

second vessel. The hot weather began to injure what little provisions we had.—The flour became black and hardly eatable—and we were under the necessity of burying a part of our beef to remove the stench which it produced. In little more than four weeks from the time we landed—these causes operated in producing diseases amongst us, of various kinds; one of the most distressing of which was ulcerations of the legs from the bites of musquitos and other vermin.

The Surveyors had been dispatched in various directions for the purpose of reconnoitering, with the view of finding if possible a more suitable position than our present for our residence—but after exploring different branches or creeks which are formed by the mouth of Black River, their reports were so unfavourable, that we determined to keep together and await the issue of our unfortunate scheme, till the arrival of another vessel.

(To be Continued.)

[If the Editor of the Canadian Magazine can find any thing in the following remarks worthy a place in his pages, they are very much at his service; if not he is at perfect liberty to use them as he pleases, but never to forget that he possesses from the writer his sincere wishes, for prosperity to his undertakings.

THE GRAVE YARD.

There is perhaps no spot on earth more fit for the indulgence of the finer feelings than that in which are deposited the remains of those whom we have loved and live to lament—it is there we can call to mind their many virtues, and learn to emulate them—there we may forget the faults of the silent dust before us, and there learn to estimate the frailty of human existence; and with this lesson of morality before us, we cannot but look from the grave to the world beyond, and losing sight of the ephemeral things of earth, our hearts may hold glad communion with our friends in that blest region, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

Indulging in these impressions, it has long been a source of regret to me that more has not been done to render our burying places fit spots for "musing meditation." Instead of heaping the frail remnants of our dearest friends one upon the other in the centre of our most populous cities, where in the course of a short lapse of years their dust mingles in one promiscuous mass. Instead (I say) of having them so placed, and splendid monuments erected over them, which can only be gazed at through the interstices of a barred iron grate, we should select some rural spot far from the "city's busy hum," sacred to sweet retirement and shade, to which we might retire to indulge our heart felt sorrows, free from the scrutinizing eye of vulgar curiosity. Where, under the foliage of the melancholy cypress, we might pay the tribute of our tears to the memory of those who have gone before us, unseen to mortal eye. There the weeping widow to