

POETRY

SPIRIT'S SONG.

"She died in early youth,  
Ere life had lost its rich romantic hues"  
DIRGE, BY "DELTA."

Without a wing I soar away,  
And leave behind the starry world;  
And on me pours a flood of day  
From the great fount of brightness hurl'd.

What glorious scenes, for ever new,  
Are spreading, far and wide, around me;  
And bursting on my dazzled view,  
Heaven's blest inhabitants surround me.

From countless harps, what music swell  
The soul of harmony is there:  
Awhile around its sweetness dwells,  
Then rises on th' ambrosial air.

Still rising, let me join the song,  
That from the myriad hosts ascended  
My humble offering pour along,  
To be with strains angelic blended.

That distant world I scarce can see  
Where late I liv'd and breath'd a day  
A little day—for soon from me,  
Its sunny morning past away.

And I have left, for ever left,  
Its fleeting sorrows, tears, and smiles.  
Its golden hopes, how soon bereft  
Its dear deceivings and its wiles.

Yet lovely were its skies of blue,  
Green, sunny hills and vales beneath;  
But ever changing were its hues,  
And fading flowers were in the wreath.

I lov'd, and was belov'd again!  
And friends I had, and friendships gave:  
Not mine affection's severed chain,  
Its garlands flourish o'er my grave.

Oh yes! for o'er that grassy mound,  
Fond tears were shed from friendship's  
eye;  
And love, with footsteps thither bound,  
Wept 'till woe's very fount was dry.

At dewy morn, at dusky eve,  
I've hovered near and mark'd their sorrow;  
And wondered why they e'er could grieve  
My entrance on this glorious morrow.

Dry, dry your eyes, ye weeping few,  
Who wandered near my grassy bed!  
Or falling soft, as evening dew,  
May Time his healing on you shed.

And raise from that dark earth your vision,  
To this bright peopled home of mine;  
Where Faith has found her full fruition,  
Beyond the fading scenes of Time.

TRADE OF CANADA.

The Montreal Committee of Trade, in answer to some enquiries put by Government, attribute the decrease of the revenue—to the great importation of Brandies in 1834, occasioned by the high prices in 1833—the expiration of the East India Company's Charter, which took off £10,000 in the duties on Teas—the diminished consumption of Spirits, &c. We take an extract from this document, which will be interesting to our commercial readers:—

There has been for some years a falling off in the demand for Rum, and consequent decrease in the importation, the duties on which have contributed more to the Revenue than those on any one article. It is worthy of notice, that notwithstanding the increase of population, within the last ten years, the consumption of Rum has fallen off one fifth! The present duty paid on Rum, operates as a protecting duty on the spirit manufactured in Canada, and the Committee of Trade think it is too high, and might be reduced, with advantage to the Revenue, fully 25 per cent. judging from the effects of similar reductions, in Great Britain, during the three years ending with 1802, when the duty in Great Britain was about 9s. a gallon, and in Ireland 6s. 8½d. the consumption the United Kingdom amounted to 3,150,000 gallons a-year; while notwithstanding, the great increase of population during the three years ending with 1823, when the duty in Great Britain was 22s. 11½d. a gallon, and in Ireland 12s. 11½d. the annual consumption amounted to only 2,307,000 gallons! The reduction of duty in 1826 to 8s. 1d. has increased the consumption from about 2,500,000 to above 3,600,000 gallons a-year; and the revenue is now greater than before the reduction.—*M'ulloch, page 919.*

There has been recently a large increase of the manufacture of Spirits in both Provinces. In the neighbourhood of Montreal alone there are seven distilleries working, which produce annually 295,000 gallons of Whiskey, besides a large quantity of Brandy, Gin, and Compounds, all or which are consumed by the same class of the community that consume the West India Spirit. From Upper Canada, we received last year about

30,000 gallons of Whiskey. We have thus 389,400 gallons of Whiskey, the average proof of which is about 25 per cent. hydrometer over proof, equal to 486,750 gallons of Rum from Grenada, St. Vincents, or the Colonies of Demerara or Berbice, 3 per cent. under proof, the amount of duties on which would be £25,844 11s. 3d! The Upper Province, which formally took a large supply, has how totally withdrawn her demand for Leeward Island Rum, and reduced that of Jamaica to a mere trifle. The experience of past years establishes the fact that if more than 1,120,000 gallons of Rum are imported in Canada, the importer will not realize a remunerating price; consequently that quantity may be assumed to be adequate to the

Although the consumption of Rum should increase, under the effect produced by this mode of collecting the duties, the Revenue must decrease. At present, a gallon of Rum seven and a half per cent under proof, pays a duty of about 1s. 1d. currency; a gallon of Rum 66 and two-thirds per cent under proof, and in equity should pay about 2s. 2d. duty. In Great Britain the duty is levied not only on the quantity, but likewise on the overproof of the Spirit. The practical effect of this absurd mode of levying the duties in Canada, has been, that the importer procures the strongest Spirit possible, which after being landed and duty paid, is reduced by the dealer here, before being taken by the consumer.

Those Islands which cannot manufacture a high proof Spirit have been beaten out of the market by the others which produce a stronger one. Thus has our trade with the Island of Jamaica actually increased, and is now increasing, while a more valuable trade with the Leeward Islands, and the Colonies of Demerara and Berbice, has, of late years, greatly declined, and in some instances been totally lost.

The Committee of Trade consider the commerce with the last named places more valuable than the trade with Jamaica. We supply the Leeward Islands, Demerara, &c. not only with our own products, but likewise with the beef, pork and flour of the United States, on the same advantageous terms as the Americans, our competitors in that trade enjoy; whereas, in the Island of Jamaica, American Flour and Salted Provisions from Canada, are subjected to the same duty as if direct from the United States.—This amounts to a prohibition; the cost of freight from Canada, from the greater length of the voyage, being twice as much as it is from the United States.

WIT MADE EASY;

OR A HINT TO WORD CATCHERS.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

A. Here comes B., the liveliest yet most tiresome of word-catchers. I wonder whether he'll have wit enough to hear good news of his mistress.—Well, B., my dear boy, I hope I see you well.

B. I hope you do, my dear A., otherwise you have lost your eyesight.

A. Good. Well, how do you do?

B. How? Why as other people do.—You would not have me eccentric, would you?

A. Nonsense. I mean, how do you find yourself?

B. Find myself? Where's the necessity of finding myself? I have not been lost.

A. Incurable dog! come now; to be serious.

B. (comes closer to A. and looks very serious.)

A. Well, what now?

B. I am come, to be serious.

A. Come now; nonsense, B.; leave off this. (Laying his hand on his arm.)

B. (Looking down at his arm.) I can't leave off this. It would look very absurd to go without a sleeve.

A. Ah, ah? You make me laugh in spite of myself. How's Jackson?

B. The deuce! How's Jackson! Well, I never should have thought that. How can Howe be Jackson? "Surname and arms," I suppose, of some rich uncle? I have not seen him Gazetted.

A. Good bye, B. (Detaining him.) "Good Bye!"

What a sudden enthusiasm in favour of some virtuous man of Bye! "Good Bye!"—To think of Ashton standing at the corner of the street, doating aloud on the integrity of a Mr. Bye!

A. Ludicrous enough. I can't help laughing, I confess. But laughing does not always imply merriment. You do not delight us, Jack, with these sort of jokes, but tickle us; and tickling may give pain.

B. Don't accept it then. You need not take every thing that is given you.

A. You'll want a straightforward answer some day, and then—

B. You'll describe a circle about me, before you give it. Well, that's your affair, not mine. You'll astonish the natives, that's all.

A. It's great nonsense, you must allow.

B. I can't see why it's greater nonsense than any other pronoun.

A. (In despair.) Well, it's of no use, I see.

B. Excuse me: it is of the very greatest use. I don't know a part of speech more useful. It performs all the greatest offices of nature, and contains, in fact, the whole agency and mystery of the world. It rains. It is fine weather. It freezes. It thaws.—It (which is very odd) is one o'clock. "It has been a very frequent observation." It goes. Here it goes. How goes it? (which by the way, is a translation from the Latin, *Eo, is it; Eo, I go; is, thou goest; it, he or it goes.* In short—

A. In short, if I wanted a dissertation on it, now's the time for it. But I don't; so good by. (going)—I saw Mis M. last night.

B. The deuce you did! Where was it?

A. (to himself)—Now I have him, and will revenge myself. Where was it? Where was it eh? Oh you must know a great deal more about it than I do.

B. Nay, my dear fellow, do tell me. I'm on thorns.

A. On thorns! Very odd thorns. I never saw a thorn look so like a pavement.

B. Come now, to be serious.

A. (Comes close to B. and looks tragic.)

B. He, he! Very fair, egad. But do tell me where was she? How did she look? Who was with her?

A. Oh, ho! Hoo was with her, was he? Well, I wanted to know his name. I could not tell who it was. But I say, Jack, who's Hoo?

B. Good. He, he! But now, my dear Will, for God's sake, you know how interested I am.

A. The deuce you are! I always took you for a disinterested fellow. I always said of Jack B., Jack's apt to overdo his credit for wit; but a more honest disinterested fellow I never met with.

B. Well, then, as you think so, be merciful. Where is Miss M.?

A. This is more astonishing news than any. Ware is Miss M. I know her passion for music; but this is wonderful. Good Heavens! To think of a delicate young lady dressing herself in man's clothes, and going about as a musician under the name of Ware.

A. (falls into an attitude of musing)

B. Well.

A. Don't interrupt me. I am considering your love.

B. I repent; I am truly sorry. What shall I do?—(Laying his hand upon his heart) I'll give up this habit.

A. You will?—upon honour?

B. Upon my honour.

A. On the spot.

B. Now, this instant. Now and for ever.

A. Strip away then.

B. Strip? for what?

A. You said you'd give up that habit.

B. Now, my dear A., for the love of every thing that is sacred; for the love of your own love—

A. Well, you promise me sincerely?

B. Heart and soul.

A. Step over in the way, then, into the coffee-house, and I'll tell you.

Street-sweeper. Praise your honour, pray remember the poor swape.

B. My friend, I'll never forget you, if that will be of any service. I'll think of you next year.

A. What again!

B. The last time as I hope to be saved.—Here my friend; there's a shilling for you.—Charity covers a multitude of bad jokes.

Street-sweeper. God send your honour thousands of them.

B. The jokes or the shillings you rascal? Street-sweeper. Och, the shillings. Devil a bit the bad jokes. I can make them myself, and a shilling's no joke anyhow.

A. What! really silent! Come, B., I now see you can now give up a jest, and are really in love; and your mistress, I will undertake to say, will not be sorry to be convinced of both. Women like to begin with merriment well enough; but they think ill of a man who cannot come to a grave conclusion.

WOMEN.—The Countess of Blessington in her Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron has the following remarks:—

How few men understand the feelings of woman! Sensitive and easily wounded as we are, obliged to call up pride to support us, in trials that always leave fearful marks behind, how often are we compelled to assume the semblance of coldness and indifference, when the heart inly bleeds; and the

decent composure put on with our visiting garments to appear in public, and like them worn for a few hours, are with them laid aside; and all the dreariness, the heart-conquering cares, that women alone can know, return to make us feel that though we may disguise our sufferings from others, and deck our countenances with smiles, we cannot deceive ourselves, and are but the more miserable from the constraint we submit to. A woman can only understand a woman's heart—we cannot, dare not complain—sympathy is denied us, because we must not lay open the wounds that excite it, and even the most legitimate feelings are too sacred in female estimation to be exposed—and while we nurse the grief that lies too deep for tears, and consumes alike health and peace, a man may, with impunity, express all nay more than he feels—court and meet sympathy—while his leisure hours are cheered by occupations and pleasures, the latter too often such as ought to prove how little he stood in need of compassion, except for his vices."

Lord John — had unsuccessfully canvassed a farmer in Devonshire. He had promised his vote to Parker, and it was all of no use. Lord John thought that his newly achieved wife, who is a most fascinating person, might succeed where he had so particularly failed. Accordingly her Ladyship visited the farmer, and solicited his vote.—"It's all o' no use my Lady," said the man, "I'm sure if anything would make me change, it would be your Ladyship; but I can't—I can't in conscience." "Why," said her Ladyship. "I ha' promised 'other," said the farmer, "and I can't break my promise." "You shouldn't have spoken so decidedly," said my Lady. "Ay," replied the farmer, "that's just it—if you had seen 'other chap first, you'd never have had Lord John."

The following letter appeared in the *Londonderry Journal*:—"The title of esquire having become so common, I wish to relinquish it, Jacks of all trades being now esquires; in fact the title is nothing more than a stable groom to a lord, I therefore request you will give a corner in your useful paper to say, that from this date I will not take any letters out of the Post-office, but those directed thus:—"Mr Robert Cary Tunalague, Cardonagh."

HOW TO BE RICH.—Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get everything, and save all we get—to stint ourselves and everybody belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for your friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable, and despised for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty early enough wealth is collected by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness—death comes to finish the work, the body is buried in a hole, the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—WHERE?

AN EXHIBITION.—Among the objects of curiosity advertised for exhibition in Philadelphia, is the oldest woman in the world.

LIGHT.—It is become matter almost of certainty, that the sensation of light is produced in a suitable nervous tissue in the eye, by a trembling motion in another fluid than air, which fluid pervades all space, and in rarity or subtlety of nature surpasses air vastly more than air does water or solids; and while in sound, different tones or notes depend on the number of vibrations in a given time, so in light do different colours depend on the extent of the single vibrations. Can human imagination picture to itself a simplicity more magnificent and fruitful of marvellous beauty and utility than this. But, farther: As air answers in the universe to many important purposes besides that of conveying sounds—although this alone comprehends language, which almost means reason and civilization—so also does the material of light minister in numerous ways, in the phenomena of health, electricity, and magnetism.—*Dr. Arnott's Elements.*

ANECDOTE OF A NEAPOLITAN PRINCE.—This very Prince of P., I once heard, with the utmost seriousness, observe that he was glad that he had never learned to write, for having always his secretary near him, it would not have been worth the trouble.—This nobleman considered reading and writing as every way beneath the attention of nobles and fit only for mechanics: is it creditable? a truth in the nineteenth century?

PROPHET MATTHIAS.—This worthy's term of imprisonment is almost at an end. The police authorities of New York have determined to prosecute him on the indictments pending against him in that city, immediately on his release from prison where he is at present rusticated.

Jefferson, in answer to the question put by Buonaparte, "what kind of Government is that of the United States?" replied, "It is one which you can neither feel nor see."