

POETRY.

THE SNOW.

From the Forget Me Not.

*The silvery snow!—the silvery snow!—
Like glory it falls on the fields below,
And the trees with their diamond branches
appear,
Like the fairy growth of some magical sphere.*

*While soft as music, and wild and white,
It glisters and floats in the pale moonlight,
And spangles the river and fount as they flow;
Oh! who has not loved the bright beautiful
snow!*

*The silvery snow and the crinkling frost—
How merry we go when the earth seems lost:
Like the spirits that rise from the dust of
Time,
To live in a purer and holier clime!*

*A new creation without a stain—
Lovely as heaven's own pure domain!
But Ah! like the many fair hopes of our
years,
It glitters au hile—and then melts into tears!*

VARIETIES.

REMARKABLE INVENTION.—When the properties of steam and its power were first ascertained, it was supposed that human genius could extend no further, still, since then we have had our streets lighted by gas, and now we are to have our residences warmed and our provisions dressed without the use of 'fire, flame, smoke, steam, gas, oil, spirit, Chemical preparation, or any dangerous substance whatsoever.' Incredible as this may appear, it is no less true, an ingenious German having invented a machine by which it may be accomplished. It is made of brass, is about 22 inches high, 12 inches wide, and six deep, has the appearance of a miniature chest of drawers, and is surmounted by an inverted crescent, which is hollow for the purpose of containing water. It is called "Wenn's Solar Stove," and heated by 'elementary heat,' produced (according to the words of the inventor) by 'separate and combined elements.' It may be used with the greatest safety in ships and manufactories and ware-houses, where in consequence of the combustible nature of the stock, fires are prohibited.—The process of heating is so simple that a lady having white gloves on may perform it without soiling them, or a child three years of age without injury.—*English paper.*

TALK OF WAR.—Advices from France give but a faint hope that the debt due to the U. S. from that country will be paid according to the treaty. As it now appears possible that we may have war, we will give our young readers in a few words the causes that seem almost ready to produce that lamentable evil. During the French and

English war in the reign of Napoleon Bonaparte, much injury was done to our merchant vessels in French ports, by seizures, detentions, &c. principally through the unavoidable consequences of war. Our government from that time to the present have been appealing for redress of these wrongs. About three years ago our minister to France, Mr. Rivers, succeeded in making a treaty in which the French Executive (King and Ministers) agreed to make up for the losses of our merchants, by the payment of about five millions of dollars. The difficulty was now considered at an end. Our government drew for the money, through the medium of the U. S. Bank, but the drafts came back unpaid. The French Chambers (an assemblage answering to our House of Representatives) with whom lay the power to raise money, would not consent to it, and thus the matter has remained to this time.—Our President in his late message recommended to Congress that some strong measures be taken in relation to the subject,—and suggested the propriety of seizing French shipping to repair the damage, in case the Chambers at the present Session should not vote the necessary funds to fulfil the treaty aforesaid. We have just received the news relative to the reception of this threat in France by the editors of French papers.—They bear hard upon our boasted respect to the reformed laws of nations, touching the right to seize private property for national offences, and affirm that the question of paying over the money according to the treaty is now at an end. This, however, remains to be proved.—*American Juvenile paper.*

WHAT IS HONOR?—Honor is a very different thing with different communities. With a Trades Union it consists in sticking to the combination, and never working under price. With the servants in your kitchen it consists of never telling tales to their mistress. Among thieves it is a thing of notorious importance, and among duelists it consists in setting one's self up to be shot at by every blackguard who takes it into his head to be insolent. All such honor we deem false, spurious, and mean. It is maintained by the grossest violations of our duty to God and man. Yet it is this spurious, querulous honor, which has ever been in vogue in the world. It is this nothing, and worse than nothing, which has involved individuals and nations in ceaseless fighting, and brought on the human race unending woe. The individual or nation which is excessively tenacious about what is called honor, will ever be involved in broils and disgrace.—It is a cowardly consciousness of meanness which prompts to the measure often called honorable. It is a liberal, generous, and we may add forgiving spirit, which is truly honorable. The principles of christianity are the most honorable, nay the only truly honorable principles which have ever been pro-

mulgated as a system in our world. They are principles of benevolence broad as the human family. They are the principles of Heaven's honor and Heaven's nobility.—The principles of what is commonly called honor, are the principles of darkness. They engender never ending war and wretchedness. Wherever they prevail, there is an end of peace.

HAPPINESS.—It would form perhaps one of the most amusing, if not the most instructive chapters in poetic history, to compare the various opinions expressed by the inspired respecting happiness. He who dwells in a lonely valley believes happiness resides in the crowded city among company and books; while he who sighs amid the rattle of other men's chariot-wheels, and the smoke of ten thousand chimneys, fixes the abode of happiness by the side of some purring brook—beside a green hill, where the wind is ever fragrant, and the voice of nature aloud is heard. The highborn bard, sick of the hollow courtesies of polished society, sighs for pastoral solitudes, where flowers never fade, and flocks never stray, and beauty is never out of blossom; the shepherd bard, on the other hand, who has to wander over moors and mountains, half choked in winter with drifting snow, and half scorched in summer with burning suns—who has to smear and clip his flocks, as well as keep them from the tox, and save them, too, from smothering in a snow wreath, envies the opulent, and longs to be a lord. There was some sense in the remark of a Scotchman, who, in reading the saying of Solomon, "Snow is beautiful in its season," exclaimed, "Aye, nae doubt it was beautiful to you, sitting with the rich vines and the lasses o' Jerusalem aside you: but had ye been a poor stone-mason ye would hae said no such thing."

QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

How may the Harpy Eagle be distinguished from other Eagles?—What is its general character?—What is the size of the Ox? How is it generally used in this Province? What is its flesh called?—What may be said of the Cow? What use is made of her horns?—her skin?—her flesh?—her hoofs? What is the form of the Lion indicative of? Does the Lion evince a preference for man or quadrupeds when in search of prey?—Is he easily tamed?—Where is the Lion found?

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