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THE

MAPLE LEAF.

Sketch of the Fall of the Aztec Empire, with the Destruction of Mexico.

(Continued.)

Every thing they saw excited equally their astonishment and admiration. The public works were remarkable for their strength and skill of design. The magnificent gardens, which stretched for miles round the base of the hill, exhibiting every variety of plant and shrub, fruit and flower, in such perfection, as the highest natural advantages, joined to the greatest industry and taste, could produce. An extensive collection of animals and birds, were added to the floral interest of these beautiful pleasure grounds, where nothing seemed wanting to constitute an earthly paradise. The markets were filled with wares of all descriptions of native manufacture, besides the rich and abundant produce of the fertile valley. The object, however, that excited the greatest attention, was the great temple of Teocalli, a pyramidal structure, nearly 100 feet high, and measuring 300 feet square at the base. Within this building were two figures—one the war-god of the Aztecs, before whose shrine the Spaniards saw “three human hearts smoking and almost palpitating as if recently torn from their victims;” the other deity, in like manner, was gratified by the offering of five human hearts. Such a sight was well calculated to arouse the religious zeal of Cortés, who believed himself commissioned to extirpate this abominable idolatry, and place the cross upon the walls of Mexico. A mind like his could not long brook inaction; already he resolved a daring but hazardous project, to further his views of conquest, when an event occurred that facilitated his plans. Cortés had left a small garrison at Vera Cruz, under Escalante; two of the Spanish soldiers, belonging to this detachment, had been treacherously murdered by one of the neighboring chiefs in command under Montezuma. Cortés made use of this—charging Montezuma as having instigated the crime. The accusation was indignantly denied; and in proof of his innocence, Montezuma instantly summoned the offenders to his presence. Cortés pretended to discredit his assertions, and urged as the only means of satisfaction, his removal from his own palace to the Spanish quarters. The proposal was received with astonishment and indignation; but finding remonstrance in vain, and wanting courage and confidence enough to have recourse at once to arms, Montezuma, in an evil hour, gave an unwilling consent. Every mark of honor and respect was still paid to him. The shadow of power remained, but the substance was gone. Every step of the Spanish

guard, as the patrol paced before the gates, told him too surely he was a prisoner; without a blow he had relinquished his freedom, conquered not by the strong arms of force, but by the coward terrors of a weak, superstitious mind. Montezuma had yet a greater indignity to endure before his spirit was finally subdued. On the arrival of the party implicated in the death of the Spanish soldiers, the decision of the case being left to Cortés, he sentenced the chief and his accomplices to be burnt alive; and on the ground that they had accused Montezuma as the author of the crime, he caused him to be put in fetters; remaining in the apartment till his orders were obeyed. It was not, however, his intention that this punishment should be of long continuance. Accordingly, after the execution of the criminals, Cortés entered the chamber of Montezuma, and kneeling down, unclasped the fetters, pretending deeply to regret the painful necessity imposed on him.

Cortés seemed now to have advanced successfully in his scheme. Montezuma nominally, Cortés virtually, governed the vast region of Mexico; but his mind was ill at ease. Could he expect a whole nation calmly to submit to the usurped dominion of a handful of strangers? They had been taken by surprise; would they not awake from their lethargy, and one day call him to a severe account for his proceedings? His fears were not groundless. A most formidable conspiracy was organized, which nearly proved fatal to his enterprise; but a Providence, they did not always acknowledge, watched over the Spaniards. Timely warning was given, and Cortés, by an exercise of that active policy for which he was so remarkable, got the ringleaders into his power, and thus broke up a most dangerous confederation, and secured his present authority. One of Cortés' first efforts was to establish the Christian worship; and to this, purpose was devoted one of the idol temples which was cleansed and purified for the occasion. The Spaniards rejoiced in this as a token of the favor of heaven, and considered it as the first fruits of many such victories of the cross. They could not foresee the long and fearful contests that were to take place before the idols were dethroned and the Aztec worship abolished.

Meanwhile the rising fortunes of Cortés were threatened by new dangers; and he found the Aztecs were not the only enemies he must prepare himself to meet. It must not be forgotten, that Velasquez, the Governor of Cuba, the originator of the expedition, had long viewed Cortés with no friendly eye; and when the tidings of his success and marvellous discoveries reached him, his jealousy was raised to the highest pitch, and he immediately fitted out an armament, consisting of 900 men, well supplied with ammunition, and stores of all kinds. The command was given to Narvaez, who accordingly set sail for the coast of Mexico, where he landed

in April, 1520, with the intention of compelling Cortés to relinquish his unauthorized pre-eminence and submit to his dictation. It was not long before tidings of the arrival of Narvaez were communicated to Cortés. He prepared immediately, with his usual energy, to meet his rival, and bring the question to a speedy decision. Cortés could ill afford to divide his little force; but to withdraw his whole detachment from Mexico, was at once to lose all he had gained, and forego the hope of future conquest. He therefore left 140 men under Alvarado, in Mexico; and attended by 70 soldiers, set out to encounter his new opponent. They met in the plain of the Tierra Caliente; and while a short distance still intervened, night came; Cortés at once resolved to attack the enemy under cover of the darkness, trusting to its friendly shade to conceal the real weakness of his force. The result exceeded his most sanguine expectations;—Narvaez was wounded and taken prisoner at an early stage of the engagement; and Cortés found no difficulty in engaging the Spanish soldiers, who had commenced the campaign under a leader who neither secured their respect nor affection, to transfer their services to himself, and embark with him in an adventure he failed not to depict in rich and glowing colors; The reinforcements thus received were a most seasonable aid, for Cortés soon found his most strenuous efforts necessary to meet a new emergency. Alvarado wrote from Mexico, giving no flattering intelligence; he said the Aztecs were beginning to manifest much dissatisfaction; they had made several hostile attempts against the Spaniards; in short, the presence of Cortés in Mexico, was absolutely necessary. When he arrived, it was only to find every thing in the utmost confusion; and the Spanish quarters in a state of siege. The Spaniards had certainly given some provocation, and the Mexicans were not slow to retaliate. For some time a stupid sullenness pervaded all their communications, they brought no provisions to the camp, shut up the markets, and sought every means of petty annoyance. But by and by matters assumed a more threatening appearance; passion gave way to active hostilities, and mustering hosts prepared to pour down upon the Spaniards with all the fury of long pent-up resentment, and with one mighty effort sweep the invaders from the earth, and revenge at once the insults offered to their temporal and spiritual dominion. For several days a fierce contest continued. The Spaniards were defended by the building which they had contrived to fortify, and behind which was posted their artillery, which, though insignificant in itself, served to spread terror and devastation through the crowded columns of the enemy; but as fast as the murderous fire scattered and destroyed one advancing line, another rushed on to take its place; and though thousands daily, perished in the struggle, the numbers of the assailants seemed in no degree diminished. At this juncture, Cortés entreated the interposition of Montezuma with the

Mexicans, in behalf of the Spaniards, and after some persuasion induced him to comply. The Indian Monarch, attended by a guard of Spaniards, ascended the central turret, and appeared before his astonished people, not as in former times, to lead them on to battle, or to urge them to deeds of daring; but with a spirit, subdued by suffering, and quelled by superstitious terrors, weakly to entreat them to lay down their arms, assuring them the Spaniards were his friends and guests, and promising if only peace were restored, and the city more tranquil, the strangers would depart, and all would be well. At the sound of the voice of their Emperor,—once so fondly loved, so reverentially regarded,—the tumultuous multitude paused, as if by one consent; a death-like stillness reigned, many prostrated themselves before him, others bent the knee; but no sooner was the import of his words understood, than all the gentler emotions gave way to those of redoubled rage and excitement; a cloud of stones and arrows were aimed at the unfortunate Emperor, who fell wounded and senseless to the ground. Montezuma was borne to his quarters—every assistance tendered him; but he refused to avail himself of medical aid, and did not long survive this dreadful day, in which he had irretrievably lost the confidence and affections of his people. From the time of Montezuma's appeal to the people to that of his death, the city continued one scene of fierce internal war. The Aztecs manifested a courage and resolution which surprised the Spaniards, who had counted too securely upon their tame submission; they were utterly reckless of life, and fought with the desperation of men who had no choice but in victory or death. Meantime the situation of the Spaniards was becoming daily more and more critical; destitute of provisions, worn out by continual contest, only varied by an equally anxious watch, dispirited by the loss of companions they could not well spare, and in danger of being cut off from all hope of escape, Cortés saw he must at once quit the capital, if he hoped to save the remnant of his broken troops. He therefore communicated his resolution to his adherents, and prepared to put it into execution. It was with a heavy heart, the leaders of the expedition—who had entered Mexico in all the triumph of recent victory, and the pride of conscious strength, flushed with the hope of a rich easy conquest, which would speedily terminate their dangers and their toils—silently gave the necessary orders for a secret and sudden flight, scarcely daring to hope they might escape safe and unharmed from the hosts of enemies that encompassed them. manifold, indeed, were the dangers that awaited them, when in the dead of night, they stole noiselessly from the ancient palaces where so many a melancholy scene had been witnessed. The very treasure they had accumulated,—the rich munificent gifts of Montezuma—the plunder of the temples and treasure houses of Mexico, furnished only a new cause of anxiety. The officers and

soldiers endeavored to secure what they could on their persons, winding gold chains round their waists and arms, wearing collars and ornaments, &c., of the same precious metal, little thinking how near their race was run, and this costly array would deck a captive or a corpse. The city of Mexico was traversed by various canals, which were usually crossed by bridges; but during the recent warfare these bridges had all been removed. The Spaniards aware of this, had prepared a moveable bridge, which they succeeded in placing over the first gap, and thus crossed it in safety; but while the troops were filing over, the alarm was given, the Indians rose in arms, and completely hemmed in the struggling Spaniards, who found, to their dismay, the bridge upon which their safety seemed to depend, stuck fast in the mud, and could, by no means, be dislodged. Two wide ditches must yet be crossed, before the way of escape could be reached. The Mexicans poured in on all sides; bodies of arrows and other missiles, unhorsed and dragged down many an unfortunate soldier, who, if he escaped the stroke of the axe, it was but to be reserved for a still more dreadful doom. It was a fearful scene; discipline was at an end; it was to each a death struggle, and but for the severe apprenticeship the Spaniards had already undergone, they could not have survived it.

It was a feeble remnant of his gallant troops that Cortés viewed with weeping eyes, when, as the day dawned, he halted at a little village, scarcely daring to realise the dreadful truth. Not above one-third of the number who had issued from the Spanish quarters, were now alive; the treasure baggage, ammunition—all were gone. If it is the evidence of a great mind to design and achieve great actions, it is no less so, when misfortune is borne with courage, and disappointment met with fortitude: to follow out a purpose through every discouragement, to prosecute it through every difficulty, to adhere to it calmly and unwaveringly through every fluctuation, shows a fertility of resource, a wisdom and strength that may truly be called great. Such did this emergency prove Cortés to be.

(To be Continued.)



A FRAGMENT.

[ORIGINAL.]

Love! what love I?
Love I not all things fair?—
The deep blue sky;
The flower gemm'd earth;
The fragrant summer air;
The voice of sinless mirth;—
Love I not these?

Love! what love I?
Love I not all things bright?—
The flashing eye;
The sparkling star's pure ray;
The gorgeous noon-day light;
The moon on her high way;—
Love I not these?

Love! what love I?
Love! not all things true?—
The heartfelt sigh;
The gentle glance of friend;
The love for ever new;
The trust that knows no end;—
Love I not these?

Love! what love I?
Love I not all that's holy?—
The earnest cry,
For strength to soar away
From earthly part, and lowly.
To realms of endless day;—
Love I not this?

Love! what love I?
The fair, the bright, the true,—
All these love I;
All that is holy love,
And so I long to view
Their native home above,
"The land of Peace."

Montreal, July 1853.



THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER; OR, RAMBLES IN THE CANADIAN FOREST.

By Mrs. Traill, Authoress of the "Canadian Crusoes," &c.

CHAP. IX.

AURORA BOREALIS; OR, NORTHERN LIGHTS—MOST
FREQUENTLY SEEN IN NORTHERN CLIMATES—CALLED
MERRY DANCERS.—ROSE TINTS—TINT-LIKE
APPEARANCE.—LADY MARY FRIGHTENED.

One evening just as Mrs. Frazer was preparing to undress lady Mary, Miss Campbell, her governess, came into the nursery, and taking the little girl by the hand, led her to an open balcony and bade her look out on the sky towards the North, where a low dark arch, surmounted by an irregular border, like a silver fringe, was visible. For some moments lady Mary stood looking on this singular appearance; at length, she said, "Is it a rainbow, Miss Campbell?—but where is the sun that you told me shone into the drops of rain to make the pretty colors?"

"It is not a rainbow, my dear—the sun has long been set."

"Can the moon make rainbows at night?" asked the little girl.

"The moon is not shining. The moon does sometimes, but very rarely, make what is called a *lunar* rainbow. Luna was the ancient name for the moon; but the arch you now see, is neither caused by the light of the sun or of the moon. It is by something that is called electricity. It is a very rare and subtle fluid that exists in nature. Some bodies have more, some less. I cannot explain it to you now so that you could understand it—you are too young yet; but, when you are older, you will be able to comprehend many things that are strange to you, and that you will have noticed during childhood.

"This beautiful appearance that you now see is known by the name of Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. The word Aurora means *dawn*, and Borealis northern. You know, my dear, what is meant by the word *dawn*. It is the light that is seen in the sky before the sun rises."

Lady Mary nodded, and said,

“Miss Campbell, I did once see the sun rise,—it was when I was ill and could not sleep, and nurse lifted me in her arms out of bed and took me to the window. The sky was all a bright golden color, with streaks of rosy red, and nurse said, ‘It is dawn; the sun will soon rise.’ And I saw the beautiful sun rise from behind the trees and hills. He came up so gloriously—larger than when we see him in the middle of the sky, and I could look at him without hurting my eyes.”

“Sunrise is indeed a glorious sight, my dear; but He who made the sun is more glorious still. Do you remember what we read yesterday in the psalms?

—
‘The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work.’

‘One day telleth another, and one night certifieth another.’

‘There is neither speech nor language where their voice is not heard.’

‘In man hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which cometh forth as a bridegroom from his chamber, and rejoiceth as a giant to run his course.’

“The Northern Lights, lady Mary, are frequently visible in Canada, but are most brilliant in those cold regions which are nearer the North Pole, where they serve to give light, during the dark season, to those dismal countries from which the sun is so many months absent. The light of the Aurora Borealis is soft and beautiful, so that any object can be distinctly seen; though in these cold countries there are few human beings to be benefited by this beautiful provision of nature.”

“The wild beasts and herds must be glad of the pretty lights,” said the child thoughtfully; for lady Mary’s young heart was always rejoiced when she thought that God’s gifts could be shared by the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, as well as by mankind.

“Look now, my dear,” said Miss Campbell—directing the attention of her pupil to the horizon—“what a change has taken place whilst we have been speaking. See the arch is sending up long shafts of light. Now they divide and shift from side to side, gliding along among the darker portions of vapour, like moving pillars.”

“Ah! There, there they go!” cried the little girl, clapping her hands with delight. “See, nurse, how the pretty lights chase each other and dance about. Up they go! higher and higher! How pretty they look. But now they are

gone. They are fading away. I am so sorry,” said the child despondingly, for a sudden cessation had taken place in the motion of the heavens.

“We will go in for a few minutes, my dear,” said her governess, “and then look out again. Great changes take place sometimes in the course of a few minutes.

“In the North of England and Ireland, I have heard that these lights are commonly called the Merry Dancers.”

“That is a nice name for them,” said lady Mary.

“Foolish people, my dear, who do not know the natural cause for the appearance of these lights, fancy that they are only seen when war and troubles are about to break out. But this idea is a very ignorant one. Were it the case, some of the cold countries of the world, where the sky is illumined night after night by the Aurora Borealis, would be one continual scene of misery.

“I have seen, in this country, a succession of these lights for four or five nights at a time. In England, where this sight is not so frequent, the common people are frightened by it, instead of regarding it as something beautiful and worthy of admiration. This same *electricity*, for I cannot find any simpler name for it, is a very wonderful agent in nature, and exists in various bodies, perhaps in all created things. It is this that shoots across the sky in the form of lightning, and that causes the thunder to be heard,—it is in the air we breathe it causes whirlwinds, and waterspouts, and earthquakes, and volcanoes,—it makes one substance attract another.

“There is a bit of amber; if I rub it on the table, it will become warm to the touch. Now, I will take a bit of thread, and hold near it. See the thread moves towards the amber—now it clings to it. Sealing wax, and many other substances, when heated, have this property. Some bodies give out flashes and sparks by being rubbed. If you stroke a black cat briskly in the dark, you will see faint flashes of light come from her fur; and on very cold nights in the winter season, flannels that are worn next the skin, crackle and give out sparks when taken off and shaken.”

These things astonished lady Mary. She tried the experiment with the amber and thread, and was much amused by seeing the thread attracted; and wanted to see the sparks from the cat’s back, only there happened unfortunately to be no black cat or kitten in Government House. Mrs. Frazer, however promised to procure a beautiful black kitten for her, that she might enjoy the singular sight of the electric sparks from its coat. And lady Mary

then wished that winter were come, that she might see the sparks from the flannel petticoat, and hear the sounds.

“Let us now go and look out again at the sky,” said Miss Campbell, and Lady Mary skipped joyfully through the French window to the balcony; but ran back and flinging her arms about her nurse, cried out in accents of alarm, “Nurse, nurse, the sky is all angry, together! Oh, Miss Campbell, what shall we do?”

“There is no cause for fear, my dear child, do not be frightened. There is nothing to harm us.”

During the short time that they had been absent, a great and remarkable change had taken place in the appearance of the sky. The electric fluid had diffused itself over the face of the whole heavens; the pale colour of the streamers had changed to bright rose, pale violet, and greenish yellow. At the zenith, or that part more immediately over head, a vast ring of deep indigo was presented to the eye; from this, swept down, as it were, a flowing curtain of rosy light, which wavered and moved incessantly as if agitated by a gentle breeze, though a perfect stillness reigned throughout the air. The child’s young heart was awed by this sublime spectacle; it seemed to her as if it were indeed the great throne of the Great Creator of the world that she gazed upon; and she veiled her face in her nurse’s arms, and trembled exceedingly, even as the children of Israel when the fire of Mount Sinai was revealed, and they feared to behold the glory of the most High God.

After a while, lady Mary, encouraged by the cheerful voice of her governess and nurse, ventured to look up and to watch the silver stars shining dimly as from beneath a veil, and she whispered to herself the words that her governess had before repeated to her, “The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work.”

After a little while, Mrs. Frazer thought it better to put lady Mary to bed, as she had been up much longer than usual, and Miss Campbell was afraid lest the excitement should make her ill; but the child did not soon fall asleep, for her thoughts were full of the strange and glorious things that she had seen that night.

NOTE.—A singular splendid exhibition of Aurora Borealis was visible in the month of August, 1839, in August, 1851, and again on the 21st of February, 1852. The colours were rosy red, varied with other prismatic colours.

But the most singular feature was the ring-like circle from which the broad streams of light seemed to flow down in a curtain that seemed to reach from heaven to earth. In looking upwards the sky had the appearance of a tent narrowed to a small circle at the top, which seemed to be the centre of illimitable space.

Though we listened with great attention, none of the crackling sounds that some northern travellers have declared to accompany the Aurora Borealis could be heard; neither did any one experience any of the disagreeable bodily sensations that are often felt during thunder storms. The atmosphere was unusually calm, and in two of the three instances warm and agreeable.

The authoress was induced to make this phenomenon the subject of the present chapter, as the appearance of the Northern lights is so frequently seen in this country; and therefore she felt the little work would be incomplete without its being noticed. More scientific matters might have been introduced, but it is difficult to simplify subjects which have puzzled wise men to the comprehension of young children.



The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other is always enjoying it.—*Addison*.

[For the Maple Leaf.

FUNERAL HYMN FOR A CHILD.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

Our brother is sleeping;
But why should we mourn
That dust unto dust
His cold ashes return?
Our sorrows are mortal;
His sorrows are o'er;
The pangs of disease
Can afflict him no more.

He early was called
From this valley of tears;
A Christian in knowledge,
An infant in years.
His sun has gone down
In the dew of his morn,
And the hearts of his kindred
With anguish are torn.

Their thoughts dwell in darkness—
The worm and the shroud;
But his spirit has burst
Like a beam from the cloud.
His exit was gladness,
His parting was sweet;
He went forth rejoicing.
His Saviour to meet.

He has pass'd the dark valley
Our blessed Lord trod,
Conducted by saints
To the presence of God!
Then let us rejoice,
Though as mortals we mourn,
That dust unto dust
His cold ashes return.



CONSCIENCE MUST BE KEPT IN EXERCISE.—He who would keep his conscience awake, must be careful to keep it stirring; for long disuse of anything made for action, will, in time, take away the very use of it: as I have read of one who, for a disguise, kept one of his eyes for a long time covered, when he took off the covering he found his eye indeed where it was, but his sight was gone.—*Dr. South.*

LEGEND OF THE PYRENEES.

(CONTINUED.)



There is a tinge of enthusiasm and restless ambition coloring the annals of Europe during the period immediately preceding and following the year 1492.—Mind sent out its long tendrils in every direction as if to clasp some unknown but lofty support. Events tended to encourage a spirit of investigation. Old theories crumbling before the force of strong reasoning, and men no longer endeavored to reconcile ancient absurdities with truths that were daily becoming more established. Philosophers pondered on the wonders of nature, the secret causes of the harmony which they saw everywhere prevailing in the Creator's works, and tried to understand the motions of the heavenly bodies. Everything pointed forward. The northmen, lords of the sea, sailed far and wide, and rumor said they had penetrated to lands far beyond Iceland.

Christopher Columbus lived in this semi-scientific and chivalrous age. Warm Italian blood coursed through his veins. Imagination lent her charms to elevate a devotion and a purity of character imbibed from the grandeur of his religious conceptions, and the excellence of his education. Enthusiasm spread a glow of attraction over all his undertakings; His mind was capable of designing and accomplishing great things. His whole soul was enlisted in investigation. The noble generosity and courage of the sailor were united, in his character, with perseverance and decision. His voice was peculiarly pleasing, and his eloquence contagious. No wonder that his Spanish auditors, true to their love of the wonderful and mysterious, responded to his ardor, as he depicted his belief in the existence of lands beyond the western seas. He was a welcome guest at the Castle, where the Lady Irene and her father visited; and many a pleasant tale did he relate of the countries which he had visited, and the adventures he had encountered. His hopes were raised as news of a victorious onset by the army, then besieging Granada, proclaimed the hour of victory near—the hour when, he felt sure, his royal mistress would fully attend to his cause.

Hours flew quickly to Irene, varied by conversation and amusement, and enlivened by accounts of the bravery of the army, and the wonders collected

within the famed Alhambra. Seated in her boudoir one evening, at the close of a grand entertainment given in honor of her father's visit, she leaned her head upon her hand and sighed, almost unconsciously, as she thought of the many happy scenes she had witnessed, and felt how soon she should be far away.

“And Henri—will he ever return?” she murmured; “will he really remember his promise? Ah! he little knows how gladly I would give my fortune to assist him,—but that may not be;” and her cheek grew pale, and large tears gathered in her eyes.

It was a lovely winter's night, in that mild climate. The moonlight flooded hill and vale, and silvered castle and tower and humble cottage, in and around the ancient city of Valencia, and resting upon the sea, danced upon every rolling wave, and quivered 'mid the restless surf on the beach.

A beauteous picture was that fair young girl, attired in the graceful costume of her times, and looking so meek and lovely as she raised her eyes devoutly to heaven, as if imploring help to overcome the anxieties that were wearing fearfully upon her heart, and then knelt humbly to her evening prayer. Scarcely had she finished, ere, stealing upon the air, came a sweet strain of music. Nearer and more distinct grew the sound, till just opposite the window of her room the musician appeared to hesitate; then, trembling at first, as if choking back some grief, a rich, manly voice sung the following lines, to a masterly instrumental accompaniment:—

Star of my life arise!
The moon amid the skies
Along her pathway flies.

The evening wanes apace,
Deign now to show thy face,
Oh lady, full of grace.

Thronging in dreamy train,
I see, beyond the main.
Realms wave in golden grain.

With an advent'rous hand,
I leave my native land,
To seek a foreign strand.

I strike these notes to thee,
Ere far upon the sea
The waves my music be.

My lute this farewell breathes,
Beneath the rustling trees,
While mournful sighs the breeze.

Oh lady, life and joy
Seem but an idle toy;
Earth's hopes but base alloy.

To thee I fondly turn,
One glance of love to earn
The noblest arts I'd learn.

Yet far upon my way,
Lighting a joyous ray,
Thy truth shall be my stay.

Mid scenes of strife or war,
My hand shall never mar
My lady's colors fair.

A long, a last farewell,

My thoughts with sorrow swell,
As sad this tale I tell.

Every word of the song struck upon that young listener's heart; its mournfully pleasing notes all died upon her ear before she awoke to consciousness; then hurrying to her lattice, she tried to catch a glimpse of the singer. She felt sure no one could sing so sweetly but Henri Baptiste, who left Xarinos some months previous to her own departure.

"Oh, why did he not stay longer," she said, "that I might know where he is going, and into what danger he is running. If my father only knew his worth as I do, he surely would not doom me to sorrow."

Thus soliloquised the young girl, and her innocent heart betrayed its interest in the wanderer. Henri had indeed become a wanderer, but a strong purpose bent his steps. He loved the Senora Irene; but he knew that a great distance in rank and education separated them, and he had formed the resolution to win both, ere he urged his love before her father. Choosing his time, he declared his affection to Irene with manly ardor, and then said:

"I dare not ask you to return it now. I would not have you displease your honored father. But if I am spared to return, you shall see me more worthy of you. Only say that you wish me success—that you will think of me sometimes with kindness."

These were part of the words he poured forth in the intensity of his feelings; and his beaming, hopeful looks, spoke far more than his words. Their effect upon Irene was wonderful. She grew pale as a statue—another moment and she would have fainted, but Henri bore her to a seat, and remained respectfully standing at a little distance. At length the color returned to her cheek and lips, and tears fell upon her clasped hands. In alarm at her distress, Henri exclaimed, "Do not mind what I have said, dear lady. I shall soon be far away, and you will forget my temerity."

"Oh, Henri," and her tears fell faster, and her voice trembled, "where are you going? What would you do?—my heart will surely break with this new sorrow." And it did seem as if her frail frame would be prostrated with this outburst of anguish. She felt the hopelessness of her future most keenly; and it was not until she had summoned her utmost strength that she could govern her heart, and listen to Henri's words of respectful tenderness, while he gradually unfolded his plans.

"I go, dear lady, to earn a name, to travel in foreign lands, to apply myself to study; and something tells me I shall be successful. I am young, and have a heart to toil; for your sake I will study early and late—I will

brave the dangers of the deep, and gain wealth as well as fame. Give me a token of regard, something you have looked upon, and I will bear it with me to my latest breath.”

Unclasping a small and exquisitely wrought cross from a chain which she wore, she placed it in his hand, saying,

“Let this remind you of the faith of the cross, and may it prove an incentive to the noble path you have marked out for yourself. You shall have my earnest prayers, for I can never forget you—never.” More she essayed to say, but her emotion overcame her; and Henri, fearing to trust himself longer, lest he should speak more than he ought, cast one lingering look upon his beloved, raised her hand to his lips, then bounded quickly away.

Thus matters stood between these two, when Henri left his native village. Too generous and delicately alive to honorable principle, he would not take any measures to secure Irene without her father’s approbation. He felt sure he could become her equal; but until that was effected, he was too scrupulous to do more than declare his feelings, leaving her free to act her pleasure.

Nothing more had Irene heard from Henri since the interview just related, which took place early the preceding summer. What was her surprise when she recognized his voice, and understood the deep emotion that breathed in every line of his thrilling serenade. She did not know that she had been often near him—that he had looked upon her, surrounded, as she had been, by many admirers, and had marked her dignity and loveliness. He had, it seems, bent his steps to this city at once, and invested a share of his little fortune in securing the services of a private tutor, who, it turned out, was a particular friend of Columbus; and his improvement was so rapid, his mind so eagerly drunk in knowledge, that Columbus early fixed upon him as one who would form a great addition to his force in his intended expedition, and had engaged to confer upon him an honorable post, if he would join the fleet he hoped to persuade government to fit out for him; and as a further inducement, promised to assist him in his studies, particularly in nautical and scientific subjects, in which that great man excelled.

Time sped, and still the Senor Honorus and his daughter lingered in Valencia, amid the festivities of that festive-loving city. A fresh impulse had been given to amusement, and rejoicing in honor of the grand victory of Granada; old and young felt the solemnity and glory of the event which had rescued that beautiful city from the dominion of the Moor. Irene cared not for amusement, but she was patriotic, and imbued with fervent piety; so that

with full heart she joined in the thanksgivings that everywhere filled the churches with devout worshippers. Returning one day from church, the crowd pressed so closely around her, that she was carried beyond her faithful attendant. Greatly alarmed, she endeavoured to return to the place where they separated, but her efforts were vain; the crowd increased, and she was forced far up the street in a contrary direction. Her position was trying. She looked around in distress, and drawing her mantilla more closely, she lifted her veil to recognise, if possible, her locality; but she had turned into a narrow street, and quite lost her way. To add to her dismay, she saw a pair of horses, which had broken loose from some carriage, rushing down the narrow street; and the wild creatures would certainly have dashed her in pieces, had not a strong arm drawn her instantly upon some steps which were near. Rising quickly, while a flush of maidenly timidity overspread her countenance, she turned to thank her unknown preserver, who, bowing low, lifted his plumed cap with graceful dignity, displaying the handsome features of her devoted Henri. Here was a surprise; but in another moment Irene felt the blood recede from her heart, a deep pallor blanched her cheek, and she would have fallen, had not Henri, with the most respectful tenderness, supported her down the steps and along the street, until she had in a measure overcome her agitation. "Dear lady," said Henri, "refuse not my attendance until I see you in safety; forbid me not the unspeakable happiness of hearing you speak once more."

Thus urged, Irene, with womanly politeness, accepted his proffered arm, and explained the reason of her wandering so far from her abode; while Henri could ill conceal the joy that filled his heart at the fortunate occurrence which had given him this pleasure.

"Oh, Senora," said he, "light of my life, I have so longed to see and speak to you once more, ere I bid you farewell, perhaps forever! I do not wish to make you miserable, but oh! promise me to wait a few years, until I may claim you; if I return not in three years, then forget me, and bestow this hand upon another."

Thus talking, Henri speedily conducted Irene back to her father, who, nearly frantic at her long stay, received her in safety, with many thanks to her preserver, and kind invitation to rest awhile from his fatigue. Henri remained a short time, and so interesting was his conversation, and so happy was the good Senor Honorus to see a familiar face, that he would not allow Henri to depart until he had promised to call again.

The flush of victory had not faded from the noble brows of the King and Queen of Spain,—the laurels of their brave soldiers, gathered with so much toil and perseverance beneath the walls of Granada, were still fresh and glistening in the glorious light of the Moorish victories,—the stately grandeur that invested the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella outvied itself to lend a finishing touch to the magnificence of their triumphal entry into the last Spanish stronghold of the conquered followers of Mahomet. Filled with emotions of proud loyalty to their sovereigns, and exalted reverence to the banner of the Cross, mounted on richly caprisoned steeds, or defiling in measured order, the splendid Spanish army, in solemn array, swelling high the glorious anthem, the *Te Deum*, entered the gates of Granada.

Montreal, 1853.

(*To be Continued.*)



EXTRACT PROM FINCH'S BOUNDARIES OF EMPIRES.

The Queen of England is now sovereign over one continent, a hundred peninsulas, five hundred promontories, a thousand lakes, two thousand rivers, and ten thousand islands. She waves her hand, and five hundred thousand warriors march to battle to conquer or die. She bends her head, and at the signal a thousand ships of war, and a hundred thousand sailors perform her bidding on the ocean. She walks upon the earth, and one hundred and twenty millions of human beings feel the slightest pressure of her foot. Come, all ye conquerors, and kneel before the Queen of England, and acknowledge the superior extent of her dependent provinces, her subjugated kingdoms, and her vanquished empires. The Assyrian empire was not so wealthy. The Roman empire was not so populous. The Persian empire was not so extensive. The Arabian empire was not so powerful. The Carthaginian empire was not so much dreaded. The Spanish empire was not so widely diffused. We have overrun a greater extent of country than Attila, that scourge of Gaul, ever ruled! We have subdued more empires and dethroned more kings than Alexander of Macedon! We have conquered more nations than Napoleon in the plenitude of his power ever subdued! We have acquired a larger extent of territory than Tamerlane the Tartar ever

spurred his horse's hoof across. This is indeed a proud boast, and should stimulate us to good actions.



A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

“There come the children from school,” said Aunt Mary, looking from the window. “Just see that Clarence! he'll have Henry in the gutter. I never saw just such another boy; why can't he come quietly along like other children? There, now, he must stop to throw stones at the pigs. That boy will give you the heart-ache yet, Anna.”

Mrs. Hartley made no reply, but laid aside her work quietly, and left the room to see that their dinner was ready. In a few minutes the street-door was thrown open, and the children came bounding in full of life, and noisy as they could be.

“Where is your coat, Clarence?” she asked in a pleasant tone, looking her oldest boy in the face.

“O, I forgot!” he replied cheerfully; and turning quickly, he ran down stairs, and lifting his coat from where, in his thoughtlessness, he had thrown it upon the floor, hung it up in its proper place, and then sprang up the stairs.

“Isn't dinner ready yet?” he said with fretful impatience his whole manner changing suddenly. “I'm hungry.”

“It will be ready in a few minutes, Clarence.”

“I want it now. I'm hungry.”

“Did you ever hear of the man,” said Mrs. Hartley, in a voice that showed no disturbance of mind, “who wanted the sun to rise an hour before its time?”

“No, mother. Tell me about it, won't you?”

All impatience had vanished from the boy's face.

“There was a man who had to go upon a journey; the stage coach was to call for him at sunrise. More than an hour before it was time for the sun to be up, the man was all ready to go, and for the whole of that hour he walked the floor impatiently, grumbling at the sun because he did not rise. 'I'm all

ready, and I want to be going,' he said. 'It's time the sun was up long ago.' Don't you think he was a very foolish man?"

Clarence laughed, and said he thought the man was very foolish indeed.

"Do you think he was more foolish than you were just now for grumbling because dinner wasn't ready?"

Clarence laughed again, and said he did not know. Just then Hannah, the cook, brought in the waiter with the children's dinner upon it. Clarence sprang for a chair, and drew it hastily and noisily to the table.

"Try and see if you can't do that more orderly, my dear," his mother said in a quiet voice, looking at him, as she spoke, with a steady eye.

The boy removed his chair, and then replaced it gently.

"That is much better my son."

And thus she corrected his disorderly habits, quieted his impatient temper, and checked his rudeness, without showing any disturbance. This she had to do daily. At almost every meal she found it necessary to repress his rude impatience. It was line upon line, and precept upon precept. But she never tired, and rarely permitted herself to show that she was disturbed, no matter how deeply grieved she was at times over the wild and reckless spirit of her boy.

On the next day she was not very well; her head ached badly all the morning. Hearing the children in the passage when they came in from school at noon, she was rising from the bed where she had lain down, to attend to them, and give them their dinners, when Aunt Mary said—"Don't get up, Anna; I will see to the children."

It was rarely that Mrs. Hartley let any one do for them what she could do herself, for no one else could manage the unhappy temper of Clarence; but so violent was the pain in her head, that she let Aunt Mary go, and sank back upon the pillow from which she had arisen. A good deal of noise and confusion continued to reach her ears, from the moment the children came in. At length a loud cry and passionate words from Clarence caused her to rise up quickly, and go over to the dining-room. All was confusion there, and Aunt Mary out of humour, and scolding prodigiously. Clarence was standing up at the table, looking defiance at her, on account of some interference with his strong self-will. The moment he saw his mother, his countenance changed, and a look of confusion took the place of anger.

“Come over to my room, Clarence,” she said in a low voice; there was sadness in its tones, that made him feel sorry that he had given vent so freely to his ill-temper.

“What was the matter, my son?” Mrs. Hartley asked as soon as they were alone, taking Clarence by the hand, and looking steadily at him.

“Aunt Mary wouldn’t help me when I asked her.”

“Why not?”

“She would help Henry first.”

“No doubt she had a reason for it. Do you know her reason?”

“She said he was youngest.” Clarence pouted out his lips, and spoke in a very disagreeable tone.

“Don’t you think that was a very good reason?”

“I’ve as good a right to be helped first as he has.”

“Let us see if that is so. You and Marien and Henry came in from school, all hungry, and anxious for your dinners. Marien is oldest—she, one would suppose, from the fact that she is oldest, would be better able to feel for her brothers, and be willing to see their wants supplied before her own. You are older than Henry, and should feel for him in the same way. No doubt this was Aunt Mary’s reason for helping Henry first. Had she helped Marien?”

“No, ma’am.”

“Did Marien complain?”

“No, ma’am.”

“No one complained but my unhappy Clarence. Do you know why you complained? I can tell you, as I have often told you before; it is because you indulge in very selfish feelings. All who do so, make themselves miserable. If, instead of wanting Aunt Mary to help you first, you had, from a love of your little brother, been willing to see him first attended to, you would have enjoyed a real pleasure. If you had said—‘Aunt Mary, help Harry first,’ I am sure Henry would have said instantly—‘No, Aunt Mary, help brother Clarence first.’ How pleasant this would have been! how happy would all of us have felt at thus seeing two little brothers generously preferring one another!”

There was an unusual degree of tenderness, even sadness, in the voice of his mother, that affected Clarence; but he struggled with his feelings. When,

however, she resumed, and said—"I have felt quite sick all the morning; my head has ached badly—so badly, that I have had to lie down. I always give you your dinners when you come home, and try to make you comfortable. To-day I let Aunt Mary do it, because I felt so sick; but I am sorry that I did not get up, sick as I was, and do it myself; then I might have prevented this unhappy outbreak of my boy's unruly temper, that has made not only my head ache ten times as badly as it did, but my heart ache also."

Clarence burst into tears, and throwing his arms around his mother's neck, wept bitterly.

"I will try and be good, dear mother," he said. "I do try sometimes, but it seems that I can't."

"You must always try, my dear son. Now dry up your tears, and go out and get your dinner. Or, if you would rather I should go with you, I will do so."

"No, dear mother," replied the boy, affectionately; "you are sick; you must not go. I will be good."

Clarence kissed his mother again, and then returned quietly to the dining-room.

"Naughty boy!" said Aunt Mary as he entered, looking sternly at him.

A bitter retort came instantly to the tongue of Clarence, but he checked himself with a strong effort, and took his place at the table. Instead of soothing the quick-tempered boy, Aunt Mary chafed him by her words and manner during the whole meal; and it was only the image of his mother's tearful face, and the remembrance that she was sick, that restrained an outbreak of his passionate temper.

When Clarence left the table, he returned to his mother's room, and laid his head upon the pillow where hers was resting.

"I love you, mother," he said, affectionately; "you are good. But I hate Aunt Mary."

"O no, Clarence; you must not say that you hate Aunt Mary, for Aunt Mary is very kind to you. You mustn't hate anybody."

"She isn't kind to me, mother. She calls me a bad boy, and says everything to make me angry when I want to be good."

"Think, my son, if there is not some reason for Aunt Mary calling you a bad boy. You know yourself that you act very naughtily sometimes, and

provoke Aunt Mary a great deal.”

“But she said I was a naughty boy when I went out just now, and I was sorry for what I had done, and wanted to be good.”

“Aunt Mary didn’t know that you were sorry I am sure. When she called you ‘naughty boy,’ what did you say?”

“I was going to say ‘You’re a fool!’ but I didn’t. I tried hard not to let my tongue say the bad words, though it wanted to do it.”

“Why did you try not to say them?”

“Because it would have been wrong, and would have made you feel sorry; and I love you.” Again the repentant boy kissed her. His eyes were full of tears, and so were the eyes of his mother.

While talking over this incident with her husband, Mrs. Hartley said —“Were not all these impressions so light, I should feel encouraged. The boy has warm and tender feelings, but I fear that his passionate temper and selfishness will, like evil weeds, completely check their growth.”

“The case is bad enough, Anna, but not so bad, I hope, as you fear. These good affections are never active in vain. They impress the mind with an indelible impression. In after years the remembrance of them will give strength to good desires and intentions. Amid all his irregularities and wanderings from good, in after-life, the thoughts of his mother will restore the feelings he had to-day, and draw him back from evil with cords of love that cannot be broken. In most instances where men abandon themselves finally to evil courses, it will be found that the impressions made in childhood were not of the right kind; that the mother’s influence was not what it should have been. For myself, I am sure that a different mother would have made me a different man. When a boy, I was too much like Clarence; but the tenderness with which my mother always treated me, and the unimpassioned but earnest manner in which she reproved and corrected my faults, subdued my unruly temper. When I became restless or impatient, she always had a book to read to me, or a story to tell, or had some device to save me from myself. My father was neither harsh nor indulgent towards me: I cherish his memory with respect and love; but I have different feelings when I think of my mother. I often feel, even now, as if she were near me—as if her cheek were laid to mine. My father would *place his hand upon my head* caressingly, but my mother would *lay her cheek against mine*. I did not expect my father to do more—I do not know that I would have loved him had he done more; for him it was a natural expression of affection; but no act is too tender for a mother. Her kiss upon my cheek, her warm embrace,

are all felt now; and the older I grow, the more holy seem the influences that surrounded me in childhood.” — *Selected*.



THE SEASONS.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

Hay and corn, and buds and flowers,
Snow and ice, and fruit and wine—
Suns and Seasons, sleds and showers,
Bring in turn these fruits divine.
Spring blows, Summer glows,
Autumn reaps, Winter keeps.
Spring prepares, Summer provides,
Autumn hoards, and Winter hides.
Come, then, friends, their praises sound,
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring.
As they run their yearly round,
Each in turn with gladness sing.
Time drops blessings as he flies—
Time makes ripe, and Time makes wise.



“Heard a little incident to-day, which struck us as a very graphic illustration of the hurry with which surgical operations are sometimes resorted to. A brave officer, who had been wounded with a musket-ball, in or near his knee, was stretched upon the dissecting table of a surgeon, who, with an assistant, began to cut and probe, in that region of his anatomy. After a while the ‘subject’ said:—‘*Don’t* cut me up in that style, doctor! What are you torturing me in that cruel way for?’ ‘We are looking after the ball,’ replied the senior operator.

“‘Why didn’t you *say* so, then, before?’ asked the indignant patient: ‘I’ve got the ball in my pocket!’ said he, putting his hand in his waistcoat, and taking it out. ‘I took it out myself,’ he added; ‘didn’t I *mention* it to you? I *meant* to!’”

AUTHENTIC ANECDOTES OF THE LATE SIR EDWARD PAKENHAM.

On the night before Sir Edward set sail with the fatal expedition to New Orleans, during the American war, he was present at a farewell dinner party given on the occasion by his friend, and late tutor at College, the Archdeacon of — —, one regarded by him not only with sincere friendship, but in whose opinion he placed implicit confidence. Cork, at that time, was the great depot both of the army and navy, and it was from that beautiful harbor, the Cove, Sir Edward was to set sail for the shores of America. The elegant and spacious suite of rooms were filled with officers of both services. The conversation was carried on with great spirit, and swiftly passed the hours as the guests emulated each other in the happy interchange of ideas, or listened to the flowing and easy language of their intellectual host. But it did not escape the latter, that under the mask of gayety, the handsome features of Sir Edward wore, at times, a shade of gloom—anon, that would disperse, and his lively sallies carried with them irresistible merriment. The eye, however, which for years had watched his course, and exulted in his increasing career of fame, detected with a feeling of almost paternal solicitude, that the heart usually so light and joyous had some secret care weighing upon it. The guests were departing, but Sir Edward still lingered at the head of the great staircase, as though loth to quit so congenial a scene; advancing towards his reverend tutor, he extended his hand in silence; his friend, with suppressed emotion, clasped it in his own. “Farewell, Sir Edward; I trust you will soon return with an additional crown of laurels from your expedition.” “No, my friend,” said Sir Edward, placing his hand upon his breast, “I shall never return from the shores of America,” and all felt impressed, from the tenor of his words, that there was a strange dash of prophecy contained in them. Too soon was this self-prophecy fulfilled. The first intelligence conveyed to many and loving hearts, who anxiously awaited news of the expedition, was the most painful one, that Sir Edward had met his death in attacking a fortification at New Orleans, mortally wounded by a ball from a Kentucky rifleman. His death caused a fearful blank to a large circle of admiring friends, and among others, to the late lamented Duke of Wellington, his brother-in-law. He was one of the very few he ever admitted on terms of intimacy, and he entertained towards

him the regard and affection of a brother. He died performing his duty as a brave man and a soldier.

General Jackson had ordered a breastwork to be thrown up for the protection of his sharp-shooters, formed of all the cotton bales that could be collected in New Orleans, and under cover of which the Kentucky riflemen were enabled to commit fearful havoc among the English troops,—springing from their place of retreat, and again disappearing after taking deadly aim at their exposed foe. Sir Edward, the officer commanding the expedition, fearlessly advanced, sword in hand, leading on his gallant regiment to the storming of the breastwork. A rifle ball, aimed by the hand of a Kentucky rifleman, penetrated his breast, and the wound proved to be mortal.

His last words were, “The day is lost, and my prophecy is fulfilled.” The spot where he fell is now marked by two trees on the field of battle.

Another and equally interesting anecdote recurs to me, relating to the same distinguished officer. Possessing a warm and generous temperament, he was as a young man impatient of control, high-spirited and passionate. Some misunderstanding having arisen between him and his commanding officer, when in the — Regiment, he addressed a letter to him on the subject of dispute. Before he dispatched it, however, he sought an interview with the same friend and tutor, the Archdeacon of ——. When that excellent and faithful friend entered the library, he found Sir Edward pacing up and down the apartment with hurried steps, and evidently in a state of mental agitation. Producing the letter, he handed it to his friend. “Look at that, Sir. Read it,” He did so; then taking his pen and quietly dipping it in the ink, he proceeded deliberately to score out several passages which he considered obnoxious. Sir Edward, with ill suppressed rage, watched his proceedings, and when he handed him the letter with the remark, “Corrected, Edward,” nearly suffocated with passion, he rushed from the apartment, and abruptly quitting the house, did not again make his appearance for several days. At the expiration of that time he called again, and his fine countenance lighted up with joyous emotion, he cordially and frankly expressed his gratitude for the well-timed corrections made in that letter by his friend. Had the original been forwarded to his commanding officer, he must have left the army, and England have been deprived of the services of a gallant and noble soldier.

C. HAYWARD.

Ravenscourt, August, 1853.



THINGS USEFUL AND AGREEABLE.

[SELECTED.]

Oh! who can say that religion is the heavy chain that fetters us to gloom and everlasting sadness; that in chastening the pleasures of earth, it offers no substantial good in return? True piety, opening the heart by its sweet, refreshing influence, causes us to enjoy every earthly blessing with a zest, the heart in which the love of God is not an inmate, will seek in vain to know. It is piety that strengthens, purifies affection. Piety that looks on happiness vouchsafed us here, as harbingers of a state where felicity will be eternal. Piety that, in lifting up the grateful soul to God, heightens our joys, and renders that pure and lasting which would otherwise be evanescent and fleeting. Piety, whose soft and mildly burning torch continues to enlighten life long, long after the lustre of worldly pleasures has passed away.

One of the greatest errors in education at the present time, is the desire and ambition, at single lessons, to teach complex truths, whole systems, doctrines, theorems, which years of analysis are scarcely sufficient to unfold; instead of commencing with *simple elements*, and then rising by gradations to combined results.

These minds consist of various powers and faculties, by which they are adapted to the various necessities, relations, and duties of life. Some of them were given for self-preservation. The object of these is, ourselves, our own existence, our own sustenance, our own exemption from pain, and protection against danger and loss. Other powers are social in their nature; such as the celestial zone of affection, that binds brothers and sisters into one. We have also moral and religious sentiments, which may be exalted into a solemn feeling of duty towards man and towards God. It is the responsible part of the teacher's duty to superintend the growth of these manifold powers—to repress some, to cherish others, and to fashion the whole into beauty and loveliness as they grow. A child should be saved from being so selfish as to disregard the rights of others, or, on the other hand, from being a spendthrift of his own. He should be saved from being so proud as to disdain the world, or so vain as to go through the world beseeching everybody to praise him. He should be guarded alike against being so devoted to his own family as to be deaf and dead to all social

claims, and against being so social as to run to the ends of the earth to bestow the bounty for which his own family and neighborhood are suffering. So educate the child that when he becomes a man all his faculties shall have a relative and proportionate activity, instead of being nervously excitable on one side of his nature, and palsy-stricken on the other.

SPEED OF THE MAGNETIC CURRENT.—A long experience in the Coast Survey, with some different lines of telegraph, establishes the fact, that the velocity of the galvanic current is about *fifteen thousand four hundred miles per second*. The time of transit between Boston and Bangor was recently measured, and the result was, that the time occupied in the transmission was *one hundred and sixtieth of a second*, and that the velocity of the galvanic current was at the rate of sixteen thousand miles per second, which is about six hundred miles per second more than the average of other experiments.

The best water for plants is rain; not a quart of it should ever be wasted. Hard water is injurious—mineral waters are often so; river water is next to rain in value, if it be soft, but even that ought not to be used cooler than the air of the house. Pond water is next to river water, if there be nothing noxious flowing into it. The best plan for those who keep plants is, to conduct rain water into a tank or tub inside of the house, and thus always keep a supply on hand.

Ætna, the far-famed burning mountain of Sicily, is divided, in relation to temperature, into three distinct districts or regions. They have distinct climates corresponding with the gradations of ascent, and divided into the torrid, the temperate, and the frigid. The mountain has, however, been divided according to other differences, and thus we have described to us the fertile region, the woody region, and the barren region. The fertile region extends fifteen miles from the city of Catania, whence the traveller usually commences his journey, and from which part the ascent commences. The surface of this region is reckoned at upwards of 220 square leagues. It abounds in pastures, orchards, and fruit trees; and there the vine flourishes. The next advance is the woody region. It is estimated at from 71 to 80 miles in circumference, with a surface of about 40 or 50 square leagues, forming a girdle round the mountain of vivid green, composed of oaks, birches, and other trees, in a soil of vegetable earth. The climate here is most agreeably mild, and every breeze is filled with delicious odors.

“Do you believe in forerunners?” asked a nervous lady of Deacon J. “Yes ma’am,” replied the Deacon, “I’ve *seen* them!” “Bless me!” exclaimed the lady, “do tell.” “Yes,” continued the Deacon, fixing his eyes with a solemn stare on a dark corner of the room, “*I see one now!*” “Mercy! mercy

on me!” shrieked the lady; “where!” “There! there!” said the Deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. “That cat, ma’am, may be called a forerunner, for she runs on all fours!”

WITTY REPLY.—Waller Scott does not seem to have been the fool at school which some have stated. Once a boy in the same class was asked by the “dominie,” what part of speech *with* was. “A noun, sir,” said the boy. “You young blockhead,” cried the pedagogue, “what example can you give of such a thing?” “I can tell you, sir,” interrupted Scott; “you know there’s a verse in the Bible which says, ‘they bound Sampson with *withs*.’”



RECIPES.

GREEN CORN can be preserved by simply turning back the husk, all but the last thin layer, and then hanging it in the sun or in a very warm room. When it is to be used, boil it till soft, and then cut it off the cob and mix it with butter. The summer sweet corn is the proper kind.

Another mode is to parboil sweet corn, cut it from the cobs, and dry it in the sun. Then store it in a dry, cool place, in a bag.

GREEN CORN PATTIES.—Twelve ears of sweet corn grated. One teaspoonful of salt, and one of pepper. One egg beaten into two tablespoonsful of flour. Mix, make into small cakes, and fry brown in butter or sweet lard.



CHARADE.

Where the banners wave on the well-fought field,
And the warrior sleeps on his dented shield;
Where helmet and lance in disorder lie,
'Midst the proudest of earth's brave chivalry,
My "First" dims the glory of victory.

Where the banner of peace is wide unfurled,
O'er man's purest life, the domestic world;
In the humblest cot, in the princely hall,
When the board is spread—awaits your call,
My "Second"—a beverage pleasant to all.

These two together, with shrewdness composed,
Will give you my "Whole," completely disclosed.
In woman's fair face beauty fades away,
And I am the cause of its early decay.
Then maidens, dear maidens, beware the *re-lay*!

OSCAR.

Montreal, August, 1853.



EDITORIAL.

We have had some intensely warm weather during the month. Strangers from the States continue to visit the city in large numbers, and distribute themselves, by railroad or steamboat, throughout the country. The mountains and islands, the rivers and lakes of Canada, find warm admirers in foreigners;—people from the vicinity of Catskill, or Trenton Falls, or the White Mountains, acknowledge that this country rivals the States in the variety and loveliness of its scenery.

The distressing epidemic prevailing in New Orleans, has sent a large number of its inhabitants north, to escape the ravages of the disease. The yellow fever equals the cholera in horror. When it prevails in its aggravated form, it terminates life in a few hours. Owing to the marshy state of the ground, the dead are not interred there as they are with us. The graves are on the top of the ground, surrounded by railings. In the old French burying ground, particularly, the number of splendid monuments and tombs is surprising. The surface of the ground around the graves is like a beautiful flower garden. Around the sides of the burying ground, and in the cemetery, a high wall of brick is built. It is strong and deep, consisting of compartments six or eight feet deep and about the same in height, arranged regularly one above the other, from the surface of the ground to the top of the wall, which is, as near as we can remember, about a story and a half high. These divisions are open on the inside of the cemetery, and when a coffin has been slipped into the aperture, it is closed up by masons; if the relatives of the deceased are able to afford it, a fine marble slab, bearing the name of the deceased, is placed at the mouth of this oven-shaped tomb. Hundreds thus lie in solemn order, one above another, in this city of the dead, giving, in their silent abode, an imposing lesson on the fleeting nature of earthly life. What a desolate scene will New Orleans present to those who have fled from its distress and calamity, when they return in October, and look around for familiar faces, or seek to put the languid wheels of business in motion! Much sympathy has been felt for the sufferers from this fever. Aid has been promptly contributed by New York and other cities, who owe so much to New Orleans enterprise and wealth.

We must apologise to our readers for sending this number to them without the usual illustrations. The travelling mania seems to have infected our engraver, whose absence from the city prevented us from supplying any

cuts. The publisher promises to procure some fine ones for next month, and thus compensate somewhat for the deficiency.

This number contains a large proportion of original articles. We are sure the "Sketch of the Aztec Empire," from the pen of our accomplished friend, Mrs. E. T. Renaud, will be read with interest. Mrs. Traill continues to instruct "Lady Mary," and through her the readers of the "Maple Leaf," in the wonders of our northern latitude.

"Oscar's" communication was welcomed with pleasure. We hope he will be induced to send us some more charades. Our young readers will guess his charade, we think.

We thank our friend of the "Ottawa Citizen," and other friends of the press, for their kind notices of the "Maple Leaf."

"The Casket" is a beautiful magazine for children, published in Buffalo. The editor enquired "how many dollars" five shillings sterling is. We answer, the value at par is one dollar twenty-one cents and two thirds of a cent. He refers to the subscription price of the "Maple Leaf," which is five shillings Halifax Currency, equal to \$1.

WHO CAN TELL ME?—A SONG

WORDS BY PETER PARLEY.—MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE.



I.
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Whence the morning dawn comes peeping,
Whence the shadowy eve comes creeping,
Whence the gentle dew comes weeping?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

II.
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Whence the lightning's ruddy flash,
Whence the thunder with its crash,
Whence the shower with its flash?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

III.
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Where the passing zephyr goes,
Where the breath of dying rose,
Where the river, as it flows?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

IV.
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me,
Where the sunbeam makes its bed,
Where the echo lays its head,
Where the shadow's couch is spread?
Who can tell me,
Who can tell me?

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

When nested quoting was encountered, nested double quotes were changed to single quotes.

A cover was created for this ebook which is placed in the public domain.

[The end of *The Maple Leaf*, Vol 3, No. 3, September 1853 by Eleanor H. Lay (Editor)]