Poetry.

The Pirate's Song.

To the mast pull out the flag! It is dark as the grave,
Or the death which it bears while it swoops o'er the
waves;
Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared!
Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the cutlass bared;
Set the cannisters ready, and then bring to me,
For the last of my duties, the powder-room key.
It shall never be lowered the black flag we bear;
If the sea be dotted on, we sweep through the air.

Unshaved have we left our last victory's prey;
It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey:
There are shawls that might suit a sultan's white
neck,
And pearls that are fair as the arms they will deck;
There are flasks which, unseal them, the air will dis-
close
Dimmette's fair summers, the home of the rose.
I claim not a portion: I ask but as mine—
'Tis to drink to our victory—one cup of red wine.

Some fight 'tis for riches—some fight, 'tis for fame:
The first I despise, and the last is a name.
I fight 'tis for vengeance! I love to see flow,
At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.
I strike for the memory of long vanished years;
I only shed blood where another shed tears.
I come, as the lightning comes red from above
O'er the race that I loathe, to the battle I love.

L. E. L.

Music.

Zeno was accustomed to call the vine, "the flower of beauty." The painter says, "open thine eyes, and I will delight thee;" the philosopher, "attend, and I will instruct thee;" the musician, "listen, and I will subdue thee." The passions of the soul, assuredly, are more obsequious to music than to any other art. This power to subdue has procured music, it must be confessed, too much attention in this age of flippancy and refinement. Young ladies play airs, as spiders spin cobwebs—to catch flies. The flies are caught. But Crabbe shall tell us the result. "Full well," says he,

Full well we know, that many a favourite air,
That charms a party, fails to charm a pair.
And as Augusta play'd who look'd around,
To see if one was dying at the sound.
But all were gone—a husband wrapt in gloom,
Stalk'd careless, listless, up and down the room!

Music gives an ambrosial character to every thing. But of all instruments the Eolian harp, for a time, gives the greatest play to the imagination of the poet*. Nature operates upon this instrument invisibly; and the soul seems at one moment to be wafted to the empyrean; at another it is hushed into the melody of tranquillity;—sounds become, as it were, embodied; and the soul almost visible.

It has been justly observed, that of all relaxations for the poor, the most delightful would be that of music. This art it is, that gives such a charm to the winter evenings of the French and German peasantry. A taste of this kind it would be wise in masters and magistrates to encourage; since it would tend to soften their hearts, and civilize their manners. The German with his flute, the Frenchman with his violin, the Spaniard with his guitar, and the Italian with his mandolino, are far more graceful to the imagination, than whole groupes of English boxers and wrestlers. One day, it may be hoped, English lands may be more equally divided; small farmers again be known; the peasantry again smile: have cottages resembling those of Cava; and that each cottage may have a garden, a well, a few fruit-trees, three or four hives of bees, and a right of cutting fuel on heaths and commons. These, added to the pleasure of hearing their children modulate on some rustic instrument, it would rejoice my heart to see, and please my soul to hear.

But many of our country gentlemen,—I do not speak in wantonness,—seem to be afraid to let a poor man read; they seem to wish to make him a beast of burthen; they hate to see him smile; and then they call him lazy, insolent, and ungrateful. Ungrateful for what? Surely every man ought to be able to live by his labour; nor ought he to receive that in charity, which is his right by birth.—Of all the wretches upon English ground, there is not a more offensive nuisance to a neighbourhood, than a vain, heartless, arrogant, consequential, country squire!

In some parts of North Wales the women used to assemble at each other's houses, or under some large tree, in summer and spin their woollen yarn, having a harper to amuse and delight them. The harp is still in frequent use in that country, though in Wales it is almost unknown; and no traveller of taste but remembers with pleasure the national tunes he has heard at the various inns, at which he has been entertained.

The Scotch peasantry are attached to their bagpipes; and the superior orders are so delighted with music, that it is said alone to have the power of making them enthusiasts. Previous to the rebellion in 1745, the Highlanders used to assemble at each other's cottages, and listen with delight, of a winter's evening, to those fragments of Gaelic poetry, from which Macpherson composed those poems, now dignified by the name of Ossian. These fragments were, not unfrequently, sung to national airs. Genuine Scotch music owes the peculiarity, by which it is distinguished, to its containing the fourth and the seventh of the modern diatonic scale of music. The same system of intervals is said to distinguish the music of Japan in China.

If—as ancient sages were—
Imparted spirits, half unseen,
Can mingle with the mortal throng;
'Tis when from heart to heart we fall
The deep-toned music of the soul,
That warbles in our Scottish song.

LETRAS.

* The Dervises of the East hold the flute to be of the most sacred of instruments; because the shepherds of the Old Testament sung hymns to it. The Turks and Moors are partial to their cymbals and dulcimers; and the Greeks are still delighted with their lyres and flutes. They are indeed so partial to music, that they seldom hear a nightingale, but they stop to listen to it.

* The Japanese have a tradition, that their first idea of music came from the resistance of some ears of their sacred corn bending beneath the air, when a rapid breeze passed, as it passed through a bamboo grove, which, being accidentally on a fire, and very hot, burst in pieces. Thus they fabled that music came from Heaven. In some of the Asiatic islands they have a curious species of Eolian harmonicon, formed of bamboo. Mr. Jackhouse, having to use hanging weights, by the sea shore, fabricated some of the colossal instrument with different notes. "I cannot, however, a better idea of this harmonicon," says he, "than by comparing its notes to those of the Harmonica."

How delightful, too, in former times, was it to hear the violins of the peasantry in France; and not unfrequently to hear them sing anthems in the open air at the doors of their cottages! The Russian airs resemble Italian ones so much, that when Kotzebue heard an Italian, at any time, sing in the fields, he almost imagined himself transported into Russia. This similitude has been attributed to the sire of both countries having been originally derived from the ancient Greek.

How far superior are those pictures by Italian masters, which represent peasants dancing by the light of the moon, to the merry-makings of a Dutch painter, or even Wilkie's Penny-wedding! Claude frequently embellishes the most lovely of his landscapes with similar groups. The vintage in France is a season sacred to the poet and the painter; it was equally so in ancient Greece; and few of its pictures were more agreeable to the imagination than those describing the young of both sexes dancing; while a youth in the midst of them was tuning the fate of Linus. After dancing a short time, the whole circle suddenly stopped, took up the melody, and answered in chorus.

Lucian informs us, that in his time a shepherd was accustomed to place himself in the midst of his companions, who danced round him, while he played upon the flute. At length the shepherd began to dance as well as to play, and then the whole party exhibited the most elegant positions; and the evening passed as if it were consecrated to Apollo. Maximus Tyrius even describes the origin of the drama to the songs and dances of the husbandmen, at the close of their harvests; and one of the most beautiful subjects, found at Herculaneum, represents a young villager, leaning on a pitcher near the margin of a fountain. A shepherd, passing with his flock, stops and plays an air on his pipe; while the villager seems to listen with timid and breathless rapture.

But, for the most part, the simple words "my own" have more charms for mankind, than all the pieces of Mozart or Handel; a gold cup than a statute of Canova; and men give more honour to a peer, than to a poet of the first order. These errors will, one day, pass away.

Strabo relates, that as a musician was employing his talents, in the streets of Lassus, a town chiefly inhabited by fishermen, a crowd collected around him, and seemed to enjoy his music with no little delight. At length the signal being given, that the market was open, all the fishermen left him but one, who was deaf. When the musician saw only one remaining, he began praising his taste, and admiring the pleasure with which he seemed to listen to the piece he had played; when the rest of his companions had precipitately left him, upon hearing the first bell, "What!" said the fisherman, "has the bell rung? By Jupiter, I did not hear it!" and off he ran after his brother fishermen.

Haydn always spoke of those solitary hours he had passed in his garden, and in musical application, as the happiest of his life. Mozart, to his other qualifications, loved Nature in her most beautiful aspects. Gifted with talents, equalled only by Haydn, and surpassed only by Handel, he lived in a garden, in the suburbs of Vienna, where he enjoyed every fine evening of summer; attending to his flowers and shrubs, enjoying the delicious coolness of the air, in the society of his wife and friends, whom he frequently delighted with playing over to them the pieces of music he had recently composed.

Pergolesi, died in 1733; Metastasi in 1782; Mozart in 1792; Cimarosa in 1801; and Haydn, the creator of symphony, in 1809. Cimarosa composed best, when surrounded by his friends; Pacsiello in bed; Sacchini in the society of his mistress; but Haydn in the solitude of his chamber. While listening to the harmonies and melodies of these composers, we seem to realize the sentiments of those Hindoos, who explain their love of music, by asserting, that it recals to mind the music of paradise, which they had heard in a pre-existent state.

A taste for melody is almost universal; a taste for harmony is but slowly acquired. Melody delights us in youth; harmony gratifies us in manhood; but age recurs to melody, because it associates the spring of life with the winter of age. Bombet distinguishes the several eminent composers of Germany and Italy, by associating them with painters.—Haydn he calls the Tintoret of Music; Pergolese he associates with Raphael; Sacchini with Corregio; Hesse with Rubens; Paesiello with Guido; Piccini with Titian; and Mozart with Domenichino. Durante has been styled the Leonardo de Vinci, and Handel the Michael Angelo of music.

From the Quebec Mercury, Jan. 24.

The New York Mirror, of the 7th instant, is a plate number, in which the subscribers are presented with a spirited and well executed engraving, by Danforth, of the "Landing of Columbus," from a painting by Chapman. The contents are various, amusing and some of them possess more than common interest. We have extracted from them what we consider as literary curiosities, a paper entitled "Foreign Ideas of Shakspeare," by Jacob Nack, the Deaf and Dumb Poet, together with a letter describing his sensations on witnessing acting on the stage. They are indeed so extraordinary and the flow of language so astonishing, that we can with difficulty bring ourselves to believe they are the production of a deaf-mute. However, Sanderson, the Professor of Mathematics, was blind, and after reading these articles by Mr. Nack, it would badly surprise us should we read of a Deaf and Dumb Professor of Elocution!—

A Psychological Curiosity.—Having frequently met Mr. James Nack, the poet, at the theatres, we were curious to know what effect the performances had upon a deaf mute so finely organized as our estimable correspondent. We consequently requested a friend of his to procure for publication in the Mirror an article on that subject. In reply we received a communication which will be found in another column, and the following private note, which we take the liberty of giving to the public as a psychological curiosity. All our inquiries are answered, without, by design, and they furnish valuable facts for speculation.

Gentlemen,—Understanding from Colonel Warner that you wish a prose article from me, I send you one; but you must not look for any diversion—the spirit of fun is not in me just now, and the only humour I can boast of is an ill humour—being lately moved by the loss of my silver pencil-case, and (less I am sorry to your sympathy) the shelling out one and eight-pence (postage) for a letter not worth a ——. However forgive me for swearing!

I would have written on my impressions of the drama, but really I believe they are much like those of other people. All that is peculiar to me is, that I have no ear for music, and with the pit in the pit of darkness when they encore a song—and that I cannot judge of that part of an actor's merit which depends on the modulation of his voice; but I can tell by referring to the copy of the play I generally take with me, what he is saying, and judge how far his looks and gestures are in proper keeping with a correct conception of what he utters. When I am unable to get a copy of the play, I assume my imagination with inventing plot and dialogue to correspond with what is doing on the stage. The greatest dramatic enjoyments I have known were to see Fanny Kemble in Lady Macbeth, Forrest in Othello, James Wallack in Rolla (he is the most picturesque of Rollas) H. Wallack in Roderick Dhu, Booth in Richard, (the very poetry of acting when he is in the vein,) Holland in Jerry, and the Barrets in *every thing*.

This is all I have to say, and you perceive it offers no materials for an article of interest. I send you also my tribute to Parmly's feats of dentistry, though I expect I shall lose every tooth in my head before you can find room for it. Yours, sincerely,

James Nack."

FOREIGN IDEAS OF SHAKESPEARE, BY JAMES NACK,

THE DEAF AND DUMB POET.

"Shakspeare is a monstrous farceur!" Such was the assertion of Voltaire; and such continues to be an article of faith with many of his countrymen, even in their present enlightened day. But this need not move our special wonder, if they form their conclusions from what Voltaire himself has given them as veritable specimens of the English dramatist, or from the very singular productions of Ducis, which still keep possession of their stage. M. Ducis has borrowed from Shakspeare the potent names of Macbeth, Othello, Hamlet, King Lear, Romeo and Juliet, &c.; but it must be admitted his obligations extend no farther than to the names; the characters and incidents are such as Shakspeare never conceived, and it would be in vain to look for even a shadow of his grandeur of thought, or magnificent poetry of expression.—M. Ducis has written a play in which a young lady runs away with a soldier, and lives with him without becoming his wife, and excites his jealousy by deferring their marriage on various pretexts; till having what he considered strong circumstantial evidence of her intention to jilt him for another, and nobly disdaining the advantages he might derive from an action of damages for breach of promise, in a paroxysm of sublime indignation he puts an end at once to her life and the play. And this the author facetiously calls the tragedy of Othello! No wonder if the French consider Othello a mawkish farce! In another production of M. Ducis, the heroine poisons herself, and on being interrogated by her lover what the deuce she means by such a freak, she replies with amiable simplicity, that it is an artifice of hers to reconcile their parents; whereupon, to second the ingenious stratagem, the lover has the consummate address to stab himself. This monstrous farce is entitled the tragedy of Romeo and Juliet.

Yet we have scarce any right to complain of the Frenchman's travesties, since we have permitted as gross liberties to be taken with Shakspeare on our own stage; the "vice" of Dryden to be "linked with the radiant angel" of the Tempest; and the divine Cordelia, the heavenly incarnation of filial piety, to be degraded into the ordinary love-sick, pining girl, whimpering out the doggrels of Nahum Tate!

With talents infinitely superior to Ducis, Voltaire has not been more successful in giving his countrymen any idea of Shakspeare's genius; though with that avowed object he has taken the pains to attempt a literal translation of three acts of Julius Cæsar. Some how or other, the poetry evaporated in the operation, as the reader will perceive by comparing the following translation with the original:—

"Tout le temps qui s'écoule entre un projet terrible
Et l'accomplissement, n'est qu'un songe affreux,
Un rêve épouvantable, un accord du genie
Qui dispute en secret avec cet attentat;
C'est la guerre civile en notre ame excité."

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motive, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom suffers then
The nature of an insurrection."

Voltaire sometimes diverts himself with the ignorance of his countrymen on the subject of Shakspeare, and sometimes appears to share the same ignorance. In a note to his *Homme aux quarante ecus*, he quotes "My Lord Chief Justice Falstaff!" as a hero of tragedy! and gives a translation of some of Falstaff's buffoneries, as a specimen of what, according to his account, the English consider the model of tragic excellence! We can imagine Falstaff's hearty ghost shaking his coffin asunder, at the idea of his elevation to the woolsack and buskin.

But the influence of such misrepresentation is passing away. The men of genius and education in France have cultivated a taste for English literature, which is progressively advancing; and their most distinguished dramatic poets of the present day, have studied Shakspeare with advantage.

Still it is impossible for any Frenchman, or any foreigner, ever to appreciate Shakspeare with the enthusiasm of those who can boast English for their mother tongue. When we came into the world the first cries we uttered were in English; the tones which they are to learn to vibrate, depend upon the language with which they are at first made familiar, and no other tongue, however diligently studied, can ever acquire a similar unison with the heart. Shakspeare, with the most masterly skill, has called out and arranged all the melodies to which the English heart can be set to music; but the heart of the foreigner has been differently attuned, and he is insensible to the magic. His head may learn to comprehend the meaning of the words, but his heart cannot be taught to feel their power; as a born deaf-mute, who never knew any thing of articulation or harmony, can be taught to conceive the idea conveyed in the words of a song when placed before his eyes, but is utterly unconscious of the delight of those whose ear is awake to the same song, as it swells and modulates in waves of music, floating and rushing and overwhelming the soul in a torrent of rapture.

Again. We are brought up from our very cradle to reverence the name of Shakspeare; hence, when we first open the mystic volume, it is with a vague feeling of awe. We are prepared beforehand to admire and revere, and occasions to call those sensations into play actually present themselves in every page; we therefore freely give way to their influence, and become too deeply engrossed with them, to notice what demands our censure. Upon further familiarity, the defects become more apparent, but the beauties also stand out in stronger relief, and thus we learn to form an impartial judgment of both. But it is otherwise with the foreigner. Brought up in a different religion of literature, he approaches Shakspeare, not with awe, but with curiosity; the faults shock him at the first glance, and it is not till after a hard struggle with disgust and contempt that he is able to attend to the beauties.

Yet under all these disadvantages, the foreigner, if himself endued with poetic sensibility, cannot remain for ever insensible to the glorious attributes of Shakspeare. Witness the Germans, that intellectual and poetical people, whose minds, enlightened by their own immortal Goethe, (himself the nearest brother to Shakspeare's throne,) emulate our own in homage to our mighty bard—to the grandeur of his ideas, the measureless extent and variety—his deep and subtlime philosophy—his omnipotent sway upon the human heart, which he holds, as it were, in the hollow of his hand, moulding it at will, and laying bare its every pulsation; and above all, his creative power, with mere words, calling into existence a world, the exact counterpart of this, where every one of the multitudinous inhabitants of earth may see his own mind imaged in its strength or weakness, its guilt or virtue, its enjoyments or sufferings; where all his passions, emotions and sensations, stand before him as in palpable embodiment.

"I cannot recollect," says Goethe, in his Wilhelm Meister, "that any book, any man, any incident of my life, has produced such important effects upon me as the precious works of that most extraordinary and most admirable of all writers. They seem as the emanation of some heaven-born genius, descending among men to make them, by the mildest instructions, acquainted with themselves. They are no fictions. You would think, while reading them, you stood before the unclosed awful book of fate, while the whirlwind of the most impassioned life, was howling through the leaves and tossing them fiercely to and fro!"

After this tribute to Shakspeare's merits, I have but one remark to make on his defects. In the very faults of Shakspeare there seems to be something divine, as having been intended by Him from whom all genius emanates, to confine our admiration within proper limits, and to prevent our paying that homage to the creature due only to the Creator. They tell us, like the boy at Philip's ear, or Saladin's bannered shroud, "*Remember he is mortal!*"

There is a rich and happy vein of humor running through the following graphic description of vagabondising, in the shape of Strolling Theatricals. It was written, as will be seen, by the Deaf and Dumb Editor of the Radii:—

[From the Radii.]

The Drama.—Although we cannot boast of the city refinements in theatrical performances, yet we are casually visited with the votaries of Thespius, and if it does not allay, it at least gives a taste of that species of amusement.

Not long since, a pair of worthies appeared in our village, and by a spacious bill promised to enact some of the most interesting parts of Richard the III., the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius, and the speech of Anthony over the body of Cæsar. Having occasion for our professional services, we encouraged the undertaking, thus becoming one of the spectators, but not of the audience.

Whether it was from fear of the price of admission advancing, or other interested motives, is not our province to determine, but the audience was chiefly composed of those who had furnished themselves with tickets, by filching them from bitter bottles, or scrawling a few hieroglyphics on colored paper, which were found to pass current with the door keeper. All "proper officers" were not "engaged to keep order," the audience taking the negative principle as a License created as great disorder as possible, supplying the deficiency of an orchestra; and as Orpheus is said to have made trees dance to his melody, the gratuitous performers caused the benches to waltz to theirs, making it difficult for a stranger to determine in what part of the theatre the tragedy was being enacted, or what part of the drama produced the most effect.—Not being disturbed by the "wreck of matter" in progress our attention was drawn to the stage: A sheet, hung in classic folds around the representative of Mark Anthony, which designed the Roman, while our sympathetic tears were claimed for Cæsar's bloody robe, by a red window curtain.

Of the declamation we can judge no further, than if the sublime sentiment of Shakspeare, is to be expressed with grimaces similar to this "school of eloquence" let my mouth be forever sealed. If the specimen exhibited, was the scene of vocal communication, the Deaf and Dumb have no cause to repine for the loss of intercourse so disgustingly laborious, in the simplicity of our heart, we concluded the actors were about to attempt acting some of the boys who greeted the "front seats," which should have been "reserved for the ladies;" or had already hoked sun, and those violent writhings and contortions, proceeded from the agony of disgorging him before the audience. That the spectacle produced a "moving effect," was manifest. But as to "deafening applause" I the editor heard none! "An interlude by one of the corps," being sung wherein the actor took a drink from a large bottle, at the conclusion of every stanza by way of chorus, and concluded by personating drunkenness. Having studied and rehearsed the latter part well, it was performed to life, as it was not difficult considering the prompting so often received from the bottle. Either from a scarcity of the raw material or "the dramatic effect" a committee took place in the breaking of benches and left the audience impatient for the farce.

When entering the theatre, we had no expectation of being identified as one of the actors, yet we unwillingly become a party in the afterpiece. The play was not, "a new way to pay old debts," but an old way to pay new debts called "cheat the printer." Candor obliges us to admit they played this piece to admiration. It went off with eclat, although we did not admire its affecting denouement.

Receipts of the house 30 shillings! tavern expenses, $31! minus printing. Please remit the amount, Messrs. Sharit & Davis, and save the trouble of a supplementary review. Messieurs, when you want to cheat, do not try your abilities upon one whom nature has given precedence. Send us by mail the pay, and you shall have the Radii's notice for a quotion, without and supplementary criticisms.

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We are promised contributions from several persons whose taste lead them to cultivate an acquaintance with the muse; a lady of Philadelphia, who is distinguished for her beautiful and chaste compositions, has been secured as a regular correspondent. Abundant means, which we shall profit by, are always accessible for obtaining the choicest selections.

THEATRICAL NOTICES.

Some part of our columns is appropriated to matters concerning the drama—the liberality of the American public towards the stage has wisely established it as a national amusement—its concerns and interests therefore, legitimately belong to a well conducted newspaper.

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The Turf, particularly, we feel ourselves called on to attend to—all other topics that may be considered of interest to sportsmen generally, will meet with our especial care.

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Canada Religious Intelligencer,
TO BE PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

The utility of Periodical Literature, in the influence it exerts upon a community by the diffusion of useful knowledge, is too obvious to be disputed. While publications of this character furnish to the man of study and research an agreeable employment in the moments of relaxation, they contribute to the improvement of those classes of society who have neither the leisure nor the capacity to master profound and learned treatises. Of all subjects claiming the attention of rational and immortal man, Religion is confessedly the most important; and yet scarcely any other has been so completely overlooked or neglected. The want of a Religious Journal in this Province has been long felt, and the establishment of one much desired. In the Upper Province, the Christian Guardian, conducted by the respectable Society of Methodists, has been well supported, and productive of much good in their own and other denominations. That which is now about to be submitted to the public, will collect and communicate intelligence of general interest to every section of the Christian community, and its constant aim will be the advancement of pure and undefiled religion, as equally controuling to the happiness of individuals, and the prosperity of states. This paper will, therefore, advocate every sentiment, measure, and institution which may contribute to the extension of Christian truth, and the mental, moral, and spiritual improvement of all classes throughout the Colony in the Upper as well as in the Lower Province.

The principal objects in the view of the Conductors of this Journal, are, to promote the spread of true religion and piety, by presenting to its readers the practical and experimental doctrines of the Bible; to enlarge their hearts and fire their zeal in this cause by advocating Bible and Tract Societies, Sabbath Schools, and Missionary efforts, and giving from time to time a copious view of these efforts and their results in every part of the world; to increase humanity, peace and industry, by encouraging Hospitals, Asylums, Houses of Industry for the Poor, week-day Schools, and every means calculated to do good and promote the well-being of men in time and eternity. For the attainment of these ends, the columns of the Intelligencer will be open to the communications of all who may wish to advance them—the Conductors reserving to themselves the right of deciding what shall be admitted, and what excluded.

With Political discussion this Journal will not intermeddle, except in so far as any measure adopted or pursued shall have a tendency to abridge or injure the cause of Religion; but the grand principles of Religious Liberty and Equality will be stoutly and unflinchingly contended for. The paper will be open to all parties for the discussion of this important question, on the sole condition of abstaining from intemperate or abusive language. The supporters of this paper having no wish to injure the public journals of the Province, every thing will be excluded which would interfere with them, except a brief notice of the general news of the day, for the benefit, principally, of country readers who may not be able to subscribe to a political paper in addition to this.

Agriculture, so important to the welfare of the Colony, will meet with the attention it deserves. Information on all subjects connected with it will be carefully selected, and occasionally inserted; while communications will be earnestly desired from all who are interested in its progress. Articles of Domestic interest will be readily admitted; and to adapt the paper as completely to Family use, the improvement of the youthful mind will be kept in view, and the principles of social happiness and duty enjoined and illustrated by examples.

Advertisements will be inserted on the same terms as in other journals; but a careful discrimination will be exercised, and none will be admitted which relate to the sale of intoxicating liquors, or to theatrical amusements, or to anything inimical to public morals or to the best interests of the community.

The Paper will be published every Thursday morning, on good paper and type, at $2 delivered in town; or, when sent by mail, $3, postage included.

All communications to be addressed (post paid) to Mr. W. Gatie, at the Neutral Depository for Religious Publications, No. 191, St. Paul street, Montreal.

Newspapers in the Upper and Lower Provinces are respectfully requested to give the above a few insertions.

Montreal, *August 17, 1836.*

PRIZE MEDALS.

The Natural History Society of Montreal offer THREE PRIZE MEDALS for the three best ESSAYS that may be presented on the following subjects:—

1. On the connection between the happiness and the character of a people.
2. Of the physical history of rivers in general, and of the St. Lawrence in particular.
3. On the circumstances which affect climate in general, and the climate of Lower Canada in particular.
4. On the comparative adaptation of pasture and forest to the settlement of a new country.
5. The changes that have taken place in the habits of exotic plants cultivated in the northern parts of America, particularly as regards the changes induced on their agricultural and horticultural properties.

The conditions are:—

1st. The Essays shall be presented on or before the 20th of Feb., 1837.

2d. The Essay may be in French or English.

3d. The names and residences of the Authors must be concealed; to ensure which, each Essay shall have a motto, and shall be accompanied by a sealed note superscribed with the same motto, and containing the name and residence of the author. This note shall only be opened in the case of the Essay being decided worthy of a prize, otherwise it shall be destroyed.

4th. The successful Essays shall remain the property of the Society.

5th. The Society reserves to itself the right to withhold the Prize, should no one of the Essays on any particular subject appear deserving of it.

The Essays are to be addressed to J. J. McCord, Esq., Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

ANDREW H. ARMOUR,
Recording Secretary.
August 2. 110

PHŒNIX
FIRE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF LONDON.

This Company established in Agency in Canada in the year 1804, and continues to insure Property of every description, against loss or damage by Fire, upon liberal terms.

GILLESPIE, MOFFATT & Co.
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LIVERPOOL PACKETS,

To sail from New York on the 8th and 23d of each month, and from Liverpool on the 16th of each month in the usual packet ships, that when these days fall on Sunday, the sailing of the ships will be deferred until the next day.

From New York.
Feb. 8—Ship ROSCOE (A. Rich, master)
Feb. 8—Ship GEORGE WASHINGTON (Jeremiah Thompson, master)
Feb. 8—Ship NIAGARA (Cornelius Cole, master)
Feb. 8—Ship INDEPENDENCE (Nathaniel Jones, master)

From Liverpool.
Feb. 23—Ship INDEPENDENCE (Stanton, master)
Feb. 23—Ship GEORGE WASHINGTON (Nye, master)
Feb. 23—Ship NIAGARA (Cropper, master)

These ships are all of the first class, commanded by experienced masters, and the accommodations for passengers, comprising all that may be required for comfort and convenience, including Wines and stores of every description.

Steamboats ply constantly between Portsmouth and Havre, and also twice a week to Hamburgh. There is likewise a daily line to Rouen, and passengers from Havre can reach Paris in seven hours, by the Diligence.

Goods consigned to the Subscribers at New York, will be forwarded by these Packets, free of all charges, except the expenses actually incurred.

G. BOLTON, FOX & LIVINGSTON.
22, Broad Street
WILLIAM WHITLOCK, Jun.,
42, South Street.
New York, Dec. 16, 1836.

PACKETS FOR LIVERPOOL.

UNITED STATES LINE OF PACKETS.

From New York on the 1st of every month; and from Liverpool on the 8th and 18th of every month.

Ship HAVRE, Charles Stoddard, 1 Mar., 8 July, 16 July
Ship BULLY, C. A. Foster, 16 Mar., 1 April, 16 April
Ship FRANCIS DEPAU, B. Rosseau, 16 Mar., 1 June, 16 June
Ship RHONE, John Rockett, 1 April, 8 Aug., 16 Aug.
Ship CHARLEMAGNE, A. Richardson, 8 April, 1 Sept., 16 Sept.
Ship FRANCOIS I, J. Cheroy, 16 April, 1 Oct., 16 Oct.
New Ship NORMANDIE, W. W. Pell, 1 May, 8 Sept., 16 Sept.
Ship FORMOSA, W. R. Ogden, 8 May, 1 Jan., 16 Jan.
New Ship SILVIE DE GRASSE, A. Whitehouse, 16 May, 1 Feb., 16 Feb.
Ship POLAND, C. Anthony, 1 June, 16 Feb., 1 March
Ship ALBANY, J. Johnson, 16 June, 1 Oct., 16 Oct.

These ships are all coppered and copper fastened, and are commanded by experienced masters, and the accommodations for passengers, comprising all that may be required for comfort and convenience, including Wines and stores of every description.

Steamboats ply constantly between Portsmouth and Havre, and also twice a week to Hamburgh. There is likewise a daily line to Rouen, and passengers from Havre can reach Paris in seven hours, by the Diligence.

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C. BOLTON, FOX & LIVINGSTON,
22, Broad Street
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42, South Street.
New York, Dec. 16, 1836.

No. 267.

LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

The old line of packets dispatched by the subscribers, New-York and Liverpool, on the 1st and 16th of each month, with the exception of when the sailing day falls on Sunday, when the ship will be dispatched on the succeeding Monday.

From New York.
Ship OXFORD, 600 tons, J. Rathbone, 16 Sept., 1 June
Ship NORTH AMERICA, 816 tons, Charles Dixey, 1 Sept., 16 Oct., 1 Jan., 16 Feb., 1 May, 16 June
Ship EUROPE, 618 tons, A. C. Marshall, 16 Sept., 1 Nov., 16 Jan., 1 March, 16 May, 1 July
Ship COLUMBUS, 653 tons, N. B. Palmer, 1 Oct., 16 Nov., 1 Feb., 16 March, 1 June, 16 July
Ship HIBERNIA, 551 tons, J. L. Wilson, 16 Oct., 1 Dec., 16 Feby., 1 April, 16 June, 1 Aug.
Ship SOUTH AMERICA, 616 tons, B. Barstow, 1 Nov., 16 Dec., 1 March, 16 April, 1 July, 16 Aug.
Ship ENGLAND, 750 tons, Benjamin L. Waite, 16 Nov., 1 Jan., 16 March, 1 May, 16 July, 1 Sept.
Ship THE ORPHEUS, 575 tons, Ira Bursley, 1 Dec., 16 Jan'y., 1 March, 16 May, 1 July, 16 Sept.

These ships are all of the first class, commanded by men of character and experience, and furnished with stores of every description. Attention will be paid to the comfort and convenience of cabin passengers.

The proprietors of the above ships are all of the Ship Line, and no pains or expense will be spared to make it a regular and permanent line.

Neither the captains or owners of these ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels or packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For Freight or passage, apply to

BARING, BROTHERS & Co.
Liverpool, and to
GOODHUE & Co. or C. H. MARSHALL,
64, *South Street, New York.*
New York, Dec. 15, 1836.

Mar. 16—Ship Toronto, Dixey, master.
Mar. 20—Ship Ontario,