

The wood-cocks are come from their cold birth place,
 I see one just now in the copse,
 And perhaps, brother Joe, when the clock strikes two,
 You and I may sit down to a brace.

With hips and with haws the hedges are red,
 And the beech and the oak-leaves are sere,
 Whilst the brightest green, that now can be seen
 Is the moss on the thatch of the shed.

Already the boys to the forest are gone
 To pluck of the holly so bright,
 And I met one just now, with a misletoe bough,
 For Christmas is coming anon.

Let the windows with yew and with holly be drest,
 And see that the wood-house be full;
 Of the turkeys take care, Ann, for we must prepare
 To welcome our merry old guest.

Let the pig eat and drink, for to-morrow he dies;
 I'll warrant the strength of the ale;
 Brother Joe, 'tis your task, to take care of the cask,
 And mother has made her mince-pies.

The Courant of Saturday informs us that the following paragraph appeared in a late London Eclectic Magazine. "Mr. Buchanan His Majesty's consul at New York has made considerable collections during his successive journies through Upper Canada, respecting the history of the North American Indians, which, with many other interesting and official documents will shortly be presented to the public." This is as it should be, and when men of talent and research, avail of the opportunities which their official situations afford for increasing the stock of public information, literature is adorned, the world benefited, and their names recorded amongst the benefactors of mankind.

L. L. M.