



[ORIGINAL.]
HAMILTON MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

When I first knew Hamilton, and even as late as the year 1835, the mountain, under the brow of which it is now adorned with the pine-needle forest. Pines and hemlock-trees and elms, which had been shaken by the winds of many centuries stood there in dense array, looking upon the valley of verdure below, and on the glorious old blue lake that rested in its arms afar off. Upon a warm Summer's day it was a glorious sight to view the receding landscape—the winding ancient forest—the distant hills and the blue waters of Ontario, mingling with the Summer breeze. Seated beneath a thorn tree's shade it was delightful to listen to the thousand songsters, whose enraptured notes and harmony, filled the mountain foliage with melody. But the more beautiful to view the scene in its splendid majesty, out of the heart of the old Ontario. The balm of morn—the voice of the expanded landscape of twenty miles of forest surrounding hills—the scream of the wild geese in the silver bosom of Burlington Bay, crimsoned with the blood of morn—the insects that arose to meet this life; all conspired to make the view from the mountain so lovely—sublime, and glorious. With this scene we have been familiar since our infancy, and there our infant eyes first beheld nature's beauty and loveliness, when entering on the theatre of life. Now the old forests are gone, and the mountain rocks yield the materials for the construction of the city's palaces.

WRITTEN AT HAMILTON IN 1835.
TO HAMILTON, MY NATIVE PLACE.
When my infant feet have trod,
O'er Hamilton thy mountain sod,
I'd fain'd when Spring was blooming—gay,
Among thy woods, thy hills in play.

'Twas on thy mountain's verdant brow,
Among thy groves and valleys low,
Where first my mind began to think,
And nature's beauties inward drink

There gazing on thy woodland vale,
My budding soul did first inhale,
An ardent lore for nature's face,
Her beauteous scenes, her bloom—her grace.

When all was green upon thy hills,
Whose forests old sweet music fills,
And Spring and flowers and song birds strove,
To fill the world with peace and love.

'Twas grand to see the golden sun,
In splendor rise his course to run;
And from Ontario's waveless breast,
Come forth a sphere in glory drest.

Ontario then seemed all a blaze,
Of burning fire and glowing rays;
A shout from nature rose on high,
As the beams of morning kiss'd the sky

'Twas then the voice of music sweet,
From all thy hills did softly greet,
The Orb of day, whose golden beams,
Fill'd darkness with resplendent gleams.

Rapt nature seemed in concert loud,
To welcome forth her monarch proud,
The mountain nodded its assent,
And the forests old adoring bent.

MENTAL OCCUPATION OF THE OLD.

Observation shows, that any sudden and radical change in the mental occupations of persons of advanced years, are liable to be attended with serious and often fatal consequences to the mental and physical health, and even to life. The melancholy end of both General Harrison and General Taylor, are admissions to that effect, and a multitude of cases equally striking, might be adduced. When the machinery of the mind has run for some sixty years in a customary channel, it

is dangerous to turn it on a new course and put upon it new machinery.

It is equally dangerous to allow it to cease its action. It may be kept bright while it is running, but in a state of rest, it is sure to die. Often, professional and business men, having arrived at advanced age, and need a quietness, think fit to retire and cease from the labors which have marked their previous years. Some have done so with impunity, but those who have, it will be found on inquiry, pursued as a pastime and recreation, some paper and continued mental effort, of a character not violently counter to the employments they have abandoned. Others have straightway fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, and shown that lamiable can Linnæus where "the grasshopper shall be a burden," so aptly described in the Bible.

The old, as they value the gift of intellect, should never permit the employment of the mind, in customary exercises. It was made for action. It is the talent, one or ten, as the case may be, mentioned in the parable. The penalty for making it in a napkin is, that it will become imbecile and finally perish.

The following incidents in the lives of men eminent in literary, scientific and professional pursuits, will furnish an argument to all, to continue the cultivation of the intellect until the clock of life strikes its last hour—

Socrates in his old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Cato at eighty, learned the Greek language, and Plutarch at about the same period of life, commenced the study of Latin. Theophrastus, at the extreme age of ninety, commenced his admirable work on the Characters of Men. Arnold when past eighty, translated Josephus. St. Henry Spillman, at the age of fifty years, sold his farm, which he had spent his life in cultivating, and took to cultivating his intellect. "The old" was good and he became the most learned antiquary and lawyer of his day. Colbert, the French minister, at sixty, returned to his Latin and Law. Dr. Johnson studied the Dutch language but a few years before his death, and at seventy-three, when speckled by paralysis composed a Latin prayer. De Saint Aubert, the French Anacreon, commenced at seventy, to write, poetry, full of spirit, dexterity, and sweetness. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales were finished in his sixty-first year. Montaldeo wrote the memoirs of his times, at the extraordinary age of one hundred and fifteen. Ogilby, who translated Homer and Virgil, was not