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THE
ILLUSTRATED

MAPLE LEAF

CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



OCTOBER.

Vol. IV. OCT., 1854. No. 10.

Printed for E. H. Lay, at the Steam-Press Printing
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE MAPLE LEAF.—This is the name of a very neat and useful magazine, published in Montreal, at five shillings per annum, and intended more especially for the juvenile portion of the community. When a Canadian magazine such as the present can be had, it is folly to patronize similar, but inferior foreign publications.—*British Standard.*

MAPLE LEAF.—The following interesting articles will be found in the September number of this useful little periodical:—The Study of Nature.—The Ships of the Lonely Isles.—Letters.—View of Upolu.—Lilac Cottage.—Evening among the Graves.—Notes of a Six Years Residence in Madeira.—The Gap of Dunloc.—A California Scene.—Poetry.—The Cheerful Boy.—Sonnet: I Love God and Everybody.—Editorial. This juvenile magazine was established by the late Mr. Lay, so well known in Canada as a literary agent, and is now in its fourth volume. It should be in every house where there are children.—*Ottawa Citizen.*

THE MAPLE LEAF.—The July number of this periodical (which we have only just now received) is one of the best we have seen. It has a great deal of variety in it, and several very useful and interesting articles. In the paper on Education there is much wholesome truth told, in a way not to offend. We are glad to find that our provincial literature is encouraged so much more than it used to be, and we hope we shall soon be entirely independent of our neighbors in this respect. The ordinary run of magazines and light periodicals in the States are not at all suited to improve our people in any respect, politically, socially, or morally. The best things they send us are the reprints of the British periodicals; with these, and with our own provincial *Anglo American, Maple Leaf, &c.*, we may well dispense with *Harper, Godey, &c.*—*Toronto Echo.*

THE MAPLE LEAF.—This truly Canadian magazine, published for some time by Mr. Lay, has since his death been published by his widow. It contains a large amount of reading matter, is decidedly moral in tone, and its articles are generally entertaining and instructive. It is published monthly at one-dollar a year. It is well worth the money, and every family into which it may enter will find it a most agreeable visitor. Parties wishing to subscribe for it can do so by addressing Mrs. E. H. Lay, Montreal: or the publisher of the *Sun* will be happy to order it for them.—*The Sun, Cobourg.*

[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

REMINISCENCE OF A DAY IN DUBLIN.

I found myself approaching "Dublin sweet city" one fine morning in the month of June, *Anno Domini*, 1847; the year of the potatoe disease, death in Skibereen, Lord John Russell's "ten millions," soup kitchens, public subscriptions civil and military, charity sermons, charity concerts, charity balls, and charity boxing-matches, (a fact,) all for "poor ould Ireland." The morning was cool, and the country I passed through beautiful. Here and there, on the hill-side and in the dale, the smoke was rising lazily, but picturesquely, from some humble Irish cabin. How interesting they are, and how they add to the beauty of the landscape, these Irish huts, when they are seen by the light of the rising sun, and the ivy which luxuriates around their old mud walls is glistening with dew; or when seen by the rich light of the sunset, their lowly moss-covered chimneys are dyed with the crimson light of departing day. But, alas, "'tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" when you approach one of them, the aspect of everything changes, and the Irish cabin, like many more things in this world, is most interesting and beautiful when seen from afar.

As the morning sun was casting his glories upon the waters of the Irish channel, and lighting up with the smile of Aurora the gloomy brow of the "Hill o' Howth"—of St. Patrick notoriety, I found myself within the boundaries of Clontarff, a small ancient town, about three miles to the north-east of Dublin. Here, in 1013, the battle of Clontarff was fought, so famous in Irish history. I looked around me for some rustic chronicler with whom I might converse on the celebrated engagement, and I found one in an old peasant who was leaning over a low turf wall, listlessly gazing around him, whistling a few bars and singing a few lines alternately. As I approached him he was ranting over with great spirit the words—

"My name is bould Morgan Macarthy from Trim,
My relations all died, except one brother Jim—

"Good morning, sir," said I, accosting him.

"Good morning, *kindly*," was his ready reply.

"You are merry this morning," said I.

“ Well,” he replied, “ sure what’s the use o’ being down-heart-ed these hard times.”

After a few more words, I brought forward the subject of the celebrated battle, and he pointed out to me the ground where it was fought, and told me exultingly of the utter defeat of the Danes, and pointed out the very spot where Brian Boru, king o’ Munster, “ druve” them into the “ say.” The nationality so conspicuous in the Irish character, awoke in the old peasant with the recital, and I could not help feeling touched myself, and felt a kind of sorrow at parting with him.

Leaving Clontarff, I struck in towards the city. From the road, the city view lying spread out in the distance is grand and imposing; while on the left, the Bay of Dublin, said to be the most beautiful in the world, next to that of Naples, lies with its waves and woods, mountains, shores, and sky. Dublin is very ancient. It is said to have been a place of importance in the time of the Romans. The impression it made upon my mind on my first entrance into it was a rather unfavorable one; though taken singly or separately, Dublin has many fine buildings, some of her bridges, over the Liffy, are handsome, while others are meagre enough. The Custom-House, with its statuary and architectural decorations; the Bank of Ireland, where the legislators of Hibernia, half a century ago, held their deliberations; the Castle, the abode of the Lord Lieutenant, Ireland’s King; the Four Courts, with its ancient gate-ways and weather-beaten statues; and Sackville Street, with its fine monument to Nelson standing in its centre, all attract the attention of the stranger,—but the narrow streets and brick buildings, with which they are generally surrounded, impair the grandeur of their appearance.

I spent the early part of the day within the walls of Trinity College, among its play grounds and shady walks. I almost felt inspired as I trod the same ground where Goldsmith had con-ned his task, and the author of “ Lallah Rhook” had, perhaps, loitered at sunset, humming over some Irish melody. This University is said to be one of the most richly endowed in Europe. Dean Swift was educated here. And it is said that he entered rather freely into the follies and pranks of youth when a student. Once after being guilty of some irregularity, he was obliged to go down upon his knees and beg the pardon of one of his superiors. This superior owed his position in Trinity, not to his worth or talents,

but to the patronage of the Duke of Wharton, who presented him with the living, on one of the most degrading of all conditions! What an impressive lesson is here for youthful genius! Let the young who imagine that talents will atone for indiscretion and imprudence, look upon this young man, whose name was soon to be ranked among the great names of his country, bowing before such a man, and learn that genius without prudence and good moral behaviour cannot save them from humiliation and disgrace.

Leaving Trinity College, I visited the Royal Dublin Society House. It contains an extensive Museum, a fine collection of paintings and statuary, and a library of twelve thousand volumes, besides manuscripts. The Museum, among the more remarkable of its contents, has a mummy brought from the Great Pyramid; a skeleton of the fossil deer of Ireland more than twelve feet in height, dug up from a bog in the County of Limerick; and a bronze image, of Boodha, brought from one of the sacred caverns of the East, that cradle of man and his religions. The collection of minerals and rocks is very extensive; two pieces of rock, one from Mount Sinai, the other from Mount Calvary, attracted my earnest attention, for I thought they might have been trod upon by Moses and the Messiah, the two great lawgivers of the Jewish and Christian faiths. The Ornithological department is also well furnished, and there is a goodly variety of the strange inhabitants of the deep, with a multitude of "four-footed beasts" and "creeping things." When the mind has been for some time absorbed in the contemplation of the wonders of nature, animate and inanimate, with which these rooms are stored; the following passage from Job, written in large letters above the principal entrance, sinks upon it with impressive solemnity:—"Ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee; and the fowls of the air, and they shall declare unto thee: Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this?"

After Kildare Street, I visited the two Cathedrals,—Christ's Church and St. Patrick's,—both very old. Christ's Church is a massy edifice; St. Patrick's has a more ancient appearance; the ironical Swift was Dean here, and he is now buried within its walls by the side of Mrs. Hester Johnson, his well-known "Stella."

After nightfall the streets of Dublin have a very animated ap-

pearance, at least they seemed so to me, for I could not help thinking that there was a dull listlessness hanging over them during the day ; but at night all is life and bustle. The street lamps which shone brilliantly, and the glaring lights streaming from the shop windows illumed the various streams of human beings as they glided onward ; the fine lady and the squallid fruit-vender, the sparkling gentleman and the hollow-cheeked mendicant. Passing along Sackville Street bridge, I leant over the parapet to gaze upon the Liffy flowing darkly on its way. There has always appeared to me something solemn in a river flowing through a large city in the night time. And I have often thought, as I gazed upon it, that it resembled the life of man. The water which then flowed dark and silent beneath me, had in the morning flowed through rural banks, to the songs of birds, gilded by the beams of the rising sun, and kissed by the balmy breath of the morning—like man in “ life’s morning march ” when every thing seems to him bright and beautiful, and he is himself fair and unpolluted. The river at night has become contaminated with the filth of the city, and though the city lamps throw the glimmer of their lights upon its bosom, they are but poor substitutes for the brightness of the morning, and it creeps gloomily on to its destination. So is it often with man ; though friendship, love, and other heavenly feelings which linger, and are sometimes seen like “ angel visits ” among us, throw, like the city lights, their feeble glimmerings upon his heart, yet it is night, dreary, dark night, with him when compared with his morning course.

As I strolled leisurely towards my place of rest for the night, I was attracted to the wall which runs along the river’s edge all through the city, by a crowd which appeared to be collected round some object of interest. On pressing myself into the centre of it, I beheld the most mournful spectacle I ever witnessed. A poor woman who appeared to have come from the country, for she seemed to have been travelling, was sitting in the dark, with her back against the wall dying of hunger, with a child in her arms already cold and stiff in death ! Poor little thing, it was saddening to look upon its stiff emaciated features ; and yet it was a relief to think that it had escaped from a world where, in all probability, had it lived, it was destined to experience nothing but hunger and poverty ! The dying mother and dead child were taken off in a cart to one of the hospitals, of which Dublin has more, of one

kind and another, than any city I have ever visited. With this melancholy incident I close my "Reminiscence of a day in Dublin."

ADA.

Montreal, Sept. 1854.

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(For the Maple Leaf.

LOVE.

BY PERSOLUS.

"It is decreed by Heaven above,
That soon or late we all must love."

There is something, I suppose a guardian angel, whispering me *Beware*; but then, I am safely chambered in the quietness of my room, and, therefore, whence the danger? I can sit here comparatively free from trembling, and fancy I see bright eyes flashing, and lily hands clutching with a keen energy the *Maple Leaf*. Ah, Love!

"Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above."

A potent word is love. To the affected 'tis not only a definition to every word in the vocabulary of our language, but it also gives a "local habitation and a name" to those otherwise inexplicable thoughts and emotions that burn in the breast of every Adam, when he cries aloud—

. "Return fair Eve,
. Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim—
My other half."

When first this fair earth began its course, there was everything to love, and nothing to hate, consequently the earliest or most ancient historic records give due precedence to love as the first acknowledged or noted mental passion. With this graceful and profound exordium, I once essayed a brilliant and philosophic speech before the members of a very respectable club; but alas, the myrtle was beyond my reach, for *she* was there, and thus were my searching arguments and polished peroration lost, forever lost. How could it be otherwise? Some person has written that

"The mail-clad warrior trembles, in her presence, like a child."

And, although I am not aware that a real mail-clad warrior ever woo'd *her*, I have often seen strapping militia-men turn

Forgetful of the hungry rage which late
 Him prick'd with pity of my sad estate ;
 But he my lion and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her, that him lov'd, and ever most ador'd
 As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhor'd."

Many will find these lines difficult to read, but those who are well acquainted with the particular speed, and at other times apparent sluggishness, of *Christabel*, will be able to read and feel the presence of a spirit almost divine.

But here is something which the majority will like much better, 'tis from Marlowe. He, too, had tasted love, the keen appreciative love of a poet ; for when *Frustus* summons *Helen*, he speaks as love could only prompt :

" Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss,—
 Her lips suck forth my soul ! see where it flies.
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again.
 Here will I dwell, for heav'n is in these lips—
 And all is dross that is not Helena.

Oh thou art fairer than the evening air,
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

I think these lines exquisite ; they insensibly lead one to Coleridge's "broad breasted old oak tree," inducing the same feeling.

" I guess 'twas frightful then to see
 A lady so richly clad as she,—
 Beautiful exceedingly."

The dreariest days may darken, clouding life with gloom, but every day is not a dark one. These changes are but temporary, and are by the wise, patiently borne. I have met many who could not endure the slightest cross in love, although 'tis as true in this case as in any other, that those who would wear the crown, must first learn to bear the cross. Thus, love may be "a re-delight," "a labyrinth of doubts," or as many other things, vexatious and painful, as the always experimenting little beauty may choose to make it ; but as was said long ago, who does not say now.

" Yet hurt her not, lest I sustain the smart,
 Which am content to lodge her in my heart."

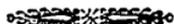
I think just now, that the best illustration we have of love is from the universal pen of "Will, of Avon."

“ When you speak, sweet,
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so, so give alms :
 Pray so, and for the ord'ring your affairs,
 To sing them too. When you dance, I wish you
 A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that ; move still, still so,
 And own no other function ; each your doing
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.”

The chief charm of love is constancy, and those who fancy that love “ may fly like a bird from tree to tree,” will experience the most bitter disappointment. A wanton fancy never knew those

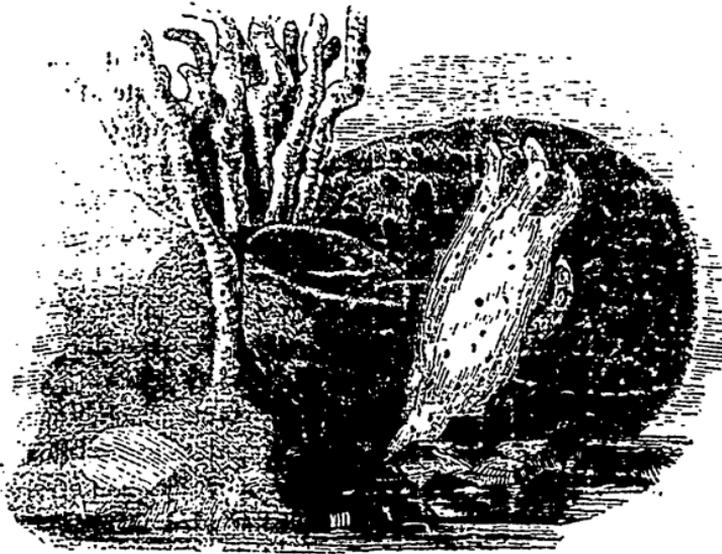
“ Hopes and fears that kindle hope,
 An undistinguishable throng,
 And gentle wishes *long* subdued,
 Subdued and cherished *long*.”

That “ ocean of life” on which all young lovers are embarked, can never prove a “ sunless sea,” if they do but love faithfully ; if false, then must all order and beauty perish, for “ Chaos is come again.”



A clergyman lately illustrated the necessity of corporal punishment for the correction of Juvenile depravity with the remark, that “ the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the *switch* to get it off.”

DECIDEDLY COOL.—An Arkansas volunteer in the Mexican war, riding on horseback, came across an Illinoisian who was shot in the leg. The Illinoisian told him he was wounded, and suggested to be taken up and conveyed out of danger. “ Arkansas” placed him on behind his saddle, and fastened him to himself with a leathern strap. While they were hastening from danger a grape shot took “ Illinois’ ” head off, but “ Arkansas” thought he had only fainted from fatigue and pain. When a safe place was arrived at, the horseman released his charge, and seeing his head was gone, exclaimed, “ Well, these Illinoisians are the greatest liars. Here’s a rascal with his head cut off, when he told me he was only shot in the leg. You can’t believe a word they say.”



SPONGES.

There are few subjects which have so long puzzled naturalists as the real nature of Sponges, whether they are vegetable or animal substances. Great names may be mentioned as maintaining each side of the question, and some indeed vacillating from one to the other, and back again. But, thanks to the aid of the microscope and the patient and accurate observations of Doctor Grant, the fact may be considered as now firmly and satisfactorily established that they are living creatures, of a low organisation indeed, but still of a most curious nature.

"Sponges," says Dr. Johnston, "appear to be true zoophytes; and it imparts additional interest to their study, to consider them, as they probably are, the first cradle of organic life, and exhibiting before us the lowest organisation compatible with its existence."

"Having put a small branch of the *Spongia coalita*, with some sea-water, into a watch-glass, under the microscope," Dr. Grant says, "on moving the watch-glass, so as to bring one of the apertures on the side of the sponge fully into view, I beheld, for the first time, the splendid spectacle of this living fountain vomiting forth from a circular cavity an impetuous torrent of liquid matter, and hurling along in rapid succession opaque masses, which it strewed everywhere around. The beauty and novelty of such a scene in the animal kingdom long arrested my attention, but

after twenty five minutes of constant observation, I was obliged to withdraw my eye from fatigue, without having seen the torrent for one instant change its direction, or diminish in the slightest degree the rapidity of its course. I continued to watch the same orifice at short intervals for five hours, sometimes observing it for a quarter of an hour at a time, but still the stream rolled on with a constant and equal velocity. About the end of this time, however, I observed the current become perceptibly languid; the small opaque flakes which had been thrown out with so much impetuosity at the beginning were now propelled to a shorter distance from the orifice, and fell to the bottom of the fluid within the sphere of vision; and in one hour more the current had entirely ceased." From numerous experiments on many species, Dr. Grant infers that all Sponges in a living state exhibit this sort of circulation, imbibing the untainted water by the pores, and propelling it in regular currents through the wide canals.

The Sponge *Halichondria oculata* may be found hanging from the under surface of rocks about the low-water mark of spring tides. A very curious specimen of this was found growing on the back of a small crab, a burden apparently as disproportionate as was that of Atlas, and yet the creature was seemingly little inconvenienced with its arboreous excrescence. Indeed, the protection and safety which the Crab would derive from the Sponge might more than compensate the hindrance opposed to its freedom and activity. When at rest its prey might seek without suspicion the shelter afforded amid the thick branches of the Sponge, and become easy captures; while when in motion scarce an enemy could recognise it under such a guise, and the boldest might be startled at the sight of such a monster.*

Another species of *Halichondria*, the Funnel-shaped Sponge, is found occasionally on the shores of the northern islands, bearing an analogy to the Neptune's Cup of the Indian Ocean, vastly inferior indeed in size, but excelling it in neatness of texture and sponginess.

Some Crabs of the Caribbean Islands "have on their backs houses of Sponge excavated and fitted to their shapes, under which they lie concealed while their prey approaches. In one species the houses were inimitably cut, having loop-holes for the eyes, and ridges on which the dorsal legs were fixed. The sponge

* Johnston on British Sponges.

does not lose its vitality, though it is probably cut and modelled by the Crab, a circumstance which would assist it in deceiving the animal on which it feeds."*

A few species of the Sponge of the Ulvæ family are used at table. The Lacinated Purple Laver (*Porphyra l. ciniata*), belonging to a genus distinguished by the delicacy of color and glossy hue of the frond, is very abundant on rocks and stones. This and the Common Purple Laver (*P. vulgaris*), if indeed they are not both the same plant distinguished only by size, is much eaten in many places, particularly in the south of England, pickled with salt, and preserved in jars, and, when brought to table, served up with lemon-juice and Cayenne pepper. It requires a little courage, perhaps, at first to taste it, but it is in general very much liked by those who once eat it. The collecting and preparing it affords occupation to many families on the north coast of Devonshire.

According to Lightfoot, the inhabitants of the Western Islands gather it in the month of March, and, after pounding and macerating it with a little water, eat it with pepper, vinegar, and butter. Others stew it with leeks and onions. In Scotland and Ireland it is called Stoke or Slokaun.

A green species, most abundant, called Green Laver, or Oyster-green (*Ulva latissima*), is also served at table in the same manner as the former. This diet is esteemed good, as almost all esculent vegetables are, for scrofulous habits. Lightfoot says that the islanders ascribe to it an anodyne virtue, and bind it about the forehead and temples to assuage head-ache in fevers and to procure sleep.

A singular species, named *Ulva thermalis*, from its place of growth, was found flourishing in the hot-springs of Gastein, where the water was of the temperature of 117° Fahrenheit.

This plant, also, which is attached to the stem of the Tangle, belongs to a genus of exceedingly delicate, rose-coloured plants, marked occasionally with faint veins towards the base; the surface of its frond is also very glossy: it derives its name, Dotted Nitophyllum (*Nitophyllum punctatum*), from the seed spots which are scattered about the frond. Another common species, the Lacerated Nitophyllum (*N. laceratum*), has the power of attaching itself by the edges, and creeping, as it were, upon the rocks and plants in its way; so much so, that it can hardly be gathered without some resistance and laceration.—*Selected.*

* Zoological Journal.

[For the Maple Leaf.

"SINGLE YET!"

BY EDLA.

"Single yet! Is it possible that one who used to talk so eloquently of the beauty of a life-union, has failed to form one for herself?" This exclamation and question were addressed to me, with reference to a mutual friend, by one who had launched her bark on the sea of love, and was sailing before favoring gales on its gentle waters.

Over her no clouds had gathered—no voice of tempest had broken the sweet calm of her life—no scathing lightnings had flashed athwart her way. Ah me, thought I, as I heard the remark, how little does the world know of heart-histories; how little does the looker-on see of the depth of tenderness often concealed under the gay exterior—the heart-wrung sigh which heaves beneath the ringing laugh!

The one of whom we had been speaking had been my earliest, most intimate friend, and to me, more than to any other, had she unveiled her heart.

She was a plain girl—nature had lavished on her no beauty, and yet there was a certain something about her, no one could tell what, which always insured her a full share of attention. The gift of language was peculiarly hers; and I have often seen her surrounded by a group of gentlemen listening, spell-bound, to her conversation, while many a more beautiful girl was for the time unthought of.

It was well known that several gentlemen had been deeply interested in her, and, as she was dependent on her own exertions for the means of support, it was to many a matter of wonder that year after year passed by, and left her still single. Had any one asked me, I could have told them why, with all her earnest enthusiasm and appreciation of the happiness of a well-ordered home, she was still tossing, a stray waif on the sea of existence. I could have pointed them to a time when, in early youth, the treasure of a noble heart had been laid at her feet. She was very young—too young to analyze the difference between friendship and love, and accepted the gift, ignorant of its value, or the necessity of returning an equivalent.

Time passed on, and her residence was changed, from the picturesque little village where she had passed the early spring-

time of youth, to a place which seemed at first utterly void of attraction; but it was destined to be to her the point from which to reckon the longitude of life. In this obscure little place were to be found only a few persons of her own age, and, among them, still fewer whose tastes and pursuits were at all congenial to her. She had enjoyed few scholastic advantages, it is true, but those few had been improved to the utmost. She had read much, and possessed a fund of information, which would have done credit to many a daughter of wealth. Possessed of a temperament highly susceptible of the finer emotions, she revelled in the beauty of nature, and her heart beat in full measure to the sweet notes of the poet's lyre. As she gazed into the deep blue sky and counted the glittering stars, those watch-fires of angels, or over the broad green earth, with its untold wealth of beauty and love, she wove bright dreams of a glowing future, and her heart went out longingly in search of some kindred spirit,—and she was not long left to search in vain.

One there was—a young man some few years her senior, who was prosecuting his studies in a neighboring college—whose home was near hers. In the vacations he was her near neighbor, and an acquaintance soon sprung up between them, which was not long in ripening into intimacy. Day after day found them together, reading, or talking, or at times sitting side by side in silence. I know not what strange spell bound him. I often thought it was only pity. *She* never asked or *thought*; it was enough for *her* that he was beside her—that she was listening to the music of his voice—that his dark, earnest eyes were gazing kindly into hers.

When he was absent, in term-time, she was ever looking eagerly for his return, and all her pursuits were planned with reference to him. If she read a fine poem, she remembered all the passages which would please him; if a story, her admiration of the hero was measured by his resemblance to Eustace. A song pleased her only as she thought its notes would fall pleasantly on his ear. And all this she did, and felt, without suspecting that he had become to her heart a part of its life—that he was more to her than a brother might have been.

Rumor indeed said that he was already engaged, but this did not trouble her—she only asked to be his friend.

With this strong attachment weaving itself into her very

being, it is no wonder that, as time wore on, she felt that she could never be happy with him, to whom she was virtually pledged; and as soon as she began to realize it, she frankly told him so, offering him a sister's affection as a small substitute for the devotion he had hoped to win.

And now life assumed to her a new form—set free from the old bonds, she seemed to herself like a bark cut loose from its moorings, and drifting amid breakers and quicksands.

Oh! how she longed for some friendly hand to grasp the strong cable of affection—but while she was waiting, it was winding itself more and more firmly around the young student.

Do not deem her weak. Do not blame her that she did not stem the tide ere it grew too mighty for her. Hers was a *woman's* heart, and far down in its depths the waves of a deathless love were surging. Had *fortune smiled* on her, you would have *lauded* her devotion.

As it *was*, the storm-king was gathering his hosts to crush the life from her young heart—the clouds were already lowering portentously over the horizon of her life—the cold waves were slowly, but surely preparing to roll over her, and O, saddest of all, she must stand unmoved and buffet the tempest alone. No cry of alarm must betray her position—no scalding tear must tell of her anguish. A fearful struggle was to be hers—God help her to endure it!

Oh! how rapidly flitted away the months of that last Summer, and when Autumn had donned his russet coat, how sadly she counted the days, for she knew that, when the first snows fell, she would be alone, for *he* was going away to assume the duties and responsibilities of his profession. They had talked over together all his hopes and plans—even his intended marriage. She schooled herself to sympathise in all, and for *his* sake she loved his chosen bride. Yes she *really* loved her, and would ever speak of her, as a sister might. Henceforth the gentle being, who had been crowned with the garland of affection by his hand, was to be, next to him, the dearest object in life. Oh! how she prayed that he might indeed find happiness in her, and, though she had won from her a priceless jewel, she did not envy her—she only prayed that God would teach her how to wear it.

If Eustace ever guessed the truth, he gave no evidence of it.

He had no sister, and seemed gladly to take her home to a brother's heart. After their separation they kept up a correspondence, and in the letters, which came at intervals, she seemed to live over again all that was lovely in the past.

At last a letter in his well-known hand came, telling her of the consummation of his happiness, and calling on her to sympathise with him in his joy. I shall never forget the look of hopeless, *inexpressible* anguish which she wore that day. I shall never forget how, on her knees that night, when she thought herself alone, she prayed for him and his bride, and then, as she asked for power "to suffer and be strong," I thought how pure and deep was that love, which gave no place to envy—which only longed for his happiness.

She rose from that prayer, outwardly calm. She had not *laid down* her burden, but an Almighty arm was helping her to bear it. This had been the one, *great* sorrow of her life, and, as its dark waters rolled over her, she had cried "Lord save or I perish," and the arms of Infinite Love had closed around her sinking soul.

The next day she wrote to Eustace, entering into the fulness of his joy, and telling him how truly she was, what he had called her, "his sister." And then she walked on in her lonely way; but hers was no sickly sentimentality. She was no love-lorn maiden. *Disappointed* she was not for she had had no expectations. He was to her all that he had ever professed to be—her *friend*.

Years made no difference in her love to him; though time swept over him, with its indellible impress, leaving ever broader and deeper the line, and the shadow, yet, amid all its changes, he still stood forth to her gaze, crowned with the halo of youth and of love. With his image thus graven on her heart, she could not give her hand to another. This is why she is "*Single yet*," and, though it is a story, which no one, who hears her ringing laugh, would guess, it is nevertheless a *true* one.

Environed by her prayers, he still keeps on the even tenor of his way, and wonders, with others, why his best friend, as he still calls her, does not marry.

"*Single yet!*" Sad words, if they are indeed true, but how few are *really* single. How few hearts, in this world of ours,

beat for self alone ! How few are there which have not some sacred reminiscences—some well-trôd footpaths in memory's domain, over which wander the spectre forms of olden loves !

“ *Single yet.*” O speak it not lightly, you cannot tell how mournfully these words may echo through the galleries of the heart—what monuments they are of withered hopes, of bleeding hearts !

But if single *here*, there is one strong consolation, in *heaven* there will be no barriers to divide hearts. We shall meet our kindred spirits. We shall know as we are known—there will be no mistakes *there*.

It is this hope, which cheers my friend, and, as day by day, she commends her loved ones to His care, who is unfailing, she looks forward to an endless union on high. God grant her enduring love may meet its reward.

Montreal, Sept. 16th, 1854.



AUTUMNAL TINTS. --OCTOBER.

Perhaps there is not a more beautiful sight throughout the whole year, than that which is presented by our woods and groves in the month of October. The richly-diversified tints and hues of forest-trees at this season give an air of grandeur to the landscape, which is altogether unrivalled ; and yet accompanied as it is, and must be, with the thoughts of decay and approaching desolation, the scenery of autumn generally inspires the observer with pensive emotions, approaching to sadness.—The eye of man is gratified by a mild and almost uniform tint during the period when the sun is brightest ; but at the close of summer the richest and most varied hues are imparted to the landscape, and the yearly exhibition of the phenomena of vegetation is thus terminated by a brilliant and beautiful display.

Many persons regard the autumnal coloring of the leaves of trees as the consequence of a diseased state of the foliage, which precedes its final decay ; others ascribe it to an alteration or diminution in the nutritive juices, which prepares the way for the fall of the leaf by paralyzing the upper net-work. But although in general it is true that the fall of the leaves is preceded by their change of color, yet there are many cases in which the leaves fall green ; and this fact must be considered of some importance,

because if the change of color in autumn foliage were a token of disease, and a commencement of death, we should expect the token to be constant throughout vegetation; but if it be a consequence or continuance of the regular action of the same agents which preside over the other functions of the plant, and thus exhibit a sign of life rather than a token of death, it is to be expected that such variations should occur.

It is well known that it is at the end of summer, or in the course of autumn, that the change in the color of leaves is produced. However varied their tints may be, they nevertheless, with few exceptions, come to shades of yellow or red, which are at this period the predominant colors of the landscape. This change is far from being sudden. In general the green color in the leaf disappears gradually; many leaves, however, as those of the acacia and apricot, begin to grow yellow here and there, and in spots. In others, as the pear tree, &c., spots of a beautiful green remain for a long time on the orange or yellow ground of the leaves. Some leaves, those of the sumach for instance, begin to change at their edges, and especially at the tip. The nerves, and the adjacent parts of the *parenchyma*, or pulp which connects the veins, seem to retain the green color longest. It has been observed that leaves of the deepest green assume the red color, and those whose green is pale, the yellow or yellowish tint.—Most of the leaves, however, which become red, pass through the yellow as an intermediate tint, as in the sumach.

Light exerts a great influence upon the autumnal change in the color of leaves; for in those which naturally overlap each other in part, the uncovered portion is always more quickly and more deeply colored than the rest. By entirely sheltering from the action of light either whole branches, or parts of leaves, it has been found that the change of color is prevented. If an entire leaf is excluded from the light, it falls from the stem in the green state; if a portion of a leaf is shaded, the remaining part changes color, while the shaded portion retains its original hue. If leaves, or portions of leaves, which are yellow before reddening, as those of the sumach, are placed in the dark, the leaves fall off yellow, or the covered part retains that color, while the rest becomes red; thus proving the necessity of the action of light in all the stages of coloring.

It is well known that the green parts of plants absorb oxygen

during the night, and exhale a certain proportion of that gas when exposed to the action of the sun. It has been ascertained by a series of experiments that the leaves already colored do not disengage oxygen gas by exposure to the sun's light: that when the leaves are either colored in part, or at the point of changing color, even although they yet appear green to the eye, they from that moment cease to give out oxygen when exposed to the sun: that the leaves on arriving at the very point where the tendency to the autumnal coloring commences, continue to inspire oxygen gas during the night, and in a quantity always decreasing in proportion as the coloring advances: and hence it is to the fixation of the oxygen in the coloring matter of the leaf that the change of tint is most probably owing.

The green substance of the leaves possesses peculiar properties, and appears to be the seat of the modifications which take place in the appearance of the foliage. It has often been proved that if a green leaf is left in an acid, it becomes yellow or red, and that if it then be placed in an alkali the green color is restored. So, on the other hand, if the yellow leaf of a tree be allowed to remain for some time in potash, or any other alkali, it becomes of a beautiful green, without experiencing any other sensible alteration.

If the reddened leaves of the sumach, or of the pear-tree, are treated with boiling alcohol, the liquor becomes of a fine blood-red, and by evaporation deposits a resinous substance, which becomes of a fine green by the action of alkalies. An acid in this case restores the red color. As the green is frequently seen to pass through the yellow hue before arriving at the red, we might naturally conclude that the latter is at a higher degree of oxygenation. Hence the autumnal change in the color of the leaves may be owing to the successive fixation of new doses of oxygen, which continue to be absorbed without being exhaled. This would explain the phenomena presented by certain leaves, as those of the *Arum bicolor*, which exhibit the three orders, red, yellow, and green, at once, or those of the *Tradescantia discolor*, which present a beautiful red color at their under surface, while the upper is green. Experiments made by M. Macaire prove that the same coloring principle that is found in the leaves may also be found in the flowers.

The red substance obtained from the colored calyxes of *Salvia*

splendens was rendered green by the alkalies, and became red a second time by the addition of an acid. The red principle obtained from the petals of red geranium, Bengal roses, asters, &c., followed the same rule; while from yellow flowers a yellow coloring matter was obtained, which was rendered green by alkalies. White flowers appear to contain a slightly yellow substance, modified by some natural process. Reddish-blue flowers, such as those of the gilly-flower, yield a tint at first rosy, then purplish, and leaving a residuum of a fine violet color. The flowers of the blue sweet violet give also a substance of similar hue, which, like the others, is rendered green by alkalies, and red by acids; it is soluble in cold water, and might be kept in a state of powder, were it wished to preserve the color of violets.

From these and numerous other similar facts M. Macaire endeavored to prove—1st, That all the colored parts of vegetables contain a substance capable of changing color by slight modifications. 2nd, That it is to the fixation of oxygen, and to a sort of acidification of this coloring matter, that the autumnal change in the appearance of leaves is owing.

The ascent of watery exhalations from the earth during the middle of the day, and their sudden condensation at night by the chilling frosts of this month, make it in general a time of mists and fogs: the singular appearance of these, as they sometimes come gradually over the landscape, is well described by a modern writer. "The vapour rises visibly (from the face of a distant river, perhaps,) like steam from a boiling caldron; and, climbing up into the blue air as it advances, rolls wreath over wreath till it reaches the spot on which you are standing; and then, seeming to hurry past you, its edges, which have hitherto been distinctly defined, become no longer visible; and the whole scene of beauty, which a few moments before surrounded you, is, as it were, rapt from your sight like an unreal vision of the air, and you seem (and in fact are) transferred into the bosom of a cloud."

It is very interesting to observe the beautiful provision made for the dispersion of seeds, which are now fully ripe, and if not disseminated by the active care of man, are yet provided, each according to its peculiar character and requirements, with the means of "sowing themselves." Such seeds as require protection from the variations of the weather during their progress to maturity are enveloped in husks, or shells, or *st. nes*, as we are

accustomed to call them, on account of their excessive hardness ; others are inclosed within a case or pod of peculiar texture, fitted at once for protection and nourishment ; some lie within scaly cones, others in husky sheaths, while numbers are provided with a delicate apparatus for transmitting them to other spots, and are called winged seeds. Whether contained in stone or pod, husk or shell, the kernel or seed is set free by the opening of its prison-doors, as soon as it has attained full maturity, and is ready to be deposited in its proper soil.

Although from the age of Numa, October has been the tenth month of the year, it derives its name from its original position in the Alban Calendar, being compounded of *octo*, eight, and of *imber*, a shower. It was dedicated by the Romans to Mars, and bore for a short period the names of Faustinus and Invictus, but quickly regained its original appellation. The ancient Saxons called it *Wyn Monath*, or the wine month, and also *Winter Fyllyth*, from the near approach of that season.

In old pictures, this month is represented by a man sowing corn ; but, in more modern ones, by a man with a basket of chestnuts, and clothed in a mantle of the color of the decaying leaf, which at this period begins to strew the earth, and clothe it in a sad-colored garment. The scorpion is the sign which the sun enters on the 23rd of this month.—*Selected.*



WONDERS OF THE SEA SHORE.

“ A kind of shell called the *Pecten Jacobæa*, or Pilgrim Scallop, was formerly worn on the hat or coat as a mark that the wearers had crossed the sea for the purpose of paying their devotions in the Holy Land. It was not, however, only the mark of pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but this species has been termed the shell of St. James the Greater, as being his peculiar cognizance. The great Spanish military order of Santiago de la Espada is said to have been instituted in memory of the battle of Clavijo, in which no less than 60,000 Moors were killed. At the battle (such was the belief) St. James appeared on a white horse, the housings charged with escallops, his own particular cognizance, fighting for the Christians under Ramira, King of Leon, in the year 844. The saint was thus represented in his military character on the standard of the order used in the army of Ferdi-

nand and Isabella at the conquest of Granada. The city of Compostella, in Galicia, became the seat of the order of Saint James, from the legend of the real body of the saint having been discovered there in the eighth century, and which became almost immediately an object of pilgrimage. Ships were loaded every year with devotees to his shrine, who carried out large sums to defray the expenses of their journey, and it appears that the pilgrims in many instances united trade with their devotion.

Some went for payment of a vow,
 In time of trouble made;
 And some who found that pilgrimage
 Was a pleasant sort of trade.

An order of knighthood, denominated the Ship and Escallops-shell, was instituted by St. Louis, to induce the nobility of France to accompany him in his expedition to the Holy Land. And Guillim, in his *Display of Heraldry*, says, "Such is the beautiful shape that Nature hath bestowed upon this shell, as that the collar of the order of St. Michael in France, (founded by Louis XI. in 1476,) in the first institution thereof, was richly garnished with certain pieces of gold artificially wrought, as near as the artificer could by imitation express the stamp of nature." The jewel to the collar represented the saint trampling on a dragon. It is still borne in the arms of many families, but whether legitimately, according to the poet's verse, is perhaps difficult to determine:—

For the scallop shews in a coat of arms,
 That of the bearer's line
 Some one, in former days hath been,
 To Santiago's shrine."



A JOKE.—A well-known physician in a certain town, is very much annoyed by an old lady who is always sure to accost him in the street, for the purpose of telling over her ailments.—Once she met him in Broadway, as he was in a very great hurry. "Ah! I see you are quite feeble," said the doctor; "shut your eyes and show me your tongue." She obeyed, and the doctor, quietly moving off, left her standing there for some time in this ridiculous position, to the infinite amusement of all who witnessed the funny scene.

[Written for the "Maple Leaf."

WHAT IF?

What if the hope of the heart were lost!—

What if, with his sable wing,
The stern, unbending spirit of fate
Dark shadows should o'er us fling?

What if the love, that shines on us here,
Should fade, and vanish away—
What if the gloom of the midnight deep
Should fall on the rising day?

What if the friends, we so dearly love,
Should shrink from our warm embrace,
And our hearts should sad and weary grow
As we run life's onward race?—

Still can we turn to a higher hope,
A purer—holier love—
To a morn which midnight darkens not
Earth's shadows and mists above.

We still can look to a blessed land,
Where friends will be *friends for aye*—
Where partings come not, to wound the heart—
Where *love* holds an endless sway.

We ne'er shall tire of that glorious life,
That measureless wealth of joy—
The gold of our hearts will ever glow
Untarnish'd by grief's alloy.

EDLA.

Ferrisburgh, Vt., August 18th, 1854.



[For the Maple Leaf.

THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

CHAP. II.

Near the far-famed and beautiful Lakes of Killarney stands an ancient and castellated mansion, the view from which forms, even among the many rivalling each other in picturesque loveliness, a gem of concentrated beauty.

On the southeast side ran a wide stone terrace in the Italian style, large stone lions guarding each flight of steps leading to it from successive terraces below, forming the descent to the pleasure garden.

At the foot of this ran the Loune, a broad and noble river, rising

a few miles distant in the lower Lake of Killarney, and here broken by small, irregular, and richly wooded islands, connected by rustic and picturesque bridges, forming a succession of turbid rapids. The islands, beautifully wooded, are the favorite resort of that ancient bird of the land, the Heron, who build their nests in the highest trees. From the upper terrace the eye gazes with delight over the winding waters of the Lounne to the landscape beyond.

Issac Walton would have revelled in the rural shades on its picturesque banks, and the burnished fins of the salmon would have delighted him equally, with nature's sweetest sounds. There is a peculiar feature connected with the salmon of this river; long after salmon fishing is over in other streams, they resort hither, as though they too could appreciate a scene so fraught with loveliness.

On a small mound, some distance above the islands, rises one of those most ancient and singular round towers so peculiar to Ireland, and so fraught with touching interest connected with the past.

The principal approach to the mansion was by a massive stone bridge, with its time-worn buttresses, on ascending from which, the magnificent panorama unfolds its diversified beauties. The first and grandest feature in the landscape is the Purple Mountain, towering in shadowy grandeur to the left, deriving its name from the tint peculiar to it, forming one side of the famous Gap of Dunloe. At its foot stands an ancient rookery, with its gigantic tree, coeval with the lapse of centuries; beyond rises Brandon Mountain, whose top is covered with eternal snow. The Mountains to the West continue to form one grand amphitheatre, and at their base lies a beautiful and sun-lit landscape. Still farther, they are lost in the azure firmament, the view terminated by the far-famed "Magilleguddy Reeks." Another feature and a most striking one in this wonderful blending of scenery is the Gap of Dunloe, a natural pass formed by the the Purple Mountain, and another nearly equalling it in height. For many miles this singular and romantic pass may be clearly seen, and at the close of day, when the sun throws the gilding rays of his departing glory on the deep and narrow gorge, one might fancy it the entrance of the golden gate of Eden, so calm and still is the magical scene around. All this diversified love-

liness is rendered still more striking by the view which meets the eye of the spectator as he glances to the North ; there extends, far as the eye can reach, a wide moorland waste, and the wearied vision aches as it traverses this vast monotonous plain, unbroken by aught to relieve its death-like stillness and dreariness, an apt similitude of the physical beauty and mental prostration of the land. Ireland, for thy poor misguided sons a dawning of brighter days has already begun,—kindled in the west,—and we hail it as the embers of a fire which shall yet run throughout the length and breadth of the land, when her sons may seek the truth, not from the crafty words of men's wisdom, but direct from the source of Light. The thunders of the Vatican may be launched over her valleys, but the perfumes of a holy and pure worship will yet arise from them ; as the lonely wild flowers raise their heads unharmed by the lightning that flashes over the rocks above them. A hush of deep expectation is even now taking place at the giant-like contest between truth and superstition. The former is seen approaching with celestial power the false altars of the land. Already are heard the whispers of the seraphim, the gentle voices of angels through the still air, expressive of that sympathy which I think we are authorized to believe the invisible hosts of heaven take in this lower world.

And yet this dreariness does but enhance the transcendent beauty of the former view, the very contrast rendering it still more striking. Who can gaze untouched upon such a scene, or without the heart rising in gratitude to the giver of such good ? Let the sceptic or the doubting spirit stand here, watching the sinking of the setting sun behind the distant mountains, its departing rays shedding a softened glory over the landscape, then reflect that the darkness stealing over this world, visible to him, brings light to another hemisphere. After the hours of rest he again awakens to see the glorious orb of day shine upon him ; will not his spirit believe, if, indeed, it ever doubted, that man, so surely as he lies down in his last long sleep, will rise again to commence, according to his life on earth, a course of uninterrupted brightness, or one of endless misery ? Can we look untouched on such a scene ? Will not our hearts, casting off the dross of earthly worldliness which they have contracted, rise with gratitude to Him, at whose all powerful word arose this fair and beautiful creation ? In the words of the sweet bard of Erin, we well may say,—

"Some flowrets of Eden we still inherit,
 'Though the trail of the Serpent is over them all."

But while gazing thus the spirit leaves, far behind it the dross of earthly worldliness, and an earnest longing after what is fair and good must surely rise in the heart, however sin may have heretofore reigned there. In this, one of a fallen earth's most lovely homes, and among scenes of so inspiring a nature, resided a gentleman of the old school, descended from a Huguenot family, whose predecessor had for many years occupied the above mentioned mansion. His family consisted of two surviving daughters, Constance and Emilie de Beranger. Some years before he had lost his beloved wife, and his affections were now centred in them; and they did, indeed, experience the fullness of a father's love. Their mother dying when the little Emilie could hardly appreciate her irreparable loss, the child had clung in all the strength of her loving nature to her older and more thoughtful sister, who, with untiring devotion, had endeavored to supply the place of her lamented mother.

C. H.

Ravenscourt, Sept. 19.

(To be continued.)



[For the Maple Leaf.

OUR JOURNEY.

Homeward bound, we exclaimed, as the door closed upon the friends who accompanied us to the cars, and the quick click of wheels announced the moment of departure. Homeward! at the thought up gushed in torrents the warm blood till our heart beat tumultuously, and the very air seemed endued with new vitality. We adjusted a travelling bag, leaned back in our seat cheerfully, and felt a wonderful elasticity of spirit. In a moment memory busied herself with the scenes we had witnessed during the past few weeks. We saw again the beautiful variety of our Upper Canada landscapes,—the grand flow of the river, the far stretching Ontario, the regularity and elegance displayed in the cities, and above all, with a sweeter and more powerful effect, the faces of the friends, whose voices had sunk into our heart in tones never to be forgotten. Yes, we were turning towards our home treasures. How inexpressibly dear does each loved one become to the wanderer, and how fancy runs wild with her fairy sketches

of the forms and grouping, the sayings and doings, tableaux vivantes of the precious household band, as the traveller hurries on his way to meet them! We had been absent for several weeks, and no wonder we wished the almost "lightning" speed at which we were dashing on might be uninterrupted until borne as on a stream of electricity, the whole majestic train of cars should wheel up at the terminus opposite Montreal. But perfection, even in modes of travelling, has not yet awarded her palm of victory to any invention, nor will she, probably, until in the latest era of time the most approved aerial carriage shall be patented, and man, provided with wings, shall fly swifter than eagles across deserts and over lofty mountains. Till then the traveller will find ample time for speculation as he journeys from one "station" to another, and he will do well to give the reins to imagination, and delight himself in a world of his own creation. If he is alone, as we were, and looks in vain for some friendly eye to sympathise in the glance of pleasure which he casts upon the glowing beauties of hill and wooded valley, he will need to forget himself, and weave a garland from the materials he can see in nature before him, and the human forms within and immediately near.

It was a lovely day, and the flourishing little city of London appeared to good advantage. Its fine features were warmly appreciated by us, as it vanished in the distance, and the last glimpse we could catch of its cozy dwellings gave birth to pleasant recollections of the friends we had left, and the hospitality we had received. Henceforth this is to be a spot to which memory will journey, and the beautiful view we had obtained from the top of the Court House, where a friend conducted us, will live fresh in our mind as long as that mind can enjoy a bright landscape, or re-create the past.

We passed two days in London very pleasantly. We think we should like to live there. It seems to be a place where one could feel at home, and take root, and where business thrives. The city is laid out with great regularity, the streets are very broad and straight. We experienced a peculiar temporary accession of strength while walking through those broad streets, similar to the impression we had in Toronto, while walking down Yonge Street; a kind of sympathetic emotion of grandeur, a prophetic foreshadowing of the future greatness of these young cities, already so dignified and imposing in their character. The railroad

coming in at London has given a wonderful acceleration to enterprise; the people are intelligent, industrious, and successful. We could not help feeling a great desire to go on westward to the end of the Canada route, the mind so naturally reaches forward in the direction of a definite end; but, though we could have reached Detroit in a few hours, we concluded that the desire to see the end of a railroad route would be equally strong when we could once be in a full career in an opposite direction, and, therefore, deferred visiting that part of the country until a future period. Railroads and telegraph connect Montreal with all the important places west; it is really magical to witness their operation when applied to every-day life. A lady who was travelling in the cars with us, received by telegraph in Detroit, at 7 o'clock one evening, the news of her father's illness, at 7 o'clock next morning she left Detroit in the cars, took the Canadian route to the Suspension Bridge, then the New York Central railroad, at 10 o'clock that night arrived at Port Byron, a place near Syracuse, where her relatives reside. A few years ago letters were nearly a week travelling between these points.

The country between London and Hamilton is finely diversified. The two streams uniting at London to form the Thames, meander through the country for miles along the railroad route, their windings add much to the beauty of the hilly landscape, which is constantly changing to the eye of the spectator. One moment he sees a deep ravine, through which flows a little stream, and anon a thrifty settlement, with its saw-mill and flouring establishment testify to the activity and prosperity of the inhabitants. A stranger who looks upon this country,—sprinkled as it is with growing villages and well cultivated farms,—perceives at once that it is a desirable location for enterprising people. Paris, Brantford, and Dundas are fine flourishing places in this vicinity, easy of access, and inviting from their picturesque situation.

Hamilton, at the head of navigation on lake Ontario, is fast acquiring importance and substantial commercial character; increasing rapidly in population, and numbers many churches and public institutions. It is situated about a mile and a half from the steamboat landing. Omnibuses and carriages are in readiness to convey travellers from the wharf to the city. The weather was so warm, while we were there, that we did not dare to go about as much as we wished. The mountain, back

of the city, its chief ornament, bears some resemblance to Mount Royal. There seems to be room enough in the great business streets, and as one looks down at the long line of stores, he is impressed with the fact, that a great amount of business must be transacted there. The hotels of Hamilton are respectable, some of them are on a large scale, handsomely furnished, and well attended. At the City Hotel the most admirable system seemed to prevail. Colored waiters anticipate the wants of travellers in a quiet, polite, and efficient manner.

In travelling one cannot help philosophising a little; calling to mind what a wonderful world this is, what untold myriads swarm over its surface, each individual heart carrying a little world within itself; one cannot help thinking of the sorrows and joys, the beauties and deformities that appear in close proximity amid its every-day scenes, and realising that human nature is the same in essence everywhere. Still, as we journey from one place to another, we meet kindred spirits, for there are invisible telegraphic lines running here and there through the world, keeping open communication between hearts. Thus thinking we are apt to feel aware of the majesty that gathers around human existence, and perhaps are much more benefited by journeying, because we get time to think, than we could be any other way. For ourselves we felt so cheered by all we saw of prosperity in Upper Canada, that we turned homewards with new energy to the city of our adoption and love. We came back by way of Lake Champlain and Rouse's Point, and as the spires of Montreal came in sight with the line of noble wharves in front, we thought no city could present a more beautiful appearance.

Montreal, September, 1854.



THE BEAR AND THE MONKEYS.—A great number of monkeys lived in a delightful country stored with all manner of pleasant fruits. A bear travelling that way by accident, and considering the beauty of the residence, and the sweet lives the monkeys led, said to himself, "It is not just or reasonable that these little animals should live so happy, while I am forced to run through forests and mountains in search of food." Saying this, he ran among the monkeys, and killed some of them, and dispersed others. But, uniting their force, they fell upon him, and bit and mauled him with such effect, that he was soon covered with blood, and did not ultimately escape without great difficulty. Combined exertions of the individually insignificant are more than adequate to repel the aggressions of the individually strong. Union is strength.

EXTRACTS FROM "SUNNY MEMORIES OF FOREIGN LANDS."

BY MRS. H. D. STOWE.

The next morning, at ten o'clock, we rode with a party of friends to see some of the *notabilia*. First, to Bothwell Castle, of old the residence of the "Black Douglas." The name had for me the quality of enchantment. I cannot understand nor explain the nature of that sad yearning and longing with which one visits the mouldering remains of a state of society which one's reason wholly disapproves, and which one's calm sense of right would think it the greatest misfortune to have recalled; yet when the carriage turned under the shadow of beautiful ancient oaks, and Mr. S. said, "There, we are in the grounds of the old Black Douglas family!" I felt every nerve shiver. I remembered the dim melodies of the Lady of the Lake. Bothwell's lord was the lord of this castle, whose beautiful ruins here adorn the banks of the Clyde.

Whatever else we have or may have in America, we shall never have the wild, poetic beauty of these ruins. The present noble possessors are fully aware of their worth as objects of taste, and, therefore, with the greatest care are they preserved. Winding walks are cut through the grounds with much ingenuity, and seats or arbors are placed at every desirable and picturesque point of view.

To the thorough-paced tourist, who wants to *do* the proprieties in the shortest possible time, this arrangement is undoubtedly particularly satisfactory; but to the idealist, who would like to roam, and dream, and feel, and to come unexpectedly on the choicest points of view, it is rather a damper to have all his raptures prearranged and foreordained for him, set down in the guide-book and proclaimed by the guide, even though it should be done with the most artistic accuracy.

Nevertheless, when we came to the arbour which commanded the finest view of the old castle, and saw its gray, ivy-clad walls, standing forth on a beautiful point, round which swept the brown, dimpling waves of the Clyde, the indescribable sweetness, sadness, wildness of the whole scene would make its voice heard in our hearts. "Thy servants take pleasure in her dust, and favor the stones thereof," said an old Hebrew poet, who must have felt the inexpressibly sad beauty of a ruin. All the splendid phantasmagoria of chivalry and feudalism, knights, ladies, banners, glittering arms, sweep before us; the cry of the battle, the noise of the captains, and the shouting; and then in contrast this deep stillness, that green, clinging ivy, the gentle, rippling river, those weeping birches, dipping in its soft waters,—all these, in their quiet loveliness, speak of something more imperishable than brute force.

The ivy on the walls now displays a trunk in some places as large as a man's body. In the days of old Archibald the Grim, I suppose that ivy was a little weak twig, which, if he ever noticed, he must have thought the feeblest and slightest of all things; yet Archibald has gone back to dust, and the ivy is still growing on. Such force is there in gentle things!

I have often been dissatisfied with the admiration which a poetic education has woven into my nature for chivalry and feudalism; but, on a closer examination, I am convinced that there is a real and proper foundation for it, and that, rightly understood, this poetic admiration is not inconsistent with the spirit of Christ.

For, let us consider what it is we admire in these Douglasses, for instance, who, as represented by Scott, are perhaps as good exponents of this idea as any. Was it their hardness, their cruelty, their hastiness to take offence, their fondness for blood and murder? All these, by and of themselves, are simply disgusting. What, then, do we admire? Their courage, their fortitude, their scorn of lying and dissimulation, their high sense of personal honor, which led them to feel themselves the protectors of the weak, and to disdain to take advantage of unequal odds against an enemy. If we read the book of Isaiah, we shall see that some of the most striking representations of God appeal to the very same principles of our nature.

The fact is, there can be no reliable character which has not its basis in these strong qualities. The beautiful must ever rest in the arms of the sublime. The gentle needs the strong to sustain it, as much as the rock-flowers need rocks to grow on, or yonder ivy the rugged wall which it embraces. When we are admiring these things, therefore, we are only admiring some sparkles and glimmers of that which is divine, and so coming nearer to Him in whom all fulness dwells.

After admiring at a distance, we strolled through the ruins, themselves. Do you remember, in the *Lady of the Lake*, where the exiled Douglas, recalling to his daughter the images of his former splendor, says,—

“ When Blantyre hymned her holiest lays,
And Bothwell's walls flung back the praise? ”

These lines came forcibly to my mind, when I saw the mouldering ruins of Blantyre priory rising exactly opposite to the castle on the other side of the Clyde.

The banks of the river Clyde, where we walked, were thick set with Portuguese laurel, which I have before mentioned as similar to our rhododendron. I here noticed a fact with regard to the ivy which had often puzzled me; and that is, the different shapes of

its leaves in the different stages of its growth. The young ivy has an indented leaf; but when it has become more than a century old every trace and indentation melts away, and this I found to be the invariable shape of the oldest ivy, in all the ruins of Europe which I explored.

This ivy, like the spider, takes hold with her hands in king's palaces, as every twig is furnished with innumerable little clinging fingers, by which it draws itself close, as it were, to the very heart of the old rough stone.

Its clinging and beautiful tenacity has given rise to an abundance of conceits about fidelity, friendship, and woman's love, which have become commonplace simply from their appropriateness. It might, also, symbolize that higher love, unconquerable and unconquered, which has embraced this ruined world from age to age, silently spreading its green over the rents and fissures of our fallen nature, giving "beauty for ashes, and garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

There is a modern mansion, where the present proprietor of the estate lives. It was with an emotion partaking of the sorrowful, that we heard that the Douglas line, as such, was extinct, and that the estate had passed to distant connections. I was told that the present Lord Douglas is a peaceful clergyman, quite a different character from old Archibald the Grim.

The present residence is a plain mansion, standing on a beautiful lawn, near the old castle. The head gardener of the estate and many of the servants came out to meet us, with faces full of interest. The gardener walked about to show us the localities, and had a great deal of the quiet intelligence and self-respect which, I think, are characteristic of the laboring classes here. I noticed that on the green sweep of the lawn, he had set out here and there a good many daises, as embellishments to the grass, and these in many places were defended by sticks bent over them, and that, in one place, a bank overhanging the stream was radiant with yellow daffodils, which appeared to have come up and blossomed there accidentally. I know not whether these were planted there, or came up of themselves.

We next went to the famous Bothwell Bridge, which Scott has immortalized in *Old Mortality*. We walked up and down, trying to recall the scenes of the battle, as there described, and were rather mortified, after we had all our associations comfortably located upon it, to be told that it was not the same bridge—it had been newly built, widened, and otherwise made more comfortable and convenient.

Of course, this was evidently for the benefit of society, but it was certainly one of those cases where the poetical suffers for the prac-

tical. I comforted myself in my despondency, by looking over at the old stone piers underneath, which were indisputably the same. We drove now through beautiful grounds, and alighted at an elegant mansion, which in former days belonged to Lockhart, the son-in-law of Scott. It was in this house that *Old Mortality* was written.

As I was weary, the party left me here, while they went on to see the Duke of Hamilton's grounds. Our kind hostess showed me into a small study, where she said *Old Mortality* was written. The window commanded a beautiful view of many of the localities described. Scott was as particular to consult for accuracy in his local descriptions as if he had been writing a guide-book.

He was in the habit of noting down in his memorandum-book even names and characteristics of the wildflowers and grasses that grew about the place. When a friend once remarked to him that he should have supposed his imagination could have supplied such trifles, he made an answer that is worth remembering by every artist,—that no imagination could long support its freshness which was not nourished by a constant and minute observation of nature.



EDITORIAL.

The summer heat so oppressive in our cities, offers a reasonable excuse for our wishing to have a change, and the facilities for travelling are increasing so rapidly, that almost every one can avail himself of them at least for a short time. In the present age so much is to be learned, and kept in mind, it becomes a kind of duty for all to move about some. Besides in travelling we come in contact with character, form new associations, and call upon memory to "lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes."

We felt happy to get away from the dusty city, and look out upon a scene unbounded, save by the imaginary boundary of the horizon, and it was inspiring to see the evidences of so much manly energy and skill as continually presented themselves to our view during our journey up the St. Lawrence. Pleasing as this was for a time, and rich as it made us in happy remembrances of kind friends as well as lovely scenery, we gladly found ourselves back in our cozy little sanctum ready to devote ourselves to our labors with fresh zeal. And sure we are that life and labor with all their earnest realities will become doubly interesting to us from the accessions of thought gathered from the varied scenes we beheld during our little trip. We are happy to express our thanks to the kind friend who presided so efficiently at the editorial table during our absence; the September number which came out under her supervision abounds in excellent matter.

The "Gap of Dunloe," written by Mrs. Hayward, for the *Maple Leaf*, promises to be deeply interesting. The description of mountain scenery is given with a delicate appreciation of beauty that indicates the eye of an artist.

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 support 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 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.

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.

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,

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Montreal, July 1st, 1854.

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