

THE
MAPLE LEAF.

A Juvenile Monthly Magazine.

Volume I, No. 6.

December 1852

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

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HISTORICAL RECOLLECTIONS.



JEFFRY, LORD AMHERST.

ord Amherst, who commanded the British army, at the surrender of Montreal, in September 1760, was born in Kent, England, January 29, 1717.

In his childhood he was noted for displaying great fondness for military life, and at that early period gave all his attention to the performance of martial evolutions. His father, observing his strong predilections, was induced to present him to one of his relatives, who was a Captain. The sparkling eyes, speaking countenance, and significant manners of the young aspirant, recommended him highly to the superior officers, and at the age of fifteen he received his first commission. Having distinguished himself on several occasions, by his modest, prudent, and calm conduct, as well as by his valor, and constant attention to duty, he was in 1741



appointed General Legonier's aide-de-camp. In this high capacity he continued to serve in the German fields, and thus was present at the battles of Duttingen, Fontenoy, and Rocoux. He was at the side of the Duke of Cumberland, as aide-de-camp, in the battle of Lauffeldt. On that remarkable day, young officer Amherst noticed and appreciated the celebrated James Wolfe, whose enthusiastic devotion and spirited bravery on the same field, drew forth the thanks of the Duke of Cumberland.

No sooner had Pitt established himself in office, than he revived the plan of an expedition against the French colonies in America. This statesman had discovered in Colonel Amherst sound sense, steady courage, and an active genius. He therefore recalled him from Germany, and setting aside military forms, promoted him to the rank of Major-General, and gave him the command of the troops sent against Louisbourg, (Cape Breton.) Hon. Edward Boscawen was chosen admiral of the fleet. Equipments were made with great zeal, and on February 19, 1758, the armament sailed from Portsmouth, for Halifax. General Amherst's army, which was almost exclusively British regulars, was put in motion, being divided into three brigades, under the Brigadier Generals, Whitmore, Laurence, and Wolfe. On the 2nd of June, the armament arrived off Cape Breton. The troops were landed near *Fresh Water Cove*, (Cormoran Creek,) four miles from the town. In a few days the British triumphed over every obstacle, and Amherst entered the city July 26th, and took possession of the whole island of Cape Breton. Many illustrious persons were present at this victorious scene: among whom were James Wolfe, the noble hero, who so gloriously fell on the plains of Abraham, and whose daring skill even then excited great admiration; James Murray, the first British Governor of Quebec; Commodore Durrell, the young Earl of Dundonald, who commanded the grenadiers of the 12th Regiment; and the renowned Captain Cooke, then serving as petty officer on board of a ship of war. After this brilliant action, in which he distinguished himself, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant in the Royal Navy. There were also Lord Rollo, Major Darling, &c. &c., and Amherst, the moving spirit, whose wisdom and energy had enshrined his name in the grateful affections of his countrymen. Just at this time, Abercrombie was overcome by the superior genius of Montcalm, in Canada. Amherst wished to follow up his success by pushing forward with his whole army to Quebec; but the engagement at Louisbourg, through the protracted defence of the skilful French Governor, Mr. Drucour, delayed the forces of Amherst too long, so that a descent upon Canada, was impracticable that year.

Amherst sailed for Boston, the last of August, and from thence pushed on through the wilderness to Lake George, where he left seasonable supplies with Abercrombie, and returned to Boston, and then to Halifax, to await orders from the English Government. Abercrombie endeavored to sustain himself against the French troops near Ticonderoga,^[1] near which place fell the gallant and good Lord Howe, and with him seemed to pass away the energy and spirit of the army. In this year Fort Duquesne was destroyed. The English officers, with unanimous consent, changed the name of the Fort to Pittsburg; a well earned compliment to the minister who planned the conquest of that large country. With this expedition concluded the campaign of 1758. Amherst was appointed Commander in chief of the British North American armies, in place of Abercrombie, who sailed for England the 24th of January following.

For the next campaign Pitt decided upon nearly the same plan of operations, which had partially succeeded before. The main body of the American army was assembled on the shores

of Lake George, being destined to penetrate Canada by the river Richelieu, and occupy Montreal. When Pitt cast his eyes over the maps of the Western world, and traced its network of lakes and rivers; noted its far stretching wilderness of forests, so solemn, and almost impenetrable; and remembered the resources of the brave Montcalm, we should expect that his zeal would have cooled, but he thought only of Wolfe and Amherst, and was sure of success. According to the plan, Amherst left New York April 28, 1759, and arrived in Albany, May 3rd, to pursue the great plan of the campaign. An alarming spirit of desertion broke out among the militia, but Amherst's promptness soon quelled it, and a great part of the army, with artillery and stores, arrived and encamped on the woody shores of Lake George, June 21st, and on July 21st, notwithstanding the heat of the weather, all was made ready, and troops and stores were embarked on the lakes. Amherst took Fort Ticonderoga from the French, and repaired it, and gave orders to increase the naval force on the lake. Then Crown Point was to be overcome. It was formerly called *Pointe-à-la-Chevelure*, situated about eighteen miles north of Ticonderoga. It was soon abandoned by the enemy, and Amherst took possession August 4th; thus securing two important forts. On the 16th of August, he learned that the French were so strongly intrenched in Isle-aux-noix, as to prevent him from joining Wolfe's army before Quebec; and he was forced to remain inactive until October, although every hour was precious. He succeeded in crossing the lake on Oct. 18th, when he learned that the fate of Quebec had been decided, and from the uncommonly sickly state of his Provincials, he was forced to prepare for the inglorious quiet of winter quarters. The next year Amherst left New York with part of his army, and proceeded to Oswego. He was followed by General Gage, and soon assembled his army on the shores of Lake Ontario, prepared to descend the St. Lawrence, upon the enemy's Capital, leaving Lake Champlain to Col. Haviland, whilst General Murray with the disposable portion of the garrison of Quebec, was to push up the St. Lawrence. On September 6th, the splendid army landed on Montreal, and invested it in form. On the 8th, the Marquis of Vaudreuil, who commanded in Montreal, signed the capitulation. All Canada was included in this capitulation; French troops were conveyed to France in British ships; and the Canadian Militia allowed to return peaceably to their homes. The French colonists were guaranteed the same civil privileges as British subjects, and the free enjoyment of their customs, laws and institutions. Thus General Amherst planned and executed an undertaking of the most striking interest. He continued to command in America until 1763, when he was recalled. He presented petitions at several times to the Imperial Government, requesting the donation of the Jesuits' Estates in Lower Canada; but he always met with a refusal, his Majesty's Government seeing the impropriety of investing an individual with all the property bestowed on an incorporated body, who had been favored with it for religious and public purposes.

Amherst was next appointed Governor of Guernsey, where he gave a high idea of his talents as administrator. His venerable Sovereign, George 3rd, created him Baron of Amherst, in Holmsdale, in 1776, and two years later, gave him the command of the British army. In 1787, Sir Jeffry Amherst, was raised to the peerage, under the title of Baron of Amherst of Montreal. A succession of honors attended him, until the period of his death, which took place in his castle of Kent, August 3rd, 1797, at the age of 80 years.

His career was wonderfully brilliant and successful. His time and talents had been faithfully devoted to military duty, from his early years, and the history of his life beautifully illustrates the truth, that unbending application to any pursuit, will assuredly be crowned with

success; and also reminds us that neither exalted station, nor high enjoyment of life, can exempt from the power of death. The veteran of many battles, and victories, must at last resign his commission, and join the ranks of the spirit land. At that hour, all scenes of earthly magnificence, and pomp, and the glorious voice of renown, that had so often thrilled his soldier-heart, faded and grew silent, and the untold sublimity of an eternal existence, asserted its sway. Happy was the great General, in his dying hour, if he could look with confidence to that Mighty Saviour, "by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice."

L. B.

He who can wait for what he desires, will not be excessively grieved if he fails of it. While he who labors after a thing too impatiently, will not think its possession, if he succeeds in obtaining it, a sufficient recompense for all the pains he has taken to secure it.

[1] *Chi-on-der-o-ga*, means great noise; (say the Indians.) It was near Fort Carrillon of the French, built and occupied by them in 1756, and was a strong post. Its ruins are seen in Essex County, N. Y., and are annually visited by a great number of travellers.—*Picturesque Tourists*.

GENEROSITY OF THE POOR.



aving taken considerable interest in the trials and struggles of the emigrants on their first coming to Canada, I often converse with them, and listen with pleasure to the simple recital of their early sufferings, and manifold difficulties; some of which are sufficient to excite the sympathy of harder hearts than mine. In many instances they serve to awaken feelings of admiration for the noble energies that have been called forth in the hearts of the British peasant, feelings, and powers, that had lain dormant, because, unawakened, or been crushed, and kept down by the cheerless influence of poverty, and its soul-depressing consequences. I have seen the poor man who, while at home, sank hopeless and despondent, beneath the chilling blast of want and disease, here, brave with manly energy the wants and privations of a new colony, and battle, without shrinking, the storms of adversity. Cold, hunger, excessive toil, disease, all in their severest forms, were met, and by turns overcome, or endured without murmuring. In all probability, it is these very trials which the members of an infant colony endure in their first outset, that give them that strength and energy, for which they have ever been noted, and which is ultimately the foundation of the true greatness of their adopted country, and of their prosperity, and that of their families.

I have met with many persons among the rich, and the thoughtless votaries of luxury, and pride, who maintained that the virtues of the poor, were at best but negative qualities—that there were few who acted well, but from interested motives, or from fear of the law; and that genuine, exalted virtue was rarely, if at all, to be found in the abodes of want and poverty. How many opportunities have I had both in England, and since my sojourn in this colony, of proving the untruthfulness of these allegations. A bright and beautiful example of disinterested benevolence at this minute recurs to my mind, and, as I love to look upon the sunny side of the picture, I shall make no apology for introducing to your notice, one of our poor neighbors, a young woman, who lives three miles up the river, in the opposite township, whose conduct is a lovely illustration of the widow, who was seen by our Lord, casting two mites into the treasury, for she, of her penury, hath done that for the fatherless and motherless children of her poor neighbor, which many persons better circumstanced than herself, would have hesitated to do. It is now between three and four years since a poor settler named Bulger, was accidentally killed by the fall of a tree, while chopping in the bush, (a casualty that sometimes happens,) his widow had three small children, the eldest boy not quite seven, the youngest child just able to run alone. Under these sad circumstances, the neighbors, who are not very well off, owing to the sterility of their lots of land, did for her all they could. They helped to put in her spring crops, say a little patch of potatoes, and corn, drew in firewood, logged her summer fallow, and showed by a thousand little kind acts, their genuine sympathy for her desolate situation. The summer passed, and the fall brought with it a sore and deadly sickness, a malignant intermittent, which bore close resemblance to the typhus fever. Among many fatal cases which occurred in the neighborhood, was that of the widow Bulger. The fever attacked her with great violence. Destitute of those little comforts, so necessary to the restoration of the sick, with only occasional attendance, such as her poor neighbors were able

to afford, distressed in mind by the wants and wailings of her little ones, and possibly weighed down by her melancholy state, no wonder that she fell a victim to the disease, crushed beneath an accumulation of evils. Still in her dying hours she wanted not the consolation of one kind tender friend to close her eyes, and assure her that she would be a mother to her orphan children. For ten days did this good young woman, Mrs. Jones, tend her on her sick bed, though within a few weeks of her own confinement, and with the tie of three small children at home. She devoted as much time as duty to her family would admit, and it was in her friendly arms that the poor widow breathed her last. When all was over her sorrowful nurse took her away through the woods, to her own humble dwelling, bearing in her arms the youngest child, while the two elder ones clung to her gown weeping—"and sad enough it made me to hear the poor creatures ask me day after day, to take them back to see poor mammy," said the kind creature, when telling me, with eyes filled with tears, of the sad death of the widow. After a little time two of the neighbors, who could better afford their maintenance, took the two elder children, who would soon become useful to them, though none seemed disposed to burden themselves with the helpless little one. But it became dearer each day to the heart of its adopted mother, and precious in her eyes. It ate of the scanty portion of her children's bread, and drank of her own cup, shared the cradle-bed of her own babe, and was to her as a daughter.

"Indeed Madam," she said, "I have had little Bridget now two years, and she is as dear to me, every bit as any of my own, for the little thing seems to know that I have been good to her, and clings to me with more than a daughter's love. If I am away for a few hours, she is the first to run smiling to me, and say, 'Mammy Jones come back.' She is as gentle as a lamb, and seems to have thought beyond her years; for she is sure to tell me if any thing has gone wrong during my absence. I do not think I could bear to part with the child, unless I were well assured she would be taken good care of; and she shall never want the bit or the sup, while I have a potatoe, or a drop of milk to give her." At this very time, want and sickness had visited her log-hut, and potatoes and milk were all she had to support her family. The harvest had proved a failure, and her own babe was languishing at her breast for want of nourishment. I saw her not many weeks ago, she was in ill-health, and her baby was dead, but she told me with tears of joy shining in her soft hazel eyes, that a kind good lady had taken her little adopted one, and had promised to bring it up, and do well by it, "better indeed than I could do for her; and she was dressed so beautifully, just like a lady's child, but she says she will never forget her mammy Jones." Indeed it were a pity she should ever forget the kind-hearted friend, who had cherished her in her desolate infancy.

This poor woman has had her own share of trials since she came into the bush. You would have been interested in the account she gave of the first year of their settlement, "we were," said she, "too poor to make any stay at a town, when we came up the country, after paying the first instalment on our lot, (which is unfortunately of the worst description, almost one block of stone,) we had but a few dollars remaining; so I agreed with my husband, as it was then early in the spring, to go directly to the land, and try what we could do in putting up a bit of a hut, which people told us, a man with a little help from his wife could do in one day; but it was nightfall before we reached the place, and much ado, we had to make it out, I had two little children, one at the breast, and another not much more than a babe. These I had to carry, one on my back, the other in my arms, while my husband bore what bedding and utensils he could carry on his back. As ill-luck would have it, before we could get even a few boughs cut

down to shelter us, one of the most awful tempests came on that I ever witnessed. The thunder and lightning made my very heart tremble within me, and the torrents of rain that came down, drenched us entirely. I had much ado to keep the children dry, by covering them with everything I could get together, and setting up a blanket on sloping sticks, over the place where they lay; but the poor things were so weary that they slept without heeding the roaring thunder, or the rain; and so we passed the first night in the bush." The next day, she said, they set to work quite early; her husband chopped down the trees, and cut them into lengths, while she tended the children, and did what she could to help. Then they put up the hut. She with the aid of a handspike helped to roll up the logs, and lay the foundation of their little dwelling; and when the walls were raised, she stood on the upper logs, and helped to haul them up with a rope, then her husband notched and fixed them; so that by dint of hard labor, their outside walls were raised ere night; and a few cedar, and hemlock boughs closed them in, till they were able to lay a roof of troughed sapwood the next day. After that they raised a wall of stones and clay, against one end, which served for a chimney, with a square hole cut in the roof to let out the smoke. They next chopped a bit of ground for potatoes. I forget now how they got on, but I think badly, and suffered from want of food during the winter. In the spring the wife fell ill with intermittent fever, and was reduced to the most deplorable condition. She also lost one of her children that year. Her husband was at last obliged to leave her to get work at some distance, that he might procure food to keep them from absolute starvation. Just imagine the dreadful condition to which these poor creatures were reduced, when the husband was forced to leave his sick, helpless starving wife and children alone. It so chanced that the person to whom he applied for work, was a good and charitable man. He noticed the anxiety of the distressed husband, and asked the cause. This was soon made known, and without waiting for farther proof, the master instantly hurried him off to the relief of his suffering wife, loaded with food and necessaries for her and the children. "Oh, madam," said she, "sure never was sight so welcome to my eyes, as that of my husband, when he came in, and set before me, first one thing and then another; and I believe that want of food was one cause of my illness, for in a little while, I got well and strong. Our good master would never let my husband go home of a Saturday night, without something for me; and his dear wife would fill a basket with cakes, and butter, and milk, and eggs, and all sorts of nice things, for me; and never as long as I live, shall I forget the goodness of that blessed couple to me and mine."

The above sketch was written some years ago, and appeared in that excellent work, "Chambers's Journal." It was an extract from my "Forest Gleanings," and is so illustrative of Canadian scenes and characters, that I have not scrupled to restore it to its original place among them. It may not be uninteresting for my readers to know, that Bridget Jones, the heroine of my narrative, (and she was a heroine, though one in a lowly station,) has bettered her condition, by leaving the hemlock rock, on which her husband formerly toiled so fruitlessly, thinking it better to sacrifice the small sum they had paid in advance upon the lot, than expend years of labor on that which would yield them so poor a return. They are now living in Douro, and doing well, the children growing up to be useful. So grateful is this kind-hearted woman for any kindness or sympathy shown her, that she never failed coming to see me when in the neighbourhood, and would bring little offerings of maple-sugar, molasses, or fowls, as tokens of good will to the children. The little orphan girl, now a young woman is, I have heard, in service in a good situation at Toronto. I trust she will in her prosperity ever remember her kind foster-mother—"Mammy Jones."



THE EXILES OF SCIO.

(From a Collection of Unpublished Poems, by MISS H. E. F. LAY.)

There came a dark-eyed maiden,
Far o'er the boisterous sea;
She left her bright and much loved home,
To dwell among the free.

Rich tresses clothed her forehead fair,
And much her beaming eye
Told of a lofty spirit there,
Untamed by destiny.

A gray-haired man was by her side,
Who shared her gentle tone,
And watched with mingled grief and pride,
His last and only one.

Through many a stern vicissitude,
Their varying lot had been,
Though scarcely seventeen summers
The maiden's brow had seen.

She told her tale—a tale of woe,
A tale of combat's hour,
Of many a strong and cruel foe,
Wielding his ruthless power.

“From Scio's fair and cloudless sky,
Our wandering footsteps roam,
And deep is graved in memory,
My childhood's happy home.

O 'twas a sweet and lonely spot,
A fair and verdant glade,
Where storm and tempest entered not
Its deep and quiet shade.

The spice-tree lent its rich perfume,
The wild-vine clustered there,
And thousand flowers, with new-born bloom,
Open'd their beauties rare.

The song-bird poured its carol wild,
Melodious on the gale,
And bright Gazelles so fleet and mild,
Dwelt in that peaceful vale.

Three brave and gentle brothers there,
Called me their gem and pride;
In every joy, with patient care,
They lingered by my side.

For me the mountain flower they sought,
Or snared the wild hare's brood,
And many a purple cluster brought
Home to their sister loved.

And oft when twilight dimmed the plain,
They taught my tiny hand,
To wake the lute's melodious strain,
And laud our own bright land.

Thus onward swiftly passed the years,
In rainbow radiance bound,
While future hopes, undimmed by tears,
Their halo cast around.

But ah! there came another hour,
A blight o'er Greece was cast,
With glittering spear, in pomp and power,
A fierce invader passed.

Then rang a voice o'er Scio's heights,
It called her sons from far,
To clashing stern, in bloody fight,
To combat, death, and war.

My noble brothers, firm and bold,
The kindling fire awoke,
For they had souls of dauntless mould,
That scorned a tyrant's yoke.

I girded firm the battle-sword,
On each dear brother's side,
And gave my name the prompting word,
Their conquering steps to guide.

My mother shrieked in wild despair,
'May Heaven my brave boys save,'
My father too, with fervent prayer,
His benediction gave.

They left; full many a weary day
We heard of horrid strife,
Of lion-hearts in bloody fray,
Who fearless gave their life.

I may not dwell. A mightier woe
Our sad hearts soon could tell,
For, driven before a countless foe,
These brave young brothers fell.

And then the desolater's arm
Passed o'er my father's dome,
Mid strife at night, in wild alarm,
We fled our much loved home.

My mother died upon the sea,
But ere she closed her eyes,
She bade us seek the country free,
Columbia's azure skies."



A SWEET VOICE OF COMFORT.

An interesting incident occurred soon after Mrs. Judson left Calcutta. With health prostrated, surrounded by strangers, and a long sea-voyage before her, the weight of her loneliness and grief was almost insupportable. One day, while in her cabin weeping, a soft little hand touched her arm, and a very sweet voice said, "Mamma, 'though I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.' Is that true, Mamma?" The bearer of this timely and precious word of hope was her little son, a boy of six years, who had crept into the cabin unobserved.

In Lower Canada there is but one College possessed of University privileges—M'Gill College, Montreal. Besides, however, a great number of very superior Roman Catholic Colleges, theological and secular, there is one Episcopalian theological institution—Bishop's College, Lennoxville. The Baptists had a College at Montreal, which has been recently closed.

The Vatican contains eight grand staircases, and two ordinary ones, twenty courts, and four thousand two hundred and twenty rooms. With all its galleries, grounds, and appurtenances, it has been computed to cover as large a space of ground as the City of Turin.

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.



SHE is not afraid of the snow,
for her household: for all her house-
hold are clothed with scarlet."

"She is not afraid of the snow, for her household: for all her household are clothed with scarlet."



So accustomed are we to hear of the serene skies, and genial warmth of the climate of Palestine, that we are, in our thoughts, apt to invest that interesting land with a perpetual sunshine. The flowery heights of the fragrant Carmel; the magnificent and enduring vegetation of Lebanon; the smiling plains of the still lovely and verdant Sharon; the grapes of Eshcol, these are the features of the landscape most familiar to our mind. Although the cold of winter is not so severe as in some other parts of Syria, still it is scarcely less than that experienced in our own country. The autumnal shower is the early rain, for which the "husbandman long waited," that he might sow his seed; and in December, which is the first winter month, the rain falls in torrents, and the snow covers the plains occasionally, and lies on the elevated mountains long after spring has made considerable advance; while

hoar-frost scatters its diamonds, or a mist like that of our northern climates, obscures the face of nature.

Owing to the great inequalities of surface in the Holy Land, there are some sheltered and favored spots which are free from the cold of winter. Here the season is soft and mild; snow is seldom seen on the plains, and the orange-tree and the citron and the goodly palm contrast with the white summits and glittering icicles of Lebanon. On the mountains the snow is peculiarly deep from December, and scarcely decreases before the month of July. Dr. E. D. Clarke, speaking of one of the hills which forms a part of the majestic Lebanon, says:—"The snow entirely covers the upper part of it; not lying in patches, as I have seen it, during summer, upon the tops of very elevated mountains,—for instance, that of Nevis, in Scotland; but investing all the higher part with that perfect white, and smooth, and velvet-like appearance, which snow only exhibits when it is very deep; a striking spectacle in such a climate, where the beholder, seeking protection from a burning sun, almost considers the firmament to be on fire." We have various other instances in Scripture besides that quoted at the head of the chapter, of the cold and snow of Palestine. The Psalmist of Israel sung of the fleeces which the Creator "giveth like wool," and prayed that he might be purified and made "whiter than snow." We infer the cold from the statement of the prophet Jeremiah, when he described Jehoiakim king of Judah, as sitting with his nobles around the hearth, and daringly cutting with his penknife, and casting into the fire, the scroll which contained the denunciations of the Almighty.

Scarlet was a color much esteemed in the East, and the Jewish nobles and courtiers were accustomed, on state occasions and festivals, to wear robes of this brilliant dye. In that exquisitely touching lament, uttered by David, over the fallen king, he exclaims, "Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you with scarlet, with other delights,—who put ornaments of gold upon your apparel." And now, in the land endeared to us by the holiest associations, the bright coloring of the scarlet robe still attracts the eye of the traveller, in the winter season; and Lamartine speaks of the picturesque scarlet mantles of the Druses of Lebanon, and of the brilliant vests of scarlet velvet sometimes adopted by the Arab women.

The ancient scarlet appears to have been sometimes a vegetable dye, obtained from the berries of a tree common in Canaan, and at others, to have been procured from an insect resembling the American cochineal, though of a less brilliant tint. This insect, which was found chiefly on the leaves of the evergreen oak, (*illex aculeata*), was called by the Greeks and Romans *coccus*, but by the Arabs *kermes*, and, from this latter word, we derive our *crimson* and *carmine*.

The bright example of this pious woman as portrayed by the Hebrew writer, under the direct Inspiration of the Holy Spirit of God, is not that of a mean selfishness, not

"That strict parsimony
Which sternly hoarded all that could be spared
From each day's need, out of each day's least gain:"

Hers was an enlarged and bounteous providence; one which, while it sought to guard against the ills, and provided for the comforts, of the coming days, while it gathered for her family enough and to spare, yet could have an open hand for the poor and needy. She acted on the principle of the charge given by the wise man to the sluggard, when he bade him consider the ways of the ant, "which provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest." She could give liberally to those who had nothing, while she avoided the censure

afterwards pronounced by the Apostle, "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."—*The Excellent Woman*.



"Sire, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request of a brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two words," answered the Prince, "I will have you hanged." "Sign," replied the soldier. The monarch, surprised at his presence of mind, immediately granted his request.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN. CHAPTER VIII.

(Continued from page 141.)



It was late in a drizzly afternoon that a traveller alighted at the door of a small country hotel, in the village of N——, in Kentucky. In the bar-room he found assembled quite a miscellaneous company whom stress of weather had driven to harbor, and the place presented the usual scenery of such reunions. Great, tall, raw-boned Kentuckians attired in hunting-shirts, and trailing their loose joints over a vast extent of territory, with the easy lounge peculiar to the race,—rifles stacked away in the corner, shot-pouches, game bags, hunting-dogs, and little negroes, all rolled together in the corners,—were the characteristic features in the pictures. At each end of the fireplace sat a long-legged gentleman, with his chair tipped back, his hat on his head, and the heels of his muddy boots reposing sublimely on the mantel-piece,—a position, we will inform our readers, decidedly favorable to the turn of reflection incident to western taverns, where travellers exhibit a decided preference for this particular mode of elevating their understandings. . . .

Into such an assembly of the free and easy our traveller entered. He was a short, thick-set man, carefully dressed, with a round, good-natured countenance, and something rather fussy and particular in his appearance. He was very careful of his valise and umbrella, bringing them in with his own hands, and resisting, pertinaciously, all offers from the various servants to relieve him of them. He looked round the bar-room with rather an anxious air, and, retreating with his valuables to the warmest corner, disposed them under his chair, sat down, and looked rather apprehensively up at the worthy whose heels illustrated the end of the mantel-piece, who was spitting from right to left, with a courage and energy rather alarming to gentlemen of weak nerves and particular habits. . . .

‘What’s that?’ said the old gentleman, observing some of the company formed in a group around a large handbill.

‘Nigger advertised!’ said one of the company, briefly.

Mr. Wilson, for that was the old gentleman’s name, rose up, and, after carefully adjusting his valise and umbrella, proceeded deliberately to take out his spectacles and fix them on his nose; and, this operation being performed, read as follows:—

“Ran away from the subscriber, my mulatto boy, George. Said George six feet in height, a very light mulatto, brown curly hair; is very intelligent, speaks handsomely, can read and write; will probably try to pass for a white man; is deeply

scarred on his back and shoulders; has been branded in his right hand with the letter H.

“I will give four hundred dollars for him alive, and the same sum for satisfactory proof that he has been killed.”

The old gentleman read this advertisement from end to end, in a low voice, as if he were studying it.

The long-legged veteran, who had been besieging the fire-iron, as before related, now took down his cumbrous length, and rearing aloft his tall form, walked up to the advertisement, and very deliberately spit a full discharge of tobacco juice on it.

‘There’s my mind upon that!’ said he, briefly, and sat down again.

‘Why, now, stranger, what’s that for?’ said mine host.

‘I’d do it all the same to the writer of that ar paper, if he was here,’ said the long man, coolly resuming his old employment of cutting tobacco. ‘Any man that owns a boy like that, and can’t find any better way o’ treating on him, *deserves* to lose him. Such papers as these is a shame to Kentucky; that’s my mind right out, if anybody wants to know!’

‘I think you’re altogether right, friend,’ said Mr. Wilson; ‘and this boy described here *is* a fine fellow—no mistake about that. He worked for me some half-dozen years in my bagging factory, and he was my best hand, sir. He is an ingenious fellow, too; he invented a machine for the cleaning of hemp—a really valuable affair; it’s gone into use in several factories. His master holds the patent of it.’

‘I’ll warrant ye,’ said the drover, ‘holds it and makes money out of it, and then turns round and brands the boy in his right hand. If I had a fair chance, I’d mark him, I reckon, so that he’d carry it *one* while.’ . . .

Here the conversation was interrupted by the approach of a small one-horse buggy to the inn. It had a genteel appearance, and a well dressed, gentlemanly man sat on the seat, with a colored servant driving.

The whole party examined the new comer with the interest with which a set of loafers in a rainy day usually examine every new comer. He was very tall, with a dark, Spanish complexion, fine, expressive black eyes, and close-curling hair, also of a glossy blackness. His well-formed aquiline nose, straight thin lips, and the admirable contour of his finely-formed limbs, impressed the whole company instantly with the idea of something uncommon. He walked easily in among the company, and with a nod indicated to his waiter where to place his trunk, bowed to the company, and, with his hat in his hand, walked up leisurely to the bar, and gave in his name as Henry Butler, Oaklands, Shelby County. Turning, with an indifferent air, he sauntered up to the advertisement, and read it.

‘Jim,’ he said to his man, ‘seems to me we met a boy something like this, up at Bernan’s, didn’t we?’

‘Yes, Mas’r,’ said Jim, ‘only I an’t sure about the hand.’

‘Well, I didn’t look, of course,’ said the stranger, with a careless yawn. Then, walking up to the landlord, he desired him to furnish him with a private apartment, as he had some writing to do immediately. . . .

The manufacturer, Mr. Wilson, from the time of the entrance of the stranger, had regarded him with an air of disturbed and uneasy curiosity. He seemed to himself to have met and been acquainted with him somewhere, but he could not recollect. Every few moments, when the man spoke, or moved, or smiled, he would start and fix his eyes on him, and then suddenly withdraw them, as the bright, dark eyes met his with such unconcerned coolness. At last, a sudden recollection seemed to flash upon him, for he stared at the stranger with such an air of blank amazement and alarm, that he walked up to him.

‘Mr. Wilson, I think,’ said he, in a tone of recognition and extending his hand. ‘I beg your pardon, I didn’t recollect you before. I see you remember me,—Mr. Butler, of Oaklands, Shelby County.’

‘Ye—yes—yes, sir,’ said Mr. Wilson, like one speaking in a dream.

Just then a negro boy entered, and announced that Masr’s room was ready.

‘Jim, see to the trunks,’ said the gentleman, negligently; then addressing himself to Mr. Wilson, he added—‘I should like to have a few moments’ conversation with you on business, in my room, if you please.’

Mr. Wilson followed him, as one who walks in his sleep; and they proceeded to a large upper chamber, where a new-made fire was crackling, and various servants flying about, putting finishing touches to the arrangements.

When all was done, and the servants departed, the young man deliberately locked the door, and putting the key in his pocket, faced about, and folding his arms in his bosom, looked Mr. Wilson full in the face.

‘George!’ said Mr. Wilson.

‘Yes, George,’ said the young man.

‘I couldn’t have thought it!’

‘I am pretty well-disguised, I fancy,’ said the young man with a smile. ‘A little walnut bark has made my yellow skin a genteel brown, and I’ve dyed my hair black; so you see I don’t answer to the advertisement at all.’

‘O George! but this is a dangerous game you are playing. I could not have advised you to it.’

‘I can do it on my own responsibility,’ said George, with the same proud smile.

We remark, *en passant*, that a slight change in the tint of the skin and the color of his hair had metamorphosed him into the Spanish-looking fellow he then appeared; and as gracefulness of movement and gentlemanly manners had always been perfectly natural to him, he found no difficulty in playing the bold part he had adopted—that of a gentleman travelling with his domestic. . . .

‘Well, George, I s’pose you’re running away—leaving your lawful master, George—(I don’t wonder at it)—at the same time, I’m sorry, George,—yes, decidedly—I think I must say that George—it’s my duty to tell you so.’

‘Why are you sorry, sir?’ said George, calmly.

‘Why, to see you, as it were, setting yourself in opposition to the laws of your country.’

‘My country!’ said George, with a strong and bitter emphasis; ‘what country have I, but the grave,—and I wish to God that I was laid there!’

‘Why, George, no—no—it won’t do; this way of talking is wicked—unscriptural. George, you’ve got a hard master—in fact, he is—well he conducts himself reprehensibly—I can’t pretend to defend him. But you know how the angel commanded Hagar to return to her mistress, and submit herself under her hand; and the apostle sent back Onesimus to his master.’

‘Don’t quote Bible at me that way, Mr. Wilson,’ said George, with a flashing eye, ‘don’t! for my wife is a Christian, and I mean to be, if ever I get to where I can; but to quote Bible to a fellow in my circumstances, is enough to make him give it up altogether. I appeal to God Almighty;—I’m willing to go with the case to Him, and ask him if I do wrong to seek my freedom.’

‘These feelings are quite natural, George,’ said the good-natured man, blowing his nose. ‘Yes they’re natural, but it is my duty not to encourage ’em in you. . . .’

‘You see, George, you know, now, I always have stood your friend; and whatever I’ve said, I’ve said for your good. Now, here, it seems to me, you’re running an awful risk. You can’t hope to carry it out. If you’re taken, it will be worse with you than ever; they’ll only abuse you, and half kill you, and sell you down river.’

‘Mr. Wilson, I know all this,’ said George. ‘I *do* run a risk, but—’ he threw open his overcoat, and showed two pistols and a bowie-knife. ‘There!’ he said, ‘I’m ready for ’em! Down south I never *will* go. No! if it comes to that, I can earn myself at least six feet of free soil,—the first and last I shall ever own in Kentucky!’

‘Why, George, this state of mind is awful; it’s getting really desperate, George. I’m concerned. Going to break the laws of your country!’

‘My country again! Mr. Wilson, *you* have a country, but what country have I, or any one like me, born of slave mothers? What laws are there for us? We don’t make them,—we don’t consent to them,—we have nothing to do with them; all they do for us is to crush us, and keep us down. Haven’t I heard your Fourth-of-July speeches? Don’t you tell us all, once a year, that governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed? Can’t a fellow think, that hears such things? Can’t he put this and that together, and see what it comes to?’ . . .

‘See here, now, Mr. Wilson,’ said George, coming up and sitting himself determinately in front of him; ‘look at me, now. Don’t I sit before you, every way, just as much a man as you are? Look at my face,—look at my hands,—look at my body,’ and the young man drew himself up proudly; ‘why am not I a man, as much as anybody? Well, Mr. Wilson, hear what I can tell you. . . . I never had a kind word spoken to me till I came to work in your factory. Mr. Wilson, you treated me well; you encouraged me to do well, and to learn to read and write, and to try to make something of myself; and God knows how grateful I am for it. Then, sir, I found my wife; you’ve seen her,—you know how beautiful she is. When I found she loved me, when I married her, I scarcely could believe I was alive, I was so happy; and, sir, she is as good as she is beautiful. But now what? Why, now comes my master, takes me right away from my work, and my friends, and all I like, and grinds me down into the very dirt! And why? Because, he says, I forgot who I was; he says, to teach me that I am only a nigger! After all, and last of all, he comes between me and my wife, and says I shall give her up, and live with another woman. And all this your laws give him power to do, in spite of God or man. Mr. Wilson, look at it! There isn’t *one* of all these things, that have broken the hearts of my mother and my sister, and my wife and myself, but your laws allow, and give every man power to do,

in Kentucky, and none can say to him nay! Do you call these the laws of *my* country? Sir, I haven't any country, any more than I have any father. But I'm going to have one. I don't want anything of *your* country, except to be let alone,—to go peaceably out of it; and when I get to Canada, where the laws will own me and protect me, *that* shall be my country, and its laws I will obey. But if any man tries to stop me, let him take care, for I am desperate. I'll fight for my liberty to the last breath I breathe. You say your fathers did it; if it was right for them, it is right for me!

This speech, delivered partly while sitting at the table, and partly walking up and down the room,—delivered with tears, and flashing eyes, and despairing gestures,—was altogether too much for the good-natured old body to whom it was addressed, who had pulled out a great yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, and was mopping up his face with great energy. . . .

'And now, George, how long are you going to travel in this way?—not long or far, I hope. It's well carried on, but too bold. And this black fellow,—who is he?'

'A true fellow, who went to Canada more than a year ago. He heard, after he got there, that his master was so angry at him for going off that he had whipped his poor old mother and he has come all the way back to comfort her, and get a chance to get her away.'

'Has he got her?'

'Not yet; he has been hanging about the place, and found no chance yet. Meanwhile, he is going with me as far as Ohio, to put me among friends that helped him, and then he will come back after her.'

'Dangerous, very dangerous!' said the old man.

George drew himself up, and smiled disdainfully.

The old gentleman eyed him from head to foot, with a sort of innocent wonder.

'George, something has brought you out wonderfully. You hold up your head, and speak and move like another man,' said Mr. Wilson.

'Because I'm a *freeman*!' said George, proudly. 'Yes, sir I've said Mas'r for the last time to any man. *I'm free!*'

'Take care! You are not sure,—you may be taken.'

'All men are free and equal *in the grave*, if it comes to that, Mr. Wilson,' said George.

'I'm perfectly dumb-founded with your boldness!' said Mr. Wilson,—'to come right here to the nearest tavern!'

'Mr. Wilson, it is *so* bold, and this tavern is so near, that they will never think of it; they will look for me on ahead, and you yourself wouldn't know me. Jim's master don't live in this county; he isn't known in these parts. Besides, he is given up; nobody is looking after him, and nobody will take me up from the advertisement, I think.

'I leave early to-morrow morning, before daylight, by to-morrow night I hope to sleep safe in Ohio. I shall travel by daylight, stop at the best hotels, go to the dinner tables with the lords of the land. . . . Mr. Wilson, you have shown yourself a Christian in your treatment of me,—I want to ask one last deed of Christian kindness of you.'

'Well, George.'

'Well, sir,—what you said was true. I *am* running a dreadful risk. There isn't, on earth, a living soul to care if I die,' he added, drawing his breath hard, and speaking with a great

effort,—‘I shall be kicked out and buried like a dog, and nobody’ll think of it a day after,—*only my poor wife!* Poor soul! she’ll mourn and grieve; and if you’d only contrive, Mr. Wilson, to send this little pin to her. She gave it to me for a Christmas present, poor child! Give it to her, and tell her I loved her to the last. Will you? *Will you?*’ he added, earnestly.

‘Yes, certainly—poor fellow!’ said the old gentleman, taking the pin, with watery eyes, and a melancholy quiver in his voice.

‘Tell her one thing,’ said George; ‘it’s my last wish, if she can get to Canada, to go there. No matter how kind her mistress is,—no matter how much she loves her home; beg her not to go back,—for slavery always ends in misery. Tell her to bring up our boy a free man, and then he won’t suffer as I have. Tell her this, Mr. Wilson, will you.’

‘Yes, George, I’ll tell her; but I trust you won’t die; take heart,—you are a brave fellow. I wish in my heart you were safe through, though,—that’s what I do. . . . There’s a *God*, George,—believe it; trust in Him, and I’m sure He’ll help you. Everything will be set right,—if not in this life, in another.’ . . .

‘Thank you for saying that, my good friend; I’ll *think of that.*’

(*To be continued.*)



THE ANTELOPE.



frica may be considered as the headquarters of the Antelope. Of this numerous genus, consisting of nearly seventy different species, upwards of fifty species inhabit the African Continent alone; two or three are common to it, and Asia; about a dozen species are common to the latter country; two inhabit Europe; and one only is found in America. Some frequent the dry and sandy deserts, and feed upon the stunted acacias, and bulbous plants, which spring up in the most arid situations. Some prefer the open stony plains, the steppes of Central Asia, and the Karroos of Southern Africa, where the grass, though parched, is sufficient for their subsistence. Some, again, inhabit the steep rocky mountains, and leap from cliff to cliff with the ease and security of a wild goat, whilst others are found in the thick and almost impenetrable forests of tropical countries.

The characteristics of the genus are, peculiar gracefulness of motion, and elegance of form, united to the most astonishing swiftness. They have spiral hollow horns, which vary in length and appearance in the different species. The common Antelope is remarkable for the beauty of its horns, which compose a spiral of two or more turns, according to the age of the animal. When fully grown, this beautiful animal is about four feet in length, and two feet and a half high at the shoulders. The head, from the nose to the root of the horn, is seven inches long, and the ears five. The legs are long and slender, the body round but light, the eyes large and lively, the ears long and cylindrical. The color is almost entirely black above, and white beneath; the nose, lips, and a large circle round each eye, being white. The hair is short over the whole body, except on the knees, which are furnished with tufts of long bristles, forming

knee-brushes. These animals are so swift that it is useless to slip greyhounds after them. The bounds they make when pursued are wonderful. They have been known to vault to the height of thirteen feet, and pass over ten or twelve yards in a single bound. They reside on the open plains of India, where they can see to a great distance in every direction. They live in large families, and when they lie down to feed, they despatch some of their number to a distance to act as sentinels, and nothing escapes their notice. Every bush, or tuft of grass that might be suspected to conceal an enemy, is strictly examined, and, on the first alarm, the whole herd betakes itself to flight.



PRECEPTS INVITING AND IMPORTANT. THE INFLUENCE OF PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS.

Much of the happiness of life depends upon the purity of our associations. Thoughts that once engrossed every moment, and gave color and tendency to our characters, have long since been replaced by others of a different nature. But we know those first impressions are not really effaced; those earlier memories are not dead. A word, or look, or trifling incident may recall those images of life and love, that were once arrayed in bright and beautiful groups within the charmed area of our mental conceptions. Form after form comes flitting back, and flowers start up, and scenes of the past grow into fair proportions, and move before us in the present, gracefully draped in a misty moonlight haziness. The scholar, after an absence of years, in which he has encountered every form of character, viewed the wonders of art and science in his native land, and traveled extensively in foreign countries, stands once more in the Halls of his Alma Mater. He may be a man whose warmth of heart has been checked and smothered by disappointment, and trial, but the sight of the old familiar walls of his college home awakens almost sacred emotions. In thought he steps back to those delightful, fresh, and joyous hours he there spent at the feet of wisdom; hours when life was encircled with a halo of brightness, that ever grew wider and wider, and blended enchantingly with rich tints and shadings, as it melted into the distance of the far-off future. Let him look well at every familiar spot, his soul will expand, and his whole being be again softened, and he be made to love mankind more.

Our thoughts come never alone. From early childhood to hoary age, the succession of ideas is going on. Like link within link of invisible chain-work, each thought is in some way connected with the one which has just affected the mind, and joined to the one immediately following. And what is still more wonderful, these thoughts are afterwards recalled to the mind in the same connection in which they first impressed it. Thus the shifting scenes of the battle field moved before the excited fancy of the dying Napoleon. Forgetting his true state, he felt the emotions of the great general, led his legions on the march, and exclaimed “*tête de l’armée,*” as he was about to expire.

The man who has devoted his best years to low and puerile pursuits, is mentally poor. His thoughts revolve within narrow limits. They are confined to the few subjects which have interested him and when he is removed from the scene of these associations, he has nothing left. What hours of misery those experience who have given their early life to dissipation—and spent in the haunts of vice and wickedness that season intended as the precious seed time of a glorious harvest of all that is noble and good. And when such persons begin anew, and strive to repair the wrong they have done to themselves and society, how gladly would they forever escape from the trains of thought associated with their prodigal years, but these spectres of the past will glide in to mar the holiest hours of bliss. It is true that a radical change of character, such as religion effects, and an attention to pure and refined duties, will go a great way towards “laying” these ghosts of bygone years, and may gradually displace them.

The good man derives great pleasure from pure and cheering associations. He can call to mind many acts of generosity and kindness, which he has shown to others, and their

remembrance consoles him. The days of his childhood and youth appear full of interest, and he gratefully remembers the wholesome restraints of parental discipline, and the tenderness of parental love, which allured him from the paths of folly and error.

Children should be guarded from evil example, and kept within the healthful moral influence of a happy and well-regulated home. From the mother who presides as priestess in that inner temple, they should learn many lessons of self-denial, and devotion to the happiness of others. She should forget her present trial and toil, while laboring for the future of her little ones. Her far-seeing faith should take in the times when they will be actors in the affairs of life. She should commence with the first dawnings of their tender minds, to instil ardent attachment for every thing truly good, opening to them, as they grow older, enlarged views of human life, unfolding to their comprehension, scenes of amazing sublimity and grandeur, connected with the soul's immortality, and inciting them not only to take a warm interest in the world's progress in general, but urging them to let slip no opportunity of present usefulness. Children thus taught, will never forget home influences. Amid the bustle of after-life, the associations of their childhood will have their sway, and the lessons then received, will modify and strengthen their characters. To the young, we would say, be careful in the choice of your associates; listen attentively to good instruction—cultivate purity of thought, and a love for all that is beautiful and excellent.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

“When the hours of Day are numbered,
And the voices of the Night,
Wake the better soul that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight;

“Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful fire-light
Dance upon the parlor-wall;

“Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more;

“He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life!

“They, the holy ones, and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spake with us on earth no more!

“And with them the Being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

“With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

“And she sits and gazes at me,
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

“Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit’s voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

“O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died!”

IMPORTANCE OF SELF POSSESSION ILLUSTRATED.

“Baltimore is memorable to me,” says Willis Gaylord Clark, “for it was in that city of monuments that I had well nigh lost my life. That spice of the adventurous which has accompanied me from my earliest days, led me to ascend the long ladder, said to have been some seventy feet high, placed on the outside of the dome of the cathedral, then undergoing repairs. The upward distance lent an enchantment to my eye, which was irresistible. I fancied that a view from the topmost round of those tapering ladders, tied together with ropes, would be magnificent.

“I was not disappointed. The bay melted afar into the iris-blue of air—that golden edging which hangs over forest tops and waters in summer, whose tremulousness makes the eye ache with gazing, and fills the heart with happy and ethereal feelings. Landward, the country spread lightly around, seamed with brown roads, and fading afar into apparent ridges and swells of cedar green. It was a calm and cheerful day, and every object in unison, one with another. The air was rarified and sweet; the last odor of the latest flowers of summer, seemed floating by in the sunshine, and I fancied that the voices of summer birds taking their farewells for distant climes, were mingling with them. The shipping in the harbor sent every pennon to the gale; the flagstuffs waved their signals, and what with the fresh breeze and the beauty of the morning, it really seemed a gala day.

“After having fed my eyes with the beauty of the scene from the extreme height of the ladder, the voices of the workmen in the cupola, making a pleasant hum in my ears, I prepared to descend. But the moment I looked towards the earth, a dizziness came upon me, which almost led me to self-abandonment. My brain reeled, my eyes grew dim, a sleepy sensation came over me; the whole cathedral seemed to recede from my gaze, and I seemed as if sailing in the air. A languor crept over my perceptions, like the effect of an anodyne. I felt myself absolutely becoming indifferent to my peril, though I knew it well, I was in truth as if in a dream; and I can safely say that I felt myself losing all consciousness, when I heard one of the laborers above say, and the words came to my ear, as if from the supernatural lips of a spirit, —‘My God! that young gentleman is going to fall!’

“This sentence went like fire to my brain, and rolled like a flood of lava over every nerve. It restored me instantly to a full perception of my course. I grasped the rounds of the ladder with the firmness which a drowning man exhibits when clutching, in the bubbling groan of his agony, at the slenderest spar. Every footfall shook the ladder from end to end; and when I touched the ground, I felt precisely as if rescued from the grave.”



THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE. SELECTED.

Our brightest moments are frequently those which arise to us from the bosom of care and anxiety; like the gems that sparkle most brightly upon a dark ground. As "darkness shows us worlds of light, we never saw by day," so afflictions in our lot show us what goodness there is down in the heart, what earnest sympathy in those who ordinarily pass us, intent on their own pleasures, or their own interests, giddy as butterflies, or cold as the "Parian Stone." We know not what treasures of rich and holy feeling, our ignorance of each other's nature, leads us to throw away or trample under our feet. He had a deep insight into human nature, who made it the law of his morality, that we should love our neighbor as ourselves.

Domestic life is the most delightful, because it repeats our childhood. When the heart is made the altar of God, then the head, the mental faculties are the lights on that altar. In order not to be made servile by the great, let us place before our minds a still greater.

Ardent Enthusiasm.—The enthusiasm of ardent and forcible minds, appears madness to those that are dull and phlegmatic. The pleasure it inspires, is the greatest, and the most independent remuneration that men of genius receive for their efforts and exertion. Donatello, the great Florentine sculptor, had been long working at his statue of Judith, and on giving it the last stroke of the chisel, he was heard to exclaim, "Speak now! I am sure you can!"

Sirvah is built of fossil salt, or rather earth in which salt is mixed in great proportions sometimes more than half; and this circumstance, curious in itself, becomes more so from the fact that, as long ago as the age of Herodotus, the people of these regions built their dwellings of the same material, and that the Father of history, for recording this, among other facts, gained the name of the father of lies. It was extremely interesting to us to detach portions from the walls that rose on every side, and see, on breaking them, the pure salt, white and sparkling within; whilst without, of course, dust, and dirt, and heat had imparted a greyish hue.

Contentment.—It happened, one hot summer's day, that I was standing near a well, when a little bird flew down, seeking water. There was, indeed, a large stone trough, near the well, but it was empty, and I grieved for a moment to think that the little creature must go thirsty away; but it settled upon the edge of the trough, bent its little head downwards, then raised it again, spread its wings and soared away singing; its thirst was appeased. I walked up to the trough, and there, in the stone-work, I saw a little hole about the size of a wren's egg. The water held there, had been to the bird a source of revival and refreshment; it had found enough for the present, and desired no more. This is contentment. Again, I stood by a lovely sweet smelling flower, and there came a bee humming and sucking; and it chose the flower for its field of sweets. But the flower had no honey. This I knew; for it had no nectary. "What then," thought I, "will the bee do?" It came buzzing out of the cup to take a further flight; but as it came up, it spied the stamens full of golden farina, good for making the wax, and it rolled its little legs against them till they looked like "yellow hosen," as the bee keepers say, and then, thus heavily laden, flew away home. Then I said, "Thou camest seeking honey, and finding none, hast been satisfied with wax; and hast stored it for thy house, that thy labor might not be in vain. Thou also, shalt be to me a lesson of contentment."

A Striking Thought.—“The death of an old man’s wife,” says Lamartine, “is like cutting down an ancient oak, that has long shaded the family mansion. Henceforth the glare of the world, with its cares and vicissitudes, fall upon the old widower’s heart, and there is nothing to break their force, or shield him from the full weight of misfortune. It is as if his right hand was withered, as if one wing of his eagle was broken, and every movement that he made, only brought him to the ground. His eyes are dim and glassy, and when the film of death falls over him, he misses those accustomed tones, which might have smoothed his passage to the grave.”

THE FOUR AGES OF THOUGHT.

What is Thought?

In childhood—an imperfect gleam,
A summer bower, a moonlight dream,
Glimpses of some far shining stream,
A rosy wreath, the blessed beam,
That dwells in mothers' eyes.

In youth—an urn brimm'd with delight,
Sweet thronging fantasies of light,
Meek eyes, with love's own radiance bright,
Soft music on a summer night,
Hope budding into joy.

In manhood—a benighted shore,
With wrecks of bliss, all scattered o'er;
Dark swelling doubts, fears scorned before,
A spirit withered at the core—
A sea of storm and strife.

In age—a calm undazzled eye,
Living in worlds of memory,
Low breathed thanks for love on high,
A patient longing for the sigh,
That wafts it into rest.

A certain American planter had a favorite domestic negro, who always stood opposite to him when waiting at the table. His master often took the name of God in vain, when the negro immediately made a solemn bow. On being asked why he did so, he replied, that he never heard that *great* name mentioned, but it filled his whole soul with reverence and awe. Thus, without offence, he cured his master of a criminal and pernicious custom.

The Soap Plant.—From a paper read before the Boston Society of Natural History, it appears that the Soap Plant grows in all parts of California, the leaves make their appearance about the middle of November, or about six weeks after the rainy season has fully set in; the plants never grow more than a foot high, and the leaves and stock drop off entirely in May, though the bulbs remain in the ground all summer without decaying. It is used to wash with, in all parts of the country; and by those who know its virtues, it is preferred to the best of soap. The method of using it, is merely to strip off the husk, dip the clothes into the water, and rub the bulb on them. It makes a thick white lather, and smells not unlike brown soap. Besides this plant, the bark of a tree is also used in South America for the purpose of washing. Several other plants have been used in different countries as a substitute for soap.

Boz.—A fellow-passenger with Mr. Dickens, in the Britannia steam-ship across the Atlantic, inquired of the author the origin of his signature, "Boz." Mr. Dickens replied that he had a little brother, who so much resembled Moses, in the Vicar of Wakefield, that he used to call him Moses also, but a younger child who could not articulate plainly, was in the habit of calling him "Bozie," or "Boz." This simple circumstance made him assume that name in the first article risked to the public, and, therefore he continued the name, as the effort was approved.

When Lord Erskine was Chancellor, being asked by the Secretary of the Treasury, whether he would attend the grand ministerial Fish-Dinner, at the end of the Session; he answered, "To

be sure, I will; what would your Fish-dinner be without the 'Great Seal?' ”

“OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.”

(Written for the Maple Leaf.)

E'en thus we thought, sweet loving child,
When first we gazed on thee,
But, O! we deemed not that so soon
Thou in that heaven would be.

Thy gentle spirit for awhile
Gladdened our pathway here,
Now the glad music of thy voice,
No more delights the ear.

We hear no more thy fairy step
Which like the gladsome fawn,
Rejoiced to bound with childish glee,
O'er the green summer lawn.

Thy parents mourn their absent one,
Thy brothers sigh for thee,
And the gay earth less lovely seems,
Without thy smile to see.

Sadly they gaze upon the flowers,
Thy tiny hands had sown,
They little thought to see them bloom,
And thou from them have flown.

Now in the Paradise of God;
Thou wilt for ever bloom;
This thought will cheer the drooping heart
And lead beyond the tomb.

We would not, if we could, recall
Thy spirit to us here;
But onward in thy footsteps tread,
With childlike faith and fear.

C. H. Rice Lake.

“Why weepst thou, fond parent, why?
Thy infant is no more;
Canst thou not upward glance an eye,
And view her wafted through the sky
To Canaan’s happy shore?”

“Her lovely form, so light and fair,
Has vanished from thy view;
Her blooming cheeks, the flaxen hair,
Which once adorned her neck so fair,
You bid them all adieu.

“Transplanted from this world of care
To her eternal home;
Too frail a plant for earth to rear,
Nipp’d from its root, and grafted where,
’Twill in perfection bloom.

“Why weepst thou, fond parent, why?
Thy darling does not mourn;
That lovely smile, that decked her cheek,
Say, has it grown more faint or weak,
Because from you she’s borne?”

“Ah! no, if ought of earthly joy,
Her infant mind did cheer,
Thrice happy now those features shine,
With smiles more heavenly, more divine,
Unsullied by a tear.

“ ’Twas Israel’s shepherd bade her fly,
To dwell with him above;
His tenderness can well supply,
His soft compassion far outvie
An earthly parent’s love.

“Could she for one short hour resign
That heavenly land for this;
Like Noah’s dove no rest she’d find,
But fly and leave this world behind,
To reach the ark of bliss.

“Then cease forever, cease to mourn,
Press on, to reach the crown;
The smiling of a Father’s face,
The brightest beamings of his grace,
Oft lie beneath a frown.”

RECIPES.

Fruit Cake without Eggs.—Two pounds of flour; one and three quarter pounds of sugar; one pint of milk; half a pound of butter; half a teaspoonful of salt; one and a half spoonfuls of soda, or salætatus, or sal volatile, dissolved in a little hot water, one nutmeg, one pound of raisins, and one wine glass of brandy. This makes three loaves. Warm the milk, and add the butter and salt to it. Work the butter and sugar to a cream and then add the milk, then the flour, then the salætatus, and, lastly, the spice and fruit.

Golden Cake.—This and the following cake are named from gold and silver, on account of their color as well as their excellence. They should be made together, so as to use both portions of the eggs. To make *Golden cake*, take one pound of flour, dried and sifted; one pound of sugar; three quarter pounds of butter; the yolks of fourteen eggs; the yellow part of two lemons grated, and the juice also. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream, and add the yolks, well beaten and strained. Then add the lemon peel and flour and a teaspoonful of sal volatile, dissolved in a little hot water. Beat it well, and just before putting it into the oven add the lemon juice, beating it in very thoroughly. Bake in square flat pans, ice it thickly, and cut it in square pieces. It looks finely on a dish with the silver cake.

Silver Cake.—One pound of sugar; three quarters of a pound of dried and sifted flour; six ounces of butter; mace and citron; the whites of fourteen eggs. Heat the sugar and butter to a cream; add the whites cut to a stiff froth, and then the flour. It is a beautiful looking cake.

A Delicate Pudding.—Mix five table spoonfuls of cold milk, stirred well, and add five well beaten eggs; a little salt; then boil one quart of milk, and pour on the above mixture; bake in a buttered basin. Bake fifteen minutes. Sugar to the taste; or eat with sauce of butter and sugar, beaten to a cream.

EDITORIAL.

The year 1852, will furnish many interesting items for the pages of universal history. The pen of the historian will linger when he reaches this era, so full of startling and important events—an era in which mind triumphs over almost every obstacle, and nothing seems improbable but absolute the moral and physical impossibilities. The earth, never wearying, obeys laws of motion, rolling onward in her aerial pathway among the heavenly bodies; while of the myriads who people her vast surface, few know or care how near she rushes into danger, or how nicely balanced are the powers that hold in check those wondrous forces, and keep her ever circling the orb of day. Time, which has been venerable for centuries, grows still older, and earth must now put off her autumnal habiliments of fading beauty, and robed in white, deck herself in countless gems of the purest water; but in her bosom are hidden springs, whence flows the elixir of perpetual youth, to revive her decayed energies, and renew, year by year, her vital life-giving elements.

The happy hearts of multitudes are beating with a quicker pulsation for those festivities, the Christmas holidays, are near at hand, and excited fancy already pictures their pleasures, and grasps their gifts. While we most heartily wish our readers “a merry Christmas,” we cannot refrain from expressing the hope, that they will not forget the words of that Saviour, whose birth the Christmas day celebrates: “The poor ye have always with you.” Though infinitely rich, yet He tenderly felt for the humble and needy. Many a cold and famishing child of sorrow will bless you, if, from your store of comforts, you kindly send a share to him; and you may be sure that the bright holiday-hours will bring you all the more zest, if you can now and then think of those who, but for you, would have spent them in suffering.

We think our readers will find a pleasing variety in this number. Most of the articles were either communicated expressly for our magazine, or are editorial. The first article, with the fine engraving which accompanies it, will add much interest to this volume. We have interesting articles from various sources which we shall bring out as soon as possible. In the meantime, we would assure our correspondents of our warmest gratitude for the interest they take; by and by, when the “Maple Leaf” secures a general circulation, there will be a conscious pleasure in the thought, that they helped to render it inviting.

We ought here to say, for our mutual encouragement, that our little magazine, which, not long since, went forth like Noah’s dove, and sought a place “among the inhabitants of the land,” is steadily prospering. The Publisher is at present in a distant part of Canada, where he is successfully engaged in promoting its interests. Our readers will find a letter from him on the third page of the cover, which will show his great desire to improve and beautify the work, and now that the season of leisure is approaching, they will perhaps assist us by forming clubs, and sending the subscriptions for a large number of copies.

MALLION, S. M.

Moderato.

A. GLUCK.

The man is ev - er blest

who shuns the sin - ner's ways ;

A - - mong their coun - sels ne - ver stands,

nor takes the scorn - er's place.

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TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been fixed.

[The end of *The Maple Leaf, Volume 1, No. 6, December 1852* by Robert W. Lay and Eleanor H. Lay]