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THE IGNIS FATUUS;

OR, WILL-O'-THE WISP.

In marshy and boggy places a light is sometimes seen to hover over the ground by night, appearing from a distance like a taper gleaming from some cottage window. The light is not stationary, and should any incautious traveller approach it, it moves before him, and thus leads him into bogs and marshes, where he is in danger of perishing.

This appearance is called *Ignis-fatuus*, or *vain*, or *wild fire*. It is also called *Will-o'-the Wisp* and *Jack-o'-Lantern*, by the country people, these being the names of a malignant spirit to whom the appearance was formerly attributed. Of late years the cause seems to have been well ascertained to be the lighting up of an inflammable gas produced by decaying animal and vegetable matter in bogs, marshes, and stagnant pools. It is found that when damp soils are drained and cultivated the *Will-o'-the-Wisp* disappears. Such has been the case with the extensive bogs and marshes which formerly occupied a large portion of the counties of Northampton, Huntingdon, Cambridge, Lincoln, Norfolk, and Suffolk.

In crossing the wild moors near the place where the counties of Northumberland and Cumberland join, the *Will-o'-the-Wisp*

has often been seen. Two gentlemen were once riding over these moors, when they were surprised, about ten o'clock at night, by the sudden appearance of a light within fifteen yards of the road side. It was about the size of the hand, of an oval well-defined shape, and was more like a bright white cloud than a flame. It was seen in a very wet place where peat-moss had been dug out, leaving what are called "peat-pots," which soon fill with water and nourish various plants, which in their turn are changed into peat. The light was about three feet from the ground, and hovered for a time over the peat-pote, then moved to the distance of about fifty yards, and suddenly went out.

Mr. J. Allies has described an ignis fatuus which he saw on the night of the 31st December, 1839, in Worcestershire, in two meadows and a stubble field. He noticed it for about half an hour, at a distance of from one to two hundred yards. "Sometimes it was only like a flash in the pan on the ground; at other times it rose up several feet, and fell to the earth and became extinguished; and many times it proceeded horizontally from fifty to one hundred yards, with an undulating motion like the flight of the laughing woodpecker, and about as rapid; and once or twice it proceeded with considerable rapidity in a straight line upon or close to the ground. The light of these ignes fatui was very clear and strong, much bluer than that of a candle, and very like that of an electric spark, and three or four of them looked larger and as bright as the star Sirius; of course they look dim when seen in ground fogs, but there was not any fog on the night in question; there was, however, a muddy closeness in the atmosphere, and at the same time a considerable breeze from the south-west. Those Will-o'-the-Wisps which shot horizontally, proceeded before the wind towards the north-east."

A few years ago, Major Blesson of Berlin, in order to determine the cause of the ignis fatuus, made some experiments in a valley in the forest of Gubitz, in the Newmark, where this meteor was frequently seen. The valley cuts deeply into compact loam, and is marshy on its lower part. The water of the marsh contains iron, and is covered with a shining crust. During the day, bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and at night, bluish purple flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. On visiting the spot by night, the flames retired as Major Blesson advanced, the motion of the air driving the burning gas

before him. On remaining perfectly still, the flames returned, and he attempted to light a piece of paper by them ; but the current of air produced by his breath kept the flames at too great a distance. On turning away his head, however, and holding up a screen of cloth, he was able to set fire to a narrow strip of paper. He also succeeded in putting out the flame by driving it before him to a part of the ground where no gas was produced, then applying the flame of a torch to the surface whence the gas bubbles issued, a kind of explosion was heard over eight or nine square feet of the surface of the marsh ; a red light was seen, which diminished to a blue flame about three feet high. This continued to burn with the unsteady motion observed in the Will-o'-the-Wisp. As the morning approached all the flames became pale, and seemed to approach nearer and nearer to the earth, till they at last faded from the sight. Major Blesson thinks that when once the thin stream of inflammable air is set on fire, it continues to burn by day as well as by night, but the light is so pale that it cannot be seen by day. He also thinks it probable, that the fires which sometimes break out in forests are caused by ignes fatui.

The same observer has also made experiments on the ignis fatuus in other places. At Malapane, in Upper Silesia, he passed several nights in a forest where this meteor was to be seen. He succeeded in extinguishing and inflaming the gas, but could not set fire to paper or thin shavings of wood by its means. In the Konski forest, in Poland, the flame appeared of a darker hue than usual, and on attempting to ignite paper and wood, they became covered with a viscous moisture. On another occasion, he succeeded in lighting up the ignis fatuus by throwing fireworks from a distance into marshy ground. He visited by night the summit of the Porta Westphalia, near Minden ; the meteor was not visible, but on firing off a rocket a number of small red flames were observed below, which soon went out, but appeared again on firing another rocket.

It appears then, from these and other experiments made by scientific men, that the ignis fatuus is frequently caused by an inflammable gas, formed in stagnant pools by the decay of vegetable matter. The appearance of this meteor has been accounted for in various other ways, but none of them appear to be so satisfactory as the above.—*Selected.*

L I N E S

SUGGESTED ON READING "LINES BY PERSOLUS," IN NOVEMBER
NUMBER OF THE "MAPLE LEAF."

Oh, yes! believe it brother,
Thy sister speaks to thee—
The grave claims but the *casket*,
Her *soul* is with the free ;—
Freed from all earthly passions,
Freed from all grief and care,
An angel now in heaven,
She breathes untainted air.

Yet, dream not she forgets thee,
As, with the sinless throng,
She chants to heav'nly music,
The new immortal song.
Down from the jewel'd bulwarks,
Of that blest world on high,
She looks on all thy actions,
With an angel-sister's eye.

And, oh! if, from those mansions,
Sweet messengers of love,
Are sent to guide our footsteps,
And point our souls above,—
How gladly her pure spirit
Flies from the portals bright,
To hover o'er thy pathway,
In sorrow's gloomy night.

Tread softly, brother—softly,
An angel, near thee now,
Watches each wav'ring purpose,
Each shadow on thy brow ;
Notes well each noble struggle,
Each battle for the *right*,
Stirs up thy soul to duty,
And girds thee for the fight.

Ah! well may'st thou look upward,
From the fading hopes of earth,
To that bright realm above thee,
Where endless joys have birth ;—
There, with that angel-sister,
'Tis thine to dwell for aye,
And join with her in praising
'The Light, the Truth, the Way."

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

By Mrs. Trail, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

THE LAST CHAPTER.

"Nurse, the beautiful flowers are all gone, and the bright leaves are falling. I do not love the Fall; I see no flowers now," said Lady Mary. "Winter will soon be here again."

"I thought last year, my Lady, that you wished the snow and sleighing would last all the year, that you might go out with the merry bells on the horse."

"Oh, yes, Nurse; but I did not know how many pretty birds and flowers I should see, and now I am sorry that they are all gone."

"See, Lady Mary, here are yet a few flowers that my little French girl has picked for you on the side of the mountain."

"Oh, dear Nurse, these are very pretty; do tell me their names?"

"This branch of starry lilac flowers, that looks so delicate and light, are Asters—that is a word that means star-like. They are also known as Michaelmas daisies. These grow on light dry ground; so do the white shrubby Asters—those, with the little white stars all clustered round the stalks with crimson tipped—or they grow near water on gravelly banks."

"I like them, Nurse. There are such crowds of flowers on the little branches. See, they are weighed down with them."

"These large dark purple Asters grow in large bushes on dry wastes by the corners of fences, and on stony uncultivated fields. These are the latest, and, with the large sky-blue flowers, grow by still waters, near mill-dams, and in swampy places. They are not so elegant, though larger and brighter than the first I showed you."

"Yes, Mrs. Frazer, I like the lilac ones the best. These blue ones are more like China Asters in the garden—they are very stiff. But here is another sweet blue flower, please tell me what it is?"

"This is the fringed Gentian, my Lady. It is one of the latest and most beautiful of all the Fall flowers. See here are some with one large blue fringed bell, not more than four inches high; and here are others with many flowers, three and four feet

high. This dark-blue Gentian is the last flower of the year. I know of none later. It is the finest in colour and shape of any of these pretty flowers."

"There is a pretty shining looking flower that smells very sweet, Nurse. Do you know what it is?"

"Yes, Lady Mary, it is the latest Everlasting—a pale straw colour. It is called Neglected Everlasting, because it grows on dry wastes by roadsides, among thistles and weeds; but I love it, for it is like a faithful friend,—it never changes,—and you may make wreaths of it that will never fade."

"Nurse, I will get you to ask the little French flower girl to bring me a basket full of these nice flowers, that I may make a garland for my doll's hat."

"You can also make little mats of these flowers."

"That will be very nice, Nurse. I will make a mat for my doll, and a carpet;" and the little Lady sat down on a low stool, and began to pick the flowers to pieces in her lap. She was busily engaged with her flowers when the servant came to say her Mamma wanted to see her.

When Mrs. Frazer again saw her little charge, she was in a great state of excitement. She threw her arms about her Nurse's neck, and said, "Oh, dear Nurse, I am going away from Canada. My dear Papa and Mamma are going back to England, and I am to go, and we are all going. I am so glad;" but the tears stood in Mrs. Frazer's eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

"Nurse, you are to go too, Mamma said so, and we shall be so happy."

"Dear Lady Mary, I cannot leave Canada," replied Mrs. Frazer, "even to go with you;" and she kissed the fair child's forehead, while the tears fell fast over her face.

"Dear Nurse, why can you not go with me?" asked Lady Mary.

"I have a young son, my dear, and I could not go away and leave him, for he is very dear to me, and when I am old and feeble he will take me to his own home and take care of me. When his dear father died he promised as he stood by his death bed that he would never forsake me, and I cannot leave him."

"Then, Mrs. Frazer, I shall be very sorry to leave Canada, for I shall have no one to tell me about beavers, and squirrels, and Indians, and flowers, and birds, when you are gone."

"You will see many things in England, my dear, to please you, and you will find more things to amuse you there than here, and your Governess and new Nurse will be able to tell you about every object which you see ; but I shall never forget you, and always love you, and pray for your happiness."

"And I will not forget you, my kind dear Nurse," said the child, as she threw herself into her Nurse's arms, and fondly caressed her.

There was so much to do, and so many things to attend to, before the Governor's departure, that Lady Mary had no time to hear any more stories, nor ask any more questions about the natural history of Canada, though there were many things yet that Mrs. Frazer could have told her, I have no doubt.

Lady Mary did not forget to have all her Indian toys, and dried plants and seeds of Canadian wild flowers, packed up and her flying squirrel was also given in charge to Campbell the footman, with a good store of hickory nuts, and Indian corn and wild nuts and seeds, for his food.

Mrs. Frazer was presented with a handsome reward for her attendance and instruction, and when she was called to take leave of the Governor and his Lady, they gave her a packet, which, on opening, she found contained a government deed for a fine lot of land in a fertile township in Upper Canada.

It was with tears and blessings that this excellent woman took leave of the Governor's family, and above all of her beloved charge, Lady Mary.



ANECDOTE OF HAYDN.—Every real lover of music must be pleased with Haydn's expressions to Reynolds, the painter, when shown the picture of Mrs. Billington, the celebrated singer. "Yes," said he, "it's like, very like ; but you've made a sad mistake !" "How?" "You've made her *listening to the angels* ; you should have made *the angels listening to her*."

EDUCATION.—Dr. Franklin, in speaking of education, says, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."

AN AFTERNOON AT LEISURE.

BY PERSOLUS.

I have just escaped from the weary counting-house. What a glorious renovator is the clear light of day, as it strikes around me, undimmed by dusty and curtained windows : how refreshing the breeze ! But if you would estimate its value aright, come and sit with me in a close office, and for long hours pore over extended accounts current, concentrating all thought and attention on the double columns of implacable figures ; follow it for a few days only, and then what saith the breezes ? Oh, how gratefully they fan the fevered brow, and wipe from the countenance every evidence of trying thought ; they give strength and vigor to your footsteps, and are fraught with life and health. Do you not feel that the weary physical frame is undergoing a complete renewal ? Your head has ceased to throb—the stiff features of the man of business are relaxing and assume a smile—not, however, like the smile you wore a few minutes ago in the counting-house, for it was confined to the lip,—and this is frank and open, and each feature in your countenance seems to vie with the other in producing it. This is a *feeling* smile, and evidenced thus :—The little boy who would play at your office window, and “not otherwise or elsewhere,” is no longer an annoying little brat ; he is a fine, hearty, playful little fellow, and you pat him kindly on the head. The ragged, pale, thin-faced little girl who pleads so earnestly for alms, even a single copper,—what of her ? Is her importunity the mere brawlings of a worthless beggar ? or do you recognise in her faint voice, the earnest pleadings of the

“ Homeless child of want and woe ? ”

If not, where did the change come from ? Need I say more ; is there not healing in the breeze ?

But I am for the Mountain ; not the hoary Alp or towering Apennine of distant lands, which my neighbors have visited and cease not to rave about in all conceivable manner of extravaganza stanzas, but the Mountain at the door, our own green-crested mount, Mount Royal. I am wending my way through the grove which shrouds its base, or rather robes it to its summit in a garb of fairest foliage ; about midway the ground is

gently undulating, and the grove so void of underbrush, that a childish fancy strikes me very forcibly,—it seems as if the scene were laid in merry Sherwood Forest, and it does not require a very great stretch of imagination to people the place with the bold Robin and his merry-men. Oh *yés*, although only in miniature, yet here are the openings,—the pleasant glades, the jagged jutting rock, and ancestral trees. How strange that the great battle of life, wearing and trying though it be, yet ever fails to eradicate even the earliest impressions of childhood ; slight little incidents of my earliest years appear to be more deeply rooted in my memory than perhaps very important occurrences of yesterday.

But I must hasten, for the sun is declining, already the shadows are slowly stealing up the breast of the mountain—its base is wrapt in gloom o'ershadowed—but the bluff, towards which I am hastening, is still refulgent with the golden rays of the setting sun. That old tree, which I thought looked so bare and desolate, as it stood forth upon the bare cliff, appears now as if chased in purest gold. Let me rest for a moment on this projecting granite, while I stay myself up securely by the trunk of this little sapling which clings so closely to its rugged bed below me, and a little to the right I observe a monumental column, in honor of whom I know not, as I did not notice it until now—its location is very beautiful, and I am glad it is there, for when most satisfied with the beauty of earth, then do I most distinctly hear the whisperings of the cold grey stone. I like to look down at it standing so quietly amid the sighing branches of the grove,

Where weeps the birch with silver bark,
And long dishevelled hair.

Again facing the mountain's brow, clinging here to a projecting root and there to a slight twig, I clamber upwards, and now I have attained the summit ; I gaze with strong emotion upon the glowing prospect, but I use no superlatives, because I cannot use them ; under like circumstances I have ever failed adequately to give expression to thought ; I cannot give life to my words—without emotion they are useless. Neither need I attempt, by language, to cleave my way through the wilderness of joyous thought in which I am lost to all save self and Deity. I attempt, for I can but attempt a description of the prospect.

Here have we indeed

A blending of all beauties, streams and deils;
Fruits, foliage, crag, wood, cornfield, mountain, river,
And chieftess castles breathing stern farewells
From grey but leafy walls where ruin greenly dwells.

Looking southward, the foaming rapid of the "Long Sault" is visible; and following the river in its course, my eye rests upon St. Helen's Island, stemming the waters with its green banks. Here is a magazine for the safe keeping of that dangerous article, gunpowder. There is also an armory, in which are stowed away all manner of implements of war. What a pity that the pointed steel is necessary as the safeguard of a nation's liberty. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when contending forces shall cease to be—when our peace shall be firm and lasting, because secured through the Prince of Peace.

Between St. Helen's Island and the Island of Montreal, the rushing waters of the St. Lawrence pass, forming the Current St. Marie. Eastward, I observe the apex of a mountain wreathed in the brilliant sunset; this is the famous and fashionable Belœil, signifying, I believe, a fine view, or, perhaps more literally, a *good eye*, and then stretching away till they are lost in the distance, appear the green hills of Vermont. Turning westward, I mark the river Ottawa, its shores studded with little villages, prominent among which is that of St. Annes, celebrated by the facile pen of Tom Moore, in the popular "Canadian Boat Song." Turning slightly to the north, the glittering spires of a parish church display themselves. This is the village of St. Eustache, on the Riviere du Chene. Other villages appear, and are plainly indicated by the tin covered spires of their churches. Confining my view, I have the Little River, a branch of the Ottawa, and which again subdivided, washes the shores of the fertile Isle Jesu. Before me are the happy homesteads of the rugged tillers of the soil, a class of people whom, as a class, I most respect, for I have mingled with the homespun grey, and have been well content to occupy a rustic stool in the kitchen, not because I am, or would be, what is commonly styled a sentimentalist, but because I found a satisfying enjoyment in their affectionate and simple pastimes,—because I liked to look up into the open honest face, and there, in characters the plainest and most unmistakable, read man.

Immediately below me, on the slope of the mountain, lies the Mount Royal Cemetery, a most beautiful location ;—its sunny slopes, its pleasant vales and murmuring streams, with rustic bridges thrown across ;—fit, indeed, is the place for the dead we loved. From where I stand, the proud columns or expensive tablets in honor of titled wealth are visible ; and by their side appears the rude post which marks the last resting place of one unknown to wealth and fame,—and whose virtues, if he had any, sleep with him unlettered, or living, live only in the memory of former associates. Thus let my epitaph be written,—

“ For what are crowns and sceptres, power and fame,
And plaudits echoed by a nation’s breath,
A noble ancestry and mighty name,
When summoned to thy presence-chamber, Death ?

What are the hatchment and the banner brave,
The buckler, helm and spear suspended high ?
Ask loud the question!—catechise the grave!
Dust! darkness! silence!—This is the reply !”

The sun is set, and yet the ceaseless hum of rumbling wheels in the busy city are distinctly heard ; and hark, from the tower of St. George’s Chapel, steal in upon my ear, the mellow tones of the vesper bell. Often do I shudder and start with fear when I hear the first solemn, warning tone of the church bell ; but, eventually, those low deep notes which agitate, become soft and musical,—and in the sweetly chiming cadences, I hear a still small voice, inviting me to

• • • • Snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest—to heaven.

The shades of evening are gathering and conceal the pleasant landscape, yet even more beautiful is the picture disclosed. The mists are languidly creeping o’er the vale, the sounds of busy life become less distinct, and I hear only the murmuring of the waters, as even in darkness they hurry onward ; the stately queen of night draped in fleecy clouds is journeying upwards, and now the whole

• • • • Floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold.

The busy bee on humming wing has passed chanting its way hiveward ; I too, yet pensively, retrace my steps, and lest I be uncourteous through forgetfulness, dear reader (if I have one) good night.

Montreal, November, 1853.

WHAT SENT ONE HUSBAND TO CALIFORNIA.

Mr. Warren left his counting-room at the hour of one, to go home to dinner. He sauntered leisurely along, for he knew by long experience that dinner never waited for him. As he turned the last corner, he ran into the arms of a man who was advancing at a rapid pace. Each stopping to adjust a hat, after such a collision, instantly recognized the other as an old acquaintance.

"Why, Harry, is it you?"

"'Pon my word, Charley! where did you drop down from?"

"From the clouds, as I always do," said Charles Morton. "You, Warren, are creeping along as usual. It's an age since I met you. How goes the world with you?"

"After a fashion," said Warren; "sometimes well and sometimes ill. I am quite a family man now, you know,—wife and four children."

"Ah, indeed! No, I did not know that; I have quite lost track of you since we were in Virginia together."

"Come, it is just our dinner hour," said Mr. Warren; "come home with me, and let us have a talk about old times."

"With all my heart," said Morton; "I want to see the wife and children, too. Has the wife the laughing black eyes and silken ringlets you married in imagination long ago, Harry?"

"Not exactly," said Warren, without returning very heartily his friend's smile. "My wife was pretty once, though; she, was very pretty when I married her, but she is a feeble woman; she has seen a great deal of illness since then, and it has changed her somewhat."

By this time Mr. Warren reached his own door, and, with some secret misgivings, turned the key, and invited his friend into his small, but comfortably furnished house. Glad he was indeed, to meet him; but, if the truth must be told, he would have been quite as well pleased if it had been after dinner. He would have felt easier could he have prepared the lady of the house to receive his guest. For his part, he would have killed the fatted calf, with great rejoicing; but to set wife, children, house and table, in a hospitable tune, required more time than he could now command.

"Sit down," said he, ushering Morton into the best parlor. "Take the rocking-chair, Charley; you have not forgotten your old tricks, of always claiming the rocking-chair, have you? Stop,—a little dust on it." Out came his pocket-handkerchief, and wiped off, not a little, but a great deal of dust. "Never mind," said he; "make yourself quite at home, while I go and hunt up the folks, will you?"

Mr. Warren thought it prudent to close the parlor doors after him, that all unnecessary communication with the rest of the house might be cut off. His first visit was to the kitchen, to ascertain which way the wind blew there. If Betty, the old family servant and maid-of-all-work, was in good humor, he had little to fear. No one could better meet an exigency, when she had a mind to the work. He opened the door gently. "Well, Betty," said he, in a conciliatory tone, "what have you got nice for us to-day?"

She seemed to understand, as if by instinct, her importance, and was just cross enough to make a bad use of it.

"Got! why the veal-steaks, to be sure, you sent home; I don't see what else we could have."

"Have you anything for dessert?" was asked, in the same gentle tone.

"I s'pose there is a pie somewhere."

"Well, Betty, I wish you would get up a dish of ham and eggs, if you can. We are to have a gentleman to dine with us, and the dinner is rather small."

Betty looked like a thunder-cloud. "You'll have to wait a good while, I guess, then; the fire is all out."

"Put on some charcoal," said Mr. Warren; "here, I'll get it, while you cut the ham. Now, do give us one of your nice dishes, Betty; nobody can cook ham and eggs quite like you, when you have a mind to. Where is Mrs. Warren?"

"In her chamber, I s'pose," said Betty, sulkily, adding, in an under tone, not exactly intended to reach her master's ear,—
"where she always is."

He did hear it, however, and with a foreboding heart he went to his wife's chamber.

The room was partially darkened, and on the bed, in loose sick gown, with dishevelled hair, lay Mrs. Warren. Her hand

rested on a bottle of camphor, and on the stand at her side was an ominous bowl of water, with wet cloths in it.

“Juliette, my love, are you ill?”

“Ill! what a question to ask! I told you half a dozen times, this morning, I had one of my headaches; that’s just all you mind about me!”

“I am sorry, but I really thought, Juliette, it would pass off. Shall not you feel able to come down to dinner?”

“No, I am sure I never shall want anything to eat again; it seems as if these head-aches would kill me.”

“Where are the children?”

“I don’t know, I am sure; I can’t look after them when I am sick! If Betty can’t do that, she had better not try to do anything.”

“I wish you would make an effort, Juliette, and come down to dinner; I have an old friend to dine with us,—Charles Morton, of whom you have so often heard me speak. He has come on purpose to see my wife and children.”

“Dear me! how could you bring company home to-day, when you knew I was sick? I don’t believe I could hold my head up, if I were to try!” and, closing her eyes, she pressed both hands on her temples.

Mr Warren said no more; he would not urge the matter. He made up his mind to dine without her; and, with a sigh, he slowly returned to the parlor. Had he spoken out his honest feelings, he would have said, “What a misfortune it is for a young man to have an ailing wife! My servants rule, my children are neglected, my house is in disorder, my wife does not like it because I do not make a fuss over her all the time, and something is the matter continually; if it is not one thing, it is another,—and I am weary of it!”

He found his friend still in the arm-chair, busily reading a scrap-book which was on the table. Fun danced in his eyes and twitched at the corners of his mouth; and as soon as he caught sight of Warren, he burst into a merry peal of laughter. Warren could not resist and he laughed full five minutes before he knew what the joke was. It was only something in the scrap-book which brought to remembrance an old scrape they had together,—but the laugh worked like a charm with him. His family troubles

seemed to vanish before it, like mists in the morning. A more manly courage was aroused in him; he was a better and a stronger man.

"By George, Charley," said he, something like the Harry Warren of other days, "it does one good to hear your old horse-laugh again!" An animated conversation ensued, and it was some time before Mr. Warren remembered that they had not yet dined.

"We are not going to starve you out, Charley," said he, "but my wife is not able to be about to-day, and our cook, I see, is taking her own time. Excuse me a moment, and I will go and stir her up, by way of remembrance."

Much to his delight, the bell rang. He was saved the trial of hearing the lion twice in his den. As he was going to the dining-room with his friend, a troop of ill-dressed and noisy children pushed by them, and hurried in great disorder to their seats. Mr. Morton spoke to them, but they hung their heads. He was somewhat embarrassed. He felt that he ought to take some notice of them, and yet it seemed as if it would spare his friend's feelings not to notice them. He took hold of the wrong horn of the dilemma.

"Which of them looks like the mother, Harry?"

"The boy nearest you, I think," was the short reply; then, as if obliged to add, by way of apology, "I am very sorry that Mrs. Warren cannot come down to-day, but she has one of her bad headaches."

"She is a-coming," said one of the children; "she says she s'poses she must."

Morton pretended not to hear this speech. He saw that something was wrong in his friend's domestic life. Had he, then, married unfortunately? "I shall be sorry for him, if he has," thought Morton; "he deserves a good wife; a better-hearted fellow never breathed."

Warren's sunshine was fast vanishing, though his dinner, it is but justice to Betty we should say, was well cooked; yet his table needed the lady. No clean napkins were there; no nice salters and shining spoons graced it; no order and elegance of serving made it attractive. Betty had no eye for the fancy-work. But the food was good, and there was an abundance of it; and

the gentlemen would have enjoyed it, if the children had not been so troublesome.

When dinner was about half over, Mrs. Warren made her appearance. Walking in languidly, she took her seat at the head of the table. She still wore her loose gown, over which she had thrown a shawl. Her hair was still uncombed. Her eyes were dull and heavy in their expression, and her eyebrows were elevated. She looked as if she felt miserable. "Ah, Juliette," said Mr. Warren, slightly coloring, "I did not know that you would feel able to come down. Let me introduce you to my old friend, Mr. Morton."

Mrs. Warren bowed.

"You have been suffering with a head-ache to-day, my friend tells me," said Mr. Morton.

"Yes, I suffer nearly all the time," was the reply; "if it is not one thing, it is another. I am almost discouraged."

"O, no, Juliette, it is some time since you have had a bad turn," said her husband.

"Only last week," was her short reply. "Your memory is not very good on this point. I believe you think I can help being sick."

Mr. Warren tried to laugh off this thrust; but there was no heart in it. All sociality vanished with Mrs. Warren's presence, and all peace, too; for the children acted worse than ever. Mr. Morton suffered for his friend, and was much relieved when they were again by themselves in the parlor. He could have forgiven the want of glossy ringlets and laughing eyes, but he could not forgive the want of good humor, in Harry Warren's wife. He felt as if his friend had been taken in; he pitied him; and firmer than ever was his determination to run no such hazards himself.

So much of Mr. Warren's day had been occupied with his friend, that it was quite late before he was able to leave his store. He went home weary in body and mind. How much he needed to have things comfortable and cheerful around him there! But, much as he loved his family, he found neither rest nor pleasure at home. Work for them he would, like a dog, from morning to night; but, when the day's toil was over, there were no home attractions for him. This night, it would have been a comfort to him, could he have just thrown himself down on the

sofa and taken his book ; but he knew well enough this would not answer. He knew that his wife had been watching to hear his steps, and would feel hurt if he did not go up to her at once. So, with a sigh, he went into the dusky chamber. As he expected, his wife was on the bed.

“ Do you feel any better, Juliette ? ”

“ Better!—no ! It seems as if I should go crazy. Those children will kill me. Do, pray, Mr. Warren, send them off to bed, or hold my head, or do something. I thought you never would come home.”

The air of the sick-room, perfumed as it was with camphor and ammonia, oppressed the weary man. He said he would go and send the children to bed.

This was more easily said than done ; the children were tired and cross, and full of wants, and Betty would not help him in the least. Patience and perseverance, however, got the last little urchin into his nest. “ Now go to sleep, boys,” said he ; “ your mother is sick to-night, and I must not hear a word from you.”

“ Seems to me, mother is always sick,” said Henry.

“ Then, Master Henry, it is your duty always to keep still ;—remember that, will you ? ”

It was after eight o'clock before Mr. Warren had a chance to eat any supper.. He went to the dining-room. His tea had stood until it was quite cold ; his toast was cold, and a dim lamp cast a jaundiced light over his uninviting repast. He, however, was used to such things ; indeed, he hardly expected anything different. The meal over, he drew his evening paper from his pocket and read it, feeling all the time like a culprit. He knew that he was expected in that oppressive chamber, and that the minutes of his delay were counted. After nine it was, the clock was on the point of striking ten, when he reentered it. Camphor and ammonia were as strong as ever, and the head-ache, too, to all appearance.

“ Can I do anything for you, Juliette ? ”

“ *Do anything!* I might die, for all anybody would do for me. What made you come up at all ? ”

“ You know very well, Juliette, I had to put the children to bed, to get them out of your way ; and, tired as I was, I never

got a mouthful of supper until almost nine o'clock. I have done the best I could."

He said this in a tone which showed that he was both irritated and hurt. Once, Mrs. Warren would have been much grieved, and would have sought earnestly to heal the wound which she made; but being sick so much was fast making her selfish. It was only of self she thought.

"I wish you would not complain of me," said she, bursting into tears; "I have as much as I can bear, without being found fault with."

"I was not finding fault with you, Juliette; but a man can't do more than he can do."

Juliette continued to sob; her husband was silent. When, at length, they slept, it was with chilled affections and heavy hearts, and their slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing.

Several years passed, and Mrs. Warren's health did not improve. She seemed to have made up her mind that she must suffer, and that people ought to pity her, and not expect her to do anything. The sunshine that had once been about her, vanished; she spoke at all times in a distressed tone of voice; a doleful expression became habitual with her. She made no exertion which she could avoid; she shirked every care which could be avoided. Mr. Warren and Betty must see to things. Now, Betty was no housekeeper; she could do hard work, but not head work. She did not understand economy. She used up what she had, without thinking of to-morrow. It was not her business to be bothering as to how the two ends should meet. Such management at home, together with the increasing wants of a family, required a good income. Mr. Warren's business gave him a comfortable living, but it was not quite equal to filling up flour-barrels which had a hole in the bottom. He began to run behind, and to become discouraged. He got into debt, and then, going on from bad to worse, he became completely disheartened. His family was a drag on him. He could not tell his wife of his troubles,—if he did, she only cried, and said, "she was sure she could not help it; she did all she could, when her health was so poor. She thought he might have more feeling for her than to complain." He, therefore, formed his own plans in silence.

One October morning, Mrs. Warren awoke with one of her sick

head-aches. Finding this to be the case, she went to sleep again, and it was very late before she awoke the second time. Dressing herself at her leisure, she went to the dining-room. Some cold breakfast stood waiting for her, which she partook of alone,—neither husband nor children were there. At dinner she met her children, but not her husband; he had not returned. This provoked her a little. "He stays," thought she, "just on purpose because I am ill. I'll keep out of his way, I guess, for one while." With this generous resolve, she took to her darkened chamber, her camphor and ammonia (which she knew to be particularly unpleasant to him,) and her bandages and ice-water. Tea-time came, but not Mr. Warren. The children had their supper, and went to bed. Eight, nine, ten o'clock struck. Mrs. Warren sprang from her bed and called Betty. "Betty, where can Mr. Warren be?" Here it is ten o'clock, and he has not come yet."

"I declare, *Miss* Warren, I don't know what can have become of him. There, now, I do remember. 'Twan't but yesterday he paid me up all my wages, and paid a quarter in advance, because, he said, he had the money by him, and might not have it by and by. Then, says he, 'Betty,' says he, 'if I should not be at home one of these nights, you need not be frightened. I have got to go off on some business, and may not get back. You need not keep the doors open after ten for me. I won't tell *Miss* Warren,' says he; 'she'll worry.' Them's the very words he said. Now, I'll bet that's where he has gone; and we may as well lock up and go to bed. He won't be here to-night."

More in anger than sorrow, Mrs. Warren consented to this arrangement, and went back to her solitary chamber. Seldom thinking of any one but herself, she settled it in her mind that Mr. Warren had chosen this particular time to attend to his business for no other reason than to get rid of one of her headaches. She lay awake until midnight, brooding over his supposed unkindness. She really hoped that he would come, try his door, and find it fast, that she might have the satisfaction of hearing him go elsewhere to seek lodgings; for she had fully determined not to let him in. Twelve o'clock struck in the old church steeple; no sound but the heavy tread of the watchman was heard. She then gave him up, and "nursing her wrath to keep it warm," at length fell asleep.

(*To be continued.*)

BLINDNESS.

While turning over the columns of the *Literary World* we were much interested in a poem which appears there, taken from the New Orleans *Delta*.

The imagery of this poem on *Blindness* is very graphic, and its mournful passionate numbers reveal the sorrow of a great mind, while struggling with desolation, and buffeting the rolling surges on an ocean of despair. We transcribe the editorial note, together with the author's explanation and the poem, which will give the subject complete to our readers:—

"From the New Orleans *Delta* we select this noble poem, by one of its editors, Joseph Brennan, Esq., with the introductory note which explains its origin. Mr. Brennan is one of "the escaped" from the late painful calamity in that great metropolis of the South; and has many friends, literary and personal, who will be pleased to learn that the light of day still shines for one who knows how to use it so well."

[NOTE PRELIMINARY.—The following poem is an attempt to give the first impressions and restless feelings of a man of ordinary intelligence, who has been suddenly struck blind by sickness or accident. I know not how successful I may have been in the treatment of the theme, but I did not take it up without some very bitter experience—as I have been little better than blind myself for over three long months. In fact, I was utterly without sight for some weeks. I attribute my blindness entirely to the vigorous skill of the physician who attended me in yellow fever, and who by the judicious use of medicine, enabled me to produce the following stanzas; which, if not good, are, at all events, the best I can write—though my Helicon is nothing less than unadulterated quinine!]

As I have alluded to my loss of sight, which resulted from over-doses of a subtle and powerful poison, I may be allowed to mention how I regained it. I am indebted for my recovery—which, though not yet complete, is, in my estimation, almost a miracle of medicine—to Dr. Hunt, of this city, whose name is too high and bright upon the roll of science to gain additional lustre from any praise of mine. To him, under God, I owe that I can now hold a pen; to him I dedicate these lines, as it may afford him some pleasure to know how deep was the gloom which darkened all the prison from which his wonderful skill released me.]

1.

The golden shores of sunshine round me spreading,
 Refuse a boon of light;
 And fast my shattered soul is death-ward heading,
 Wrecked on a sea of night!
 There is no angry tempest flapping sun-ward
 Its black wings through the air;
 The ruin, in a calm, is hurried onward
 Through channels of despair!

II.

Around me is a Darkness, omnipresent,
 With boundless horror grim,
 Descending from the zenith, ever crescent,
 To the horizon's rim ;
 The golden stars, all charred and blackened by it,
 Are swept out, one by one ;
 My world is left, as if at Joshua's fiat—
 A moonless Ajalon !

III.

How long, O Lord ! I cry, in bitter anguish,
 Must I be doomed alone—
 A chained and blinded Samson—thus to languish,
 In exile from the sun ?
 Or must I hope for evermore surrender,
 And turn mine eyes on high,
 To find, instead of brave and azure splendor,
 A black curse on the sky ?

IV.

Alas ! as time sees gathering round me deeper
 The universal cloud,
 I feel like some wild horror-stricken sleeper,
 Who wakens in a shroud !
 Like some poor wretch who closed his eyes at morning
 Against the growing day,
 And finds himself, without a prayer or warning,
 A tenant of the clay !

V.

Farewell, farewell, spice-islands of my childhood,
 Where I have lingered long—
 Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood,
 The laughter and the song !
 Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit,
 For I am drifting forth ;
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the North !

VI.

Come nearer to me Soother of my sorrow,
 And place your hand in mine ;
 That my o'er-darkened soul shall, haply, borrow
 A little light from thine ;
 That, bearing all which fortune has commanded,
 Until my tortures end,
 The Crusoe-land on which I may be stranded
 Shall have, at least, a friend !

VII.

And read aloud some wisdom giving volume—
 The work of olden hours—
 In which the stately thoughts rise like a column
 Crowned with Corinthian flowers—
 In which the epic Greek moves solemn sounding,
 With hexametric sweep ;
 And every line has some fine pulses, bounding
 With passion, grand and deep !

VIII.

Its rythmas call up the sublime Auroral
 Of the Hellenic name—
 When monarchs snatched the scholar's wreath of laurel,
 As guerdon of their fame.
 It brings you down a vista of proud faces,
 To see, amid the trees,
 Aspasia, blushing fond, as she embraces
 Her stately Pericles !

IX.

So, haply listening to that fiery speaker,
 Whose fancies overflow,
 Like Chian wine within a slender beaker,
 Which trembles to the glow—
 You say, while catching visions wild and Vatic,
 Which wing their way abroad
 Amid an atmosphere of sense Socratic—
 " 'Tis Plato or a god !"

X.

Or read to me once more that burning ballad,
 Compact of passionate fire,
 Which bright-eyed Sappho, fond, and fierce, and pallid,
 Swept from her sounding lyre—
 That larger utterance of a glorious woman
 The Palmyrene preserved,*
 To show how like a frantic god's, the human
 Spirit is subtly nerved !

XI.

Or rather read how Ajax prayed, when round him
 Were corpses cold and stark,
 And plotting deities had closely bound him
 In vapors, dim and dark—
 Read how he prayed to Jove, with eager passion,
 To sweep away the night—
 That he might meet his fate in hero fashion,
 And perish in the light !

* I allude to Sappho's burning love-poem—a portion of which has been preserved by Longinus. Most English readers are familiar with it, in Addison's translation.

XII.

Since then, a greater hero fought and perished,
 Within a silent room ;
 And, as our Goethe felt that all he cherished
 Was sinking into gloom—
 As, o'er his features stole the fatal pallor,
 He looked above and cried—
 In echo of that prayer of Grecian valor—
 " More light, O Lord ! " and died ! †

XIII.

That cry is mine, my friend ! but uttered vainly—
 The ear of Heav'n is deaf !
 And I may persevere in prayer, insanely,
 And win no true relief !
 Close up the books—for grim and ghastly darkness
 Has settled over all—
 My soul is wrapp'd for evermore in starkness,
 Within this funeral pall !

XIV.

Farewell, once more, spice-islands of my childhood
 Where I have lingered long !
 Farewell the glories of the vale and wildwood—
 The laughter and the song !
 Farewell the sunny pleasures you inherit -
 For I am drifting forth :
 My helm deserted by my Guardian Spirit,
 My prow unto the North !

JOSEPH BRENNAN.

New Orleans, October 6th.



"WE WERE TOO POOR TO PAY."

Yes, it was a lovely spot—that village graveyard ! such a one, I fancy, as inspired the "Elegy in a country church-yard." There was less pomp and show than in our city burial places, but what of that—as Jeremy Taylor says, " We cannot deceive God and nature, for a coffin is a coffin, though it be covered with a sumptuous pall." So a grave is a grave, though it be piled over with sculptured marble.

Then that little girl ! How her image comes up before me—

† The dying words of Goethe were—" More light ! More light ! "—the sublimest death-utterance I am acquainted with.

bending over her brother's grave. I marked her when we entered, and was soon drawn towards the spot where she was kneeling. I approached cautiously—there was something so sacred in the picture of a child weeping at a new made grave, that I feared my presence might break the rapture of her mournful musings. I know not how long I might have stood, apparently reading the rude gravestones, had not the child raised her eyes and timidly said—

“ Our little Willie sleeps here. We's too poor to get a tombstone ; *we* and the angels know where he lies, and mother says that's enough.”

“ Are you not afraid to be here alone ?” I asked.

“ O, no ; mother is sick and couldn't come, so she said I must come and see if the violets were in bloom yet.”

“ How old was your brother ?” I asked, feeling interested in the little girl.

“ He was only seven years old ; and he was so good, and had such beautiful eyes, but he couldn't see a bit !”

“ Indeed ! Was he blind ?”

“ You see he was sick a long time ; yet his eyes were blue and bright, as the blue skies with stars in 'em, and we did not know that he was getting blind, till one day I brought him a pretty rose, and he asked,

“ Is it a white rose, Dora ?”

“ Can't you see it, darling ?” asked mother.

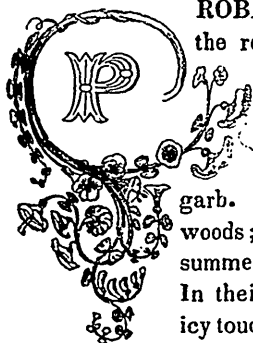
“ No, I can't see anything. I wish you would open the window, it is so dark.”

“ Then we knew that poor little Willie was blind ; but he lived a long time after that, and used to put his dear little hand on our faces, to feel if we were crying, and tell us not to cry, for he could see God and Heaven, and angels. “ Then never mind, mother and Dora,” he'd say, ‘ I'll see you too, when you go away from this dark place.’”

“ So one day he closed his eyes and fell asleep, and mother said he was asleep in Jesus. Then we brought him here and buried him ; and though we're too poor to get a tombstone, yet we can plant flowers on his little grave, and nobody'll trouble them, *I know*, when they learn that *our little Willie sleeps here.*”

THE SEASONS IN CANADA.

THE WINTER.



ROBABLY before this meets the eye of the readers of the *Maple Leaf*, Nature will have put on her winding-sheet of snow; or, if not on the border of the great lakes, yet in the "back country," the woods will have assumed their winter garb. Farewell to the gorgeously tinted woods; farewell to the soft haze of the Indian summer, fading quickly as do all things bright. In their stead come the chilling blasts, the icy touch of the dreaded winter. Instinctively we shrink from his approach, curtailing so many highly prized pleasures. But yet we must not feel despondingly;—many are the bright spots in store for us, even in a Canadian winter. To many, the recreation of sleighing affords intense delight;—the merry music of the bells—the gay trappings of horses and sleighs—the buoyancy the clear bright atmosphere gives to those who can defy the cold, makes sleighing time one of most pleasurable excitement. To others, the fireside holds out still greater charms, with its in-door enjoyments—enjoyments heightened by the very dreariness of the aspect without. Yet, though generally speaking there is great monotony in the winter landscape, I have seen it arrayed in surpassing loveliness, when the trees, laden with hoar frost or snow, sparkled in the sun. I recall to mind one most singular and beautiful winter scene, which, I think, has not occurred more than three times in this part of Canada for some years—a frozen rain storm—the effect of which, though magical in beauty, was so disastrous both to shrubbery and forest, I should be sorry to have occur again. As we witnessed it, combined with the varied and picturesque scenery of Rice Lake, where each island forms a separate gem of beauty, it was, indeed, a scene not to be forgotten. The rain commenced early in the morning, and continued throughout the day, freezing as it fell, every drop forming an icicle. Soon, the more delicate trees, particularly the graceful boughs of the silver birch, showed symptoms of suffer-

ing under the rapidly accumulating pressure. I looked with a jealous eye on my two favorites, near our porch, and, at last, as the only means of saving them from destruction, or, at least, from disfigurement, the boughs were beaten from time to time with a long cedar pole, to relieve them from the icy weight which must otherwise have broken them. Not the smallest blade of the last autumn's grass peering through the snow, but formed a nucleus covered with ice an inch in diameter. All Nature seemed suddenly converted into an immense glass house. The tops of large pines were broken off, crushed under their glassy weight, rendering it dangerous for travellers in the forest, or in the neighborhood of trees. Night came on, but the storm continued unabated. With an anxious heart I looked forth at dawn at our favorite trees. Still all was glass, and many a branch I had heretofore rejoiced in, had fallen under the accumulated pressure. We were engaged that morning to drive to Peterboro. The storm had ceased, but it seemed hardly safe to venture under the overhanging boughs in the forest road, only just completed on the other side of the Lake. If the sun would but break out, his ardent beams would soon thaw the iced foliage, and the danger would be past. Suddenly, as with the magic touch of some mighty necromancer, the crystal boughs were illumined by his rays, changing the scene to one of dazzling and bewildering beauty. Every one of the countless frozen rain drops on tree and spray, was transformed into a diamond. The far-famed Koh-i-noor would have been at a discount; Aladdin's palace must have hid its diminished head. The ice-laden boughs shone with meteoric splendor in their drapery of diamonds. It was, indeed, a scene of enchantment and fairyland. But quickly the diamonds were disappearing, and a shout from the lake announced the arrival of our friends, and we hastened to join the cavalcade. The sleighs, with their merry musical bells, the happy faces of the party—the very horses seeming to share in the excitement as they bounded along over the sparkling snow—all denoted pleasure. Oh! happy faces, where are ye now? We were glad to seek shelter under the robes, in crossing the lake, to avoid the keen air sweeping across it. Ah! how did our hearts beat with joy as we gazed on one sweet face, radiant with happiness, beside us.

“ Yes, sweetly didst thou nestle there—a thing of holy love,
Till soul shone out thy pleasant face, like sunshine from above.
We loved thee well—how tenderly, God only knows ; but thou
Art clasped unto the heart of One, who loves thee better now.”

Another,

“ His mother’s hope and joy,—
He sleeps upon Australia’s shore.”

Ah! what would life be, could we know the future awaiting us here, so mercifully concealed from us.

After crossing the lake, and proceeding a short distance on the newly graded road to Peterboro, we drove through some particularly pretty and sheltered woodland, abounding in maple, beech, oak and pine ; and, on reaching the new bridge, built at considerable expense, and forming a handsome feature on the Otonabee, we plunged into a forest track only, the timber of which was principally of the majestic and graceful hemlock. In its youth it is one of the most elegant evergreens we have ; and, in old age, it is rivalled by none of the forest monarchs, luxuriating in its moss-grown territory, it seems to breathe an atmosphere of solemnity and solitude, bidding defiance to the penetrating rays of the cloudless sun. Our road was wide enough for only one sleigh to pass between the trees, which, spreading their well-clad and massive boughs across the path, we, at times, appeared to be entering a very cave of evergreens, now and then emerging from the solemn gloom, to be dazzled for a moment by the bright sunlight, or an occasional peep, through the noble colonnade of trees, at a clearance or homestead revealing itself beyond. The only fear we had, was that of meeting a sleigh, or timber being drawn out, in which case we should have been puzzled how to pass. After leaving the hemlock regions, we passed some excellent farms and comfortable homesteads, and came to a novel and pretty piece of road, through a tamarack (larch) wood. Again, the scenery changed to totally different woodland. Clumps and single trees of most picturesque beauty of the beautiful balsam fir, with its stately conical form, the lower branches sweeping the earth, and its spiral summit pointing to the sky, as if to remind us of Him who had shed such rich beauties, with unsparing hand, for the enjoyment of those but too apt to enjoy the gifts, forgetful of the Giver.

C. HAYWARD.

Ravencourt, Nov., 1853.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONCLUDED.)

The history of the world shows great eras distinguished by remarkable events. Wonders have succeeded wonders from the earliest ages to the present day, revealing, even to the casual observer, the presence of an over-ruling Providence. Far amid the vanishing scenery of the past, bright lights have beamed, and their diffusive radiance has reached through space. Thus, streaking the evening sky of time, and blending with the gorgeous sunset of these days fall rays of glory from the beauteous bounds of Paradise, from Zion's holy summit, and from Bethlehem's humble cradle; crossing these, come pencils of light from many a monument of heroism erected along the boundaries of centuries, foremost among which, in moral splendor, stand out those records of noble perseverance erected by Columbus on the shores of a new world.

The time of ignorance is, indeed, passing away, and the period has arrived, when the self-denial, the zeal, and the enthusiasm of those who lead the way in improving the world will be appreciated. Could that illustrious navigator, who planned the voyage of discovery, arise from his repose and look around upon the continent which he introduced to civilization, he would be overwhelmed with the magnificent result of his conceptions, and might feel that earth never beheld a greater hero, or saw more exalted heroism, than that which fired his eye, and inspired his mind to toil in the wilderness and explore the Western World.

Keeping near his commander, Henri went forth with the fleet whose sails whitened the harbor of Cadiz. The song of the sailors sounded cheerfully as they heaved the anchors, and prophetic of good fortune was the joyous response from the crowd who watched the second departure of Columbus. Well equipped and manned, the Spanish squadron set sail for the New World. All hearts beat high with expectation. Friends parted hopefully. Adventure-loving cavaliers who had served in the wars, and to whom excitement and change had become necessary, greedy speculators, pale students, and devout priests, made up the company that embarked for the distant land of promise. Pre-eminent among the concourse stood Columbus, contrasting

with deep emotion the difference in his prospects since his first voyage, and looking reverently to heaven while blessing the good hand that led to success.

Henri became quite an expert sailor. Every day he might be seen on deck taking observations, reckoning distances, ascertaining the sun's altitude, and watching the heaving of the log. Sometimes a shark showed its hideous form near the ships, shoals of porpoises careered and gamboled in the calm days that overtook them, and the passengers amused themselves in trying to catch some of the many fish that swam far down in the clear depths of the ocean. Slight storms varied the monotonous calmness of the tropical latitude in which they sailed, but no adventure of importance occurred to Henri, whose time was occupied mostly in study. He won the heart of one of the ecclesiastics, who accompanied the fleet for the purpose of establishing a church in the new settlement, and read with him the best authors. Anticipating the day when he should return to his native land, he eagerly bent every energy to self-improvement. At last the fleet entered the beautiful Columbian Archipelago, and all was in motion on board the ships. Fairy-land could not exceed the luxuriant beauty that met the eyes of the adventurers as they looked out upon the lofty summits of the mountains clothed in verdure, or viewed the various trees and fruits with which the valleys and shores of the islands were covered. The spot was selected for an infant city, and all engaged with alacrity in its erection. Henri, however, soon left with a select party to explore the interior, and ascertain whether gold could be found on the island. Taking with them a compass, firearms, and some trinkets for the Indians, they set out. After toiling through majestic forests, cutting their way through the dense growth of plants and shrubs with which the fertile soil teemed, crossing rivers and plains, they at length came in sight of the lofty mountains. The party remained some days exploring the vicinity, and collected several specimens of gold from the sands of a large river that flowed at their base. Henri carried with him the necessary instruments for making topographical delineations of the face of the country near the supposed gold region. While employed in making some calculations, he lingered a few moments behind his party, and his dismay was great to find, on

finishing, that they had passed beyond him, and he was left alone in the midst of the awful solitude of that wild spot, with mountains frowning on one side, and vast forests on the other. In vain he called; the solemn echoes of his own voice awoke the stillness of the scene, and the chattering of monkeys, and the cry of parrots, were the only answers he obtained.

He set forward in the direction which he supposed his comrades had taken, but no trace of them could he see. After wandering some time in vain, he arrived on the banks of a fine stream, and then fatigue compelled him to rest for the night. The next day he examined the banks of the river, and was much surprised to see lumps of pure gold mingled with the soil, and in the sand he picked up several large pieces superior to any yet found. This discovery rendered him doubly anxious to rejoin his party. He fired off several shots, hoping to hear from them; but the painful conviction that they had carelessly deserted him, and left him to die in the wild forest, forced itself upon his mind. Hope, however, buoyed him up. He searched the sands farther, and gathered more specimens to show Columbus, in case he was ever so fortunate as to return. He was very successful, but could not cumber himself with many, as it was quite uncertain whether he ever regained the fort. He did, however, reach the colony, after enduring almost incredible hardships. After wandering twenty days, he arrived at a spot which he recognized as one which the party occupied when they went out. From that point he easily retraced his steps, until he came in sight of the settlement, and presented himself to Columbus as one restored almost from the dead. * * *

At last the wanderer returned to his native shore, the self-banished pressed his native soil, and breathed his native air. Henri honorably released from foreign service, hastened to Spain. Fortune had been propitious, he returned with wealth and distinction. His reception at Court was flattering, the world was decked in roseate tints to his excited fancy, and everything conspired to rejoice his heart.

His first care was to hasten to Valencia, to ascertain the state of his affairs, and order some repairs in the fine old mansion, where he hoped to bring his beloved Irene. He compelled himself to look over accounts, and listen to his tenants and ser-

vants from a sense of justice ; but no sooner were these duties discharged, than, giving some general directions for the present, he hastened to his parents, and, as has been seen, time and *foreign exposure had so altered their son, that they did not recognize in the man, the features of the youthful Henri.* Not so the lady Irene, when returning consciousness showed her the strangeness of her position.

"Father," she exclaimed, "where am I? I fancied I heard his voice! Oh, one week more my father,—send me not from you yet, let my deliverance from the terrible banditti be an occasion of joy."

Tears trembled in the doting father's eyes, while he answered, "My dear child you shall not hear from Don Lucien again, only be happy, and smile upon your father, and he will ask no more,—you shall be left to your own choice." At this juncture a stir was made, and a shout was heard in the adjoining room ; catching its import as the words *Henri! Henri!* were pronounced joyfully, the lady Irene raised herself quickly, but just as Henri entered the room, she fell back in a swoon, joy was too much for the heart, that had hoped and watched for years. Reserve was at an end, Henri rushed forward, and received her form in his arms, exclaiming, "She is mine, she is mine"—and she was his. Ere another moon waned, the pale flower of Xarinos, glowing with returning health and happiness, stood at the altar with Don Henri Baptiste. Great was the rejoicing among the villagers, and great was the feasting, and merry-making in honor of the happy event. The mansion in Valencia was repaired, and furnished in a style suited to the fortune and taste of its possessors, and thither, Senor Honorus followed his idolized daughter, who delighted to soothe his declining years. There too, Henri drew round his hospitable board the intelligent and accomplished, who could appreciate his character, and derive pleasure from his society.

The village of Xarinos still retains many of its legendary characteristics, it still nestles along the side of the mountain, and its white cottages peep forth amid bowers of grape vines, or orchards of olive trees ; but it never saw a nobler expression of manhood than Henri, or looked upon a lovelier bride than the lady Irene.

Montreal, 1853.

REPLY TO CHARADE BY OSCAR IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

"Love" is the magic link that binds
 Our human hearts together,
 Constant, when fann'd by summer winds,
 And firm in wintry weather.

And "Letters," who can speak their worth,
 Save those from lov'd ones parted?
 There's but one better boon on earth,—
 To gladden the sad-hearted.

And when those letters breathe of joy,
 And own love's golden fetters,
 We gladly hail the swift post-boy,
 Who brings us our "LOVE-LETTERS."

Montreal, November, 1853.

EDLA.



ENIGMA.

Four letters always contain,
 And can also be spelt with but two;
 With the pocket I'm coupled with pain,
 But agree with your head. Is that true?

A. T. C.

The solution to the "Enigma" in November number, is "*Horse-radish*."



EDITORIAL.

We thank our Correspondents for the promptness with which they have sent their contributions. Several articles are lying by us, which we have not room to insert. The increasing number of contributions is encouraging in every way. We trust as the holidays are approaching, the number of our subscribers will increase. The Publisher is prepared to furnish sets complete of the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd volumes, which, when bound, will form a cheap and suitable holiday gift.

How many pleasant days have gladdened us during the Fall. Now, old Boreas struggles to throw off all melting influences. He will soon break away from them, and give us in real earnest, what we have had a taste of so far, and we shall hear him blustering by in a genuine snow storm, rattling windows, whistling through crevices, and altogether making a thorough stir. God help the poor and homeless, for the pelting storm and howling wind pour on them in unmitigated fury. No friendly blaze casts its cheerful light athwart their gloom; they gather their scanty garments around them, and crouch down in despair. But hark! what mean those sweet cadences that float on the distant air? They rise grandly and joyfully; angels sing "peace on earth, good will to men;" *symphony and chorus* proclaim His praise, who came to bind up the broken hearted, to succor the poor and needy. May the Christmas bells ring joyous peals for the readers of the *Maple Leaf*, and call them to extend blessings to others, for such joy, like waves of sound, radiates in wide circles.

"Musings at Eventide" is in type, and will appear in our next.