

petition had been allowed, but it is not for us to say who would or would not have applied. Perhaps Professor Dowden might have presented himself. In a word, we are opposed to a hole and corner system autocratically administered.

Poetry.

[FOR THE GAZETTE.]

HORÆ P'ORATIONÆ.

BOOK IV.: ODE VIII.

The snows have fled; fresh verdure clothes the plain,
And foliage decks the trees again;
Earth feels the change—the swollen streams subside,
Content within their banks to glide.

Unrobed, the Graces brave the vernal air,
And weave the dance with Wood-nymphs fair.
Each circling year, each hour that hurries by
Warns us that everything must die.

Frosts yield to Zephyrus: Summer treads on Spring,
Herself in turn vanishing
Ere fruitful Autumn sheds his mellow store—
Then, sluggish Winter rules once more.

Moons wax and wane—the Seasons come and go—
But we, when once we join, below,
Rich Tullius, Ancus, and Eneas just,
Are shadows, and a heap of dust:

Who knows for certain that the Gods on high
Will add one day to days gone by?
The wealth now lavished on thy joys will ne'er
Enrich thy greedily-handed heir:

But when, Torquatus, thou hast passed to gloom,
And Minos speaks thy solemn doom,
Then naught, alas! rank, eloquence, or worth,
Can e'er restore thee to the earth.

Not Dian's self from Hades could secure
Hippolytus, her votary pure:
And the strong love of Theseus failed to rend
The chains of hell that bound his friend!

EPODE XV.

'Twas night: amid the lesser stars on high
The moon was shining cloudlessly,
When thou, with arms more closely round me twined
Than ivy boughs the ilex bind,

To mock the majesty of Heaven did'st dare
In vows I prompted thee to swear:
"Long as Orion tossed the stormy deep,
Or wolves were ravagers of sheep;

Long as the breeze Apollo's tresses fanned,
So long thy love should change withstand."
Ah! thou shalt rue, Nereus, my disdain!
If Flaccus sought of man retain,

He ne'er will brook a rival in thine arms,
But seek, incensed, another's charms,
And spurn, with wounded and indignant soul,
Thy hateful beauty's strong control.

And thou, blest rival, whom I know not—thou,
That in my fall exultest now,
What though thou ownest wealth of herds and lands,
Or Lydia's stream with golden sands,

Thou may'st in beauty Nereus' self surpass,
In mystic lore, Pythagoras:
Still, love transferred to others thou shalt mourn,
And I, in turn, shall laugh with scorn!

GEO. MURRAY.

Contributions.

BACKWOODS PICTURES AND PECULIARITIES.

BY A MEMBER OF THE "DELTA SIGMA."

In writing this paper on some peculiarities of our friends in the backwoods, I must, from the first disclaim any intention of ill-natured criticism, scorn, or ridicule. It would be unworthy indeed to take up my pen, with such a motive, for we all know that hearts brave and true, beat under the roof of a log cabin, as often as within the stone walls of a city mansion. But from living far away from the great centres of civilization, where the daily paper is an impossibility, and where the weekly one when subscribed for by some exceptionally enterprising farmer, involves, in its transit to his home, a walk or ride of many miles to the nearest Post Office, we can well understand that the modes of speech, life, and dress, and the manners of the community must acquire peculiarities, that strike a stranger as very droll.

People who have always lived in the town or city, are apt to imagine that "Colin" must of necessity reflect in a greater or less degree, the green shade of his native pastures. This is quite true; but they also think that anything not good enough for the town, will do for the country, and in this they make a great mistake. Critics flourish everywhere, and nowhere more than in the very heart of the backwoods. The less these people know of literature and the fine arts, the more they resent the imputation of their ignorance, and the more highly do they appreciate the possession of these things in others. They are shrewd enough to know when a man or woman, is what they call *smart* or *knowledgeable*, and to respect him or her accordingly. But they cannot endure to be treated as if they knew nothing.

As an example of this, take the case of a young clergyman who was put in charge of a distant backwoods mission. He was fresh from his university, familiar with the gods of ancient Greece and Rome, but lamentably ignorant of the Canadian Backwoodsman; and imagining that the people in the bush settlement where his mission lay, must, *ab initio* be instructed, he made a point of stopping frequently in his carefully prepared discourses, to explain the meaning of the long words, and elaborate metaphors which he employed.

The consequence was that he became very unpopular, was looked upon as proud and unsuitable, and the opinion found open expression. "What does the Bishop mean, by sending you *thing to us*?" Before long, matters came to a crisis; the people refused to pay, and "you thing" departed.

In another backwoods mission the following rather amusing incident occurred. Mr. X. shortly after having been appointed missionary, was making a house-to-house visitation, in order to get acquainted with his flock.

He was accompanied by his church warden, who began a little financial business, in a corner of the room, with the old farmer whom they were visiting.