

it still rained, the stones are white and clean from sooty and fuliginous defilement. For all future great fires they are perpetually on the look-out.

The time when a gibbet stood in Connaught Place, when well-to-do men lived in alleys out of Fetter Lane, was wondrously different from ours. In those days London was fortified; the city had gates; a stone bridge ran over the Fleet, and joined it with Ludgate Hill. That dreadful fire mowed down 89 churches, 400 streets, and 13,200 houses in its four days' fury.

London is no more the London of before the Fire than it is the London of Cæsar. The one lies buried yards deep under the Mansion House and Exchange, and under the busy feet of Lombard Street money-makers; the other, palaces and hovels, all alike pressed down into a thin layer of charcoal dust under the huge weight of miles of streets—where once hedges of may-thorn thrived, trees grew and waved their plumes, and where birds sang and made merry.

CANADA.

NEVER, in the annals of the realm, did the ocean separate a Prince of Wales from the land of his birth, till the recent passage of the Atlantic by Albert Edward, though many princes of the blood, and some heirs-apparent, have gone over the narrow seas to the adjoining continent. The voyages of the latter description have had various and very different objects in view. The first Charles Stuart crossed the Channel on an errand which the nation thoroughly abhorred—that of looking out for himself a Spanish bride—and returned, to the joy of the people, from the impolitic expedition, a disappointed suitor, meeting with no sympathy at humiliation having been added to failure. The second of the same name, while a mere youth, fled to an opposite coast in a time of political convulsion, to avoid sharing the calamities of his father, and came back, having learned no wisdom from years of exile, adversity, and dependence upon a precarious foreign hospitality. Centuries farther back, Edward the Black Prince, warlike son of a martial sire, went abroad as soldier and governor, to make his name a terror among those with whom neighbourly relations should have been cultivated. At a date still more remote, history tells a most mournful tale of a royal seafarer. Our Henry I parted from his son and heir at a Norman port, anticipating a speedy meeting with him again in England. The king crossed the sea, and landed safely at Southampton. Prince William, with a train of gay young courtiers, the flower of the nobility, followed in the "White Ship," a new vessel, manned by fifty able seamen, under the command of a mariner whose father had piloted the king's father, the Conqueror, in the same waters. But hours were spent on the deck in feasting and revelry before they set sail. Three barrels of wine were distributed to the crew, who abandoned themselves to riot and intoxication. Alas for the revellers! Owing to the helm being neglected, the ship was carried by the current against a rock, and became a wreck within sight of

land. None escaped to shore, with the solitary exception of a butcher of Rouen.

Considering the ordinary dangers of the seas, which no foresight can elude or prudence baffle, we are thankful to record the safe passage of the Prince of Wales over the great waters to and from Canada. With unmingled satisfaction the voyage may be regarded; enforced by no adversity, impelled by no warlike ambition, but intended to gratify the wishes of a right loyal people, and cement their union to the throne of the mother-country by the personal interchange of courtesies between them and the sovereign's first-born son—a visit, too, calculated to store the mind of the illustrious visitor with useful information respecting a magnificent portion of the great empire, which (though far distant be the time) he may be called upon to govern. The occasion invites a notice of the region, chiefly retrospective.

A century has just elapsed since the whole of Canada became British ground, by a capitulation which included the country from the fishing stations on the coast to the unknown western wilderness. It had been previously for a longer period in the possession of the French. They were the first Europeans who appeared on the waters of the St. Lawrence, and gave that name to the great river, from the discovery of its embouchure on the festival day of the saint and martyr. This was effected by the enterprise of Jacques Cartier, an experienced Bréton navigator, who reached the shore of Gaspé Bay in the year 1534, and erected a cross thirty feet high, with a shield bearing the *fleurs-de-lys* of France, thus taking possession of it for his king, according to the fashion of the time. During a second voyage, in the following year, he pushed his way up the stream to a bold headland frowning over it, part of a rocky wall three hundred feet high, and moored his vessel hard by in a convenient haven. With the exception of his three small barks and a little Indian village, the country seemed as if freshly come from the hand of the Creator. No other trace of man or of his works appeared. From the top of the highest eminences to the distant horizon, in every direction, down to the water's edge, the eye wandered over the dense forest; and hill and valley, mountain and plain, were covered with the deep green mantle of the summer's foliage. At this very spot there are now verdant pastures and cultivated fields, ships of war and merchandise, with a large and opulent capital—Quebec.

Leaving two vessels and their crews at the station intended for winter quarters, the adventurer proceeded up the river, anxious to make further discoveries. He reached the native town of Hochelaga, ascended a lofty hill in its neighbourhood, overlooking a prospect of singular beauty, and called the eminence Mont Royal. The name has since been corrupted into Montreal, and extended to the fine modern city on the site of the old wigwams, and to the island on which it stands. On a subsequent occasion he attempted to advance more to the westward, but was baffled by the difficult navigation, and only heard of a great lake in the distance—the fine expanse of Lake Ontario. Euro-

pean eyes had now gazed for the first time on the grand rapids above Montreal, which are only to be safely passed by hardy boatmen familiar with them; on the junction of the Ottawa with the St. Lawrence, at the rapids of St. Anne; and the numerous wooded islands, of every variety of size and shape, which divide the main stream into a labyrinth of tortuous channels. The Canadian Boat Song celebrates the scenery.

"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

"Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."

"Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon."

The natives consisted chiefly of the Iroquois, or Five Nations, on the south bank of the river, independent of each other, but usually acting in concert to resist an enemy; of the Hurons and Algonquins, their hereditary foes, on the northern shore—tribes of the Red Indian family, whose fate forms one of the saddest chapters in the history of the sons of Adam. They gradually faded away before the whites, struck down by unknown weapons of destruction, consumed by the deadly fire-water, and ravaged by small-pox, while dispossessed of their hunting-grounds by the stranger, till only a remnant now remain, few and feeble, faint and weary, "fast travelling to the shades of their fathers, towards the setting sun."

The expeditions mentioned, opened a new region to knowledge; but more than half a century elapsed before its colonization commenced. This was the task of Samuel de Champlain, the agent of a French trading company, who gave his name to the beautiful lake in the State of New York, which perpetuates his memory. On the 3rd of July, 1608, he arrived at the high rocky wall of the St. Lawrence, where his predecessor had moored his barks, and immediately chose it as the site of the future capital. Experience has amply shown the wisdom of the selection, the position being nearly impregnable, while completely commanding the navigation of the river, and quite as much adapted for commerce as for war. Having felled a few trees, and uprooted the wild vines, some rude huts were erected in which to pass the winter. The first snow was seen on the 18th of November, but rapidly melted away. It fell again in December, and remained upon the ground to the end of April. From that time to the present, the climate has exhibited much the same rigour. The new settlement made very slow progress. In 1621, Quebec numbered only fifty souls, of all ages and both sexes, with a stone fort for their protection. Shortly afterwards, it was compelled to surrender to the English; but as peace had been signed at home before the capture, it was restored to the vanquished. For a hundred and thirty subsequent years, the country remained

in the possession of the French, under the too ambitious title of New France, for there was little material prosperity answering to the denomination. Its present permanent name, Canada, is either derived from the words *Aca nada*, meaning "nothing here," spoken by the natives, or from *Kanata*, signifying, in the language of the Iroquois, "a collection of huts"—a very humble appellation for a territory of 360,000 square miles, stamped with the grandest natural features.

One of the first objects contemplated by Pitt, afterwards the great Lord Chatham, when placed at the head of the British ministry, was the expulsion of the French from North America. He addressed himself to it with characteristic energy, and the early spring of 1759 witnessed the despatch of an armament to effect the purpose, with which large forces from our Transatlantic colonies were to co-operate. The latter settlements, started about the same period as the French, had at this time upwards of 1,300,000 inhabitants, while the population of Canada had only increased to 60,000. Of these, 6700 were in or immediately around Quebec, 4000 at Montreal, and 1500 at the little town of Three Rivers. The remainder were either in scattered homesteads along the fertile banks of the river and its tributaries, or fur-hunters in the vast wildernesses, scarcely less rude than the savages around them. Here and there might be seen a neat wooden church, the centre of a few farms closely bordered by the encumbering forest. Westward of Montreal there was no place of any importance. The fine tract of country on the northern shores of Lakes Ontario and Erie had been but very partially explored. Where Kingston now stands, a few dwellings clustered around Fort Frontenac. At Niagara, a small village had grown up near the fort. But myriads of wild fowl had undisturbed possession of the Bay of Toronto, on the shores of which parliaments have met, and nearly 30,000 subjects are now gathered. Quebec consisted then, as now, of a lower town, on the beach of the river, and an upper, on the heights above. The latter contained the governor's palace, the citadel, the courts of justice, the bishop's palace, nine churches, the house of the Knights Hospitallers, the Jesuits' College, and the dwellings of the wealthy inhabitants. An unfavourable picture has been drawn of the habits of the colonists, and with truth. Indolence and drunkenness prevailed, to which the many holidays of the church were thought to have so much contributed as to lead to a reduction in the number of the fête days. Henri de Pont Brian, the Bishop of Quebec, in a pastoral address issued just before the conquest, referred to the threatened danger as a judgment provoked by the "profane diversions, the insufferable excesses of games of chance, open robberies, heinous acts of injustice, and shameful rapines."

[To be continued.]

MUSIC—PAST AND PRESENT.

WHILE poetry is the expression of the gifted few only, and the true art of painting is confined to a very limited number, the practice of music would

And he did read; but what? No less than a pension, under the Landgrave's own hand and seal, of sixty guldens additional, to the schoolmaster for life, (in order, as it expressly stated, to enable him to educate his numerous family,) with the further declaration, that this sum of sixty guldens should be "continued to the widow during all the time of her natural life." Within the larger document lay a little note, in which the Landgrave pledged himself to care for the fortunes of his godchild in future years.

Long did Winkler stand in speechless amazement, until at length large tears rolled down his cheeks, and he stammered forth: "He was to be called Benjamin, and in one sense he should still be named so; but now he must bear the honoured name of Ludwig, after the most generous and noble benefactor a poor man ever had; and may the Lord God, who put it into our beloved sovereign's heart to help us, bless and keep him in time and in eternity." And with clasped hands, and tearful eyes raised to heaven, the mother added her heartfelt Amen.

CANADA.

PART II.

At the time when the resolve was taken to make a bold dash at the key of Canada, there was a soldier of no standing in the Army List, and low too in the list of colonels—James Wolfe. But while a mere youth he had received the thanks of his general on the field of La Feldt; had distinguished himself greatly at the siege and capture of Louisburg; and stood high in the esteem of competent judges of military ability. He was still but a young man, when, at the instance of Pitt, the Gazette announced his promotion to the rank of major-general, and his appointment to command the expedition against Quebec. The fleet left our shores in February, 1759, carrying nearly 8000 land forces, and finally assembled for the meditated blow, in the magnificent harbour of Halifax. On the 25th of June, the armament reached the fair and fertile island of Orleans, immediately below the stronghold to be assailed; and the troops disembarked. The scene must have filled the mind of the general with anxiety as he advanced to the farther extremity of the island to reconnoitre. High waved the flag of France over the citadel on the bold headland, while every available point of the cliffs bristled with guns; and 12,000 troops, regulars and militia, were grouped in masses on the heights to defend the place. The Marquis de Vaudreuil was the governor; M. de Montcalm, the commander-in-chief. The two authorities were at variance. An incident illustrates the popular excitement. On the approach of the squadron, the van ships at first hoisted French colours; and the joyful news spread along shore that the fleet was from France, with powerful reinforcements for the colony. A priest stood looking with delight through a telescope at the vessels, and no sooner discovered the mistake, than, overwhelmed with consternation, he fell dead on the spot.

For upwards of two months all Wolfe's operations were signal failures. The advance of the season warned him that he must retire discomfited before the all-conquering winter, if not soon successful. His health gave way. On the 9th of September he wrote to England his last letter, closing it with the desponding remark: "I am so far recovered as to do business, but my constitution is entirely ruined, without the consolation of having done any considerable service to the state, or without any prospect of it." Yet at this moment he had resolved to adopt the plan which led him on to victory and death; and his discouraging despatch reached its destination only two days before news of his success arrived. The merit of suggesting the daring scheme belongs to a subordinate, Colonel Townshend. For eight or nine miles the north bank of the St. Lawrence is a precipice, sometimes overhanging high-water mark, in other parts receding, so as to leave mud banks or alluvial fields between the river and the base of the towering cliffs. At every point where there seemed any possibility of scaling the heights, the face of the rock was scarped, and the summit crowned with a parapet. But after anxious search a narrow path was discovered winding up from the water's edge, about three miles above the city. A few tents at the top showed that it was not undefended, and yet so little likely to become the pathway of an army, that only a small guard was stationed at it. The place, then called Le Foulon, now bears the name of Wolfe's Cove.

On a starlight night, amid profound silence, the troops were conveyed in flat-bottomed boats to the spot, led by Wolfe in person. The rowers touched the water as gently as possible. None spoke besides the young General, who recited a few verses of Gray's *Elegy* to some of his officers, and made the remark, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!" A company of Highlanders began the ascent, scrambling up one after another, laying hold of rocky projections, and the roots and branches of trees. They were more than half way up when the sentinel over-head cried out "Qui vive?" to which the leader, Captain McDonald, responded with great presence of mind, "La France." The sentry pursued his round; and when the guard, thoroughly alarmed, turned out, a sufficient number of assailants had gained the height to secure the post. By the break of day the whole force was in position above the cove, on the Plains of Abraham, and marching in the direction of the city, before the garrison was aware of the debarkation. Montcalm, though completely outwitted, imprudently determined to court a struggle in the open field; and by ten o'clock, 7520 French, besides Indians, stood opposed to 4828 British. But the latter were veteran troops, while the former consisted largely of provincial militia.

Short, decisive, and not sanguinary, was the battle of September the 14th; but it was fatal to both commanders. Wolfe, struck by a ball in the wrist, wrapped a handkerchief round the wound, and continued cheering his men. He was a second time wounded in the body, but concealed his suffer-

ing. At last a ball reached his breast. "Support me," said he, to an officer at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." He was carried a little to the rear, placed on the ground, but could not support himself in a sitting posture. "See, they run," said one near him, in allusion to the French, who were flying in all directions. "Who runs?" inquired the dying man. "The enemy, sir," was the reply; "they give way everywhere." "Now I die happy," said he, and in a few moments was lifeless. At no great distance Montcalm fell, and was conveyed into the city. On being informed by the surgeon that his wound was mortal, he calmly asked, "How long can I survive?" "Perhaps a day; perhaps less," was the answer. "So much the better," rejoined he; "I shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec." When visited by the governor of the city, who came to receive his commands for its defence, he refused to occupy himself with worldly affairs. "My time is short," he remarked, "so pray leave me. I wish you all comfort, and to be happily extricated from your present difficulties." He expired late the same evening. Three days afterwards Quebec surrendered. A monumental pillar on a lofty situation in the city, erected by Lord Dalhousie, commemorates the two generals. A small and simple monument on the Plains of Abraham, raised by Lord Aylmer, has the inscription, with the date, "Here Wolfe died victorious." His body was brought to England, and interred in the family vault at Greenwich. The following is the inscription on a cenotaph erected in Westerham Church:—

The Monument to the memory of General Wolfe in this church was erected April the 5th, 1760. The expence was defrayed by a subscription of the following gentlemen:—

Ranulph Manning.	John Cosyne.
Ralph Manning.	John Bodicoate.
Thomas Ellison.	Jonathan Chilwell.
Pendock Price.	George Lewis, Vicar.

James,
Son of Colonel Edward Wolfe, and
Henrietta, his Wife,
Was born in this Parish, Jan. 2nd,
MDCCLXXVII,
And died in America, September 13th,
MDCCLXIX,
Conqueror of Quebec.

Whilst George in sorrow bows his laurel'd head,
And bids the artist grace the soldier dead,
We raise no sculptur'd trophy to thy name,
Brave youth, the fairest in the list of fame.
Proud of thy birth, we boast the auspicious year;
Struck with thy fall, we shed a general tear;
With humble grief inscribe our artless stone,
And from thy matchless honour date our own.

Ducus Nostrum.

The campaign lasted nearly a twelvemonth longer. One of its closing incidents reflects more honour on the commander, General Amherst, than the triumph of his arms. There was a French post of some importance upon an island in the river above Montreal, which surrendered at discretion on his approach. A body of Indians with him, secretly determined to seize the opportunity for vengeance by massacring and scalping the prisoners. But their intention happily transpired. Amherst tried to dissuade them from the project, promised them all the valuables in the fort, and warned them that if they persisted he would have

recourse to force to restrain them. The wild red men submitted, but were so indignant at being interfered with, that he was told they would leave the army. He at once replied: "Although I wish to retain their friendship, I will not purchase it at the expense of countenancing barbarity; and tell them that if they commit any acts of cruelty on their return home, I will assuredly chastise them." Great atrocities were committed by the Indians on both sides, during the war. The capture of Fort William Henry, by Lake George, in the State of New York, towards the beginning of the strife, left a dark stain on the memory of Montcalm, for all the English prisoners were butchered by his savage allies. The fatal spot is a mere wild now, with scarcely a trace of the long-contested earthwork, on the event connected with which the ablest American tale of fiction is built.

Surrounded at last in Montreal by an overwhelming force, the Marquis de Vaudreuil gave up the struggle, and signed the capitulation, September the 8th, 1760, which for ever separated Canada from France.

No people were ever better treated by their conquerors than the Canadians. The regular troops marched out of their respective posts with the honours of war, and were conveyed in British ships to France, with the simple undertaking of not serving again before the conclusion of peace. The civil functionaries were likewise provided with the means of removal to their own country, and were allowed to take away their goods, with the exception of such official papers as might be useful to their successors. The provincial militia, and the Indians who had espoused the cause of the French, were permitted to return unmolested to their homes. Private property was everywhere respected, and all classes were guaranteed the free exercise of their religion. There was much suffering, for it required time to repair the material damage inevitably incident to hostilities, and for society to recover from the disturbance surely offered to its relations. But the fact may be accepted as evidence of the people being reconciled to the change of masters, that they remained loyal to the British crown, when our American colonies confederated themselves into the United States. By the eleventh article of that confederation, the door was expressly opened for Canada to join the Union. But the opportunity was declined; nor, as a body, have the colonists since swerved from the royalist predilections of their fathers, though many malcontents there have been among them, restless and ambitious men eager for change, as in all free states there always will be.

At the outbreak of the brief war with the United States, in 1812, when the resources of Great Britain were taxed to the utmost by the long contest with Napoleon, the easy acquisition of Canada was confidently anticipated by the cabinet of Washington. "No soldiers would be necessary," according to Dr. Eustis, the Secretary at War. "We have only," said he, "to send officers into the provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own government, will rally round our standard." Mr. Clay was equally sanguine of success, and equally mis-

taken in judgment. "It is absurd to suppose," remarked the great statesman, "that we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean. I am not for stopping at Quebec, or anywhere else, but I would take the whole continent from them, and ask them no favours." Never were expectations more completely disappointed; and Mr. Clay was one of the Commissioners who gladly put his name to the treaty of peace. A tall column on the Canadian shore of the Niagara river commemorates Sir Isaac Brock, who fell there in the moment of victory, to which the provincial militia essentially contributed. Similar attachment to the monarchy animated the population during the insurrectionary movement attempted by an agitator in the year 1837, when, to their lasting honour, the parties in power, though strong enough to conduct affairs with a high hand, gave earnest attention to alleged grievances, and immediately commenced every needful reform. The government of states, upon the principle of allowing free discussion and popular representation, will ever be clogged with its defects, but is more influential than any other form of policy in securing their permanent peace and prosperity.

Though not originally the mother-country in relation to this fine territory, Great Britain has become so by pouring thousands of her population into it, seeking no exclusive advantage from it, and presiding over its interests in a just and conciliatory spirit. Connected long with France, the people are French in the eastern or oldest settled districts, and British in the more recently occupied western provinces. The French are dearly attached to their native *Conodo*, as they invariably style the country, and very favourably contrast with their forefathers in morals and manners. Both races have the same political rights, equal representation in parliament, and no preference of nationality governs the appointment to public offices. They vote and levy their own taxes; the principle of local self-government is in active operation; and the full measure of personal liberty allowed on the banks of the Thames is enjoyed without stint on those of the St. Lawrence. Wonderfully has the region improved in the course of the last half century; and bright at present is the prospect of further advance. Canals have been constructed to connect rivers and avoid rapids. Lighthouses illuminate the lakes; ocean steamers come up to Montreal; and there the most gigantic bridge ever erected carries a railway across its magnificent stream. But not the least pleasant feature to us in the picture of the colony, is its freedom from the blighting curse of slavery, and its position as an asylum for the unfortunate negro, flying from ills past bearing in the south, where he may defy the tyrant to follow him, except in obedience to laws which forbid his tyranny. If any strengthening of the tie between Canada and the crown had been needed, that would have been supplied by the transatlantic visit of the Prince of Wales. But the occasion has been simply, on both sides, a graceful recognition of long-established friendship, for the tie itself has been aptly defined to be strong as iron, though light as silk.

EDMUND WALLER'S "DIVINE POEMS."

We sometimes find effusions of religious poetry where we little expect to meet with them. As a proof of this, in the works of Waller, which are chiefly filled with complimentary verses to kings and governors, admirals and princesses, or gay flatteries of Amoret, Saccharissa, and other beauties of high degree, we come to a series of what he calls *divine*, meaning religious, poems. We subjoin a few specimens, not for the polish and graces of the composition, but for the humility and piety of the sentiment; and as furnishing grounds for the pleasing hope that he who had so long enjoyed the most brilliant fame as a wit and an orator, had at last seen the vanity of his former pursuits, and ere it was too late had found peace in the love and grace of the Redeemer.

"Though heaven shows the glory of the Lord,
Yet something shines more glorious in his word:
His mercy, this (which all his work excels)
His tender kindness and compassion tells;
While we, informed by that celestial book,
Into the bowels of our Maker look.
Love there revealed, which never shall have end,
Nor had beginning, shall our song commend.

"If he create, it is a world he makes;
If he be angry, the creation shakes;
From his just wrath our guilty parents fled;
He cursed the earth, but bruised the serpent's head:
Amidst the storm, his bounty did exceed,
In the rich promise of the virgin's seed;
Though justice death as satisfaction craves,
Love finds a way to pluck us from our graves.
His Son descends, to treat a peace with those
Who were, and must have ever been, his foes.
Poor he became, and left his glorious seat,
To make us humble, and to make us great.

"Love as he loved! A love so unconfeined
With arms extended, would embrace mankind.
Self-love would cease or be dilated, when
We should behold as many selfs as men.
All of one family, in blood allied,
His precious blood that for our ransom died."

These poems were written, or rather dictated, when he was past fourscore; and to this circumstance he makes affecting allusion.

"Wrestling with death, these lines I did indite;
No other theme could give my soul delight.
Oh that my youth had thus employed my pen!
Or that I now could write as well as then!
But 'tis of grace, if sickness, age, and pain,
Are felt as throes when we are born again,
Timely they come to wean us from the earth,
As pangs that wait upon a second birth.

When we, for age, could neither read nor write,
The subject made us willing to indite;
The soul with nobler resolutions decked,
The body stooping, does herself erect.
No mortal parts are requisite to raise
Her, that embodied, can her Maker praise.

The seas are quiet, when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we, when passions are no more.
For then we know, how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection, from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

During his long life, which extended from the reign of James I to the year preceding the Revo-