

INTERESTING HISTORICAL FACTS.

Newfound Land, in 1533, was first permanently settled by the English, under Sir Thomas Grey Gilbert, by letters patent from Queen Elizabeth.

In 1584, Sir Walter Raleigh entered Roanoke Bay, and took possession in the name of Elizabeth, Queen of England.

In 1602, Bartholomew Gosnold arrived from England, discovered and named Cape Cod.

England was not successful in founding a permanent colony in Virginia, until the arrival of Lord Delaware, in 1610.

Quebec was founded in 1603.

Lake Champlain was discovered in 1609, by Samuel Champlain. It before had the Indian name of Telegous lake.

In the third voyage of Henry Hudson to discover a northern passage to India, he was employed by the Dutch. He left the Texel, April 6th, 1609, in a small ship, called the Half Moon, with a crew of twenty men. Having failed to find a passage, he steered for North America, made Newfoundland, sailed along the eastern coast, and finally reached Chesapeake Bay. After visiting Delaware Bay, he arrived at Sandy Hook, which he entered September 3d, 1609, and anchored.— He sounded the bay, was visited by the Indians from Jersey, Long Island, and Manhattan Island, (now city of New York.) He went to Albany, returned, and put to sea 4th October, and arrived at Dartmouth, England, 7th November. On entering the bay of New York, Hudson is said to have landed first on Coney Island. Whilst his ship, the Half Moon, was in the Hudson, between Peekskill and Weehawken, he had a sea-fight with the Indians. Hudson lost one man, and the Indians ten men.

In 1610, Henry Hudson sailed in English employ, in the ship Discovery, to discover a northern passage to India. He was unsuccessful. His crew mutinied, and Captain Hudson, his son, and seven men were placed in a shallop and left by the ship in the northern seas. The mutineers took the ship to England. The shallop and crew were never heard of; it is supposed they perished in the ice.

Francis Lewis, the father of Morgan Lewis of New York, was a native of Wales.

POETRY.

THE WIDOW'D MOTHER.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by;
And as the softs thack-ga haring came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be said,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth;
The sea will not give back its prey—
And they were wrapt in f'reign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Sedfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son—
O, merciful Heaven! when I am gone,
'Thine is this earthly blessing!

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke
Into the room;—the babe awoke,
And from his cradle smiled;
Ah me! what kindling smiles methere!
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child.

With joy fresh-sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretched his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt—
All tears at once were swept away,
And said a face as bright as day—
'Forgive me! that I wept!

Sufferings there are from Nature sprung,
Laz hath not heard, or Poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
'The griefs she bids us here endure,
She can herself repair.'

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