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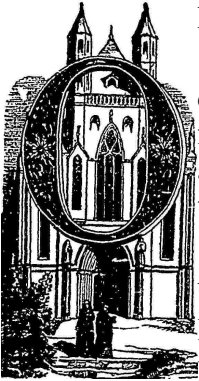
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THE FIRST TRIP BY RAILROAD.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.



h! Marion, how I wish I had told Cecil I could not do it.

“You must not say that, dear Helen, or look so despondingly; pray let Mr. Seymour see you can control your fears when needful; you know how serious he looked, (I had almost said sternly) when you said yesterday you never *could* travel by railroad.”

“I know it, Marion, and will indeed try and behave bravely, however frightened I may feel; for neither the grave look or tone were lost upon me, when he said, ‘I trust if it were necessary for you to travel by railroad you would have the good sense to do so without hesitation; fear, unless kept in subjection, unfits us for our duties in life, though I make much allowance for your natural timidity, I trust to see you overcome it.’”

Marion laughed. “Yes, I overheard that grave unlover-like lecture, and thought how good you were to take it so humbly.”

“Indeed, dear Marion, I only felt how truly he loved me, in saying that which might have offended. True love shrinks not from speaking truth to the object beloved, and it was that which made me accede so readily to his wish, that we should travel by train to London to-day; but see, it is actually ten o’clock; one more hour and the carriage will be here,” and arm in arm the sisters hurried down stairs.

Our readers will perceive by the foregoing dialogue, that Helen was betrothed to Mr. Seymour; he was that morning to meet them at Handsell by the 12 o’clock train. Their union was to take place the following month, and the sisters had been paying a farewell visit to friends who had treasured and loved them from their earliest childhood. Two young girls about their own age sprang up to meet them as they entered the pleasant morning room, perfumed with the odour of fresh flowers from the open windows, and they

stepped out on the smooth lawn to take a last stroll through the well known and dearly loved garden.

The house itself was one of those old fashioned country houses which gives to England that fame for its *home* happiness, which in vain is sought for in other less favored climes. The latticed windows covered with the luxuriant vine; honeysuckle, mignonette, sweet pea, and roses, all united in filling the air with fragrance, from the lovely garden in which that old home stood. A winding river threaded its way through beautifully diversified scenery, of that quiet kind which generally denotes the agricultural districts of England. Hill and valley, with rich pasture meadows and patches of woodland, and the spires of some four or five village churches, pointing heavenward, all rendered it unmistakably English.

Poor Helen, her heart was full, as they found awaiting them on their return, the carriage to convey them to the station. In vain she tried to check the rapidly falling tears, as clasped in the loving arms of those whom she was leaving, she heard again and again, "You must never change, dear Helen, but be our Helen always."

"John, tell Mr. Seymour we say so," said one of her young friends, as her brother handed the weeping girl into the carriage, and they drove off.

Helen, in imagination, had conjured up so many horrors attendant on railway travelling, that even the beauty of the bright spring morning, and the lovely scenery through which they passed, could not chase away the unusual depression of her naturally high spirits, and the fear also of paining Mr. Seymour by her fears added to her discomfort. As they drew near the station, her sister, and the friend driving them, tried to laugh away her gravity, but at that moment the shrill whistle of the train was heard, and her sister laughingly said,

"Pray, Helen, look more composed; if you gaze about you in that wild way the passengers will really imagine they are going to have the pleasure of some liberated lunatic from the Asylum, which we are now passing, and see who is that stepping out of the train?"

Helen looked up; fear, dread, all were for the moment forgotten as her eye rested on the noble, manly bearing of her betrothed, who was advancing rapidly to meet them.

"This is very good, my dear Helen, you know not how much gratified I feel; my heart misgave me for a moment, till I saw your carriage drive up; I feared I should have my trust in your strength of mind shaken; but, how is this,—such pale cheeks, ah! and tearful eyes; this must not be."

And he looked earnestly and anxiously upon her. That loving, searching look soon brought back the warm blood to the fair face he gazed on, though she had ventured to give but one hasty glance at his.

“I feel better already, now I am with you, and will try and do my best. Do you not believe me, Cecil?”

But the bell rings warningly, passengers hurry to their seats, and before she realizes the fact, Helen finds herself in the dreaded train. Mr. Seymour is seated between the sisters.

In the compartment, immediately opposite, is a portly, stately looking old gentleman, apparently too well cased in a sense of his own dignity and importance, to notice either train or passengers. In the other remaining compartment are two ladies, with a decided frigidity of manner, which at once reveals to Helen, she has no sympathy to expect from them, in return to her startled look as the train moves on. Poor Helen, no sympathy for you there, or in the stoical face of the old gentleman, which if any change at all was discernable in it, only gave token of something very much approaching to contempt, as at times an irrepressible start of terror proceeded from the poor girl, to the astonishment of the stiff lady passengers, and the vexation of Mr. Seymour.

He in vain sought to reassure her, her bowed head prevented him from knowing the full extent of her terror, yet he felt annoyed at the strange fixed gaze of her startled countenance, which certainly looked wilder than he would have approved, and which was not unlikely from her having entered the train near the Lunatic Asylum, to create some very unpleasant suspicions with regard to that establishment. Added to that, Mr. Seymour's military appearance, his commanding look, and imperturbable gravity, as from time to time he gently but decidedly spoke in low tones to Helen, over whom for the moment he seemed to have a magical power, added to the uneasiness of the strange ladies.

But onward, onward speeds the train, and to the relief of Helen, Mr. Seymour announces they are approaching the terminus. It will soon be over, and as yet she hopes he is unconscious how vividly her face has expressed her inward terror. She looks for a moment at the stoical old gentleman opposite, and resolutely determines no outward appearance of alarm shall again escape her, unless he gives some; surely then, she will behave heroically. At that moment the shrill startling whistle breaks in on her newly formed resolutions, and in uncontrollable terror she starts from her seat. In vain Mr. Seymour insists on reseating her. “O, what is it! what is it! I see

even those ladies are terrified.” Little thinking she herself was the innocent cause of their alarm, as they shrunk back from her excited appeal.

But once more the dark speaking eye of her betrothed rested on her, and under its influence she became calm.

Bitter self-reproach mingled with her regret at having thus given way to her fears, but all will soon be over. Yes, poor Helen, the climax is approaching. Slower, slower, the train is stopping; puff, puff, bellows the engine; another moment you will breathe freely, and the smile on that bright face will return to chase away the passing frown on the brow of him seated by thy side.

But, ah! what is this? The old gentleman opposite is looking fearfully excited. He, so cold, so stoical, on whom neither the whistle, or engine, or the red flag (sign of caution) seemed to have any effect. With what a wild, eager look he glances from the train to the platform they are approaching, renewing (and no wonder) all the uneasy apprehensions in poor Helen’s mind, who watches his every look with panting eagerness. A convulsive movement on the part of the old gentleman—a similar one from Helen—one more wild, eager gaze he gives at the platform, and a still more piercing shriek from the steam whistle; and he flings himself partly out of the carriage window.

Life or death, thought poor Helen, or, more probably, thought was swallowed up in amazement and terror. At that moment, *sauve qui peut*, was uppermost in her mind, as with reiterated shrieks she clung to the tails of his coat which had not yet disappeared through the window; in vain, with one hand, he used his utmost efforts to release his unfortunate coat,—she clung to it with the despairing grasp of a drowning man. Shrinking into the farthest corner, the strange ladies set up a simultaneous shriek at this new vagary of the supposed lunatic, whilst Mr. Seymour, between indignation and yet laughter at the absurdity of the scene, could only by main force prevent the terrified girl from springing out of the window, when at last the old gentleman had effected his escape, bearing in his torn coat unmistakable marks of the conflict.

At that moment the door was unfastened, and alighting, Mr. Seymour carried the sisters into the hotel, while he went in search of the carriage their fond mother was to send to convey them to her house at Richmond. He gave no answer to Helen’s thankful expressions of escape from the evils which she imagined awaited them had they not at that moment left the train, but she attributed his silence to the anxiety he felt about their fellow-passengers

who might not have been thus rescued, and great was her surprise, when on being left alone with her sister, the latter gave way to uncontrollable laughter. But how much more was she horrified, when Marion was at last able to tell her the only reason for the old gentleman making that hasty exit was, that most probably he had very important business to attend to at a certain house, and fearful of the cabs in waiting being engaged before he could secure one, he had in that way sought to make sure of a conveyance; and then told her she doubted not the ladies felt assured she was a liberated lunatic.

Poor Helen! tears of bitter mortification streamed from her eyes, and as Marion concluded, she sobbed aloud.

“O Marion, do not laugh. What shall I do? How can I see Mr. Seymour again? Ah, now I know how it was he made me no answer in reply to my questions and congratulations on our safe escape. O Marion, he can never again respect one so weak and foolish.”

Marion in vain tried to comfort her, though herself unable wholly to refrain from laughing at the remembrance of the ridiculous scene.

Mr. Seymour soon returned to announce the arrival of the carriage, and turning coldly away from Helen’s timid look, offered his arm to the sisters.

In rising, Helen attempted to speak; a smothered laugh from Marion alone broke the silence of the party.

They entered the carriage, and, with a beating heart, Helen saw him close the door. She could no longer control herself.

“O Cecil!” she could say no more.

“I shall see you safely at Richmond before I leave you,” and mounting the box, he ordered the servant to drive on.

“O do not cry so, dear Helen, it will be all right soon. He is not really angry, and you would believe me if you had only looked up as he spoke.”

Helen shook her head, but a secret hope that Marion was right, gradually brought back again her usual happy smile.

(To be continued.)



[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

SONG OF THE SLIDERS.

The moonlight, brightly beaming,
Shines on the snow-sheets clear;
The stars above are gleaming,
Like a glit'ring chandelier;—
Away, away to the mountain side,
With joyful hearts we go,
Up and away, for an evening's slide,
On the white and dazzling snow.

We start from the dizzy height,
And swiftly down we glide,
And we laugh in the merry light
The moon sheds far and wide;
The bells, with tinkling voices,
Ring out on the frosty air,
And every heart rejoices,
For we never *dream* of care.

We climb the slip'ry steep,
And our blood flows warm and free,
Then down again we sweep,
With a grace 'tis rare to see.
The nights are frosty and keen,
But we never mind the cold—
Our furs from the frost-king screen,
And our hearts are light and bold.

Oh! others may praise the sun-light,
And the trees with their robes of green;
But we care more for the moonlight,
And the *snow*, with its sparkling sheen.
Then hie away to the mountain-side,
While the argent moon is clear
And ne'er forget, as we gaily slide,
We've winter but once a year.

EDLA.

Montreal, Feb., 1854.



THE EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

“The wind has veered round to the east, sir,” said a young sailor, putting his head in at the door of the cottage belonging to his captain, “and I think we are going to have a dirty night.”

“Veered round to the east, has it, Jack!” said the man in authority, looking up from the enjoyment of his tea; “then we must be off directly. Order all hands on board, and then bring the boat round for me.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” replied the boy, touching his hat, and instantly departed; while Mr. Kendal, turning to his wife, said: “You see how it is, Mary—I must go. I was hoping to have stayed with you for a little time; but no vessel of the *Daring’s* size can live here in an easterly gale; so we must be off to Stanlynch Bay, and there’s no knowing when we shall be back, for they say an easterly wind has as many lives as a cat.”

“God will watch over you, I hope, John,” was all she could trust herself to say, as she retired to prepare for his departure, while he finished his meal.

At this instant the door was thrown open, and in sprung a boy of about twelve, in a sailor’s dress, exclaiming, “Is tea ready, mother? see what luck I have had,” holding out several fish that he had just caught.

“Sit down, Harry,” said his father, “and get your tea as fast as you can, for we must be off: don’t you see it’s coming on to blow great guns?”

“Then I won’t stop for tea,” was the quick reply; “but I’ll go down to the spring, and get all the water up that mother is likely to want, else she’ll go wearing her dear self out with fatigue;” and without waiting for a reply, he dashed off with a bucket in either hand.

While he is gone, we must introduce the reader to the principal personages of our little tale. Mr. Kendal, who, having been in the cruiser *Daring* from a boy, had at length risen to the highest rank on board, was a short, stout man of fifty; his face was of a bronzed hue, from constant exposure to the weather, but still bore traces of considerable personal attractions, added to a brilliant good humour, that would have rendered the

plainest features agreeable. His wife, several years his junior, was as slender as her husband was stout, and as fair as he was brown. Constant ill health had given her a singularly soft and delicate appearance, and left on her countenance that look of meek resignation, so generally found with those taught by affliction to look above the present world. Their family consisted of the son before mentioned—who acted on board the *Daring* as his father's cabin-boy—and two girls.

The dash of oars soon gave the signal for parting, and as the boat pulled up a small river that ran along the side of Mr. Kendal's house, Harry appeared on the opposite side with the buckets filled, and stepping into it, was pulled across to the door of the house. "Now then, mother, look here," said he, panting with exertion, "you are to promise me that you won't go once to the spring yourself, while I'm gone; I've brought up enough to last you for some time, and if you want more, ask George Dowling, and he says he'll get it for you."

"Bless you, my Harry! you're always thinking how you can spare me," exclaimed his mother, kissing him—a process repeated by each sister—after which he sprung into the boat, soon followed by his father, and in a few minutes more they were alongside the *Daring*.

Perhaps, to an eye capable of appreciating it, there is not a more beautiful sight than a vessel, well manned, and her crew well disciplined, getting under weigh on a sudden emergency. Sail after sail appears to fall into its proper place of its own accord; and yet to a landsman, when on board, what a labyrinth of ropes seems to belong to each!

Mrs. Kendal and her daughters stood on the beach, watching each sail set, till the boat was hoisted in, and the beautiful vessel, released from her moorings, was gracefully ploughing her way through the waves which now dashed furiously around her; still they continued silently standing together on the highest point near their house, till the cliffs hid her from their sight, and then they returned to their home.

The gale rapidly increased; the wind howled fearfully; and the river that ran by the side of the house—swollen already by previous rain—being met by the advancing waves, was unable to empty itself as usual into the sea, and, in consequence, rose to a fearful height. The two girls, terrified at the noise of the contending waters, crept closely together by the fireside; but their mother heeded not their terror; her thoughts were with her husband and her son; she trembled lest they should be unable to reach the harbour of safety, and be driven back on the rock-bound coast, where she too well knew

no earthly power could avail to save them from destruction. Hour after hour the trio sat silently in their little room, each too much occupied in her individual anxieties to speak, until at length Mrs. Kendal said:—“It is nearly eleven o’clock, Sarah; get me the Bible, and we will now commend our absent ones to the care of Him, who said to the raging sea, ‘Peace be still.’” The girl obeyed, and in a clear, though trembling voice, the mother read a chapter and prayer, and then retired to rest.

Mrs. Kendal occupied a room facing the sea, and whenever her husband was afloat, she was accustomed to place a light in the window, as a beacon, that if he entered the bay at night, his eye might rest on his home. As she placed it on its usual stand this night, she looked out on the boiling waters beneath, and was startled to see how high they had risen above the water mark. Alarmed as she felt, she determined not to breathe her terrors to her children, who slept in a room opening out of hers, so she quietly laid down, but sleep she could not. She thought of her husband, and the dangers he was then exposed to; even at that moment he might be struggling with the stormy waters; or dashed against the unyielding rocks. As every fitful gust moaned along, and shook the casement, she trembled so violently, that she feared every instant she might be obliged to rouse her daughters. They had by this time forgotten all their previous terrors, and were buried in slumber. Youth sleeps soundly, when more advanced age lies wakeful. An overruling Providence does not allow care to press heavily upon the young, until the bodily frame is matured and strengthened enough to bear it. So it was with Mrs. Kendal and her children; while she was racked with tormenting fears, they were sleeping as peacefully as though above and around them shone the soft brightness of a summer light. Suddenly, a fearful blast shook the house from its foundations; the candle was extinguished, and the window forced open with a violence that threatened to tear it from its hinges. Mrs. Kendal sprang up; and, at the same instant, her daughters, roused by the noise, rushed shrieking into her room. “Be calm, my children,” said the trembling mother, “and fetch me a light; we are in God’s hand, and he will watch over us.” Almost dreading to move, the girls obeyed, and as they returned with the light, another and more awful blast again shook the house. The candle was placed in the mother’s hand, and as she turned to the window to replace it, with a sudden crash the whole side of the house gave way, carrying her with it into the waters which raged furiously beneath! The affrighted girls’ first impulse was to rush down stairs, to endeavour to alarm their neighbors; but to their horror they discovered that the staircase, and the whole of their own room, which they had so lately quitted, had been carried away with the wall. Cautiously they laid themselves down on the floor, and crept along to

the edge of the boards, straining their eyes over the foaming torrent beneath, and shrieking out in the most piteous accents their mother's name. Vainly they looked; for the long pent-up waters had at length found an outlet as the tide receded, and now swept along with such overwhelming fury, that every fallen stone had been whirled away in their mad career, leaving only the ruined walls of the cottage, which still remained standing, supporting the small piece of flooring where crouched the hapless children, as a monument of their destructive power.

It is impossible to picture a more fearfully desolate condition than that of the two girls at this moment. They saw and heard the force of the torrent too plainly to dare to hope their mother might yet live; and saved as they felt themselves to be as yet, by almost a miracle, yet the remaining walls were rent by such wide fissures, that they expected every moment to be crushed beneath their ruins. All means of escape were cut off from them; and although the wind fell rapidly, yet the ceaseless roar of the contending waters effectually prevented their cries from being heard.

In the mean time, as morning dawned, and the storm abated, the fishermen rose early to examine the extent of injury sustained by their boats during the night. As a party of them were walking over the high bank of seaweed thrown up by the gale, the foremost struck his foot against something, which caused him to stoop down and remove the mass in which it was enveloped, when to his horror, he disclosed the body of a woman. Calling to his companions, they removed the long wet hair that streamed over the face, and in the dim twilight, recognised the features of the unfortunate Mrs. Kendal. Wrapping it carefully in one of their pilot coats, they carried it to a cottage close by, and then determined to proceed to the house which she occupied, to see if her children had shared her fate. As they neared the spot, they passed a quantity of stones with mortar adhering, boards, and two or three broken chairs, thrown up on the beach by the tide. With their fears doubly excited by these symptoms of ruin, they quickened their pace, and in turning an angle of the cliffs, they came suddenly upon all that remained of the once neat and pretty dwelling of Mr. Kendal. The whole of the wall fronting the river was torn away, leaving the remains of the rooms exposed. The little kitchen, and, indeed, the whole of the ground floor was filled with water, and the work of destruction so complete, that all the fragments had been carried away, leaving nothing but the shattered wreck. One of the party had provided himself with a ladder, which they now planted against the upper windows, and one of the foremost ascended. The poor children, who were almost stupefied with cold and watching, no sooner heard the voices of their preservers, than they endeavoured to reach the window; but the terrors

of the night had been too much for the youngest, and she fell fainting on the floor. Her sister knelt by her and chafed her icy hands, and at this moment the hardy fisherman, bursting in the window by a blow of his powerful fist, sprung into the room. "Thank God, you're alive!" he exclaimed; then calling to one of his companions to help him, they wrapped blankets round each, and carefully carried them down the ladder. The inhabitants of a cottage not far off were aroused, and the fainting, exhausted children carried to it, where the kindness of the owners soon restored them sufficiently to tell the events of that fearful night. The next thing to be done was to apprise the husband and son of the catastrophe; and the old fisherman who had discovered the body, undertook to walk over to Stanlynch, and break the dreadful news as gently as possible to them. Like the martyr who covered the mourner's face in his painting, we leave the imagination of our readers to picture to themselves the feelings of the bereaved ones on hearing it—though communicated with all that tender sympathy which is generally to be found in sailors, looking sometimes even under the most unpromising exterior—nor will we relate the circumstances connected with the funeral; but close our little narrative with the text selected by the clergyman on the following Sunday, when he alluded to the fatal event—"Watch, therefore, for in an hour when ye think not, the Son of man cometh."—*Selected.*



DELIRANTIS SOMNIUM.

* * * * * "I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling was the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the minds of man!"

WORDSWORTH.

A wild wood waste
Is round me, and I keenly feel,
And strive, and haste
To issue thence—deep shades conceal
My path, stamp'd with night's ebon seal.

Wearied I sink
Upon the cold and dewy sward,
While o'er me blink
Two fiery stars—myself their ward,
O'er whom they keep malignant guard.

Childish I weep,
And but this tottering feeble clay
Forbids, and keeps
Me bound to earth, I would not stay.
Oh! for release from dull decay.

Thou ebon muse
Of virtuous face, of anger rare;
Wilt thou refuse
To listen to my ardent prayer?
Oh! grant relief from earth-born care.

Come thou to-night
With ample garments waving free,
On footstep light
Oh! quickly come, and thou shalt see,
How drear a thing it is to be.

With closed eyes
I musing wait, and faintly hear
A sound arise,
Is it a sound of potent fear?
Why start I, as it swelleth near?

The sounds have ceas't,
They fainter grow and die away.
Just now at least
I hear not. Yet a moment stay?
Again returns the moving lay.

List those deep notes;
Those low muffled tones of sadness
Which round me floats;
Breathing away all earthly badness,
Weaving around me spells of gladness.

What is the theme?
A plaintive song of bleeding love;
A love which seems
Too pure for earth, yet from above
Broods o'er me like a fond white dove.

Its fluttering wings
The fondest melodies awake;
Hopeful it sings,—
I thirst—Oh! vain attempt to slake
That thirst with water from the brake.

Vainly I seek
And strive to find myself a way;
A mountain's peak
Rising, divides the realms of day.
Night clothes—fit garb—the child of clay.

Again, that voice,
In murmuring tones of quietness,
Bids me rejoice!
Nor yield myself to wretchedness,
For the soul lives in faithfulness;—

But that I ought
To Him who habiteth eternity,
With power fraught,
Bow down with faith and fear in unity,
And thus secure a bright infinity!

PERSOLUS.

December, 1853.



DO WE EVER FORGET?

Is no idle question. "Do we ever forget?" from the German of Seyguera. Among the interesting facts bearing upon this important question, *Cist's Advertiser* tells the following anecdotes, as to the powers of memory in drowning:—

An accident occurred some time since at New York, which threw a number of persons into the North River. Among others were Mr. — — and his sister, the first named editor of a weekly paper in Philadelphia. They were both finally saved. Mr. — — describes the sensation while under water, and in a drowning condition, to be pleasant but peculiar. It seemed to him that every event in his life crowded in his mind at once. He was sensible of what was occurring, and expected to drown, but seemed only to regret that such an interesting item as his sensations would make should be lost.

In noticing this statement, I am reminded of an incident which dissimilar as it is to the one narrated, in its general features, had the same remarkable awakening of the memory which cases often exhibit.

I can vouch for the truth of what follows, as well as testify to vivid recollections in my own case when exposed to hazards of drowning, reproducing in a few moments the events of my entire past life.

Some years since A. held a bond of B. for several hundred dollars, having some time to run. At its maturity he found that he had put it away so carefully that he was unable to find it. Every search was fruitless. He only knew that it had not been paid or traded away. In this dilemma he called on B., related the circumstance of its disappearance, and proposed giving him a receipt as an offset to the bond, or rather an indemnifying bond against its collection, if ever found.

To his great surprise, B. not only refused to accept the terms of meeting the difficulty, but positively denied owing him anything whatever, and strongly intimated the presence of a fraudulent design on the part of A. Without legal proof, and therefore without redress, he had to endure the loss of his money, and the suspicion of a dishonorable intention in urging the claim.

Several months passed away without any light in the nature of the case, or its facts as above given, when, one afternoon, while bathing in the James River, A., either from inability to swim, or cramp, or some other cause, was discovered to be drowning. He had sunk and risen several times, and was floating away under the water, when he was seized and drawn to the shore. Usual efforts were made to resuscitate him, and although there were signs of life, there was no appearance of consciousness. He was taken home in a state of complete exhaustion, and remained so for many days. On the first return of strength to walk, he left his bed, went to a book, opened it, and handed the long-lost bond to a friend who was present. He then informed him that when drowning, and sinking as he supposed to rise no more, in a moment there stood out distinctly before his mind as a picture, *every act of his life*, from the hour of childhood to the hour of sinking beneath the water; and among them the circumstance of his putting the bond in a book, the book itself, and the place where he had put it in the book-case. It is needless to say that he recovered his own with usury.



INDIA.

India, the title by which the British possessions in Asia are most familiarly known, extends from Cape Comorin on the south, to the Himalayan range on the north, and from the delta of the Berrampootra on the east to the Indus on the west. It includes within its limits 1,200,000 square miles of territory, and has a coast line of 3200 miles, 1800 of which are washed by the Indian Ocean, and 1400 by the Bay of Bengal. From this description it will be seen that both from the size of its territory and its great coast extent, it is worthy of being ranked among the most important states upon the globe. It is intersected by vast ranges of lofty mountains producing a remarkable variety of table land, delta and valley; and its extent from 34 degrees north latitude to within 8 degrees of the equator, aided by the diversity of its surface, afford almost every variety of climate, from the freezing cold experienced at the base of the Himalayan range, to the heat of the tropics at the southern extremity. The natural productions of the soil embrace all the tropical fruits, as well as those of more temperate regions, while immense forests clothe the sides of the mountain ranges, conspicuous among which towers the lofty teak tree, affording in its almost imperishable

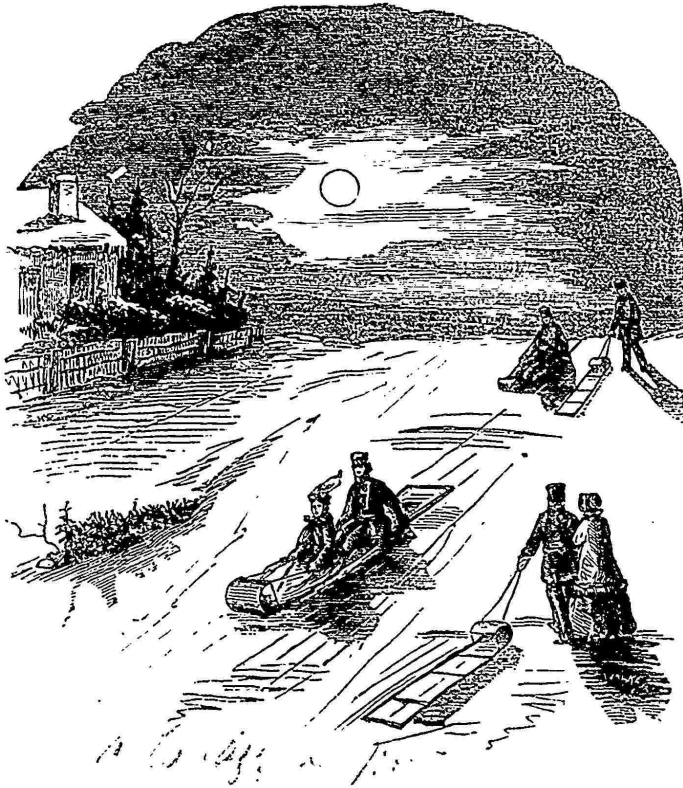
wood an admirable material for all constructions requiring durability or strength. In some portions immense and almost impenetrable growths of grasses, bamboos, prickly shrubs and creeping plants spring up, forming what are termed jungles, which afford covert and shelter for wild beasts, from whence they issue to prey upon the herds that feed in their vicinity, or even upon the inhabitants of the neighboring villages who may by any unlucky chance come within their reach.

In mineral wealth it is very rich. The diamond mines of Golconda have from time immemorial been famous for the extreme beauty and great value of their yield. The celebrated Koh-i-noor, shown in the Great Exhibition, no less than others of immense value in the possession of native princes, testify to the richness of India in precious stones. The ruby, the emerald, the topaz, the sapphire, the turquoise, and indeed almost every known gem, are to be found in various parts of the many mountain ranges and elevated table lands of Hindostan, and often of great purity and beauty. In the province of Cashmere are manufactured the world-famous Cashmere shawls, wrought from the long silky hair of the Cashmere goat, of such elaborate fineness and design, that years are consumed in bringing a single article to completion. Even in India it is no uncommon thing for a rajah to pay ten thousand rupees (\$5000) for one of the finest of these productions, and which, in all probability, will have cost the labor of a whole family for a life-time.

Its fauna is as various as its climate. At the head stands the Royal Tiger, who divides the empire of the animal kingdom with the lion himself. In the forests are to be found rhinoceroses, buffaloes, bears, lions, wolves, foxes, &c., while the jungles are the haunts of tigers, jackals, leopards and panthers. The elephant and the camel, both of which abound, the former occupying with vast herds many portions of the country, make up to a great degree the want supplied in other parts of the world by that most useful of animals, the horse.—*Boston Transcript*.



INDIAN SLEIGHING AND SNOW-SHOEING.



[Written for the Maple Leaf.

I know a pretty little song devoted to rich eulogies on the “merry, merry sunshine;” but if I were a Poet—which I am not—I would write an ode to winter, and its “merry, merry-moonlight.” I know quite well that such a production would be a novelty in poetic literature, and I almost think I see the indignant frown of those sweet singers, who would “lisp in sweet numbers” of the “pensive moon,” and tell us of her “pale brow,” and “silvery light.” Well, all this may be strictly true, poetically speaking; but, unromantic youth that I am, I like to contemplate the moon’s light as a means of enjoying our Lower Canadian winter sports! The moon never makes me sad; on the contrary, I never feel in such good spirits as when a

clear frosty night sets in with a round full moon, and the prospect of a snow-shoeing or toboggan party.

There is no season of the year that brings with it so many hearty enjoyments for keen youth as this hoary winter. It isn't fair to talk so lugubriously of its "winding sheet of snow;" call it rather a table-cloth, spread for the feast of sport and healthy exercise. It is truly a season of fun—although the poets again seem to differ from me, when they sing so cheerfully of the "summer of life," and so mournfully of its "wintry aspect." Christmas opens the game, New Year's keeps it up, and the votaries of pleasure in every shape bend their energies to keep it alive as long as possible.

Our Lower Canada winter is regarded by the inhabitants of milder climes as so very Arctic in its character, that no winds blow, but north winds, and that, whenever we incautiously venture out, we get frozen, and entail on ourselves an infinite amount of friction in order to become thawed again. Perhaps, too, Dr. Smallwood of St. Martin's, will confirm these good people by his meteorological observations, which discovered the thermometer so low as 34° below zero. But I beg to inform all those "whom it may concern," that Montreal February weather is just the thing for bracing the constitution after the fatigues of the past, and preparing and strengthening it for the lassitude of the coming summer. Of course, fully to appreciate the delights of this sort of winter, I presuppose plenty of firewood, and something warm in the shape of clothing—a blanket coat and *capuchon* say.

A beautiful writer in the "Maple Leaf" has drawn a gorgeous picture of winter and its enjoyments. One instinctively wishes he had been in the same sleigh on that lovely morning, for few things are more exhilarating than a sleigh drive in the woods, with a large party and plenty of buffalo robes. Country sleighing is so different from prim, stiff city driving.

But I am going to speak of my favorite kind of sleighing—Indian sleighing, which, in the months of January and February, the Montreal youths are so fond of. Just about this time they are wonderfully curious on the score of Almanacs. What do you think they can find there?—Astronomical calculations? Possibly, but I suspect they only want to know when the moon rises; as they are bent upon "sliding," or "snow-shoeing."

To the uninitiated I ought to explain this *toboggan*, or Indian sleigh, and snow-shoes. The Toboggan is an old contrivance of the red man's, invented for very useful purposes. It combines lightness with utility, being made of a long thin strip of wood, varying from a foot to two feet in width, sometimes

seven or eight feet in length, and turned gracefully at the front. This savage vehicle has been turned by us white fellows to very fashionable purposes. We, of course, don't require to use it for carrying our marketing, in the shape of a moose, or our travelling equipment, in the shape of a blanket and rifle, as the red man of the forest was obliged to do; but we have taken the liberty to make an innovation in the style of freight, and now load the Toboggan with our own precious selves, and, peradventure, with some other more precious form, too. A very gradual descent is sufficient to give the Toboggan great velocity, so that it requires some dexterity to guide it safely to the bottom of the hill, but practice and a steady hand will do this, and the experienced steersman may be seen lying on his back guiding his Toboggan down the most precipitous spots, with a bold *nonchalance* which defies tumbles, and smiles at *cahots*;—an innocent species of *backsliding*.

Indian sleighing is a favorite amusement of young ladies, too. On a clear moonlight night the numerous hills, in the vicinity of the mountain, echo with their merry laughter, and the tinkle of the Toboggan bell sounds so sweetly in unison, that the scene becomes positively bewitching. I am almost tempted to become poetical on the scene I have just sketched, in my own way, of course; but I prefer to climb McTavish Hill with an Indian sleigh, to mounting even the heights of Parnassus itself.

Like the Toboggan, the Snow-shoe is also a savage, but very ingenious and necessary invention. Without the Snow-shoe, the Indian would be obliged to stay at home in winter, and either hibernate, like his neighbours the bears, or starve. As either alternative is rather uncomfortable, and as some five or six feet deep is not an easy thing to step through, Kata Houxsta has provided himself with a pair of shoes that enable him to walk on the top of the snow. As a very short promenade in deep snow would suffice to extract any amount of strength, even from an Indian's nerves, and, as "necessity is the mother of invention," the child of the forest has succeeded in patenting an article which shall prevent the pedestrian from sinking in the treacherous snow. This invention consists of a frame, a little in the shape of a boy's kite; the frame is covered with strong deer's sinews, beautifully woven together in a varied net work. The front part of the foot only, is strapped down, and the shoe is so balanced that, in taking a step, the front part of it is lifted from the snow, while the back drags along it.

The ladies of Lower Canada are excellent snow-shoers. On a fine night, after a good fall of snow, various merry parties sally forth for a walk, and, I venture to say, enjoy themselves infinitely more, than if the scene were transferred to a sultry evening in July or August. For my part I would greatly

prefer to join this merry party out in the clear frosty night, *sans ceremoni*, than to be heated in a crowded ball room, although roasted in ever so polite and fashionable a manner. There are neither head-aches nor “to-morrow mornings” incurred by the snow-shoeing party, and I can assure you that each and every one of them will rise next morning, after a sound and refreshing sleep, invigorated and strengthened.

If our youth would only “slide,” and snow-shoe oftener, and dissipate less, there would be a great falling off in the sales of Plantagenet and Soda Water.

There has been a fine fall of snow to-day, which, I hope, has added a foot or two to the three feet already covering the hills. The moon is now in all her lunatic splendor,—I never felt happier in my life, and I bid you good bye, as I am just starting for a slide.

A. T. C.

Montreal, 14th February, 1854.



AGREEING WITH HER.—We are reminded of an anecdote of a clergyman, who was a bit of a humorist. He once took tea with a lady of his parish, who prided herself much upon her nice bread, and was also addicted to the common trick, of depreciating her viands to her guests. As she passed the nice warm biscuit to the reverend gentleman, she said—“They are not very good,” she was “almost ashamed to offer them,” &c. The minister took one, looked at it rather dubiously, and replied—“They are not so good as they might be!” The plate was instantly withdrawn, and with heightened color, the lady exclaimed—“They are good enough for you!” Nothing further was said about the biscuit.



IMPROVISATORY.

“Thro’ nature up to nature’s God.”—JUDGE HALIBURTON.

I.

The heaving ocean,
 In muttering tones of might,
Calls forth its billows,
 And they come, each cap't with white;
And like free steeds, gallantly
Tread the bosom of the sea!
Mighty they—and yet how soon
Yield they to the gentle moon.

II.

The blue starry vault
 Of heaven is o'er me bending;
Soft—the night bird's song,
 With zephyrs low is blending,
And the busy sounds of life
Sleep—unconscious—void of strife,
Aptly teaching there's a clime
Far beyond the bounds of time.

III.

Gentle flowerets bloom,
 Breathing perfume o'er the lea;
And the evening air
 Rustles in the aspen tree,
With a low wild melody;
Luring *home* the soul astray,
To those pleasant pastures, where
Fruits and flowers eternal are!

IV.

Beauteous is nature,
 At all times, in every part;
Her mute language fills

With hope the weary heart.
Fair and holy—pure and true,
Most so, when to mortal view,
She displaying—we can see
In her face the Deity!

PERSOLUS.

January, 1854.



He who lies in bed during a summer's morning, loses the best part of the day; he who gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loss of the same kind.

THE TWO WIDOWS OF HUNTER'S CREEK.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

It is now forty years ago, that the two ruined block-houses, the decaying beams of which may be seen on the edge of the little clearing on Hunter's Creek, near the old mill-dam, were occupied by two families. The one on the side of the hill, near the group of scrubby pines, belonged to Aaron Hartley; the other, on the low ground by the Creek, near where you see the birch trees, was inhabited by one Miles Bridge. The boundary tree that marked the side-line between the lots, may still be seen, though the blaze on the old hemlock is nearly worn out.

Miles and Aaron were good neighbours on the whole; and their wives the best friends possible. The wonder, indeed, was, that the men agreed so well together, for Miles was a staunch Loyalist, and a regular Briton in all his tastes and feelings, aye, and in his prejudices too; while Aaron was the descendant of one of the New England Puritans, and a devoted adherent to the new order of things in America. Sometimes they quarrelled a little about politics; but they were both quiet, good men on the whole, and their disputes seldom interfered with their neighbourly intercourse with each other. Most thought it was Aaron's peace-loving wife, Thyrza, who made things go on so

smoothly. She was a meek and holy-minded woman, this Thyrza Hartley, a Christian both in heart and practice.

It was God's will to afflict Aaron Hartley with a long and sore sickness, which wasted his substance and was the cause of his death. During his illness, Miles and his family showed much kindness and sympathy to the sufferer, and after death to his sorrowing widow.

Thyrza was left with one child, a bonny little maiden, about thirteen years of age. She was neither like her mother in person or character, for Thyrza was gentle and quiet, and there was a meek, subdued look in her soft hazel eyes, that had something almost heavenly in it; while the young Rachel was beautiful to look upon, with a face as sunny and gay, as bright looks, blue eyes, and a light heart, could make it; but she was vain of her beauty, and wild and wilful in temper. Her poor father, though a sober-minded man, had been all too proud of his little daughter, and Rachel's vanity and waywardness often caused a pang of anxious foreboding to the heart of her mother.

It was just a year after Aaron Hartley's death, and Thyrza was making up her mind to gather all she possessed of worldly gear together and sell them, that she might journey back to her own people in New Hampshire; but her good heart clung to the old log-house and its little clearing, and the garden; all made by the industry of him whose bones lay silently mouldering beneath the elms at the foot of the hill, and she feared to undertake so long a journey alone, with no one to guide her. The country was then less settled than it is now, and not safe for an unprotected female to travel through: though in truth I believe that God helps the weak, where the strong are left to battle with danger. Perhaps it is, that women knowing their own weakness, cast themselves and their burden upon the Lord, and He careth for them.

About this time Miles Bridge's cattle were lost in the woods. Many days passed, yet they did not return; and Mary who was an anxious woman for the live stock of the farm, fretted a great deal for the absence of her cows, for she was afraid they would be spoiled by remaining unmilked for so long a time. Miles had been out several days in search of them, and little Anne and her brother Michael, had searched the clearings and all round, day after day, to no purpose. The children had just taken their breakfast, and Mary was urging Michael to start again, when Rachel Hartley came in to return a bag of meal which her mother had borrowed some weeks before.

“No sight of the cows, neighbor?” said Rachel, as she marked the troubled look that Mary wore.

“No, child, none! and I am thinking that small will be the store of winter’s butter I shall make after this,” said Mary. “I would give any one a York shilling (7½d) if they could tell me of them. Nay, if I had them safe in the clearing, I would make it a whole quarter dollar, scarce as money is with me,” and she took the coin from her little leather purse, and held it up as she spoke.

Rachel nodded, and shook her bright curls at the sight of the silver. “And that,” she said, “with what I have laid by, would nearly buy a new ribbon for my bonnet.”

I was by at the time she said this, and could not help remarking the bright flush of anticipated pleasure that brightened up her cheek. “Oh, Rachel,” I said, “my girl, what would your mother say to such vanities?”

But the simple girl laughed, and said, “There was no harm in a new ribbon honestly bought.”

“Now,” said she, “Anne and Michael, I will be with you in five minutes, and I am determined, after we start, not to return until the cows are found. You can each take a piece of bread in your hands, for we may not be back till evening. Mary Bridge, you will not forget the money, if I find the cattle,” and off ran the giddy girl.

“Go thy ways, Rachel, for a giddy, good-natured thing,” said Mary, as she watched the light form of Rachel running like a deer up the hill path to her mother’s door. Her step was slower as she came back, and I saw Thyrsa at the stoop following her with her eyes; and little did the poor widow think how long her weary eyes would watch and weep in vain for that beloved child’s return.

Well, after the children were away, poor Mary’s mind seemed ill at ease. And often, during the course of the day, she would walk to the end of the garden fence and look towards the bush, and listen for the cattle-bell or the sound of the children’s voices; but they came not. The evening shut in and no word of them. The loss of the cows seemed nothing in comparison with the loss of the children. Thyrsa, too, had been over many times, in the course of the day, to enquire if any tidings had been heard of her child. At last the alarm became general, and many of the neighbours came to assist in the search, with torches and lanterns. Mary rushed up and down the pasture field like a distracted woman, that sad sight. Thyrsa sat still and wept, and prayed for strength to bear this latter trial, the loss of her only child. The

long night wore away, and still no word of the wanderers. Think of the agonizing sufferings of the unhappy parents, when another day passed over, and still the children came not! At the close of that evening the distant tinkling of a cattle-bell was heard, and Mary fled to the fence with a wild scream of joy. The cattle truly were there; but her eye wandered in vain in search of the children. "Surely they will soon be here," she said, and sat down on the grass to watch for them; but night closed in, dark and rainy, and she returned sick at heart, and casting herself beside the afflicted widow, she said, "I shall see them no more; and you, also, have I bereaved of your only one—wretched woman that I am." But Thyrsa did not reproach her, for she saw her trouble was already greater than she could bear.

The dark recesses of the woods blazed with many torches that night, for the country round was roused, and no exertions were spared by young or old to restore the lost ones, dead or alive, to their sorrowing parents; but it was all to no purpose, and at the end of a week the search was given up in hopeless despair. Miles Bridge was never the same man after the loss of his children. He paid little heed to his farm; his fences fell to ruin, and breachy cattle destroyed his standing corn; he hardly cared to gather in the ripening harvest; he labored listlessly like a man without hope or object, for indeed those for whose sake he had labored were lost to him. He seemed to think it little mattered how fast he went the way of all flesh. Before the forest grew green again, Miles Bridge was laid in the cold grave.

I had occasion to leave the neighborhood for two years and upwards, and when I returned, I found that Miles was dead, and that the two widows drawn together by one common lot of affliction, had let their land, on shares, to a farmer in the neighborhood, and were both inhabiting one dwelling.

All hopes of the lost children's return had long vanished from the minds of all reasonable people; but in the heart of Mary, it burned like an unextinguishable and living spark amid the depth of her afflictions, (and many had fallen upon her since that day). The thought that she should, one day, fold her lost children to her desolate heart, sustained her.

"I shall yet behold them," she would say, "before I go home, and be no more seen."

The neighbors would answer with looks of pity and incredulity. Some more stern, strove to tear the delusion of hope from her heart and chide her harshly, bidding her "take her sore afflictions as a punishment from the hand of the Lord for her sins."

“Miserable comforters are you all,” she would say, in the bitterness of her spirit. “Even like Job’s are ye; but it pleased God to comfort the sorely afflicted man, and He will comfort me, even me, in His own good time.” And so she would busy herself about her household matters, and take no further notice of those about her.

At last, the neighbors left her to her own fancies, for they thought sorrow had turned her brain. But, while the poor, forlorn creature met with little sympathy from those around her, there was one faithful heart, that shared in all her griefs, and tended, and watched, and soothed her unsettled mind with the tender care of a sister, for she was a sister in affliction, since the same sad cause had made both their hearts desolate.

Thyrza, in the meekness of her devout heart, took her trials as chastenings at the hand of the Lord, and when she spoke of her lost ones, she would say, in the words of David, “I may go to her, but she cannot return to me.” And she took Mary to her home, and was to her a friend and counsellor, to lead her thoughts from earth to heaven.

“She is more wretched than I am,” she would observe of Mary, “for she adds reproach for my bereavement to her own griefs, but far be it from me to break the bruised reed.” And this good woman listened to poor Mary with gentle kindness, while she feared to encourage hopes so wild and unlikely to be realised; but sometimes she thought that these thoughts of Mary were like heavenly visitors, sent to reconcile her to life and speak peace to her in her sorrows, without which she might have sunk utterly under the influence of despair.

Five years had passed away since the loss of the children.—Rachel would have been a fine young woman, nearly nineteen, had she been living, and Michael, a lad of seventeen; little Anne, younger by two full years; and Mary would often picture them to herself, and fancy she could imagine exactly what the children would have been, had they grown up.

A change had come over Mary lately, not unnoticed by her friend. Her steps had become more feeble, her voice lower and broken; and she often spoke of weariness and languor stealing over her; so that her household labours became a task, and chiefly devolved upon Thyrza, who redoubled her kind attentions to spare her any bodily fatigue, for she thought the poor pilgrim was drawing near to the close of her earthly journey, and she noticed, too, that she dwelt longer and more frequently on heavenly than earthly hopes.

One morning, it was just about noontide at that season when the gorgeous tints of our forest trees are at their brightest, when the nights are frosty, and the days warm and even sultry, that Mary begged Thyrza to lead her out into the stoop, where, seated in a high, pillow-backed straw chair, (such as the Irish straw chair-makers manufacture,) she could enjoy the soft sunny air, and look abroad upon the glorious colour of the changing trees that clothed the swelling hills beyond the little settlement.

“Mary,” said Thyrza, as she settled a pillow at the back of the poor invalid’s chair, “you are more feverish to-day, your hand is hotter than usual.”

“I feel a restlessness of spirit,” Mary replied, “that I can hardly describe, such as I have not felt for many months. What does it mean, Thyrza?” Then answering herself, she added, pressing her hand tightly on her heart. “It is the old complaint, ‘hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick.’ I had thought this foolish longing after earthly things had been quelled within me, but the fire was only smothered, it burns—it burns, here.”

Thyrza sighed, and gently whispered to her, “My poor friend, lift up your heart in prayer to Him who knoweth and pitieth your weakness. This, Mary,” she added, more gravely, “is a temptation and a snare from the evil one, to draw off your thoughts and affections from better things.”

Mary seemed to hear, without heeding her friend’s words; for, suddenly grasping her hand, she said, “Thyrza, I shall see my children, I know and feel I shall.”

“Aye, Mary, if it be the Lord’s pleasure, in heaven,” replied Thyrza, looking upwards.

“Nay, even here, upon earth, on this very spot.”

The compassionate Thyrza shook her head, while tears gathered in her mournful eyes, as she gazed sorrowfully on the fond and faded being before her. “Surely,” said she to herself, “her reason is wandering, or, it may be, that she has seen some vision of her lost children. I have heard of such visitings before death.”

By degrees, she strove to turn her thoughts into other channels. She talked of the warm air and the beautiful scene before them; but the mind of the sick woman seemed abstracted, and her restless eyes wandered continually along the edge of the forest, as if in search of some lost but expected object.

The sun had reached its meridian height, and poured a strong flood of light upon the hill round which the road wound, that led from the pine wood beyond.

Suddenly, a figure emerged from the wood, and the flash of light from the barrel of the rifle carried by a young man, dressed in the garb of an Indian hunter, attracted the eye of the invalid. A few steps in the rear of the young Indian, were two females, wrapped in dark cloth mantles, bordered with red, folded over on one side, and falling to the middle of the leg, displaying the scarlet leggings pertaining to the costume of the Indian women of that time. The taller of the two, held by the hand a child, apparently about two or three years old, which soon, however, she transferred, Squaw-fashion, to her back. The young hunter wore the blanket coat and red worsted sash, adopted, even in those days, by the Indian tribes who were accustomed to trade with the white settlers.

The party first bent their steps to the cottage near the creek, where they appeared to linger and look around them with doubt; but as they ascended the path that wound up the steep side of the hill, Mary's eyes became rivetted on them with intense earnestness.

"Why do you tremble and quiver all over thus, my poor Mary?" said her friend, anxiously remarking the agitation that shook the frame of the sick creature.

"Thyrza, Thyrza," she said, in hollow, smothered tones; "what mean these strange yearnings that shake my frame?—These are they whom I have watched and longed for with a mother's hope—yea, more than a mother's hope."

She sprang to her feet, as she spoke, and stood with her arms stretched out, as if to embrace the strangers, as they drew near.

Thyrza noticed, that though their dress and carriage were those of the children of the forest, the roseate blood of Europe mantled in their cheeks, and the fair hair and blue eyes of the elder female contradicted her Indian costume.

The young hunter came forward and asked a cup of water. "For," said he, "we have travelled far, and are in want of food and water."

The cup of water was filled, and given with a murmured blessing by the hand of Thyrza, as she scanned the European features of the strangers.

"Are you from the Credit?" she asked of the young man.

“We are from Lake Huron,” he replied; “we are strangers. Can you give these women shelter for the night?”

“We are two lone women,” replied Thyrza, evasively, “and she is sick unto death,” she added, lowering her voice.

“What ails her?” asked the stranger, turning an eye of troubled enquiry, now for the first time, upon the invalid.

“A broken heart. She lost her children some five years ago. One sad day saw us both childless.”

“Did your children die of disease; by fever or accident?” asked the elder female, now pressing forward.

“Nay,” said Thyrza, “they perished by a yet sadder fate than these. They were lost in the depths of yonder gloomy forest.”

“My mother! they were preserved by a merciful Providence to return to you, and bless your eyes once more,” burst from the lips of Rachel, as she cast herself weeping into the arms of her weeping parent.

“Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace,” murmured the dying Mary, as she sunk into the arms of her two children. She had waited, as it were, for this moment of overpowering happiness, but its joy was too great for her weak frame, and she only lived to bless her children. Her remains were laid by their hands in the grave beside her poor husband.

Thyrza had many years of peace and happiness in store, and was a second mother to the children of her lost friend; and when they married and settled in life, she, with her widowed daughter and the child left Canada, and returned to their native country.

All I know of the wanderings of the young people was this, that they were found on the third day after they were lost, not far from the river Credit, by a party of Indians, who, unable or unwilling to take any trouble about restoring them to their distant homes, carried them far to the westward; and they lived with these people, learning their language and sharing their wild, wandering mode of life; but ever remembering the lost home of their youth with sad regrets. The beauty of the fair Rachel won her much regard; and at the end of a year, she was married by a French Missionary to the son of a Chief of one of the Huron tribes. The sight of a party of English fur-traders awakened all the love of home and parents in the minds of the poor exiles. Rachel, though a mother, was now a widow, for her husband had died of a fierce lake fever, shortly after she had given birth to her second child, which had died also; and under the guidance of the fur-

traders, who had been made acquainted with their singular situation, they had returned back by a long and devious way, to the home from which they had so long been separated.

Such, in point of fact, was the history of these young wanderers. There are few now that remember the circumstances, for strangers fill the place they once occupied, and the old block-houses are fallen to decay, and I only am left of all whom they once knew as friend in the place. And the old man rose as he finished his recital, and walked thoughtfully away, his head bent down, and his thoughts evidently busy with scenes and friends of past days.

C. P. T.

Oaklands, Rice Lake.



THERMOMETERS.

[Written for the Maple Leaf.

The word thermometer is derived from two Greek words *thermos*, signifying warm, and *metron*, meaning measure, and is used for the purpose of indicating the temperature of the atmosphere. It is said to have been invented about the end of the fifteenth, or the beginning of the sixteenth century; and, like a great many other equally good inventions, several claim the honor, but no one knows the actual inventor. The general opinion, however, is, that the idea first originated with Galileo, who, in the year 1597, was said to have first made the instrument, and that Sagredo, at a later period, perfected it; although many years elapsed before the instrument reached its present state of perfection. It is not unlikely, however, that it might have been invented by a great number of different individuals in the same period of time.

At first they used what is called an air thermometer, in which air supplied the place of quicksilver, then oil, and lastly alcohol was tried. Dr. Haller first made use of mercury, which was found to rank superior to either of the above mentioned fluids. Mercury was found to answer best, for the reason that it is the most sensible fluid to heat and cold, even air not

excepted, and of all liquids this is the most easily freed from air. Count Rumford discovered that mercury was heated from the freezing to the boiling point in 58, water in 153, and air in 617 seconds.

The thermometer consists of a glass tube, at the bottom of which there is a bulb, which is generally of a spherical form; in this mercury or quicksilver is placed, and the atmosphere affecting this, causes it to rise or fall in the tube. In order to mark the rising of the atmosphere, a scale of figures is marked along the tube, and by this simple way we can always discern the temperature of the air which we are at any moment breathing. At first great difficulty was experienced in order to obtain the proper scale. In the present scale of figures, 32 is marked at the freezing point, when water congeals; when the quicksilver falls to 0, it is said to be at zero; and then, as a matter of course, the further the mercury descends below this point, the more intense is the cold. In our rigorous climate the thermometer very frequently ranges as low as 30 below zero; however, in Great Britain the cold is never so intense. When the quicksilver is at 60, the air is said to be temperate, and now when we are experiencing this intense cold, we ought to be careful that the mercury of the thermometer in our room is never above this point, as nothing is more hurtful to the constitution than to sit in too warm a chamber. When the mercury rises as far as 98, it is the heat of the blood in the average of living men, and 212 is the point when water boils.

The simplest mode of filling a mercurial thermometer is to put the mercury in a paper funnel, tied round the top of the tube. This must be done very cautiously, by alternately heating gently and then cooling the bulb, and at last making it boil in such a manner as to completely expel the air. To close the extremity of the bulb, it is first softened by heat, and drawn to a capillary surface. Then, in order to free the tube entirely from air, the bulb is heated intensely, and whilst in that state, the mercury filling the whole tube, the capillary point is to be heated in the flame of a lamp.

The thermometers used now are Fahrenheit's in Britain, Holland, and America; Reaumur's in France; and Celsius's in Sweden.

This instrument, besides being of use in the way I have mentioned, is of service in many other ways; in the arts, for example, in which the temperature of the air or liquids requires to be attended to, and also for many other purposes. In short, this is as useful a little instrument as the art of man has ever invented, and although since then a great many other inventions have fallen under our notice, this one, though little in itself, will equal in point of utility any of the later great inventions.

Montreal, February, 1854.



EDITORIAL.

A great pressure of business has prevented the publisher from sending forth this number earlier. We trust the next may not be so long delayed.

We are in receipt of an excellent little work for juveniles, called "The Youth's Casket." It is published in Buffalo, by E. F. Beadle, No. 11, West Seneca Street. It abounds in interesting illustrations, and seems well calculated to improve and amuse the class for which it is designed.

A young correspondent has kindly responded to our wish in regard to the Thermometer.

The communication from "Uncle Tom" is good; but it came to hand after we had accepted another article on the same subject. We shall be happy to receive a paper from him on the subject he mentioned.

What constitutes Poetry? is a question we propose for "Rose Bud's" consideration. It is absolutely important that one should be well acquainted with the rules of Grammar before attempting versification; and we would add to that, a course of reading, comprising works of history, literature, and general information. We do not mean to discourage young poets; but simply urge them to lay a proper foundation for excellence, by cultivating a thorough knowledge of the fundamental principles of correct writing. "Rose Bud" will see that her poem lacks unity of design, and abounds in grammatical errors. Her time would perhaps be better employed in study for the present, until her taste is sufficiently educated to design and trace out a literary composition correctly.

We were glad to hear from several valued correspondents, whose articles appear in this number.

We mention "Persolus," particularly. His articles are always welcome; pervaded, as they are, by excellent sentiment delicately and elegantly expressed.

A. T. C. has our thanks for his spirited description of our winter sports, and his beautiful drawing of a Toboggan party, which Mr. Walker has engraved with his usual artistic skill. The moon beams seem to have affected other correspondents also. We fancy we shall receive a number of articles distinguished for racy and interesting style: the tide sets that way; “the moon is at the full.” In truth, we expect to see articles for our next, that will display more evidences of thorough intellectual assiduity than anything we have previously seen: the age is progressive; mind cannot stand still; thought should spread wide her pinions, and soar high.