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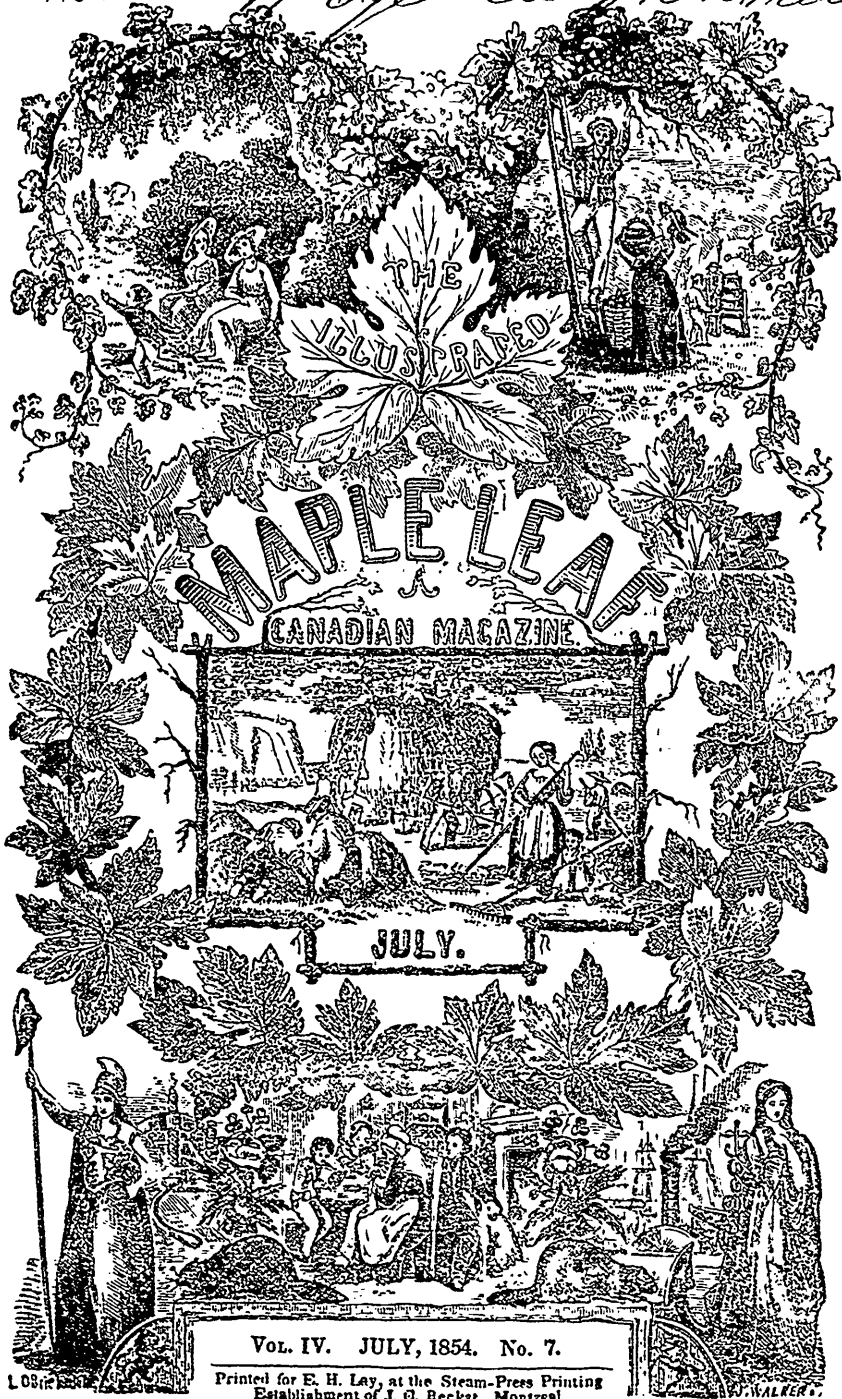
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[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

## EDUCATION IN CANADA.



**W**ITH the good sense which distinguishes the inhabitants of this country, a stranger would not discover very decided literary tendencies, except in certain directions. There are many intelligent minds among us, but the mass of the population are too practical to spend much time in theoretical knowledge. The merchant is so immersed in his sales, that one hardly hears from him on any other subject, excepting, perhaps, in the winter, then, if he discusses any sci-

entific subject, or metaphysical truth, the listener wonders where he has found time to reason so well.

Public attention is waking up to the fact, that as a people we need much intellectual quickening, and of late years a marked advance has been made in the facilities for popular improvement. Libraries and reading-rooms are more frequented, and sober tradesmen and mechanics are availing themselves of these means, to elevate their minds, and brighten the tedium of toil.

There is a thoughtful class of people in the community, whose reading is confined to a certain range of works—the daily papers, from which they glean their general information, with very indefinite ideas as to localities, and their Sunday reading. These are staunch supporters of the Bible, and good citizens; but they are slow to follow in the march of improvement, slow to adopt the enlightened ways and means to forward truth which the present grand era of light and knowledge calls for, and which superior education would induce them to put forth.

True, *there are* men full of business cares, who find time to

step occasionally into the charmed circle of the sciences, and feast their eyes upon the broad expanse there spread before them. But with the majority, the "Day-Book and Ledger" demand, and get too much attention. Diligence in business is a duty, but business alone will not call into play the finer traits of the mind, or fit man for immortality. Business, alone, degenerates his lot into one of servile devotion to a narrow sphere,—fills up his precious probation-time with thoughts that rise no higher than the masts of his merchant ships, or the well-stored lofts of his warehouse, and leaves him at the end of life,—on the borders of a world with the grandeur of whose scenes he has had no previous acquaintance.

Domestic life in Canada, exhibits a decided difference of intellectual cultivation in the male and female members of families. A stranger might engage the husbands and fathers in interesting conversation on various subjects pertaining to the great world, the existence of such places and things being almost unknown to the wives and daughters. We have observed a kind of demarkation in this respect in many families (we speak of the people as a whole), the wife leaving book knowledge to the legitimate person, as she seems to think her husband is, and attending to many out-door details which more properly belong to him. We do not wish to be misunderstood, the idea we aim to illustrate is this, that while the men of Canada, as a class, need much culture to qualify them to fill the stations which Providence has assigned them, the women of Canada need much more.

Among the English population there is a preponderance of solid virtue, well regulated homes and much happiness; but female mind does not take that stand it is fitted to take, in order to beautify those homes, and shed the brightest lustre round the scenes of domestic life. We are sure that a superficial knowledge of even the fundamental branches of education is often deemed sufficient for daughters, while their brothers are, perhaps, receiving a "liberal" course of study. That the mothers of a country have much of its future destiny in their hands has become an axiom. To woman's moulding influence the plastic minds of its future legislators, and ministers of the gospel are of necessity committed. How all important that her mind should be disciplined,—that she should understand the

nature of cause and effect,—know the efficacy of teaching by example, as well as by precept, and feel sustained in her deep responsibility by intelligent views in relation to her duties.

We do not advocate neglect of household duties. We would not abate a tittle of that delicate attention to neatness and order, which go so far to render home cheerful; we could not admire those attainments which have been gained at the expense of family comfort, or apologise for the burned meats, and muddy coffee, that often make their appearance without higher excuse than neglect. We believe in activity,—in the earnest urging forward of something worthy of sentient beings. We believe in thorough house-keeping, but think that is not all. A lady can, and ought to be a much better housekeeper if she has a good education. And she will be much better fitted to train her children and sympathise with her husband. We would wish to see Canadian females, as a class, receive a more complete and thorough education. Not to go to school, as they have done, too generally, awhile, then stay at home long enough to forget what they have learned, and on returning have the same ground to go over again. The young need to have truths presented to their minds in a kind of natural order. When they have accomplished one step in the difficult ascent of the hill of science, they are prepared to attempt another, and so step by step, they should be urged onward, until lured by the beautiful prospect, and enchanted with the flowers that begin to line their pathway, they press on to gain the summit. Our daughters can enjoy the noble expanse, spread out beyond, with as much zest as our sons. The melody of “the spheres” or the flowers of poesy will not charm them more, than the exact proportions of the temple of learning, whose severe, yet pure style of architecture they are just as capable of rearing, as their brothers. It may be said by some that they cannot afford to send their daughters regularly to school, or allow them to study long enough, to complete a course of school labor. That may be true, in some instances, and to such we would say, be sure and send your children long enough to get a good foundation laid, and a correct knowledge of the primary branches at least. Have them *really* know what they profess to study. Then if they must leave school, they can build upon this, a superstructure of no mean appearance, they can read and study at home

as time permits. Many parents expend more in furnishing their parlors with unnecessary ornaments, or in articles of dress that add nothing to their own true dignity or beauty, than would educate a daughter. Less expensive dress, less showy style of housekeeping might be better, if by that means the good of a child could be secured.

We feel the importance of this subject, and may have spoken too plainly. If so, we hope to be pardoned, since it is not our wish to offend. We are attached to Canada, and would fain add our *mite* to increase her fair fame. We love young people, especially those of our own sex, and believe they are just as capable of high intellectual culture, and just as well fitted in their sphere to be blessings to the land, as young men. They *will* influence, silently it may be, but surely, the destinies of this noble country. Female mind, left to revolve in the narrow circle of thought, suggested by household details, dress, or gossip, becomes restless. Deprive woman of those exalted views of God, and the universe which she can derive from study, and her influence in the family may become, like the waters of Marah, bitter and disappointing; and her husband be forced to pray for some green tree of life to be cast into the fountain of his domestic love that it may become sweet.

Montreal, June, 1854.



The Indian army, on which everything depends in the British possessions in the East, is composed of the most singular elements. The conquered and subject races are required to form more than nine tenths of the conquering army. There have never been more than 30,000 European soldiers in India, often much fewer; yet the sum total of the troops whom the Company keeps on foot amounts to little short of 300,000 men. By what miracle has this great empire been maintained for nearly a century with so small a contingent of Englishmen? The miracle admits of an easy explanation; its secret is found in the strict observance of its promises by the Company, and in its fidelity to its engagements. Doubtless a very commonplace explanation, yet history has proved that this sort of virtue is exceedingly rare, and that great empires are founded on plain common sense.—*Maurel's Wellington.*

## REMINISCENCES OF SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1850,

BY FRANCESCA.

I well recollect my impressions, as we entered the harbor of San Francisco, after a voyage of twenty-two days from Panama. It was on the twentieth of June, and one of those disagreeable, foggy mornings, which give a sad and desolate look to everything. But just as we entered the Golden Gate, the sun burst forth and gave us little glimpses of the city now and then, as if there was really something worth seeing concealed behind what T. Butler King calls the "dry fog of California." Safely landed, we made our way up Clay Street to the old "St. Francis," then in its glory; and first sitting down in the long, dark parlor without any *f. e.*, till somebody could be persuaded to give up his room and sleep on the dining-table,—or perhaps under it for the sake of "the ladies,"—we were at last ushered up stairs.

This famous old "St. Francis" had been compiled out of the original twelve cottages with which the owner set out from New York, and which, finding land so dear, he had been obliged to put together in as good shape as possible; but sharp were the turnings, and narrow the way by which we reached our sleeping apartments. Under a front window of the third story I noticed an immense coil of rope to which was attached a large hook; and with some surprise I asked what it was for. The attendant replied, "O, in case of fire you will fasten that hook on to the window-sill, and slide down the rope to the ground!" I was prepared for original expedients in this rapid country, but this was entirely beyond my expectations; and, my imagination instantly painting the remarkable figure I should make sliding backwards down that rope before an assembled multitude, I peremptorily declined a room in the third story, and was accommodated with one in the story below; where, by dint of great management and of ejecting all the chairs, I was able to "stow away" my three trunks and a bandbox. However, anything was preferable to a state-room at sea, and, with some trouble to find a standing place, I dressed for dinner.

With a famous appetite I descended, hoping, rather than expecting, to find something eatable. But, what was my astonishment at seeing two long tables elegantly set, and glittering with glass and silver, with snowy napkins folded in the latest fashion,



and several wine glasses grouped in front of each plate, as if to leave no wish of the epicure unsatisfied ;—and it was not. Delicious soups were succeeded, as it seemed to me, by every variety of fish, flesh and fowl, with their appropriate vegetables. Before me stood a monstrous turnip weighing seventeen pounds, which I was requested to carve, and found delicate and juicy to its heart's core. Besides the *civilized* meats, I recollect there were elk, bear, and antelope on the table ; the last being the most delicate animal food I ever tasted. Afterwards came the desert, comprising puddings and pies of every sort, with jellies and Charlotte Russe, fresh, preserved, and dried fruits, and nuts and coffee ;—such a feast for those who had been a month at sea was not to be neglected ; and I must confess that, after I had fully satisfied my appetite and sat an hour and a half at table, I felt disposed to retire for a *siesta*. My bed was delightful. With two soft hair mattresses under, and a pile of snowy blankets over me, I was soon asleep ; when, after a long nap, I was suddenly awakened by voices, as I thought, in my room ; but which I soon discovered came from two gentlemen, one on each side of me, who were talking to each other from their own rooms *through* mine ; which, as the walls were only of canvass and paper, they could easily do. This was rather a startling discovery, and I at once began to cough, to give them notice of my *interposition*, lest I should become an unwilling auditor of matters not intended for my ear. The conversation ceased, but before I was able to compose myself to sleep again in my novel position, a nasal serenade commenced, which, sometimes a duet and sometimes a solo, frightened sleep from my eyes, and thoroughly disgusted me with band-box partitions.

The next day proving bright, though cool, we set out on a tour of the city, just before desolated by the May fire of 1850. Already shanties of pine boards were every where taking the places of those destroyed, in which all kinds of elegant goods and jewelry were exposed for sale, their brilliancy and glitter forming the strangest contrasts with the rough shelter over them. In the harbor were some three hundred ships, most of which had been deserted by their crews for the gold mines, and were either allowed to rot in the harbor, or remain in a state of helpless probation till crews could be found to man them once more. But when men can only get fifty dollars a month at sea, while as la-

borers and miners they could command from one to three hundred, they could scarcely be expected to go to sea in a hurry.

The lower side of the Plaza was one line of gambling houses, with a piazza in front enclosed in glass, which at night was one blaze of light, attracting all the moths in the city, who, before they were satisfied, came away well scorched. But the streets were very uncomfortable, being a succession of hills and dales, paved only with empty bottles, and miners' shirts, of which there was an endless variety. Stockton street was the promenade, when one wished to be rural and retired. Bushes grew on each side north of Washington street, and a wild glen and cascade where Jackson street now runs, made it quite romantic. If not afraid of going beyond the extreme outskirts of the city, one could visit the grave-yard on North Beach, and "breathe the air upon the upland lawn," in the most perfect solitude. Here and there in the hollows of the hills, white tents were nestled, and on the upper side of Stockton street, there was quite an encampment, looking as if a small army was stationed there until the next campaign. The city was considered to extend up as far as Stockton street, although there were a few country seats above, looking quite solitary and *recherche*. Still San Francisco, though small, was always full of business and bustle; steamers coming and departing for the various towns above—buying—selling—speculating,—here projecting a city—there laying out a town—but always men, men, men everywhere; a lady was something to be wondered at and admired.

\* \* \* \* \*

One great and chief pleasure in those days was riding on horseback. Parties of ten or twenty were got up, and a pick-nick planned, perhaps at the "Old Fort," perhaps a few miles beyond on the sea-shore. I recollect a large party of us were collected at the Old Fort one evening just as one of the Panama Steamers was passing through the Golden Gate loaded with passengers. As they came near the Fort we went outside the walls, and quite a picturesque group we formed,—the ladies in their long riding-dresses, and hats with floating plumes. At first the people on board seemed to regard us with surprise, but when we waved our handkerchiefs in welcome, there went up such a rousing cheer from the crowded deck as astonished the echoes for a mile around. Ah, those rides were glorious! Now moving qui-

etly up some gentle ascent, and anon dashing madly "over bank, bush, and scour," in a wild race for some point, or after the wild cattle, who, with staring eyes, and tails in the air, rushed away as from a party of Mexicans armed with the fatal lasso. Sometimes we would rest in a deep dell, whose tangled sides seemed to have shut out everything but silence; then ascending a narrow-bridle-path we could catch a sudden view of the ocean, dashing its monstrous rollers upon the rocks, which tossed them high in the air, foaming at their own impotency. But alas, our ancient haunts are all invaded. Purchasers, or squatters have covered all our old domain. Wire fences have shut us out from dell and dingle. Curly-headed children play at hide-and-seek where the rabbits used to dwell, and the long-legged "Shanghai" raises his sepulchral voice in the true home of the coyote:—

With the early blush of the dawning day,  
Our stamping steeds we mount and away.  
Away o'er the hills' in their mottled green,  
Where the quail and hare in their homes are seen,—  
The coyote raises his plaintive cry,  
And the eagle lazily mounts the sky.

With bounding leap we swiftly pass,  
O'er the prickly hedge and the dark morass;  
And our steeds with snort and champ reply  
To the joyous laugh, or the cheering cry.  
And trample the flowers, that thickly lie,  
'Till they yield their breath in a fragrant sigh.

We mount the hill, we pass the lea,  
Till we come to the shore of the glorious sea.  
On a flowing sail in the distant west,  
The new-born sunbeams softly rest;  
But the waves are tossed, and their sparkling blaze  
Dazzles and binds the rider's gaze.

On rolls the tide in its mighty power,  
And leaps to the shore in a frothy shower;  
While the sea-lion floats on its foamy crest,  
And disports him there, as it pleaseth him best:  
While his monster-cubs from a cave near by  
Call their absent sire with a yelping cry.

O'er the rocks around marine-flowers twine,  
And the strawberry pouts on its scarlet vine,  
Like the lips of a maiden we long to press,—

In spite of the ban on the dear cares ;—  
 The shells, for fairy-goblets meet,  
 Are crushed 'neath our flying courser's feet.

Now deeply breathe this morning air !  
 'Tis fraught with life to the drooping fair.  
 While the darker cheek of manhood glows  
 With a richer tint than the prairie rose ;  
 Ah ! at early dawn on a courser free  
 Let me gaily ride by the sounding sea.

— *The Pioneer.*



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

### ECHO TO THE VOICE OF "A LITTLE MAID."

BY PERSOLUS.

My window overlooking the street, I am arrested by the melody of childish voices, and peeping out I observe, on the opposite pavement, two little children, apparently brother and sister ; the elder of the pair, the boy, is in advance of the little girl who is hastening after him, and crying out, "Charlie, why don't you wait for your little sister?" But Charlie appears to be a pretty fast juvenile, and is using all expedition to make the playground in good time, and so anxious is he with the prospect of *fine fun*, that he is quite regardless, and replies not, to the moving petition of what must be his *dear little sister*. An ugly, abrupt corner of the street has hidden the dear children from my view, but although they have disappeared, their words linger with me yet, and memory is moving with the recollections of youth. Again am I, with a shout of triumph urging on my hoop at a fancied railroad speed, or mounted on a straight stick, nicely bent at one end, leaping over ditches and stones, in fact every little obstruction I can find, and which I magnify into a mountain ; and when I perform the glorious, because unequalled feat of clearing both shafts of the cart at a single bound, and mind you, without touching them either, I feel as wild a joy as did Alexander when he tamed the fierce and dreaded Bucephalus ; but turning from such great and scholar-like things as Alexander and his historical steed, I am out in the sweetly scented meadow, playing amid buttercups, and chamomiles, loving the wild rose tree with its red and white flowers, ere I had ever been forced into a dull knowledge of the houses of York and Lancaster,—or attracted by the tappings of

that little soldier drummer, the red headed woodpecker, my soul is fired with martial ardour, and striking the heads from the thistles in my path, I have become a conquering hero,—like whom? Napoleon, of course, for his name is a household word, and besides he was not *much* bigger than I,—that is when I stand on tip-toe, which I do frequently; and thus my thoughts would change with the ever shifting scene around me, and oh! how rapidly. Perhaps the meadow lark springing from my very feet, would rise on fluttering wing, filling the ear with its rich rapturous song, and watching it in its upward flight, even then, would I, Shelley-like, see it

Float and run,  
Like an embodied joy whose race has just begun.

But I must check my wanton thoughts, or be lost in the fairy realms of fancy, and although this would be very pleasant, the pushing utilitarian spirit of the times demand that I dream not in the sunlight, and if I dream at all, that I do so only during the few short hours allotted to tired nature's sweet restorer,—sleep. The imaginative would think this very hard, but if I sorrow, the evanishing of my day dreams then hath experience taught in vain, for how often have I toyed with *fancy* until too late for business, and then the *real* knocks against me most severely. Ah, yes, though life be visionary and fleeting, it is also during its little space, full of reality, and therefore I would not forget Charlie and his little sister. Gladly would I watch Charlie joying him in his success at a *well contested* game of marbles, even joining him if I had time; for then would he be more apt to listen and remember, when I said he should have waited for his sister; but more gladly still would I whisper in her ear, that *thoughtless* life has many disappointments, and if a brother will not hear nor answer, there "is one who sticketh closer than a brother," and whose willing and attentive "ear is ever open to our cry." Thus has the words of the little sister influenced my thoughts, and now, if she will turn to the 5th chapter of the second book of Kings, she will see how the words of a little Israelitish captive did much greater things. How pleasant to think that the words of "a little maid" may soothe a weary heart, or become to an erring wanderer, the potent sesame that will throw wide open the inflexible gates of the New Jerusalem.

Montreal, June, 1854.

## NATURAL PHILOSOPHY--PROPAGATION OF SOUND.

The air is the medium by which sound is propagated to our ears. The motion of sound through the air, is at the rate of about 1,125 feet per second at the temperature of  $62^{\circ}$ . At the freezing temperature, when the air is denser, it is only  $1,089\frac{1}{2}$  feet per second. The method of determining this velocity is to watch the time that elapses between the flash and the report of a gun fired at the distance of several miles from the observer. As light travels at the rate of nearly 200,000 miles per second, its passage occupies a portion of time too small to be measured in any terrestrial distance. It may therefore be supposed to be seen at the distance of several miles from the observer, at the very instant of its production. If, therefore, an observer at one station begin to count seconds on an accurate dial the moment he sees the flash of a gun at another station,—say ten miles off,—the number of seconds and fractions of a second, which elapse between seeing the flash and hearing the report, will give a divisor for the number of feet between the two stations; and the quotient will represent the velocity of sound in feet per second.

All sounds, whatever their *intensity*, whether the noise of a cannon or a whisper; whatever their *pitch*, whether from the diapason organ-pipe or the chirping of a cricket; and whatever their *quality*, whether the finest music or the most grating noise, all travel with the same amount of speed.

When sound, from whatever source, is propagated in air, *waves* are formed similar in character to those which may be so beautifully studied when the wind is blowing over a field of standing corn. When it is said that sound travels at the rate of 1,125 feet per second, it is not meant that the particles of air move through that distance any more than the ears of corn travel from one end of the field to the other; it is only the *form* of the wave which thus travels. So with the particles of air; their individual movement is confined within narrow limits; but the effect of this movement is propagated from particle to particle with the rapidity of 1,125 feet per second, which, although it would be thought very rapid for a motion or the transfer of a body (being about ten times faster than the most violent West

India hurricane,) is yet very slow for the communication or transfer of motion; for, if we pull or push one end of a solid rod, or the liquid filling a long tube, the other end appears to move at the same instant; and although this motion of motion must occupy time, (unless the body were perfectly incompressible,) it is much more rapid in these cases than in air, which, on account of its great compressibility, is one of the slowest conveyors of sound. Every one must have observed, that vibration can be diffused through a long mass of metal or wood, so as to be heard at a greater distance than through air; but in this case, if the sound be loud enough to be audible through the air also, it will be heard twice—first through the solid, and then through the air. Iron conveys sound about 17 times faster than air, wood from 17 to 11 times, and water  $4\frac{1}{2}$  times faster than air.

When waves of sound meet a tolerably smooth fixed surface, they are reflected according to the law of equal angles of incidence and reflection. Between two parallel surfaces, a loud sound is reflected backwards and forwards, and several echoes are audible. When the parallel surfaces are much nearer together, (as the walls of a room,) although a large number of echoes are produced, they follow each other too rapidly to be distinguished; and as they reach the ear after equal intervals, they produce a musical note, however unmusical the original noise may have been. Hence all the phenomena of *reverberation*. The pitch of the note depends on the distance between the two walls which cause it, and may be calculated therefrom.

A noise may also produce a musical echo, by being reflected from a large number of surfaces receding equi-distantly from the ear, so that the sound reflected from each may arrive successively at equal intervals. If we stamp near a long row of palisades, a shrill ringing will be heard. A fine instance of the same kind is said to occur on the steps of the great pyramid. If the distance from edge to edge of each step were 2 feet 1 inch, the note produced would be the tenor C; because each echo (having to go and return) would be 4 feet 2 inches later than the previous one, which is the length of the waves of that note. But as the steps gradually diminish in size upwards, the echo, if produced, and heard at the bottom, must gradually rise in pitch.—*Selected.*

[For the Maple Leaf.]

## THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY MRS. NORTON'S "CHILD OF EARTH."

"I am content to die—but, O! not now!"—CHILD OF EARTH.

This is the sentiment of every heart, rich and poor, young and old, high and low, savage and civilised; all are alike;—all are ready to say, "I am content to die—but, O! not now!"

However poor and lowly our station, however dark and dismal our prospects, however worn and weary we may be with the "load of life,"—still, we are ready to say with Mrs. Norton's "Child of Earth," "I am content to die—but, O! not now!" 'The dark valley of the shadow of death lies before us unexplored, and we shrink from the dark, solemn, unreturning journey!

Is it the gloom of the path we fear? or does fancy hear an awful voice in the thick darkness crying, "Prepare to meet thy God?" These have, doubtless, their weight; but they are not, they cannot be, the sole cause of this reluctance to die. This feeling, like many others, we share in common with all the other varieties of animated nature. The lion, the lord of the forest, dreads the approach of death in common with the tiny insect that is only "born to flutter through the day." And man, the lord of the creation, shrinks from it as well as the worm that shrinks from his footfall on the garden walk.

How suddenly, and with something like terror, when uttered by a good speaker, does that abrupt turn in Hamlet's soliloquy strike us—"Ay, but to die!" And that is one of the most wild, strange, and impressive thoughts that ever came from the dark perturbed mind of Byron, where he represents the grinning skeleton as laughing at us.

"Death laughs. Go ponder o'er the skeleton  
 With which men image out the unknown thing  
 That hides the past world, like to a set sun  
 Which still elsewhere may rouse a brighter spring.  
 Death laughs at all you weep for;—look upon  
 This hourly dread of all! whose *threatened sting*  
 Turns life to terror, even though in its sheath;  
 Mark! how its lifeless mouth grins without breath!  
 And thus Death laughs,—it is sad merriment!"

ADA.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## THE SEASONS IN CANADA — SUMMER.\*

Dawn! Nature awakes from her repose; the sun has not yet tinged the myriads of dew-drops around, resting like sparkling gems on leaf and flower, but already his chariot rises in the East. He comes with the same effulgence as when first launched by his Almighty Creator. He comes, and the whole face of nature smiles in welcome; but over all as yet is hung a shadowy mist, revealing at times, as in a spirit-land, the forms of the beautiful wooded islands, now appearing, now lost again by the canopy of mist. O the mystical freshness of the early morning! How much do those lose who enjoy not its life-giving, soul-healing influences! Morally and physically, the loss cannot be estimated. Gradually, but sometimes not for two or three hours, the mist rolls away, leaving the lake and islands revealed in their renewed loveliness.

Early as nine o'clock on these days the heat becomes intense, and towards mid-day the thermometer, when put out in the sun, will rise 120°. Fahr., and continue thus till the afternoon. Myriads of insects hum in the pure, transparent atmosphere. Amidst the dreamy stillness and mellowness of the brief twilight, too lovely to last long, the moon rises in majesty and beauty, pouring a magic splendor on everything. The graceful form of many an evening cloud is reflected in the pure lake, whose clear bosom forms a beauteous mirror. Love, enjoyment, must predominate at such an hour. It is in June that the far-famed wild flowers of the Rice Lake plains are in the greatest perfection. "O what a wilderness of flowers" of every hue and form! A conservatory "at home" might feel proud of such a vivid show. Patches of scarlet, yellow, blue, white, scattered around in lavish profusion. The calceolaria, called appropriately by the Indians, the Mocassin, from its similitude in shape; the yellow and the white variety, with its exquisite and delicately-tinted lilac veins: the orchis, lupine, the hepaticæ, trillium, graceful Columbine, tossing its scarlet cap so jauntily in the glad sunshine, and many more, too numerous to mention, form a succession of beauty fair, but fleeting all too quickly. The thornless wild rose, of a deeper dye than the English wild rose, lifts its modest head among this gay company. Its perfume resembles the "Ottar of Rose," and the air is filled with its fragrance. Then, in July, we have the gorgeous Orange-lily;

\* The scene, Rice Lake.

and not only is the eye delighted, but the palate can be gratified at the same time by the abundance of wild fruit. Such beds of strawberries, of excellent flavor! the huckleberry, whose delicate blossom is succeeded by a purple berry, rich and juicy, supplying not only gratification to man, but an abundant source of food to birds and four-footed animals. . . . .

Ravenscourt, June, 1854.

C. HAYWARD.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

### REMINISCENCES.

It is many years since I first looked on the work of death. It was a beautiful afternoon in mid-summer. I was returning from school with a group of merry children—myself the merriest of them all. Suddenly our glee was checked. We had reached a poor, but very neat looking, cottage in the suburbs of the city. For an instant, as the ringing laugh was hushed, I turned involuntarily to learn the cause. One of my little companions took my hand, and drawing me closer to her, directed my attention to the door, where (according to the custom of the place) a badge of crape told the sad tale of separation and death. Presently a woman came to the door, and seeing our inquiring gaze directed to the house, invited us to enter.

For a moment curiosity and awe struggled for the mastery. Curiosity prevailed, and we went in. We ascended a flight of stairs and entered a small room. The uncarpeted floor was spotlessly white, and the few articles of furniture which the room contained were scrupulously neat. We crossed the room, and stood beside the bed. It was an infant's crib. Our kind conductress folded down the sheet, and exhibited to our view the lifeless form of a beautiful child. Its little hands were folded on its breast, and the tiny fingers clasped a sweet blush rose. It was the first time I had looked on death, and I shall never forget the lovely image of that little infant, looking so like life in its snow-white dress. We passed noiselessly out, and as we went homewards each one remembered some little anecdote heard in the nursery and now for the first time realized.

Time passed on,—one, two, three weeks,—and the scene just detailed had almost passed from my childish memory, but it was destined to be recalled too forcibly to be forgotten again.

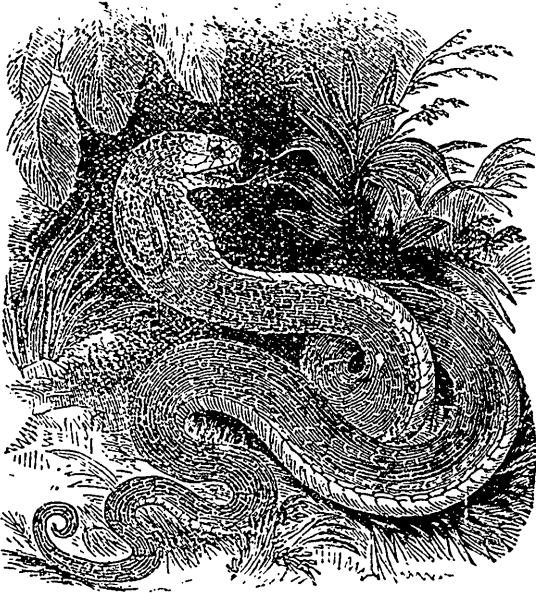
Again it was a lovely day. The holy calm of the Sabbath brooded over that bustling city. The scene had changed from

the poor woman's cottage, and the lifeless babe in an obscure street, to a pleasant house on one of the principal streets, though quite retired from the din of business. I stood now in a large room, whose windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, opened on a garden where the crape-myrtle vied with the fig-tree and orange, and the air was laden with the perfume of roses. The sun was just sinking below the horizon, and never did he shed his lingering rays on a sadder scene. The large, curtained bed was wheeled out in front of the windows, that its occupant might once more see its golden light ere it should set, for him, forever. And this occupant? Stand with me beside that bed, and see a man stricken down in his prime, when life seemed bright, and hope was buoyant. His brow is covered with the damps of death. The mass of dark brown hair throws out in strong relief the outlines of a face, which bears the impress of manly beauty. A few days have done the work of years; and he, who one short week ago revelled in strength, now lies upon the bed of death. No murmur escapes him, as he bids his friends adieu, one by one, until his children cling around him for his last kiss, and the wife of his bosom bends over him with heart-breaking sobs. For an instant his lip quivers, and his eye fills—then a heavenly smile settles over his face, and his eye grows bright, as, by faith, he looks away to his home in “the house of many mansions,” where there will be no separation, and where the note of sorrow will give place to the shout of joy, and he whispers, “My loved ones I leave with my God.” With that sentence his spirit passed away. And though that wife wept him with bitter tears, she taught the children whom he had loved, to think of him, not as “by the darkened mould o’erspread, but as a bright spirit drinking in joy from the “River of God's pleasure.” And so he passed away. Earth sees him no more; but the daughter, who now pays an affectionate tribute to a father's love, has learned that death is not always “the King of Terrors,” that he may be met as the messenger of love.—Hundreds of miles divide her from his grave; but death annihilates space, and who shall say that the father, whom in childhood she so loved, does not now hover around her, a guardian angel sent by God, to guide her wayward steps until *she too* shall cross the Jordan.

Be it so, My Father! Thy child would fain press on, till Death is swallowed up in victory.

Montreal, June 19th, 1854.

EDLA.



### THE COBRA.

In serpents the sense of hearing is very acute, and these animals evidently derive pleasure from musical notes. Of this the persons called serpent-catchers, or charmers, who practice chiefly on cobras, are fully aware.

They pretend to draw these reptiles from their holes by a song, and by an instrument somewhat resembling an Irish bagpipe, on which they play a plaintive tune. That music has power on them, there is reason to believe. One gentleman describes the efforts of a snake-catcher, who had been sent for to capture a cobra, which some person had in vain attempted to kill. He had in his hands, when he arrived, two baskets, one containing tame snakes, the other empty. These and his musical pipe were the only things he brought; and he was required to leave his two baskets at some distance, and to ascend a high green mound, having only his pipe. As he began to play, the cobra, coiled up in a hole, came out gradually and slowly. When it was within reach, the snake-catcher seized it dexterously by the tail, and held it at arm's length; while

the cobra, enraged, darted its head in all directions, but in vain. Thus suspended, it had not the power to round itself, so as to seize hold of its tormentor. In these exertions it became exhausted, when the snake-catcher descended the bank, dropped the creature into the empty basket, and closed the lid. He then began to play, and shortly after raised the basket lid. The cobra darted about wildly, and tried to escape. The lid was shut down again quickly, the music being still played. This was repeated two or three times, and in a very short interval, the lid being raised, the cobra sat on its tail, opened its hood, and danced as quietly as the tame snakes in the other basket; nor did it again attempt an escape.—*Selected.*



[For the Maple Leaf.

### LINES.

How strange the power that binds our hearts,  
 And makes our interests one;  
 Not all the world, with magic arts,  
 So great a work hath done.  
 The lion heart, the power can tame,  
 And make it like a dove,  
 To woo in plaintive mood, the dame  
 Who touched his heart with love :  
 Ah ! that's the secret, now, we've found,—  
 That love is power and might ;—  
 No tyrant, though, was ever known  
 In him who used it right.  
 I love its power, I own its sway,  
 And gladly yield my heart,  
 To beat in unison with one  
 That never will depart.  
 Love is not passion, rude and rough,  
 With selfish end and aim,  
 But ready to lay down its life,  
 Its object to sustain.  
 We never can degrade the one  
 We love with heart sincere,  
 Much sooner would we dwell alone  
 Than cause one bitter tear.  
 No ill can flow, to friend or foe,  
 From principle so pure ;  
 Its source is Heaven,—its end, a flow  
 Of joy that must endure.

Oswego, N. Y., June 23, 1854.

C. B. T.

## A YEAR AT CAMBRIDGE.

It was on a cold evening in the middle of October, that, seated on the outside of a stage coach, I made my first *entree* into Cambridge. A drizzling rain had commenced falling, just as I descried the four turrets which surmount the noble chapel belonging to King's College, when as yet a distance of four or five miles separated me from them. The rain continued to descend more and more heavily as we advanced, until what little I had seen of the buildings before me was shut out from my view, the whole place being apparently enveloped in a thick mist. Soon, however, a sudden turn of the road brought us into the town, and here I must confess that I experienced no small disappointment. I had frequently heard Cambridge spoken of as an uninteresting place, but I was not at all prepared for such an entrance to the seat of one of our universities. I had expected that we should at least turn into a tolerably clean and well-paved street; but instead of this we took our way through narrow, rough, dirty lanes, the seeming abode of squalid wretchedness; and I am sure that any one who has entered Cambridge by the St. Neot's Road, would confirm my statement. The rain, too, which had now been falling for nearly an hour, did not tend to improve either the condition of the streets, or my own inclination to regard things in their most favorable light.

Before long, however, the coach passed down a street in better order; at the bottom of which ran, under a single arch, what appeared to me to be a very dirty canal, upon which were floating numerous coal barges. The sight of water caused me to recollect, that I had not yet, to my knowledge, beheld the Cam; and I hastily asked the guard, who was now unfastening the luggage at the top of the coach, if he could inform me whereabouts that river flowed. Judge then my surprise and vexation, when the man replied that what I had taken for a canal was the river itself—the “classic Cam!”

“Cam, to patient science dear!”

I afterwards found that this was about the least desirable spot from which I could have seen the river; as elsewhere, and particularly above Cambridge, it is a tolerably clear and picturesque stream. The coach soon stopped at an inn, and put an end to my cogitations, which were of anything but a lively character.

It was now quite dusk; and hastily desiring a man to take charge of my luggage at the inn, I inquired my way to ——— College, on the boards of which I had entered my name. When I had discovered its locality, (and the building appeared to me extremely stern-looking and gloomy, as I viewed it by the light of a few gas lamps which were burning in the court,) I made my way to the rooms of the tutor, and paid my respects to him. He had kindly procured lodgings in the town for me, as all the rooms in the College were occupied; and to these I directed my steps, after he had desired me to call again the next morning. Here it should be remarked, that lodgings in Cambridge differ from those in most towns; for the persons who keep lodging-houses merely find you rooms, furniture, and attendance; and you yourself have to furnish linen, crockery, hardware, &c. I have known men who intended *keeping* (the Cambridge term for residing) in lodgings, to go up quite unprovided with these necessaries, which they have been compelled to procure at great inconvenience and considerable outlay, as the good people of Cambridge are always on the alert to take every advantage of young men graduating at the University.

I soon got my luggage unpacked, and sat down by the fire to take some refreshment; and then an indescribable feeling of loneliness took possession of me. To think that this was Cambridge, this the commencement of my academical career, to which I had so long looked forward with the brightest anticipations; and that here, in this dismal, dirty town, I was to spend the next three years of my life! These thoughts, and others of a similar nature, had a soporific effect; and I retired to rest, heartily disgusted with my first evening in Cambridge.

The next morning seemed to promise to make amends for the preceding evening, for the sun shone brightly as I threaded the streets to keep my appointment with the tutor. He received me very kindly, as before, and proceeded to explain to me the course of College discipline, the principle points of which were that I was expected to keep eight chapels a-week at least; that is, two on Sunday, and one every weekday, (at most of the colleges there is service at seven o'clock in the morning, and at six in the evening,) and that I was not to be without the college-gates after ten at night. A man can, however, get in until twelve, upon payment of a small fine, provided he does not repeat the experi-

ment too frequently. Should he be remiss in attending chapel, or stay out later at night than the rules permit, he is reprimanded by the dean. If this does not prevent the repetition of the offence, he is *gated* for a week or fortnight, as the case seems to require; that is, he is compelled to be within the college-gates at a certain hour (usually eight o'clock) earlier than the ordinary time allowed.

The tutor then showed me over the chapel and the hall of the College, where all the men dine. After this he walked with me into the town to procure my gown and cap, recommended certain tradesmen, and also warned me against some of the impositions which many of them practise upon the undergraduates.

And now I saw King's College Chapel, the turrets of which had been the first objects that struck me as remarkable on my journey to Cambridge. It is truly a most magnificent pile, and without doubt the gem of Cambridge. Perhaps I cannot say more in its praise than that it is well worth the trouble of a journey from any part of England.

" High heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely calculated less or more ;  
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells,  
Lingering, and wandering on as loth to die ;  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.  
What awful perspective ! While from our sight  
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide  
Their portraitures, the stone-work glimmers, dyed  
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light."

Here the tutor shook hands with me, telling me to walk about the colleges, and to enter " wherever I saw a door open."

Four o'clock is the usual hour for dining in Hall, and there I discovered that only one freshman beside myself had at present arrived. Of course an acquaintance was soon formed; and after Hall we set to work to explore the town, starting off in different directions; but, by some strange fatality, before half an hour had elapsed, we met again; and this continued for three or four days, shaking hands every time we met and separated, much to the amusement of the other men who were up—for under-



graduates in Cambridge never shake hands except when they come up after a vacation, or go down for one.

I had arrived at Cambridge some four or five days before the commencement of lectures, (as men generally do their first term,) and I must confess that I was very glad when they began, as I was heartily tired of promenading the dull streets. Now, many persons might be misled by the term "lecture;" it is not a connected discourse; but the lecturer, as he is termed, fixes upon a man to translate some portion of a classical subject, or to demonstrate some mathematical problem, corrects him when he is wrong, then gives his own version, and intersperses the whole with remarks. There are generally two lectures every morning, the one classical and the other mathematical. By the time lectures commence, the appearance of Cambridge alters considerably. It is no longer the dull place that it was in the vacation; all the men are up, the various colleges assume an appearance of life and activity, and put off that dismal gloom which seemed to overhang them previously. Numbers of men in the academical costume throng the streets; in short, if a stranger who first beheld Cambridge in term time were to revisit it in the vacation, he would pronounce it to be a different place altogether, were not the colleges themselves there to dissipate the illusion.

During the first four or five weeks of a freshman's residence, he is the great centre of attraction, if I may be permitted the phrase. Fellow-collegians of one year's standing or more call upon him if they desire his acquaintance; secretaries of religious societies, by the dozen, ask his contributions; he is invited to become a member of the College Boat Club and Debating Society; tradespeople solicit his custom; travellers, with the first numbers of periodicals, desire him to become a subscriber to them; itinerant chiropodists, too, seem to be in great request, from the way in which he is annoyed by their calls; dentists, also, "from town," blandly ask whether they may be allowed to inspect his mouth; and woe 't he to that unfortunate man's teeth (and purse as well) who is tempted to accede to their demand. In short, I am convinced that a young man cannot be too strictly on his guard against these impostors.

However, this state of affairs soon subsides; and a man may, should he be so disposed, quickly settle down into the quiet routine of College life. The following is the manner in

which reading men (for there are many who go up to Cambridge merely to get through, and who scarcely ever read) usually spend their day, and one day is a pretty good sample of the whole course. Chapel in the morning at seven o'clock, lectures from nine or ten until eleven or twelve; then if he has a private tutor, he goes to him for an hour some where between twelve and two; then he walks or boats until four, at which hour he dines in Hall; after this he generally takes a glass of wine with a friend, occupying himself in this way until chapel time (about six); and by the time service is over he feels ready to recommence study for the evening.

Boating forms the chief recreation of the men in the University, and it is continued all the year round. The country being very flat and uninteresting, a man soon gets tired of taking walks; and as some exercise is necessary, boating very nicely supplies the deficiency, and at the same time forms a pleasant amusement. Nor is it necessarily very expensive to belong to a boat club; for if a man's notions in this respect be moderate, I think that £2 per annum would, at most of the colleges, suffice to cover the expenditure.

Lectures for the term end about December 10<sup>th</sup>. At some of the colleges there is an examination on the subjects that have just been read in College; but at others this is deferred until the following May. After this the men (with the exception of those just about to take their degree) leave Cambridge for the Christmas vacation.

The lectures for the following term commence about February 1<sup>st</sup>; and by this time there are always several sets of rooms vacant in each college, as most of those men who have just taken their degrees (which are conferred in January) have left Cambridge. Those freshmen who have not succeeded in getting into College when they first came up, (and very few are fortunate enough to do so) now usually have sets assigned to them. An appraiser values the furniture which their predecessors have left in the rooms, and they have it in their power either to keep or to reject whatever they like; but whatever they reject the appraiser is compelled to take at his own valuation—and this, by the way, is a most admirable plan.

Some men prefer remaining in lodgings all the period of their residence at Cambridge; and this is permitted at most

colleges, provided there be a sufficient number willing to occupy all the rooms ; but I certainly myself found it much more comfortable and convenient to keep in college. A set of rooms usually comprises three ; a sitting (or *keeping*) room, a bedroom, and a gyp-room, where you keep your crockery, &c. You quickly get comfortably settled in your rooms, and fall into the regular course of life which I have described above. This term, which is called Lent Term, is usually the dullest of the three ; and most men are not sorry when the Easter vacation commences, which it does about ten or twelve days before Easter, and lasts between three and four weeks.

The ensuing, or Easter Term, is by far the most pleasant of the three ; and here I should acknowledge that, by the time I had passed my first two terms, I no longer held the same unfavorable opinion of Cambridge which I had previously entertained. I had formed several delightful acquaintances and sincere friendships ; I enjoyed the regularity of college life ; and, as is not unfrequently the case, the disagreeable impressions which had been imprinted on my mind when I first entered the University, were by degrees entirely eradicated, and supplanted by a firm liking of my then mode of life.

During this term cricket contributes in no small degree to the recreation of the undergraduates. The University gets up an excellent "eleven," and some capital matches are played every season. The great boat races, too, take place in this term, and very well worth seeing they are. And now Cambridge is filled with strangers, mostly relatives and friends of the undergraduates, who seize the opportunity which the finest season of the year presents of visiting their acquaintances.

But although all these amusements are going on, still this is by far the most important term of the three as concerns matters of graver moment ; inasmuch as the college examinations upon the subjects that have been read during the previous year take place towards the end of May. After these examinations prizes and scholarships are distributed to those thought deserving of them. As may be conjectured, many men who have read studiously during their first two terms, yield to the temptations which the third presents, and spend their time in anything but a way likely to be beneficial to them in their examination ; and this is the more lamentable when we consider, that a man's

position in his college is in a great measure fixed by the place which he takes in this his first examination.

After this examination the Long Vacation (or as it is termed in Cambridge, "The Long,") commences, and with its commencement ends the first year at Cambridge.\*

Before concluding I should perhaps state, that it is necessary to remain three years and three months at Cambridge before the degree of Bachelor of Arts can be got. In order to obtain this you have to pass two examinations, (independent of the College examinations every May); one of which is called the Previous Examination, or Littlego, after you have been in residence five terms; the other called the Greatgo, after residing ten terms, which is the examination for the B.A. degree. The candidates at this examination are separated into two great divisions; the "Honor" men compose the first division, which consists of three classes. The second division is subdivided into four classes, and comprises the "Poll" men, or those who do not desire "honors," but merely wish to obtain what is called an ordinary degree.

The subjects for the Previous Examination and for the Poll are always fixed some time beforehand, (in fact some of them never change,) and for these you are prepared by the College lectures. The men who read for honors usually have a private tutor.—*London Magazine.*



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## SYMPATHY.

We take our tone of feeling very much from those we love. Independent as some may think themselves, they are not proof against the speaking of the human countenance. If those dear to us smile, we are happy; so happy that a ray of beautiful light seems to gild our severest toil; and the commonest task is dignified, when performed under their sympathising notice. If, on the contrary, they wear an aspect of dissatisfaction, our spirits sink,—we miss the intelligent appreciation of our efforts which the quick glance of kindness could show, and the most fortunate lot, under such circumstances, would fail to give us pleasure.

There is a silent language,—the language of the face,—that speaks to our happiness with earnest effect. How careful should we be to keep the index in this gauge of feeling ever pointing to cheerful views of life! How ought we to soften the sharp tone

\* The Long Vacation lasts twenty weeks.

ready to escape us, and quell the rising flush of fretfulness ready to suffuse our countenances, as the cares of life sometimes seem about to overcome us! True, the spirit feels the wearing influence of the nameless little evils that constantly present themselves, and we do not always see the bright lights, that are gleaming to direct the soul in the darkest hours; yet the sacred peace of home should not be jarred by the selfish parade of individual sorrow.

The feelings of despair, and weariness with life, which often seize the heart of fine sensibilities, ought to be checked within, and never allowed to appear on the face. It requires a brave struggle to keep from looking all the deep sorrow, and longing of soul, such spirits feel; but in the very contest, the very effort to appear cheerful for the sake of others, the selfish demands of grief are greatly silenced, and higher and better hopes are often obtained.

Doing good to others, does not always convey the idea of conferring pecuniary benefit, or personal exertion. The delicate tact,—by which we express kind interest in their success,—the cheerful hearty-thoughts of life which actuate our conduct, our enthusiastic love of the beautiful and excellent whenever we meet them, all silently, and surely, tell upon the characters of others, with whom we have intercourse, and tell for good. How we have sometimes thanked a friend for a kind word, and how in our heart of hearts have we *treasured* the picture of the bright look that glanced from that face like a beam of sunlight to chase away our gloom!

Our hearts are sensitive plants, folding up their delicate leaves at the touch of the rude and unfeeling, and only putting forth green shoots when the atmosphere is balmy with the breath of love.

Present joys are all too fleeting. Opportunities for comforting and blessing our fellow-beings, are golden moments, when we may act in unison with angelic agencies.

The moral and intellectual so far transcend the physical nature, that self denial on our part, to elevate the mind, and confer happiness on the heart, is noble and lovely.

To be the means of cheering one spirit, bringing joy to one heart, and above all, assisting one wayworn pilgrim along the sands of time, to enter the path of life, ought to be sufficient inducement to us to check every passion, and give us a noble courage to overcome all selfish love of personal ease.

Montreal, June, 1854.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## MEMINI LOCUM.

"There 'bright appearances' have smiled;  
And angel wings, at eve, have been  
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between."

A little co', embowered deep  
Within a leafy shade;  
Around whose door the daisies peep  
From out a grassy glade;  
Where stately elms and maples stand  
Like guardian sentinels,  
Who dearly love their native land,  
And watch it close and well.

A little cot, whose moss-grown roof  
Shelters a household hearth,  
Where purest love ne'er stood aloof—  
Where piety had birth—  
Where purest hearts in love did meet  
With fond simplicity—  
Where lightly-tipping childish feet  
Trod joyously and free.

Where time poured out with lavish hand  
His blessings choice and rare;  
Where gentle breezes softly fann'd  
A genial atmosphere;  
And where the sun shone ever bright,  
And gloriously too,  
As if afraid a shade should blight  
His daily chosen view.

Oh! is this not my own dear home—  
The place where childhood play'd;  
From which with erring feet I roam,  
Sad and unsatisfied?  
Then turn, thou wanderer, return;  
Turn to that blest abode,  
Where thy young heart first learned to burn  
With love to nature's God.

May, 1854.

PERSOLUS.



The Chinese are pouring into California in great numbers. It is thought that they are likely to make a large part of the population. Missionaries might there find an open field in which to labor, without going abroad.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## HAPPY FANCIES.

I grasp, and I fondly encircle,  
 Warm thoughts of this glorious life :  
 I soar on the wings of emotion,  
 Beyond earth's dark sorrow and strife.

Sweet fancies come thronging around me,  
 Bright hues from the azure-lit skies,  
 I fly near the cloud-crested arches,  
 Now glowing in sunset's soft dyes.

Oh ! lovely are earth's fading glories,  
 Viewed thus from my eyrie above :  
 The fair panorama before me,  
 My heart swells with gushings of love.

Here, grain fields, and green rolling meadows,  
 Slope down to Ottawa's swift tide,—  
 There, foaming, the Rapids' commotion,  
 Crest St. Lawrence in bill'wy pride.

Away in the distance, uprearing,  
 A mountain in sunlight is bath'd :  
 Its summit is link'd unto heaven,  
 Its base by pure water is lav'd.

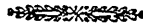
Near by, is Mount Royal's bold outline  
 With features of beauty, and grace—  
 A picture of verdure, and splendor,  
 A gem in the regions of space.

The city with temple, and tower,  
 Is silver'd in myriad rays—  
 Impearl'd in the sinuous river,  
 Fair islands enrapture my gaze.

My heart throbs with floods of deep feeling,  
 And longs to dwell ever in light,  
 To mount and career in mid-heaven,  
 And feast on the treasures of sight.

Montreal, June, 1854.

E. H. L.



The soul has her sunny memories, and joyous scenes to retrace,—but often heavy shadows cast these joys in the back ground. Dissatisfied with present attainments and oppressed with past short-comings, how can she be happy? By relying on the glorious perfections of the Holy One, and looking above the present to an eternal home.

## TEA AND COFFEE.

In the vast variety of drinks provided for man, we find very few that are not safe and healthful. Green tea and coffee, as ordinarily used, are very injurious to very many constitutions. They contain but very little nourishment, except what is added by the milk and sugar, and training a family of children to love them (for no child loves them till trained to do it) is making it probable that all of them will be less healthful and comfortable, and certain that some will be great sufferers. Training children to drink tea and coffee is as unreasonable and unchristian as training them to drink foxglove and opium would be—the only difference is, that in one case it is customary, and the other it is not; and custom makes a practice appear less foolish and sinful.

There is no need, at this period of the world, to point out the wickedness and folly of training children to love alcoholic drinks.

In regard to the use of green tea and coffee, one suggestion will be offered. These are drinks which contain very little nourishment, and their effect is to stimulate the nervous system without nourishing it. They are, also, usually drunk hot, and heat also is a stimulant to the nerves of the mouth, teeth, throat, and stomach, inducing consequent reacting debility. For it is the unvarying law of the nervous system, that the reacting debility is always in exact proportion to the degree of stimulation.

It is in vain to expect that the great multitudes, who have been accustomed from childhood, to drink hot tea and coffee, once, twice, and sometimes thrice a day, will give up such a favorite practice. But it is hoped that some may be induced to modify their course, by reducing the *strength* and the *heat* of their daily potations. It will be found by housekeepers that if *once a month* the daily quantity of tea or coffee is *slightly* reduced, the taste will imperceptibly accommodate, and that, in the course of six or eight months, the habits of a family, by these slight monthly variations, may be changed so as that, eventually, they will love weak tea and coffee as much as they once loved the strong.—*Selected.*



## STORY OF A MAGNOLIA.

The evergreen magnolia, so well known for the splendor of its blossoms, was first brought to Europe, from the banks of the Mississippi, in 1732, by a French officer of marines, who planted it at his native placé, Maillardière, about four miles from Nantes. Here the magnolia grew and flourished; but, its introducer having died, little notice was taken of it, and, when observed, it was supposed to be only some variety of the common laurel, which it resembles in its leaves. Thirty years afterwards it flowered, and was then discovered by M. Bonami, professor of botany at Nantes, to be the *Magnolia grandiflora* of Linnæus. At a meeting of the states at Bretagne, held at Nantes in September, 1760, M. Bonami presented a branch of this magnolia in flower to the Princess de Rohan Chabot, and it excited so much admiration that its fame shortly after reached the ears of Louis XV. The monarch was then ornamenting his garden at the Petit Trainon, and had there some small plants of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, which had in the meantime been introduced into Europe by one of the English collectors; and when Louis heard that he had in his own dominions a tree of this rare exotic, forty feet high, which was covered with blossoms every year, he sent two of his gardeners to examine it, with orders to transport it to Versailles, if they could ensure its living. This *if* was a formidable obstacle; and, the gardeners reporting that they feared it would not survive its removal, it was suffered to remain at Maillardière. Thirty years more brought the Revolution, and amidst the general destruction even the poor magnolia did not escape; it was mutilated in the war of La Vendée, and its branches were cut for firewood; the house near which it stood was burnt down, and the magnolia was scorched and withered by the flames. It partially recovered, and still survives, though now only the wreck of what it was.—*Selected.*



LEARNING FRENCH.—When Brummell was obliged, “by money, debt, and all that,” to retire to France, he knew no French; and having obtained a grammar for the purpose of study, Scrope Davies was asked what progress the beau had made in French: he replied that “Brummell had been stopped, like Bonaparte in Russia, by the elements.”

## LUDICROUS BLUNDERS.

General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, "Where the ship was at a particular time?" "Oh!" replied the witness, "the ship was then in quarantine." "In Quarantine, was she? And pray, sir, *where* is Quarantine?" Another instance, given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that, after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action on "a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to that extent!"

An anecdote has been told of a learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother "wig," who did not appear to understand them. "Don't you know the lines," said he; "they are in Martial." "Marshall," replied his friend, "Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*." When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, "Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and a *minor poet*!"

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EDITORIAL.

There seems to be, just now, little of interest stirring the current of business *sameness* in the good city of Montreal. Owing to the unusual detention of spring vessels, trade has not come up to the brisk pace that it did last year. We are told that flour merchants have had the most to do, so far. The weather has been quite cool for the season, and vegetation wears a fresh and beautiful appearance.

Immense numbers of emigrants arrive here from Europe, and are forwarded to various places in the West. Many of them are in a state of great destitution when they land; and many only live to reach America's shores, look upon the rock-built city of Quebec, or land in the midst of these

busy scenes—and then, with all the high hopes of good that nerved them for the voyage, yet swelling in their hearts, pass away. Many a sorrowful incident is transpiring at the wharf, or on board the steamboats filled with these people, that the bustling world knows nothing of. Thus ebbs and flows the current of life!

Montreal steadily advances in all the improvements which make a city desirable as a residence, or interesting to the traveller. Buildings of strength, as well as architectural merit, have taken the place of many time-worn edifices which had long disfigured her streets; while commodious dwellings have been built in the beautiful suburban parts of the city. An increasing desire to encourage works of art, and appreciate science and education prevails among the inhabitants; while love for peace, good order, and the preservation of Sabbath sanctity, distinguishes the substantial and influential part of the population.

We have received a number of a new publication. "Waymarks in the Wilderness," "A monthly Devoted to Scriptural Studies, Literary observation, and current History." We hail every such accession to Canadian literature. The country is acquiring an independence in this respect. Magazines of the character that this work possesses will bear no humble part in purifying and elevating public taste and morals.

A friend kindly sends us "The Pioneer," published in San Francisco. We have extracted a fine description of that city in 1850, for our readers. "The Pioneer" is handsomely printed; its style of editorial critique is similar to the "Knickerbocker." Its articles are various, and well written, and indicate much intelligence. We should like the work better, were less promiscuous given to theatrical subjects; but, as an exponent of Californian manners, customs, and intelligence, we think it highly valuable. After reading a number one feels almost acquainted with San Francisco, and is struck with the amazing growth of every enterprise there, as well as the fact that the *Star* gains the most favor in new countries, where people, intent on advancement, do not stop to question the moral tendencies of the theatre and ball room.

The Youth's Casket, "An Illustrated Magazine for the Young," James O. Brayman, Editor, Buffalo, No. 11 West Seneca Street,—a beautifully illustrated little work, abounding in entertaining matter, both original and selected. We commend it to our young friends. It can be had for the very low price of 2s. 6d. Canada money.

We are sorry to disoblige "Caleb." We do not feel bound to keep articles unless particularly requested; indeed it would be almost impossible with our multiplied engagements to do so.

We have received communications from different quarters highly pleasing in regard to the "Maple Leaf," and we hope to increase the list of subscribers, and make some pleasant acquaintances in the course of a trip which we propose to make next month to some of the principal places in Canada West.

## Prospectus of the "Maple Leaf."

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

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

In future the cover of the "Maple Leaf" will be occupied with suitable advertisements, and the Crotchet, Netting and ornamental Needlework, will be embodied in the work itself.

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

J. C. BECKET,  
22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, July 1st, 1854.

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

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Montreal, July, 1853.

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Montreal August, 1853.