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# MAPLE LEAF ;

*A Canadian Monthly Magazine.*

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VOLS. III. AND IV.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR MRS. E. H. LAY BY J. C. BECKET.

1854.



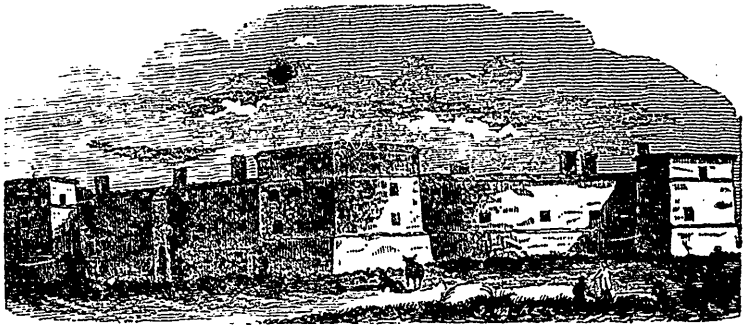
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### FORT CHAMBLY IN 1776.

Business presses upon the overcharged brain of the merchant. Loss and Gain, Commission and Brokerage, the price of Stock and many contingencies, are the subjects which stand out before his wearied mind month after month. He toils on through long accounts and deep calculations, and large profits;—day after day passes, and the busy season is drawing to a close. The exhausted system needs relaxation, the delicate mechanism must be strengthened for a new campaign; and rising with joyous elasticity, the mind of the merchant throws off the weight of care, and prepares to enjoy a period of freedom. He almost hears the glad music of the cascade, and feels the fragrant-scented breeze upon his heated brow, and sees the cheerful scenery of a quiet country retreat. A delightful exchange he is about to make from the heat and dust of the city, to recreate amidst the freshness of country life.

Reader, have you ever found it in your heart to treat yourself to the luxury of a summer's trip through the beautiful interior of Canada? We do not refer to a hurried passage through the most frequented routes; those, though affording picturesque changes, and beautiful views, cannot equal the grandeur of many spots unknown, except to the artist, or man of leisure, or to the speculator who visits them to ascertain their lumber resources, or suitability as sites of future cities. You may indeed refresh yourselves and enjoy much by taking a trip up the Ottawa, or catch magnificent views of the country as you proceed to Toronto or Hamilton by the St. Lawrence,—glimpses that will be remembered with the liveliest gratification; but after all when one starts on a pleasure excursion with plenty of time, there is nothing equal to the good old fashioned way. Jolting along in the family ba

rouche, stopping here to talk with the *habitans*, there to gather a curious plant, or secure a mineral, or admire a lovely sunset, without feeling afraid of "the bell," suits our taste—we do not like hurry—to a nicety. Then the admirable scope one has for contrivance,—in cases where a wheel happens to come off in "an unfrequented road,"—the tales, and incidents, and witticisms each bring forward for the general benefit, the innocent disenchantment from the formalities of city life, make up the agreeable features of these pleasant journies, and contribute wonderfully to exhilarate the mind and body.

We started one fine morning to drive to Chambly, a pleasant village, about seventeen miles from Montreal. The city and its suburbs stretch a long distance down the river, nearly to the ferry which we were to cross, opposite to Longueuil. It was early, and the hum of activity had not filled the city which was still reposing, save here and there a market-cart moved over the pavement, forerunner of the swarms of human beings soon to pour out of the houses, and fill the streets. Some where hid away in our temperament is a touch of the moralising spirit; for we never look around a large city, and try to comprehend the number and employments of its inhabitants, than thoughts of the eternal future of all these heirs of immortality, fill us with pain—a pain which is increased when we transfer our thoughts from an individual place to the whole world, with its masses, and masses of living, accountable human beings, all hurrying onward through life as a fast flowing stream pours ever into the ocean. But to return to our ride; we reached the ferry just in time for the first boat, and were soon landed on the opposite side of the river, and our horse snuffing the pure morning air as it came laden with the odor of the meadow blossoms, started off at a brisk rate, and we soon found ourselves out of the neat little village of Longueuil, and on a broad plank road, admiring the cultivated farms on either side of us, or looking at the distant trees on the road side. The country here is so level that we could see a great distance, and the view ends in a distant vista, where trees and houses appear to meet. Neat farm-houses are scattered along the road, and usually appended in true national taste is the pretty little flower garden, with its roses and geraniums, and many sweet-scented plants. The houses are not large, or built with any great view to conve-

nience. It is quite common to see the oven or bake-house separate from the dwelling, and one oven suffices a whole neighborhood. Each family sends its own bread ready to bake at the general baking. Another peculiarity which we noticed on the road to Chambly, and which we have observed in other directions in Lower Canada, is the absence of shade trees around the dwellings. A few were nicely shaded, but considering the beautiful variety of trees in the country, we are surprised that so little attention is paid to those cheap and useful ornaments of the farmer's premises. However, we saw so much to admire in the waving grain, promising hay fields, and appearance of happiness and comfort, that we were inclined to say beautiful to everything, and above all to the glad sunshine which was drinking up the dew drops from the grass, and the blue sky draped so delicately and fancifully with the morning clouds, and the far off mountains, whose figures like immense castles stood out to remind us of fairy land. Poised over our heads, or alighting on the bough of a tree, sailing past in circles, or hopping on the fences, the birds with their solos and choruses put the climax to our enjoyment.

With a good horse seventeen miles are soon passed, and long before noon we found ourselves driving around the circular road to the village of Chambly. The river Richelieu, just at the foot of the rapids, widens into a large circular bay; making a grand sweep it returns to its usual size a short distance from the village. The road branches about a mile from Chambly, one part follows the direction of the river, and the houses are built on the banks with gardens sloping down to the water's edge. It is a beautiful spot, and we thought while looking at the broad bay where rafts of timber were floating, or boats making their way to unload, that Chambly was the most desirable place we had seen, combining, as we thought, the beauties of a lovely landscape with the activity of business. If we were interested in this part of the village, we were delighted with the view of the old stone fort; which, defying the waste of elements, still stands, though now only used as a store house; it put us in mind of Canada's days of genuine chivalry and romance, when from the port-holes of this old fort the cannon was pointed, and sweeping over the water, commanded the range of the bay and some distance back on the land side.



The river Richelieu is the outlet for the immense volume of water in Lake Champlain. It is a swift stream; its channel in some places is wide and deep, but often interrupted by rapids. There are some fine residences on the banks of the river near the rapids. The Seignorial residence is very pretty; but we thought we should prefer a quiet spot on the bay, than there, within sound of the waters which tumble over the rocks in resistless force. This river affords excellent sites for manufacturing establishments. We saw one place for the manufacture of lasts, perched out by the rushing current.

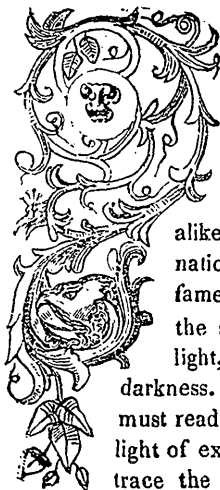
Government maintains a garrison here. The soldiers' barracks are located a little way out of the village. Chamby is a place of considerable commercial importance; boats come in through the canal, bringing goods from various points on Lake Champlain and beyond there; we believe one line of boats comes through from Albany. The arrival of these boats adds much to the activity of the village. The subject of connecting the river Richelieu with the St. Lawrence has been before the minds of Canadian merchants for some time. It is supposed that a canal connecting these rivers would attract much of the western trade. Flour and other commodities could pass from any given point on the front directly through to New York, without the trouble of transshipment. The great object ought to be, however, to connect the waters of Lake Champlain, or its outlet, the Richelieu, with the St. Lawrence at a point that, all things considered, will promote the most important class of interests, not simply the interest of Montreal, or that part of the country east of Montreal, but of the western part of the country also,—since the canal would be constructed at the expense of the Province. Public works beautify, as well as improve a country. It is necessary to use wisdom in the selection of suitable routes and sites for such great operations. A false step cannot be easily remedied without loss, since if one route is not liked, another may be easily adopted by the public, owing to the number of ways in which goods may now be forwarded from one place to another.

It must now be a matter of high satisfaction to those who have spent years of discouragement and privation in this coun-

try, to view works of utility and progress starting up in every direction, and know that each year will bring fresh improvements in all departments of life. But to return to our visit to Chambly; much as we enjoyed it, our time was soon spent, and about five o'clock we took the road to St. Johns. It passes through a cultivated country; here and there we got a full view of the river with its white-capt waves and murmuring rapids, and wondered to see it flow on so smoothly; not long after it had leaped over rocks and obstructions in one sheet of foam. The houses of the inhabitants are scattered along the roadside quite thickly; the taste of the people is so social, that the children generally settle near their parents and take their portions from the homestead, which is a reason why there are so many houses and such small farms, among the French part of the settlements. We were so interested in what we saw that we forgot to be fatigued, and only *felt* so when—seated in the hotel at St. Johns—we tried to collect our thoughts and bring them down from certain flights in which they had been indulging, as we looked at the beautiful sunset spreading over the Richelieu, and tinging the glades with its softened radiance.

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

BY MRS. E. T. RENAUD.



HE present advanced stage of human progress affords many facilities for a review of the past. We stand upon a vantage ground from which we can look calmly back upon ages which have run their course, mighty kingdoms which have risen and disappeared to give place to others destined to be alike ephemeral. The renowned leaders of the nations, the powerful chiefs of tribes, the far famed conquerors of the world, have all shared the same fate—a short lived glory, a meteor light, soon to be forgotten in the succeeding darkness. To read the page of history aright, we must read it by the aid of two lights. By the lesser light of experience or observation we are enabled to trace the hidden cause from the manifested effect.

We can argue from the present much of the past ; and when a purpose fully developed is presented to us, we can reason correctly upon the steps for its attainment. But the assistance of the greater light of revelation is absolutely necessary before we can study with advantage the records of the past. As well might the traveller who viewed the surface of our globe, with all its varieties of mountain and ocean grandeur, under an eclipse, imagine he gave a true picture of the earth while describing the long shadows of the mountains, the deep recesses of the valleys, the silence of the groves, and the pale, soft, melancholy light whose rays so feebly illuminated the world. The historian who attempts to describe habits, delineate character, or form conclusions discarding or despising this divine revelation, is working equally in the dark. History is prophecy fulfilled—another apocalypse—a description of the works and ways of the Great Ruler of the Universe who setteth up princes, and at his will removeth them.

The doctrine of an omniscient observation, and an omnipresent Providence, must be our guiding star in the pursuance of this study ; if lost sight of, we err in judgment, and reason in ignorance.

These remarks apply equally to individual as to general history. It is a common remark, that circumstances form the character, that great events produce great men, and sudden emergencies give rise to unusual displays of vigor and ability. Ought we not rather to say, the mind is moulded for the peculiar use to which it is set apart ; the character strengthened and invigorated in proportion to the difficulties with which it has to cope ; the vessel prepared and tempered for the master's use. For what purpose was the *Persian Cyrus raised to the height of power and glory* he attained ; but that as the shepherd of the Lord he might gather together the lost sheep of Israel, and restore them to their own land. Alexander the Great fulfilled his mission, though he might not understand it. As a he goat he came from the West, and smote the ram having two horns, viz., the king of Media and Persia.

There are two leading principles which ought to be borne in mind while contemplating God's providential dealings with the world. The gradual propagation of Christianity, and the just punishment of nations whose cup of iniquity is full, whose abounding trans-

gressions cry for vengeance—which, though long delayed, assuredly falls and sweeps them with a terrible destruction from the face of the earth. The extirpation of the Canaanites of old is thus accounted for ; and in later times, when the same enormities prevailed, the same punishment has been inflicted. The history of Mexico, the subject of this sketch, illustrates this remark ; and while we cannot but feel pity for the multitudes that perished, we acknowledge the wisdom and mercy that swept from the earth a superstition so baneful, a religion so full of horrid cruelty as the Aztec worship.

The first discovery of America was far from being complete. Columbus did little more in 1498 than describe the coast of this New World. North America owes its discovery to Sebastien Cabot, who was sent out by Henry VII. of England, a few years after Columbus's successful enterprise. In this way England obtained these large possessions in America, a remnant of which she still retains. Peru was subjugated by Francis Pizarro ; the Brazilian coast by Alvarez de Cabral, a Portuguese ; and Mexico by Hernando Cortes.

In 1518, the kingdom of Mexico presented a very different aspect from what its discoverers expected ; it was, in fact, a mighty monarchy—its sway extended over a vast region of country remarkable for its fertility, presenting every variety of climate, and yielding nearly every species of fruit. Numerous populous cities owed allegiance to the head of the empire ; trembled at his frown, regarding his voice as the voice of a god, and not of a man. The sovereign of Mexico at this period was Montezuma the second, a prince who more than sustained all the superstitions and dignity attached to the throne.

The early years of his reign were deservedly popular. He displayed great energy in war, and regulated with wisdom and justice the internal policy of his kingdom. A munificent generosity of spirit was one of his chief characteristics ; if he was careful in accumulating treasure, it was in order liberally to recompense his dependents. Some of his improvements mark an intelligence and benevolence scarcely to have been anticipated in his age. He introduced water all over the city by means of a new channel, from whence pipes were laid to the public buildings, private dwellings, &c. He likewise established an hospital for

invalid soldiers in one of his cities on the plain. By degrees the popularity of *Montezuma* declined; he ceased to be the friend of his subjects; secluded himself from public observation, requiring the personal attendance in a menial capacity of the first nobles of the land; exacting from them, and all with whom he came in contact, the most slavish homage, the most servile marks of respect. When the monarch passed among his subjects, all eyes were fixed upon the ground, while many prostrated themselves before him. The portrait left us of this celebrated Indian emperor, is an interesting one. He was at this time about 40 years of age, his person was tall and thin, but not ill made; his hair was black and straight, and not very long; his beard was thin; his complexion somewhat paler than generally belongs to his race; his features were serious in their expression; he moved with dignity; his whole demeanor was tempered by an expression of benignity worthy of a great prince. The city of Mexico contained a large and industrious population. The public works manifested an advanced state of civilization. The temples and principal buildings were covered with a hard white stucco, which glistened like enamel in the sun. A draw-bridge was the only entrance into the city. The palace of *Montezuma* was a vast irregular pile of low stone buildings, so large and so numerous, that one of the conquerors declared, though he had frequently visited it, he never was able to support the fatigue of an entire survey. In the courts, many fountains were playing, which supplied a hundred baths in the interior of the palace. The apartments were large, but not lofty; the ceilings formed of odoriferous woods richly carved; the floors covered with mats; the walls hung with cotton beautifully stained, or with the skins of wild animals; and draperies of feather work, wrought in imitation of birds and insects, which might well compare in nicety of art and beauty of colors with the famed tapestries of Flanders. Thus Mexico, a second *Tadmor* in the desert, had reached a degree of splendor and magnificence little dreamt of in the Eastern World. And *Montezuma*, like *Nebuchadonoyer*, might stand upon his battlements, and look down with a spirit of triumphant exultation upon the mighty city with its temples, towers, and palaces, which rose proudly from the beautiful valley of *Jezcuco*, and cast their deep shadows upon the quiet surface of the lake. But however fair the aspect of this far-famed city—however advanced its inhabitants

might be in arts and refinements, there were scenes enacted within these walls, and horrid cruelties perpetrated, worthy of the lowest degree of barbarism.

The religion of the Aztecs had not kept pace with their advancement in civilization. The gentle spirit of Christianity was a stranger to their superstitions. Their tenets manifested a strange incongruity, their creed contained traditions of a purer faith. Many of their rites and sacraments bore a strong analogy to that of Christianity; for example, in naming their children, "the lips and bosom of the infant were sprinkled with water, while prayer was offered up, that the Lord would permit the holy drops to wash away the sin that was given to it before the foundation of the world, so that the child might be 'born anew.'"

The Aztecs acknowledged the existence of a superior Creator and Lord of the Universe, and addressed prayer to him as the God by whom we live, "Omnipresent, that knoweth all thoughts, and giveth all gifts." It had been well had they rested in this knowledge, and sought no further light; but man has ever sought out many inventions, and not liking to retain God in his knowledge, has changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like unto corruptible man. Among the Aztecs there were thirteen powerful deities, and more than two hundred inferior. The chief of these was the terrible Huitzilopochtli, or war god, whose fantastic image was loaded with costly ornaments; his temples were the finest of the public edifices; his altars reeked with the blood of human beings, in whose sacrifice he specially delighted; captives taken in war were invariably reserved for this dreadful fate. Women were not excepted from the cruel sentence; on some occasions children, generally infants, were offered up to appease the anger, or secure the favor of the blood thirsty god.

It is said from twenty to thirty thousand victims were annually sacrificed throughout the kingdom. The manner of sacrifice was as revolting as inhuman. The victim was laid upon a large flat stone, its upper surface somewhat convex, so as to throw up the chest; the priest, clad in a scarlet mantle, dexterously opened the breast with a sharp razor, and plunged his hand into the wound to reach the palpitating heart, held it up towards the sun, and then cast it at the feet of the deity as an acceptable offering. If

the victim had been a captive taken in war, the body was delivered to his captor, who caused it to be dressed and prepared as a grateful repast for his friends. Can we wonder that the wrath of God should at last overtake a people so totally given over to idolatry and all wickedness, and sweep them as with the besom of destruction from the face of the earth? Could anything be more hurtful in his sight than this sacrifice of man once created in His own image, and still endowed with capabilities of serving him, thus offered at the altar of devils? We rather marvel that the vengeance is so long delayed, the sword not sooner whetted. But the decree had gone forth, the avenger of blood is at the door, a fearful retribution is at hand. Montezuma, in the midst of his luxurious indolence, is startled by whispers of strange and ominous import—tidings reach the capital of the arrival of a band of strangers; white men of great wisdom and power, carrying in their hands the thunders and lightning:—by referring to the picture writing, which was the usual mode of communication, he sees depicted the Spaniards,—their costumes, arms, and equipments, with a fidelity that gave him a real picture of his opponents. Horses were then unknown in Mexico; at first the horse and rider were supposed to be one, a new and terrible engine of destruction; the water houses, as they called the ships of the strangers, were included in the sketch which was to convey the fatal news to the capital. Montezuma trembled; he felt as if his glory had departed; his resistless power overthrown; and his kingdom lay under sentence of death and destruction. Again and again did a prophecy, long since made, return to his agitated mind, viz., that the posterity of the god Metzalcoatt were one day to return and resume possession of the empire of Mexico. A general feeling seems to have prevailed at that period that this promise was about to be accomplished; and many of the tribes recognized in the fair complexion of the Spaniards, their great valor and superior knowledge, these conquerors whose arrival had been so long anticipated. This universal belief paved the way for the approach of the Spaniards; disarming the hostility of some; commanding the reverence of others, and investing the strangers with a superstitious character, which greatly aided their enterprise.

Montreal, June, 1853.

(To be Continued.)

## THE LILY.

[ORIGINAL.]

“ Consider the lilies of the field how they grow ; they toil not, neither do they spin : and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.”

Grand and beauteous stands the lily,  
Nodding gently to the wind ;  
With a robe of dazzling whiteness,  
And a crown of royal brightness,  
Deca'd and gemm'd by Nature's mind.

Glorious symbols meet our vision,  
When we see thee, flower divine ;  
Proudly set amid the meadow,  
Feeling naught of care or sorrow,  
All unconscious in thy prime.

Toiling not for wealth or fashion,  
Clothed art thou in tissues rare ;  
Woven in the looms of heaven,  
Dropp'd by angel bands at even,  
O'er the fields and valleys fair.

Fast by Eden's lovely bowers,  
Near the sacred tree of life,  
Bending stately thy corolla,  
Fill'd the air with sweet aroma,  
Paradise saw then no strife.

Gold of Ophir, dyes of Sidon,  
Crown'd the ancient monarch's reign ;  
And his pearls and jewels costly,  
Flash'd back light all bright and lofty,  
O'er the Queen of Sheba's train.

Yet the king in all his glory  
Rival'd not thy spotless dress ;  
Eastern climes, and wealth of ages  
Vied to please earth's mighty sages ;  
Dim their lustre grew and less.

Love may woo thee, flower imperial,  
Art may blend her tints so bright—  
Amaranthine hues and changeless  
From the regions true and peerless,  
Meet not genius' loftiest flight.



Breezes kiss thee, softly whispering  
 Tales of realms beyond the main,  
 Where by water clear as crystal,  
 Joyful keeping sacred festal,  
 Lilies stand a lovely train.

Oh ye fearful souls, and fainting,  
 Envy not the world's false show ;  
 Loftier hopes, enduring treasure,  
 Rising still in endless measure,  
 Shall the God of love bestow.

E. H. L.

Montreal, June 3, 1853.



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

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

### CHAPTER VII.

LADY MARY'S STORY ABOUT THE TAME BEAVER, WITH SOME FURTHER REMARKS  
 ON BEAVERS AND RACCOONS.

"Nurse, you have told me a great many nice stories. Now, I can tell you one, if you would like to hear it ;" and the Governor's little daughter fixed her bright eyes, beaming with intelligence, on the face of her nurse, who smiled, and said she should like very much to hear the story.

"You must guess what it is be about, nurse."

"I am afraid I shall not guess right. Is it 'Little Red Riding Hood,' or 'Old Mother Hubbard,' or 'Jack the Giant Killer!'"

"Oh, nurse, to guess such silly stories," said the little lady stopping her ears. "Those are too silly even for me to tell baby. My story is a nice story, about a darling tame beaver. Major Pickford took me on his knee and told me the story last night." Mrs. Frazer begged Lady Mary's pardon for making such foolish guesses, and declared she should like very much to hear Major Pickford's story of the tame beaver.

"Well, nurse, you must know that there was once a gentleman who lived in the bush, on the banks of a small lake, somewhere in Canada, a long, long way from Montreal. He lived all alone in a little log-house, and spent his time in fishing, and trapping, and hunting ; and he was very dull, for he had no wife and no

little children like me to talk to. The only people whom he used to see were some French lumberers, and now and then the Indians would come in their canoes and fish on his lake, and make their wigwams on the lake shore, and hunt deer in the wood. The gentleman was very fond of the Indians, and used to pass a great deal of his time with them, and talk to them in their own language.

"Well, nurse, one day he found a poor little Indian boy in the woods; he had been lost in the great forest and was half starved, and quite sick and weak, and the kind gentleman took him home to his house, and fed him and nursed him till he got quite strong again. Was not that good, nurse?"

"It was quite right, my lady. People should always be kind to the sick and weak, and especially to a poor Indian stranger. I like the story very much, and shall be glad to hear more about the Indian boy."

"Nurse, there is not a great deal more about the Indian boy—for when the Indians returned soon after that from hunting, he went away with them; but I forgot to tell you that the gentleman had often said how much he should like to have a young beaver to make a pet of. He was very fond of pets; he had a dear little squirrel just like mine, nurse, a flying squirrel, which he had made so tame that it slept in his bosom and lived in his pocket, where he kept nuts and acorns and apples for it to eat, and he had a raccoon too, nurse,—only think, a real raccoon; and Major Pickford told me something so droll about the raccoon, only I want first to go on with the story about the beaver.

"One day as the gentleman was sitting by the fire reading, he heard a very slight noise, and when he looked up he was quite surprised at seeing an Indian boy in a blanket coat,—his black eyes were fixed upon his face, and his long black hair hung down on his shoulders, he looked quite wild-like, he did not say a word, but he opened his blanket-coat, and showed a brown furred animal asleep on his breast.

"What do you think it was, nurse?"

"A young beaver, my lady."

"Yes, nurse, it was a little beaver. The good Indian boy had caught it and tamed it on purpose to bring it to his white friend, who had been so good to him.

“ I cannot tell you all the amusing things the Indian boy said about the beaver, though the Major told them to me ; but I cannot talk like an Indian, you know, Mrs. Frazer. After the boy went away, the gentleman set to work and made a little log-house for his beaver to live in, and set it in a corner of the shanty ; and he hollowed a large sugar-trough for his water, that he might have water to wash in,—and cut down some young willows and poplars and birch trees for him to eat, and the little beaver grew very fond of his new master ; it would fondle him just like a little squirrel—put its soft head on his knee, and climb on to his lap ; he taught it to eat bread and sweet cake and biscuit, and even roast and boiled meat, and it would drink milk too.

“ Well, nurse, the little beaver lived very happily with this kind gentleman till the next fall, and then it began to get very restless and active, as if it was tired of doing nothing. One day his master heard of the arrival of a friend some miles off, so he left mister beaver to take care of himself, and went away ; but he did not forget to give him some green wood and plenty of water to drink and play in ; he staid several days, so he was very glad to meet with a friend in that lonely place ; but when he came he could not open his door, and was obliged to get in at the window. What do you think that beaver had done ? It had built a dam against the side of the trough, and a wall across the door, and it had dug up the hearth and the floor, and carried the earth and stones to help to make his dam, and puddled it with water, and made such work, the house was in perfect confusion, with the mud, and chips, and bark, and stone ; and, oh nurse, worse than all that, it had gnawed through the legs of the tables and chairs, and they were lying on the floor in such a state, and it cost the poor gentleman so much trouble to put things to rights again, and make more chairs and another table ; and when I laughed at the pranks of that wicked beaver, for I could not help laughing, the Major pinched my ear, and called me a mischievous puss.”

Mrs. Frazer was very much entertained with the story, and she told lady Mary that she had heard of tame beavers doing such things before ; for in the season of the year when beavers congregate together to repair their works and build their winter houses, those that are in confinement become restless and unquiet, and show the instinct that moves these animals to provide their winter retreats and lay up their stores of food.

"Nurse," said lady Mary, "I did not think that beavers and raccoons could be taught to eat sweet cake and bread and meat."

"Many animals learn to eat food very different from that which they are accustomed to live on in a wild state. The wild cat lives on raw flesh; but the tame cat, you know, my dear, will eat cooked meat, and even salt meat, with bread and milk and many other things. I knew a person who had a black kitten that he called 'wildfire,' that would sup whisky-toddy out of his glass, and seemed to like it as well as milk or water, only it made it too frisky and wild."

"Nurse, the raccoon that the gentleman had would drink sweet whisky-punch; but my governess said it was not right to give it to him, and Major Pickford laughed, and said that the raccoon must have looked very funny when it was on the spree. Was not the Major naughty to say so?"

Mrs. Frazer said it was not quite proper.

"But, nurse, I have not told you about the raccoon, he was a funny fellow; he was very fond of a little spaniel and her puppies, and took a great deal of care of them; he brought them meat and any thing nice that was given to him to eat; but one day he thought he would give the puppies a good treat, so he contrived to catch a poor cat by the tail, drag her into his den where he and the puppies lived together; the puppies of course would not eat the cat, so the wicked creature eat up poor pussy herself,—and the gentleman was so angry with the naughty thing that he killed him and made a cap of his skin, for he was afraid the cunning raccoon would kill his beaver and eat up his pet squirrel."

"The raccoon, lady Mary, in its natural state, has all the wildness and cunning of the fox and weazle; he will eat flesh, poultry and sucking pigs, and is also very destructive to Indian corn. These creatures abound in the western States, and are killed in great numbers for their skins. The hunters eat the flesh, and say it is very tender and good; but it is not used for food in Canada. The raccoon belongs to the same class of animals as the bear, which it resembles in some points, though being small, it is not so dangerous either to man or the larger animals.

“And now, my dear, let me show you some pretty wild flowers that a little girl brought me this morning for you, as she heard that you loved flowers. There are yellow moccasins or ladies' slippers, the same that I told you of a little while ago,—and white lilies, crane bills, these pretty lilac geraniums, with scarlet cups and blue lupines, they are all in bloom now, and many others. On the Rice Lake plains, if we were there, my lady, we could gather all these and many, many more. In the months of June and July, these plains are like a garden, and full of roses that scent the air.”

“Nurse, I will ask my dear papa to take me to the Rice Lake plains,” said the little lady as she gazed with delight on the lovely Canadian flowers.

*(To be Continued.)*



Fragment from an unpublished manuscript by a Colonist:—

In Eastern and Western Canada how glorious are the brilliant summers; with skies as brightly blue as gild the tropic climes! Fanned by grateful cooling zephyrs, every thing around—air, water, forest, meadow, field and glade—are lovely; all seem as rivals to contend for beauty's palm. The verdant mountains, and the crystal floods; the wild spread forests, and the fertile plains; the foaming waterfalls, the gushing rivulets, the mighty rivers, and the lesser streams; the rushing, boiling rapids, and the placid lakes—all sweetly smile! What lovely rides in summer and in autumn, on every hand, surround thy massive walls! what splendid prospects from thy cloud-capt citadel appear, thou rock-built! time-honoured city!—glorious, invincible Quebec!!! The great, the vast, the wild, the boundless! or the gentle, romantic, cultivated, soft! forests, rivers, mountains, cataraacts, villages; fleets lading and unlading, or arriving with swelling sails, in thy magnificent port, or anchored in the stream, waiting a wind to drive them o'er Saint Lawrence's crystal waves, on their homeward course, to the ancient world, surrounded by busy, bustling, commercial scenes; with brilliant, azure, cloudless skies; Canadian summers are among the loveliest that can be found around the mighty globe!

## "MY FORTUNE'S MADE."



Y young friend, Cora Lee, was a gay, dashing girl, fond of dress, and looking always as if, to use a common saying, just out of a band-box. Cora was a belle, of course, and had many admirers. Among the number of these, was a young man named Edward Douglass, who was the very "pink" of neatness, in all matters pertaining to dress, and exceeding particular in his observance of the little proprieties of life.

I saw, from the first, that if Douglass pressed his suit, Cora's heart would be an easy conquest: and so it proved.

"How admirably they are fitted for each other," I remarked to my husband, on the night of the wedding. "Their tastes are similar, and their habits so much alike, that no violence will be done to the feelings of either, in the more intimate associations that marriage brings. Both are neat in person, and orderly by instinct; and both have good principles."

"From all present appearances, the match will be a good one," replied my husband. There was, I thought, something like reservation in his tone.

"Do you really think so?" I said, a little ironically; for Mr. Smith's approval of the marriage was hardly warm enough to suit my fancy.

"Oh, certainly! Why not?" he replied.

I felt a little fretted at my husband's mode of speaking; but made no further remark on the subject. He is never very enthusiastic nor sanguine, and did not mean in this instance to doubt the fitness of the parties for happiness in the marriage state, as I half imagined. For myself, I warmly approved my friend's choice, and called her husband a lucky man to secure for his companion through life a woman so admirably fitted to make one like him happy. But a visit which I paid to Cora, one day, about six weeks after the honeymoon had expired, lessened my enthusiasm on the subject, and awoke some unpleasant doubts. It happened that I called soon after breakfast. Cora met me in the parlour, looking like a very fright. She wore a soiled and

rumpled morning wrapper; her hair was in papers; and she had on dirty stockings, and a pair of old slippers down at the heels.

"Bless me, Cora!" said I. "What is the matter? Have you been sick?"

"No. Why do you ask? Is my dishabille rather on the extreme?"

"Candidly I think it is, Cora," was my frank answer.

"Oh well! no matter," she carelessly replied, "my fortune's made."

"I don't clearly understand you," said I.

"I'm married you know."

"Yes; I am aware of that fact."

"No need of being so particular in dress now."

"Why not?"

"Didn't I just say," replied Cora, "My fortune's made. I've got a husband."

Beneath an air of jesting, was apparent the real earnestness of my friend.

"You dressed with a careful regard to taste and neatness in order to win Edward's love?" said I.

"Certainly I did."

"And should you not do the same in order to retain it?"

"Why, Mrs. Smith! Do you think my husband's affection goes no deeper than my dress? I should be very sorry indeed to think that. He loves me for myself."

"No doubt of that in the world, Cora. But remember, that he cannot see what is in your mind except by what you do or say. If he admires your taste, for instance, it is not from any abstract appreciation of it; but because the taste manifests itself in what you do. And, depend upon it, he will find it a very hard matter to approve and admire your correct taste in dress, for instance, when you appear before him, day after day, in your present unattractive attire. If you do not dress well for your husband's eyes, for whose eyes, pray, do you dress? You are as neat when abroad, as you were before your marriage."

"As to that, Mrs. Smith, common decency requires me to dress when I go into the street, or into company; to say nothing of the pride one naturally feels in looking well."

"And does not the same common decency and natural pride argue as strongly in favour of your dressing well at home, and

for the eye of your husband, whose approval and whose admiration must be dearer to you than the approval and admiration of the whole world?"

"But he doesn't want to see me dressed out in silks and satins all the time. A pretty bill my dress-maker would have against him in that event. Edward has more sense than that, I flatter myself."

"Street or ball-room attire is one thing, Cora; and becoming home apparel another. We look for both in their place."

Thus I argued with the thoughtless young wife; but my words made no impression. When abroad, she dressed with exquisite taste, and was lovely to look upon; but at home she was careless and slovenly, and made it almost impossible for those who saw her to realize that she was the brilliant beauty they had met in company but a short time before. But even this did not last long.

The habits of Mr. Douglass, on the contrary, did not change. He was as orderly as before; and dressed with the same regard to neatness. He never appeared at the breakfast-table in the morning without being shaved; nor did he lounge about in the evening in his shirt-sleeves. The slovenly habits into which Cora had fallen, annoyed him seriously; and still more so, when her carelessness about her appearance began to manifest itself abroad as well as at home. When he hinted anything on the subject, she did not hesitate to reply, in a jesting manner, that her fortune was made, and she need not trouble herself any longer about how she looked.

Douglass did not feel very much complimented, but as he had his share of good sense, he saw that to assume a cold and offended manner would do no good.

"If your fortune is made, so is mine," he replied, on one occasion, quite coolly, and indifferently. Next morning he made his appearance at the breakfast-table with a beard of twenty-four hours' growth.

"You haven't shaved this morning, dear?" said Cora, to whose eyes the dirty-looking face of her husband was particularly unpleasant.

"No," he replied, carelessly. "It's a serious trouble to shave every day."



"But you look so much better with a cleanly shaved face."

"Looks are nothing—ease and comfort everything," said Douglass.

"But common decency, Edward."

"I see nothing indecent in a long beard," replied the husband.

Still Cora argued, but in vain. Her husband went off to his business with his unshaved face.

"I don't know whether to shave or not," said Douglass, next morning, running over his rough face, upon which was a beard of forty-eight hours' growth. His wife had hastily thrown on a wrapper, and, with slipshod feet, and head like a mop, was lounging in a large rocking chair awaiting the breakfast bell.

"For mercy's sake, Edward, don't go any longer with that shockingly dirty face," spoke up Cora. "If you knew how dreadfully you looked."

"Looks are nothing," replied Edward, stroking his beard.

"Why, what's come over you all at once?"

"Nothing, only it's such a trouble to shave every day."

"But you didn't shave yesterday."

"I know; I am just as well off to-day, as if I had. So much saved, at any rate."

"But Cora urged the matter; and her husband finally yielded, and mowed down the luxuriant growth of beard.

"How much better you do look!" said the young wife. "Now don't go another day without shaving."

"But why should I take so much trouble about mere looks? I'm just as good with a long beard as with a short one. It's a great deal of trouble to shave every day. You can love me equally as well; and why need I care about what others say or think?"

On the following morning, Douglass appeared not only with a long beard, but with a bosom and collar that were both soiled and rumpled.

"Why, Edward! how you do look!" said Cora. "You've neither shaved nor put on a clean shirt."

Edward stroked his face, and run his fingers along the edge of his collar, remarking indifferently, as he did so:

"It's no matter. I look well enough. This being so very particular in dress, is waste of time; and I'm getting tired of it."

And in this trim Douglass went off to his business, much to the annoyance of his wife, who could not bear to see her husband looking so slovenly.

Gradually the declension from neatness went on, until Edward was quite a match for his wife; and yet, strange to say, Cora had not taken the hint, broad as it was. In her own person she was as untidy as ever.

About six months after their marriage, we invited a few friends to spend a social evening with us, Cora and her husband among the number. Cora came alone, quite early, and said that her husband was very much engaged, and could not come until after tea. My young friend had not taken much pains with her attire. Indeed, her appearance mortified me, as it contrasted so decidedly with that of the other ladies who were present; and I could not help suggesting to her that she was wrong in being so indifferent about her dress. But she laughingly replied to me—

"You know my fortune's made now, Mrs. Smith. I can afford to be negligent in these matters. It's a great waste of time to dress so much."

I tried to argue against this, but could make no impressions upon her.

About an hour after tea, and while we were all engaged in pleasant conversation, the door of the parlour opened, and in walked Mr. Douglass. At first glance I thought I must be mistaken. But no, it was Edward himself. But what a figure he did cut! His uncombed hair was standing up, in stiff spikes, in a hundred different directions; his face could not have felt the touch of a razor for two or three days; and he was guiltless of clean linen for at least the same length of time. His vest was soiled; his boots unblacked; and there was an unmistakable hole in one of his elbows.

"Why, Edward!" exclaimed his wife, with a look of mortification and distress, as her husband came across the room, with a face in which no consciousness of the figure he cut could be detected.

"Why, my dear fellow! What is the matter?" said my husband, frankly; for he perceived that the ladies were beginning to titter, and that the gentlemen were looking at each other, and trying to repress their risible tendencies; and therefore deemed it best to throw off all reserve on the subject.

"The matter? Nothing's the matter, I believe. Why do you ask?" Douglass looked grave.

"Well, may he ask, what's the matter!" broke in Cora, energetically. "How could you come here in such a plight?"

"In such a plight?" And Edward looked down at himself, felt his beard, and run his fingers through his hair. "What's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"You look as if you'd just waked up from a nap of a week with your clothes on, and come off without washing your face or combing your hair," said my husband.

"Oh!" And Edward's countenance brightened a little. Then he said, with much gravity of manner—

"I've been extremely hurried of late; and only left my business a few minutes ago. I hardly thought it worth while to go home to dress up. I knew we were all friends here. Besides, 'as my fortune is made'"—and he glanced with a look not to be mistaken, towards his wife—"I don't feel called upon to give as much attention to mere dress as formerly. Before I was married, it was necessary to be particular in these matters, but now it's of no consequence."

I turned toward Cora. Her face was like crimson. In a few moments she arose and went quickly from the room. I followed her, and Edward came after us, pretty soon. He found his wife in tears, and sobbing almost hysterically.

"I've got a carriage at the door," he said to me, aside, half laughing, half serious. "So help her on with her things, and we'll retire in disorder."

"But it's too bad in you, Mr. Douglass," replied I.

"Forgive me for making your house the scene of this lesson to Cora," he whispered. "It had to be given, and I thought I could venture to trespass upon your forbearance."

"I'll think about that," said I, in return.

In a few minutes Cora and her husband retired; and in spite of good breeding, and everything else, we all had a hearty laugh

over the matter, on my return to the parlour, where I explained the curious little scene that had just occurred.

How Cora and her husband settled the affair between themselves, I never inquired. But one thing is certain, I never saw her in a slovenly dress afterwards, at home or abroad. She was cured.



## THE GLOWWORM.

[ ORIGINAL. ]

The lark she has sunk on her grassy nest,  
 And all nature is hushed in a peaceful rest,  
 When the light of the glowworm is seen from afar,  
 As the silvery ray of some distant star !

By her light the nightingale tunes her song,  
 In the sweetest melody all night long,  
 And those fair flowers their fragrance shed,  
 From which the light of day has fled.

Sweet emblem of hope, that appears most bright,  
 As it springs through the gloom of the darkest night,  
 Such rays of joy unto man are given,  
 To cheer through this vale of tears to Heaven.

And thus throughout nature there lies a spring  
 Of so pure a source, it will ever bring  
 A fount of gladness, and peace, and love,  
 Leading the soul to its home above.

It speaks in the sunset's dying glow,  
 In the tiny streamlet's sparkling flow,  
 On the mountain's height, in the flowery vale,  
 In the balmy zephyr, the rushing gale.

And the flowers that scent the midnight air.  
 They tell of the land, so bright and fair,  
 Where death ne'er enters the scene of bloom,  
 Or the garland waves o'er the silent tomb.

And oh how it soothes the sinking heart,  
 When called from the fondly loved to part,  
 It sheds through the cloud a cheering light,  
 As the glowworm gives to the bird of night.

C. H.,  
 Fern Cliff, Rice Lake.

June 16th, 1853.

## THOUGHTS ON A CHURCHYARD.

Among the many places which call up associations in the mind of man, there is perhaps none to which he turns more frequently, or on which he dwells with more mournfully-pleasing reflections, than that in which the ashes of those beloved by him are consigned to their lengthened repose, and where they who were united in life, and in death not separated, sleep side by side. If, by the many vicissitudes to which he is exposed in this life of change, he is removed to a distance from their narrow home, how often does memory place before him their peaceful graves, and raise in his mind the tenderest feelings, and call up emotions painful yet pleasing, of which he wishes never to be deprived, and which he cherishes with the fondest affection. On the contrary, if he still remains in the neighbourhood of the hallowed spot, how often does the twilight hour find him bending over their lowly bed, and dropping on it the sacred tear of affection;—with what melancholy pleasure does he, on each succeeding visit, draw nigh, and (if living as he ought) look forward to the time, when having finished his course, and accomplished that which was given him to do, he also shall sink to rest near those who have gone before, with them to await the dread, the awful time when they shall be aroused from their slumbers by the voice of the archangel and the trump of God.

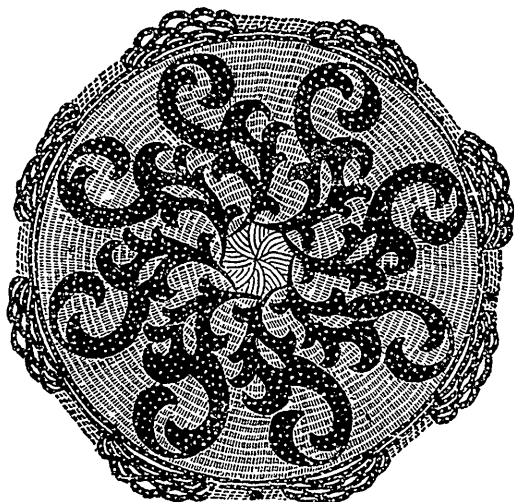
Tread softly, for within each hallowed mound  
 Repose the ashes of the peaceful dead,  
 Asking no portion but the scanty ground  
 Which claims them, now their little life has fled.

Here young and old, the feeble and robust,  
 Together sleep beneath the verdant sod,  
 Mingling their ashes with their parent dust,  
 Obedient to the summons of their God.

Here must they sleep, till once again the call  
 Of him who formed them, breaks upon their rest;  
 Then shall they burst the bonds of mortal thrall,  
 And trembling there, await their Lord's behest.

J. C. G.

Toronto, April 13, 1853.



## JEWELLED DOYLEYS.

THE RUBY, BY MRS. PULLAN.

*Materials.*—1 oz. ruby-colored beads, No. 2, and one reel, No 16 Messrs. W. Evans & Co.'s Boar's-head crochet cotton.

Begin by threading all the beads on the cotton; then make a chain of 8 stitches, and close into a round. All the d'oyley is done in Sc, except the edge.

*1st Round.*—° 1 Ch, 1 Sc on Sc, ° 8 times.

*2nd Round.*—° 1 Ch, 2 Sc on 2 Sc, ° 8 times. It will be observed that instead of the usual way of increasing by working two stitches in one, a chain-stitch is made, and one Sc only is worked on each Sc.

*3rd Round.*—° 1 Ch, 3 Sc on Sc, ° 8 times.

*4th Round.*—° 1 Ch, 4 Sc on Sc, ° 8 times.

*5th Round.*—° 1 Ch, 5 Sc on Sc, ° 8 times.

*6th Round.*—° 1 Ch, 6 Sc on Sc, ° 8 times.

*7th Round.*—° 1 Ch, 7 Sc on Sc, ° 8 times.

*1st Bead Round.*—° 2 cotton, 6 beads, ° 8 times.

*2nd Round.*—° 4 beads, coming over 2 cotton, and 1 bead at each side, 5 cotton over 4 beads, ° 8 times.

*3rd Round.*—° 2 beads over the centre 2 of 4, 8 cotton, ° 8 times.

*4th Round.*—° 3 beads, the first 2 over 2, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, ° 8 times.

*5th Round.*—\* 7 beads (the first over first of last round,) 5 cotton, \* 8 times. End with one bead on the last stitch.

*6th Round.*—\* 6 beads, (1st on 1st,) 6 cotton, 1 bead, \* 8 times.

*7th Round.*—\* 3 beads, 10 cotton, 1 bead, \* 8 times. End with 2 beads.

*8th Round.*—\* 3 beads, 10 cotton, 2 beads, \* 8 times. End with 3 beads.

*9th Round.*—\* 3 beads, 11 cotton, 3 beads, \* 7 times, 3 beads. This round is not perfect.

*10th Round.*—\* 3 cotton over cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, 4 beads, 1 cotton, 3 beads, \* 8 times.

*11th Round.*—\* 2 cotton, 9 beads, 3 cotton, (over 1 bead, 1 cotton,) 3 beads, \* 8 times.

*12th Round.*—3 cotton over 2, \* 7 beads, 5 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton, \* 8 times.

*13th Round.*—\* 1 cotton, 5 beads, 5 cotton, 3 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 1 cotton, \* 8 times.

*14th Round.*—\* 4 cotton, (over 1 cotton, 2 beads,) 3 beads, 5 cotton, 4 beads, (the last on last of 3,) 4 cotton, \* 8 times.

*15th Round.*—\* 2 cotton, 5 beads, (the last on last of 3,) 3 cotton, 6 beads, 5 cotton, \* 8 times.

*16th Round.*—\* 13 beads, 1 cotton, 2 beads, 6 cotton on 5, \* 7 times. Eighth time, 4 cotton only on 3.

*17th Round.*—\* 9 beads, 1 cotton, 4 beads, 2 cotton, (last over 1 cotton,) 3 beads, 4 cotton over 3, \* 7 times. Eighth time, 3 cotton on 2.

*18th Round.*—\* 9 beads, 1 cotton, 5 beads, 2 cotton on 1, \* 7 times. Eighth, 1 cotton.

*19th Round.*—\* 5 beads, 5 cotton, 5 beads, 10 cotton, (over 9 stitches,) \* 8 times.

*20th Round.*—\* 3 beads, 8 cotton, (over 7 stitches,) 5 beads, 5 cotton, 1 bead, 4 cotton, \* 8 times.

*21st Round.*—\* 3 beads over 3, 10 cotton (making 1,) 5 beads, (beginning on 2nd of 5,) 3 cotton, 2 beads, 4 cotton, \* 8 times.

*22nd Round.*—\* 3 beads on 3, 12 cotton, (making 1,) 9 beads, 4 cotton, \* 8 times.

*23rd Round.*—\* 3 beads on 3, 6 cotton, 4 beads, 3 cotton, 7 beads, (on centre 7 of 9,) 5 cotton, \* 8 times.

*24th Round.*—\* 3 beads on 3, 6 cotton on 5, 6 beads, 14 cotton, \* 8 times.

*25th Round.*—\* 4 beads, (beginning over 1st of 3,) 7 cotton, (5 on and 1 bead,) 5 beads, 14 cotton, \* 8 times.

*26th Round.*—\* 1 cotton over 1 bead, 4 beads, 3 cotton, 1 bead, 3 cotton, 4 beads, (over last 4 of 5,) 13 cotton, \* 8 times.

*27th Round.*—\* 2 cotton on 1 cotton, 8 beads, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 13 cotton, \* 8 times.

*28th Round.*—\* 3 cotton over 2 C and 1 B, 6 beads, 3 cotton, 4 beads, 14 cotton, \* 8 times.

*29th Round.*—\* 4 cotton, 3 beads (the 1st over 2nd of 6,) 3 cotton, 5 beads, 16 cotton, \* 8 times, 5 cotton.

*30th Round.*—\* 9 beads, beginning on 2nd of 3, 21 cotton, \* 8 times.

Do one round of cotton only, and then one of beads.

*BORDER.*—\* 2 Sc cotton, 15 beads, 2 cotton, 13 chain with a bead on each, miss 12, \* 8 times.

*2nd Round.*—2 slip on 2 cotton, \* 2 Sc with cotton, on the first 2 beads, § 1 bead, 1 cotton, § alternately 6 times, 1 cotton, 5 Ch, with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 13, 7 Ch with beads, miss 5 of 13, Sc with bead on next, 5 Ch with beads, \* 8 times.

*3rd Round.*—\* 2 Sc with cotton on 2nd Sc and 1 bead § 1 bead, 1 cotton, § 5 times, 1 cotton, 5 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 5, 6 Ch with beads, 1 Sc on 4th of 7 with beads, 6 Ch with beads, Sc with bead on 2nd of 5 Sc, 5 Ch with beads, \* 8 times.

*4th Round.*—\* 2 Sc cotton as before, § 1 bead over cotton, 1 cotton over bead, § 4 times. 1 more cotton, 5 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 5, 6 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 4th of 6, 6 Ch with bead, 1 Sc with bead on 3rd of next 6, 6 Ch with beads, 1 Sc with bead on 2nd of 5, 5 Ch with beads.

These Doyleys must be washed with white Windsor soap and soft water only. When quite clean rinse them in fresh water, and hang them before a fire, or in the air to dry. When nearly dry, pull them out into shape. On no account use any starch, nor an iron. Beads when of good quality, and properly washed, will remain for years uninjured.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## MOTHER!

Mother! It is the dearest of names. Let those who have a mother cherish her tenderly and kindly, for she fills a place in the heart which none other can. She has watched over you from your very birth, she has soothed your couch of languishing, entered into all your pleasures, and sympathised in all your sorrows. She first taught you to pray; and though in after years you may wander from the path of duty, that simple prayer, rising in the still watches of the night, may be the beacon light which will save you from danger.



Mothers have an untold power over the hearts of their children ; they have the key, and when none else can bring down the stern heart, they may unlock the fountain of tender emotions. As the gardener forms and bends the vine, so the mother her child, and it is not known how much the mind and character of a child are influenced before it can even lisp a word ; but impressions received from a mother can never be effaced. Woman has a certain intuitive power of entering into the innermost feelings of the heart, and binding up the wounded tendrils which contact with the world have rudely bent ; but by none is this power possessed as by a mother. The criminal in his cell, hardened and inaccessible at every other point, trembles and falters, and becomes a child at the mention of the mother of his tender years. If we study the biographies of men who were intellectually or morally wise, we may generally trace their excellence to maternal influence exercised in youth.

I had once a mother ; she was a beautiful angelic spirit, and although early bereft of her, there are many pleasant *circumstances connected with her life, around which memory loves to linger.* She generously attended to the wants of the poor, sought out scenes of sickness and distress, and with gentle words kindly encouraged the despairing and forlorn. Oh ! if I could but recall my mother, how carefully would I guard each word or thought, that they might not cause her gentle heart to grieve ; for there are certain wayward acts of childhood which rush unbidden to my memory, slight, perchance, they may have been, yet I would fain forget them. I well remember when we walked out, to take a last farewell of the grave of my sister ; my mother's cheek was pale as she spoke of her own death, and urged me to seek the Saviour, who was so precious to her, in my early years, that I might be able to say with Ruth, "Thy God shall be my God." Sometimes I fancy my mother's spirit hovering over me, and it is this which has soothed my heart, and cheered many a lonely moment since her spirit soared away. When I hear the music of the wind rustling amongst the leaves at sunset, I fondly imagine it is my mother singing again the songs of childhood ; she was a glad and attentive observer of nature ; she loved the minute as well as the sublime ;

and by associating all with the Creator, she enhanced her own pleasure, and raised in the mind of her child a longing after the sacred joys of heaven, a longing which increases with my years, and bursts forth in overwhelming emotions and earnest prayer. But, while I linger in this world,—Oh! pray my own sweet mother, that my spirit may be gentle, my life thine, and mine thy peaceful end.

Montreal, June 17th, 1853.

L.



[For the Maple Leaf

### TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Eve drops her starry veil o'er earth,  
 The sun sinks down afar,  
 Now holy hopes and joys have birth—  
 The glare of day seems little worth;  
 While music, all too pure for mirth,  
 Swells high, then melts in air.

Borne gently on the rustling air,  
 Come angel notes of love,  
 Bidding me struggle with despair—  
 Bear manfully my load of care—  
 Then rise, their better part to share,  
 And dwell with them above.

I listen to the thrilling strain—  
 On fancy's ear it rings;  
 It lightens half my load of pain,  
 Tells me that all below is vain;  
 And longing now with them to reign,  
 I stretch my fetter'd wings.

But ah! how mighty still the cords  
 That bind, Oh Earth, to thee!  
 The gentle tones, the loving words,  
 The scenes which mem'ry's pen records,  
 The wither'd hopes, the vain rewards,  
 Forbid me to be free.

Yet will I list that rapturous song,  
 Whose notes sound evermore;  
 And bearing up 'mid toil for wrong—  
 E'en though the night seem dark and long,—  
 Prepare to join the white-robed throng  
 On life's all-verdant shore.

Montreal, June 23, 1853.

J. E. H.

## THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

## SELECTED.

*All deep feeling* is still, in happiness as well as in grief. Hence, there are appeals upraised to the ever-sympathizing moon, from hearts so richly laden, that they sail like gold-freighted vessels, silently along the bosom of life's ocean, and no one hears their shout of exultation, even when near some long wished for haven; for all great happiness is fearful as well as still. The heart does not trumpet forth its wealth any more than its heaviest loss. It knows that shipwrecks happen to the bark returning home, and already touching on the happy shore. How blessed will be that harbor of safety from whence the storm bound vessel shall go no more out forever.

*Example.*—One watch set right will do to try many by; but, on the other hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of misleading a whole neighborhood; and the same may be said of the example we individually set to those around us.

*Six things*, says Hamilton, are requisite to create a "happy home." Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness; and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere, and bringing a fresh salubrity day by day; while, over all, as a protecting canopy of glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God.

*The Golden Island* is situated at the junction of the Grand Imperial Canal and the Great Yang-tse Kiang River. The Island "rises majestically above the broad flood of the Kiang, which here presents a continued scene of animation, from the arrival and departure of junks, boats, and other vessels trading with the flourishing city of Qua-tchow. The delicate pagoda, a feature for ages identified with Chinese landscape," is a prominent and splendid object.

*Advice Gratis to Wives.*—There are three things which a good wife should resemble, and yet those three things she should not resemble. She should be like a town-clock—keep time and regularity: she should not be like a town-clock—speak so loud that all the town may hear her. She should be like a snail—prudent, and keep within her own house: she should not be like a snail—carry all she has upon her back. She should be like an echo—speak when spoken to: she should not be like an echo—determined to have the last word.

*A Remarkable Telescope.*—"Do you see that church?" said Sir Frederick Flood to a friend. "No, it is scarcely discernible, and I am short-sighted." "Ay, I know, it is a mile off, but when I look through my excellent new telescope, it brings it so close I can hear the organ playing."

*The ready wit* of a true born Irishman, however humble, is exceeded only by his gallantry. "A few days since," says an exchange paper, "we observed a case in point. A sudden gust of wind took a parasol from the hand of its owner, and before one had a chance to recollect whether it would be his etiquette to catch the parasol of a lady to whom he had never been introduced, a lively Emerald dropped his hod of bricks, caught the parachute in the midst of its evolutions, and presented it to the loser, with a low bow. 'Faith, madam,' said he as he did so, 'if you were as strong as you are handsome, it couldnt have got away from you.' 'Which shall I thank you for first, the service or the compliment?' asked the lady smilingly. 'Troth, madam,' said Pat, again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was a beaver, 'that look of your beautiful eyes thanked me for both.'"

"At Beauty's door of glass,  
As Wit and Wealth once stood,  
They asked her which might pass?  
She said—He might who could.

With golden key Wealth thought  
The barrier to undo;  
But Wit a diamond brought,  
And cut his bright way through."

## RECIPES.

*To Wash a Black Lace Veil.*—Mix bullock's gall with sufficient hot water to make it as warm as you can bear your hand in. Then pass the veil through it. It must be squeezed, not rubbed. It will be well to perfume the gall with a little musk. Next rinse the veil through two cold waters, tinging the last with indigo. Then dry it. Have ready in a pan some stiffening, made by pouring boiling water on a very small piece of glue. Put the veil into it, squeeze it out, stretch it, and clap it. Afterwards, pin it out to dry on a linen cloth, making it very straight and even, taking care to open and pin in the edge very nicely. When dry, iron it on the wrong side, having laid a luen cloth over the ironing-table blanket. Any article of black lace may be washed in the same manner.

*Preservation of Books.*—A few drops of any perfumed oil will secure libraries from the consuming effects of mouldiness and damp. Russian leather, which is perfumed with the tar of the birch-tree, never moulds; and merchants suffer large bales of this article to lie in the London docks in the most exposed manner, knowing that it cannot get any injury from damp.



## EDITORIAL.

We make our Editorial salutations to the patrons of the *Maple Leaf* at the commencement of a new volume. It may be well to mention that the work is especially intended for family reading. While its articles are all written, or selected with reference to the varied tastes and feelings which find place in the home circle, it will be found suited to the general reader, and interesting from this variety. We intend to give information, as well as afford amusement; and we hope to succeed in this respect. The size of the Magazine precludes the idea of lengthened discussions on any subject, and we shall trust most to a skilful selection of topics to please.

Articles delineating events and scenes which have transpired in the Province, will be welcomed. Touches from pens which love to trace the early stages of progress in a community, and enliven their sketches by bringing to light incidents and legends relating to the wonderful past, will find a corner for such tracery in our Magazine.

Hints on scientific subjects, the discoveries and improvements of the age, or the wonders of nature, will be well received, and find place in the pages devoted to the "Useful and Agreeable."

Nearly all the articles in the present number have been written expressly for it. We thank our contributors for their promptness in sending their articles. Several new names will be noticed, among whom we gladly number the writer of the pleasing "Sketch of the Aztec Empire."

Seated at our table, we are taking a mental observation of the country; and our heart beats quickly as we think of the many kind and indulgent friends our little Magazine already numbers. We learned in our childhood some such sentiment as this—that if we wish to love a country or people, or take an interest in any good cause, we must try and do something for that country or people, or contribute to the advancement of good. The truth stood out, like all such truths, in a kind of skeleton distinctness before our reverential gaze; but it is clothed now, and enshrined in our affectionate apprehension! Experience is an excellent teacher.

# DUNDEE.—C.M.

Let not des - pair, nor fell re - venge,

The first system of music features a treble and bass staff in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Be to my bo - som known;

The second system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

O, give me tears for oth - ers' woes,

The third system continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

And pa - tience for my own.

The fourth system concludes the melody and bass line. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.