

POETRY.

THE CANADIAN VOLUNTEER'S SONG,
BY THE EDITOR OF THE NIAGARA REPORTER.

Queen of the Ocean and the Isles,
Although before thee now
The canopy, the pomp and pride
Of chivalry may bow,
We know thou wilt not seem to own
The homage of the free
Of 'tis fair land, who greet thee well—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

We breathe for thee the soldier's prayer,
Thou guidance intervene—
But spirit join the fervent shout—
"Huzza!—God save the Queen!"
All might basked in courtly phrase
Canadian tongues may bow,
Their arms are strong to guard thy throne—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

When red Rebellion's fiery cross
Spoke forth its fierce alarms,
'Twas hark! the thrilling bugle-horn,
And Freedom rushed to arms.
Thou wert, as saw, and quailed before
The fastidious of the free!
Canadian rights and thine were saved—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

Cat-chans, led a pirate bark
Her blood-stained banner waves,
The ruthless spoiler stalks thee forth,
You Godless hand of slaves,
Brothers, again—the bugle horn
Pours forth its starting glee!
As in we rally round our Queen—
Fair Lady of the Sea!

Again the hour of peril came—
The booming gun is heard—
The Star of glory lights our eyes—
"We fight!" the word,
We wear no chains but those of love,
The fetters of the free!
Huzza! for Britain's Queen of hearts—
The Lady of the Sea!

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

A FAMILY SCENE,
BY MISS FERMIER.

"The great use of dressing should be, that we may know how for hours to do it; the great, therefore, ought of absolute necessity, to be failed."—JOHNSON.

The first appearance of the Holm was highly impressive. It was a large, handsome-looking house, situated in a well-wooded park, by the side of a broad placid river, and an air of seclusion and stillness reigned all round, which impressed the mind with images of peace and repose. The interior of the house was no less promising: there was a spacious hall and a handsome staircase, with all appliances to beauty; but as they approached the drawing-room, all the luxurious indulgence of thought, inspired by the tranquillity of the scenery, was quickly dispelled by the discordant sounds which issued from thence, and, when the door was thrown open, the footman in vain attempted to announce the visitors. In the middle of the room all the chairs were collected to form a circle and horses for the Masters and Misses Fairbairn. One manly-looking archer sat in front, cradling a long whip, with all his might—another acted as guide behind, and there a third, in a night-cap and flannel lappet, who had some what the air of a fencer parried with the rest of the party, patting up and down, in solitary majesty, beating a drum. On a sofa sat Mrs. Fairbairn, a soft, fair, grunted-looking woman, with a crying child of about three years old at her side, tearing paper into shreds, seemingly for the delight of littering the carpet, which was already strewed with headless dolls, tailless horses, wheelless carts, &c. As she rose to receive her visitors it began to scream.

"Can not going away, Charlotte, however don't be frightened," said the fond mother, with a look of indelible pleasure.

"You no get up—you shan't get up," screamed Charlotte, as she held her mother's gown fiercely to detain her.

"My darling, you'll surely let me go to speak to uncle—your uncle, who brings you pretty things, you know?"—but, during this colloquy, she and the ladies had made their way to the enraptured mother, and the bustle of a meeting and introduction was not over. Chairs were obtained by the footman with some difficulty, and placed as close to the mistress of the house as possible, aware, that otherwise, it would not be easy to carry on even question and answer amid the tumult that reigned.

"You had as rather noisy, I am afraid,"

said Mrs. Fairbairn with a smile, and in a manner which evidently meant the reverse; "but this is Saturday, and the children are all in such spirits, and they won't stay away from me—Henry, my dear, don't crack your whip quite so loud—there's a good boy—that's a new whip his papa bought him from London; and he's so proud of it!—William, my darling, don't you think your arm makes rather too much noise?—If I were you I would give it a rest.—Alexander, your trumpet makes rather too much noise—one of these ladies has got a headache—wait till you go on—there's my good boy, and then you'll blow it at the cows, and the sheep, you know? and frighten them.—Oh! how you'll frighten them with it!"

"No, I'll not blow it at the cows—I'll blow it at the horses, because then they'll think it's the pull-coach."—And he was running off when Henry jumped down from the coach.

"No, but you shan't frighten them with your trumpet, I shall frighten them with my whip. Manan, aren't horses best frightened with a whip?"—and a struggle ensued.

"Well, don't fight, my dears, and you shall both frighten them," cried their mamma.

"No, I'm determined he shan't frighten them, I shall do it," cried both together, as they rushed out of the room, and the drummer was preparing to follow.

"William, my darling, don't you go after those naughty boys; you know they are always very bad to you. You know they wouldn't let you into their coach with your drum." Here William began to cry.—"Well, my dear, you shall have a coach of your own—a much finer coach than theirs; I wouldn't give their waddy dirty coach; and you shall have—"

Here something of a consolatory nature was whispered, William was comforted, and even prevailed upon to relinquish his drum for his mamma's ivory work-box, the contents of which were soon scattered on the floor.

"These boys go gone without their hats," cried Mrs. Fairbairn in a tone of distress.

"Eh, my dear, pull the bell for Sally to get the boys hats."—Sally being despatched with the hats, something like a calm ensued in the absence of her of the whip and trumpet, but as it will be of short duration, it is necessary to take advantage of it in improving the introduction into an acquaintance with the Fairbairn family.

Mrs. Fairbairn was one of those ladies who, from the time she became a mother, ceased to be any thing else. All the duties, pleasures, charities, and decencies of life, were henceforth concentrated in that one grand characteristic; every object in life was henceforth viewed through that single medium. Her own mother was no longer her mother; she was the grand-mamma of her dear infants, her brothers and sisters were mere uncles and aunts, and even her husband ceased to be thought of as her husband from the time he became a father. He was no longer the being who had claims on her time, her thoughts, her talents, her affections; he was simply Mr. Fairbairn, the noun masculine of Mrs. Fairbairn, and the father of her children. Happily for Mr. Fairbairn, he was not a person of very nice feelings, or refined taste; and although, at first, he did feel a little uneasy at what he saw how much his children were preferred to himself, yet, in time, he became accustomed to it, then came to look upon Mrs. Fairbairn as the most exemplary of mothers, and finally resolved himself into the father of a very fine family, of which Mrs. Fairbairn was the mother. In all this there was more of selfish egotism, and animal instinct, than of rational affection, or Christian principle; but both parents piqued themselves upon their fondness for their offspring, as if it were a feeling peculiar to themselves, and not one they shared in common with the lowest and weakest of their species. Like them, too, it was used the bodies of their children that they lavished their chief care and tenderness, for, as to the immortal interests of their souls, or the cultivation of their minds, or the improvement of their tempers, these were but little attended to, at least in comparison of their health and personal appearance.

And if there "be not a gem so precious as the human soul," how often do these gentlemen and ladies best before us; for how seldom is it that a parent's greatest care is for the immortal happiness of that being whose presence, and at best transient, existence crosses their every thought and desire! But, perhaps, Mrs. Fairbairn, like many a foolish, ignorant mother, did her best, and had she been satisfied with spoiling her children, would for her own private amusement, and

not have drawn in her visitors and acquaintances to share in it, the evil might have passed unperceived. But Mrs. Fairbairn, instead of shutting herself up in her nursery, chose to bring her nursery down to her drawing-room, and instead of modestly denying her friends an entrance into her purgatory, she had a foolish pride in showing herself in the midst of her angels. In short, as the best things, when corrupted, always become the worst, so the purest and truest of human affections, when thus deluded by selfishness and egotism, turn to the most foolish and ridiculous of human weaknesses—a truth but too well exemplified by Mrs. Fairbairn.

"I have been much to blame," said she, addressing Miss Bell, in a soft, whispering, child-sold voice, "for not having been at Bellevue long ago; but dear little Charlotte has been so pleased with her dolls, I could not think of leaving her; for she is so fond of me, she will go to nobody else—she screams when her maid offers to take her—and she won't even go to her papa."

"Is that possible?" said the Major.

"I assure you it's very true—she's a very naughty girl sometimes," bestowing a long and rapturous kiss on the child. "Who was it that beat poor papa for taking her from mamma last night? Well, I can't cry—no, no, it wasn't my Charlotte. She knows every word that's said to her, and did from the time she was only a year old."

"That is wonderful!" said Miss Bell; "but how is my little favourite Andrew?"

"He is not very stout yet, poor little fellow, and we must be very careful of him." Then turning to Miss St. Clair, "Our little Andrew has had the measles, and you know the dregs of the measles are a serious thing—much worse than the measles themselves, Andrew—Andrew Waddell, my love, come here and speak to the ladies." And then upon Andrew Waddell, in a night-cap, riding on a stick, drew near. Being the Major's namesake, Miss Bell, in the ardour of her attachment, thought proper to coax Andrew Waddell on her knee, and even to open her watch for his entertainment.

"Ah! I see who spoils Andrew Waddell," cried the delighted mother.

The Major chuckled—Miss Bell disclaimed, and for the time Andrew Waddell became the hero of the piece; the dregs of the measles were carefully pointed out, and all his sufferings and sayings duly recapitulated. At length Miss Charlotte, impatient at finding herself eclipsed, began to scold, and cry with all her strength.

"It's her teeth, darling little thing," said her mother, caressing her.

"I'm sure it's her teeth, sweet little dear," said Miss Bell.

"It undoubtedly must be her teeth, poor little girl," said the Major.

"If you will feel her gum," said Mrs. Fairbairn, putting her own finger into the child's mouth, "you will feel how hot it is."

This was addressed in a sort of general way to the company, some of whom seemed to avail themselves of the privilege, till the Major stepped forward, and having with his fore-finger made the circuit of Miss Charlotte's mouth, gave it as his decided opinion, that there was a tooth actually cutting the skin. Miss Bell followed the same course, and confirmed the interesting fact—adding, that it appeared to her to be "an uncommon large tooth."

At that moment Mr. Fairbairn entered, bearing in his arms another of the family, a fat, sour, new-waked-looking creature, sucking its finger. Scarcely was the introduction over—"There's a pair of legs!" exclaimed he, holding out a pair of thick purple stumps with red worsted shoes at the end of them.—"I don't suppose Miss St. Clair ever saw legs like these in France; are they not, these are sorrel and milk legs, are they not, Bobby?"

But Bobby continued to chew the end of his own thumb in solemn silence.

"Will you speak to me, Bobby?" said Miss Bell, bent upon being audible and agreeable—but still Bobby was mute.

"We think this little fellow rather long of speaking," said Mr. Fairbairn; "we delight that his legs have run away with his tongue."

"How old is he?" asked the Major.

"He is only nine, ten months and ten days," answered his mother, "so he has not yet made much time; but I would rather see a child fat and thriving, than have it very forward."

"No comparison!" was here uttered in a breath by the Major and Miss Bell.

"There's a great difference in children in their time of speaking," said the mamma—

"Alexander didn't speak till he was two and a quarter; and Henry, again, had a great many little words before he was seventeen months; and Eliza and Charlotte both said mamma as plain as I do at a year—but girls always speak sooner than boys—as for William Pitt and Andrew Waddell, the twins, they both suffered so much from their teething, that they were longer of speaking than they would otherwise have been—indeed, I never saw an infant suffer so much as Andrew Waddell did—he had greatly the heels of William Pitt at one time, till the measles pulled him down."

A movement was here made by the visitors to depart.

"You mustn't go without seeing the baby," cried Mrs. Fairbairn—Mr. Fairbairn, will you pull the bell twice for baby?"

The bell was twice rung, but no body answered the summons.

"She must be asleep," said Mrs. Fairbairn; "but I will take you up to the nursery, and you will see her in her cradle." And Mrs. Fairbairn led the way to the nursery, and opened the shutter, and uncovered the cradle, and displayed the baby.

"Just five months—uncommon fine child—the lance of Mr. Fairbairn—fat little thing—neat little hands—sweet little mouth—pretty little nose—nice little toes" &c. &c. &c. were as usual whispered over it.

Miss St. Clair flattered herself the exhibition was now over, and was again taking leave, when, to her dismay, the squires of the whip and the trumpet rushed in, proclaiming that it was pouring of rain! To leave the house was impossible, and, as it was getting late, there was nothing for it but staying dinner.

The children of this happy family always dined at table, and their food and manner of eating were the only subjects of conversation Alexander did not like mashed potatoes—and Andrew Waddell could not eat broth—and Eliza could live upon fish—and William Pitt took too much small beer—and Henry ate as much meat as his papa—and all these peculiarities had descended from some one or other of their ancestors. The dinner was simple on account of the children, and there was no dessert, as Bobby did not agree with fruit. But to make amends, Eliza's sampler was shown, and Henry and Alexander's copy-books were handed round the table, and Andrew Waddell stood up and repeated "My name is Norval," from beginning to end, and William Pitt was prevailed upon to sing the whole of "God save the King," in a little squeaking mealy voice, and was bravoed and applauded as though he had been Brahm himself.

To paint a scene in itself so tiresome is doubtless but a poor amusement to my reader, who must often have endured similar persecution. For, who has not suffered from the obstinate fondness of parents for their offspring?

—and who has not felt what it is to be called upon, in the course of a morning visit, to enter into all the joys and sorrows of the nursery, and to take a lively interest in all the feats and peculiarities of the family? Shakespeare's anathema against those who hated music is scarcely too strong to be applied to those who dislike children. There is much enjoyment sometimes in making acquaintance with the little beings—much delight in hearing their articles and unsophisticated prattle, and something not unpleasant even in witnessing their little freaks and wayward humors—but when a tiresome mother, instead of allowing the company to notice her child, torments every one to death in forcing or coaxing her child to notice the company, the charm is gone, and we experience only disgust and annoyance.

Mr. and Mrs. Fairbairn had split on this fatal rock on which so many parents make shipwreck of their senses—and so satisfied were they with themselves and their children, so impressed with the idea of the delights of their family scenes, that vain would have been any attempt to open the eyes of their understanding. Perhaps the only remedy would have been found in that blessed spirit which "gaunteth not itself, and seeketh not its own."

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