

poses. The future she may calmly and confidently contemplate, is one of steady but certain increase and advancement. Nor is the spirit of enterprize with which her inhabitants would seem to be endowed, altogether unworthy of the natural advantages they undoubtedly possess. A company has recently been formed for the purpose of lighting the Canal and the Town of St. Catherines with gas, which is now going into immediate operation. A branch railroad is also about to be constructed, for the purpose of uniting the Town and Port Dalhousie, the lower outlet of the canal, with the Great Western Railway, at a point a mile and a half above the town, intended to run in connexion with a line of first class steamboats to the ports upon the lower lake. A company is also forming to bring the Lake Erie water from the top of the mountain through large pipes, to every part of the town. And from the high level in which its source is found, it will rise with facility through lead pipes to the top of every house in town, or be rendered easily available for fountains and other ornamental and useful purposes. An extraordinary degree of activity prevails in every branch of business—four vessels forming an aggregate of nearly 1200 tons, have already during the present summer been launched in the ship-yard; and another of a large class, is fast hastening to completion. Five large flouring mills, comprehending altogether thirty-one run of stones, make merry music as they go: the saw-mills, two in number, have to work night and day to supply a small portion of the demand; there are five machine shops, and one axe and edge-tool factory; two very large foundries busily employed in the most profitable application of alchemy, yet discovered, for transmuting iron into gold—and various smaller factories of different descriptions, planing-machines, &c., all in busy operation, combined with the activity prevailing in the erection of new buildings, altogether gives the town at the present period a look of prosperity and business capabilities, far in advance of its size and appearance.

One subject more, from amongst the many, which in a short article of the present description must necessarily be omitted, we have reserved unintentionally for the last—we allude to the St. Catherines Salt Springs.

These important and grateful additions to the wealth and comfort of the inhabitants, after having for some years been allowed to fall into a state of total neglect and disrepair, have at length attracted the notice they have long justly merited; and under the active superintendence of their spirited proprietor, promise to afford in a few months, all the comforts and benefits of saline baths, both hot and cold, to the inhabitants of Canada and the adjacent states, at a distance of upwards of 300 miles from the sea. Salt of the finest quality is here manufactured, though at present only in limited quantities. A large and commodious bath-house is now in the course of erection; and an engine is being constructed for the purpose of forcing the water from the Artesian well to the top of the high ground upon which the town stands. Two new, large and convenient hotels are also under consideration, not verily before they were required; the one to be erected by a Joint Stock Company, the other convenient to the baths for the accommodation of those visiting the Springs for bathing purposes. We confidently predict for these Springs, when their virtues shall have an opportunity of being generally known and appreciated, as great and deserved a reputation, when applied to their legitimate purposes, as any upon this continent.

A. J.

#### DIRGE.

Weep not! weep not! for she is dead,  
All whose young life was sorrow—  
Lay down—lay down the weary head,  
For her there is no morrow.  
Never shall she wake again  
To that long ceaseless pain;  
Death has loused its burning chain,  
Why then should ye sorrow?

Fitting time for her to die,  
Wild and waste December!—  
Snow upon her heart shall lie,  
Nor will it remember  
Him who found her young and fair,  
Whoed her, won her, left her there,  
To contempt and cold despair,  
Bitterer than December!

Now that agony is past,  
Death alone could sever,  
And her eyes have wept their last,  
Close them soft for ever.  
Beautiful and desolate!  
For thee no longer angels wait,  
Thou hast reached the golden gate,  
Peace be thine for ever!