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**MAPLE LEAF**  
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

NOV.

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WALKER

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### OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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

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

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

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

[For the Maple Leaf.]

## AMERICA RICH IN HISTORIC INCIDENT.



HERE is scarce a spot of ground in classic Greece, or Italy, that has not been traced in description, by artistic travellers, and rendered vividly beautiful in the glowing colors they have spread so delicately yet lavishly upon it. The vine-clad summits of Grecian mountains have been brought before us, with their deep green foliage shading into richer hues, under the broad flush of southern sunlight. Heavy clusters of grapes purple and silver-tinted, with fair groups of sweet-scented blossoms, have been painted to the life, beautifully contrasted with luscious fruit peeping out amid the shining leaves of the orange tree. Scarce a ruin of ancient Egypt, lifting time-worn memorials of grandeur towards the skies, but has found its sculptured beauties shadowed forth in enthusiastic description by artist and tourist. The Alpine pass, and awful sublimity of the down-rushing avalanche have had devoted admirers. The dreamy serenity of Italian landscapes has been so aptly described, that one could almost hear the soft rustle of balmy airs, and the musical dip of the gondolier's oar, or the sweet cadence of the moonlight serenade, floating like the strain of some angel's lyre above the waves of the Mediterranean. A kind of halo rests on the craggy sides of Sinai, and fills with enchanting light the vales of Palestine. The thought of Lebanon with his venerable cedars, fills us with awe, and we call it holy ground where Horeb rears his head, or Pisgah's verdant top overlooks the fertile plains of Jordan. The Christian heart expands with delight as he sketches the scenery of that clime so rich in interest. While pondering the records of past ages he does not forget that the tide of human life which flowed rill-like from the earthly paradise, is destined to flow broad and deep into the paradise above. Look where we will in Asia, on the shores of the Mediterranean, or where the Himalayas, peak above peak, lift their majestic forms crowned with perpetual snow, or set ourselves down in imagination among the fanes of Benares and Mecca, and we feel im-

pressed with great and solemn emotions, until, all glowing with feeling, we desire to bear our part in restoring her to the golden prosperity of early times. The whole eastern continent abounds in classic shrines, memorials of deep interest, and natural beauties peculiar to itself.

America never can become venerated in the same sense as the old world. The imposing flow of ages has swept over it, but history breathes no record of the remote past replete with memorable incident, and pictured in the semi-luminous drapery which lapse of years lends to acts of doubtful excellence. No orator, or poet has celebrated the mighty achievements of the warriors and statesmen who once figured on this continent. We have only a modern history to look back upon. Though that history does recount deeds of many, really mightier than Cæsar and Alexander, and some imbued with a spirit akin to Paul's, yet our cities are comparatively new, our institutions in their infancy, and we, as a people, must travel in spirit to the halls of the ancients to satisfy our love of the venerable and magnificent, — a love which finds ample material upon which to expand, and grow vital when we turn to the vivid imagery of Sacred narrative, and follow the pen of inspiration back to Eden, whose "loftiest shade," like a vanishing picture of beauty, lures us onward to creation's dawn when "the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy." This love for the old world grows with our growth, our hearts send out fibres that cling to the cross and the sepulchre, and thence rise to the new Jerusalem to be nourished near the river of life.

America, though comparatively modern in history, and lacking the fascination which gathers around the eastern world, is rich in resources for perfecting the human intellect, and feeding that admiration of the lofty and grand which is implanted in our hearts for a wise and benevolent purpose.

The idea that so vast a continent lay becalmed ages upon the bosom of our earth, that the waves of the Atlantic made ceaseless music upon a beach extending hundreds of miles, while the Pacific, the father of oceans, kept time in mountain surges upon the opposite shore has something of the sublime about it. Vain man dwindles into his true position when we realise that this vast expanse of country, so lovely and diversified, lay centuries, for aught we know, undisturbed in its virgin purity, beautiful

to His eye alone, who penciled its bold mountains, and hollowed channels for its rivers; and thought gathers another element of sublimity, when we infer that the moment when all this wealth of beauty was to be opened to the world, was selected by that Providence who guided three fragile vessels over the then unknown ocean to its shores in safety.

We have said that America would never present the same venerable aspect as the Old World; true, but will she lack scenes of deep interest to the lovers of nature and art? Here is a varied surface. Nowhere does sterility prevail for a great distance. The golden sunsets of her tropical regions vie with the beautiful blending of cloud tints in Italy, while the fertility of the soil furnishes delicious fruits and innumerable flowers. Farther north, mountain ranges stretch through the country, and rolling away from these toward the sea coast, the land presents gentler inequalities of surface, varied by noble rivers and lakes. One of the most interesting features of America is her prairie land. Spread out for miles in extent, the prairie country is perfectly level, covered with tall grass, which, when agitated by the wind, resembles the waves of the sea. There is the same boundlessness of extent that is noticed at sea, and this, together with a sense of loneliness, makes an uncultivated western prairie imposing and awful. The number and length of the rivers of America far exceed those of the eastern continent. Many of them flow hundreds of miles, gathering tributaries, increasing in size and rapidity, until they mingle with the ocean. Cataracts dash and foam, or rush in immense volume into fathomless abysses, while caverns and mines reveal the mineral wealth of the country. The climate of North America is bracing, giving to the inhabitants a more abiding energy than is natural to those of the Old World, and they exhibit this energy in becoming masters of the grand natural resources of the country, and turning them all to assist the march of improvement.

One of the most fascinating features of American history is the interesting delineation of aboriginal character and prowess.—The dim spectres of the Iroquois, Algonquins, and Hurons, the deeds of the majestic Delawares, or the savage Mohawks, are presented to the youthful student of American history;\*

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\* We speak of American history as a whole, embracing that of Canada and the United States.

their majestic forms, and solemn gravity, aptly represented by the rich colors of olden times. In fact the legends of Indian warriors, their customs, and grave code of honor, go a great way towards giving the annals of our country a romantic interest. In this respect there is much more of real fascination than can be brought out in the history of the early inhabitants of Britain, who lacked that grandeur of soul which nerved many an Indian like Philip of Mount Hope, or the just Massasoit.

But America, though so young in historic story, already numbers many spots sacred to warm remembrances, where hundreds of pilgrims resort to keep alive the memory of her heroes and patriots. She boasts of Plymouth Rock and the brave men who "raised their songs of lofty cheer," and heard them echoed from the "dim aisles" of the almost leafless woods. She points to the rock-built city of Quebec, and shows where the pioneers of civilization held council with the red men of the forest, and set their pallisades on an eminence overlooking a wild and magnificent country; and the multitudes who now visit this spot, sacred to heroic records, bear enthusiastic testimony, not only to the sagacity and good taste of the early founders of that city, but to its unique beauty of appearance.

The stranger is informed of the wall which once encircled the city of Montreal, when her dwellings, scattered among the wigwams of Indians, were few in number; and he is also told that the lovely island of Manhattan, under the renowned administration of the tobacco-loving, doubting, and slow moving Dutch, could not then, as now, compete with that of Montreal, whose wild beauty of scenery was only equalled by the fearless prowess of its first settlers. And where beats the heart of the true American that throbs not with quicker pulsation when he thinks of the brave struggles of our fore-fathers? Champlain, Frontenac, Washington, Montcalm and Wolf have become household words, and the quiet shades of Mount Vernon, as well as the heights of Abraham, are endeared to our proud remembrance.

The dark eyed Indian maiden who saved the heroic Smith from the uplifted club has become the type of many noble hearts among the aborigines of our country, who were noted for a courtly dignity of manner and eloquence of speech.

Nature's magnificence is still the same. Forest and valley, mountain and plain, are enchanting in their beauty. But the red men are best known to us in history, and best remembered when the sighing winds and falling leaf seem to speak of the spirits of those who once built their council fires where the mighty tide of civilized life now rolls.

The study of Indian life and character will form a taste among our young people for grand scenery, and win them to admire that self-control and bravery which sustained the Indian in the most trying reverses. While we would familiarize their minds with the facts of ancient history, we would have them make American history their own by an actual transfer of its incidents to their glowing minds and hearts. The men of iron nerve and enduring perseverance, who struggled to establish institutions which are the pride of the New World, have long since passed away, but the record of their magnanimity lives, and our children will embody in verse and song the story of American liberty and American bravery, and thus in process of time shall we have a literature purely national and purely original. Though America cannot vie with the Eastern Continent in holy associations, nature has so garnished her landscapes as to leave nothing to wish for, in point of beauty and diversity; and man has so set his impress throughout the length and breadth of the land, that the march of intellect goes on with celerity; and the time is not distant when, arresting the mighty machinery of home improvement, she will be able to look across the billows to ancient Asia and Africa, and say, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."

Montreal, Oct., 1854.



### MY AUNT MARY.

A SKETCH.—(*Original.*)

I have rarely seen a lady of such unequivocal beauty as my aunt Mary. Her features are perfectly symmetrical; rather of the Grecian order. Her complexion is fair to transparency, contrasting finely with her raven locks and fine dark eye. A faint color in the cheek, the rich ruby lip, the intellectual expression, and the deep melancholy which almost always rests on her lovely face, her graceful, yet dignified deportment, and agreeable con-



versation, lend a charm to her appearance which render her an object of peculiar interest. But how much is this interest increased when the particulars of the events which cast a shadow over her future life are related?

Aunt Mary, at the early age of eighteen, left the fashionable, though practical boarding school, of which she had for three years been a member, an accomplished scholar. Her mind is of no common order; and her natural love of intellectual pursuits led her to look deeply into those studies which, in the opinion of her instructors, were sufficient for the education of the female mind.

After her release from school she spent much time in visiting, in company with friends, most of the places of interest in the Northern States.

On one of these excursions she became acquainted with Herbert E., a young man of extremely prepossessing appearance, possessing a noble and finely cultivated mind, and that rare gift, the power of conversing well, and delightfully too, on almost any subject.

The congeniality of disposition and feelings existing between young E. and aunt Mary, together with the peculiar fascination of his manners, was a charm against which the heart of my aunt Mary was not proof. Nor was the impression made by my lovely aunt less enduring, and when the declaration of his attachment was made, it was answered most favorably by the object of his devotion, and her parents, who were happy to obtain for their daughter a man of such intrinsic worth.

The father of young E. lived in a pleasant village, a few miles from aunt Mary's, and it was owing to her absence, and that of the young man, at their respective institutions, that they had never met. Immediately after graduating, E. commenced his profession—the law—in a flourishing village in the western part of this State, where he was rapidly rising to eminence.

During the intense heat of summer he indulged himself in a trip to Niagara and the Canadas, and it was on this excursion he first saw and loved my aunt. An early day was named for their union, and the intervening time sped swiftly by in making preparations for that important event. A short time before the day appointed for the wedding H. E. returned home. To improve his health, which had become somewhat injured by close appli-

caution to the duties of his profession, he employed the favorable opportunity then offered for equestrian amusements. Not unfrequently he was so incautious as to greatly fatigue himself by a long ride, and would find it necessary to call at my aunt's to rest himself before proceeding further.

On one of these interesting occasions, a day or two before the one which was to crown their happiness, he called as usual, and so agreeably did the time pass that the hour of eleven surprized them still "holding sweet converse."

The lover lingered one moment at the gate to hear the entreaties of his Mary that he would be careful of his personal safety; for the night had closed in dark and stormy, and his steed was one of high metal.

She permitted one fond embrace, and they parted. The road which he took was one of danger, it lay along the margin of a rapid stream. As it was a much shorter distance to the village by this road, he was induced to take it, notwithstanding the peril he would encounter. The swollen waters had crossed the road in some places, and the horseman could perceive that his steed was annoyed by the waves as the wind blew them occasionally over his feet. To avoid exciting his horse beyond the power of control, E. attempted to guide him up a slight acclivity into a field, which opened into the main road. Meeting with some obstacle, the animal gave a bound which threw his rider with such violence as to cause insensibility.

The next morning E.'s body was found further down the stream, and conveyed to his bereaved family.

But who shall attempt to describe the grief of those fond parents as they witnessed in the clay-cold corpse of their gifted and accomplished son, the ruin of their fondest hopes; in him they lost the only stay of their old age.

This agonizing intelligence was imparted as gently as possible to aunt Mary, who seemed perfectly stupified by her unutterable grief. But to portray her anguish, while leaning over the lifeless form of him who was her idol, would be impossible.—She there beheld the annihilation of every fond hope, the destruction of those blissful dreams of felicity he himself had planned when animated by delightful prospects, and buoyant with life and hope.

But now, he lay before her *dead*.

Oh ! it was terrible to think of it, and she sank into a sort of insensible apathy from which nothing aroused her until his body was consigned to its kindred earth. Then indeed did the extent of her bereavement break upon her with fearful distinctness, and the result of this mental agony was to prostrate her upon a bed of lingering and dangerous illness, from which she rose with a heart purified by the severe chastisement which had been inflicted on her. She had learned that she could have but one object of worship, and that one her Father and her God.

Though her own life has been shaded by gloom she endeavors to find forgetfulness of her sorrows by relieving the wants and distresses of the wretched, and suffering, around her.

Her loveliness of disposition and character still shine pure and fresh as in the days of sunny and untried girlhood, though receiving an additional charm from the holy influence of the Christian graces, and the spirit from on high.



## SIMPHEROPOL.

*(Extracts from Russian Shores of the Black Sea, by Oliphant.)*

Simpheropol, in the Crimea, contains about fourteen thousand inhabitants. Though it seems to lie in a plain, a great part of the town is situated on the precipitous edge of the steppe, from whence a magnificent view is obtained immediately below ; and at the foot of abrupt rocks, two hundred feet high, runs the tiny Salghir, dignified with the name of a river, and if not entitled to it from its size, worthy the appellation by reason of the lovely valley which it has formed in its northern course. Orchards and gardens, containing every sort of fruit-trees, and abounding in rows of tall poplars, line its banks, until the hills, becoming higher and more thickly wooded, form a ridge, which is connected with the Tchatir Dagh, a noble back-ground, and one which does full justice to this lovely picture.

Fortunately the annual fair, which takes place the first week of October, was being held during the period of our stay, and then it is that the greatest variety of costume, and all the characteristic features of the Crimea, are most opportunely collected for the traveller's benefit.

An enormous square, many acres in extent, contained an indiscriminate mass of booths, camels, carts, droskies, oxen, and

picturesque groups. Here may be seen the red-bearded Russian mujik, in jack-boots and sheepskin, in close confabulation with a gaily-dressed Tartar, who has just galloped across the steppe, and who sits his horse as if he were part and parcel of him. He wears a large white fur-cap, a red striped embroidered jacket, fitting closely to his body, with wide open sleeves, while his loose dark blue trowsers are girded with a bright-colored sash, amid the folds of which the massive handle of his dagger appears, and his slippered feet are thrust into clumsy stirrups at the end of very long leathers. His horse is a wiry little animal, possessing an infinitely greater amount of intelligence than beauty. Farther on among the crowd, and distinguished by his green turban, floats the robo of some pious Hadjè ; nor does he seem in the least scandalized by two young ladies in a drosky, not only devoid of seeredjè, but even of bonnets, and wearing only the jaunty little caps of the Parisian grisette. We might very fairly suggest, however, the propriety of their profiting, in some degree, from the example of the muffled females over the way, who seem afraid to expose to the profane gaze of men the dyed tips of their finger nails. In the narrow lanes formed by carts and tents, Greeks, in a no less gay though somewhat different costume from that usually worn in their country, are haggling with Russian Jews in long black beards, and long black cloaks reaching down to their ankles. It is an even bet who will have the best of such a bargain.— Savage-looking Nogays, and Cossack soldiers, are making purchases from Armenian or German shopkeepers. There are large booths, like gypsies' huts magnified, which have no connection with the ragged representatives of that wandering race who swarm at the fair, but which contain quantities of most tempting fruit, huge piles of apricots, grapes, peaches, apples, and plums, of any of which, one farthing will buy more than the purchaser can conveniently carry away with him. Besides these booths, there are heavy carts, with wicker-work sides and ungreased angular wheels, which make that incessant and discordant creaking familiar to those who have ever heard a Bengal bullock-hackery.— Presiding over the whole scene, not in the least disconcerted by the uncongenial forms which surround them, are hundreds of camels, in all sorts of positions, chewing the cud with Eastern philosophy, and perfectly submissive to very small ragged Tartar boys, who seem to have entire charge of them, and who do not

reach higher than their knees. Rows of shops enclosed this miscellaneous assemblage, containing saddles, knives whips, slippers, tobacco-pouches, and morocco-leather boots, all of Tartar manufacture, besides every description of European article. It was some satisfaction to feel, as we moved through the busy throng, in plaid shooting coats with mother-of-pearl buttons, that we too were adding another variety to the motley costumes of the fair at Simpheropol.



[For the Maple Leaf.

### MUSINGS.

"Ay! they that fix  
Affections perfect trust on aught of earth,  
Have many a dream to start from."

Like a joyless spirit now  
She wanders through her home,—that home,  
Ah! can it be, once so o'er-fraught with happiness,  
That oft it bore the stamp of that bright world,  
Among the bowers of which, ere sin had marred  
The impress of their Maker, they did wander,  
First parents of mankind in Eden's vale!  
But now, like a dark spirit, sorrow broods,—  
Her sorrow only—other spirits hold their sway,  
Eating life's happiness—all torturing thoughts  
Of doubt, and dread, and vague uncertainty  
In the dim future—throwing a pall  
Over the warm deep love which there had gush'd  
Like welcome Spring in some far desert land!  
A love which storm had crushed not,  
Or sunshine could allure. O better far  
To close the eyes, so wildly loved in truth,  
Than live and know them changed, to feel  
Them resting on the form.—Ah! once how dear,  
With looks of coldness or indifference.  
Better by far to die in early youth  
Leaving thyself deep treasured in the heart  
Of the beloved one, than thus to live  
When change has crept with stealthiness so soft,  
That 'twas as from a dream thou wakedst up,  
To drink of bitterness far worse than death!



AUTUMN LEAVES.

A Rhode Island clergyman lately illustrated the necessity of corporeal punishment for the correction of juvenile depravity, with the remark that "the child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track, it takes the switch to get it off."

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## REFLECTIONS.

Autumn, with its gathered fruits, its garnered grain, and its many tinted leaves ; Autumn, with its days of glowing sunlight, when it seems as if Nature was gathering her forces for one, last, grand display before she is wrapped in her wintry shroud ; and, more than all, Autumn, with its sweet associations, and tear-bedewed memories, is here.

I love the Spring with its bursting freshness, and the Summer with its music and sunshine, but far *more* do I love their melancholy successor. In these days my heart is full of the past. Every falling leaf and passing cloud calls up some sweet, though it may be sad, reminiscence, and I live over again the Autumn of long ago.

As I sit by the bright wood-fire my thoughts are wandering away to a far off home, where the first bright years of my life glided away, with scarcely a care or a sorrow. *That* was the *Spring*, then came a golden-hued Summer, darkened ever and anon by storm-clouds, and shaken by deep-toned thunders. Here and there, some cherished tree, kissed by the hot-breathed lightning, withered away, leaving only a scathed and blackened trunk to tell what *might* have been ; but still it was *Summer*, and even amid ruins the song-bird's voice made sweet melody.

*Now* the Spring-time is gone, and the Summer, seen from the mountain I have been climbing, far away in the mist-shrouded valley, looks angel-faced. Over that valley wander loved forms, and sweet voices sounding there, wake an echo in my heart of hearts.

But not alone for its associations of the past is the Autumn pleasant to me. It is itself a beautiful *present*, and speaks in unmistakeable tones of a glorious future.

Gathered fruits and garnered grain are true and beautiful emblems of the labors and affections which crown a good life, and though Autumn, in its turn, must surrender to stern old Winter, it is ever done with a view to the verdant Spring-time approaching—just as man, when the bleak winds of life have swept over him, lies down in the winter of the grave, looking for, and believing in, the dawn of an endless life.

EDLA.

Montreal, October 19, 1854.

## MOUNTAIN SLIPS AND TORRENTS OF MUD.

In the higher recesses of mountain regions, the Alps for instance, slow and silent processes are in operation, sometimes for many years together, which not only produce changes in the form and character of mountains, but at length issue in the most unexpected and appalling effects. These processes may be, *first*, the gradual, but irresistible, motion of those icy streams, called glaciers; or, *secondly*, the penetrating of water from melting ice and snow through fissures or openings in rocks, until, by alternate freezing and thawing, it separates portions of their substance; or, *thirdly*, the softening of immense beds of clay, on which many rocks are found to rest. From such causes as these, arise the land-slips, inundations, avalanches, and torrents, to which the Swiss valleys and villages are liable. It was owing to the gradual softening of extensive beds of clay, that a most destructive land-slip took place in 1806 from the Rossberg, a mountain in Switzerland, nearly five thousand feet high. Suddenly, and within the space of five minutes, a portion of this mountain, a league in length, one thousand feet broad, and one hundred feet thick, was precipitated, together with a torrent of mud, into the valley beneath, and destroyed three villages, more than three hundred houses, stables, and huts, and about four hundred and fifty human beings, besides whole herds of cattle.

This fearful catastrophe was witnessed by Dr. Zay, from whose description the following passages are selected:—

“The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the 1st and 2nd of September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, and a sort of cracking noise was heard internally. Stones started out of the ground, detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o’clock in the afternoon on the 2nd of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man who had been digging in his garden, ran away in alarm at these extraordinary appearances; soon a fissure larger than all the others was observed; insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes

before five o'clock the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe when told by a young man running by that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying, he had time to fill another pipe. The young man continuing to fly was thrown down several times and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once." In another house a nurse, while crossing a room, leading a child by the hand, was suddenly thrown down. "The house, as she afterwards said, appeared to be torn from its foundation, (it was of wood,) and spun round and round like a teetotum; I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child." They were both afterwards dug out of the ruins alive; it appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about fifteen hundred feet from where it stood before. In another place a child, two years old, was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which it had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the lake of Lowertz, although five miles distant, one end of it was filled up; and a prodigious wave passing completely over the island of Schwanau, seventy feet above the usual level of the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The village of Seewen, situated at the farther end, was inundated, and some houses washed away, and the flood carried live fish into the village of Stimen. The chapel of Olten, built of wood, was found half a league from the place it had previously occupied, and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position."

The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Goldau. Some persons who, from a distance of four miles, were observing with a telescope the summit of the Rossberg, state, that all at once a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled. As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible,



they sought some friends who had gone before them into Goldau, but this village was lost under a heap of stones and rubbish, one hundred feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but confusion. Nothing is left of Goldau but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the rocks torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground towards the lake of Lowertz, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley towards the Righi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went farther, and ascended even a great way up the Righi: its base is covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were mowed down as they might have been by cannon.

Such are the fearful effects of a mountain-slip. The glacier may also be the cause of no less imminent dangers.

The Val de Bagnes, near Martigny, has been more than once devastated by means of masses of ice and snow from the glacier of Getroz, completely blocking up the mountain torrent which feeds the river Dranse. Behind this barrier the waters accumulated in a fearful manner in 1818, forming a lake which was estimated to contain eight hundred millions of cubic feet of water. Notwithstanding the most persevering and ingenious efforts to drain this lake by means of a tunnel cut through the ice, the waters burst through the barrier with a tremendous crash, carrying away rocks, forests, bridges, houses, and cultivated lands.

Between Martigny and the lake of Geneva, in the month of August, 1835, a torrent of mud descended from the summit of the Dent de Midi, into the Vallais near Evionaz. The following account of this catastrophe has been communicated to us by a gentleman who visited the spot in August, 1838.

“It would appear, from the accounts of the people in the neighborhood, that one day in August, 1835, a crashing noise was heard in the mountain, and shortly afterwards the *ecoulement* or torrent was seen to issue from the ravine, overthrowing and carrying along with it trees and everything else that it met in its course. The advance of the slimy torrent, although not rapid, was irresistible, and in about a couple of hours it had covered, in a fan-like form, the whole slope down to the Rhone. No lives were lost; but the peasants who lived in a few scattered cottages in the ravine,

and in the vicinity of its mouth, were scared from their dwellings, and suffered some considerable loss of property. I was assured that no water was seen:—It was like a deluge of bluish grey mud, intermixed with slaty rocks, and exhibiting much the same appearance to the eye as it does at present. It continued to flow, but gently, for two or three days, and then stopped.

As it moved down from an immense height, the momentum it acquired carried it forward at last with irresistible violence, sweeping away blocks of stone many tons in weight, which floated like corks upon the surface. It covered the high road for a length of about nine hundred feet, and overwhelmed many fields, orchards, and some few houses. Such phenomena are by no means new in that neighborhood. It appears, from the accounts of the people in the neighborhood, that "some very long time ago, the Rhone, in that part of its course, flowed much more nearly through the centre of the Vallais, and that a town or village, named Penassez, stood upon its bank, but that a *debacle* from this same ravine overwhelmed Penassez, and drove the Rhone eastward, to the channel which it now occupies, at the very foot of the opposite mountain, the Dent de Morcles, which bounds the Vallais on that side."—*Selected.*



[For the Maple Leaf.

### A SKETCH.

"The death-bed of the just! is yet undrawn  
By mortal hand; it merits a divine.  
Angels should paint it, angels ever there."

There he lay, the cold hand of death already on his brow, and his emaciated features settling in the repose that knows no waking. Peacefully he sank to his everlasting slumber. No traces of suffering disturbed the serenity of his brow, or marred the holy calmness that pervaded his last moments; the spirit of his life, struggling onwards, had at last reached the confines of time, and was about to pass into the vast unknown. Not a sound was heard; no sigh of complaint was uttered; for the deep solemnity of the death-chamber hushed our voices, and we knew that the spirit passing away in death's deep silence would inherit the reward of the just. No shuffling tread broke the solemn stillness; no dissonant note of grief fell amid the awful gloom. We heard the voice of the minister breathing words of

heavenly comfort to the departing spirit, and we were resigned.

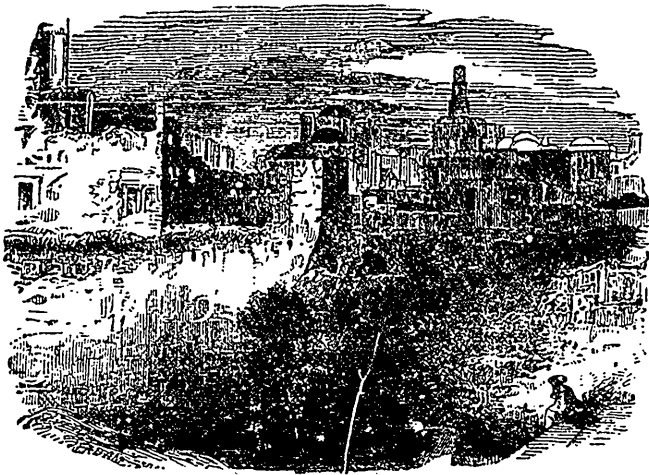
He was not old, but he had lived a good life. Checkered as his days had been by cares and griefs, his hopeful spirit had borne up with all, and his life of self-denial and disinterested kindness had not been unfruitful of much good to his fellow beings. He had not entered much into the gaities of life, and knew but little of its boasted joys; his pleasures were *his own*, and his enjoyments, hid, as they often were, in the recesses of his own warm heart, nevertheless painted their impress upon his benevolent countenance. Others had blessed him "by day and by night," and prayed for his weal; he had lived to be honored and loved; he died to be regretted and remembered.

It is evening; the tints of the setting sun deck the heavens, and his glorious beams light my way. I stand by the cold sod that lies green above *his* dear remains, and my thoughts seek to hold communion with the spirit world. I feel happy in the consciousness that God watches over the precious dust here fast mingling with its native element, and blesses the soul He has taken to Himself. Oh! that I may be inspired with strength to live as he lived! to do as he did! This wish shall merge in purpose, and hereafter in solitude, or in the deep stillness of midnight, I shall be able to think of his death-bed, and rest in happiness.

ISIDOR.

Montreal, September, 1854.

**JAPANESE CULTURE.**—The Japanese are far from being as much behind the times as we are apt to imagine. There is probably no country, not Christian, in the world, so educated, cultivated and refined. Their mechanics are in some things more ingenious and skilful than our own. Their farmers, if they fall behind ours in enterprise, beat them in thrift and economy, and in the quantity of produce they raise under the circumstances. They had printed books long before we had. They watch the progress of European science and art, and avail themselves eagerly of its discoveries. Their coasting trade is large and busy. They take and read the Dutch newspapers, and thus keep themselves posted up in the progress of western events. They knew of the coming of Commodore Perry's squadron, and were prepared for its arrival.



[For the Maple Leaf.

## JERUSALEM.

Palestine is the land, of all others, towards which the heart of the Christian turns with interest and love ; the scene of events, which, for sublimity and pathos, have no equal in history. Palestine, the ancient home of the Jew, the present possession of the infidel, how full of thrilling interest is the name ! It is the land, which of old, was trod by patriarch and prophet ; the land over which Abraham journeyed, in full belief of the promise that it should be given to his seed for an inheritance, when as yet he had no foot of it in possession ; and where, centuries after, his descendants lived under the immediate government and protection of the Almighty. It is here that David the king reigned, where he wrote those beautiful psalms which have been the language of God's people in all ages. Here was the law given amid awful solemnities, and here also was first published the Gospel. It was in Palestine that, according to the promise, Christ was born. It is most dear to every pious heart, because Jesus called it his earthly home. He journeyed through its towns and villages, over its hills and plains ; he sailed on its waters ; and, when foot-worn and weary, he rested beneath the shadow of its trees. But, though

all its dust is precious, yet most of all does the Christian long to walk the streets of Jerusalem, the holy city, because here were spent the last hours of the mortal life of the glorious Redeemer, the Son of God and the Son of Man! We envy not him who feels no kindling of soul as, in imagination, he visits the scenes consecrated by the Saviour's presence; whose heart does not burn within him as, in fancy, he accompanies the chosen three as they ascend with their master the Mount of Transfiguration, or retire to the Garden of Gethsemane.

The events which immortalize the Jerusalem of old are, to the Christian, the earnest of the joys he hopes to possess in the new Jerusalem above.

But a visit to modern Jerusalem must awaken emotions of sadness, for, instead of a city magnificent in its splendor, as was the ancient city, it presents a most poor, dirty, and miserable appearance.

Ancient Jerusalem is thought by some to have been founded by Melchisedec, king of Salem; if this be true, it was one of the oldest cities in the world. The first certain knowledge we have of it is when Joshua led the twelve tribes to the promised land. It was then in the possession of the Jebusites. Only a part of it was conquered by Joshua. The place was then called Jebus, and the conquered portion was inhabited by the tribes of Benjamin and Judah. It thus remained till king David's time, when it was taken by that brave and war-like prince. He made Mount Zion his chosen residence, expending much labor and skill in fortifying it. Here was his palace; and here, too, he found his grave, so that Mount Zion was appropriately called "the city of David."

The palmiest days of Jerusalem, as regards earthly splendor, were in the reign of Solomon, who greatly extended and beautified it. He built on Mount Moriah, one of its three hills, the magnificent temple, so much the pride of Israel; and he made the city so rich and splendid that it had no equal in the then known world. Those were its most glorious times. Then all the Jewish nation used to go up to worship at its temple, and hold their solemn feasts within its sacred walls. But these times of pomp and splendor lasted not long. Scarcely had Solomon been laid in his grave, ere its glory began to decline. In punishment for the sins of its inhabitants, God sent

various and terrible judgments upon it, till at last, in the reign of Zedekiah, it suffered a three years' siege from the Assyrians, and finally surrendered to them. Its conquerors set its beautiful temple on fire, razed its walls, destroyed all of beauty or magnificence that the city contained, and carried many of its citizens captive to Babylon. After lying in ruins seventy years, the city was re-built and restored in a measure to its former grandeur. The temple was re-built, but, though a beautiful building, it was greatly inferior to that erected by Solomon.

After this restoration the city passed through various changes. It was taken by Ptolemy, and many of its citizens were carried captive to Egypt. Then Antiochus Epiphanes plundered it, and desecrated the temple by placing in it an image of Jupiter. This so enraged the Jews that a rebellion broke out, which finally resulted in the recovery of the city by its rightful owners. In their possession it remained till about sixty-three years before Christ, when it was conquered by the Romans under Pompey, and 12,000 Jews were massacred in the courts of the temple. It was still under Roman sway when Christ was born, and continued so seventy years after, till in consequence of a revolt by the Jews, a Roman general was sent against the city, and, after a long and fearful struggle, it was completely destroyed. Nearly a hundred thousand persons were taken prisoners, and many more perished during the siege. Since that dreadful time it has never regained anything like its former magnificence. The city has passed through many hands, being at one time under the rule of Pagan, then of Christian Rome; in one age possessed by the Arabians, and changed to a Mahomedan city, then passing under the control of the Turks. In A.D. 1100, owing to the insults and persecutions heaped upon Christian pilgrims to the holy city by the Turks, attempts were made by European Christians to rescue Jerusalem from them. This was the beginning of the Crusades, or wars of the Cross. Thousands of zealous, though fanatical, persons united together in endeavors to wrest the holy city from the infidels. In these wars were enlisted many of the noble and mighty of Europe, and though we by no means approve of their doings, yet one cannot help sympathizing with their desire to redeem Jerusalem from the tyranny of the Turks, nor can we but admire

the bravery and enthusiastic zeal with which they pursued their purpose. After a severe struggle of forty days the Crusaders were victorious, and the city surrendered to them. For more than eighty years they retained possession of the place, and many thousands of pilgrims annually flocked to its sacred shrines. In A.D. 1187 the city was again taken by the Turks, in whose possession it remained (with the exception of four years, when it was in the hands of the Christians) till 1822. At this time it became subject to the Pasha of Egypt, who retained it under his power till 1841, when it was restored to the Turks, who are still its rulers.

Though the wild enthusiasm of the days of the Crusaders has passed away, it still is visited by many with the deepest interest. It is now inhabited by Mahomedans, Jews, and Christians. Its present condition is a striking commentary on the truth of the Holy Scriptures, showing how precisely God fulfills all his threatened judgments. Though once "beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole earth," it now presents no remains of its ancient beauty. Eighteen hundred years ago the place where it once stood was ploughed over as a field, and not a stone left of its glorious temple which was not thrown down. Now, alas! it is in the hands of the enemy, and only by sufferance can its ancient people visit its ruins. The place so precious to them, as the scene of their nation's glory, has been wrested from them, and they are scattered throughout the world a nation of out-casts. And all this has befallen them because of their sins, especially because of that climax of guilt, the rejection of the Messiah—because they put to death the Lord of Glory!

Yet, even in the ruins of Jerusalem the Christian sees ground of confidence and hope, confidence in that God who has so fully vindicated his honor, and hope, that as his threatenings have been so exactly fulfilled, so his promises of mercy will not fail. By the eye of faith the Christian looks forward to the time as, perhaps, not far distant when Jerusalem shall again be the home of the Jew, who, if he "abide not still in unbelief," shall become a living branch of the true vine. The signs of the times seem, to the observing mind, to point to the fulfillment of those prophecies which foretell the restoration of God's ancient people to the land of their forefathers; when

after that the "fullness of the Gentiles be come in," they, too, shall acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth, whom their fathers rejected, as the true Messiah—the Saviour of the world.

To that blessed consummation may our hearts be directed, and for this may our prayers ascend, till Jerusalem again becomes the city of God; "beautiful for situation—the joy of the whole earth."

S. E. H.

Montreal, October, 1854.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## AUTUMN.

Welcome, welcome, grand old Autumn,  
 Though thou art not crown'd with flow'rs,  
 Gathered closely round the hearthstone,  
 Glad we greet thy coming hours.

Love we well the Spring and Summer,  
 But the thoughts of days of old  
 Cling with closest, fondest pressure  
 To the Autumn brown and gold.

We remember how in childhood,  
 By the crackling Autumn fire,  
 Sat we, drinking in the lessons  
 Taught us by a sainted sire.

We remember how the sunshine,  
 Through the crimson curtains, shone  
 On that head that long since glisten'd  
 In the light that gilds the throne.

Many an Autumn since hath vanish'd,  
 Many a joy been quench'd in tears,  
 But those pictures of the old time  
 Fade not with the lapse of years.

Still we love the glorious Autumn  
 For the joys he once hath brought,  
 Still we keep the rose-hued mem'ries,  
 In our life's deep tissues wrought.

EDLA.

Montreal, Oct. 19, 1854.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A THIMBLE.

I have not much recollection of my young days. That I am from a respectable ancestry I know, for, though not exactly belonging to the *silver* family, I am *cousin-germain* to that brilliant "connection." I belong to the *german-silver* "branch of the house." The various stages of my early education, and preparation for "coming out," I am ignorant of, but I know that this preparation for my *debut* before the world was carried on in rather a hot manner, and, before I was "licked into shape," I received many a hard blow from the brawny hands of my master. My moral education must also have been strictly attended to, for, though a thimble, I am no *thimble-rigger*, and I can solemnly affirm that no treacherous pea has ever been concealed by me.

I distinctly remember the day when I left my native town, Birmingham: that manufacturing atmosphere of smoke and iron filings. It was rather a great day for me, for I was destined to make a trip across the Ocean, and, in the new world, commence the busy scene of active and, I flatter myself, useful life. I, together with a great number of my companions, was carefully stowed away for the voyage, and being, as you may perceive, of "genteel connections" I was awarded the best berth in the box. Our voyage was a short and prosperous one; our good ship the Canadian steamer *Ottawa* having exceeded the poet's idea of "walking the waters like a thing of life."

Not long after my arrival in Canada I was taken to a large warehouse, where I remained not only in "bond," but in *bondage*; however, by the kindness of the Custom House officers I was soon removed from my prison house, and again allowed to breathe a purer atmosphere. The master into whose hands I had now fallen was one who could not appreciate my excellent qualities, and—thus giving only a too common specimen of want of appreciative discrimination of genius—he made every exertion to get me off his hands. He succeeded; and this time a lady in the "fancy and Berlin wool line" was my purchaser. This lady, after carefully brightening me up with a little powder, set me on the counter of her grand shop, and enclosed me in a glass case, where I enjoyed a congenial circle of acquaintanceship. I was put in the midst of jewellery, bijouteire, and trinkets of every

color, form, and value. But here, I may remark, I got my first lesson in life. I found out that what we of the metals often say, "it's not all gold that glitters" is too true. What was my surprise to find that the rich and sparkling brooch on my right turned out to be a very near relation of the *paste* connection. Picture my disgust when the topaz ring which, perhaps, had tempted many a stylish servant girl, upon more intimate acquaintance, was found to smack terribly of the cut glass "set." And when the "yellow metal" itself, lying in massy ornaments around me, was silent upon the subject of acids, and changed color in their presence, I came to the conclusion that every pretension in this world is as hollow as—I am myself; in fact, that as many holes can be picked in most things, as the needle's head will find in "your humble servant."

As I had detected all this soon after I was introduced to the gaze of the public, it may readily be supposed that I longed for a speedy removal. But before this wished-for event took place, I had ample opportunity to see a "little shopping," and it may not be uninteresting to detail in what way that momentous operation is conducted. I remarked that it was a general rule that the shopper should never know, before coming into the shop, what she wanted to buy. Indeed the main delight of shopping consists in a sort of blindfold *entree* into the midst of "pretty things," and then a sudden removal of the handkerchief, followed by a dash at every thing. In this way I was often disturbed and removed from my *otium cum dig*; but, from a little circumstance in my formation, I was always returned to my place, after being uncomfortably squeezed on delicate fingers that had fingered the piano keys and the dinner dishes alternately. The fact is I was rather delicately formed; to such a degree that I am prevented from entering into an alliance with a good many fingers. Quite well do I remember a lady with a very strong and hearty body, but a *die-away*, fainting manner, coming upon me in her miscellaneous search one morning. She was a person formed by nature for a hardy prosecution of field work, but from some insane notion of her own physical incapacity she was accustomed to live on the verge of vertigo. The fingers of this fair shopper, however, dissipated any apprehension of the presence of consumption—except of the good things of this life;—consequently when I was taken on trial, I was found to be totally unserviceable, and,

in the course of my probation, proved a severe trial of patience to her. Having been found unfit for this lady's fingers I was of course pronounced unfit for any other fingers. But I knew that that was a mistake, and on being returned to my retreat I took occasion to ruminate on the vanity of all flesh. Not long after my fruitless interview with this lady, I was presented to a fashionable girl who informed my mistress that she had joined a *Dorcas* affair, and required me, as, perhaps, she would be expected to do a little needle-work. I heard the conclusion of the bargain with feelings of pleasure, I felt eager to enter into the world, and I was not sorry, at any rate, to leave the "fancy store." I was accordingly packed carefully, for fear of the damp air, and was sent home to my new mistress.

My impressions upon entering into fashionable life I will give in the next chapter of my adventures.

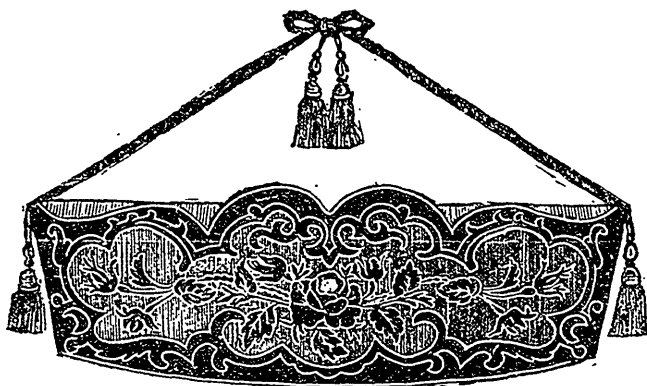
A. T. C.

Montreal, Oct., 1854.



No man not a savage has a right to educate his children with a view simply to the passive enjoyment of life. This is wholly to mistake the end and meaning of life. Life was never meant to be a mere pleasure save to the brute. To higher natures, it has always been, and always will be, a school, a discipline, a journey, a march, a battle, a victory. The law is absolute and wholesome, growing out of the very divinity of man's source. No amount of fortune, therefore, can exempt a man from its operation. It leaves no one where it finds him. If it does not elevate him above the lambent stars, it makes him grovel in the dust of the earth.

**THE BETTER LAND.**—Our relatives in eternity outnumber our relatives in time. The catalogue of the living we love becomes less, and in anticipation we see the perpetually lengthening train of the departed; and by their flight our affections grow gradually less glued to earth, and more allied to heaven. It is not in vain that the images of our departed children, and near and dear ones, are laid up in memory, as in a picture gallery, from which the ceaseless surge of this world's cares cannot obliterate them; they wait there for the light of the resurrection day, to stand forth holy, beautiful and happy,—our fellow-worshippers for ever.



## PARISIAN WHAT-NOT.

**MATERIALS.**—A piece of pale blue moiré silk, claret velvet, pure gold braid, gold thread, and gold and ruby beads.

The Parisian what-not is an article of furniture very little known in England, where, however, it deserves, from its usefulness and elegance, to be generally adopted. It is a sort of embroidered pocket, standing on a table against the wall, to contain odds and ends of all descriptions. The back, made of silk, and covered with cardboard, is quite flat, the foundation is nearly a half-round, and the front takes that form. It sometimes has cords, by which it is suspended to the wall. These what-nots are worked in braiding, canvas work, crotchet, or embroidery.

The beautiful specimen we now give, is of embroidery in application. The entire pattern is cut out in claret velvet, laid on a light blue moiré ground. The edges of the flowers, &c., are worked with gold thread; the stems with coarse gold cord. The fibres of the leaves and the thorns in gold bullion. The eye of the flower is imitated by gold and ruby beads. The scroll, also formed of velvet, is edged with gold braid, and all the pattern on it is worked on the same.

When made up, the bottom of *strong* cardboard is to be covered, as well as the back, with light blue moiré, like the front, on the inner side, and with claret on the outer. The front is to be lined with thin cardboard only. The work covers it on one side, and blue moiré on the other. A cord, to match, finishes the edges; and also, if desired, serves to suspend it to the wall.

For the Maple Leaf.

## THE GAP OF DUNLOE.

## CHAP. III.

The education of the young and beautiful Emilie was to Constance a source of untiring delight, and their father's greatest happiness was in providing them with every possible amusement and pleasure that could make home, what *home* ever should be, the centre of joy and social delight. All that art and nature combined could supply, he had endeavoured to gather around them, and though they lived in great retirement, yet their variety of occupations and pursuits prevented them from ever either wishing for change, or finding any monotony from their calm course of life. The wings of the house were of a more modern date than the centre, and consisted of the usual suite of drawing-rooms, dining-rooms and library. The right wing was appropriated entirely to a suite of apartments fitted up with exquisite taste for the two sisters, on one side of which ran a spacious picture gallery, a noble apartment, and luxuriously furnished, where one might contemplate at ease the glorious creations of art, both ancient and modern. There the Divine Kaffoille speaks to the inmost soul in some madonna and child, where motherly gentleness is blended with the dignified consciousness of that honor so mysteriously laid upon her. There also were master pieces of Rubens, Silvata Rosa, Carlo Ralae, Correggio, Rembrandt and Vaudghern. And disposed through the picture gallery, were exquisite groups of statuary, and glass doors led from it into an extensive conservatory, where flowers of every hue and clime were scattered profusely around. No wonder a love, a deep love of the beautiful, should pervade hearts brought up among such scenes. But nurtured as they were amidst all that could enlarge the intellect and refine the mind, with expectations of great wealth, they were easily led to look upon all as talents of which they were to render an account, and act only as stewards, feeling their responsibility as such. Stewards of that Master who has said, "Occupy till I come." On one, and on all, is laid the solemn charge, a stewardship. Alas, only too often served with faithlessness. From her earliest youth Constance would take her beloved sister with her into the surrounding country, and visiting with untiring benevolence the poorest hut, making no distinction in their difference

of faith between Roman Catholic or Protestant, but doing all as for Him, who has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto these, ye do it unto me," and their tender sympathy and bountiful aid in supplying the physical and mental destitution of their poor neighbors, did much towards softening the animosity which had previously prevailed between the two parties. Even the prejudices existing in the heart of the neighboring priest seemed to disperse as the venerable old man saw, in his daily rounds, the beautiful form of the young Emilie gliding from door to door conveying consolation to the lonely around, and his benevolent face would light up with feelings of compassion and interest for her, whom his Church called him to look upon as a heretic. He had not imbibed that fierce denouncing spirit, but too often the characteristic of that Church; indeed his gentle, child-like spirit mourned deeply over those of his brethren, who, by stimulating the passions of their auditors against their Protestant brethren, seemed to think they were doing God's service. Into his parish, therefore, had not crept, at present, those bitter feelings which in later years have given rise to those diabolical outrages which have disgraced some parts of the island. The Berangers, living as they did in the hope of being made a blessing to their neighborhood, embracing all in the wide circle of charity, had been free from the dark shadow gathering over the hearths of many, though painfully reminded, such was the case, by the rumours which had already reached them; but in their own peaceful home none had made them afraid, and they wished for no greater precaution than the love they inspired among the warm-hearted peasantry.

C. H.

(To be continued.)

GUTTA PERCHA.

Gutta Percha—the Malayan term given to a concrete juice taken from the Isonandra Gutta tree—is indigenous to all the islands of the Indian Archipelago, and especially to the Malayan Peninsula, Borneo, Ceylon, and their neighborhoods, in which are found immense forests of this tree, all yielding this product in great abundance. Its fruit contains a concrete edible oil, which is used by the natives with their food. The gutta, or juice, circulates between the bark and the wood of the tree, in veins whose

course is distinctly marked by black longitudinal lines. The natives were formerly in the habit of peeling the tree when they required a supply, but have been taught by experience that the juice can be obtained by cutting notches at intervals in the trunk, and thus preserve the tree for future tappings, as our maples for successive years yield their sap to the sugar manufacturers. The juice consolidates in a few minutes after it is collected, when it is formed by hand into compact oblong masses of from seven to twelve or eighteen inches in length, by four to six inches in thickness; and these, when properly dried, are what is known as the Gutta Percha of commerce. It is of a light brown color, exhibiting a fibrous appearance, much like the inner coating of the white oak bark, and is without elasticity. When purified of its woody and earthy substance, it becomes hard, like horn, and is extremely tenacious; indeed, its tenacity is wonderful.

The strength of tubes of this material is so great that no visible effect was produced upon them by the proving-pump of the Water Company of the city of Stirling, in Scotland, which gives more pressure than any other pump in Great Britain—a pressure that would scatter the rivets of leather hose in all directions.

The application of heat to the crude makes it soft and plastic, and in a temperature of about two hundred degrees it becomes ductile, when it can be moulded into any desired shape, which it retains when cool. It can be dissolved by sulphuret of carbon, or chloroform, or if immersed for a time in spirits of turpentine. It is a repellent of and completely unaffected by cold water, and, unlike India rubber, it resists the action of oil and other fatty substances without injury. It is a non-conductor of electricity; is proof against alkalies and acids—being only affected by the sulphuric and nitric, in a highly concentrated state, while the most powerful acetic, hydrofluoric, or muriatic acids, or chlorine, have no perceptible effect upon its structure or capabilities. This gum has qualities entirely different from India rubber. It cannot be worn out. It can be melted and remelted, and repeatedly remoulded, without changing its properties for manufacture, or losing its virtue. It is lighter than rubber, of finer grain, and possesses certain repellent properties unknown to that material; and is extremely tough. It disregards frost, and displays remarkable acoustic qualities.

The experiments which resulted in the astounding discovery of

a process of vulcanization, by which Gutta Percha was made permanently elastic and flexible, like India rubber, were made by Wm. Rider, of the firm of W. Rider and Brothers, now the President of the North American Gutta Percha Company, and his brothers, Emory and John Rider, who had for years been engaged in experiments with India rubber, (which resulted in the vulcanization, as patented by Goodyear.)

No time was lost in making application for a patent, which was granted.

Under this discovery, Gutta Percha, which before was a fibrous, non-elastic and horny material, and affected by the changes of climate, is converted into pliable and elastic fabrics, which remain the same under all changes of climate; is not injured by acids or fatty substances, is free from offensive smell, and, unlike India rubber, does not decompose and get sticky: with such advantages this invention must prove one of vast importance in the arts.

As this discovery presented a field for business beyond the means of any individual or firm, it was deemed advisable to vest the right to the same in a company. Accordingly the North American Gutta Percha Company was incorporated.

This Company have an extensive establishment in Twenty-fifth-street, in this city, covering eight lots of ground; their machinery is of the most approved make, and very ponderous, weighing over one hundred thousand pounds, which is driven by a splendid engine of one hundred horse-power.

The cutting, cleansing, mixing, grinding, calendring and vulcanizing-rooms are all arranged with regard to the economical despatch of business—the work-rooms are light and airy, and the whole establishment is lighted with gas. The establishment employs about two hundred females, and fifty men and boys, and can turn out six hundred thousand dollars worth of goods per annum.—*New York Day-Book.*



## IMPORTANCE OF THE COMPASS.

Captains of ocean steamers differ considerably in their attention to exactness in compasses. Good compasses are doubtless furnished to all vessels of this important class; but the very best compass may be rendered worse than useless by a



disregard of the petty circumstances on board that derange its action. Captain Shannon, of the Cunard steamers line, related to us a curious instance of a derangement in the compass, which had since rendered him punctiliously cautious. He had left Halifax with his vessel on the homeward bound voyage ; it was during one of the cold winter months, when fogs prevail on the American coasts. His directions to the officers of the watch was to run for a point thirty miles eastward of Newfoundland, so as to make sure of keeping clear of its rock-bound shores ; and the point of the compass that would lead to this required direction was fixed.

On coming on deck in the grey of the morning, what was his horror on seeing that the ship had just entered a small bay, and seemed about to be dashed to pieces on the lofty precipices that revealed themselves through the mist. By instantaneously shouting orders to the man at the wheel, and by reversing the engine, he barely saved the vessel from destruction. After some trouble it was paddled to deep water. His first impression of course was, that the compass had been neglected. But to his surprise, he found that his orders had been exactly followed in this respect. The head of the vessel had been kept in the direction which, by compass, should have led to the open sea, 30 miles from land, and yet here it was running full in shore. To all concerned the deviation seemed perfectly magical—not on ordinary principles to be accounted for. The truth at length dawned upon the captain.

The error must have arisen from local derangement of the compass. He caused all the compasses in the ship to be ranged on the deck ; and soon it was perceived that no two agreed. The seat of the disorder was ascertained to be a certain spot close to the funnel of the saloon. Could this funnel be the cause ? It was of brass, and had never before shown any power of distracting the needle. On looking into it, however, the captain discovered that, when at Halifax, a new iron tube had been put inside the brass one, without his knowledge, and the circumstance had never been mentioned to him. There, in that paltry iron tube, was the whole cause of the derangement, "which," said Captain Shannon, "I speedily made to shift its quarters." How near was thus a fine vessel being wrecked, from a petty circumstance which no one would have

previously dreamed of ; and it may not be said how many vessels assumed to be diverted toward rocks by currents, may have been led to destruction from causes equally trivial.—*Selected.*



## MARRIED YESTERDAY.

Every day in the journal that with the first gleam of the sun is flung within our portals, we read this little sentence :—“ Married yesterday, So and So.” Every day there is a wedding feast in some of the mansions of earth ; a clasping of hands and union of hearts in the dim aisle of some holy temple ; a pledging of eternal love and constancy during all the hours that are yet to come down, like spring flowers, upon life’s pathway. Each day some new marriage-crown is put on, and she who wears it, leaning upon him whose love is the brightest jewel set amidst its leaves, steals away from the “ dear old home,” and nestles tremblingly in the fairy cot where Love’s hand has trained the honey-suckle over the latticed porch, and placed Æolian lyres in all the casements.

“ MARRIED YESTERDAY.”—There are pearls and gold shining now amid the flowers that fringe love’s pathway, and stars gleaming like great chandeliers in the firmament of Hope.—There are harps tinkling now whose melody is sweeter than the sound of evening bells, and joys falling like a shower of anethysts upon the hearts that yesterday were wed. Life now is become beautiful ; the soul soars upwards from the dust, like a dove loosed from its cage ; there is melody in every breeze and every place ; yea, there are angels in every path, with crowns for those who are pressing onward with song and prayer.

“ MARRIED YESTERDAY.”—It seems now a long distance to the grave—a long road to the final rest. But soon the shadows will come, and life lose its summer bloom. Then, as the patter of tiny feet is heard about the grandfather’s house, and little bairns cluster about his knee, they who were “ married yesterday,” mayhap will turn back to the records of the past, weeping silently the while, remembering that their summer is gone, their harvest ended, and that soon, gathering up their sheaves, they must pass beyond the gates of pearl, where will evermore be but one marriage—that of the Lamb with his chosen people.

**A GOOD SUGGESTION.**—Rev. Mr. Choles, in an address on agricultural subjects says:—"I wish that we could create a general passion for gardening and horticulture—we want more beauty about our houses. The scenes of our childhood are the memories of our future years. Let our dwellings be beautiful with plants and flowers.—Flowers are, in the language of a late cultivator, the playthings of childhood and the ornament of the grave; they raise smiling looks to man and grateful ones to God."

**A SEVERE REDUCTION.**—Fletcher, Bishop of Nismes, was the son of a chandler. A proud duke once endeavored to mortify the prelate, by saying at the levee that he smelt of tallow; to which the other replied,—“My lord, I am the son of a chandler, 'tis true; and if our lordship had been the same you would have remained a tallow-chandler all the days of your life.”



EDITORIAL.

Autumn reigns in regal splendor this year. He holds his court high up in the blue expanse, with the grand panorama of nature spread out before him. Rolling back in fleecy masses, the clouds form a coronal of beauty round his head, while gorguous tents adorn his robes. Never were days more lovely than those just passing. Lingering on the verge of a new dynasty, like a procession sweeping along from the eastern to the western horizon, in single file, they pass away until lost amid the golden sunsets of the distant west. What have they heralded for all of us to be written in the archives of heaven? Flitting like spectres from earth, they have borne our history to imperishable tablets, and then, side by side, they have been ranged in the long cavalcade of the Ages, there to await the decisions of the judgment. There is something inexpressibly grand and solemn, something wondrously interesting in human existence. As a pebble dropped into the water produces motion in continuous circles to a great distance, so thought, launched into the great ocean of eternity, widens and ever widens, destined to exert an influence forever. What then should be the character of our thoughts and aspirations? The shadows of nobler forms, and nobler scenes that fall upon us from above, the yearnings of the earth-worn spirit for something satisfying, the innate sympathy we feel for the good and beautiful, remind us of that perfection of intellect and heart which will fit us for the society of the blest. Merely living, merely vegetating,—living to eat, and drink, and adorn ourselves,—will not answer the demand of our being. We come of celestial lineage; the anticipation of future happiness ought to nerve us to personal exertion, and self-denial. The desire to use our talents to the best advantage ought to animate us every moment, and the thought of the august assemblage that sympathise in our success ought to fill every heart with ardent enthusiasm to live not in vain, while we live, that “departing we may leave behind us footprints on the sands of time.”

Articles for the *Maple Leaf* should be finished when sent, and accompanied by the real name of the writer. We have received the first chapter of a tale, which we cannot insert until we hear from the writer again.

## 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 soften and harmonise the affections of the heart. Familiar expositions of Botany, Gardening, Architecture, and valuable Domestic Receipts will give variety to its pages, and assist in cultivating a taste for the beautiful and useful.

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

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

J. C. BECKET,

22, Great St. James Street.

Montreal, July 1st, 1854.

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