THE MAPLE LEAF.

A Juvenile Monthly Magazine.

Volume 1, No. 4.

October 1852

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

Title: The Maple Leaf, Volume 1, No. 4, October 1852
Date of first publication: 1852
Author: Robert W. Lay (1814-1853) & Eleanor H. Lay (18??-1904)
Date first posted: Oct. 7, 2020
Date last updated: Oct. 7, 2020
Faded Page eBook #20201017

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CONTENTS

HISTORY OF CANADA.
LETTER II.

Y YOUNG FRIENDS,—In my last letter I described to you the events which took place in Canada from 1759, when she was conquered by England from France, up to 1774, when the "Quebec Act" was introduced here for the better government of the country. My present epistle will be occupied with the events which transpired from 1774 up to 1792. In 1775, the United States were colonies belonging to England, such as Canada, Nova Scotia, &c., are at the present time. For some time previous to 1775, the English Government made several efforts to make the Americans contribute towards its expenses, by laying a tax on various articles which might enter the United States, such as glass, paints, oil; and the last effort they made was to place a tax on tea. The Americans refused to pay this tax. They said they ought only to be asked to pay the expenses of their own Government, and not be compelled to assist in paying the expenses of the Government in England. The English, however, persisted in levying a tax, and the Americans, in consequence, drew up a declaration, at the city of Philadelphia, in the United States, on the 4th of July, 1775, in which they declared themselves independent of England. Of course, England would not consent that the United States should be independent of her, and the two countries therefore made war on each other for seven years, that is, until 1782, when England consented that the United States should be, in future, an independent nation.

During this war the Americans struggled hard to induce the Canadians to join them in fighting against England: but the principal part of the Canadians refused to do so, in consequence, says M. Garneau,[1] of the preference which the Seigneurs and the Roman Catholic Clergy had for England, because England had decreed that the tithes, (that is, the twenty-sixth part of every bushel of wheat, which Roman Catholics are bound by law to give to their priests,) and the seigniorial tenure, should not be abolished in Canada; and because they feared that both the tithes and the seigniorial tenure would be abolished if Canada became a Republic such as the United States. The lower classes, the same author observes, while they did not openly assist the Americans, did not, except by fear, assist England, but remained, as far as possible, indifferent to both the English and the Americans.[2]

During the war, the United States' soldiers came to Canada and captured, in 1775, the Forts Carillon, St. Frederic, and St. John. The latter fort, however, was retaken from them on the next morning by a body of 80 French Canadians. During the month of September, the Americans again invaded Canada under General Montgomery, with one thousand men. Being

joined by the French Canadians of Chambly, a village 17 miles distant from Montreal, the Americans captured the fort which still stands there. Montgomery then took possession of Montreal and Three Rivers, the inhabitants of the suburbs, in Montreal, having, says Garneau, opened their gates to him, and expressed their sympathy with the Americans. Montgomery next appeared before Quebec, and being joined by Colonel Arnold, and now having about 1000 or 1200 men, he, on the 31st of December, commenced an attack upon that city. Quebec then contained about 5000 inhabitants, and had about 1800 men to defend it, composed of soldiers, sailors and Canadians. In the attack, Montgomery was killed, and his army was defeated. Upon the news of this defeat, the Americans sent, during the spring of 1776, some more soldiers to invade Canada, and they were accompanied by the celebrated philosopher, Benjamin Franklin, and two other persons named Chase and Carroll. These three gentlemen were ordered to converse with the Catholic clergy here to induce them to recommend the French Canadians to rebel against England. Their efforts did not succeed. The American soldiers then retreated from Quebec, being pursued by the English under General Carleton. During the month of May there were about 4000 American soldiers in the district of Montreal. Being in distress, they took what food they wanted by force from the inhabitants. On the 8th of June the Americans were defeated at Three Rivers, and again at Sorel and Chambly. The English, under General Burgoyne, subsequently gained one or two more victories; and before the close of the year 1776, the American soldiers abandoned Canada, and did not return again during the remainder of this war between them and England.

In my last letter, I stated that the Quebec Act of 1762 did not remove the uncertainties which were produced by having both the law of England and the law of France in operation in Canada, because the judges were frequently doubtful whether one law or the other should decide the disputes which were laid before them. The people, therefore, continued dissatisfied from this, and other causes, which are not necessary here to mention. To remove their complaints, however, the English Parliament made a law in 1791, which is commonly called "the Constitutional Act." This law caused some very important changes in our Government, which I will endeavor to explain to you.

This "Constitutional Act" was first laid before the British Parliament, in England, in the Spring of 1791, by a celebrated orator and statesman, Mr. Pitt. As soon as the Canadians heard this, and had read the alterations he was going to make, they sent a gentleman, named Lymburner, to London, to state to the members of that Parliament what remedies Canada wanted, and to entreat the Parliament to make some alterations in the changes which Mr. Pitt desired to make. He objected, on behalf of the Canadians to Mr. Pitt's proposal to divide Canada into two parts; one to be called Upper Canada, and the other part Lower Canada. He said it would be much better not to divide Canada, because then, the English who had settled here would be separated from the French Canadians. This separation would create distinctions, and make them strangers to each other, and, perhaps, cause them to dislike each other. But I am sorry to say, that the Parliament, notwithstanding this, divided Canada into two parts, and this division, no doubt, produced some of the bad feeling which formerly existed between those of English and those of French origin in this country. But in 1841 Canada was no longer divided, but united into one Province; and this ill-feeling is, I am glad to say, rapidly dying away. It is very wrong for any one to dislike another, because he or his forefathers were born in France, or in England, or in any foreign country. We should look upon all mankind as brethren, and know no distinction but that which exists between a bad man and a good man.

Mr. Lymburner also begged that the English Parliament would let the Canadians know what disputes should be settled by the French law, and what by the English law; and he suggested that the French law should govern disputes about lands and houses, &c.; that the English law should settle disputes which might arise between merchants; and that criminals should be tried according to the criminal law of England. He opposed Mr. Pitt's proposal, that the office of Legislative Councillor should be hereditary—that is, that the office should descend to the eldest son of a Legislative Councillor, on the death of his father. He desired that the Feudal Tenure should be gradually abolished, and that Canadians should have more power in their self-government than they before had.

Some of Mr. Lymburner's suggestions were adopted, and, the "Constitutional Act" was made law in December, 1791, and put in force in Canada on the 7th May, 1792, by a Royal Proclamation.

In my next I will describe the principal changes which this law created. I remain, truly yours,

J. P.

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[1] Histoire du Canada, page 383.

[2] T. iii. pp. 391-92.

PUNCTUALITY.—A committee of eight gentlemen had been appointed to meet at 12 o'clock. Seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind the time. "The time," says he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late." A Quaker present, said, "Friend, I am not sure that we should admit thy apology. It was a matter of regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour, but there are seven, besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole, to two hours; and only one-eighth of it was thine *own property*."

THE BEAR.

ruin is a softer appellation for the unwieldy and terrible Bear, who has reigned in his native forest and been invoked from time immemorial by thoughtless mothers, and unprincipled nurses to still noisy children. He is occasionally seen with a keeper walking with a measured tread through our streets. The best place to make his acquaintance is in a Zoological Garden where he is secured by a chain. He is not so rough, and uncouth in nature as we are apt to suppose. The following account of a Bear shows that kindness and intelligence are possessed by the species:—

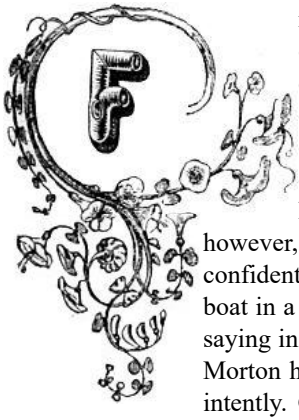
"The Bear is capable of generous attachment. Leopold, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which we have the following remarkable instance:—During the winter of 1709 a Savoyard boy ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman with some of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting on the danger which he ran by exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which had occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him by pressing him to his breast until next morning, when he suffered him to depart to ramble about the city. The young Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For several days he had no other retreat, and it added not a little to his joy that the bear reserved part of his food for him. A number of days passed in this manner without the servants knowing anything of the circumstance. At length, when one of them came one day to bring the bear its supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll its eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of waking the child, whom he had clasped to his breast. The bear, though ravenous, did not appear the least moved with the food which was placed before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed the night near his hut, and beheld with astonishment that the bear never stirred as long as his guest showed an inclination to sleep. At break of day the child awoke, was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and, fearing that he would be punished for his temerity, begged pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavored to prevail on him to eat what had been brought the morning before, which he did at the request of the spectators, who afterwards conducted him to the Prince. Having learned the whole history of this singular alliance, and the time which it had continued, Leopold ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard."—*Popular Natural History.*

News Boy Wit.—A gentleman crossing one of the New York ferries, was accosted by one of those peripatetic venders of cheap literature, and weekly newspapers, to be found in shoals about all our public places, with "Buy Bulwer's last work, Sir? Only two shillin'." The gentleman willing to have a laugh with the urchin, said, "Why, I am Bulwer myself." Off went the lad, and whispering to another at a little distance, excited his wonderment at the information he had to impart. Eyeing the pretended author of Pelham with a kind of awe, he approached him timidly, and holding out a pamphlet, said, modestly, "Buy the Women of England, Sir? *You're not Mrs. Ellis, are you?*" Of course the proposed sale was effected.

Umbrella.—It was introduced into Bristol about 1780. A lady, now 83 years of age, remembers its first appearance, which produced a great sensation. Its color was red, and it probably came from Leghorn, with which place, Bristol, at that time, maintained a great trade.

THE ISLAND HOME.

(*Continued from Page 76.*)



rom the time of our wonderful escape from the whale, until the occurrence which I am about to relate, I remember nothing distinctly—all seems vague and dream-like. I could not say with confidence, from my own knowledge, whether the interval consisted of several days, or of only a few feverish and half-delirious hours; nor whether the sights and sounds of which I have a confused recollection, were real or imaginary. I think, however, that it must have been in the afternoon of the same day (Arthur is confident that it was,) that Morton came to me as I lay in the bottom of the boat in a state of utter desperation and self-abandonment, and aroused me, saying in a hoarse and painful whisper, that there was a vessel in sight. . . . Morton had already called Arthur's attention to it, and he was watching it intently. Gradually it became more distinct, and in half an hour, I could make it out plainly, to be a small sailing vessel of some description. As she was coming directly down before the wind, there seemed to be no need of doing anything to attract her attention. I now hastened to reanimate Max and Browne, by communicating to them the intelligence that relief was probably at hand. In three quarters of an hour more, the strange sail was near enough to enable us to see that she was a large double canoe, such as is used by some of the islanders of the South Pacific, in their trading voyages. It had two masts, with large triangular mat-sails, and appeared to contain six or seven persons only, whom we supposed to be natives of some neighboring island. As soon as they were within speaking distance, one of them, to our great astonishment, hailed us in French. . . . Of course the first thing with us, was to make known our wants, and to ask for food, and above all for water. As soon as they could bring the canoe near enough, the Frenchman, watching his opportunity, reached out to us a large gourd containing water, of which we drank plentifully, passing it round several times. . . . The Frenchman next tossed us something wrapped in Banana leaves, a thick dark-colored paste of some kind. It was enough that it was an article of food, and we devoured it, without pausing for any very close examination, though its appearance was by no means inviting, and it had a crude and slightly acid taste. . . . On finding that the natives were well supplied with water, having several large gourds full, we passed the calabash round again, until we had drained it dry, when they gave us another gourd. Meanwhile, though we were too busy to look about us much, the canoe's people watched us very narrowly, and in such a manner as to make me feel uneasy and doubtful as to their intentions notwithstanding their kindness thus far. . . . At this moment the gilt buttons upon Max's jacket seemed to strike the fancy of one of our new friends, and excited his cupidity to such a degree, that after fixing on them a long and admiring gaze, he suddenly reached over and made a snatch at them. He got hold of one, and in trying to pull it off, came very near jerking Max overboard. Morton, who was sitting next to Max, interfered, and caught the man by the arm, with a look and manner that made me fear he might do something imprudent. The savage, who was an athletic fellow, obstinately maintained his hold of Max's jacket, and casting a ferocious glance at Morton, snatched up a short, thick paddle, and brandished it over his head as if about to strike.

Arthur appealed to the Frenchman to interpose, but before he could do so, one of the natives, a handsome boy, who was seated cross-legged upon a platform between the masts, spoke to the man in a raised voice, and with an air of authority, whereupon, to my surprise, he immediately dropped the paddle, and sullenly desisted from his attempt. This lad, who seemed to be so promptly obeyed, did not look to be more than thirteen or fourteen years of age. In answer to the question of the Frenchman, Arthur told him that we were Americans, and related very briefly how we had come into our present situation. He then informed us in turn, that he had been cast away, some six years before, in a French barque engaged in the tortoise-shell traffic, upon an uninhabited island, about forty miles from the one where he and those with him, now lived. After remaining there for more than a year, he and his companions, having reason to believe that they were in the neighborhood of a group occasionally visited by trading vessels, had set out in search of it, in a small boat. Their belief as to the existence and situation of these islands proved to be well founded; they had finally succeeded in reaching them, had been hospitably received and treated by the natives, among whom they had acquired considerable influence, but had as yet had no opportunity of returning home. . . .

He directed us to put up our sail, and steer after the canoe. He spoke with the air of one delivering a command, and evidently considered us entirely under his control. But of course we felt no disposition to object to what he directed. . . .

The young native who had interfered so effectually in Max's behalf, observing the eagerness with which we had devoured the doughy mass of pounded bread-fruit, tossed another cake of the same substance into the boat as we separated, which when distributed, afforded a morsel or two to each of us. I had particularly observed this boy on the first approach of the canoe, from the circumstance of his occupying a small raised platform, or dais, of wicker-work covered with mats. . . .

We had been sailing in the wake of the canoe, perhaps half an hour, when I observed in the south-west, a singularly shaped cloud to which a dark column extending downward to the sea appeared to be attached. This column was quite narrow at the base, but enlarged as it rose, until just below the point of union with the cloud, it spread outward like a gothic pillar, diverging into arches as it meets the roof. I surveyed this strange spectacle for several minutes before its true character occurred to me. It was already observed by those in the canoe, and from their exclamations and gestures, they evidently viewed it with apprehension and dread.

It was moving slowly towards us, and we also watched with feelings in which alarm began to predominate over curiosity and interest, the majestic approach of this vast body of water (as we now perceived it to be,) held by some secret power, suspended between heaven and earth.

"It appears to be moving north before the wind," said Arthur, at length; "if it keeps on its present course, it will pass by, at a safe distance on our left."

This seemed probable; but we felt disposed to give it a still wider berth, and shifting the sail, we steered in a north-easterly direction. Scarcely had our sail filled on the new tack, when a cry of terror again drew attention to the canoe, and the natives were seen pointing to another water-spout, moving slowly round from the east to the north, and threatening to intercept us in the course we were pursuing. This, unlike the first, was a cylindrical column of water, of about the same diameter throughout its entire length, extending in a straight and unbroken line from the ocean to the heavens. Its upper extremity was lost amid a mass of clouds, in which I fancied I could perceive the effects of the gradual diffusion of the water drawn from the sea, as it wound its way upward with a rapid spiral motion, and poured into that elevated reservoir. As the process went on, the cloud grew darker, and seemed to stoop with its accumulating weight of waters.

Our position was fast becoming embarrassing and dangerous. We had changed our course to avoid the first water-spout, and now we were confronted by another still nearer at hand.

For a moment all was confusion, indecision, and dismay. . . .

"What can we do, then?" exclaimed Max; "we can't sail in the teeth of the wind."

"I am for going about to the left again, and steering as near the wind as possible," said Arthur, "the one on that side is farthest north."

This was the course which the natives had already adopted, and they were now steering nearly south-west. We immediately followed their example, and the fore and aft rig of the yawl enabled us to sail nearer the wind than they could do.

In a few moments the funnel-shaped water-spout, which we had first seen, had passed off northward, and was at such a distance as to remove all apprehensions on account of it. Not so,

however, with the second; for hardly had we tacked again, when, notwithstanding that we were to windward of it, it began to move rapidly towards us.

Its course was not direct and uniform, but it veered now to the right, and now to the left, rendering it difficult for us to decide which way to steer in order to avoid it.

Arthur sat at the helm, pale, but quite calm and collected, his eyes steadfastly fixed on the advancing column, while Johnny crouched at his side, holding fast one of his hands in both his own. Morton held the sheet, and stood ready to shift the sail, as the emergency might require.

Onward it came, towering to the skies, and darkening the ocean with its impending bulk: soon we could perceive the powerful agitation of the water far around its base, and within the vortex of its influence: a dense cloud of spray, thrown off in its rapid revolutions, enveloped its lower extremity: the rushing sound of the water as it was drawn upward, was also distinctly audible. And now it seemed to take a straight course for the canoe. The natives, with the exception of the boy, threw themselves down in the bottom of the boat in abject terror; it was indeed an appalling spectacle, and calculated to shake the stoutest heart, to see that vast mass of water, enough as it seemed, to swamp the navies of the world, suspended so strangely over them.

The Frenchman appeared to be endeavoring to get the natives to make some exertion, but in vain. He and the boy then seized a couple of paddles, and made a frantic effort to escape the threatened danger: but the whirling pillar was almost upon them, and it seemed as though they were devoted to certain destruction. The Frenchman now threw down his paddle, and sat with his hands folded on his breast, awaiting his fate. The boy, after speaking earnestly to his companion, who merely shook his head, stood up in the prow of the canoe, and casting one shuddering look at the dark column, he joined his hands above his head, and plunged into the sea. In a moment he came to the surface, and struck out vigorously towards us.

The canoe seemed already within the influence of the water-spout, and was drawn towards it with the violently agitated waters around its base. The Frenchman, unable longer to endure the awful sight, bowed his head upon his hands; another moment, and he was lost to sight in the circle of mist and spray that encircled the foot of the column; then a strong oscillation began to be visible in the body of the water-spout; it swayed heavily to and fro; the cloud at its apex seemed to stoop, and the whole mass broke and fell, with a noise that might have been heard for miles. The sea, far around was crushed into smoothness by the shock; immediately where the vast pillar had stood, it boiled like a caldron; then a succession of waves, white with foam, came circling outward from the spot, extending even to us.

The native boy, who swam faster than we sailed, was already within forty or fifty yards of us, and we put about and steered for him: in a moment he was along side, and Arthur, reaching out his hand, helped him into the boat. . . .

We sailed backward and forward in the neighborhood of the place, carefully scrutinizing the surface in every direction, and traversing several times, the spot, as nearly as we could determine it, where the canoe had last been seen: but our search was fruitless: the long billows swelled and subsided with their wonted regularity, and their rippled summits glittered as brightly in the sunshine as ever, but they revealed no trace of those whom they had so suddenly and remorselessly engulfed. . . .

The native lad now seemed to be quite overwhelmed with grief. He had made no manifestations of it while we were endeavoring to discover some trace of his companions, but

when at length we relinquished the attempt, and it became certain that they had all perished, he uttered a low, wailing cry, full of distress and anguish, and laying his head upon his hands, sobbed bitterly.

THE OLD MILL.

Bright in the foreground of wood and hill,
Close by the bank of my native rill,
Rumbling early ere dawn of light,
Rumbling late through the winter night,
When all the air and the earth is still,
Toileth and groaneth the old red mill.

Around its cupola, tall and white,
The swallows wheel in their summer flight;
The elm trees wave o'er its mossy roof,
Keeping their boughs from its touch aloof,
Although four stories above the rill,
Towereth aloft the old red mill.

Idly now in its tower is swung,
The brazen bell with lolling tongue;
Above, the vane on the rod point shows
Which way the wind in its changes blows;
While down in the waters, deep and still,
Is the mirrored face of the old red mill.

The winds through its empty casements sweep,
Filling its hall with their wailings deep:
Its rotten beams in the tempest's sway,
O'er its iron rod the lightnings play;
Yet brave and bold by the fair green hill,
Like a bridegroom, standeth the old red mill.

Fair forms once moved through those spacious rooms,
Fair hands once tended its clattering looms;
Those walls with the spider's tapestry hung,
With the music and laughter of youth have rung;
But now the song and the laugh are still,
In the upper lofts of the old red mill.

But down below still the work goes on;—
In the groaning vortex the "waste" is thrown;
While heavily turneth the pondrous wheel,
And the web comes forth o'er the whirling reel;
Good honest service it doeth still,
That shattered and wind-swept old red mill.

And one, who with long and patient care,
Kept guardian watch o'er labors there,—
Who at early morning and evening late,
By those groaning engines was wont to wait,
That he with comfort his home might fill,
No longer treads through the old red mill.

No more we see him, with silvery hair,
Slowly ascending the broken stair
That leads from that doorway, with rubbish strewed,
Up the steep green bank to the village road;
Or, pausing awhile on the brow of the hill,
Gaze thoughtfully down on the old red mill.

He has passed away with his kindly smile,
With his heart so cheerful and free from guile;
Sweet is his memory, sweet and dear,
To the friends that loved him while he was here;
And long will the depths of our being thrill,
To the memories linked with the old red mill.

To the memories linked with the old red mill.

The sire has passed, and ah! *not alone*,
Another link from our chain is gone!
Another whose heart of love is cold,
Whose form has passed to the dust and mould,
No more will cross our cottage sill,
Or gaze with us on the old red mill.

Then let old ruin about it lurk,
Let it rumble on in its daily work:
It will pass away as they have passed.
For we all must tottle and fall at last;
Well would it be could we each fulfil
As patient a lot as the old red mill!

MRS. MAYO.

A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything. He is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked, that every one tries a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated person, who was surrounded by enemies, used to say: “They are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.” Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk. There will be a reaction, if you do but perform your duty; and hundreds, who were once alienated from you, will flock to you, and acknowledge their error.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, OR LIFE AMONG THE LOWLY.
HALEY'S DELAY AND PURSUIT.—ELIZA'S STRUGGLE AND NARROW ESCAPE.

CHAPTER VI.

Though Mrs. Shelby had promised that the dinner should be hurried on the table, yet it was soon seen, as the thing has often been seen before, that it required more than one to make a bargain. So, although the order was fairly given out in Haley's hearing, and carried to Aunt Chloe by at least half a dozen juvenile messengers, that dignitary only gave certain very gruff snorts, and tosses of her head, and went on with every operation in an unusually leisurely and circumstantial manner.

For some singular reason, an impression seemed to reign among the servants generally that Missis would not be particularly disobliged by delay; and it was wonderful what a number of counter accidents occurred constantly, to retard the course of things. . . .

There was from time to time giggling news brought into the kitchen that "Mas'r Haley was mighty oneasy, and that he couldn't sit in his cheer no ways, but was a walkin' and stalkin' to the winders and through the porch."

"Sarves him right!" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly. "He'll get wus nor oneasy, one of these days, if he don't mend his ways."

Aunt Chloe, who was much revered in the kitchen, was listened to with open mouth; and, the dinner being now fairly sent in, the whole kitchen was at leisure to gossip with her, and to listen to her remarks.

"Sich 'll be burnt up forever, and no mistake; won't ther?" said Andy.

"I'd be glad to see it, I'll be boun'," said little Jake.

"Chil'en!" said a voice, that made them all start. It was Uncle Tom, who had come in, and stood listening to the conversation at the door.

"Chil'en!" he said, "I'm afeard you don't know what ye're sayin'. Forever is a *dre'ful* word, chil'en; it's awful to think on't. You oughtenter wish that ar to any human crittur."

"We wouldn't to anybody but the soul-drivers," said Andy; "nobody can help wishing it to them, they's so awful wicked."

"Don't natur herself kinder cry out on em?" said Aunt Chloe.

. . . "Don't dey tear wife and husband apart?" said Aunt Chloe, beginning to cry, "when it's jest takin' the very life on 'em?—and all the while does they feel one bit,—don't dey drink and smoke, and take it oncommon easy? Lor, if the devil don't get them, what's he good for?" And Aunt Chloe covered her face with her checked apron, and began to sob in good earnest.

"Pray for them that 'spitefully use you, the good book says," says Tom. . . .

The bell here rang, and Tom was summoned to the parlor.

"Tom," said his master, kindly, "I want you to notice that I give this gentleman bonds to forfeit a thousand dollars if you are not on the spot when he wants you; he's going to-day to

look after his other business, and you can have the day to yourself. Go anywhere you like, boy."

"Thank you, Mas'r," said Tom.

"And mind yerself," said the trader, "and don't come it over your master with any o' yer nigger tricks; for I'll take every cent out of him, if you an't thar. If he'd hear to me, he wouldn' trust any on ye—slippery as eels!"

"Mas'r," said Tom,—and he stood very straight,—"I was jist eight years old when ole Missis put you into my arms, and you wasn't a year old. 'Thar,' says she, 'Tom, that's to be *your* young Mas'r; take good care on him,' says she. And now I jist ask you, Mas'r, have I ever broke word to you, or gone contrary to you, 'specially since I was a Christian?"

Mr. Shelby was fairly overcome, and the tears rose to his eyes.

"My good boy," said he, "the Lord knows you say but the truth; and if I was able to help it, all the world shouldn't buy you."

"And sure as I am a Christian woman," said Mrs. Shelby, "you shall be redeemed as soon as I can any way bring together means. Sir," she said to Haley, "take good account of who you sell him to, and let me know."

"Lor, yes, for that matter," said the trader, "I may bring him up in a year, not much the wuss for wear, and trade him back."

At two o'clock Sam and Andy brought the horses up to the posts, apparently greatly refreshed and invigorated by the scamper of the morning.

Sam was there new oiled from dinner, with an abundance of zealous and ready officiousness. As Haley approached, he was boasting, in flourishing style, to Andy, of the evident and eminent success of the operation, now that he had "farly come to it."

"Your master, I s'pose, don't keep no dogs," said Haley, thoughtfully, as he prepared to mount.

"Heaps on 'em," said Sam, triumphantly; "thar's Bruno—he's a roarer! and, besides that, 'bout every nigger of us keeps a pup of some natur or other."

"Poh!" said Haley. . . . "But your master don't keep no dogs (I pretty much know he don't) for trackin' out niggers."

Sam knew exactly what he meant, but he kept on a look of earnest and desperate simplicity.

"Our dogs all smells round considerable sharp. I spect they's the kind, though they han't never had no practice. They's *far* dogs, though, at most any thing, if you'd get 'em started. Here, Bruno," he called, whistling to the lumbering Newfoundland, who came pitching tumultuously toward them.

"You go hang!" said Haley, getting up. "Come, tumble up now."

Sam tumbled up accordingly, dexterously contriving to tickle Andy as he did so, which occasioned Andy to split out into a laugh, greatly to Haley's indignation, who made a cut at him with his riding-whip.

"I's 'stonished at yer, Andy," said Sam, with awful gravity. "This yer's a seris bisness, Andy. Yer mustn't be a makin' game. This yer an't no way to help Mas'r."

“I shall take the straight road to the river,” said Haley, decidedly, after they had come to the boundaries of the estate. “I know the way of all of ’em,—they makes tracks for the underground.”

“Sartin,” said Sam, “dat’s de idee. Mas’r Haley hits de thing right in the middle. Now der’s two roads to de river,—de dirt road and der pike,—which Mas’r mean to take?” . . .

THE MOTHER'S STRUGGLE.

It is impossible to conceive of a human creature more wholly desolate and forlorn than Eliza, when she turned her footsteps from Uncle Tom's cabin.

Her husband's suffering and dangers, and the danger of her child, all blended in her mind, with a confused and stunning sense of the risk she was running, in leaving the only home she had ever known, and cutting loose from the protection of a friend whom she loved and revered. Then there was the parting from every familiar object,—the place where she had grown up, the trees under which she had played, the groves where she had walked many an evening in happier days, by the side of her young husband,—everything, as it lay in the clear, frosty starlight, seemed to speak reproachfully to her, and ask her whither could she go from a home like that? . . .

An hour before sunset, she entered the village of T——, by the Ohio river, weary and foot-sore, but still strong in heart. Her first glance was at the river, which lay, like Jordan, between her and the Canaan of liberty on the other side.

It was now early spring, and the river was swollen and turbulent; great cakes of floating ice were swinging heavily to and fro in the turbid waters. Owing to the peculiar form of the shore on the Kentucky side, the land bending far out into the water, the ice had been lodged and detained in great quantities, and the narrow channel which swept round the bend was full of ice, piled one cake over another, thus forming a temporary barrier to the descending ice, which lodged, and formed a great, undulating raft filling up the whole river, and extending almost to the Kentucky shore.

Eliza stood, for a moment, contemplating this unfavorable aspect of things, which she saw at once must prevent the usual ferry-boat from running, and then turned into a small public house on the bank, to make a few inquiries.

The hostess, who was busy in various fizzing and stewing operations over the fire, preparatory to the evening meal, stopped, with a fork in her hand, as Eliza's sweet and plaintive voice arrested her.

"What is it?" she said.

"Isn't there any ferry or boat, that takes people over to B——, now?" she said.

"No, indeed!" said the woman; "the boats has stopped running." . . .

Here we must take our leave of her for the present, to follow the course of her pursuers.

In consequence of all the various delays, it was about three-quarters of an hour after Eliza had laid her child to sleep in the village tavern that the party came riding into the same place. Eliza was standing by the window, looking out in another direction, when Sam's quick eye caught a glimpse of her. Haley and Andy were two yards behind. At this crisis, Sam contrived to have his hat blown off, and uttered a loud and characteristic ejaculation, which startled her at once; she drew suddenly back; the whole train swept by the window, round to the front door.

A thousand lives seemed to be concentrated in that one moment to Eliza. Her room opened by a side door to the river. She caught her child, and sprang down the steps towards it. The trader caught a full glimpse of her, just as she was disappearing down the bank; and throwing

himself from his horse, and calling loudly on Sam and Andy, he was after her like a hound after a deer. In that dizzy moment her feet to her scarce seemed to touch the ground, and a moment brought her to the water's edge. Right on behind they came; and, nerved with strength such as God gives only to the desperate, with one wild cry and flying leap, she vaulted sheer over the turbid current by the shore, on to the raft of ice beyond. It was a desperate leap—impossible to anything but madness and despair; and Haley, Sam, and Andy, instinctively cried out, and lifted up their hands, as she did it.

The huge green fragment of ice on which she alighted pitched and creaked as her weight came on it, but she staid there not a moment. With wild cries and desperate energy she leaped to another and still another cake, . . . till dimly, as in a dream, she saw the Ohio side, and a man helping her up the bank.

"Yer a brave gal, now, whoever ye ar!" said the man.

Eliza recognized the voice and face of a man who owned a farm not far from her old home.

"O, Mr. Symmes!—save me—do save me—do hide me!" said Eliza.

"Why, what's this?" said the man. "Why, if 'tan't Shelby's gal!"

"My child!—this boy!—he'd sold him! There is his Mas'r," said she, pointing to the Kentucky shore. "O, Mr. Symmes, you've got a little boy!"

"So I have," said the man, as he roughly, but kindly, drew her up the steep bank. "Besides, you're a right brave gal. I like grit, wherever I see it."

When they had gained the top of the bank, the man paused.

"I'd be glad to do something for ye," said he; "but then there's nowhar I could take ye. The best I can do is to tell ye to go *thar*," said he, pointing to a large white house which stood by itself, off the main street of the village. "Go thar; they're kind folks. Thar's no kind o' danger but they'll help you,—they're up to all that sort o' thing."

"The Lord bless you!" said Eliza, earnestly. . . .

Haley had stood a perfectly amazed spectator of the scene, till Eliza had disappeared up the bank, when he turned a blank, inquiring look on Sam and Andy.

"That ar was a tolable fair stroke of business," said Sam.

. . . "Wal, now," said Sam, scratching his head, "I hope Mas'r'll 'scuse us tryin' dat ar road. Don't think I feel spry enough for dat ar, no way!" and Sam gave a hoarse chuckle.

"*You* laugh!" said the trader, with a growl.

. . . "Bless you, Mas'r, I couldn't help it, now," said Sam, giving way to the long pent-up delight of his soul. "She looked so curi's, a leapin' and springin'—ice a crackin' how she goes it!" and Sam and Andy laughed till the tears rolled down their cheeks. . . .

"Good-evening, Mas'r!" said Sam, with much gravity. "I berry much spect Missis be anxious 'bout Jerry. Mas'r Haley won't want us no longer. Missis wouldn't hear of our ridin' the critters over Lizy's bridge to-night;" and, with a facetious poke into Andy's ribs, he started off, followed by the latter, at full speed,—their shouts of laughter coming faintly on the wind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ECCENTRIC NATURALIST.

"What an odd looking fellow!" said I to myself, as, while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back.—"How the boatmen stare at him. Sure he must be an original." He ascended with a rapid step, and approaching me, asked if I could point out the house of Mr. Audubon. "Why, I am the man," said I, "and will gladly lead you to my dwelling."

The traveller rubbed his hands together with delight, and, drawing a letter from his pocket, handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal, and read as follows:—"My dear Audubon, I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe me, always your friend, B." With all the simplicity of a backwoodsman, I asked the bearer where the odd fish was, when M. de T., (for, kind reader, the individual in my presence was none else than that renowned naturalist,) smiled, rubbed his hands, and with the greatest good humor said, "I am that odd fish I presume, Mr. Audubon." I felt confounded, and blushed, but contrived to stammer out an apology.

We soon reached the house, when I presented my guest to my family, and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. de T.'s luggage, when he told me he had none but what he brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds, which had at first drawn my attention. He said in the gayest mood imaginable, that he had walked a great distance, and had only taken a passage on the *ark* to be put on this shore, and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. At table, however, his agreeable conversation made us forget his singular appearance; and, indeed, it was only as we strolled in the garden that his attire struck me as very remarkable: a long loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse for the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him like a sack; a waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to the chin, reached below over a pair of light pantaloons, the lower parts of which were buttoned down to the ankle; his beard was long, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders; his forehead was so broad and prominent that any tyro of phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong powers; his words impressed an assurance of rigid truth; and as he directed the conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemachus could have listened to Mentor. He had come to visit me, he said, expressly to see my drawings, having been told that my representations of birds were accompanied with those of shrubs and plants, and he was desirous of knowing whether I might have in my collection any with which he was unacquainted. I observed some impatience in his request to be allowed to see what I had. We returned to the house, when I opened my portfolio and laid them before him.

He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely, he shook his head, and said no such plant existed in nature; for, kind reader, M. de T., although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father Malebranche's expression, acquired a "venerable beard." I told him that the plant was common in the immediate neighborhood, and that I would show it to him on the morrow. "And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon; let us go now." We did so, and on reaching the bank of

the river, I pointed to the plant. M. de T., I thought, had gone mad; he plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got not merely a new species but a new genus.— When we returned home the naturalist opened the bundle which he had brought on his back, and took out a journal, rendered water-proof by a leather case, together with a small parcel of linen, examined the new plant and wrote its description. The examination of my drawings went on. His criticisms were of the greatest advantage to me; being well acquainted with books as well as with nature, he was well fitted to give me advice. I was indeed heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof.

Several days passed, during which we followed our several occupations: M. de T. searched the woods for plants, and I for birds. He remained with us three weeks, and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats, and fishes. We were fully reconciled to his oddities, and finding him a most agreeable companion, hoped his sojourn might be of long duration. But one evening, when we expected him to join the family at tea, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses and other valuables were all removed from his room. That night was spent in searching for him, but no eccentric naturalist could be found. Whether he had perished in a swamp, or had been devoured by a bear or a garfish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture; nor was it until some weeks after, that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety.—*National Magazine.*

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Soda Biscuit.—Six ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, one tea-spoonful of the carbonate of soda, one pint of milk, flour enough to form a dough. Melt the butter in the milk, and dissolve the soda in it. Stir in the sugar, and add flour enough to form a stiff dough. Knead it well, then roll it out thin, then knead it up again till it is light and smooth. Roll it out in sheets about a quarter of an inch thick, cut it out into cakes, and bake them in a rather hot oven.

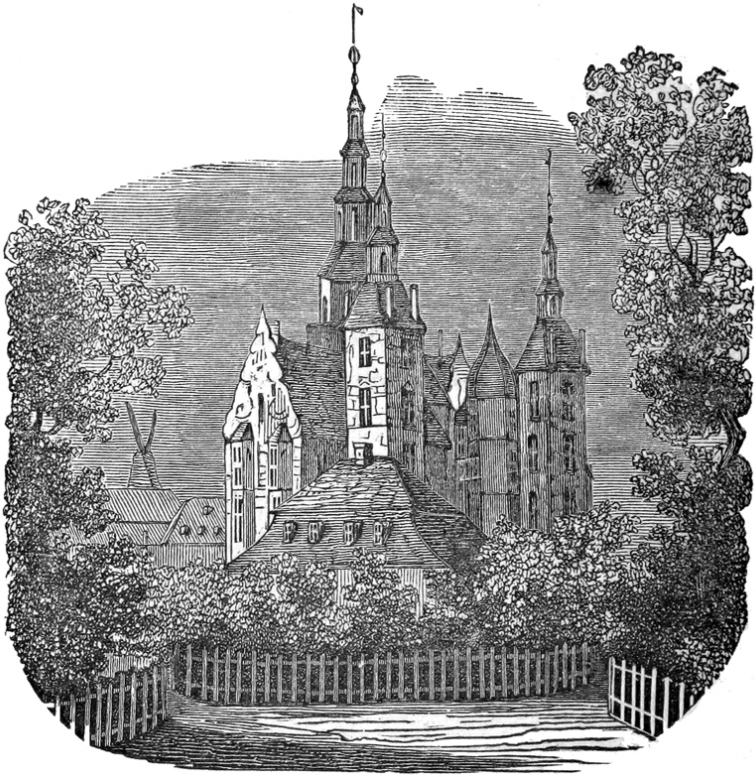
Preserved Pumpkins.—Cut a thick yellow pumpkin, peeled, into strips two inches wide, and five or six long. Take a pound white sugar for each pound of fruit, and scatter it over the fruit, and pour on two wine-glasses of lemon-juice for each pound of pumpkin. Next day, put the parings of one or two lemons, with the fruit and sugar, and boil the whole three-quarters of an hour, or long enough to make it tender and clear, without breaking. Lay the pumpkin to cool, and strain the syrup, and pour it on the pumpkin. If there is too much lemon peel, it will be bitter.

To Pickle Onions.—Peel, and boil in milk and water ten minutes, drain off the milk and water, and pour scalding spiced vinegar to them.

To Pickle Tomatoes.—As you gather them, throw them into cold vinegar. When you have enough, take them out, and scald some spices tied in a bag, in good vinegar, and pour it hot on them.

Pickled Cabbage.—Shred red and white cabbage, spread it in layers in a stone jar, with salt over each layer. Put two spoonfuls of whole black pepper, and the same quantity of allspice, cloves, and cinnamon, in a bag, and scald them in two quarts of vinegar, and pour the vinegar over the cabbage, and cover it tight. Use it in two days after.

To Cement Stone on Wood.—The following is a very secure manner, and will not be injured by water. The stone, say a hone, must first be made perfectly flat on the side that is intended to be fastened to the wood; the wood, also, must be flat, and roughened with a rasp. When the stone and wood are thus prepared, take stucco, or plaster of Paris, and mix with it melted glue, not too thin or watery, and lay this mixture evenly over both surfaces to be joined, place the stone on its situation, press it a little, and lay it by for twenty-four hours, or so, till the mixture hardens.



PALACE OF ROSENBERG, COPENHAGEN.

Copenhagen, the capital of Denmark, is one of the finest cities in Northern Europe. Its situation is favorable for commerce, having a fine harbor; and it is noted for its docks, and its extensive fortifications. It stands on the two islands of Zealand, and Amager—principally on the former. The city is divided into two parts, by a canal running up to the Royal New Market, and by a street called Gother Gade. The northern part is called the New Town, and the southern the Old Town. Both of these contain many fine public buildings, among which are the Amejien Plads, (or Amalian Place), surrounded by four palaces—the Exchange, the Mint, the Royal Museum, and the Palace of Rosenberg.

The city is entirely surrounded by a wide rampart, with a deep moat beyond. This rampart is now used as a public promenade, and forms a beautiful walk, being about four miles in extent; and adorned with rows of trees.

There is quite a contrast in the style of architecture in the two parts of the city. In the New Town, the simple style of building found in the modern cities of Europe generally prevails; while in the Old Town, the semi-Gothic style is mostly seen. The New Town is remarkably well built. The streets are broad and regular. The houses in all parts of the city are built of brick, and are from three to four stories high. They are generally stuccoed, and painted white or lead color.

The Amalien Plads is situated not far from the harbor, in the New Town. Its form is circular, and it is intersected by two streets, which divide it into four parts. It is surrounded by four palaces, two of which are occupied by the king, and the other two by some of the branches of the royal family.

Among the various public buildings and palaces with which this city abounds, perhaps none is more interesting to a traveller than the Palace, or Chateau of Rosenberg. This is situated in the new part of the city. It was erected by Christian IV., and was his favorite place of residence. It is built in the Gothic style, with a high pointed roof, surmounted by four towers of different heights and dimensions. This palace is not now used as a residence, but as a place of deposit for various valuable articles collected by Christian IV., and by his successors. Among these treasures are the crown jewels and the thrones of the King and of the Queen; the latter is of massive gold. Here are also deposited many curious goblets and drinking horns, remarkable swords, and antique boxes, with many other costly articles. Here is the old iron sword of Christian II., with which he performed the wonderful feats which the Swedes attribute to him. The famous sword of Charles XII. is also found here. In this palace are deposited the vessels used at the baptism of the children of the royal family. These vessels are very precious. The cabinet of coins and medals, which is deposited here, is one of the richest in the world. It is said to contain eighty thousand specimens. Here is also a collection of glass and china ware, presented to Christian IV. by the Republic of Venice. Here is also the portrait of this Monarch, and his clothes, his saddle and hammock. As a whole, this is perhaps the most extensive collection of the kind in the world.

Connected with this palace is a beautiful and extensive garden. It is open to the public; and is as great a resort to the inhabitants of Copenhagen, as the gardens of the Tuilleries and Luxembourg are to the Parisians.

PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORTANT.

A large portion of mankind cannot be said to *live*, in the highest sense of the word. They, like vegetation, only proceed regularly through a series of natural changes to the termination of their earthly existence. Such cannot comprehend or appreciate the truly beautiful in this world. The germ of exalted happiness lies concealed in their inner being, far from the genial sunshine, which might expand it into bright flowers, and ripen it into perfect fruit. Something is wanting to stir the depths of such minds! Some outward influence to draw them from their own narrow views, and fix in them new principles and aims. Human life, to be made desirable, should be rightly understood! We should invest it with a moral sublimity, and with that greatness that looks beyond the rewards of this world. The cares, and toils, and little annoyances of every-day life, would weigh down the strongest heart, and paralyze the noblest efforts, if considered only with reference to the present; but when viewed as necessary to prepare us for immortal life, they become ennobling, and we resolutely surmount each day's trials with cheerfulness. The world is not wholly made up of the prosperous and wealthy. The majority are those who are struggling for a firm footing in the crowded pathway of life. But there are some who, by their own powers, have made themselves exceptions to the common lot, and have worked out, by their own energy of mind and purpose, a passage into the upper air of knowledge, and have thus become useful to their race.

"A traveller through a dusty road,
Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows;
And age was pleased in heats of noon
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The bird's sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way,
Amid the grass and fern;
A passing traveller scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old and yet 'twas new,—
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issues great—
A watch-fire on the hill;
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man amid a crowd,
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart.
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust,
And saved a soul from death.
O germ! O font! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last."

Energy of Character.—"I lately happened to notice," says Foster, "with some surprise, an ivy which, being prevented from attaching itself to the rock beyond had shot off into a hold elastic stem, with an air of as much importance as any branch of oak in the vicinity. So a human being thrown, whether by cruelty, injustice, or accident, from all social support and kindness, if he has any vigor of spirit, and is not in the bodily debility of either childhood or age, will instantly begin to act for himself, with a resolution that will appear like a new faculty."

Work if you would rise.—Richard Burke being found in a reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother Richard Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause, replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to

monopolise all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember, when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was not considered inferior in natural talents to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise, but work! work!

A Maxim of Washington.—"Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial life, *Conscience*," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principles, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unreserved devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame which illumined his whole life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstances so minute, as to absolve him from following its guiding way. The marginal explanation in his account book, in regard to the expenses of his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, with his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigencies of his country had cost him, furnishes a charming illustration of his habitual exactness. The fact that every barrel of flour which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West Indies,—that name being regarded as an ample guaranty of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed,—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was every where understood.

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR US ALL TO DO.

"There's something for us all to do,
In this great world of ours;
There's work for you, there's work for me,
Heaven sends no idle hours.
We have a mission to perform,
A post of trust to fill;
Then rouse the soul and nerve the arm,
And bend the lofty will.
Fame may not grave our names in brass,
Or monumental stone;
But virtue's trophies far surpass
What heroes ever won.

There's something for us all to do,
Whate'er may be our lot;
From jewelled loyalty unto
The peasant in his cot.
There's ignorance, with crime to stay,
And God's own truth to spread,
Despair and want to chase away,
And hope's bright beams to shed;
And not a man in this wide earth,
Who holds the Christian's creed,
But may hand down some deed of worth
The yet unborn may read."

A Noble Example.—"Many years ago, in an obscure country school in Massachusetts, a humble conscientious boy was to be seen, and it was evident to all that his soul was beginning to act and thirst for some intellectual good. He was alive to knowledge. Next we see him put forth on foot to settle in a remote town, and pursue his fortune there as a shoemaker, his tools being carefully sent on before him. In a short time he is busied in the post of county surveyor for Litchfield county, being the most accomplished mathematician in that part of the country. Before he is twenty-five years old, we find him supplying the astronomical matter of an almanac published in New York. Next he is admitted to the bar, a self-fitted lawyer. Next he is found on the bench of the Superior Court. Next he becomes a member of the Continental Congress. Then he is a member of the Committee of Six to frame the Declaration of Independence. He continued a member of Congress for nearly twenty years, and was acknowledged to be one of the most useful men and wisest councillors of the land. At length, having discharged every office with a perfect ability, and honored in every sphere the name of a Christian, he dies, regretted and respected by his state and nation. This man was Roger Sherman."

THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.
SELECTED.

She seeketh wool and flax, and walketh willingly with her hands. She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She is not afraid of the snow for her household; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh fine linen, and selleth it; and delivereth girdles unto the merchants. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple.

It was the pride of Augustus Cæsar, that his imperial robes, his fringed tunic, and costly girdle, were wrought in his own household, by the hands of his wife, his daughter, and his grand-daughter: and Alexander the Great, when advising the mother of Darius to teach her neices to imitate the Greek ladies in spinning wool, showed her the garments which he wore, and told her they were made by his sisters.

We are judged, not only by the expression of our sentiments, but by the hourly acts, which make up human life. The impulse which prompts the unconsidered word, the look which betrays the thought; the little things which, in their individual manifestation seem nothing, yet, the amount of which makes up the character, and causes it to be rightly read.

How much exquisite enjoyment is afforded by the mere possession of health; the pure taste, the high spirits which render existence an enjoyment, and a blessing; the good humor, the pleasure in innocent delights, the light refreshing sleep, the appetite that needs no dainties, the untiring footstep, and the placid breathing, which scarcely quickens at the ascent of a hill.

CHIDING

Reproach will seldom mend the young,
  If they are left to need it;
The breath of love must stir the tongue,
  If you would have them heed it.

How oft we see a child caressed,
  For little faults and failings
Which should have been at first suppressed,
  To save the after railings;

If, when the heart would go astray,
  You would the passion smother,
You must not tear the charm away,
  But substitute another.

Thus it is pleasant to be led,
  If he who leads will measure
The heart's affection by the head,
  And make pursuit a pleasure.

Make not one child a warning to another, but chide the offender apart; nevertheless, spare not, if thy word hath passed for punishment. *Verily*, there is nothing so true that the damps of error have not warped it. *Verily*, there is nothing so false, that a sparkle of truth is not in it. *Error* is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil; in the heart of the wise and good, alike with the wicked and foolish; for there is no error so crooked but it hath in it some lines of truth; nor is any poison so deadly, that it serveth not some wholesome use. A wise man in a street, winneth his way with gentleness, nor rudely pusheth aside the stranger that standeth in his way.

Origin of the word Teetotal.—The word teetotal originated with a Lancashire working man, who being unused to public speaking, and wishing to pronounce the word *total*, in connection with "abstinence from intoxicating liquors," hesitated, and pronounced the first letter by itself, and the word after it, making, altogether, the word "t-total." This fact it is well to know, because it refutes the vulgar notion, that *tee* has reference to tea.

Natural Compass.—It is a well-known fact, that in the prairies of Texas, a little plant is always to be found, which, under all circumstances of climate, change of weather, rain, frost, or sunshine, invariably turns its leaves and flowers to the north. If a weary traveller were making his way across those trackless wilds, without a star to guide, or a compass to direct him, he finds an unerring monitor in a humble plant, and he follows its guidance, certain that it will not mislead him.

A Miller's Portrait.—A miller wishing for a portrait of himself, applied to a painter to have it accomplished. "But," said he, "as I am a very industrious man, I wish to be painted as looking out of the window of my mill; but when any one looks at me, I wish to pop my head *in*, so as not to be thought lazy, or as spending too much time at the window." "Very well," said the painter, "it shall be done." He painted the mill, and the mill-window. The miller looked at it, and inquired, "Where is myself looking out?" "O," said the painter, "whenever any one looks at the mill, you know you pop *in* your head." "That's right," said the miller, "I am content; that's right, that will do."

A Beautiful Idea.—

" 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come."

In the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out, when it is bed-time, and sing their national song, until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers, answer them from the hills, on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

Iron Paper.—At the Prussian Industrial Exhibition, Count Renard, a large proprietor of iron-works, exhibits a sheet iron of such a degree of tenuity, that the leaves can be used for paper. Of the finest sort, the machinery rolls 7040 square feet, of what may be called leaf-iron, from a cwt. of metal. A bookbinder of Breslau has made an album of nothing else, the pages of which turn as flexible as the finest fabric of linen rags. As yet, no extensive application for this form of the metal has been found, but the manager says, the material must precede the use for it. Perhaps books may, hereafter, be printed for the tropics on these metallic leaves, and defy the destructive power of insects, of any color, or strength of forceps. We have only to invent a white ink, and the thing is done.

Physic, feasting, fretting,
Brandy, gin and betting,
Will kill the strongest man alive.
But water, air, and diet,
Domestic peace and quiet,
Will cause the weakest man to thrive.

See the rivers, how they run
Through woods, and meads, and shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep.

A GOOD RULE.

'Tis well to work with a cheerful heart,
Wherever our fortunes call;
With a friendly glance, and an open hand,
And a gentle word for all.

Since life is a thorny and difficult path,
Where toil is the portion of man,
We all should endeavor, while passing along,
To make it as smooth as we can.

Though heavy the burden on thy back,
And hilly and rough the road,
A smiling eye and a hopeful heart
Will bid a thousand cares depart,
And lighten every load.

EDITORIAL.

In this bustling world of ours, time fairly slips away from us, and unless we are doing something important, commencing or finishing some useful work to benefit ourselves and others, we are not acting well our part; but yield to a dreamy state. Now, this state of listlessness is one from which we ought to rouse ourselves, and not allow precious moments to glide uselessly away.

Our readers have seen the long warm summer days with their beautiful sunshine, and rich fruit and flowers, pass one after another away; and they may look back upon them as upon a pleasant moving picture, in which light and shade, refreshing green and golden tints, are gracefully blended. We rejoiced in the wooing breeze that played gently through the tree tops, or rustled the curtains of our city windows, and welcomed the reviving shower that came down upon the fields, and poured impetuously through our streets; but now the winds sweep rudely by, mournfully sighing Æolian music amid the forest trees, while the mellow graver light of Autumn already gives a variegated coloring to our fine landscape.

Perfection is written on fruits, and flowers, and trees, and all natural productions. They have fulfilled their destiny. So let us acquire grace and beauty, in perfecting ourselves for our higher destiny, by cultivating our minds and hearts; that each passing moment may bear some record of improvement, some noble reaching after excellence, and some proofs that we have not lived in vain.

It is astonishing how much the imagination has to do with our happiness. We have only to call it to our aid, and we seem talking, instead of writing, to our friends, the patrons of the "Maple Leaf"; and we feel a warm desire to be of service to them and to contribute to their amusement and instruction. We are confident that we shall succeed, for we have a large organ of hope, and a fair share of perseverance, in our composition, and these, with cheerful industry, will achieve wonders.

In this number, our young readers will get another pleasant chapter on the History of Canada. Ignorance of this subject is quite unpardonable in this age, where so much is written to make it interesting.

All will read with interest the account of the water-spout, as described by the young castaways in the South Pacific Ocean. We wish to encourage a love for the wonders of nature, and a study of the natural sciences, which is highly beneficial to the youthful, as well as to the mature mind. They furnish objects upon which we can exert a great amount of mental and physical activity.

We have to thank "A Subscriber" for his friendly suggestion, an expression we can appreciate. We are much pleased to receive any hints that will enable us to improve our magazine. We will say for his satisfaction that "Kom Ombus" was once a city on the banks of the Nile in Egypt, but is now a collection of ruins; a beautiful temple, dedicated to Ptolemy and his sister Cleopatra, is still standing, nearly entire. The wonderful displays of skill and energy, in quarrying stone for such gigantic columns as are still to be found at Kom Ombus, must have required the labor of thousands of men. Instruments of iron and steel were then unknown, all their exquisite sculpture was performed with copper tools; the tempering of this

metal is now a lost art. The allusion to Shem, and Japheth in the July number, and to O. J. Samsoe in the August number, do not throw much light upon the history of those personages. It was not our intention to give the biography of O. J. Samsoe; our object was to give an idea of the good sense and taste of the citizens of Copenhagen, with a brief description of their beautiful cemetery, and the time and circumstances which led to its establishment.

We have received some fine original pieces, too late for this month. The music was unavoidably omitted last month, owing to the absence of our musical compositor. The pattern for crochet work is entirely new, and will be much liked. Such is the demand for these articles, that Mrs. Walton finds it difficult to prepare them fast enough. We could hardly get one long enough for Mr. Welch to take a copy for the engraving. Extra patterns with description can be had at the Berlin Wool Rooms, Great St. James Street, for 3d each, or 2s 6d per dozen.

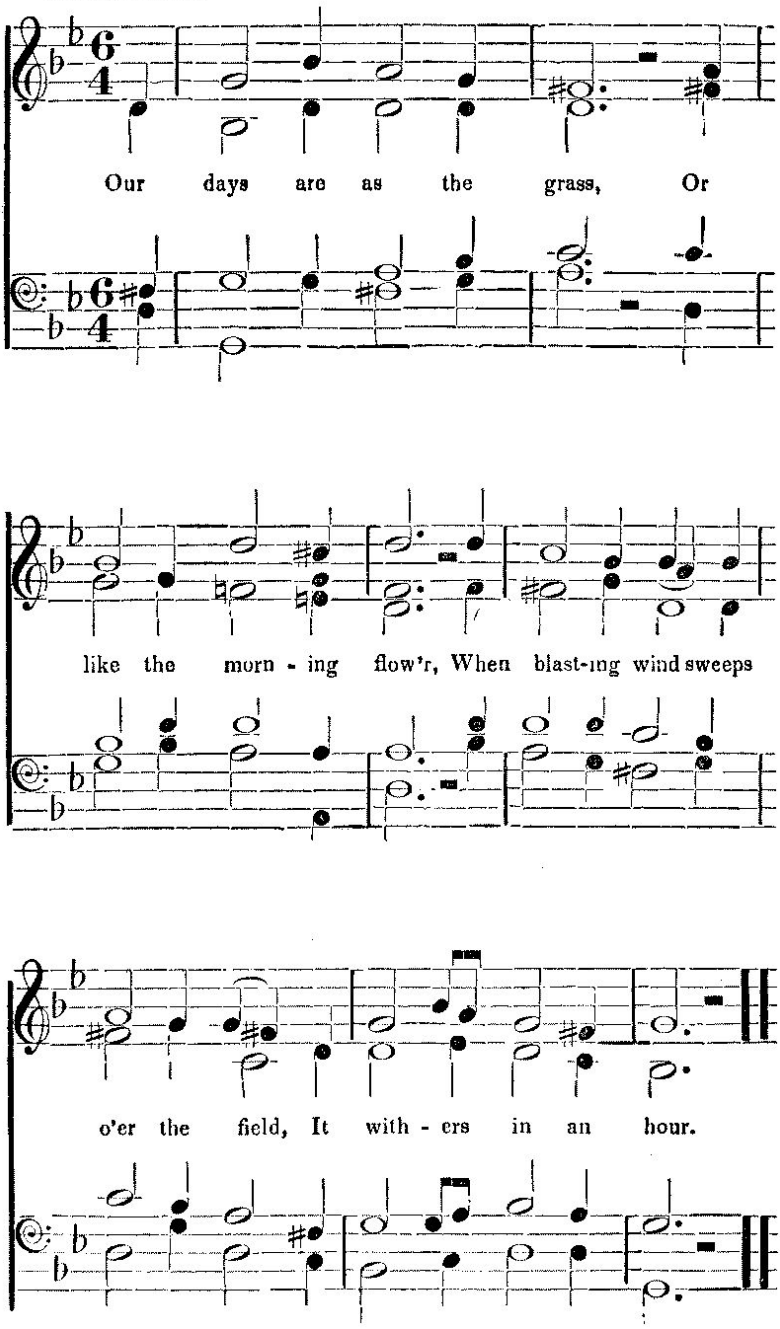
As all connected with this Magazine must suffer when the character of the publisher is attacked unjustly, we feel it our duty to put forth an effort to vindicate his rights, and assure all who read the "*Maple Leaf*," that the publisher acted in good faith towards the present proprietors of the "*Snow Drop*" and was not only very careful of their feelings, but most anxious to bring about an amicable arrangement.

In corroboration of our opinion we take the following postscript from his letter on the subject, No. 2, and extracts from letters No. 3, and 4, bearing their respective dates, April 29, 1852:—"If in the letter I have sent, there is anything that gives you pain, I beg you to believe that it was unintentional on my part. If I know myself, I desire to be very careful of the feelings of others, especially of the feelings of the ladies. However, it contains suggestions which I felt it my privilege, as publisher to make." Letter, No. 3, May 14, "Since completing the year for the Agricultural Journal, I have devoted my means and efforts to the '*Snow Drop*,' with the full intention of continuing my labors in the same laudable enterprise, and I shall be very sorry to place myself in the attitude of an opponent to any plan of your own." Letter, No. 4, May 17th:—"If I could have anticipated your wishes, in relation to a future arrangement, I might have given you perfect satisfaction. I have always had a careful regard to your sensitive nature, and have labored most assiduously to secure your approval, not only, but to do all consistently in my power to aid your pecuniary interest."

We refer our readers to the Publisher's letter, which appears on the cover of this number, and to his remarks on the cover of the September number, and trust they may remove any unfavorable impression.

MONTREAL, S. M.

ALLEGRETTO.



TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

In the section *Precepts inviting and important*, the paragraph starting *Work if you would rise*, talks of *his brother Richard Burke*. Quite probably that should be *Edmund Burke*, referred to as Ned later in the paragraph.

[The end of *The Maple Leaf, Volume 1, No. 4, October 1852* by Robert W. Lay & Eleanor H. Lay]