of the capital;—every house was a fortress—every inhabitant a warrior. The city was well garrisoned with provisions—the lake teemed with barks and canoes, which, though they could not stand before the Spanish brigantines, were of great service in bringing in succors from the neighboring Province. Guatemozin exhibited great ability in the direction of his forces. Possessed of undoubted courage and presence of mind, he was ever on the alert to take advantage of any accident favorable to his cause. The chief of the Aztecs certainly claims much of our admiration and sympathy, as with a calm heroism, not excelled in any age, he summoned all his powers to repel the invaders, or perish in the attempt. He would listen to no terms of capitulation, however favorable; would enter into no treaty with the enemies of his country; and when his people were perishing by thousands around him, in all the horrors of famine, he still maintained the same undaunted bearing. At the commencement of the siege, Cortés divided his force into three detachments, commanded by Alvarado, Sandoval, and himself. To these officers he assigned a particular locality in the suburbs of the city, at some little distance from each other, directing them step by step to make their way into the heart of the city, where, eventually, he intended the whole force to meet.

To force an entrance was matter of great difficulty. Every inch of ground was fiercely disputed, and not unfrequently would they lose in the night the labor of the day. Cortés, finding little progress was made, resolved to level all before him, and not to advance one step farther than he had completely cleared the ground, filled up ditches and canals, and left a wide and open space suitable for the effective manœuvres of the army. During the siege, the Spaniards met with some severe checks. At one time Cortés himself was in the most imminent peril. In one of the many assaults, the Aztecs appeared to give way, and of-

ferred a feeble resistance, flying in all directions. They were vigorously pursued by the Spaniards, who followed them far into the heart of the city, when suddenly the Aztecs turned and commenced a fierce attack upon the troops, who saw too clearly their error. They were hemmed in on all sides; their position was most critical. Cortés was suddenly seized by six warriors, who endeavored to draw him on board their boat. Being wounded, he could make but a feeble resistance; a moment more, and he would have been beyond the reach of aid; but his work was not yet accomplished. Timely succor was sent. Christoval de Oba, seeing his General's danger, threw himself upon the Aztecs. He was immediately supported by other two, and by their means Cortés was extricated from his perilous situation. Not long after this crisis, Cortés was alarmed by the defection of an immense number of his allies. Guatemozin found means to act upon their superstitious fear, by spreading through the camp a report of a direct revelation from heaven, in which it was declared that the great war-god, affected by the late sacrifices, was about to descend, and in less than eight days deliver their enemies into their hands; but as the appointed time passed on, and the successes of the Spaniards were only more apparent, the allies recovered their panic and returned to the camp. By the 13th of August the troops had gained the market place. The citizens were suffering the last extremity of want; the houses were filled with the dead and dying; the streets lined with unburied corpses. Renewed efforts were made by Guatemozin; but without effect. At length a surmise gained ground that he had taken refuge in one of the Mexican vessels on the lake. A strict watch was kept, and shortly after, this valiant but unfortunate Prince was taken prisoner and led before the conqueror. No sooner did the tidings spread that their Prince was taken, than all resistance ceased, and Cortés remained undisputed master of Mexico. The day after the surrender, the great body of the people, by the permission of Cortés, left the city and wandered forth in search of a new home. The first care of Cortés was devoted to clearing the city from the various impurities which threatened to produce a pestilence. The heaps of dead which lay mouldering in the streets were consigned to the earth, and numerous fires kept burning night and day. It is supposed between one and two hundred thousand persons must have perished in the siege.

The Spanish commander ordered a day to be set apart for solemn thanksgiving and public rejoicing, in honor of the great victory achieved under the banner of the Cross. Thus fell the mighty Empire of the Aztecs. In the short space of two centuries it had risen from an insignificant territory, with a cluster of wretched huts, to take its place as mistress of the Western World. In the days of its prosperity it had held the language of another city:—"I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow;" and well might the lamentation poured over the mystic Babylon apply to the prostrate Mexico:—"Alas! alas! that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come. The merchandise of gold and silver and precious stones, and of pearls, and of silver and scarlet, and all manner of vessels of ivory and of most precious woods, and the fruits that thy soul lusted after, are departed from thee. Alas! alas! that great city, that was clothed in fine linen and purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, for in one hour so great riches is come to nought. What city was like this great city?"



[For the Maple Leaf.]

ORIGINAL.

Away to the glad, green fields, away
From the city dusty and dim,
With its walls of brick, and skies of gray,
And its ceaseless, deafening din.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
And drink in the sweet-scented air;
And joying to see the hills so gay—
Throw away to the winds each care.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
And ramble o'er hill and in vale;
And cull the brightest roses to-day,
For the cheeks so haggard and pale.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
For the sun seem'd never so bright—
Nor the sky so blue, as in the ray
Of this beautiful morning light.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
Let your heart swell with new delight—
And revel 'mid flow'rets while you may,
For 'twill only too soon be night.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
 Let the rocks echo back your song—
 And forget, in the joy you feel to-day,
 That you e'er knew sorrow or wrong.

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
 Who would choose to live pent-up here—
 If they might only be free to stray
 By the woodland rivulets clear ?

Away to the glad, green fields, away,
 For my spirit weary has grown
 Of fickle fashion's trammeling away,
 And the noise of the bustling town.

I long for a home in some still glade,
 With a few choice friends at my side—
 Where sunlight glances bright through the shade,
 And moonbeams dance on waters wide ;—

Where darkness and grief might never come,
 And age might not steal upon youth—
 And the crowning joy of that sweet home
 Should be holy, unwavering truth.

But such happiness for me is not—
 On earth, it may never be giv'n ;
 To toil and hope while here is my lot,
 Rest and joy may be mine in heav'n.

EDIA.

Montreal, September, 1853.



THE MOTHER AND BOY.

“ Tom, let that alone ! ” exclaimed a mother, petulantly, to a boy seven years old, who was playing with a tassel that hung from one of the window-blinds, to the imminent danger of its destruction.

The boy did not seem to hear, but kept on fingering the tassel.

“ Let that alone, I tell you ! Must I speak a hundred times ? Why don't you mind at once ? ”

The child slowly relinquished his hold of the tassel, and commenced running his hand up and down the venetian blind.

“ There ! there ! Do for gracious sake let those blinds alone. Go away from the window this moment, and try and keep your hands off things. I declare you are the most trying child I ever saw. ”

Tom left the window, and threw himself at full length into the cradle, where he commenced rocking himself with a force and rapidity that made everything crack again.

"Get out of that cradle! What do you mean? The child really seems possessed!" And the mother caught him by the arm, and jerked him from the cradle.

Tom said nothing, but, with the most imperturbable air in the world, walked twice around the room, and then pushing a chair up before the dressing bureau, took therefrom a bottle of hair lustre, and pouring the palm of his little hand full of the liquid, commenced rubbing it upon his head. Twice had this operation been performed, and Tom was pulling open a drawer to get the hair-brush, when the odour of the oily compound reached the nostrils of the boy's mother, who was sitting with her back toward him. Turning quickly, she saw what was going on.

"You!" fell angry from her lips, as she dropped the baby in the cradle. "Isn't it too much!" she continued, as she swept across the room to where Tom was standing before the bureau dressing-glass.

"There, sir!" and the child's ear rang with the box he received. "There, sir!" and the box was repeated. "Haven't I told you a hundred times not to touch that hair-oil? Just see what a spot of grease you've made on the carpet! Look at your hands!"

Tom looked at his hands, and seeing them full of oil, clapped them quickly down upon his jacket, and tried to rub them clean.

"There! Stop! stop! Now see your new jacket that you put on this morning. Grease from top to bottom! Isn't it too bad! I am in despair!" And the mother let her hands fall by her side, and her body drop into a chair.

"It's no use to try," she continued; "I'll give up. Just see that jacket! It's totally ruined; and that carpet too. Was there ever such a trying boy! Go down stairs this instant, and tell Jane to come up here,"

Tom had reason to know that his mother was not in a mood to be trifled with, so he went off briskly and called Jane, who was directed to get some fuller's earth, and put upon the carpet where oil had been spilt.

Not at all liking the atmosphere of his mother's room, Tom being once in the kitchen, felt no inclination to return. His

first work there, after delivering his message to Jane, was to commence turning the coffee-mill.

"Tommy," said the cook, mildly, yet firmly, "you know I've told you that it was *wrong* to touch the coffee-mill. See here, on the floor, where you have scattered the coffee about, and now I must get a broom and sweep it up. If you do so, I can't let you come down here."

The boy stood and looked at the cook seriously, while she got the broom and swept up the dirt he had made.

"It's all clean again now," said the cook, pleasantly. "And you won't do so any more, will you?"

"No, I won't touch the coffee-mill." And as Tom said this, he sidled up to the knife-box that stood upon the dresser, and made a dive into it with his hand.

"O no, no, no, Tommy! that won't do either," said the cook. "The knives have all been cleaned, and they are to go on the table to eat with."

"Then what can I play with, Margaret?" asked the child, as he left the dresser. "I want something to play with."

The cook thought a moment, and then went to a closet, and brought out a little basket filled with clothes-pins. As she held them in her hand, she said—"Tommy, if you will be careful not to break any of these, nor scatter them about, you may have them to play with. But remember, now, that as soon as you begin to throw them around the room, I will put them up again."

"O no, I won't throw them about," said the little fellow, with brightening eyes, as he reached out for the basket of pins.

In a little while he had a circle formed on the table, which he called his fort; and inside of this he had men, cannon, sentry boxes, and other things that were suggested to his fancy.

"Where's Thomas?" asked his mother, about the time he had become fairly interested in his fort.

"I left him down in the kitchen," replied Jane.

"Go down and tell him to come up here instantly."

Down went Jane.

"Come along up stairs to your mother," said she.

"No I won't," replied the boy.

"Very well, mister! You can do as you like; but your mother sent for you."

"Tell mother I am playing here so good. I'm not in any mischief. Am I, Margaret?"

"No, Tommy; but your mother has sent for you, and you had better go."

"I don't want to go."

"Just as you like," said Jane, indifferently, as she left the kitchen, and went up stairs.

"Where's Thomas?" was the question with which she was met on returning to the chamber.

"He won't come, ma'am."

"Go and tell him that if he doesn't come up to me instantly, I will put on his night clothes, and shut him up in the closet."

The threat of the closet was generally uttered ten times where it was executed once; it made but little impression upon the child, who was all absorbed in his fort.

Jane returned. In a few minutes afterward, the quick, angry voice of the mother was heard ringing down the stairway.

"Tom! come up here this instant!"

"I'm not troubling anything, mother."

"Come up, I say!"

"Margaret says I may play with the clothes-pins. I'm only building a fort with them."

"Do you hear me?"

"Mother!"

"Tom! if you don't come to me this instant, I'll almost skin you. Margaret, take the clothes-pins away. Pretty playthings, indeed, for you to give a boy like him! No wonder I have to get a dozen new ones every two or three months."

Margaret now spoke.

"Tommy, you must go up to your mother."

She now took the clothes-pins, and commenced putting them into the basket where they belonged. Her words and action had a more instant effect than all the mother's storm of passion. The boy left the kitchen in tears, and went slowly up stairs.

"Why didn't you come when I called you? Say!"

The mother seized her little boy by the arm the moment he came in reach of her, and dragged rather than led him up stairs, uttering such exclamations as these by the way:

"I never saw such a child! You might as well talk to the wind! I'm in despair! I'll give up! Humph! clothes-pins

indeed ! Pretty playthings to give a child ! Everything goes to wreck and ruin ! There !”

And as the last words were uttered, Tommy was thrust into his mother's room with a force that nearly threw him prostrate.

“ Now take off your clothes, sir.”

“ What for, mother ? I haven't done anything ! I didn't hurt the clothes-pins. Margaret said I might play with them.”

“ D'ye hear ? Take off your clothes, I say !”

“ I didn't do anything, mother.”

“ A word more, and I'll box your ears until they ring for a month. Take off them clothes, I say ! I'll teach you to come when I send for you ! I'll let you know whether I am to be minded or not !”

Tommy slowly disrobed himself, while his mother, fretted to the point of resolution, eyed him with unrelenting aspect. The jacket and trousers were removed, and his night-clothes put on in their stead, Tommy all the while protesting tearfully that he had done nothing.

“ Will you hush ?” was all the satisfaction he received for his protestations.

“ Now, Jane, take him up stairs to bed ; he's got to lie there all the afternoon.”

It was then four, and the sun did not set until near eight o'clock. Up stairs the poor child had to go, and then his mother found some quiet. Her babe slept soundly in the cradle, undisturbed by Tommy's racket, and she enjoyed a new novel to the extent of almost entirely forgetting her lonely boy shut up in the chamber above.

“ Where's Tommy ?” asked a friend, who dropped in about six o'clock.

“ In bed,” said the mother, with a sigh.

“ What's the matter ? Is he sick ?”

“ O no. I almost wish he were.”

“ What a strange wish ! Why do you wish so ?”

“ O, because he is like a little angel when he is sick—as good as he can be. I had to send him to bed as a punishment for disobedience. He is a hard child to manage. I think I never saw one just like him ; but, you know, obedience is everything. It is our duty to require a strict regard to this in our children.”

"Certainly. If they do not obey their parents as children, they will not obey the laws as men."

"That is precisely the view I take ; and I make it a point to require implicit obedience in my boy. This is my duty as a parent ; but I find it hard work."

"It is hard, doubtless. Still we must persevere, and in patience possess our souls."

"To be patient with a boy like mine is a hard task. Sometimes I feel as if I should go wild," said the mother.

"But under the influence of such a feeling," remarked the friend, "what we say makes little or no impression. A calmly-uttered word, in which there is an expression of interest in and sympathy for the child, does more than the sternest commands. This I have long since discovered. I never scold my children ; scolding does no good, but harm. My oldest boy is restless, excitable, and impulsive. If I were not to provide him with the means of employing himself, or in other ways divert him, his hands would be on everything in the house, and both he and I made unhappy."

"But how can you interest him ?"

"In various ways. Sometimes I read to him ; sometimes I set him to doing things, by way of assisting me. I take him out when I can, and let him go with the girls when I send them on errands. I provide him with playthings that are suited to his age. In a word, I try to keep him in my mind ; and, therefore, find it not very difficult to meet his varying states. I never thrust him aside, and say I am too busy to attend to him ; when he comes with a request. If I cannot grant it, I try not to say 'no,' for that word comes too coldly upon the eager desire of an ardent-minded boy."

"But how can you help saying 'no,' if the request is one you cannot grant ?"

"Sometimes I ask if something else will not do as well ; and sometimes I endeavour to create a new interest in his mind. There are various ways in which it may be done, that readily suggest themselves to those desirous for the good of their children. It is affection that inspires thought. The love of children always brings a quick intelligence touching their good."

Much more was said, not needful here to repeat. When the friend went away, Tommy's mother, whose heart convicted her

of wrong to her little boy, went up to the room where she had sent him to spend four or five lonely hours as a punishment for what was, in reality, her own fault, and not his. Three hours of the weary time had already passed. She did not remember to have heard a sound from him since she drove him away with angry words. In fact, she had been too deeply interested in the new book she was reading to have heard any noise that was not of an extraordinary character.

At the door of the chamber she stood and listened for a moment. All was silent within. The mother's heart beat with a heavy motion. On entering, she found the order of the room undisturbed—not even a chair was out of place. Tommy was asleep on the bed. As his mother bent over him, she saw that tears were upon his cheeks and eyelids, and that the pillow was wet. A choking sigh struggled up from her bosom; she felt a rebuking consciousness of having wronged her child. She laid her hand upon his red cheek, but drew it back instantly; it was hot with fever. She caught up his hand; it was also in a burning glow. Alarm took the place of grief, for having wronged her boy. She tried to awaken him, but he only moaned and muttered. The excitement had brought on a fever.

When the father came home, and laid his hand upon the hot cheek of his sleeping boy, he uttered an exclamation of alarm, and started off instantly for a physician. All night the wretched mother watched by her sick child, unable, from fear and self-reproaches, to sleep. When the morning broke, and Thomas looked up into her face with a gleam of trusting affection, his fever was gone, and his pulse was calm. The mother laid her cheek thankfully against that of her boy, and prayed to Heaven for strength to bear with him, and wisdom to guide her feet aright; and as she did so, in the silence of her overflowing heart, the boy threw his arms around her neck, and kissing her, said—"Mother, I do love you!"

That tears came gushing over the mother's face is no cause of wonder, nor that she returned, half wildly, the embrace and kiss of her child.

Let us hope that, in her future conduct towards her ardent, restless boy, she may be able to control herself; for then she will not find it hard to bring him under subjection to what is right.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.

LINES.

[ORIGINAL . .]

The earth is bright and beautiful,
 Yet shadows o'er it come,
 Which whisper to the toiling soul,
 "This world is not thy home ;
 Seek thou some strong, enduring stay,
 Time passeth rapidly away."

Though life may boast its frequent joys,
 Yet griefs are never dearth,
 There's ever something which alloys
 The happiness of earth ;
 Pleasures entice us but to gain
 Fresh powers wherewith to cause us pain.

One, and one only, joy we find
 Which sadness cannot quell—
 Which soothes the woes of human kind—
 Lights up the captive's cell ;
 Dispels the clouds with sorrows rife,
 Meet foretaste of eternal life.

It sheds a ray of hallowed light
 Upon the wanderer's way—
 Illumes the darkness, quenches night
 In the full blaze of day :
 'Tis the meek hope, since Adam fell,
 In Him, " who doeth all things well."

Learn then upon his word to lean
 In confidence and trust ;
 His faithful promises remain
 The bulwark of the just ;
 Death and the grave but vainly seek
 To injure those He deigns to keep.

PERSOLVE.

Montreal, Sept. 8, 1853



INSTRUCTION OF THE DEAF IN GERMANY.

On our way back we stopped at the Institution for the Deaf ;
 for by the new method of teaching they are no longer *dumb*. It
 is a handsome building in the gardens skirting the city. We

applied, and on learning that we were strangers, they gave us permission to enter. On finding we were Americans, the instructress spoke of Dr. Howe, who had visited the institution a year or two before, and was much pleased to find that we were acquainted with him. She took us into a room where about fifteen small children were assembled, and addressing one of the girls, said in a distinct tone, "These gentlemen are from America; the deaf children there speak with their fingers. Canst thou speak so?" To which the child answered distinctly, but with some effort, "No, we speak with our mouths." She then spoke to several others with the same success. One of the boys in particular, articulated with astonishing success. It was interesting to watch their countenances, which were alive with eager attention, and see the apparent efforts they made to articulate the words. They spoke in a monotonous tone, slowly and deliberately; but their voices had a strange sepulchral sound at first unpleasant to the ear. I put one or two questions to a little boy, which he answered readily, and, as I was a foreigner, this was the best test that could be given of the method. We conversed afterwards with the director, who received us kindly, and appointed a day for us to come and witness the system more fully. He spoke of Dr. Howe and Horace Mann, and seemed to take a great interest in the introduction of his system into America. We went again at the time appointed, and as their drawing teacher was there, we had an opportunity of looking over the sketches, which were excellent. The director showed us the manner of teaching them with a looking-glass, in which they were shown the different positions of the organs of the mouth, and afterwards made to feel the vibrations of the throat and breast produced by the sound. He took one of the youngest scholars, covered her eyes, and placing her hand upon his throat, articulated the sound of A. She followed him, making the sound louder or softer as he did. All the consonants were made distinctly by placing her hand before his mouth. Their exercises in reading, speaking with one another, and writing from dictation, succeeded perfectly. He treated them all like his own children, and sought, by jesting and playing, to make the exercises appear as sport. They call him father, and appear to be much attached to him. This institution is in Frankfort-on-the-Maine.—*Bayard Taylor's "Views A-foot" in Europe.*

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Cousins," &c.

CHAPTER X.

STRAWBERRIES—CANADIAN WILD FRUITS—WILD RASPBERRIES—THE HUNTER AND THE LOST CHILD—CRANBERRIES—CRANBERRY MARSHES—NUTS.



NE day lady Mary's nurse brought her a small Indian basket, filled with ripe red strawberries.

"Nurse, where did you get these nice strawberries?" said the little girl peeping beneath the fresh leaves with which they were covered.

"I bought them from a little Indian squaw in the street; she had brought them from a wooded meadow, some miles off, my dear. They are very fine; see they are as large as those that the gardener sent in yesterday from the forcing house, and these are wild ones that have grown without any pains having been bestowed upon them."

"I did not think, nurse, that wild strawberries could have been so fine as these; may I taste them?" Mrs. Frazer said she might. "These are not so large, so red, or so sweet as some that I have gathered when I lived at home with my father," said the nurse; "I have seen acres and acres of strawberries as large as the early scarlet, that are sold so high in the market, on the Rice Lake Plains. When the farmers have ploughed a fallow on the Rice Lake Plains, the following summer it will be covered with a crop of the finest strawberries. I have gathered pails full day after day; these, however, have been partly cultivated by the plough breaking up the sod; but they seem as if sown by the hand of nature. These fruits, and many sorts of flowers, appear on the new soil that were never seen there before. After a fallow has been chopped, and logged, and burnt, if it be left for a few years, trees, and shrubs, and plants will cover it, unlike those that grew there before."

"That is curious," said the child. "Does God sow the seeds in the new ground?"

"My lady, no doubt it is from Him that they come; for He openeth his hand and filleth all things living with plenteousness. My father, who thought a great deal on these subjects, said, that

the seeds of many plants may fall upon the earth, and yet none of them take root till the soil be favorable for their growth. It may be, that these seeds had lain for years, preserved in the earth, till the time came that the forest was cleared away, and the sun, and air, and rains, caused them to spring up. Or the earth may still bring forth the herb of the field, after its kind, as in the day of the creation; but whether it be so or not, we must bless the Lord for his goodness, and for the blessings that he giveth us at all times."

"Are there many sorts of wild fruits fit to eat, nurse, in this country? Please will you tell me all you know?"

"There are so many, lady Mary, that I am afraid I shall weary you before I have told all of them."

"Nurse, I shall not be tired, for I like to hear about fruits and flowers very much, and my dear mamma likes you to tell me all that you know about the plants and trees, and the birds and beasts of Canada."

"Besides the different sorts of strawberries, there are wild currants, both black and red, and many kinds of wild gooseberries," said Mrs. Frazer; "some grow on wastes by the road side, in dry soil, others in swamps. A great many of the gooseberries are covered with thorns, not on the wood, but on the berries themselves."

"I would not eat those disagreeable thorny gooseberries, they would prick my tongue," said the little girl.

"They cannot be eaten without first being scalded: The settlers' wives contrive to make good pies and preserves with them, by scalding the fruit, and then rubbing it between coarse linen cloths; I have heard them called thornberry pies, and I think it was a very good name for them.

"When emigrants first come to Canada, and clear in the backwoods, they have little time to make nice fruit gardens for themselves, and they are glad to gather the wild berries that grow in the woods and swamps to make tarts and preserves of; so they do not even despise the thorny gooseberries, or the wild black currants. Some swamp gooseberries, however, are quite smooth, of a dark red color, but small, and they are very nice when ripe. The blossoms of the wild currants are very beautiful, of a pale yellowish green, and hang down in long, graceful branches; the fruit is harsh, but makes wholesome preserves. But there are

thorny currants, as well as thorny gooseberries ; these have long, weak, trailing branches, the berries are small, covered with stiff bristles, and of a pale red color. They are not wholesome ; I have seen people made very ill by eating them, and I have heard even of their dying in consequence of doing so."

"I am sure, nurse, I will not eat those wild currants," said lady Mary ; "I am glad you have told me about their being poisonous."

"This sort is not often met with, my dear ; and these berries, though they are not good for man, doubtless give nourishment to some of the wild creatures that seek their food from God, and we have enough dainties, and to spare, without them.

"One of the most common, and also the most useful to us, among the wild fruits, is the red raspberry. It grows up in abundance all over the country, by the roadside, in the half-opened woods, on upturned roots, in old neglected clearings ; there is no place so wild but it will grow, wherever its roots can find a crevice. With maple-sugar, the farmers' wives need never lack a tart, or a dish of fruit and cream. The poor Irish emigrants' children go out and gather tin pails full, and carry to the towns and villages to sell. The birds too live upon the fruits, and flying away with it to distant places, help to sow the seed. A great many small animals eat the ripe raspberry, and even the raccoon and the great black bears come in for their share."

"The black bears ! O, Nurse ! O, Mrs. Frazer !" exclaimed lady Mary in great astonishment. "What ! do big bears eat raspberries ?"

"Yes, indeed, my lady, they do. Bears are fond of all ripe fruits. The bear resembles the hog in his tastes very closely ; both will eat flesh in their wild state, and grain, and fruit, and roots. There is a small red berry in the woods that is known by the name of the bear-berry,* which they say the young bears are particularly fond of."

"I should be afraid of going to gather raspberries, nurse, for fear of the bears coming to eat them too."

"The hunters know that the bears are partial to this fruit, and often seek them in large thickets, where they grow. A young gentleman, lady Mary, once went out shooting

* *Arbutus, uvawrei*, bear-berry, kinnikinnick, Dec. Mon.

game ; it was somewhere in the Province of New Brunswick, I believe. It was in the month of July, the weather was very warm, and there were plenty of wild berries ripe. He had been out for many hours, and at last found himself on the banks of a creek. The bridge that he had been used to cross was gone ; it had been swept away by the heavy rains in the spring. Passing on a little higher up, he saw an old clearance full of bushes, and knowing that wild animals were often to be met with in such spots, he determined to cross over and try his luck for a bear, or a raccoon, or a young fawn. Not far from the spot, he saw a large fallen, swamp elm tree, which made a capital bridge. Just as he was preparing to cross, he heard the sound of footsteps on the dry crackling sticks, and saw a movement among the raspberry bushes ; his finger was on the lock of his rifle in an instant, for he thought it must have been a bear or a deer, but just as he was about to fire he saw a small, thin, brown hand, all red and stained from the juice of the ripe berries, put up to reach down a branch of the fruit ; his very heart leaped within him with fright, for in another moment he would have shot the poor little child, that with pale, sunburned face, was looking at him from between the raspberry bushes. It was a little girl, about as old as you are, lady Mary. She was without hat or shoes, and her clothes were all in tatters ; her hands and neck were quite brown and sunburned. She seemed frightened at first, and would have hid herself had not the stranger called out gently to her to stay, and not to be afraid ; and then he hurried over the log-bridge to her, and asked her who she was, and where she lived. And she said, "she did not live anywhere, for she was lost." She could not tell how many days, but she thought she had been seven nights out in the woods. She had been sent to take some dinner to her father who was at work in the forest, and had missed the path and gone on a cattle track, and did not find out her mistake till it was too late ; and then she became frightened and tried to get back, but only lost herself deeper in the woods. The first night she wrapped her gown about her head, and lay down beneath the shelter of a great up-turned root. She had eaten but little of the food in the basket that day, and made it last her nearly two days ; after that was gone, she chewed some leaves ; and when she found herself in the raspberry clearing, she got berries of several kinds, and plenty of water

to drink from the creek. One night she said she was awakened by a heavy tramping near her, and looking up into the moonlight, she saw two great black beasts, which she thought were her father's oxen, and so she sat up and called "Buck," "Bright," for that was what the oxen's names were—"Buck," "Bright;" but they had no bells, and so she thought they must have been two black dogs, for they stood quite upright and looked at her, but went away.

These animals must have been bears, but the child did not know that, and she felt no fear—for she said, she said her prayers every night before she lay down to sleep, and she knew that God would take care of her both sleeping and waking.*

"And did the hunter take her home?" asked lady Mary, who was much interested in the story.

"Yes, my dear, he did. Finding that the poor little girl was very weak, the young man took her on his back, and so loaded, he managed with some difficulty to make his way back,—fortunately, he happened to have a little wine in a flask, and a bit of dry biscuit in his knapsack, and this greatly revived the little creature, sometimes she ran by his side holding by his coat and talking to him, and seemed quite happy and cheerful, bidding her friend not to be afraid if they had to pass another night in the wood; but just as the sun was setting, they came out of the dark forest into an open clearing.

"It was not the child's home, but a farm belonging to a miller who knew her father, and had been out in search of her for several days, and he and his wife were very glad when they saw the lost child, and gladly shewed her preserver the way; and they were rejoiced indeed, when the poor little girl was restored quite safe and well to her sorrowing parents."

"Nurse," said lady Mary, "I am so glad the good hunter found the little girl. I must tell my own dear mamma that nice story. How sorry my mamma and papa would be to lose me in the woods."

The nurse smiled, and said, "My dear child, there is no fear of such an accident happening to you. You are not exposed to the same dangers and trials as the children of poor emigrants;

* The facts of this story I met with many years ago in a Provincial paper. They afterwards appeared in a Canadian Sketch in Chambers' Journal, with other interesting particulars written by me in 1833.

therefore, you must be the more grateful to God, and do all that you can to serve and please Him, and when you are able be kind and good to those who are not as well off as you are."

"Are there any other wild fruits, nurse," asked the child, "besides raspberries, and strawberries, and currants, and gooseberries?"

"Yes, my dear, a great many more. There are wild plums,—these we can preserve, and when the trees are planted in gardens and taken care of, the fruit is very good to eat. The wild cherries are not very nice; but the bark of the black cherry is good for agues and low fevers. The choke-cherry is very beautiful to look at, but hurts the throat, closing it up, if many are eaten, and making it quite sore. The huckleberry is a sweet dark blue berry, that grows on a very delicate low shrub, the blossoms are very pretty, pale pink or greenish white bells, the fruit is very wholesome, it grows on light dry ground, on those parts of the country that are called plains in Canada. The settlers' children go out in parties, and gather great quantities either to eat or to dry for winter use. These berries are a great blessing to every one, besides forming an abundant food for the broods of young quails and partridges; the squirrels of every kind eat them. There are blackberries too, lady Mary, some people call them thimble berries."

"Nurse, I have heard mamma talk about blackberries that grow in the English hedges."

"The Canadian blackberries are not so sweet, I have heard my father say, as those that grow at home; but they are very rich and nice tasted, neither do they grow so high. Then, there are high bush cranberries, and low bush cranberries. The first grow on a tall bush, and the fruit has a very fine appearance, hanging in large branches of bright scarlet among the dark green leaves; but they are very, very sour, and it takes a great deal of sugar to sweeten them. The low cranberries grow on a slender trailing plant, the blossom is very pretty, and the fruit is about the size of a common gooseberry; it is of a dark purplish red, very smooth and shining; the seeds are very small, and lie in the white pulp within the skin; it is not nice till it is cooked with sugar.

"There is a large cranberry marsh somewhere to the back of Kingston, where vast quantities of these berries grow. I heard a young gentleman say that he passed over this marsh when he

was hunting, it was while the snow was on the ground, and the red juice dyed the snow crimson, as he trod upon them. The Indians go every year to a small lake called Buckhorn Lake, many miles up the river Otonabee in the upper province, and gather cranberries; these they sell to the settlers in the towns and villages, or trade them away for pork and flour and clothes. The cranberries when spread out upon a dry floor, will keep fresh and good for a long time. I have been told that great quantities of cranberries are brought to England from Russia, Norway, and Lapland, in barrels or large earthen jars, filled with water. It is a plant that lives in a cold climate. I will boil some cranberries with sugar, that you may taste them; they are thought to be very wholesome."

Lady Mary said she would like to have some of the seed in her own garden.

"The cranberry requires a particular kind of soil that would not be easy to find in our garden, my dear; and as the cranberry marshes are often covered with water in the spring, I suppose they need a damp cool soil, near lakes or rivers, perhaps sand too may be good for them; but we can plant some berries, and water them well; in a light soil they may grow and bear fruit, but I am not sure that they will do so.

"Besides these fruits there are many others that are little used by men, but are of great service as food to the birds and small animals. There are many kinds of nuts too,—filberts with rough prickly husks, and walnuts, butternuts, and hickory nuts; these last are large trees, the nuts of which are very nice to eat, and the wood very fine for cabinet work and for firewood, and the bark is used for dying.

"Now, my dear, I think you must be quite tired with hearing so much about Canadian fruits."

Lady Mary said she was glad to hear that there were so many good things in Canada; for she heard a lady say to her mamma that it was an ugly country, and that there was nothing good or pretty in it.

"There is something good and pretty to be found everywhere, my dear child, if people will but open their eyes to see it, and their hearts to enjoy the good things that God has so mercifully spread abroad for us, and for all his creatures to enjoy."

(To be continued.)

A H Y M N .

Heart, overcome with sadness,
 Turn not thy gaze within ;
 No beam of light and gladness
 Darts through the gloom of sin.

The waves of sorrow, rushing
 From secret founts of woe,
 Flow o'er thy spirit, gushing,
 And lay thy fond hopes low.

The surges and the billows,
 God's messengers of wrath,
 Roll on in crested furrows,
 And overwhelm thy path.

The voice of justice, ringing
 From Sinai's awful bounds,
 Speaks not to man, the sinning,
 Of hope's reviving sounds.

Look thou beyond the present ;
 See looming from afar,
 Dimming night's silver crescent,
 A beauteous vesper star.

O'er hill and vale its glory
 A soft'ned radiance sheds,
 Gilding a wondrous story,
 While God in *manhood* treads.

Behold the "Man of Sorrows ;"
 List to his dying groan ;—
 Faith rises now, and borrows
 New life from every moan.

O soul ! amid thy sadness,
 Depress'd with sin's dark reign,
 When joy, and peace, and gladness
 Seem like some distant train ;

When human pow'r seems fruitless
 To check the plague within,—
 Look thou to Him, who, stainless,
 Bore all the weight of sin.

In humble love adoring,
 Bend meekly at His feet ;
 Thy guilt and woe imploring
 The "Great High Priest" to meet.

Then joyfully thy spirit
 An anthem shall prolong,
 Praising His matchless merit
 In ever rapt'rous song.

Mighty shall be His power ;
 The banner of the Cross
 Shall wave on ev'ry tower—
 In every mountain pass ;—

In vale, o'er lake and river,
 And shadowing ev'ry land,
 Till swells the shout for ever,
 Of earth's redeemed band.

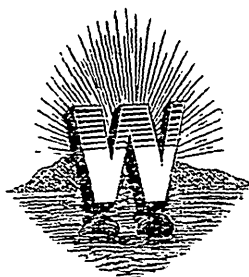
Montreal, Sept., 1853.

E. H. L.



[For the Maple Leaf.

EARTH'S VISIBLE RECORDS.



HAT are they ? By whose hand were they written ? How readest thou ? Let us pause for the response to these questionings, so varied, and full of interest. This broad and beautiful earth beareth on its face, as upon a limitless tablet, traces of the past ; when, with a mighty impress, records were made which Time himself with all his subtle arts has not been able to erase. These records were made long ages since, when the world was yet young and impressible. When the mighty work of creation was ended, the "six day's" work concluded ; then, when

" Its first pure praises rang,
 And morning stars together sang,"

then began the writing. On every mountain and hill top, in every secluded glen and valley, on the broad plain, in the mighty forest, by the laughing brook, on the peaceful lake, in the spray of the ceaseless cataract, on the mighty river, and most of all, on the restless waves of the glorious old ocean, and in the deep blue sky above us, were the records made. Do we still ask their import ? The voice of the wintry tempest as it rages through the desolate forest, the surgings of the mighty ocean as its waves break upon the lonely shore, and the eternal thun-

derings of Niagara as it rushes on and on, in its ceaseless whirl ; all these give us the interpretation of many of these mysterious characters. We cannot fail to read. Power—vast, incomprehensible, and changeless ! Yet, the records are not here alone. If we but patiently look our eyes shall be gladdened and our hearts made to rejoice as we read. On the sunny slope of yonder green hill-side, where the grass waves in beauty, and the flowret lifts up its head in modest loveliness, if we will bend down and gaze carefully, we shall find traces of this writing. True, the characters are not so startling in their boldness as those already noticed ; if we carry our heads loftily, we shall doubtless overlook them ; yet, when seen, they amply reward for the labor of searching them out. Do we need to be told their signification ? Is not Love as plainly seen here as Power in the former instances ? Yes, go where we may, journeying over this world of ours, we read everywhere the same lesson, engraved indelibly on the flinty rock, and traced in gentler characters on the flowery plain ; yet, everywhere the same. The commingling of the two elements, Power and Love ; —the Power lovely in its condescension,—the Love powerful in its out-goings ; and both sublimely beautiful, bearing the impress of a mighty hand.

Hast thou not beheld them ? Have thine eyes till now been “holden,” that thou hast not read these records ? Art thou saying in thy heart, “I look upward to the sky, and downward into old ocean’s depths, and abroad over the face of the green earth ; but I see nought of what thou affirmest. I have gazed upon the fair face of nature in all her various moods, yet, I have seen nought but the green grass and the gay flower, the lofty trees and the blue waters.” Dost thou still inquire, “show me these records ?” Is there then indeed a “veil” over thine eyes, that thou seest not ? I may not hope to remove it. It is for thyself alone to lift the veil—to send out thy spirit-messengers through the length and breadth of this fair domain—to search for that which may be to thee hidden ; but which, when found, will reward thy search as never sight of gold rewarded the toiling miner.

Earth’s records ! Again may we ask, “where are they ?” Nay, rather let us ask, “where are they not ?” Is there a

spot so desolate within the bounds of space that no traces of Power and Love are there seen? Believe it not. Everywhere are the visible tokens of the presence of an invisible but mighty Power, and as truly of an ever-present, all-pervading Love. Question it who may, believe it we must. What our eyes have seen, our ears heard, and most of all, what our hearts have felt, *that* we know, that we believe; and no reasoning can obscure our knowledge, or darken our belief.

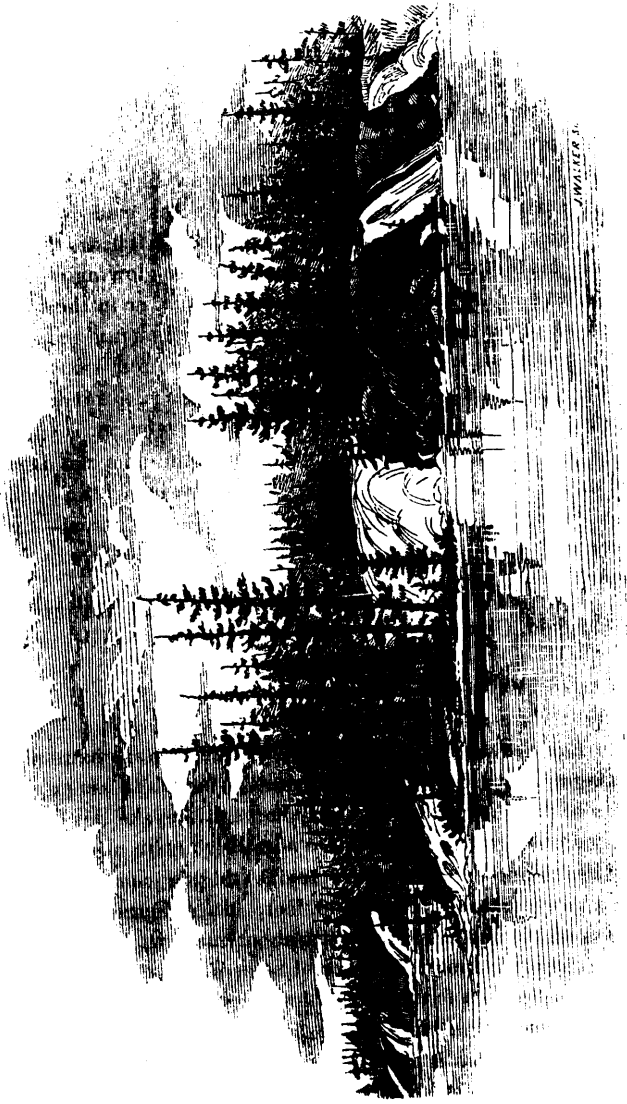
Yet, though these records are everywhere visible, by how few are they read? Vain man is too intent on his mad pursuit of empty fame to stop and heed the writing, though it bears the impress of his Maker's hand. He must read the glowing characters written in the light of the flaming volcano, or in the opening abyss of the earthquake; but for the common and more familiar sentences which are everywhere scattered around his pathway, he has no eyes. The book of nature is, to very many, a sealed volume, as truly as the book of Revelation. And it seems to me, that no one who rightly reads the one, can disregard or fail to understand the other. Both were written by the same hand, both teach us the same glorious lesson,—that Power and Love are indissolubly connected in the great and glorious Being whom we call God!

SARAH E. HAIGHT.

Springfield, Ohio, August, 1853.

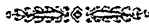
RAPIDES DES CHATS.

The *Rapides des Chats* are situated at the Eastern extremity of a magnificent lake, of the same name, which is in fact an extension of the river Ottawa. The shores of the lake Des Chats are woody and generally flat to the northward, with a pebbly or rocky beach; to the southward they are higher, sometimes attaining an elevation of 80 or 100 feet. In extreme length it is fifteen miles, and in mean breadth about one; but its northern shore is deeply indented by several sweeping bays, by which extensive points are formed, sometimes contracting the lake to a width of scarcely a mile, while in others it is three. The surface of the waters is prettily studded with occasional islands, richly wooded, and so situated as to diversify most agreeably the natural beauties of the soft, sweet scenery of the lake.



RAPIDES DES CHATEL.

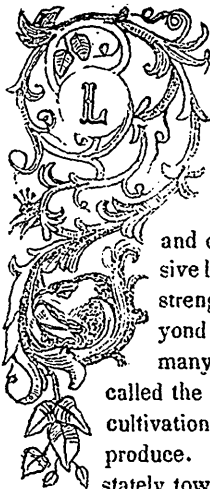
The calms of the Ottawa are peculiarly glassy and beautiful, and its waters are much esteemed for their softness. Between Government Island and the north shore dash, in swift and violent eddies, the *Rapides des Chats*. These rapids are three miles long, and pass amidst a labyrinth of varied islands, until the waters are suddenly precipitated over the falls of the Chats, which are from sixteen to twenty feet in height. There are fifteen or sixteen falls on a curved line across the river, regularly divided by woody islands, over one of which is effected a portage, in passing from the top to the bottom of the falls.—*Selected.*



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONTINUED.)



ONG had the Moor looked out from the minarets and towers of Granada, upon a country beautiful in hill, and valley, and fertile plain. Towering towards the skies the snowy peaks of the Sierra Nevada formed a barrier on the eastern side, from whence cool breezes swept over the city, and dispelled the languor arising from the excessive heats of summer. In front, walls of immense strength and solid masonry protected it, and beyond these spread out in gentle undulations for many miles, lay the luxuriant tract of country called the vega, blooming in all the beauty which high cultivation, rich soil, and blandness of climate could produce. Within the city rose magnificent mosques, stately towers, citadels, and arcades; fountains sparkled in gardens, whose perfumes regaled the senses; the golden orange, the deep red of the pomegranate, the varied colorings of the grape and the olive, added beauty to the enchanting villas, whose fanciful and graceful forms of architecture seemed to point only to enjoyment here, and a paradise of bloom and beauty hereafter.

For eight centuries had Saracen power held her own in the beautiful vales and among the bold mountains of Southern Spain. Opulence, high civilization, chivalric generosity and valor, characterised the Spanish Arabs. Many were the brave exploits of both Christian and Moslem, celebrated in song and narrative in the noble halls of their palaces, or among the cots of their mountaineers.

The genius of Mohammedanism displayed her happiest features in Spain. But, long continued prosperity, under the influence of institutions whose fundamental principles were based upon the idea of outward grandeur and splendor in style of living, and which elevated before the multitude as the highest consideration, a heaven of voluptuous ease, could not do otherwise than deteriorate the national stamina, and produce as it did, at length, a race of men unfit to cope with the iron veterans in the Christian camp.

Viewing from afar the land of their ancestors,—a land of fertility and beauty,—with a long line of sea coast, and flourishing cities, still overshadowed by the crescent, and resounding with the monotonous tones of devotion to the “false prophet;” the Spanish sovereigns, inspired with zeal, projected a crusade against the usurpers of their country, to subdue the fair cities of the Moslems to the Christian rule.

The Spaniard of those times was a brave soldier, inured to toil and danger, on the battle field, or in single combat, or on the arena of the magnificent tilt and tourney,—he shrank not from fatigue, and disdained to complain of pain. In the service of his sovereign, and devoted to the lady of his choice, he courted adventure and braved peril. But there was a higher sentiment,—a shading of character,—an infusion of devotion which vivified the Spanish imagination, and seemed to infuse magic endurance into his frame, and burning zeal into his spirit. It was the drapery of religion floating over his head, or glittering aloft in the form of a cross, or falling on his ravished ears in the sublime chants and anthems of his faith, that filled his mind with an ambition of a higher order than that of mere chivalry, making him willing to spill his heart's blood to share in the glory of restoring Christianity to its ancient seat in Granada.

Counting upon the intense loyalty of their subjects, the Spanish

sovereigns proclaimed their determination to plant there the symbol of Christianity. Party jealousy was forgotten, old feuds were buried, while responsive emotions of loyalty and devotion to the crusade, swelled every breast throughout the land, and an immense army was kept in the field which proceeded from one conquest to another, until the gates of Granada gave way, and Spain was reclaimed from the Moslem sway. The land, purged from the lifeless forms of Mohammedan belief, received the tokens of a better worship; and the pious heart of Spain's devoted Queen beat with new fervor and joy as she beheld the ensigns of her beloved faith raised where false religion had so long held sway.

The crusade thus happily terminated, the sovereigns turned their attention to political economy, and disbanding their army, held court from place to place, redressing wrongs, and issuing new forms of polity in accordance with their enlightened views of propriety.

Columbus, no longer able to repress his ardor, now appeared at court to urge his project before his royal mistress. His enthusiasm touched Isabella, though failing to meet an answering response from Ferdinand, whose cooler temperament could not at once appreciate a plan which seemed so chimerical. She immediately, and with great exertion, raised funds for the expedition from her private resources; for jewels and crowns faded in her view, in comparison with the grandeur of this enterprise,—an enterprise which, unknown to her, was to perpetuate her name, entwined with golden laurels to the latest ages.

At last all was nearly ready for the expedition, and Columbus, with overwhelming emotions, received authority to set out on his perilous but long wished voyage of discovery.

Montreal, Sept., 1853.

(To be continued.)



CHARADE.

Dost ever think, love, of that shady retreat,
 Its dear tufts of pansies for true lovers meet,
 Dost think of the time, when the pale queen's light,
 Had burnished with silver the deep shades of night;
 All nature was hushed, save the musical air,
 Which ardently played with thy tresses so fair.

There was love in thy eyes; and where may we seek
 For hues that could rival the blush on thy cheek?
 We parted, and promised to meet soon again;
 You said that my presence would free you from pain:
 We spoke not of love;—yet your language was mixed
 With my “first,” and the little word “do” prefixed.

Dost think of the time, love,—’twas late in the eve,—
 You asked me to supper, before I would leave;
 Accepted, of course,—and the table was spread,
 I conducted you forth—set you down at the head:
 There were dishes of ——, but a cuisine I’m not,
 And therefore, as excellent throw in the lot;
 Yet, one dish I’ll mention, or rather a cup,
 Of which we both frequently took little sups;
 ’To the taste most delicious, of flavor mild,
 ’Tis drunk by the oldest,—’tis sipped by the child,
 In color it varies;—you said you were loth
 My “second” to want. Herb of celestial growth.

Seek for my “Whole” ’mid the realms of air:
 Ye need search not the earth,—not there! not there!
 But away—away—and far upon high,
 ’Mid the glittering hosts of the deep blue sky,—
 Where Hesperus leadeth her starry train;
 Where the Pleiads shine,—where Charles’ Wain
 And Orion beams—in the deep profound
 Of unbounded space, I’m surely found.
 I sweep through realms that rejoice in the light,
 Of our own bright Sun; and anon, my flight
 Is through chaos deep, where the light of day,
 Had hitherto shed not a single ray;
 Then guess if you can; I’m a wonderful ranger,
 And “T. McG.” calls me “*Illustrious Stranger.*”

O SCAR.

Montreal, Sept. 21st, 1853.

Solution to Charade in the September number, “Corset”—(*Corse*)-*l*-(*tea*).



ST. LAWRENCE HALL, Aug. 27th, 1853.

DEAR EDITOR,—A modest, quiet individual, of another clime, ventures in an idle hour, to address the Editor of the *Maple Leaf*; for the reading of a single number found on my table, has won, for its unpretending self, a true and lasting friend. If, then, any stray thoughts here penned, in way of acknowledgment of its merits, with a word or two of your delightful city meets approval, I shall be well paid for my scribbling; if otherwise, in kindness forgive the liberty.

Judging from specimens of Canadian literature scattered about the neighboring States, I acknowledge my surprise, after perusing the last number of

the *Maple Leaf*, and turning to the first page, to find it published in Montreal. I had always supposed there were few female writers in Canada. We hear of Mrs. Moodie, who now and then cheers us, and occasionally see an original piece from the pen of some lady,—like a rainbow of promise it tells of bright times coming; but yet, I would ask, where are your musing, reflecting, literary Canadian ladies? Your city claims very many intelligent looking young ladies. Do you not receive contributions from them for your paper? I venture to guess talent worth having lies buried under their modest retiring exterior. Can't you call it out by a challenge, or other means? and by thus encouraging them, claim many literary gems, with beauty of person and beauty of mind. Your beautiful scenery affords themes for poetry and song, to charin and delight the multitude. The rapids inspired Tom Moore; why not now the young and gifted of your land to think and write, as beautifully and truthfully as he did? Talk of "sunny Italy" if you will, I doubt if there nature has done more, or if a more charming view meets the eye, than the one just behind your mountain, where the Ottawa is seen in the distance, and a country, the beauties of which *must be seen*, to be appreciated. The drive too on the banks of the St. Lawrence, as far as Lachine, strikes one dumb with admiration. Oh! for the pen of a ready writer that I might paint scenes like these; grand enough, methinks, to inspire the dullest heart with music, poetry and love. With a heart full to overflowing, I viewed and admired; but my pen fails to tell you how much I enjoyed it. For the first time in my life, I have ventured thus near the *North Pole*. Always dreading everything of a cold nature, I have denied myself a far greater treat, than I ever dreamed was in store for me. I decided this year, to shake off the chilling feeling I had for Canada, and realise the beauties of a sail among the "thousand Islands," a dance on the foaming rapids, as well as a peep at the strange and curious in and about Montreal—somewhat dreading, it is true, the "shady side" of a first meeting with the icicles and more icy hearts, said to belong to countries like this. Ere the ordeal of an introduction was over, I began to know something of the "sunny side" of friendship and love. My first impressions of Canada are fast giving way to the hearty welcome offered me, and I fully believe if we were only a little better acquainted, the feeling cherished by one nation for the other, would be laid aside, and mutual friendship succeed mutual dislike.

We Yankees, as you call everybody from the American cities (though not properly do all answer the *title*), seem to throng your streets, in the summer months, not only in parties, but regiments of pleasure-seekers, filling your public houses to the rafters, and well nigh hanging out of the windows. This exposure might place the white beavers worn by the gentlemen in the way of getting a shower bath to *smooth the nap*, if rain falls often in such torrents as yesterday; but we have learned to appreciate good fare, if it is to be had, if otherwise, to be contented with anything offering; know too, something of the use of elbows, and the motto "each one for himself." I find your citizens are not any more particular in regard to etiquette in a crowd than their more verdant neighbors, and are quite as wide awake to money

making, securing comforts, and even luxuries for themselves. I doubt, though, if your business men spend as freely or enjoy life half as well. I notice your quiet way of living without much excitement or bustle, and wonder to myself, if I could move on thus quietly from day to day. I am told, though, that this is a dull season, and I am not right, in supposing you always so quiet.

The country so charming,—a city so delightful, ought to boast of more places of amusement, more musical talent, that concert givers might feel encouraged to visit you.

But I am spinning my yarn to an unpardonable length, and leave you in your stillness, with every good wish for your *Maple Leaf*. If I could write anything to interest its readers, one acceptable article, or coax up a few new ideas for its benefit, I should be glad, and as presumptuous may be, as poor Oliver Twist, and "ask for more."

The new bridge will bring you so near to us, I hope, as to enable me to repeat my visit in winter. Then I may know something of your amusements, so exhilarating and conducive to health. I shall enjoy day dreams of this, and in imagination be often with you. I must send this "with all its imperfections on its head," since I have written with several chattering magpies enjoying themselves about my table, and you would wonder that I have not copied some of their conversation. J.

♦♦♦♦♦

EDITORIAL.

This number contains a letter from a stranger, who expresses his lively ideas in that kind of "free and easy" style, peculiar to the southerner. We were much amused at the curious fancy he seems to have in regard to our climate, and hope he will not suffer from a visit here in summer, though Montreal may be some ten or fifteen degrees nearer the "North Pole" than his home. We thank him for his friendship for the *Maple Leaf*, and inform him that it already numbers several contributors among the ladies; writers whose names are known among us, as having for years contributed by means of their pens to the instruction and amusement of the Canadian public. We wish, if possible, to disabuse his mind of the idea, that our Montreal ladies are not "reflecting" and "musing" too. The last they are certainly, as many a tide of richest vermilion sweeping over their fair cheeks and brows betoken, which he might have observed, unless his mind was wandering to some attraction in his native land. We like his hint, however, and take the opportunity of asking our lady readers if they will not respond to it through the columns of the *Maple Leaf*.

Our number of Correspondents increases. We have been obliged to leave out some interesting matter for want of space.

"Lines" from "Persolus" were read with much pleasure. We trust he will favor us with some more of his thoughts for the next number.

"E. S. O." will appear in the October number. We shall be happy to hear from him again.

The Charade for this number, by Oscar, is beautiful and ingenious. We advise him to dip his pen again for the readers of our magazine, and promise, on their behalf, an effort to find an answer to this one.

Prospectus of the "Maple Leaf."

The above publication has now become such a decided favorite with the public, evidenced from its large circulation, that we deem it unnecessary to enter fully into the character of the work in speaking of the forthcoming volume; but simply to announce that it will be under the same able management as heretofore, and every effort made to merit not only the continued support of its present patrons, but to awaken the sympathies and attention of many more.

This Periodical will contain 32 octavo pages Monthly, at Five Shillings per annum in advance, or four shillings each when taken by a Club of Five. It will be printed on paper of superior quality, and contain appropriate illustrations, and one piece of Music each Month. It will be the continued aim of the Subscriber, as it was of the Projector of this Magazine, to elevate and improve the faculties of the mind, and soften and harmonise the affections of the heart. Familiar expositions of Botany, Gardening, Architecture, and valuable Domestic Receipts will give variety to its pages, and assist in cultivating a taste for the beautiful and useful.

That the hands may be profitably employed, patterns of Crotchet, Knitting, Netting, and Ornamental Needle work, will be furnished, with full explanations. Mrs. Walton, No. 42½ Great St. James Street, who supplies materials for this kind of work, will superintend this department, and choose such patterns as are most approved. Ladies residing in the City who wish to subscribe to the "Maple Leaf," can give their names to Mrs. Walton.

In future the cover of the "Maple Leaf" will be occupied with suitable advertisements, and the Crotchet, Netting and ornamental Needlework, will be embodied in the work itself. A beautiful design for the first page of the cover is now in course of preparation, and no expense will be spared to make the work what it ought to be.

The undersigned has been authorised to receive all debts due to the "Maple Leaf," and grant receipts for the same; and in future all communications and remittances should be addressed to

J. C. BECKET,

22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, June 1st, 1853.

A CARD.

Mrs. LAY, for whose benefit this Magazine is now published, begs respectfully to call the attention of those to whom this number is forwarded, who have not previously received the work, to the obituar notice of her late husband, which appeared in the March number of the Magazine. From its perusal they will observe, that it is to the resources derived from continuing the publication of "the Maple Leaf" she will mainly have to look for the means of supporting herself and a family of three little children. Under such circumstances, she feels emboldened to send this number to many gentlemen who are not, and have not been, Subscribers; trusting that they will now feel disposed to aid her in maintaining the issue of the Magazine, by their individual support; and also, where it is practicable, by inducing some of their friends and neighbours to unite in forming clubs for the same purpose, by which means, as will be observed from the Prospectus, a considerable saving will be effected.

The Prospectus in this number, and opinions expressed by some of the leading papers in the Province, will, it is hoped, be a sufficient guarantee to the value and fitness of "the Maple Leaf" as a means of instruction and amusement, to the younger branches of families generally.

E. PICKUP,
WESLEYAN BOOK DEPOT,
No. 32 Great St. James Street,

IS prepared to furnish Books as cheap, if not cheaper than any other Store in Montreal. Amongst his Stock will be found the following Commentaries:—

Clark's Commentaries, in 6 or 4 vols.
 Scott's Do., in 6 vols.
 " Do., on the New Testament, in 2 vols.
 Benson's Do., in 6 vols., illustrated.
 And the Comprehensive Commentary, in 6 vols.

WORKS ON THEOLOGY.

Dick's, Knapp's, Clarke's, Jeremy Taylor's, Archbishop Leighton's, Barrow's, McCheyne's, &c., &c.

E. P. is also Agent for the *National Magazine*, published at \$2 per annum, by Carlton & Phillips, New York. Clubs of 4 will be supplied for \$7. Payment in advance.

He has also just received a large supply of WESLEY'S HYMNS, and is able to sell the same *Cheaper than any other House in Canada.*

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Montreal, July, 1853.

G. A. HOLLAND,

Corner of Notre Dame and St. Francois Xavier Streets,

MONTREAL,

IMPORTER OF COMBS AND FANCY GOODS,

English, French, and American Paper Hangings,

FRENCH TRAVELLING AND FANCY BASKETS,

Fancy Soaps, Perfumery,

HAIR, TOOTH, NAIL, AND OTHER BRUSHES,

RESPECTFULLY invites the attention of Purchasers, either at Wholesale or Retail, to the large assortment of Goods of the above mentioned descriptions, with which he is constantly supplied, and which, whether it regards variety, quality, or cheapness, cannot be excelled by any House in the line in Canada.

Country Merchants, and the Trade generally, supplied on liberal terms.

Montreal, July, 1853.

WEST END MUSIC STORE,

174 NOTRE DAME STREET.

SIEBOLD, BROTHERS,

THE latest German, French, and American Musical Publications always to be found at this Establishment; also, every description of Musical Instruments, and Pianos of best American makers.

Montreal, August, 1853.