

Holywell-street at twenty shillings, and their horses cheap at Tattersall's at one hundred pounds. These were a party of gentlemen squatters coming down after a year or two in the bush, to transact business and refresh in the great city of Australia.

THE CLIMATE OF CANADA.

THUNDER-STORMS in Canada are rather frequent, and sometimes awful affairs. I remember one which occurred shortly after my coming to the country, in 1843. I was then residing on the banks of the St. Clair. The day had been beautiful, and the sun set gloriously, spreading around him a sea of gold, and tinging with his own essence the edges of some gloomy clouds which hung ominously over the place of his rest. I sat on the doorstep, watching the changing hues as the darkness crept on. Ere long it was night, but all was calm and lovely as before. Soon, flashes of lightning began to play rapidly in the west, but I could hear no thunder; and, after looking on till I was wearied, I retired to rest. How long I slept I can not tell; but I awoke with the pealing of the thunder and the roaring of the wind; nor have I been witness to such a storm either before or since. In most thunder-storms, there is the vivid flash followed by a period of darkness, and the deep roar, followed by as deep a silence; but, in this instance, flash followed flash, and peal followed peal, without a moment's intermission. The wind, too, blew a perfect hurricane. Until that moment, scenes of a kindred nature had been fraught with pleasure to me rather than otherwise, but now I felt that eternity was unwontedly near, and that in another moment, I might stand before God. All nature seemed to heave. I tried to sleep but that was for a time impossible: I confess I lay expecting every moment to be my last. After a little, the doors began to slam, and the house filled with smoke. I immediately rose, but found that nothing had happened, and that the wind coming down the chimney, had caused the alarm. After this, I tried again to sleep, and finally succeeded, having become, after a time, accustomed to the uproar. When morning broke, all was still, and, on inquiring, I found that no other damage had been done than the killing of a poor horse in a neighboring stable.

Occasionally, also, we have, what may, I suppose be called a tornado. In the summer of 1848, I had the satisfaction of tracing the progress of one which, a few days before, had swept across the Brock district, Canada West. It had been exceedingly violent in the vicinity of a village called Ingersoll, and, from the narration of a friend who saw the whole, I now attempt to describe it.

The day had been very oppressive, and, about noon, a rushing noise, accompanied with the sound of crashing timber and falling trees, was heard, which at once attracted the notice of the whole village. On looking out, they perceived, as it were, a cloudy body rolling along the ground

on its lower side, while its upper rose above the trees. It was moving very rapidly from west to east, whirling like smoke as it passed, and accompanied by an intense heat. The smoky appearance, was, I suppose, attributable to the dust which it bore onward in its course. The air was filled with branches of trees; every thing gave way before it. The woods in the neighborhood were very heavy, but all standing in the direct line of the hurricane were snapped like pipe stems. A line, as even as if it had been measured, was cut through the forest; fortunately however, its width was not more than the eighth of a mile, otherwise the devastation would have been fearful. As it was, every thing was leveled which stood in its way. A house was blown down, and the logs of which it was composed scattered about like rods. A strong new barn was wrenched in pieces, and the timbers broken. Gate posts were snapt close to the ground. Heavy potash kettles, and wagons, were lifted up into the air. A wet log, which had lain in a swampy hollow till it was saturated and rotten, was carried up the acclivity some ten or twelve feet. No man could conceive such a complete devastation possible unless he had witnessed it. It ran on for some miles further, and twigs of the particular trees among which it wrought its strange work, were carried a distance of twenty miles. Providentially, there were no lives lost—a circumstance attributable to the fact that it passed over the forests and fields. Had it struck the village, not a home would have escaped. It seemed to move in a circle, since the trees were not knocked down before it, but twisted round as if with a wrench, and thrown backward with their tops toward the west, as it were *behind* the tempest. All the large trees were broken across, generally about three or four feet from the ground. Here and there a sapling escaped, but many of these were twisted round as a boy would twist a cane, and, with their tops hanging on the ground, they stood—most singular and decisive monuments of the great power which had assailed them. This year, something of a similar kind happened in the Home district.

The month of August ends our summer, for although we have warm weather through the most of September, still it is not the very warm weather of the preceding three months. Toward the close of the latter, the greenness of the trees begins to pass away, and the changing tints tell unmistakably of the "fall." Nor do I know any more beautiful sight than that of a Canadian forest at this time, when summer is slowly departing, and winter is yet a long way off. As the season advances, the variety and beauty of the colors increase, passing through every shade of red, orange, and yellow, and making up a gay and singular patchwork. Still, it is the beauty of decay, and I scarcely know whether more of sorrow or of joy passes through my mind as I gaze on it. A silvery-haired man is a noble sight when his life has been one of honor; but we never see him in his easy-chair, without remembering that death is crouching

on his footstool. And so is it with our lovely autumnal scenery: nature then wears the robe in which she means to die. We then look back on another precious period too swiftly gone, and forward to the long, unbroken one which lies before us. Moralizing in such a paper as this may be out of place, still one can scarcely help repeating some remark, as trite as true, about this "sear and yellow leaf," and our own short day. Indulgent reader, how quickly doth our summer pass! How soon, like the withered leaf, shall each man of this generation drop from his much-loved tree, and take his place, quietly and unnoticed, among the millions of his fellows who have already fallen!

By the end of September, the weather is cool, and, after that time, grows more so every day, till, after rain and wind, and not a few attempts at sunshine, toward the close of November, winter sets in, and gives a decided character to the scene. Previous to this consummation, however, we have witnessed a phenomenon peculiar to this continent, in the shape of the "Indian summer;" it generally comes in October. Many descriptions have been given of this singular appearance, still I will venture to attempt another.

It is a sort of supplementary season, though a very short one, lasting sometimes no more than two or three days, and never longer than about a week. Between summer and winter, it stands parenthetically: the former is gone, the latter is not come; and between the two, this steps in to exercise its brief and pleasant dominion. It has not the freshness of spring, nor yet the fruitfulness of summer, neither has it the deadness of winter. It is so unlike other seasons, as to admit of no comparison with them.

With the "Indian summer," there comes over all things a strange quiet. No wind disturbs the atmosphere; the sun shines, but you see little of him. His presence is indicated rather by a mellowness overspreading and enriching the picture, than by any brightness or glare. A hazy film rests on earth and sky. It is not mist, nor does it resemble the sickly dimness which sometimes accompanies the heat of summer. The air seems full of smoke, but there is no smoke—of mistiness, but there is no mist—of dampness, but there is no damp. A sense of repose creeps over every thing. You are not languid, but you would like to lie down and dream. One would not wish the season to last, yet we are glad when it comes, and sorry when it leaves. Under its influence, we can suppose that Irving wrote the legend of "Sleepy Hollow," or Thomson, the "Castle of Indolence;" and, under this influence, we would do well to read both.

To its brevity I have already alluded. I may add, that some seasons we do not perceive it at all. As to its cause, I can not even conjecture any thing. The poor Indian thinks that at this time the Great Spirit smokes his pipe, and the would-be philosophic white man, throwing poetry to the winds, talks scientific nonsense about some unknown volcano, which now gives forth

a great volume of smoke. The Indian's theory is about as rational as the other, and has this advantage over it, that it is eminently poetical. Better is it at once to say that we know nothing about the matter.

A WINTER VISION.

I SAW a mighty Spirit, traversing the world without any rest or pause. It was omnipresent, it was all-powerful, it had no compunction, no pity, no relenting sense that any appeal from any of the race of men could reach. It was invisible to every creature born upon the earth, save once to each. It turned its shaded face on whatsoever living thing, one time; and straight the end of that thing was come. It passed through the forest, and the vigorous tree it looked on shrunk away; through the garden, and the leaves perished and the flowers withered; through the air, and the eagles flagged upon the wing and dropped; through the sea, and the monsters of the deep floated, great wrecks, upon the waters. It met the eyes of lions in their lairs, and they were dust; its shadow darkened the faces of young children lying asleep, and they awoke no more.

It had its work appointed; it inexorably did what was appointed to it to do; and neither sped nor slackened. Called to, it went on unmoved, and did not come. Besought, by some who felt that it was drawing near, to change its course, it turned its shaded face upon them, even while they cried, and they were dumb. It passed into the midst of palace chambers, where there were lights and music, pictures, diamonds, gold, and silver; crossed the wrinkled and the gray, regardless of them; looked into the eyes of a bright bride; and vanished. It revealed itself to the baby on the old crone's knee, and left the old crone wailing by the fire. But, whether the beholder of its face were, now a king, or now a laborer, now a queen, or now a seamstress; let the hand it palsied, be on the sceptre, or the plow, or yet too small and nerveless to grasp any thing: the Spirit never paused in its appointed work, and, sooner or later, turned its impartial face on all.

I saw a minister of state, sitting in his closet; and, round about him, rising from the country which he governed, up to the Eternal Heavens, was a low, dull howl of Ignorance. It was a wild, inexplicable mutter, confused, but full of threatening, and it made all hearers' hearts to quake within them. But few heard. In the single city where this minister of state was seated, I saw thirty thousand children, hunted, flogged, imprisoned, but not taught—who might have been nurtured by the wolf or bear, so little of humanity had they, within them or without—all joining in this doleful cry. And, ever among them, as among all ranks and grades of mortals, in all parts of the globe, the Spirit went; and ever by thousands, in their brutish state, with all the gifts of God perverted in their breasts or trampled out, they died.

The minister of state, whose heart was pierced