

York, by a mighty and much to be praised effort, has for years, diverted into forced and unnatural channels, the products of her distant co-States. Slowly we awoke to a knowledge of this—more slowly still, to the exertion required to restore the primitive order of commerce; we have succeeded, so much beyond our expectations, too, that the result is overwhelming—all our capital, all our lake craft, all our shipping, are employed, and are insufficient,—still the work of restoration is incomplete, and as it progresses, threatens more of abundance; the violence of our good fortune has become an evil—we are lost in a burst of success,—a very pretty cause for “sighing and grief,”—a very precious reason for lamentation, truly; yet, over this, our wonderful sages of the Board of Trade, are poring and puling, sighing and swearing,—no, they do not swear, they only intimate swearing,—while dexterously interweaving republicanism, and covert treason, in single threads amid the varied colors of that Joseph’s coat, which they are pleased to call a “remonstrance,” and “sifflication.” Figures, it is said, will not lie, neither will a knife rise up and maim us—the assistance of a human hand is necessary to turn either to an evil purpose. We make this remark because we have seen numerous calculations paraded in the papers, showing the great advantages resulting to shippers who transmit their produce by the port and canals of New York.

We will not enter into the question of their correctness, but stating a fact, leave our readers to infer the value of these vaunted figures. *We know flour has been, and is now, constantly shipped from the City of Rochester, to Great Britain, by the Montreal route.* The Navigation-Laws-Repeal Gentlemen, had better, before they proceed further, settle this slight discrepancy between facts and figures, and when they have done so we will add a few more last words to this paper.

SONNETT.

We live, and laugh, and love, and mourn, and die,
 Happy, if love and laughter overleap,
 The sorrows that all human pathways steep,
 Gold, station, power, ward not mortality.
 Races and ages have been, as the sweep
 Of wave on wave, we follow in their wake,
 Like them, in noise and foam, at last to break,
 Then backward sink in the all-gulphing deep,
 And why should we, mere units in the sun
 Of poor humanity, so grieve, and strive,
 And trample on the present, but to live—
 To live! and in a future that is dumb—
 Aye, dumb! some bubbles may their peers outlast.
 A moment, bah! and these are of the past