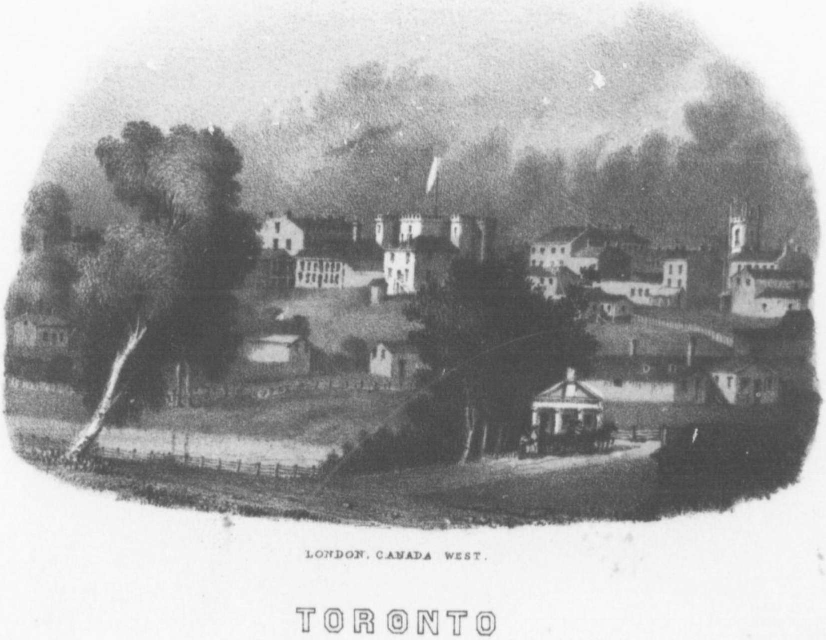

CANADIAN
ANNUAL.

TORONTO

from the Entrance of the Harbour.

THE
MAPLE LEAF
OR
CANADIAN ANNUAL
A
LITERARY SOUVENIR
FOR
1848



LONDON, CANADA WEST.

TORONTO
HENRY ROWSELL
KING STREET

THE MAPLE-LEAF,

OR

Canadian Annual;

A LITERARY SOUVENIR

FOR

1848.

" Go, little book—from this our solitude
We cast thee on the waters ! Go thy ways—
If, as we fain believe, thy vein be good,
The world shall find thee after many days.
Be it with thee according to thy worth ;
Go, little book, in faith we send thee forth !"
SOUTHEY.

TORONTO:
HENRY ROWSELL,
KING STREET.

ROWSELL AND THOMPSON, PRINTERS, TORONTO.

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INTRODUCTION.

When we launched our tiny bark last year, and called it by the name of the chosen emblem of Canada, we had certainly but little expectation that it would be deemed of sufficient strength or capacity to warrant the bold experiment of shaping its course across the wild Atlantic to our parent isles.

> "For other waves her ribs were fram'd,
> For other ports we steer'd."

The little craft, intended merely for freshwater voyaging, was adapted solely for the navigation of our lakes and rivers, and the highest hopes of success, which its builders cherished for their adventure, were, that the fairy vessel and its light cargo might possibly be welcomed on each annual trip by the borderers on those waters, on which it was designed to float.

In other words, influenced by the expectation, that our readers would be almost exclusively the residents in the province, we prepared our first number wholly with reference to what we conceived might be acceptable to them, and accordingly selected the scenes and subjects of the old world, as likely to be most attractive—offering, as they do, the charms of novelty to some, and awakening the pleasures of memory in others.

On the appearance of the work, however, we found that we were mistaken in our opinions. The circulation of the Annual was not as limited as we had anticipated, and both near and distant friends regretted the absence from the volume of the characteristics of the land of "the Maple Leaf."

We have, therefore, now endeavoured to supply what, we have reason to believe, was generally considered a defect in our first attempt, and have, with this object, drawn from the treasure-house of the fair land of our adoption, the subjects not merely for two of our views, but also for a very considerable portion of the literary contents.

Having explained the change which will be observable in the present volume and the reason thereof, but little more remains for us than, as in duty bound during this holyday time, to wish our readers "the compliments of the season"—make our best bow—and withdraw; but as possibly some of our friends on the other side of the Atlantic may desire to know something more than can be derived from mere inspection of the Frontispiece and Vignette illustration, we shall defer our parting salutations until we have taken a glance—albeit a hurried one—at the principal features of Toronto and London.

Some fifty years ago the Upper Canadian capital stood on the banks of the Niagara, too close to our active American neighbours for either policy or safety.

A noble bay, clasped in the wide-spread arms of a natural breakwater on the north-western shore of Ontario, attracted the keen eye of Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe; and soon a few lowly roofs rising at the bottom of the harbour from the marshes at the mouth of the slow-paced Don, and a low fort commanding the entrance of the bay, with the red-cross floating over its humble battlement, broke the monotony of the wild forest landscape.

The dwellings of the earliest settlers, the rude pioneers of civilization, were in true patriarchal style; they abode in the field sheltered by tabernacles, that (as the legend runs) had made the circuit of the globe with the illustrious Cook. Rude, indeed, were those primitive days—Macadam was a name unknown—plank-roads and gas-lights, mere fictions of lying travellers. Yet steadily though slowly the good town grew, and peace and plenty (with one brief interval) were the characteristics of its quiet life. Some few of those who bore the heat and burden of the day, and saw the first roof-tree rise from the marshes of Little York, have lived to see themselves, their children and grand-children, citizens of a large and prosperous city; but the green turf wraps the graves of the greater part of those who knew it in its infant days.

The tourist who would visit Toronto to indulge a taste for antiquarian research, will find but little to reward his labour. The red men have left their forests—they have sought other hunting grounds, and, true to their native habits, have left no trail. But if her history be brief, it is not wholly devoid of interest. In the last ten years of her life she has acquired most of the substantial advantages of a European city.

To the traveller who looks with greater pleasure on evidences of health and vigour—on the busy wrestling of civilization with the wilderness—than on ruin and decay and the ivy creeping over the fallen remains of man's past energy—there are few places capable of exciting a livelier interest than Toronto. The Present and the Future occupy her thoughts far more than the Past.

"Be the Greek o'er annals poring,
Let the Roman mourn the past—
Like the Persian, morn-adoring,
Her glance is Onward cast!"

Viewed from the noble highway of Ontario, the city, with her rectangular streets, presents a pleasing aspect. Gradually rising from the water's edge, her ranges of buildings are at length bounded by the green outline of pine-forest that seems to enclose her in its embrace. The prominent points are the tall spires of St. James's Cathedral and St. Andrew's Church. At the eastern extremity of the bay the fortress-like walls of a dark prison look black in the bright sunshine; that unusual feature in the Canadian landscape, a windmill, stands near, and the heights of Scarboro' bound the vision on that side. Towards the centre, a strange pile of brick, designed, it is said, after some Italian model, accommodates the collective wisdom of the city in its corporate character. Westward a not very fierce-looking garrison affects to protect the entrance of the harbour, and above it the meteor-flag dallies with the light breeze. From a point a short distance from this the artist has taken the view, which forms our frontispiece. The garrison has been passed, as we approach from the west—we are just entering the bay—and there lies Toronto, stretched along the northern margin of that glorious sheet of water. As we draw near the busy quarter of the city, we observe villa residences scattered along that bank on our left, which rises abruptly from the water's edge. The long ranges of red brick, towards the left of the view, were once tuneful with the eloquence of our legislators, but are now the peaceful retreat of Learning. In the main structure and west wing are the temporary halls and lecture-rooms of our noble University, whilst the building on the east is at present occupied by the Lunatic Asylum—a playful illustration of the poetic adage,

> "Great Wit to Madness nearly is allied."

A little in the rear, above a thick plantation, may still be seen the staff, which in days gone by was wont to bear the flag, that indicated to the lieges of Toronto the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor, in the official residence embosomed by those dark trees. To the north is the handsome pile of Osgoode Hall, the Canadian Inns of Court, with its columns and dome glistening in the clear atmosphere. Farther on, beyond the clusters of houses, in the centre of its picturesque grounds, laid out with judicious attention to landscape gardening, and approached by a stately avenue of chestnut and other graceful trees, rise the white and massive walls of King's College.

We will not trouble the reader with any lengthened description of the internal appearance of the city, with its busy population of nearly 23,000. Splendid warehouses and shops, worthy of any American or European town, greet the eye—gas-lights enliven the darkness—the forest supplies agreeable *trottoirs*—Macadam smooths the roadway—and beneath the level surface of the streets

> "The prison'd water fills its iron cell."

We may not stop to describe the various public edifices—the pleasant grounds and neat buildings of that admirable establishment Upper Canada College—the various Institutes and Associations—Literary, Philharmonic, National and Mechanical—the extent of commercial dealings—the noble prospects that projected improvements seem to open. Suffice it to say, that there are few more striking results of British-Canadian vigour than this city, carved as it has been by stout arms and loyal hearts out of the wild bosom of a trans-atlantic forest, nor will the stranger, who visits it, we trust, fail to discover the appropriateness of its chosen motto,—"Industry, Integrity, Intelligence."

But we must now turn to the vignette on the opposite page. From the sketch of Toronto, imperfect though it be, our readers have, we trust, been enabled to form some idea of the first in size and importance of our maritime cities—(if we may apply the term maritime to designate those that lie on the shores of our ocean-lakes)—we shall now attempt to render them in some degree acquainted with the leading characteristics of an inland town, the chief of the extreme western regions of this portion of Canada.

The good custom of naming places, as they spring into existence in this new world, after the old localities with which the early associations of the settlers are connected, at once attests the affectionate remembrance of the father-land, and preserves unimpaired the sweet ties, which bind us to "home," as we still fondly call the far distant land of our birth. In the present case, the town is named LONDON, the county of which it is the capital is MIDDLESEX, the stream, the banks of which it graces, bears that name so closely associated with the most thrilling events of English history, the THAMES, that toll-gate on the right of our view opens on another WESTMINSTER BRIDGE; and a second BLACKFRIARS would meet the eye, if we could but see a little more to the left.

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

Nor is the Canadian stream wholly wanting in historic interest; for, in a battle in its neighbourhood, fell the noblest Indian warrior that ever drew bow, or raised rifle, in defence of the "white father" of the tribes. It was at the battle of the Thames that the gallant TECUMSETH was lost to his brother warriors and to his country; but this, however, was at a distance from the scene more immediately under our notice.

Elevated on a pleasant bank, which looks down upon the junction of two streams, stands our Canadian London. As it stretches itself toward the waters, that flow on either side of it, it seems as if fondling them into that amity, with which they embrace and flow on united, ere they leave the reconciler of their variance. From this "meeting of the waters," —ah! how unlike that sweet valley in our own dear isle, with

> "Her purest of crystal and brightest of green!"

—the rapid river hastens on through a fertile country, until it pours its tribute into the lap of St. Clair, some miles below Chatham. Long previous to the foundation of the town, the surrounding country was well settled, and contained many wealthy farmers, and the spot was called by the uncouth familiar appellation of "The Forks."

A friend of ours, profoundly versed in terminology, surmises that this designation was given by some one gifted with prophetic vision, who, foreseeing that a "London" was on that spot to rear its stately head, naturally augured well of the gastronomic feats that unborn aldermen would there perform, and hence shadowed forth their future achievements by the suggestive name of "Forks."

Be that, however, as it may (for we are not disposed to discuss the deep speculation), it is certain that the beauty and advantage of the position, in the circuit formed by the two branches, as they flow on to the point of union, had long attracted notice. It was not, however, until some twenty years ago, that "the town-plot" was laid out.

Of the progress of the thriving little town during the first ten years of its existence we know but little. In 1837, however, during the troubles of the winter, its marvellously rapid growth to its present magnitude was materially aided by its becoming an important garrison-town, when it soon began to assume the appearance of a prosperous commercial mart, with handsome shops and imposing public buildings.

Still pursuing its modest imitation of its mighty namesake, we find it some few years since desolated by a destructive fire. Scarcely more than six months afterwards, a second and fiercer conflagration swept over it with the fury of a hurricane. The main part of the town was in ruins, but Enterprise and elastic Resolution soon raised it from its ashes in fairer and brighter proportions. Less than three years have elapsed, since the burning embers were strown over a full mile of its extent, and now ranges of brick buildings, covered with tin, stand in the place of the humble wooden fabrics that perished in the flames.

The entrances to London are highly picturesque. As you come along the new plank-road from Port Stanley on Lake Erie, and approach Westminster Bridge, which spans the stream on the west side of the town, the castellated Court House, and pretty river banks, backed by the close group of neat houses, have all the promising appearances of a prosperous inland city. The view from the north is particularly fine. Crossing the northern branch of the river by the London Bridge (here too the old familiar name is retained) you ascend an eminence which commands a noble prospect. Before you are the glistening roofs of the town, from the midst of which the Court House stands out in bold relief. On your right is the stream, fringed with trees, and beyond are rich meadow-lands, screened in the remote distance by a low range of blue hills, whilst the extensive "oak plains" stretch far away to the left. As you enter the town from this side you pass the long range of commodious barracks, and in front stands the church, which has been lately completed—one of the most perfect specimens of ecclesiastical architecture of which the province can boast. The other entrance, by the main road from Hamilton, presents attractions of a character not often found in Canada. As you pass along a sandy level, dotted with dwarf oaks, which are here and there scattered over it in graceful clumps, you might almost fancy yourself again surrounded by the lovely scenery of an English park.

But we must conclude. Our printer is urgent—our publisher indignant at the delay—and we ourselves at last really alarmed, lest perchance Christmas should pass away without a "Maple Leaf" to mark the presence of the joyous season, and Love might miss the offering which was his last year's choice. Hurried though we be, one wish before we part—and then good-bye — to each and all "A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

E.

KING'S COLLEGE, TORONTO,
December 18, 1847.


J.W. Wright

B. Eyles.

[illegible] which like the imagination [illegible] country [illegible] the [illegible] light of a great [illegible] The actual birth [illegible] in a very green [illegible] the inn as "when a' shot sight," for the [illegible] The country that was so fit [illegible] green of Arden [illegible] nay greater in thought, but [illegible] of forest gods, [illegible] and fountains and [illegible]

That the scene is laid so [illegible] the gentle [illegible] are wanderers from their stately homes [illegible] of Arden.

"The poet," says Hazlitt, in language so beautiful that we cannot resist quoting it, "has here converted the forest of Arden into another Arcadia, where they fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world. [illegible] shade of melancholy boughs,' the imagination grows soft and delicate, [illegible] like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. [illegible] fancy revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and noise of the world strikes upon the ear of those who have felt them knowingly, softened by time and distance. They hear the tumult and are still. The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophy and poetry; to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralizing, equally free from pedantry and petulance."

"Celia," says the graceful authoress of the Characteristics of Women, "is more quiet and retired, but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is

CELIA.

> "Upon her eyelids many graces sat
> Under the shadow of her even brows."
> SPENSER.

On the opposite page sparkles the bright face of CELIA—Shakspere's Celia—the sweet cousin and fellow-wanderer of that "playful Princess of Arcady," the matchless Rosalind—and it needs but little guidance from the pen of the prose illustrator to bring before the imagination of any one gazing on that deep lucid eye, beaming with the sweet light of a true and joyous heart, thy graceful and romantic story.

The artist hath caught thee in thy happiest mood, launching the shafts of thy kind and sparkling raillery at thy "sweet coz," Rosalind, who has just been caught in the toils of "love at first sight" for the disguised Orlando.

The cousins have not as yet started on their memorable expedition to the forest glades of Arden, and Celia is yet the graceful and high-born maiden—heiress of a reigning Prince—robed in rich attire, and, in the words of a picturesque writer, "She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, on cedar floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry, amid gardens full of statues and flowers and fountains and haunting music."

But the scene is soon to change; the true heart is to be tried by adversity, and the gentle cousins are wanderers from their stately home, beneath the ancient oaks of Arden.

"The poet," says Hazlitt, in language so beautiful that we cannot resist quoting it, "has here converted the forest of Arden into another Arcadia, where they 'fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden age.' Nursed in solitude, 'under the shade of melancholy boughs,' the imagination grows soft and delicate, and the wit runs riot in idleness like a spoiled child that is never sent to school. Caprice and fancy revel here, and stern necessity is banished to the court. The mild sentiments of humanity are strengthened with thought and leisure; the echo of the cares and noise of the world strikes upon the ear of those who have felt them knowingly—'softened by time and distance, they hear the tumult and are still.' The very air of the place seems to breathe a spirit of philosophic poetry—to stir the thoughts, to touch the heart with pity, as the drowsy forest rustles to the sighing gale. Never was there such beautiful moralizing, equally free from pedantry and petulance."

> "And this their life, exempt from public haunts,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running streams,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

"Celia," says the graceful authoress of the Characteristics of Women, "is more quiet and retired, but she rather yields to Rosalind than is eclipsed by her. She is as full of sweetness, kindness and intelligence, quite as susceptible and almost as witty, though she makes less display of wit. She is described as less fair and less gifted. Yet the attempt to excite in her mind a jealousy of her lovelier friend, by placing them in comparison—

> 'Thou art a fool. She robs thee of thy name ;
> And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
> When she is gone'—

fails to awaken in the generous heart of Celia any other feeling than an increased tenderness for her cousin.

"To Celia, Shakspere has given some of the most striking and animated parts of the dialogue. For instance, when Rosalind playfully talks of 'falling in love in sport,' Celia replies with that excellent piece of advice—'Love no man further in sport than with safety of a pure blush thou may'st in honour come off again.' When Rosalind exclaims, 'O, how full of briars is this working-day world !' Celia replies, as truly as beautifully, 'They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden path, our very petticoats will catch them.' And further on is that exquisite description of the friendship between her and Rosalind :

> 'If she be traitor,
> Why so am I. We have still slept together,
> Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together ;
> And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
> Still we were coupled and inseparable.'"

There have been few pictures drawn, even by the master-hand of Shakspere, that have left so fresh and pleasant an impression on the mind, as that of the forest of Arden and its picturesque denizens. The banished Duke and his noble foresters waking the echoes with their jovial hunting songs, or spreading the rough feast under the "greenwood tree;" the sparkling wit and beauty of the twin-wanderers, Rosalind and Celia; the chivalrous Orlando, and the epigrammatic Touchstone; Phœbe, "the Arcadian coquette," and the clumsy Audrey; and the melancholy Jacques—

> "As he lay along
> Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
> Upon the brook that brawls along the wood,"

mourning and moralizing over the wounded stag.

But we must extricate ourselves from the forest while the light lasts. The sun is gilding the crests of the lofty oaks, and twilight is slowly stealing over the greenwood glades; and as we emerge from the haunted glens and dingles of the poet's charmed story into the dusty paths of every-day life, the clear fresh voice of Amiens is lingering in our ear.

> "Heigh, ho ! sing heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
> Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly ;
> Then heigh, ho ! the holly !
> This life is most jolly !"

W. H. Bartlett. J. C. Bentley.

The Lake of Tiberias.

SCENES ON THE LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

[illegible] Oriental—how imagination kindles [illegible]

[illegible] the first morning of the twenty-fourth day of the [illegible]

[illegible] the waters of the Lake Tiberias. It was one of the [illegible]

SCENES ON THE LAKE OF TIBERIAS.

"La berceau des Israélites, et la patrie des Chrétiens."
CHATEAUBRIAND.

I. The Galilean Fishermen.

Tiberias—Gennesaret—how imagination kindles, and piety grows warmer, at the sound of such holy, venerable, names! Let me describe—though with no magic art of brilliant invention—the pictures of history and of fancy, which the pleasing view afforded by the skilful engraving before me, has traced upon my mind.

On the morning of the twenty-fourth day of the Jewish month Abib, a small company of Galilean fishermen were plying their humble and laborious trade upon the waters of the Lake Tiberias. It was one of the bright, cheerful mornings of that month which was called "Green," from the garb of verdure which nature puts on in that Eastern clime, after the refreshing showers of the "latter" or spring rains. The Passover-month is included, it is true, in the "cold season;" but the close of this season—corresponding with our April—borders upon the time of "early harvest," and is described as affording some delightfully temperate and genial weather, which is relished the more on account of the excessive summer heats by which it is followed. The sun, at the hour of the day to which we allude, had climbed the steep ascent of the mountains which skirt the once fertile countries and rich meadow-land where, in the times of Israel's wealth and renown, Manasseh, Gad, and Reuben pastured their flocks and herds. From the eastern shore of the lake, near the point of its greatest width, which is about six miles, an observer, looking towards the city of Tiberias, would have had a near prospect of that town, reaching to the water's edge; and far beyond it, a distinct though remote view of Tabor, lifting high up into the clear sky its bold, picturesque outline, and by its prominence in the surrounding scenery, enforcing the admiration even of persons—if such there be—who, knowing, yet lightly treat, the peculiar sacredness and sublimity of its religious associations. Leaving the Mount of Transfiguration, a spectator, standing in the position we have indicated, might have gazed hastily at various intermediate scenes of differing interest and beauty, until his eye fell on

Capernaum, situated not far from the entrance of the Jordan into that beautiful inland sea; and in a N. W. direction from Capernaum, he might have obtained a glimpse of the little town of Saphat (now Safed)—the "city set upon an hill" to which, it has been supposed, our blessed Lord directed the attention of his hearers when he used that expression, by way of comparison, in his discourse from the Mount of Beatitudes. To this mountain—second only to Tabor in the august sanctity of its scriptural incidents—tradition, with some probability, at least without any of the inconsistency observable in so many cases—has assigned a definite geographical position in Kurun Hattin, which raises its singular crescent-summit at no great distance behind the town of Tiberias.

Whilst those few poor fishermen were toiling for their scanty, hard-earned subsistence, such was the scene upon which—though a home-landscape to them—even they might have gazed with pleasure, and a sense of relief, as they rested awhile from the labour of setting or drawing their nets. But if they heeded it not; if they were all regardless of the clear waters of the lake sparkling in the lustrous rays of that cloudless sun, and dancing sportively around their little craft; other matters, to them most interesting, were in their thoughts. It was not that the whole chill, lonely night had been spent in fruitless exertion; it was not that their poor success gave them such deep and absorbing concern as to their daily bread; but they were not ordinary fishermen,—they seven were the Apostles of Christ: and the time was not an ordinary time,—it was only the ninth day after the Redeemer of mankind had risen from the dead. They had returned to their customary pursuits; and yet—knowing that Christ was risen—they must have felt themselves hindered in their employment by anxious doubts or high expectations. Inspired history has recounted the particulars of the solemn and affecting interview which took place on this occasion: to recite the sacred narrative is not essential to our purpose; and to venture upon any thing like embellishment of it, might argue a defective reverence for the Word of God. We desire only to quote the closing words in regard to the Apostle St. John:—"Jesus saith unto Peter, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me! Then went this saying abroad among the brethren, that that disciple should not die: yet Jesus said not unto him, he shall not die; but, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?" We can understand that the mysterious prophecy relative to the after-life of him "whom Jesus loved," thus interpreted, would excite amongst the others various admiring inquiries as to the way in which this exemption from the common fate of men should be conferred; perhaps they might even envy the "beloved disciple" this fancied privilege,—for they were but men. But they were far from fore-seeing the destiny of their fellow-labourer in the gospel of Christ.

They deemed that he should reach his final rest,
By painless passage to that gentle breast,
From which, on earth, he caught its pulse of love.
No pangs of death they thought his form should bear,
Nor sharp, cold lines of mortal sickness wear;
But rise, undying, to its throne above:
In prophet's car mounting the sky-ward road,
Or pillow'd on thy breast again, incarnate Son of God!

Belov'd Apostle! Thou didst wait thy Lord,
Till Salem's fall aveng'd his slighted word;
And then—'mid war's alarms—thine end was peace.
Thy voice was heard exhorting still to love,—
As through the tempest flits some peaceful dove,
Presaging that, ere long, its rage will cease.
Thus have I seen—on verge of starless night—
The sun diffusing from his urn of light
Warm rays, which gild the sable mantle spread
By stormy eve around the mountain's head.
Trials were thine, from which a Christian Priest
Might, unreproved, yearn to be by death releas'd.

II. The Roman Invasion.

Half a century had not passed away, when stern and wrathful soldiers covered, as with a harvest of iron, the ground which had been hallowed by the footstep of the meek and merciful Messiah. In front of Tiberias—prepared to do with that town as he had done to Jotapata, if resistance should be offered—Vespasian, at that time Nero's general, had stationed his forces,—the dark-browed legions of Rome,—"the nation of fierce countenance," and "the eagle's" flight, seen by Moses, in prophet's vision. Even at that early stage of the contest, the natural features of the country had suffered a melancholy change. The shepherd had left his flocks which he was wont to watch on the hill-side, that he might lend his unwarlike arm to the frantic insurrection of his countrymen; no fisher's boat spread its tiny sail to the breeze; the fields were lying untilled; and no one could now behold the picture of rural industry and peace which our Lord most probably beheld, and improved to the purpose of practical illustration, when from the same lake he delivered his parable of the Sower and the Seed: palm tree and olive had been cut down for the construction of military engines; no clustered grapes were hanging from the terraced mountain-side; neither forest-tree waved, nor purple vintage blushed, upon the heights which encircled the lake. The landscape, in point of culture and vegetation, wore then very much the same appearance which the same part of the

Holy Land has now; for the wasting track of armies had done that which the narrow, cruel, policy of Islamism has in modern times accomplished.

The city had been summoned by Vespasian to capitulate; and the senate of Tiberias were assembled to discuss the terms of peace offered by the Roman general.

"My proposal," exclaimed Jesus of Saphat, a turbulent, ill-tempered man, "my proposal is, that an attack be made upon the decurion and his guard who have brought this insolent message."

"Art thou a child of Abraham," replied a milder and graver member of the Council, "and would'st thou faithlessly do violence to the messengers of peace?"

"It is well for faint hearts to think of peace, when they have not the courage to try resistance," was the demagogue's quick and surly rejoinder.

Only a few, however, were disposed to encourage the revolt, and the leader of the insurgent party was effectually silenced. It was determined to admit the troops of Vespasian within the walls. The seditious faction, nevertheless, did make their threatened sally upon the almost unarmed company who bore the truce, and compelled them to take to flight; but Vespasian—either from clemency or prudence—overlooked the treachery, and forbade his soldiers, when they entered, to molest the persons, or touch the property, of the citizens. By this timely submission, Tiberias remained comparatively tranquil and unharmed during the rest of the war, and enjoyed peculiar privileges for many years after its tragical termination. Taricheæ, on the contrary, which was situated at the south end of the lake, was almost devastated; and in the stadium of Tiberias twelve hundred of its unfortunate inhabitants were savagely massacred by order of the Roman commander. In the same town—by a sad coincidence of cruelty—two hundred Christian knights, who had been made prisoners in the disastrous battle of Têll Hattin (A. D. 1187), by Saladin, were put to the sword. And yet neither Vespasian nor Saladin was by nature vindictive. Such is war!

III. The Apostolic Visit.

It was the year 96, after sentence of banishment had been superseded by the just and humane Nerva, in favour of the Christian exiles. Jerusalem had been captured, and the nationality of the Hebrew was on the point of extinction. On a quiet summer's eve in that year, two men of very unequal ages—one of whom had attained nearly a century, the other not more than a generation—stood upon the western shore of the lake, at no great distance from Tiberias. Sadly they gazed upon the traces of war still visible around them. Their attire indicated that they belonged to the Christian Priesthood. In order they were equal, for both were bishops in the Primitive Church of Christ; yet—though occupying the same spiritual office—they stood in the relation of master and pupil: the scholar was Polycarp—his tutor, the Apostle and Evangelist St. John.

Eleven of the Apostolic thrones, surrounding the Son of God in heaven, had been filled: the twelfth was waiting the departure of him who was now bending his eyes in thoughtful contemplation upon the water so often crossed—once through the perils of a storm—in the company of the Saviour of mankind. Whilst he was thus absorbed in devotional musings, his thoughts doubtless turned to those fellow-labourers who had gone before him; for, raising his hand, he pointed out to his companion one of the spots on the other side, which had been consecrated by the presence of the Son of Man—accompanying the action with these words:

"There it was, Polycarp, that our Divine Master spake unto Peter that prediction concerning me, which thou hast before heard from my own lips. At first that prophetic saying was to me as dark as to others; but the Spirit of the Holy One hath enlightened my mind as to its meaning. I have waited its fulfilment through scenes and tales of wo. In spirit have I seen the Messiah come to destroy unfaithful and apostate Jerusalem."

"If these places," said Polycarp, who wished to turn his aged friend's attention to those sacred recollections, the recital of which afforded him peculiar delight,—"If these places be holy and dear to me and to all that are 'in the Lord,' how great must be thy joy to revisit the consecrated ground where thou hast walked even with the Son of God."

"Over against us," replied the Apostle, pointing out a particular spot on the other side; "Yonder, on the height which still seems green—'for there was much grass in the place'—He who wrought miracles by his own power, blessed the few loaves and fishes, and they sufficed for the wants of a great multitude. Above us is Capernaum, where he told the same multitude, who had come to seek him, that he was 'the bread of life.' There, too, you may see the country of the Gergesenes, where evil spirits confessed his might; and where 'the herd of swine ran down a steep place into the sea,' (for you perceive that the shores of this lake are steep the whole way round), 'and perished in the waters;' and not far from us, on this side, is Magdala, where she lived who, though her sins were great, was forgiven, 'because she loved much.' Before us, upon the waters now so still, the boat which carried the Lord of life, was tossed by one of those tempests, which I have known often to rush down suddenly from the mountains, and cause great fear and danger to the Galilean fishermen. But see, the sun is almost hidden behind Carmel's steep, and the dews of night are falling fast,—chill and heavy as when they descended on the Man of Sorrows in his midnight prayers. We must depart."

"One word more, honoured master, and I go with you. Thou hast been favoured with a near view of heaven, and with wondrous revealings of the future. Thou hast described the past history of these places: canst thou tell me what shall be hereafter?"

The Apostle's aged form shook with strong emotion, as he thought of the unearthly sights which his eye had been miraculously strengthened to behold. "When the bottomless pit was opened in my sight, and from the smoke thereof proceeded God's avenging armies, I saw them pass over these places, and 'torment' 'those men which had not the seal of God in their foreheads:' they were 'like unto horses prepared unto battle; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men; and they had hair as the hair of women.'* Even now do I see them trampling the Cross and slaying 'the angels of the churches.' More than this hath not been disclosed to me; yet surely God will raise again the Cross of Christ, and Israel shall be restored. Content with this knowledge, let us leave this place—thou for Smyrna, I for Ephesus." And so they departed; the Teacher, to "sink to the grave with unperceived decay," the Pupil, to win his crown through martyrdom of fire.

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* The Saracens, who were celebrated for their agile horsemanship and effective cavalry, wore turbans or mitres—manly as to the appearance of their beards, but having the hair of their heads flowing and plaited like women.

BARTIMEUS.

"Oh lone and lorn my lot!
To me the sun-beam is a joy unknown;
In vain Earth's lap with rarest flowers are strewn—
I crush, but see them not.

"The human face and form,
So glorious, as they tell, are all to me
A strange and unimagined mystery,
Dark as the mid-night storm.

"Winter's sharp blast I prove,
But cannot gaze upon the mantle white
With which the widow'd Earth she doth bedight,
In rough, but honest love."

Sudden a mighty throng,
Tumultuous, passed that beggar's muddy lair,
And listlessly he asked in his despair,
Why thus they pressed along?

A friendly voice replied,
"Jesus, the man of Nazareth, is here."
The words with strange power fell upon his ear,
And eagerly he cried:

"Jesus! our David's son,
Have mercy on me for Jehovah's sake;
Pity, Emanuel—pity do thou take—
'Mid thousands I'm alone!"

The multitude cried—"Cease!
The Master will not pause for such as thou,
Nobler by far his purposes, we trow;
Silence, thou blind one—peace!"

But bold with misery,
He heeded not the taunt of selfish pride,
More eagerly and earnestly he cried,
"Have mercy, Christ, on me!"

The ever-open ear
Heard—and heard not unmoved that quivering voice:
"Come hither!" Hundreds now exclaimed—"Rejoice;
He calls; be of good cheer!"

How rare—how passing sweet
Sounded these words of hope: he cast away
His garment, lest its folds his course might stay,
And fell at Jesus' feet.

"What would'st thou?" Wondrous bright
The beggar's visage glowed—he felt right sure
That voice, so God-like, straight would speak his cure—
"Lord, that I may have sight!"

He never knew suspense:
"Receive thy sight, thou dark one, for thy faith!"
And lo! convulsively he draws his breath,
Entranc'd with his new sense.

Did Bartimeus seek
Once more his ancient nook of beggary?
Oh no!—he felt that he could gaze for aye
On Jesus' face so meek.

Love would not let him stay—
His darken'd soul was lighten'd, like his eyes;
And from that hour the Lord whom he did prize
He followed in the way.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

Hark! those solemn notes now pealing
Tune the soul to thoughts divine,
Harmonies of heav'n revealing
As we bow at earthly shrine.

Now in contrite sorrow bending
Our transgressions we deplore,
Now in joyous tones ascending
Grateful praises heaven-ward soar.

From each side the music gushes,
Smoothly flows the chaunt along,
Till the tide melodious rushes,
Mingling both in "Glory's" song.

Hark the Anthem! blending voices
Burst in chorus on the ear,
How th' enraptur'd soul rejoices,
Whilst those thrilling chords we hear.

Humble prayers our wants are telling
As the Priest's clear tones arise,
Now the deep Amen is swelling,
Now in faintest murmur dies.

Hark! the organ's tuneful thunder
Echoes through the vaulted aisle,
As we, rapt in awe and wonder,
Leave the music-haunted pile.

J.W. Wright. W.H. Mote.

"I WILL MUSE ON THEE."

" Julia, semper amanda mihi tibi semper amando,
Te cedente die, te veniente canam."

I will muse on thee,
When the day fades slowly,
Lingering o'er earth and sea—
Beautiful and holy.
When the forest-depth is mute,
Leaf and spray unshaken,
When the hush'd Æolian lute
Sleeps, all wind-forsaken.

I will muse on thee,
When the twilight shadows
Weave their revelry
O'er the dark'ning meadows,
When to pleasant lays
Of some lyre enchanted
Dance the playful Fays
By old fountain haunted.

I will muse on thee,
When the night shades cover
In their happy mystery
Music, maid and lover,
When in heaven's far height
All its starry millions
Blind the startled night,
In her blue pavilions.

I will muse on thee
When the fresh morn 's breathing,
When on heaven's flushed sea
Golden mists are wreathing
Bowers, so fair and warm,
That sweet fancy's telling
Of thine own bright form,
To bless each fairy dwelling !

THE EMIGRANT'S BRIDE.

Fair are thy father's wide domains,
None fairer in the North countrie;
There wealth abounds, and pleasure reigns,
But you have left them all for me.
Strong in love's faith, your lot you've cast
With mine, for grief or happiness—
Come fortune's smile, or care's cold blast—
My own, my winsome Bess.

With thee, my soul's-pulse, every day
Will yield its meed of fresh delight;
The fleet-winged hours will glide away,
Like brook o'er gold-sands, purling bright.
My only thought—my chiefest joy—
Will be, how best I can express
The love, which glows without alloy
For thee, my winsome Bess.

Rude is our forest cot; but thou,
Like flower transplanted to the wild,
Will shed around all things, I trow,
Refinement's bloom, and odour mild.
No task will ever irksome be,
If sweetened by thy kind caress—
Labour will seem but pastime free,
With thee, my winsome Bess.

In Indian-Summer's dreamy haze,
The Humber's banks we'll oft explore,
And people them with troops of Fays,
By fancy conjured from our shore.
The Kelpie shall brood o'er the pool—
The Mer-maid comb her dripping tress—
Each grove with weird-shapes shall be full—
My own, my winsome Bess.

When winter brings long nights and drear,
And blythely glows our pine-lit hearth,
Thou 'lt sing the songs I love so dear—
The songs of our romantic North.
The lays will waft us o'er the main—
Once more Ben-Lomond's heath I'll press—
Pull Cowden-Knowes' gold broom again—
With thee, my winsome Bess.

And I will tell thee many a tale
Of fortress grey, and war-famed ground—
Legends, which erst in Liddesdale,
Thrilled our young nerves like trumpet's sound.
How moist thy clear blue eye will turn,
At Mary Stuart's sad *duress*—
How flash, at name of Bannockburn!
My loyal, winsome Bess.

Thus gladsomely our quiet years
Will flit away, with scanty care;
Our sun undimmed, save by the tears
Which fall to every mortal's share.
Cheered by the Gospel's glorious ray,
Death's hand shall lightly on us press:
We 'll part—but only for a day,
My own, my winsome Bess.

A CANADIAN WINTER NIGHT.

Lo, in the glowing west
The Day-God sinks to rest,
His steeds rejoicing o'er their journey ended:
The purple pall of night,
Unfurl'd before our sight,
Conceals the glories of his setting splendid.

The star of falling day,
From twilight's portal grey
In glory through the stormless ether driven,
High seated in her wain
Leads in the golden train,
All marshalled o'er the trackless vault of heaven.

Now comes the Queen of Night,
All raining silvery light,
In chastened brilliance on her journey wending;
The frost-gemmed trees, leaf-bare,
Seem decked with diamonds rare,
Their arms beneath the glittering burthen bending.

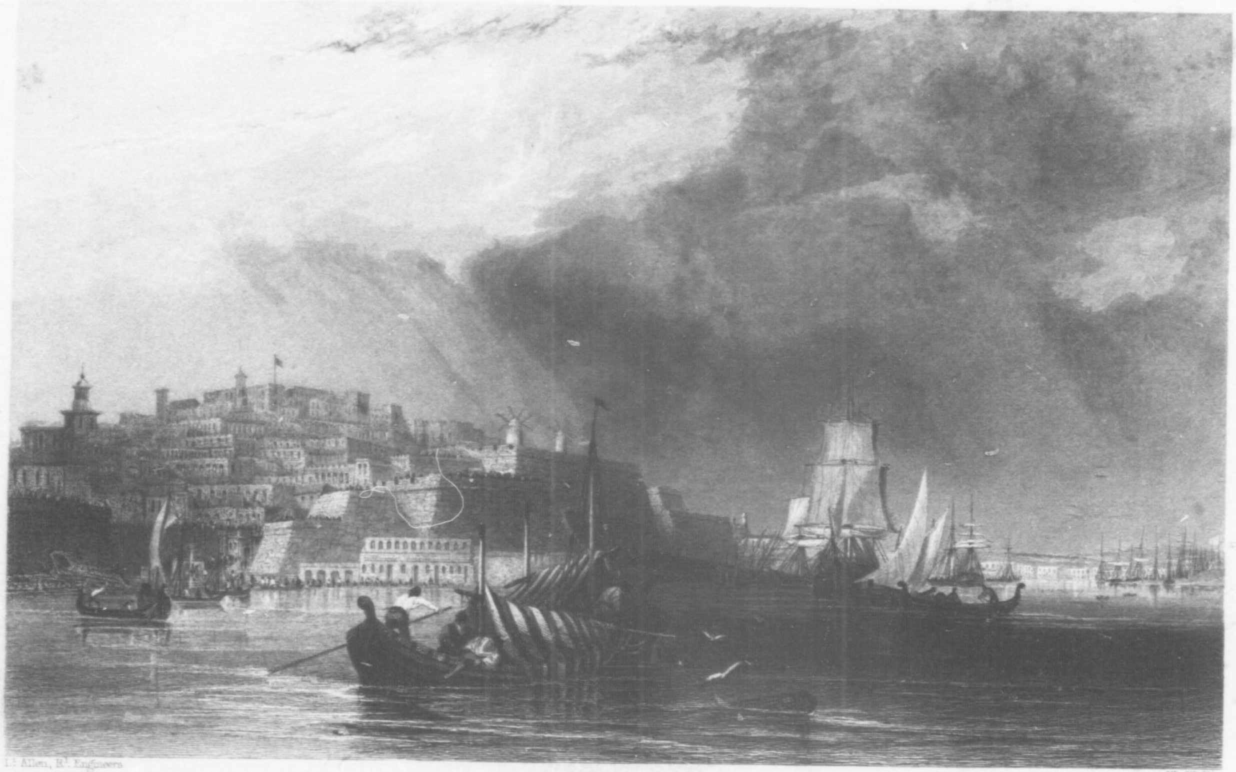
Earth's spotless robe of snow
Now gleams with dazzling glow,
Like streamlets dancing in their noontide splendour;
Rich jewels strew the ground
Illuming all around,
Surpassing e'en wild eastern tales of wonder.

Spurning the ice-king's breath,
In slumber calm as death,
Ontario's wave like molten fire is flashing;
While spectral forms of air
Seem on its bosom fair
Along their fitful courses swiftly dashing.

For, lo! the frost-chained north
Sends th' Indian spirits forth
To sport o'er heaven's expanse with changeful motion;
They rush with wild delight,
On radiant steeds of light,
Across the arch that spans the ethereal ocean.

Then recklessly they glance
Thro' their wild tangled dance
With streams of fire their mazy path illuming;
Till the pale moon's soft sheen,
Bedimm'd, is scarcely seen,
And the planets' fiery orbs are faintly looming.

But homeward now they've past
Swifter than bolt or blast—
Their coursers' golden manes are round them streaming;
For many-colour'd dyes
Marbling the eastern skies,
Are signals that the morning bright is beaming.



MALTA.

> "But not in silence pass Calypso's isles,
> The sister tenants of the middle deep."
> CHILDE HAROLD.

Few places out of the classic bounds of Italy and Greece recall to the mind of the tourist more numerous or more interesting historic associations than Malta, the "flower of the world," as its native inhabitants, with more patriotism than propriety, love to call it. Hardly have the white cliffs along its southern shore appeared above the horizon, ere thoughts of the past begin to crowd upon the recollection, and fancy pictures old scenes, where Tyrians, and Goths, and Romans, and Byzantines, and Arabs, and Normans, and Turks and White-Cross Knights are strangely mingled. The visitant approaching Malta from the westward is, on nearing its coast, first struck with the little oval island of Gozo, which, elevating its perpendicular rock 600 feet above the level of the sea, leads off the mind to the wanderings and "hair-breadth 'scapes" of "old Laertes' son." 'Twas hither, as the story goes, that Ulysses swam when the insulted day-god had destroyed his fleet: 'twas here that the stern Ithacan for seven long years forgot his faithful Penelope, and "held dalliance" with Calypso, subdued by the charms of the fair Ogygian queen. 'Twas here too, perhaps within "the giant's castle," within those very walls whose massive ruins carry us back to the earliest era of Pelasgic architecture, that Telemachus acknowledged the power that had held his father's heart enslaved, and scarce could break the witching bond, though a goddess was at hand to warn him of his duty and his danger. But see, we are past "the nymph-queen's isle," and before us curves the harbour of St. Paul. What a host of new ideas now rush upon the mind! No more in fancy we listen for the siren's voice, nor follow the hero of the Odyssey through the terrors of Scylla and Charybdis, or among the no less dangerous beauties of Calypso's realm. How difficult, after such a train of thought so immediately previous, at once to realize the scene! Is this indeed the "creek with a shore" which the anxious seamen of the Alexandrian ship saw at dawn, after a long night spent in wishing for the day? It is. Involuntarily we raise our eyes, and look on the rocks above for the barbarous but hospitable natives, watching the shattered vessel, and receiving kindly the shipwrecked sailors.

Coming for the first time in view of places whose names, bound in our memories by holy ties, have been familiar to us from childhood, a strange feeling of uncertainty is apt to come upon us, a notion that what we see is not real, that the whole is but a pleasing dream. Such are the impressions sometimes produced on those, who for the first time get a glimpse of the spot where the great Apostle of the Gentiles suffered shipwreck, on his way to his glorious martyrdom at Rome. Such are the doubts that almost forbid us to recognise the rocky shore, as that on which the fire of hastily-collected sticks gave warmth to the shivering companions of St. Paul, and drove the venomous reptile from his crevice to fasten on the Apostle's hand.

Still as we sail along the northern shore, new features of the scenery divert the current of the thoughts. Here a palm, and there a group of orange or lemon trees varies the landscape; here a cactus contrasts its rich green with the dazzling whiteness of the rocks among which it grows; and there stands a carrob-tree, to the seeds of which some imagine the New Testament narrative to allude as the food of the Prodigal Son, and of John the Baptist in the wilderness. Indeed, often does the aromatic produce of the wild-thyme beds, and the locust or carrob-bean, afford the poor Maltese the supposed fare of the herald of the Saviour; for Malta's rocky soil is by no means destitute of vegetation, though an English eye looks in vain for the broad expanses of verdure to which it has been accustomed.

Situated at the north-east corner of the island, the harbour of Marsamuscetto, the quarantine of Malta, opens on the "tideless sea." A little farther to the east lies Grand Harbour, separated from the Quarantine by the tongue of land on which Valetta stands. Long before rounding Point Dragut, which shuts in Marsamuscetto on the west, the towers of Valetta are seen to stand out prominently, backed by the clear bright sky; but it is only when the harbour is fairly entered, that the scene opens in all its grandeur. Here then, safely anchored, let us pause and contemplate the massive masonry, batteries tier above tier, bastions, palaces and spires, and the interminable lines of military defences, all mirrored in the still surface of the bay.

One of the first questions which naturally suggest themselves to a beholder is "By whom were these vast monuments of man's energy erected?" And thus we answer it:—Previous to the days of Godfrey of Boulogne, when the Holy Land groaned (or was supposed to groan) under Infidel oppression—

> "then in Palestine,
> By the wayside in sober grandeur stood
> A hospital, that night and day received
> The pilgrims of the west; and when 'twas asked
> 'Who are the noble founders?' every tongue
> At once replied, 'The merchants of Amalfi.'
> That hospital, when Godfrey scaled the walls,
> Sent forth its holy men in complete steel;
> And hence, the cowl relinquished for the helm,
> That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
> So long renowned as champions of the Cross
> In Rhodes, in Malta."

So now, when men view the noble defences of Valetta, and ask, "who are the founders?" every tongue, in Malta at least, replies, "the white-cross knights, the Hospitallers of St. John."

About a century after Jerusalem had fallen to the conquering Saladin, the Knights of St. John, abandoning the Holy Land, withdrew to Cyprus. Not content, however, with this island, they wrested Rhodes from Paynim grasp, and held it for above two hundred years. In the early part of the sixteenth century, Solyman the Magnificent, thinking it foul shame that the Giaours should be permitted any longer to beard the Turkish power, compelled the knights of Rhodes (for so were they now styled) to abandon their stronghold. Cast abroad upon the world, the knights of the Order sought in Italy a shelter, and obtained it. After a time Charles V. ceded to the fraternity the sovereignty of Malta and Gozo, and the town of Tripoli on the opposite coast of Africa; but, discouraged by the wretched and defenceless state of the island, the grand-master, after partially repairing the dismantled walls of St. Angelo, determined to make a settlement in more fruitful Greece.

At this period the corsairs of Barbary swept the Mediterranean, and kept its islands, as well as the better-fortified coast-towns of France, Italy and Spain, in a state of continual alarm. To this cause is to be attributed the then neglected appearance of Malta, both as regards defences and cultivation; for its importance as a naval and military station not having then attracted much attention, it was not thought worth while to expend money in renewing its dilapidated towers; and, though the climate was admirably adapted to the fertility of the soil, the scantiness of the latter required that attention and industry to bring its powers into action, which the feeling of insecurity withheld.

Changing, however, their original intention of settling somewhere on the coast of Greece, the knights applied the expedition prepared for that purpose to the object of plundering the poorly-defended towns on the seaboard of Africa and the Morea; and from this time Malta became the centre of a system of predatory warfare, as opposite to the pretended religious character of the Order, as revolting to the feelings of humanity. The deeds of horror perpetrated at Modon, at Coron, at Goletta and at Tunis, too well attest how dangerous it is to put the mask of religion on the unbridled passions of our nature, and how unfair it is to set down, as springing from high and holy motives, the conduct of men who could, under any circumstances, show such glaring proofs that they "knew not what manner of spirit they were of." When we see these men displaying the white cross, the once unsullied emblem of an unsullied faith—when we see them displaying it against the crescent-standard of Islam, they bear away our sympathies; we think only of their valour, their

Christian valour and endurance. But when we turn to such scenes as Modon (and many such there are), the mind recoils disgusted, and we feel grateful that superstition no longer cherishes—that civilization no longer tolerates—a society of men who, as the self-constituted champions of the Prince of Peace, did not scruple to employ in His service the worst passions of a depraved nature.

Not long after the atrocities committed at Modon, there stood on Mount Sceberras, the eminence on which Valetta now stands, a Turkish pasha reconnoitring the defences of St. Angelo; but he retired with his fleet on hearing a rumour of the approach of an armament under Doria the Genoese. Not to be baffled in his purpose of vengeance, Solyman the Magnificent still meditated the extirpation of his active enemies. In the spring of 1565, some Maltese galleys having captured a Turkish galleon, on board of which were several females of the seraglio, the note of instant preparation was sounded, and 30,000 turbans, under the pashas Mustapha and Piali, menaced the castles of St. Elmo and St. Michael. These forts, which had been erected since the previous visit of the Turks under Sinam Pasha, were named after similar forts in Rhodes: the former of them, situate on the extremity of Sceberras, below the walls of the present Valetta, commanded the entrance to the Grand Port; the latter occupied the little island in the centre of the harbour of Marsamascetto. The old grand-master La Sangle, who had done much toward fortifying Malta, was now dead; and the heroic Jean de la Valette, a man in every way worthy of the dignity, supplied his place. "He who dies in this cause," he exclaimed with real enthusiasm, as he displayed the white cross in a full assembly of the knights, "He who dies in this cause, dies a happy death: to render us worthy to meet it, let us renew at the altar those vows which ought to make us, not only fearless, but invincible in the fight."

Against St. Elmo were the first efforts of the Turks directed. Enormous cannons hurled ponderous balls, culverins roared out their thunder, and huge basilisks projected stone and iron bullets of prodigious weight against the devoted tower, whose batteries replied—

> "With fires that answered fast and well
> The summons of the Infidel."

A breach had been effected in the walls, yet rank after rank were the Moslems mowed down as they rushed madly to the gap. Hoops of combustible material, ignited and thrown in among the advancing Turks, spread horrible death; yet each new repulse was but the prelude to a more vigorous attack, to be again repelled by a still more vigorous resistance of the noble little garrison. For one whole month did St. Elmo hold out; till at last, after the loss of 8000 of his choicest troops, Mustapha marched into a fort in which not a solitary soldier or knight remained alive to torture. With true barbarian spirit, however, he wreaked his vengeance on the bodies of the dead; gashing their brave breasts in the form of a cross, and cutting off their heads, he clothed the gory trunks in their *subrevestes*, and floated them thus mangled into the harbour. Shocked at the sight, La Valette, with the same barbarian spirit that then characterized equally the conduct of Turk and Christian, repaid the horrid act with acts more horrid; and that day saw the yet-bleeding heads of Mussulman prisoners discharged into the Turkish camp from the cannon of a Christian brotherhood! "*pour apprendre au Bacha*," as De Vertot quaintly remarks, "*à ne pas faire la guerre en bourreau!*"

Thus fell St. Elmo; but still the more important and better fortified Bourg remained unassailed. The effect produced upon Mustapha by the obstinate resistance of the smaller castle, is well told by the historian of the Order: "Le Bacha," he says, "entrant dans le Fort, et jugeant par la petitesse de cette place combien le Bourg lui donneroit de peine, s'écria '*Que ne fera pas le pere, puisque le fils qui est si petit nous coute nos plus braves soldats!*'"

Two thousand Algerines, under the young Viceroy Hassan, now arrived to swell the number of the Turkish host, and, on the morning of the 5th July, the horse-tails were advanced; and the grand attack opened on the peninsulas of La Sangle and Le Bourg.

It would be tedious to enter into the particulars of this memorable siege: suffice it to say, that for three months the island trembled under the echoing roar of the Turkish artillery. The troops of Hassan vied with the chosen Janizaries in deeds of daring; it was a fight of man with man; warrior grappled warrior in the struggle of desperation, and many an Algerine, many a mounted Spahi, bit the dust within the deadly breaches of the Citta Vittoriosa. Well did the old Bourg earn this glorious epithet; for the corses of seventeen thousand Moslems, piled round its shattered walls, too plainly told the tale of hard-won victory!

The leisure which the death of Solyman, following shortly after the defeat of his expedition, afforded, was employed by the knights in the extension of the works of St. Elmo, and in the erection of those of Valetta, on the heights of Sceberras in its rear. The aged grand-master La Valette, by his unremitting exertions in enlisting the sympathies of Europe in the cause of strengthening the island-bulwark of Christendom, was enabled, as the French historian before quoted tells, "après avoir invoqué le saint nom de Dieu, et demandé l'intercession de la sainte Vierge sa mere, et de Saint Jean Baptiste patron tutulaire de l'Ordre," on 28th March 1566 to lay with great pomp the first stone of the town which bears his name. Beneath the foundation-stone medals were placed, bearing the appropriate legend "Melita renascens;" and the rising city added to its name the strange and incongruous title "Umilissima," in indication, no doubt, of the *humility* of the soldier-monks, its founders.

Succeeding grand-masters, for a century afterwards, aimed at enlarging the defences of their island; but the name of La Valette still stands pre-eminent, as well for the magnitude of his designs, as for the skill and energy with which he executed them. During this period, and for nearly a hundred years later, the galleys of the Commanders of Malta maintained a desultory warfare with the xebecs of the Moorish Corsairs, and emulated the Greek pirates of the Archipelago in their murderous attacks on the unprotected maritime villages of the Turks. Perillos, grand-master in 1697, endeavoured to render the Maltese navy more powerful, by building decked war-ships of a larger class; but all would not do: the spirit of fanaticism, the vital spark of monkish chivalry, was on the point of being extinguished, and with it sank into the shade of oblivion the naval and military genius of the knights. Mercenaries manned the walls on which Valette had bled; the galleys that had carried terror to the very bastions of Constantinople, now decked out with gold and canopied with brilliant silks, subserved the purposes of pleasure. Magnificent, but unwieldly, they floated images alike of the ancient splendour, and of the luxury and declining vigour of the Order.

Such was the state of Malta when the grasping power of the French Directory sought, and found of course, a pretext for seizing on the island. Soon Buonaparte, with whom to plan was to execute, appeared off the harbour with a fleet that carried forty thousand men; and, through the false dealings of some recreant knights, obtained, with but a mockery of opposition, possession of fortifications next to Gibraltar and Quebec perhaps the strongest in the world. "It is well, General," said Caffarelli, as Buonaparte inspected the works, "'tis well that there was some one within to open these gates to us!" On 12th June 1798, the articles of capitulation were signed, and from that day dates the virtual extinction of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John. "When I saw," writes Denon, "a small boat carrying the standard of the Order, sail humbly beneath the ramparts on which it had once defied all the forces of the East; and when I figured to myself the accumulated glory, acquired and preserved during several ages, melting away before the fortunes of Buonaparte, I thought I heard the ghosts of L'Isle Adam and La Valette vent their dismal lamentations, and fancied that I saw Time make to Philosophy the illustrious sacrifice of the most venerable of all illusions."

But the French were not long permitted to retain an island gained by treachery, and ruled with oppressive tyranny. Attacked on land by the Maltese, cut off from all supplies by a British fleet at sea, when famine began to make its ravages within the walls of Valetta, Vaubois was compelled to surrender the town, two years and two days after its seizure from the knights.

By the terms of the peace of Amiens in 1802, Malta was to have been restored to the Order; but, circumstances preventing an adherence to the treaty in other respects, England continued to hold the islands, both to preserve them from the grasp of Buonaparte, and to comply with the general wish of the Maltese to enrol themselves as subjects of the British Crown.

When the early tide of civilization flowed from east to west, the enterprising Tyro-Phœnicians, the seamen of antiquity, some fourteen centuries before the Christian era, made Melita the entrepôt of trade between the island-city and the pillars of Hercules: now when a counter current has set in, Time, that has witnessed a reflux in the tide, has borne on its stream new Phœnicians from the island-empire of the West, to render the same rocky isle the shelter of navies that sway the destinies of the world.

THE TRAPPER.

Away, away! my dog and I!—
The forest boughs are bare,
The radiant sun shines warm and high,
The frost-flake(1) gems the air.

Away, away! thro' forests wide,
Our course is swift and free;
Warm 'neath the snow the saplings hide—
On its ice-crust firm step we.

The partridge with expanded crest(2)
Struts proudly by its mate;
The squirrel trims its glossy vest,
Or eats its nut in state.

Quick echoes answer, shrill and short,
The wood-cock's frequent cry—
We heed them not—a keener sport
We seek—my dog and I.

Far in the woods our traps are set
  In loneliest, thickest glade,
Where summer's soil is soft and wet,
  And dark firs lend their shade.

Hurrah! a gallant spoil is here
  To glad a trapper's sight—
The warm-clad marten, sleek and fair,
  The ermine soft and white;

Or mink or fox—a welcome prize—
  Or useful squirrel grey,
Or wild-cat fierce, with flaming eyes,
  Or fisher(3)—meaner prey.

On, on! the cautious toils once more
  Are set—the task is done;
Our pleasant morning's labour o'er,
  Our pastime but begun.

Away, away! till fall of eve,
  The deer-track be our guide,
The antler'd stag our quarry brave,
  Our park—the forest wide.

At night, the bright fire at our feet,
  Our couch the wigwam dry—
No laggard tastes a rest so sweet
  As thou, good dog, and I.

NOTES.

(1) On a fine bright cold morning—when the slight feathery crystals formed from the congealed dew, which have silently settled on the trees during the night, are wafted thence by the morning breeze, filling the translucent atmosphere with innumerable minute sparkling stars; when the thick, strong coat of ice on the four-foot deep snow, is slightly covered by the same fine white dust, betraying the recent foot-print of the smallest wild animal—on such a morning the hardy trapper is best able to follow his solitary pursuits. In the glorious winters of Canada, he will sometimes remain from home for days or even weeks—with no companions but his dog and rifle, and no other shelter than such as his own hands can procure—carried away by his ardour for the sport, and the hope of the rich booty which usually rewards his perseverance.

(2) The partridge of Canada—a grey variety of grouse—not only displays a handsome black-barred tail like that of the turkey, but has the power of erecting his head-feathers, as well as of spreading a black fan-like tuft placed on either side of his neck. Although timid when alarmed, he is not naturally shy, but at times may be approached near enough to observe his very graceful and playful habits—a facility of access for which the poor bird commonly pays with his life.

(3) Dr. Johnson, in one of his peculiar moods, has described the *fitchew* or *fitchat*, which is here called the "fisher," as "*a stinking little beast that robs the hen-roost and warren*"—a very ungrateful libel upon an animal that supplies exceedingly useful fur for rough purposes.

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J. Hayter W. H. Mote

EMMELINE.

The faint-rayed moone shynes dimm and hoar,
The nor-wynde moanes with fittfull roare,
The snowe-drift hydes the cottage-doore,
Emmeline,
I wander lonelie on the moore,
Emmeline.

Thou sittest in the castle-halle
In festall tyre and silken palle,
'Mid smylinge friendes—all hartes thy thrall,
Emmeline,
My best-beloved—my lyfe—my all,
Emmeline.

I marke the brightness quitt thy cheeke,
I knowe the thought thou dost not speake—
Some absent one thy glances seeke,
Emmeline,
—I pace alone the moorelande bleake,
Emmeline.

Thy willfull brother—woe the daye!
Why did hee crosse mee on my waye?
I slewe him that I would not slaye,
Emmeline,
I cannot washe his bloode awaye,
Emmeline.

Oh why, when stricken from his hande
Far flew his weapon o'er the strande—
Why did hee rushe upon my brande?
Emmeline,
—Colde lyes his corse upon the sande,
Emmeline.

Thou 'rt too, too younge—too younge and fayre
To learne the wearie rede of care—
My bitter griefe thou must not share,
Emmeline;
I could not bid thee wedde despaire,
Emmeline.

Thro' noisome fenne and tangled brake,
Where crawle the lizarde and the snake,
My mournfull hopeless waye I take,
Emmeline,
To live a hermitt for thy sake,
Emmeline.

Thy buoyaunt spirit maye forgett
The happie houre when last wee mett—
My sunne of hope is darklie sett,
Emmeline,
—I'll bee thy guardian-angell yett,
Emmeline.

"SOMEBODY."

——— *βροχέως με φωνᾶς*
οὐδὲν ἔτ᾽ ἴκει·
ἀλλὰ καμμὲν γλῶσσα ἔαγε.
SAPPHO.

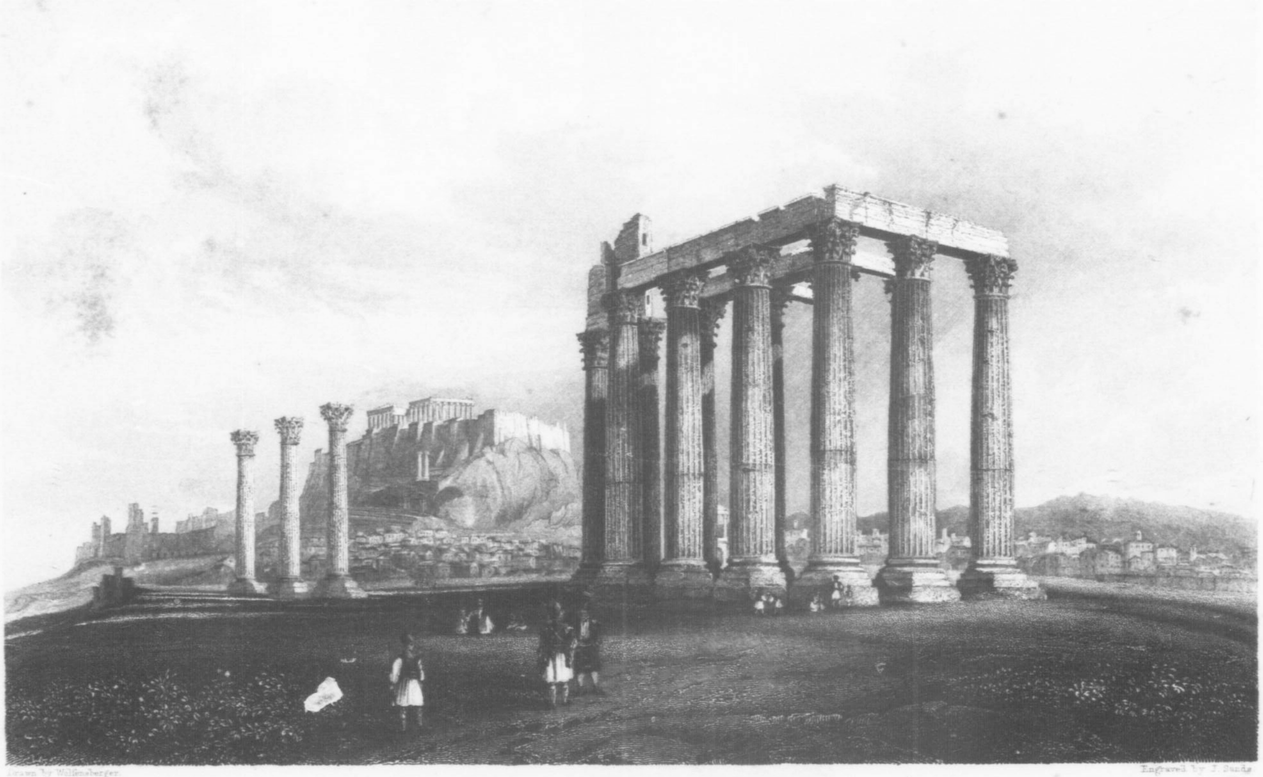
My tongue is chain'd—I cannot speak—
At ev'ry breath I sigh;
The wearied heart will surely break—
Ah! *somebody* knows why.

My voice is mute—I cannot sing
The songs of days gone by;
My harp but mourns each silent string—
Ah! *somebody* knows why.

My mirth has fled—no joy can light
The cold lack-lustre eye;
No merry laugh—no sportive flight—
Ah! *somebody* knows why.

My heart is dead—there throbs not now
The pulse once beating high
For Glory's wreath to bind the brow—
Ah! *somebody* knows why.

No more—no more—I may not tell
To those, who don't know why,
What, tho' untold, *we* know full well—
Dear *somebody* and I.



Drawn by Wolfensberger.

Engraved by J. Sands

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS, ATHENS.

" Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base;
Here, son of Saturn ! was thy favourite throne:
Mightiest of many such ! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.
It may not be: nor e'en can Fancy's eye
Restore what Time hath laboured to deface.
Yet those proud pillars claim no passing sigh :
Unmoved the Moslem sits, the light Greek carols by."

Sixteen Corinthian columns of Pentelic marble are the sole remains of a temple once the most magnificent in Athens. But how wonderful are these ! Even after the lapse of centuries, when old Time has done his very worst, we still are enabled to view

" In waste which is—the glories which have been."

And truly, the high perfection to which Grecian art was carried has thrown such a halo of undying elegance, so unfading a freshness and bloom, around and upon all its creations, that even the maimed torso of a Theseus can still gladden taste with its proportions. But if this be the case with regard to the smaller fragments, how much more must our admiration be excited by remains such as those which we are now contemplating? Majestic columns, which combine costliness of material with the utmost elegance of execution, towering proudly on high, with the skies of Greece above, and the soil of Greece below; while each fitful gust of wind wails through those giant forms, like voices from the dead—proclaiming, as it were, the restless sorrow of departed valour, wisdom, worth, for greatness humbled, and for glory gone.

Although one would feel it almost a desecration to attempt in a passing page like ours to record the decline and fall of earth's noblest structures, or to show how soon the tale of ages may be told; still let us take a brief retrospect of the historical details and architectural features of this once glorious pile.

The edifice, set apart for the solemnization of the rites of the Olympian Thunderer, may boast of being one of the most ancient in Athens: for Thucydides, when defining the limits of the ancient city, expressly mentions this temple as included within it; not to insist upon its being commonly reputed to have been founded, in its original state, by Deucalion. It is to Peisistratus, the first collector of the poems of Homer, that Athens is without doubt indebted for very much of her earlier grandeur. Besides other public works, he founded a new temple to Jupiter, upon a magnificent scale, about the year B. C. 530: but, in consequence of the great expense attendant upon the wars in which the Athenians were soon after engaged, it remained unfinished until Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria, attempted to complete it, B. C. 174, according to the magnificent design of the Roman architect Cossutius. Upon his death, however, the work was again discontinued: and when Sylla took Athens, many of the columns which had been prepared for this building were removed to Rome, and erected in the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. Several ineffectual attempts were afterwards made to proceed with the work, but nothing of importance was done till the time of Hadrian. This Emperor had visited Athens while yet in a private station; and, when elevated to the imperial dignity, he did not forget those early impressions which he had there received. Accordingly, we find him to have been the most munificent patron that the city of Pericles ever possessed, after the downfall of her temporal power. So truthfully has the poetess remarked, that, even from the throne of victory, imperial Rome bowed homage to Athenian genius and worth. Hadrian then, six hundred and fifty years after its foundation by Peisistratus, completed and dedicated this temple, erecting moreover a vast and costly statue to the god. Thus the Olympium became not only the most extensive and most gorgeous structure in Athens, but also the largest fane in the world ever erected to the supreme pagan deity.

We may now say a few words as to its architectural characteristics. The Olympium, which stood at the south-east end of the city, near the Ilissus, was built upon an artificial platform, supported by a wall. This platform, when entire, was about half a mile in circuit. The temple itself was decastyle, and consisted of a cella, surrounded by one hundred and twenty-four columns in all; the peristyle being double at the sides and quadruple at the opisthodomos and pronaos. The whole length of the building was 354 feet, and its breadth 171. The height of the still-existing columns is upwards of sixty feet, and their diameter six feet and a half. The image of the god was colossal, and made of that peculiar combination known by the name of *Chryselephantine*—ivory and gold. To evince their gratitude to Hadrian, each of the cities of Greece presented a statue of that Emperor to this temple; that of the Athenians being by far the largest and most costly. A Jupiter in brass—the shrine of Cronus and Rhea—a statue of Isocrates upon a column—a representation in Phrygian marble of Persians holding a brazen tripod—and a chasm in the earth through which the waters of Deucalion's deluge are said to have run off—are among the antiquities mentioned by Pausanias as existing within the peribolus. With the above-mentioned chasm there were connected certain propitiatory rites, such as, throwing into it every year wheaten flour mingled with honey.

We have already said that Deucalion was reported to have built the most ancient temple of Jupiter here, and his tomb was shown in the time of Pausanias, near the temple, in proof of his having resided at Athens.

We are spared the painful task of tracing the ruin of this structure step by step; for, unlike its sister edifice the Parthenon, its devastation and decay are marked by no peculiar historical incidents. Thus much, however, may be with safety stated—that, as it was the longest of any of the monuments of Athenian skill in coming to completion, so it was among the first to fall away from the proud eminence to which it had attained. This may be gathered from the fact, that Jacques Carrey (A. D. 1674) has represented within the great cluster of columns a Greek church, which no longer exists, called "The Church of St. John in the Columns." This proves that the ruin of the Olympium happened at a distant period, since the church in Carrey's pictures is not connected with any part of the ancient building. In all other respects, if we except moreover the single column mentioned by Stuart and Chandler as having been taken down shortly before their visit, the Olympium was then in the same state as at present.

And now there, in the fallen and fading "City of Sacred Streams," with the Acropolis and its ruined Parthenon on the one side, and the lessened waters of Ilissus on the other, stands all that remains of the once unrivalled temple of Jupiter Olympius—there it stands, as once a meet emblem of the *unfinished** productions of pure intellect; so now a sad simile for the awful *wreck* of the mind, where only a few rays of reason occasionally beam, to show the chance observer that the once glorious habitant within hath not as yet totally abandoned its slowly-sinking tenement of clay.

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* Plutarch has compared the unfinished "Atlantis" of Plato to the Olympium in its as yet imperfect state.

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

No shepherds in the field to-night, no flocks upon the wold,
Thro' the shivering forest branches moans the north blast fierce and cold;
But gloriously the white stars gleam as on that holy even
When the herald Angels' chorus swell'd through the soft Judean heaven.

Oh, Earth! the white shroud wraps thee now, in Death's cold grasp thou art,
Thy tears, thy music bound alike in the ice-chain on thine heart:
So lay the darken'd world of sin when the Angels spread abroad
The glorious tale of the Virgin-Born—the birth of Incarnate God!

Melt, melt, oh cold and stony heart! even as the ice-bonds shiver
When Spring breathes soft on the frozen wood, when warm winds loose the river—
The Angel-vision sheds on thee its glory's softening ray—
The Angel-song is for thine ear, "A Saviour's born to-day!"

Morn on the sparkling wilds of snow—morn on the frozen West!
The holy chimes float musical o'er the deep wood's solemn breast;
And the winter sun plays cheerily on the wealth of bright green wreaths
Which thro' the lowly forest-shrine a spring-like freshness breathes.

Frail monitors! your verdure speaks all eloquently bright,
Of a lustrous summer morn to break on Life's long wintry night—
Of the waving palms—the crystal streams—the everlasting flowers,
Beyond the jasper battlement, by the Golden City's towers!

Let the wild wind sweep the snows without—within be joy and mirth;
Let happy households cheerly meet around the Christmas hearth!
One welcome pledge must circle round—"Be happy hearts and smiles
To all we love in the forest-land! to all in our parent isles!"

The Christmas hearth! Ah pleasant spot, where joyful kindred meet—
Kind eyes, with love and gladness lit, scarce mark the vacant seat;
And if too-faithful Memory turn to mourn the loved, the fair—
Look up—the Shepherd's star's in heaven—the lost one waits thee there!

Wake thy ten thousand voices, Earth! outpour thy floods of praise—
Up to the crystal gates of morn the deep hosannas raise!
Till heavenward-wafted, seraph-wing'd, they pierce th' illumin'd zone
Where the Church-Triumphant's anthem floats round the Everlasting Throne!


F. Stone
W. H. Mote

A REMINISCENCE.

I, nimium dilecta ! vocat Deus—I, bona nostræ
Pars animæ ! mœrens altera disce sequi !

Fancy oft hath imaged fairer,
Painter loftier charms pourtray'd,
Poet dreamed of nobler, rarer—
She was but a mortal maid.
Genius lent no flickering splendour—
Flashing eye—majestic form—
But her glance was pure and tender ;
Her young heart was true and warm.

Never footstep lighter, fleeter,
Brush'd the dew on English earth ;
Never voice more gentle—sweeter,
Floated round an English hearth.
There were eyes, that watch'd above her
With that care that orphans know ;
There were hearts that lived to love her,
While she linger'd here below.

In the greenwood's lonely bosom,
Where dark waters sing and leap,
We have laid our fairest blossom
Like a tired child to sleep.
Ah ! the eye with tears grows blinder,
Weary thoughts the spirit stir—
We may linger long behind her
Ere we gaze on one like her !

THE INDIAN,

ON REVISITING AN OLD ENCAMPMENT.

The leaves of twenty summers, grown and withered,
And twice ten winters' snows, have fallen and gone,
Since I stood here! My father and his braves
Then trod this spot; now, past yon setting sun,
They haunt the Spirit land, where the pale-faces
Scowl not across their path. The stately oaks,
The pines, which shaded then the Indian lodge—
The maple, too, best gift of the Great Spirit
To his red children—all are swept away!
This clear and rippling river—yon blue sky
Are yet the same; even tho' all else be chang'd!
The hunting-path is stopped, the shy deer scared,
By that enclosure, which the white man makes
To mark as his, what we in common held.
The lodge is gone—ember nor smoke is seen
To cheer me now, the last old forest wanderer!
And what is here? The white man in his pride,
Furrowing the earth—laying his iron track
Over our graves—building his stately lodges
To shut against his fellows and the red man.
Here, he makes prisons for his brother—there
A house for the Great Spirit; but to the weary
Leaves the wide path, and drives the houseless far!
He calls me "Brother," but he hates me. Back,
I'll go to the deep forest, till the Good Spirit
Shall bid me—Welcome! to the land of souls!

A FIRST DAY IN THE BUSH.

It was in the month of September, some fifteen years ago, when a party of "intending settlers" started in search of "a location"—as our neighbours on the other side of the Lake term it—in one of the pioneer townships of Upper Canada. We were four in number—three of us just arrived from the smiling fields of Surrey—the fourth fresh from that celebrated Irish *no-where*, Connemara—and all in high spirits, and full of delightful anticipations of adventure.

We had walked through the woods a distance of eight miles from the nearest town—consisting, by the way, of two taverns, a "general store," and a surveyor's residence, all built of the newest logs; and it was quite dark, when we came within sight of the "clearing" which had been indicated as our resting-place for the night. Completely blockading the road, and full in our way, was a mass of felled timber, which we afterwards learnt is denominated a "brush fence" or "wind-row,"—consisting of an irregular heap of prostrate trees, branches as well as trunks, thrown together in a continuous line, to serve as a fence for the exclusion of stray cattle. After several fruitless attempts to find an entrance, there was nothing for it but to shout at the top of our voices for assistance.

Presently we heard a shrill cry, rather like the call of some strange bird or wild animal than a human voice, and immediately afterwards, the reflection of a strong light became visible, and a man emerged from the brushwood, carrying a large blazing fragment of resinous wood, which lighted up every object around in a picturesque and singular manner. High over head, eighty feet at least, was a vivid canopy of green leaves, extending as far round as the eye could penetrate, varied here and there by the twinkling of some lustrous star, that peeped through from the dark sky without; and supported by the straight trunks and arching branches of innumerable trees—the rustic pillars of this superb alcove. The effect was strikingly beautiful and surprising.

Nor was the figure of our guide less strange. He was the first genuine specimen of a Yankee we had encountered—a Vermonter—tall, bony, awkward, but with a good natured simplicity in his shrewd features; he wore uncouth leggings, tied with deer-sinews—loose leather mocassins—a Guernsey shirt,—a scarlet sash confining his patched trowsers at the waist—and a palmetto hat, dragged out of all describable shape—the colour of each article so obscured by stains and rough usage, as to be rather matter of conjecture than certainty. He proved to be our landlord for the night—Seth Brown by name.

Following his footsteps, at his invitation, and successively climbing sundry huge logs, stumbling over a host of smaller ones, and plunging through a shallow creek up to the ankles in soft mud, we reached at length what he called his "shanty," at the further edge of the clearing. It was a log cabin of a single apartment, where presided "the wife," a smart, plump, good-looking little Irishwoman, in a stuff gown, and without shoes or stockings. They had been recently married, as he promptly informed us—had selected this wild spot, on a half-opened road, impassable for waggons—without a neighbour for miles—and under the inevitable necessity of shouldering all their provisions from the embryo town we had just quitted—and all this with the resolute determination of "keeping tavern."

The floor was of loose split bass-wood logs, hewn into something like evenness with an adze—the walls of logs entire, filled in the interstices with chips of pine, which, however, did not prevent an occasional glimpse of the darkness visible outside, and had the advantage moreover of rendering a window unnecessary—the hearth was the bare soil — the ceiling, slabs of wood — the chimney a square hole in the roof—the fire literally an entire tree, branches and all, cut into lengths and heaped up to the height of four or five feet. It was a chill evening, and the dancing flames were inspiriting, as they threw a cheerful radiance on every thing around, and revealed to our curious eyes extraordinary pieces of furniture—a log bedstead in the darkest corner—a pair of snow-shoes—sundry spiral augers and rough-looking tools—a bundle of dried sinews of the deer—together with some articles of feminine gear, a small red-framed looking glass, a clumsy comb suspended from a nail by a string, and other similar matters.

We were accommodated with stools of various sizes, on three legs or four, or mere pieces of log sawn short off, which latter our host justly recommended, as standing better on the uneven floor; and had exchanged our wet boots for slippers, mocassins, or whatever the good-natured fellow could supply us withal; the hostess was intensely busy making large flat cakes, and roasting them, first on one side, then on the other, in front of the fire, and alternately boiling and frying broad slices of salt pork, when suddenly suspending operations, she exclaimed with a vehemence that startled us, "Oh, Seth! I've cracked my spider!"

Enquiring in alarm what was the matter, we found that the cast-iron pan on three legs, which she used for her cookery, was called a "spider," and that its fracture had occasioned the exclamation.

The injured spider performed "its spiriting gently" notwithstanding the untoward accident, and sooth to say, all parties succeeded afterwards in doing entire justice to its savoury contents.

Bed-time drew near: a heap of odd-looking rugs and clean blankets was laid for our accommodation, and pronounced to be "ready." But how to get into it? We had heard of some rather primitive practices among the steerage passengers on board ship, it is true, but had not as yet accustomed ourselves to uncase before company, and hesitated to lie down in our clothes. After waiting some little time in blank dismay, Seth kindly set us the example, by quietly slipping out of his nether integuments and turning unceremoniously into bed. There was no help for it—by one means or another, we contrived to sneak under the blankets; and after clearing away the cookery, and hanging up a large coloured quilt between our lair and the couch occupied by her now snoring spouse, the good wife also disappeared.

In spite of the novelty of the situation, and some occasional disturbance from a smart gust of wind which stole through the chinks, and fanned into brightness the dying embers on the hearth, we all slept deliciously and awoke refreshed. Before daybreak breakfast was ready, and proved to be a much more imposing meal than the supper of the night before. There were fine dry potatoes, roast wild pigeon, fried pork, cakes, butter, eggs, milk, and "China" tea; besides "hemlock tea," (a decoction of hemlock twigs, tasting strongly of turpentine), "coffee," (burnt bread treated as such), and "chocolate"—which last was a brown-coloured extract of cherry-tree bark, sassafras-root, and wild sarsaparilla, warmly recommended by our host as "a first-rate bitter." Declining these latter curiosities—some of which, and many similar, have since become familiar in the course of a long sojourn in the bush—we made a luxurious meal.

It was now day-break. As we were new comers, Brown offered to shew us "a piece of the way," a very serviceable act of kindness, for in the dim twilight, we experienced at first some difficulty in discerning it. Pointing out some faint glimmerings of morning, which were becoming brighter and brighter over the tall tops of the trees, our friend remarked,

"I guess that's where the sun's calc'lating to rise."

The day had advanced sufficiently to enable us to distinguish the road with ease; the tavern-keeper returned to his work, and in a few minutes the forest echoed to the quick strokes of his lustily-wielded axe. We found ourselves advancing along a wide avenue, unmarked as yet by the track of wheels, and unimpeded by the thick brushwood that hems in older roads. To the width of sixty-six feet, all the trees had been cut down to a height of between two and three feet in a precisely straight course for miles, and burnt or drawn aside into the "bush;" while through the centre, or winding from side to side like the course of a drunken man, a waggon track had been made, by grubbing up the smaller and evading the larger stumps, or by throwing a collection of small limbs or decayed wood into the deeper inequalities. Here and there, a ravine would be rendered passable, by placing across it two long trees, often at an angle of fifteen degrees, and crossing these transversely with shorter logs; the whole covered with brushwood and earth, and dignified with the name of a "corduroy bridge."

The forest consisted of Norway and white pine, extending for a vast distance in every direction, and unmixed with any other timber, excepting a few scattered beech or hemlocks. There is something majestic in these vast and thickly-set labyrinths of brown columnar stems, averaging perhaps a hundred and fifty feet in height and from one to three in thickness, and making the traveller feel like nothing so much as a Lilliputian Gulliver in a field of Brobdignagian wheat. It is singular to observe the effect of an occasional gust of wind in such situations. It may not even fan your cheek; but you hear a low surging sound, like the moaning of breakers in a calm sea, which gradually increases to a loud boisterous roar, still seemingly at a great distance; the branches remain in perfect repose—you can discover no evidence of a stirring breeze—till, looking perpendicularly upward, at the imminent risk of twisting your neck, you are astonished to see some patriarchal giant, close at hand,—six yards round and eighty high,—which alone has caught the breeze, waving its huge fantastic arms wildly at a dizzy height above your head.

There are times when the hardiest settler dares not enter the pine woods; when some unusually severe gale sweeping over them, bends their strong but slender stems like willow wands, or catches the wide-spreading branches of the loftier trees with a force that fairly wrenches them out by the roots, which, creeping along on the surface of the soil, present no very powerful resistance. Nothing but the close contiguity of the trees saves them from general prostration. Interlocked branches are every moment broken violently off and flung to a distance, and even the trunks clash, and as it were whet themselves against each other, with a shock and uproar that startles the firmest nerves.

It were tedious to detail all the events of our morning's march: how, fully accoutred with English fowling-pieces and laden with ammunition, we momentarily expected to encounter some grisly she-bear with a numerous family of cubs, or at the least a herd of deer or flock of wild turkies—how we saw nothing but woodpeckers with crimson heads, hammering away at decayed trees like transmigrated carpenters—how we at last shot two partridges, very unlike English ones, of which we were fain to make a meal, which was utterly detestable for want of salt—how we found the government agent bivouacking in a tent by the side of a broad river—how he leisurely handed us over to *his* agent, who was distractedly endeavouring to induct some dozen of new importations like ourselves,—Irishmen clamouring in Erse—Highlanders muttering Gaelic—and Germans growling strange gutturals,—into the mysteries of chopping and grubbing stumps on the unfinished road—how he led us off, helter-skelter, into the bush, walking as for a wager through thickets of ground hemlock,* which entangled our feet, or over and under windfalls, to pass which we were obliged to climb sometimes twenty feet along some half-recumbent tree—how, when we asked him whether clay or sand were considered the best soil, he said some preferred one, some the other—how he showed us the front of a lot which was not good, and "guessed" that the rear ought to be better—and how we turned back thoroughly fatigued, but no wiser than when we set out—all this, and much more, must be left to the reader's imagination.

It was drawing towards evening—the guide strode in advance, untired and taciturn, like some evil fate—we followed in pairs, heated and weary, each of us provided with a small bunch of leafy twigs to flap away the mosquitoes, which rose in myriads from the thick, damp underbrush. Oh, those mosquitoes! how they torment the hapless wayfarer in the still air of the woods, plunging their trunks into his hands and feet, even through gloves and boots—or, if he have no gloves, and wear shoes, alas for him! He suffocates himself perhaps by tying a handkerchief over his hat and under his chin—vain reliance! they steal snugly inside, and sting at leisure; while he becomes infuriated by the ceaseless hum of whole squadrons that hang upon his rear like light cavalry, overtaking and surrounding him upon the slightest pause in his half-blinded and wholly desperate career. Then the sand-flies, invisible except upon a close examination, but felt plainly enough like red-hot sand upon the flesh. And the black flies, which quietly establish themselves upon your face around under the brim of your hat, or in your neck, and give no intimation of their presence except by an intolerable itching, until on putting your finger unconsciously to the spot, you find it smeared with your blood. The deer-flies and the clegs too, which dart upon you with the velocity of hawks, and carry off a very tolerable piece of your skin with a twinge as of a pair of fine forceps. And—dire example of evil associations—even the common house-fly, which you are surprised to find abundant in the woods, bites like a gallinipper. Happy they who cast not their lot in the depths of the unopened forest. The fresh gales of the lakes, or the never-failing breeze of the clearing, are fatal to these winged demons, which delight in close swamps and tangled underbrush, whence the gentle zephyr and the fierce blast are almost alike excluded.

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* The ground hemlock (*Taxus Canadensis*) or Canadian yew, is a strong trailing shrub, which covers the ground in parts of the woods. It seems inclined to erect itself into a tree, but is continually beaten prostrate by the heavy snows of winter. It sometimes reaches the length of fifteen or twenty feet.

"It's getting dark," said the sullen guide, "you must look out for the blaze."

We glanced anxiously around, scrutinizing the obscurity on every side.

"What does he mean?" said one of the Englishmen furtively to his Irish companion. "I see no blaze. Can he mean a will o' the wisp?"

"Oh, man dear!" was the reply, in the same under-tone, "sorra little I know—sure it's right glad I'd be of the laste bit of blaze, iv it wor only a small candle in a lanthorn, to see this cursed quare path by."

The man explained, that the "blaze" (qy. *blazon?*) was a white mark which we had noticed on the trees in our route, made by slicing off a portion of the bark with an axe, and invariably used to indicate the road, as well as the divisions and subdivisions of townships. After a time, this mark loses its whiteness and becomes undistinguishable in the dusk of evening, even to an experienced eye.

Not a little rejoiced were we when we presently saw a genuine blaze, in the form of a log-fire, that brilliantly lighted up the forest in front of a "wigwam," which, like everything else on that eventful day, was to us delightfully new and interesting. A few days afterwards, we had the satisfaction of constructing one for ourselves, and the reader shall have the benefit of our experience.

You choose a shelving spot of dry ground, in the vicinity of a small running creek (every wet ravine or natural drain is a creek), for the convenience of water for your cookery; and having gathered together sufficient dry branches to light a fire, which you kindle with the aid of dry leaves and gunpowder, or as you best may—you chop down some small trees, and with the forked part of two of them, set upright in the ground eight or ten feet apart, you commence your structure. Laid upon these two, and resting firmly in the forks, place another stout piece of tree; and leaning against this at an angle of forty-five degrees, like the shelving side of a high-pitched roof, a number of stout stakes, upon which heap branches, the most leafy you can find, but if possible of hemlock (which greatly resembles the silver fir), then carefully close up both ends in the same manner, throw a thick heap of hemlock or cedar boughs on the ground for your bed, and you have your wigwam complete. It is curious—and, whether true or not, implicitly believed in the bush—that the fragrant couch you have made is esteemed a sovereign preventative against ague, cold, or catarrh; of course, in consequence of the resinous nature of the trees.

To return to our narrative. We found, seated on a log near the fire, two persons in blanket coats with red sashes, evidently gentlemen; and occupying a second wigwam, at a little distance, half-a-dozen axe-men. The gentlemen proved to be Messrs. D——, related to one of the wealthiest families in England. They had purchased a tract of a thousand acres, and commenced operations by hiring men to cut a road through the wild bush, some eight or ten miles, to their new estate—which pioneering exploit they were now superintending in person. Nothing could exceed the vigour of their plans. Their property, dignified by the name of —— Park, was to be enclosed in a ring fence, to exclude poachers—they would have herds of deer and wild horses—the river which intersected their land was to be cleared of the drift-logs with which its free navigation might be impeded—and, in short, they doubted not in a few years to convert the desolate wilderness into another England. In the mean time, the elder brother had cut his foot, and was disabled for the present; and the younger was busily occupied in the rather unromantic operation of frying pancakes, which the axe-men, who were unable to accomplish so scientific a feat, pronounced "first-rate."

Nowhere does good fellowship so readily spring up as in the bush. We were soon engaged in discussing the aforesaid pancakes, together with the whiskey and fried pork of our new acquaintance, as well as in sharing the sanguine hopes and bright visions which accorded so well with our own ideas and feelings.

We quitted the wigwam and its cheerful tenants with mutual good wishes for success, and shortly afterwards reached the broad river, where was pitched the marquee of the government agent, who civilly invited us to share its shelter. The rain fell in torrents during the night, penetrating the frail roof, and soaking nearly through the thick Mackinaw blankets that formed our couch; but, exhausted by our rough progress, we slept on undisturbed till the sun shone brightly over the forest—more heartily wearied, it is hoped, than the fair and indulgent reader will be, with our "First Day in the Bush."

THE VOICE OF A DREAM.

"Beata
Petamus arva, divites et insulas."

Come away! Come away!
O'er the blue hills of the West away!
Far in the path of the setting sun,
Deep in the shades must we journey on,
Danger and gloom in our track will be,
Mountain, torrent, and storm and sea,
Struggling on through the wearying miles,
Ere we catch the light of the Blessed Isles.

Long have we heard of that happy land,
Of its vales' wild beauty—its sun-lit strand;
Oft in the dreams of the quiet night
Has it mock'd the gaze of our dazzled sight,
Oft has it breath'd in our wilder'd ear
Its blue stream's gladness—its voices clear—
We must taste of the founts where such waves were nurs'd,
Of the lips whence such breathings of music burst.

We may not bring to the Blessed Isles
The chilling light of our earthly smiles—
We must lay each thought of the dark world by,
The heavy heart and the tearful eye;
We must come ere the prime of sweet youth is told,
Ere the flush of our morn is grey and cold,
In our strength unworn—in our matin light,
Away! away! on our glorious flight!

Come away! Come away!
Ah! cold is the eve of our mortal day,
For Hope's voice faileth, and Love will die,
That seem'd born to bloom for eternity;
And the bright and beautiful soonest fall,
And to change and wither—the doom of all!
And each breath of the spring-wind singing by
Bears one cold murmur, "All, all must die."

Come away! come away!
O'er the blue hills of the West away!
Let our dreams be all of a sunbright clime,
Hope, Joy, and Beauty undimm'd by time.
Soon may our soul to that home draw near,
Soon may its music enchant our ear,
Soon be it ours of its joys to tell—
Shades of the dim earth—Farewell! Farewell!

Painted by C. Begas. Lamentations 1. 8. Klaglieder 1, 8. Engraved by F. Holl.

CHRIST MOURNING OVER JERUSALEM.

Like royal maiden sleeping gracefully,
  Jerusalem lay cradled in the sun;
Scarcely was heard the pilgrim zephyr's sigh,
  As through heaven's azure field it glided on;
Our earth, save Eden, ne'er disclosed a scene
So freshly fair—so beauteously serene.

On Olives' Mount reclined an humble band,
  From whom the sons of pride would shrink in scorn;
Way-faring ones, whose robes the churlish hand
  Of penury had sorely moil'd and torn.
Plain might you read, in each care-wrinkled face,
That here they had nor home, nor resting place.

But in that mean and friendless brotherhood
  Was one, whose grandeur angels could not plumb—
The ever-welling source of all that's good—
  By whom all things consist—from whom they come.
Yes, Dives! Him you turn from in disdain
The heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain.

Who but Jehovah could the task essay
  To scan the thoughts, which through the God-man's soul
Like spectres flitted, as on that fair day
  His sadden'd eye did o'er the landscape roll?
To human ken how bright the scene appears—
Emanuel's gaze it dims with scalding tears.

Perchance the Past was then before his view—
  The blood-stained story of his chosen nation;
Though highly favoured, thankless—never true—
  Rebellious, stiff-necked, prone to provocation—
Killing the Prophets—stoning Heralds given
To point their way to holiness and heaven.

Sure, as he gazed, there vividly appeared
The ghastly scenes of his deep tragedy—
In dark relief he saw the cross uprear'd,
He heard the heartless blood-shout "Crucify!"
Forebodingly he felt the Roman lance,
The shrouding of his Father's countenance.

Next that false nation's dread catastrophe—
So long predicted—gloomed before God's son:
Like dream of night the temple passed away,
Remaining on another not one stone—
Whilst, carnage-gorged, the eagle hoarsely yelled
That heaven's last curse was sternly now fulfilled.

Small marvel then that in his tender pity
He who was love itself wept like a child,
While gazing on that fair but wayward city
Which from his open arms was self-exiled;
Small marvel that he cried with yearning moan,
"Jerusalem! Oh, if thou hadst but known!"

Pray we, that soon the glorious time may come,
When the poor outcast Jew shall know his God;
And, after all his wanderings, turn to home,
Weaned from rebellion by the chast'ning rod;
And nestle, chicken-like, beneath the wing
Of Christ, his loving Prophet, Priest, and King.

A CHAPTER ON CANADIAN SCENERY.

> " Magnificent and ancient wilds !
> And mighty rivers—ye that meet the main
> As deep meets deep—and forests whose dim shade
> The flood's voice and the wind's by swells pervade."
>
> The Forest Sanctuary.

" Canadian Scenery !" Be not alarmed, most excellent reader, you are not to be drenched in the whirling spray-cloud of the Great Cataract, nor wearied with the thrice-told tale of what Wolfe murmured as he sunk to sleep in the arms of victory—there are other objects for the contemplative mind and beauty-loving eye in the broad limits of the Canadas, than the iris-crowned Niagara and the memorable battle-ground of Quebec ; and we only threaten you at present with a quiet lounge through a very partially appreciated country, promising to be as superficial and discursive in our conversation with you, as could be desired by the most " ennuyée " of the loiterers in the Rhineland, or the yawning idlers that gape at the Coliseum or the Simplon.

To the eye of a tourist, who should choose the Nassau balloon for a travelling carriage, as he floated over the surface of the earth at the respectful distance of a couple of miles, this wild country of ours would certainly appear a broad wilderness of interminable forest, girt by a sparkling zone of lakes, and intersected by the glittering net-work of a thousand streams. Occasionally the vast monotony of woodland might seem relieved by the appearance of a small " clearance " scooped out of the heart of the old forest, indicating the locality where some twenty or fifty thousand human beings had built up a Toronto or a Montreal ; but the general character of the landscape would be the same, and " broad waves and glorious forests " would constitute the beginning, the middle and the end of the ærial tourist's summary of Canadian scenery.

Descending from an altitude so little suited to our humble muse, we will pursue our straggling path on ordinary ground—stumbling, mayhap, at small obstacles and entangled in petty labyrinths, which would be readily sailed over by the literary æronaut.

Our forest-land borrows but slender charms from the treasury of the Past—she has but little food for the soft or stirring contemplations of Memory, but is rich in the ideal treasures of Hope—she lives in the rough strength of a fresh and lusty Present, and flushed with cheerful anticipations is the eager glance she bends on the Future. No retrospective repinings—no soft dallying with memorial glories —her step and voice are alike "Onward!" and the spirit of that watch-word pervades alike the physical and moral features of her broad land.

Streams, broader and nobler than the "exulting and abounding" Rhine, sweep their waters along rocks as bold and precipitous as the Drachenfels or the Liebenstein; but no ruined castle, half veiled in the glossy ivy, looks down upon its melancholy shadow in the waves of the passing river. Green vales lie folded in the close embrace of the old forest, as fresh and beautiful as poet ever dreamed of for the play-ground of Faun or Dryad, or the masque of starlight-loving Fairy. An age of Fact and Progress—an age that has started an omnibus between the Piræus and Athens—that has sent the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe through the bazaars of Stamboul, and talks of a rail-road to Jerusalem—laughs naturally and easily at the follies of poetic associations, and the profitless phantasms of the memory.

> "The fair humanities of old religion,
> The Power, the Beauty, and the Majesty,
> That had her haunts in dale or piny mountain,
> Or forest, by slow stream or pebbly spring,
> Or chasms, or watery depths—all these have vanish'd!
> They live no longer in the faith of Reason."
> WALLENSTEIN.

And this even in a country where the Past yet speaks clearly through its thousand tongues. Even there—'mid the ruins and monuments of centuries—the veriest child is taught that the age of Fancy is over, and goblin, ghost and fairy live but in the Christmas tale or nursery ballad.

> "Titania sleeps by her fountain's wave,
> Where her revel once would be—
> King Oberon rests in the knightly grave
> Of the elfin chivalry!"

And so in the green depths of the Canadian woodland, we can give you no harmless legend of fay or spirit—we can clothe no picturesque ruin with historic interest. You must take everything as it is, or as it hopes to be; so it is with almost everything cis-atlantic.

Come! stand with us on this bold height, in the shadow of that shattered column which marks the death-scene of one of England's noblest soldiers. The air is still and clear, and the distant voice of the Great Cataract floats low and sullenly down the rocky gorges of the Niagara. Westward spreads a noble expanse of champagne country, beautifully wooded and dotted with numerous homesteads. To the right rise the wooded heights of the American shore, and at your feet rolls the wave that had its cradle thousands of miles away in the wild heart of the Rocky Mountains—that swept through untrodden forest and down nameless waterfalls till it sparkled on the ocean-bosom of Superior—danced over the white rapids of the Sault Ste. Marie into the broad Huron—kissed the haunted shores of the isles of the Manitou—mirrored the white walls of Detroit and the gliding barques of the St. Clair, and rested awhile in the arms of Erie, before its rush through the rainbow-arch and the storm-cloud into the boiling gulf of Niagara. Watch the course of the noble river; it is spread beneath us as in a map, tracing its wide boundary between the two great countries, and winding towards Ontario, the last of the mighty brotherhood of the lakes.

One scene of strife and terror has been enacted on these green heights; and seldom could war have exhibited a wilder spectacle than in the routed host of the Americans, breaking in disorder before the victorious soldiers of Brock—the precipice and the tomahawk of the ambushed Indian in front, and behind them the bayonets of the conquerors, shouting for revenge for their fallen Chief.

But we are unfaithful to our resolve against dabbling in historic remains. Beneath us, in the current of the broad river, floats that pioneer of American civilization, a steamboat. Let us place ourselves on her deck, and accompany her on her lakeward voyage.

As we leave the wild mountain-gorge of Queenston the scenery becomes softer, and the river banks decrease in height. We are soon at the point where this mighty stream melts into the wide bosom of Ontario; and the last and fairest of the great lakes lies before us, sparkling in the summer sunlight. The stars and stripes are floating in the light breeze to the right, and the meteor-flag waves over a small fortalice on the left; and we emerge from the guarded entrance of the boundary river into the broad "neutral ground" of Ontario. White sails are scattered over the bright waters, and here and there the light thread of smoke in the clear heaven tells where a steamer is wheeling her rapid way. It is difficult for any one, whose ideas of a lake had been formed from the Windermeres, Lough Neaghs, Katrines or Lemans of European lands, to fancy old Ontario a mere fresh-water pond, and not a recognized branch of the everlasting ocean. Populous cities encircle its banks, and rivers that drain half a continent empty into its wide basin. Far away to the west the eye can trace the point where the northern and southern shores meet beneath the green crescent of the Burlington Heights, where the beautiful town of Hamilton lies in its pretty amphitheatre of hills. To the east the eye sees nothing but the usual ocean-prospect of the mingling blue of wave and heaven. And while our vessel is ploughing her swift path to the northern shore, let us follow with still greater swiftness the broad lake-stream in its eastern journey.

For more than two hundred miles it spreads from its western boundary till it narrows once more into reasonable dimensions, and is again designated as "the river." The Genesee—the Oswego—the Trent—the Cataraqui, and a hundred minor streams, have poured their tributes into its lap; and the narrowing shores north and south are again circumscribing its sweep. It has passed the bold ramparts of Fort Henry, and the spires of Kingston are fading in the distance as the bright stream enters that glorious labyrinth of mingled wildness and beauty, "the Thousand Isles." Every variety of rare and picturesque scenery which the most profuse outpouring of nature's fairest combinations of forest, rock and water, can effect, is there displayed in the versatile beauties and shifting glories of the kaleidoscope. The water is smooth and unbroken, the heaven soft and clear, and the light fingers of the early autumn are strewing their bright colours on the forest trees. You glide along through a constantly shifting succession of exquisite landscapes. Innumerable isles of every variety of shape, size and character, seem thrown at random over the waves; some apparently of miles in length, others almost too small for the solitary tree that springs from their tiny centre; some shewing a bold outline of jagged rock, others resting like fairy baskets of foliage on the breast of the sweet waters.

It is said that the exact number of these beautiful little spots has never been accurately ascertained, and there are many, doubtless, whose wild bowers have been never visited by the foot of man. As we gaze, the sweet music of "the Isle of Palms" floats through our mind, and we sing—

" Oh, many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the ocean's smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the main!
Some wandering ship who hath lost her way,
And never more, by night or day,
Shall pass those isles again.

* * * * *

The sun and the clouds alone possess
The joy of all that loveliness;
And sweetly to each other smile
The live-long day—sun, cloud, and isle.
How silent lies each shelter'd bay,
No other visitors have they
To their shores of silvery sand,
Than the waves, that, murmuring in their glee,
All hurrying in a joyful band,
Come dancing from the sea!"

Now a noble watery vista opens, stretching far as eye can reach; the next moment a rocky islet intervenes its leafy crown of green cedar and scarlet maple, and your bark seems completely landlocked till another promontory is past, and the beauty-haunted path of the glorious river is again traceable; and so on for miles of versatile loveliness, till the last of the Thousand Isles fades astern, and the stream, as if to atone for its long dalliance in the lap of beauty, begins to tread a swifter and sterner path as it nears its far famed "Rapids."

Far a-head the river is tumbling and tossing in mid-stream, as if wrestling with the strong grasp of a tempest; the water around us is as yet but little broken, and a bark canoe shoots from behind a small headland and tosses in the eddies of the steamer's wake—she is alongside, and three grave-looking Indians step on our deck, and with hardly a word walk toward the helm. Their leader is to be our pilot in the rapids ahead, and enters upon his duties with most stoical imperturbability. As the dangerous pass is neared, he takes the long tiller in his grasp, and his associates stand by him, imitating his air of stolid calmness.

The current quickens, and the strong vessel begins to rock ominously. Another jutting headland darts by, and a scene of almost terrible beauty is before us. All a-head seems one vast cauldron of white foam and tumbling water. Not even a thread of quiet channel seems to lead through the wild turmoil; and we begin to measure our distance from the nearest land, and wonder whether a tolerable swimmer would have a chance for life in such a war of waters. Swifter and swifter are we darting down the gallopping river. Breakers a-head, a-beam, starboard, larboard, and everywhere. Rocks, trees and islands dance past us in rapid flight. Look a-head! Must we really pass that sharp angle, where the island-cedars are dipping into the stream? Why, it is one vast chaos of whirling eddies, a succession of small cataracts, a ladder of rocky shelves! No boat could live in such a Maëlstrom.

Look at our Indian pilot! He is evidently bracing himself for a trying moment. His eyes are bright and wakeful, and glancing earnestly at the point of peril. There! We are in for it now! The boat is whirled round like a feather, and her broadside broaches towards that terrible ledge of sharp rock to the left, and steerage way seems lost on her—a blinding shower of spray—a slight scream from a pale face at the cabin window, and a general grasping of ropes and bulwarks by all on deck. Now, steersman!—now our hope is in you!

The Indians are by the helm, holding on most fiercely—the leader is excited beyond description, and is vehement in word and gesture—there! one bold sweep of the tiller and her head is again down stream; and the white edges of an enormous rock, sharp as the teeth of a sea-monster watching for prey, glance past within a couple of feet of the vessel's side. Another tangle of rocks and eddies, and the stout barque seems to be plunging down sharp descents, and twisting like a snake through a labyrinth of shoals and breakers. One more wild plunge—another dash of spray on the deck, and we dart into comparatively smooth water. We glance at our pilot—his vivacity and excitement are gone, and he stands calm as a statue. We feel that the difficulty is over, and we walk aft to look back on the wildest spot in the interminable St. Lawrence—the far-famed "Rapids aux Cedres."

We cannot linger on the varied beauties of the noble river. We cannot pause to tell of its union with the majestic stream of the Ottawa, swelling with its tribute from the thousand waters of the far north-west—of the perilous Rapid of Lachine, and the noble prospect that delights the eye, where the huge towers of the Cathedral of Montreal rise over the great city that seems nestling under the shadow of its lofty hill—the green isle of St. Helen's on the right, and the blue outline of the Boucherville hills along the verge of the horizon. We cannot follow the bright stream further in its course, even though we know that yet a few hours more, and the wave that was born in the snowy cradle of the Rocky Mountains will be kissing the feet of the giant rock—

> " The grave of Wolfe—the fortress of the North—
> Whence proud defiance on our foes is hurl'd;
> Where Britain's genius sits, thron'd o'er the Western world!"

We are once more on the deck of our steamer, on her short trip across the sunlit waters of Ontario. We are nearing land, and the smoke of the inland clearings is rising over the deep green outline of forest with which at this distance the shore seems clothed: tall steeples, domes, and indistinct ranges of high buildings glance through the thin screen of the intervening island or peninsula, and running past its long sandy ridge, fringed with dwarfish trees and terminating in a light-house, we have before us the youthful city of the west—the vigorous and onward-pressing Toronto.

The sun is sinking in the west, and his level rays are gilding the tall spires and glittering roofs of the wide-spread town, extended along the shore of a capacious harbor, crowded with shipping; and north, east and west, the eternal forest, bounding the view like a rich frame work to a picture fair and pleasant to the eye, however deficient it may be pronounced in elevated or striking features.

Soft clouds of gold and purple are floating in the sunset heaven, wooing the sweet sunlight to linger in their glittering pavilions; and Ontario, in his clear and tremulous mirror, gives back the glorious pageantry in its richest and most delicate tints. The wooded shore stretches away to the west, beyond the point crowned with a low fortification, and the pretty bay into which the Humber falls, all bathed in the rich purple light of a Canadian summer's eve; the dark green line of forest, circled by the bright waters, flushed and glittering in the sunset; while, far to the east, over the dark blue hills of Scarboro',

> " One lone and melancholy star
> Hath climb'd the ridge of cedars, and looks down
> Thro' the rose flush yet lingering in the wake
> Of the departing glory, fair and sad,
> Like hope upon some vigil of deep love—
> Thoughtfully beautiful."

Reader, we have safely landed you in the capital of Western Canada. We leave you to learn from some of its twenty-three thousand inhabitants, how swiftly its masses of buildings "rose like an exhalation" from the desolate marsh and the once unbroken forest; and how, from the grub-like existence of Little York, sprang into active life and comeliness the gay butterfly, Toronto.

Out in the heart of the old forest! The hum of the city has passed from the ear, and the sounds and sights of civilization are among the things of the past. We stand as in a primæval world, fresh and undefiled from the hand of its Creator. The hunters of the early world, when the life of man stretched to a thousand years, may have stalked through these ancient wilds; but no trace of man's dominion, past or present, meets the eye as it wanders through the solemn glories of the untouched forest.

Bright noontide is on the earth, and the fresh winds of morn have folded their faint wings. There are but few sounds through the solitude; the small river, that glances through the dense foliage, murmurs a sleepy music as it loiters on its course to the far-off Ontario; and the shrill whistle of the tree lizard, and sharp stroke of the woodpecker, break fitfully on the silence. Every variety of forest life, from its cradle to its grave, lies around us. The ground is strown with the wrecks of a thousand winters—huge moss-covered trunks, yielding to the lightest tread, that waved lustily in the storm before Columbus spread his sail to waken the mighty world that lay sleeping beyond the waters of the west. The sapling springs from the dust of the dead giant, and far above us hangs the world of glossy foliage supported by mighty shafts of ninety and a hundred feet in altitude. There are few situations in which the sense of complete and utter solitude is more solemnly felt, than in the summer noontide of the deep forest, where the world appears more thoroughly shut out, and the spirit more freely left to commune with those high and solemn thoughts, which rise naturally at the aspect of nature in her most unrestrained and least artificial exuberance.

Following the course of the small river which we have seen glancing through the trees, we come to a narrow woodpath which here seems to cross the stream. While hesitating as to our course, a distant step is heard approaching, and we pause, expecting to see the active form of the Indian hunter glancing through his native forests. A solitary horseman rides slowly down the narrow bridle-path, and two or three men on foot are following. He bears before him a burden loosely covered with a white cloth, and, as he draws near, discovers the weather-beaten face of the hardy emigrant settler—the hat pulled low on his brow, and his countenance stern and sorrowful. Ah me! There is no mistaking the errand of that small procession, or of what the burden consists that is wrapped in that rude pall. Two or three neighbours follow on foot the bereaved father, who is bearing the corpse of his little child through the lonely wood-paths to the far-off spot of consecrated ground, where the forest missionary will speak over its little clay the holy words that tell of the Resurrection and the Life. We will not pause to fancy the bitter thoughts of the rough woodsman, as he bears along his boy to his last resting place; or the grief that hangs over the lonely hearth in the distant clearing, where the mother mourns for her lost darling. Our course is elsewhere, and so—let the forest funeral pass on its way.

Following the path of the little river, the silence is broken by many rough sounds of active life. The daylight is seen through the thick trees, and we soon stand in one of the numerous "clearings," as they term these incisions in the heart of the old forest. A large tract is laid open, and the axes are ringing merrily on the broad trunks of the leafy Titans. Now and again a tremendous crash rings through the arches of the wood, as some giant elm or maple rushes in wild ruin to the ground. In the centre of the clearing rises a long low comfortable-looking homestead, built of the smooth logs of the white cedar, and already a garden is beginning to smile around, and the pleasant sounds of household occupations, and childhood's happy voices float round a spot, where two years ago the whoop of the solitary hunter was the only sound of human life.

* * * * * *

Come sit with me on this woody height, and with that boundless expanse of forest spread before us, and that quiet river winding his way to blend with the lake that gleams faintly under the far-off horizon, let us note how the sun takes his farewell of this land of woods and waters.

The light blue haze of evening is rising from the grey lowlands, and floating over the river breast and forest depths. But aloft, the level rays are transmuting to gold, in the bright alchemy of sunset, a thousand leafy spires and domes of glossy foliage; and at this hour, the peculiar beauties of the various species of trees are most remarkable. The grim old pines and hemlocks, softened though they evidently feel in the caressing light, yet preserve their sombre stateliness. Gaily doth the larch "hang all his tassels forth," and the aspen flicker his white tresses in the tremulous splendor: while high over all a branch of brilliant crimson, which seems to have anticipated the coming of autumn, displays the matchless beauty of "*the Maple Leaf.*"

Range above range of woodland—a glorious ocean of many coloured foliage is spread beneath us, all bathed in the rich flush of the level sunlight—fair isles of vapoury gold and purple are floating in the wake of the departing splendor, and the eye rests delightedly on a scene of beauty, never to be met with save in a land as rich as ours in unrivalled forest magnificence.

From the broad clearing beneath us, the smoke is curling in blue spires through the quiet air; and the lowing of the homeward-plodding kine, and the tinkling of their rude bells, float pleasantly on the ear. The sun is no longer above the horizon, and twilight comes stealing through the tall arches of the deep forest, though the crimson flush seems still to linger on the tree-tops. The night-hawk is wheeling on his eccentric circles, and the song of the whip-poor-will (the Canadian substitute for the sweet cuckoo of the mother-land) breaks harmoniously on the quiet air. The voices of a thousand frogs—mellowed by distance into a not unmusical chorus—rise from the far-off river-bank. But a sweeter sound is floating on the still evening, from a lonely flute beneath us, in that pleasant forest home. The notes have no charm of novelty to recommend them, and the execution is plain, but true and feeling. We have heard them from childhood; but cold would be the heart and ear, and faithless the memory, that would hear unmoved, in the twilight depths of an American forest, the plaintive melody of "Gramachree."

A hundred fires are kindling in the open space beneath us, and the deposed monarchs of twenty acres are stretched on their lighted funeral piles, or log heaps, in the plainer language of the backwoodsman. There are few more picturesque spectacles than this "burning up" of a large fallow. It is generally done at eventide, and the huge fires are watched throughout the night. As the darkness increases, the scene assumes a most striking aspect. Innumerable fires stud the plain, like the bivouac of a mighty host on a battle eve. Sometimes the flame, running along the dry leaves, catches an old standing tree and twines up its branches like a fiery serpent, and burns, a tall pillar of flame—a gigantic torch, such as might light the midnight chase of the Wild Huntsman. Dark figures flit around the blazing piles, now lost in the gloom, now marked in bold relief against the red light—reminding us of the scene in the old legend of the Charcoal-Burners of the Harz Mountains. But the night is upon us, with its glittering host of stars, and the fire flies are wheeling round and hanging their wreaths of fairy lamps on the green boughs of the silent and stirless forest.

You are yawning, most excellent reader, and we agree with you that bed-time is approaching, and that sleep may often prove stronger than the abstract love of the picturesque. So we will say farewell! We have much yet to tell you of our fair forest land. How gloriously it wears its snowy mantle and frost-formed diamonds beneath the dazzling sunlight of winter—how the sleigh darts over the frozen ground, and the sunset is mirrored on the pure clear surface of the ice-bound lake, and the skaters' irons ring merrily on the ear—how the northern lights dance through the wintry midnight—how—but doubtless you fancy that you have heard quite enough for the present; and as on reflection we are half inclined to agree with you, so, once for all, farewell!

"Day is past!
Stars have set their watch at last,
Founts that thro' the deep woods flow
Make sweet sounds, unheard till now,
Flowers have shut with fading light—
Good night!

"Peace to all!
Dreams of heaven on mourners fall,
Exile! on thy couch may gleams
Pass from thine own mountain streams.
Bard! away to worlds more bright—
Good night!"

HEMANS.

THE GREAT BRITAIN.

There was a vessel on the sea
When the winds blew loud and keen;
The mistress of the deep was she,
The wild Atlantic's Queen.

No forest vail'd its leafy crown
To frame her giant sides;
They delv'd in the earth's deep caverns down,
Where the iron-treasure bides.

Uprose she from the solid earth
A rude, mis-shapen heap;
Nor wist they, who were at the birth,
That ore should plough the deep.

The furnace glow'd—the red stream flow'd,
From the dark moulds, firm and true,
And the clang of a thousand anvils rang,
Whiles the vast sea-monster grew.

Through rolling mists, and feathery spray,
And the wild careering wave,
Right gallantly she rides to-day,
The broad sea for her slave!

Hark! "Land ahead!" Ah! cheering cry,
When, some long voyage o'er,
The look-out from the mast-head sees,
Far off, the hazy shore!

But now—oh, horror! that dread shout
Like a death-knell strikes the ear!
They seek the open sea—alas!
The breakers wild are near!

Upheaves the gallant vessel
On the great surge's crest,
Then thunders down and madly beats
The sea-rocks with her breast!

Great woe was there in England,
When came from Dundrum Bay
The news that she lay in her grave,
That sailed but yesterday.

Long rested she amid the waves
That shook the rock-bound shore,
And, where an hundred ships went down,
A charmed life she bore.

The long, long winter wore away;
Bright summer came again;
And still she lay, by night and day
Lashed by the surging main.

From Dundrum's Bay I hear a shout—
The shout of joy, I ween—
Our good ship rises with the tide!
She floats—the Iron Queen!

Hurrah! for the "Great Britain!"
For never ship before
The howling rage of the mighty main
With like defiance bore.

Hurrah! for the "Great Britain!"
Right worthy ship is she
To bear the name of the Island Queen,
The ruler of the sea!

SONG.

> " Song should breathe of scents and flowers
> That we loved long, long ago."
>
> BARRY CORNWALL.

Sing, old Bard, some homely breathing,
Such as love forgetteth last—
True heart-music—kindly wreathing
Flowers that blossom'd in the Past.
Be it mournful—be it lonely—
Be its cadence dark and low;
All we ask is—be it only
What we heard long, long ago.

At its notes cold eyes will glisten,
Lips will smile with quivering art,
Memory's quicken'd ear will listen,
Morn's lost freshness light the heart.
There are thoughts of mystic fashion
That will greet its tearful strain—
Thoughts of madness—beauty--passion—
Such as dreams bring not again.

On—sing on—tho' voice may falter,
Calling back Life's happiest times—
Flowers that glowed on Love's old altar—
Passions told in pleasant rhymes:
Cease it not—the lonely bosom
Drinks its music glad and free,
Memory of lost bud and blossom
Take not from the wither'd tree.

J. Brown.

ZAYDA.

"Come lay thy head upon my breast,
And I will kiss thee into rest."
BYRON.

Wherefore art thou sad, my brother—why that shade upon thy brow,
Like yon clouds each other chasing o'er the summer landscape now;
What hath moved thy gentle spirit from its wonted calm the while—
Shall not Zayda share thy sorrow, as she loves to share thy smile?

Tell me, hath our cousin Hassan passed thee on a fleeter steed—
Hath thy practised arm betrayed thee when thou threw'st the light jereed—
Hath some rival too ungently taunted thee with scoffing pride?
Tell me what hath grieved thee, Selim—ah, I will not be denied.

Some dark eye, I much mistrust me, hath too brightly answer'd thine—
Some sweet voice hath all too sweetly whisper'd in the Bezestein—
Nay—doth sadder, deeper feeling dim the gladness of thine eye—
Tell me, dearest—tell me truly—why thou breath'st that mournful sigh.

Oh, if thou upon poor Zayda cast one look of cold regard,
Whither shall she turn for comfort in a world unkind and hard?
Since our tender mother, dying, gave me trustfully to thee,
Selim—brother—thou hast always been far more than worlds to me.

Take this Rose—upon my bosom I have worn it all the day—
Like thy sister's true affection, never can its scent decay:
As the pure wave, murm'ring fondly, lingers round some lonely isle,
Life-long shall my love enchain thee, Selim—asking but a smile.

THE EMIGRANT'S HOME-DREAM.

——— "dulces reminiscitur Argos."

Oh, soft and lovely were thy vales, my Home!
The fresh blue heaven bent lovingly o'er thee;
Round thy bold cliffs the wild Atlantic's foam
Swept with a joyful voice, a music free;
Fair hamlets nestled in thy grassy breast,
Where lingering Summer strew'd her wealth of flow'rs;
The eagle loved thy mountain's misty crest,
The Past look'd proudly from thy war-worn tow'rs,
And from the fountains in thine ancient hills
Burst the deep music of thy thousand rills.

Art thou as fair, as when I saw thee last,
My far-off home—my beautiful—mine own,
Have wint'ry shadows o'er thy sunshine pass'd,
A voice of sorrow check'd thy heart's glad tone?
Thy summer skies—are they as pure and fair
As when I gaz'd upon their changeful blue;
The gray old hills—the bright waves cradled there,
Keep they their ancient voice—their sparkling hue?
I hear the mountain song—the wild brook's glee—
Hush—wayward heart—they sing not now for thee.

Cold sounds thy voice, strange Land—yet passing bright
Thy wild magnificence of wave and wood,
Thy youth's fresh ecstasy, all strength and light,
Thy lonely homes that speck the solitude—
But oh! one glimpse of my fair island sky,
One breeze of Erin on the wand'rer's brow,
One glance—wer 't but to mock the cheated eye,
And leave more drear the scenes it dwells on now—
In vain—another tale these dim woods tell—
Darling of life—dear Home—farewell—farewell!

LAKE HURON.

> "My joy
> Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
> Borne, like thy bubbles, onward."

The lakes, the mountains, and the streams of the Old World, claim the tribute of the poet, the historian and the traveller, not only for their grandeur and beauty, but also on account of the innumerable ancient associations connected with them. The wonders of *our* hemisphere, on the other hand, have but little of historic legend to attach them to our minds; but in their own natural majesty and grace—in their changing scenes, varying year by year under the labour of man's hands—in the sombre loneliness of our lakes and forests, as they all once appeared and yet for a great part remain—and in the future which must shine upon them—are found the ties which bind the heart of the Canadian to the scenes of his goodly country, fair as it is to look upon, and smiling with great hopes of a brilliant destiny.

The mighty lakes and rivers of Canada are celebrated among the wonders of the world, even as the matchless scenes of Britain are acknowledged to be among the first of Earth's countless beauties — nor least majestic of these western wonders, though not most sung by poet or depicted by traveller, is that vast inland sea called after the name of the famous Indian tribe—LAKE HURON. Less vast than Superior, and less traversed by the merchant than Erie or Ontario, and its bold shores but here and there showing where the hand of the white man has been—there are scenes as grand and bold as even the great father of lakes can offer to the eye; and the small gaps along the coast contain the germs of a population, and the foundation of a wealth, which will one day rival even the shores of the less remote waters.

Southward, near where with in-drawing banks the ancient Lake narrows towards the rapids of the St. Clair, the traveller looks in vain along the coast for towering cliff or lofty tree: the waters rave and splash upon the sandy beach, bounded by low banks and dwarf timber, in all the infinite variety of wildness, through which only the cautious Indian or hardy bushman can thread his way. The bear and wolf alone inhabit this jungle; while further inland, where the forest trees are tall and strong, marking the richness of the soil, are the habitations of a thriving yeomanry, the sturdy pioneers of the Huron wilderness. Along this beach the Indians often rest, either from the summer labours of the paddle or the weary snow-shoe journey. A favourite halting place is on a long peninsula jutting far into the lake, and much dreaded by the mariner when the westerly breeze sets upon the coast. To the foot-traveller or canoe-man, the dark shingle, formed of flat slaty stones, dry at nearly all seasons, affords a pleasant rest. The principal objects which attract attention on landing, are the blackened roots of the trees, and the stones red as burnt brick. The traveller wonders what may be the cause of these appearances, as if fire had passed over the ground, till his doubts are set at rest by his Indian guide, who, with a half-muttered monosyllable, points to a spot where a thin white smoke oozes out between the pebbles. A few stones are removed, and the son of the forest lights his pipe at a fire which man never kindled. The white man stares, and perhaps begins to philosophize learnedly upon the cause and origin of the strange phenomenon, but his red friend tells him it has always been there—the fire has burnt and crept along the beach from as many generations back as the Indian has ever heard of; the deep snow has ever and again lain upon the surface, but soon departed; the waters of the great lake roll within a few feet, and with every breeze break over the hidden flame, but it never dies—the two elements embrace, but hurt not each other.

Pass we further northward, and the brown shore rises higher and higher from the water's edge; while here and there a dark fissure shows where a rapid stream finds its way to the mass of waters. We now reach the dwellings of men, and note the cheerful signs of commerce. There is the narrow mouth of the pine-skirted Aux Sables, and the white, dazzling hills of sheer sand, which, although they take new shapes with each fierce gale, yet form a sure land-mark to the mariner.

On yet, two good days' journey, and the shore appears no longer covered with the fir-tree, valuable for the timber alone, but with the towering elm and maple and the smooth-stemmed beech, sure indication to the intending settler that the soil will repay the hard labour of reclaiming and tilling. A large gap in the forest, and the shingled roofs of houses, mark the mouth of the rippling Bayfield, which waters many a fair and fertile field in its course. Hence, the shore is thickly studded with clearings; and at the distance of a dozen miles, a larger space free of timber, and a yet bolder coast, show where has lately sprung into existence the pretty town of Goderich, on the banks of the picturesque Maitland. From the offing, the sailor can see the wide-spread cluster of houses, extending the greater part of a mile inland; and steering for the river-mouth, he soon makes in safety the commodious harbour. A more beautiful situation than this young town stands upon, is seldom met with; while its westerly aspect, wooing the pure breezes of the lake, albeit they are somewhat more fierce than pleasant in the winter season, and play too roughly with the shingled roofs, renders it confessedly one of the most healthy places in the world. The river forms at the mouth, where the banks are wide apart, a spacious basin, made accessible to the largest lake-craft by means of piers stretching out into the lake. Immediately above the harbour are beautiful islands, the water rushing rapidly on either side; and further up stream, the banks, again retreating, leave hundreds of acres of flat meadow; looking down upon which, on the northern shore, is Gairbraid, the beautiful estate of Dunlop. Higher still, the river has been checked and turned in its course, to drive the busy wheels of mill and factory. The day is within the memory of even young men, when the site of this town, as well as the whole tract of the surrounding country, was an uninhabited wilderness. It is already the centre of a country containing many of the best farms in the province, and nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants, almost to a man the sons of British soil, and who are now looking with confidence for the not far distant day, when they may send the produce of their labour to market by railroad.

This frontier, which we have now slightly described, and that extending some distance further northward, form the boundary of a fertile country, where the men of our Father-land have replaced the giant wilderness by smiling homes of plenty, and are receiving the ample rewards of their industry and enterprize.

From this region, in the troubled times of 1837, marched three hundred stout yeomen, obedient to the call of their Queen's representative, to defend the St. Clair frontier against the irruption of the rebels and their allies. It was December, and the season unusually inclement, but there was no hesitation—no wavering—no doubt. On through the cold wilderness, across the deep ravines, and along the wet beach, the icy spray dashing over them, a hundred of those men sped their perilous way down the shore of Lake Huron to their destination; while the remaining companies suffered nearly equal hardships, in the long circuitous march by the inland roads. The "Hurons" found no enemy to fight: but more than one survived not the hardships of that short campaign. And the captain of the gallant band which braved the dangers of that arduous march, has since found a grave in the waters of that lake, on the shores of which he had been the earliest pioneer. Well knew he to thread the intricate mazes of those woods—and none more daring or expert in guiding the boat along those waters; but once again, and for the last time, he encountered the autumn gale, and returned no more to his anxious and now bereaved family.

An imaginary line down the lake divides the British territory from that of the United States. On the western coast all is wild and barren. The shore is a rugged beetling bank. The ever-plashing wave wears away the rough stone within its reach, leaving the top o'er-hanging; and on the deep, black water beneath, the mariner can pass along, and look upward at the impending rock. Inland, all is untrodden wilderness, offering no promise to the husbandman. There are straight pine-covered ridges, the intervals clothed with short grass and underwood, looking as if some mighty ocean had been suddenly arrested when rolling in heavy swells with the dying breeze, and transformed into a sea of sand, that time has covered with trees and scant verdure. It is supposed that this region was once covered with the waters of the lake, which, as they gradually receded, formed these parallel ridges. Yet even to this barren coast has man found his way in search of wealth. The rock yields to the arm of the quarryman—the schooner runs in close to the iron-bound shore, and hurrying away ere the easterly wind arises which would crash her to pieces on the stones, carries her heavy cargo down the swift St. Clair.

Further north again, on the coast which owns the sway of our own flag, are yet other fair streams and verdant shores; but the white man's house is less frequently seen, and we find more often the wigwam of the Indian. Not always is he in his light tent of bark and mats; for on the pleasant shore of a stream of matchless beauty, are the good dwellings of hewn logs, where a remnant of a race fast becoming extinct, and among whom it is already difficult to find a type of the original savage, now plant their corn in peace under the protection of British rule. This is the village of the Saugingh, built by our government for the Indians. No pier or break-water protects the entrance of the stream; but the schooner, threading her way between the scarce-hidden and dangerous reefs, crosses the sand-bar, and finds shelter between the gently sloping banks—on the one hand covered with trees, straight and regular as if the hand of the forester had planted them; and on the other clothed with rich verdure. A mile inland, where the natural meadow yields food for the Indian's cattle, stands the village, on a high breezy bank. Twenty miles to the northward of the mouth of this river, is the splendid cluster of small islands forming the famous Saugingh fishing station, for the use of which the original lords of the soil still receive rent from the merchant. Steady must be the hand and quick the eye of the pilot, who guides a vessel between the rocks and shoals, until he reaches the main island; but when there, he is safe against the fury of the fiercest storm. Hither in the autumn resort numerous craft, to take advantage of the fishing season; but in the warm summer, the tourist will find perhaps not a keel in the calm anchorage. The wild beauty, however, of the islands will sufficiently reward the admirer of natural scenery.

Far away to the northward, expanding to an ocean-like extent, stretches the glorious sheet of water. No longer do we see the fertile shores or pleasant streams, but in their place the hard bold rock, jutting forth in countless promontories, some covered with a low growth of fir in all its numerous tribes—the dark pine and the graceful larch,—the spruce, the hemlock and the cedar, with here and there a white-stemmed birch, throwing its slight shoots abroad and clothed with a fair soft foliage. Islands innumerable of jagged rock, and covered with low trees, rise from the pure clear water; abodes these of the animals of the forest alone, and temporary resting places for the wandering Indian, as he passes to and from the abodes of white men in the south, or the government stations northward, where he receives those annual "presents" of clothing and ammunition, which too frequently pass into the hands of the unscrupulous trader in return for the debasing fire-water. The traveller may find here and there a refreshing green meadow on these romantic islets, where the scant covering of mould on the hard rock suffices to sustain the short wild grass. These the red man has chosen as resting places for his dead; and the carefully raised mounds of earth covered with bark, and their boundaries marked by stones, evince the care he has taken in the burial of his brethren. May the curiosity of the babbling antiquary never disturb their quiet repose, in search of wonders which have no place but in the conceit of his vain imagination.

Passing the long string of islands which forms a line between the main lake and the Georgian Bay, you cross the deep strait called the "Ship Channel," through which now glide the sailing and steam craft, where formerly none but the light canoe passed on; and the high shore of a larger island stands out in bold relief against the expanse of water bounded only by the horizon. This is the smaller of the two islands named after the Indian spirit Manitou. For miles along the eastern shore, a cliff of hard stone rises to the height of thirty feet, rent and worn into deep fissures, among which the clear deep waters splash with deafening roar, or ripple with strange sullen echo. You climb the jagged stone, and on the top is a level surface, forming a good resting place; while, high above, the shore rises almost perpendicularly to the height of more than a hundred feet, covered with low fir trees, which twine their roots about the rough rock, and draw scanty nourishment from the narrow clefts. The precipice almost defies the ascent of the strongest man. The scene is one of much grandeur, and forcibly reminds the North Briton of his own towering Trossachs. On this island there is no habitation of human being, save, perhaps, in a sheltered nook, the hut of the hardy fisherman, who braves the autumn storms and the bleak winds of early winter for his hard-won cargo. From the neighbourhood of this coast are dimly visible the lofty mountains of the north shore—bleak, barren, and untraversed but by the Indian, in search of game or wild berries to exchange with the white man.

Spread again the sail, and away for the Northern Islands. We reach the Great Manitoulin, a continent in size, though but the island of a fresh-water lake. Here, in the deep magnificent bays—where every kind of craft, from the steam-ship to the light canoe, may anchor in safety—are the stations and villages. The neat houses and clearances denote the progress of improvement; while the numerous canoes and rudely-constructed boats, and the appearance of the copper-coloured denizens of the habitations, show that the arts and manners of civilized life are as yet but imperfectly acquired. The European artizans have Indian apprentices, to whom they teach the crafts; while the ministers of religion endeavour to disseminate the knowledge of the blessed truths of Revelation. Amid the hardships presented by summer heats and winter snows, passing from island to island, or from station to station, in the frail canoe or on the dreary ice, and contending against the ignorance and prejudice of the savage, and—yet more arduous task—against the evil influence and bad example of the crafty and greedy trader—in the face of all these impediments, the devoted missionaries preach the glad tidings of the Gospel to the remnant of these ancient tribes, and inculcate on them obedience to its sacred precepts. At the principal station, the Indians assemble annually to receive their presents, coming for hundreds of miles in their light canoes. A lovely scene was presented to our view, as we rested on our oars, at the close of a fine day in August, on the mirror-like surface of a deep land-locked bay. Not a cloud was in the sky; the sun was setting behind the tall pines on our left, and his ruddy light fell full upon the great encampment of the tribes. We gazed, astonished and delighted, for the view had burst upon us suddenly as we rounded a headland about two miles from the landing-place, admiring, as we went, the clear and complete reflections of the banks, far down in the deep water. We now looked towards the station; and as we could just discern the flags at the pole of every larger tent, and the dry matting glancing like white canvass in the sun-beams, we could fancy an army encamped before us, instead of three thousand peaceful Indians.

Hence, to the great rapids of St. Marie, where the waters of the mighty Superior rush with foaming wave into her sister sea, is a succession of grand scenes. Islands in all variety of size and outline, and whose numbers are yet uncounted—some barren of tree or herb—some covered with timber—fill the deep water, and that water pure and clear as crystal. What luxury to glide with well-filled sail along that brilliant surface, while fifty feet beneath is the hard rock, on which the rays of the sun play tremulously through the rippling water, rendering it discernible to the minutest jutting; and the multitudes of fishes, as they skim along, half a dozen fathoms from the eye, appear as if the hand could reach them. No storm, however fierce or protracted, sullies the purity of this matchless water — so clean and smooth is the rock on which it rests.

Glorious is LAKE HURON on the soft summer day, when the light breeze but plays upon its surface, and all looks bright and beauteous in the sunshine. Majestic is she, when suddenly the black thunder-storm arises, and with a fury, brief as it is violent, bears the dark mass of cloud down upon her waters, which the gale tears up in foam, sending it to leeward swift as the lightning-flashes; and the tall schooner has trimmed her canvass to weather the short-lived tempest, and the traveller in boat or light canoe with haste has made the welcome land. Grand and never to be forgotten is she, when day has passed, and the brilliant moon lights up the scene, and the fine dry northwest breeze impels you along the waves with the speed of the race-horse, and the foam of every billow as it breaks, glances like brilliant fire in the rays of the Queen of Night.

At such times have we revelled on those waters; and seen the old lake too, when the icy bonds of winter had bound her rocky isles together, and far as the eye could reach, was the same stubborn stilly field of ice and snow, varied only here and there by ridges of broken ice, driven together and piled heap on heap in the turmoil of the storm, ere the solid mass was fully formed; and along the shore stretched the gigantic ice-banks—huge hills, that make one wonder how the suns even of a whole summer, could cause them to disappear. Imperceptibly these have been forming, from the dashing of the spray in the early frosts; and when spring returns, the April rains disperse them ere the plough has been placed in the farmer's field.

Nor is Lake Huron without its melancholy associations. Gallant crews have gone forth in the summer storms, and returned no more to their homes on shore; and the deceitful ice has often covered the grave of the venturous traveller.

And not for these alone, but also for the bold scenery of thy coasts, and the bracing breezes that sweep thy waters, and the pleasant fields and happy British homes and noble hearts that have greeted us upon thy shore — for all these we love thee well; and again may we dash along thy mountain waves, and look out upon the unrivalled beauty of the declining sun as it sets upon thy wide expanse—and grasp the friendly hands of those, who with us have braved thy storms and delighted in the beauty of thy fair scenes.

THE BLIND GIRL.

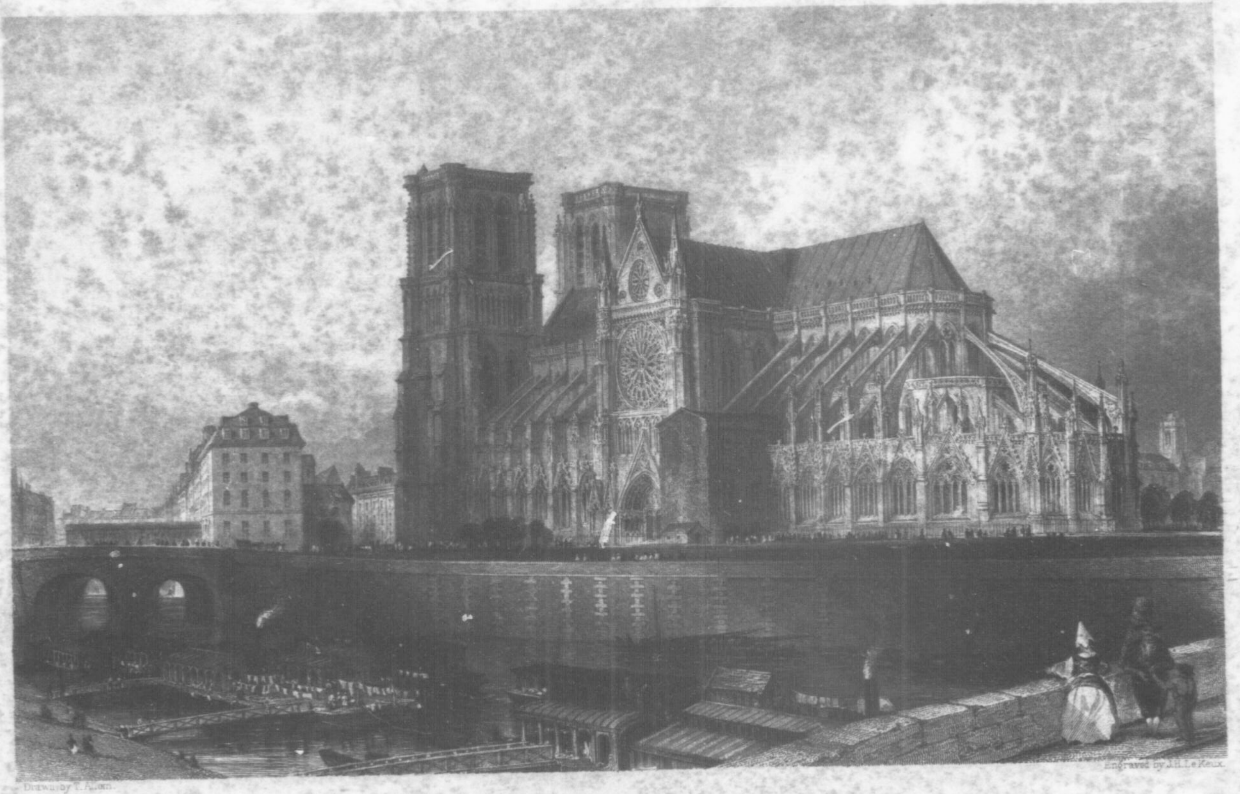
She sits in silence all the day,
  Our little gentle one,
And basketh in the welcome ray
  Of the glorious summer sun;
The warm beams falling on her brow
  Shed gladness through her mind,
But ne'er may she their radiance know—
  The little one is blind.

Her small hands hold a blushing wreath
Of lovely forest flowers—
Oh, well she loves your fragrant breath,
Sweet friends of summer hours!
But not for her each gorgeous hue
O'er your fair petals spread;
Alike to her the violet's blue
And rose's glowing red.

She looketh tow'rds the quiet sky
In the still summer night,
But vainly on her darkened eye
Falleth the pale moonlight;
In vain from their bright home above
The peaceful stars gaze down—
She knoweth not their looks of love
From gathering tempest's frown.

A mother speaketh to her child
In accents mild and sweet,
A brother through the wood-path wild
Guideth her wand'ring feet;
Each kindly deed, each gentle tone
Thrills to her heart's deep cell—
What would she give to look upon
The friends she loves so well!

And thou shalt see their faces yet,
Stricken, yet blessed one!
When all Earth's ransomed ones are met
Before the Eternal Throne:
The cloud that dims thy vision now
Shall at a word be riven,
And the first light thine eyes shall know
Shall be—the light of heaven.



Drawn by T. Allom. Engraved by J.H. Le Keux.

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME, PARIS

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THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE-DAME, PARIS.

Of the many interesting objects which strike the eye of the stranger in the gay capital of France, no one edifice perhaps leaves so distinct and vivid an impression on his memory as the Cathedral of Notre-Dame. Paris, it is true, presents numerous other ancient structures to his notice; but they all, more or less, have undergone such modifications and alterations, that the character of their original appearance is lost. Like an aged patriarch forsaken of his coevals, Notre-Dame stands alone amidst the city, a majestic monument of by-gone days, almost unchanged, except by the soft greyness shed over it by time, and as stately in its dimensions as it was when the sainted Louis assumed before its altar the pilgrim's garb.

For seven centuries now, the worship of the Most High has been with but little interruption carried on within the precincts of this noble temple; and seven centuries more, should our globe remain unrenovated so long, would, to all appearance, scarce suffice to dissolve the solid masonry of its walls, or even affect the beautiful adjustments of its airy buttresses.

The foundation of the present building is ascribed to Maurice de Sully, Bishop of Paris, during the reign of Louis the Young. It occupies the site of a still more ancient Christian edifice, which Childebert is said to have raised on the ruins of a heathen temple, dedicated to Jupiter, Castor, and Pollux, by the merchants of Paris in the time of the emperor Tiberius. Although many additions and improvements were made during the three centuries succeeding the erection of the original structure, yet even as late as the middle of the fifteenth century the noble design was not as yet completed, and kings and bishops emulously endeavoured to perfect the majestic edifice.

The first serious injuries which it sustained, were inflicted in the Revolution; nor was it until after the peace in 1815, that these injuries were repaired, and the restoration of the building effected. Even now, although it is unquestionably one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical architecture in the world, it is not what it was in the days of its glory. Time has stripped it of some of its attractions—and the destructive grasp of man has robbed it even of more. Many of the statues, pictures, and other costly decorations with which it was lavishly enriched by princes, ecclesiastics and corporations, shared the fate of other noble works of art in the excesses of the Parisian mob at the close of the last century; and of the five-and-forty chapels, which clustered round the nave and choir, but twenty-nine remain.

The general plan of the Cathedral is that of the Latin cross. The principal features of the western front are its massive towers, beneath whose shadow the Ile de la Citè seems to be reposing, the two exquisite ranges of delicately finished arches connecting them, between which is the magnificent circular window more than forty feet in diameter, and the three deep porches, ever beckoning inward those who approach.

The most remarkable objects on the northern and southern sides are the transepts with their noble roses, decorated with statues and finely sculptured *bassi relievi.* The porch on the southern side bears the name of St. Marcel, and occupies the site of the ancient church of St. Stephen. As you pass beyond the transepts towards the east, the building is gradually rounded off into a semicircle, adorned with a noble triple tier of windows, between which are suspended exquisitely delicate buttresses with slender shafts and graceful pinnacles.

Let us now take a glance at the interior of the magnificent structure. We shall enter by the centre porch in the western front. What a glorious view presents itself as we stand within the spacious nave! The high o'er-arching firmament of the groined roof, dim with a rainbow-hued atmosphere, tinctured and dyed with the gorgeous colours of the glass that fills the rose-shaped apertures behind and on either side of us—the double range of lofty aisles with the richly decorated chapels opening behind them—the sublime perspective of clustered pillars and massive columns through which the eye gazes on—still on—until it reaches the far-distant *sacrarium* raised aloft towards the east, glowing with a soft and delicate beauty, even more solemnly exquisite than anything else that has yet met the view.

As an historical edifice, also, how full of interest is the Cathedral of Notre-Dame! Treading upon the pavement which heroes have helped to wear, we feel an awe as if in their company—we realize their presence near us—we see them almost bodily around us. Could the beams out of the wall here speak, what revelations would they not deliver respecting events which written chronicles but too briefly describe! What catalogues of passionate thoughts—what prayers, what sorrows, what fears, what hopes, what raptures, what despair would they not be able to disclose to us, which these solemn aisles have been privy to!

To glance at all the reminiscences that flash upon the mind as we enter Notre-Dame, would fill a volume. Only one or two can here be touched upon.

Here was crowned a king of England as king of France. Here the quartering of the lilies with the lions was the symbol of a fact. Here for one brief hour the long-retained figment—real source of so many mutual woes to two great nations—was apparently a truth, that the English monarch was king of Great Britain, France and Ireland. Well for England, that the ambitious design of her rulers was frustrated! Had it succeeded, the British isles would probably have constituted an obscure province of France; and the high-toned national character of their people would have had no opportunity of developing itself. And perhaps no nation would have been found to take the stand in favour of liberty and truth which the three united British kingdoms since have done. Little dreamed that royal youth, as he sat wrapped in ermine and weighed down with gold, of the series of dark contrasts afterwards to come upon him. How well it is for us that a veil is spread before our future! How truthful the words—

> "Prudens futuri temporis exitum
> Caliginosa nocte premit Deus."

How often, else, would our moments of proudest triumph and highest bliss seem only cruel mockeries! In like manner, little dreamed the beautiful and accomplished Mary Stuart, of such sad hours as afterwards Loch Leven and Fotheringay brought with them, — when, yet a buoyant maiden, brilliant with youth, surrounded by the court and chivalry of France, within these walls she saluted her newly-wedded husband King of the Scots! Little dreaming was there of such bitter thoughts as those which the names of Carisbrook and Whitehall were afterwards to call up, when the fair Henrietta of France passed forth through yonder porch the happy bride of Charles the First! How can we help thus looking with the pitying eye of a seer upon the personages of history, as we behold them moving on, in certain parts of their career, unconscious of the fate that awaits them?

Even Napoleon, looked at in this point of view, amidst the splendours in which he indulged in Notre-Dame, claims our compassion. Napoleon, as is well known, made this sacred place—sacred still, notwithstanding its profane rebaptism as the Temple of Reason a few years before—the scene of one of his most daring acts of self-glorification. It was here that he, consummate actor! took the newly-made Imperial chaplet from the altar, and placed it on his own brows—as if he designed by the act, at once to add poignancy to the humiliation of the unhappy Pontiff, whom he had forced to officiate at the ceremony, and to teach the thronging crowd how empty were the pretensions of the supposed vicar of Him by whom kings reign.

The grand western façade of Notre-Dame, he, on that occasion, obscured by a triumphal arch in honour of himself, whereon the emblems of his name and rule were mingled in strange confusion with the statues of Clovis and Charlemagne. So well did he know how to put in practice the common trick of upstarts, who are ever fain to hoodwink the ignorant by attaching themselves in some adroit manner to ancient and popular names. Well for him, as he sat throned in Notre-Dame, robed and crowned, as he had wildly hoped, the Cæsar of a new universal empire, that no evil genius had the power to syllable in his ear—with all the stern interpretation of the words—MOSCOW—ST. HELENA!

THE END.

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