

land of hope, and his long expectations. Here was an achievement worthy of a hero. An achievement that has immortalized the name of this glorious mortal. And Oh, what mighty results to our world have flowed from it!! The star of liberty and science from Asia's olden land moved to Europe and shone in brightness over the glorious land of England, where still its light is seen as bright as ever. It moved from thence to the west to young and glorious America; where now it brightens up the heavens with freedom and knowledge; and still its course is westward, towards the mighty Pacific. It will move over the snows of the towering mountains of the west, and gleam over the peaceful Islands of the Southern seas; until the land of the celestials, the hundreds of millions of Chinese, shall be enlightened and Christianized. In some far distant day the world will behold this star, covered with a glorious triple diadem, that all created minds shall wonder at with a great admiration! This diadem shall bear upon it the names, *Reason, Science, and Christianity*. The pioneer of this star to the west was the great Columbus, its general the immortal Washington, its guardians the Mother and Daughter, Old freedom-loving England and Young Towering America.

#### AMERICA.

An Heroic Poem on the Discovery of America by Columbus; its Past and Present Scenes. Commenced February 6, 1842, in Chicago, Illinois. By C. M. D.

#### THE EXORDIUM.

Genius of America! Great and free!  
Come from amidst thy mighty mounts, thy lakes,  
Thy rivers wide; where in liberty to dwell,  
Thou lovest; as erst thou did'st 'ere white men  
Saw thy shores!  
Genius of the Redmen! Children of the sun!  
Who 'ere America Columbus' triumph saw,  
In wild simplicity, did'st o'er them reign!  
Come—thou ancient one! inspire my muse!  
My theme is grand!

Behold a world discovered! Tribes of men  
Before unknown! Whose origin so dark,  
None can decipher, burst on my ravished mind;  
And bid me sing the triumph of the man—  
The hero of the seas—whose mighty soul  
Could dare to breast and, glorious, overcome  
The Ocean's perils, and more the world's conceit!  
Columbus—name most famous! live for ever!  
Hero of the Ocean Isles! Who thy glory  
Doth not envy? Who would not claim thy fame?  
Science, Genius, thee their champion call.  
For in their temple grand, thou high hast hung,  
A world of wonders! product of thy mind!  
—As Newton, gazing on the distant heavens,  
Mariner of the Skies! their sublime laws hath told;  
And raised humanity from dust to see and know,  
The grandeur of the Universe of God!  
So thou, standing on the shores of olden lands,  
The secret laws of nature pondering o'er,  
And musing on the perils of the ocean deep,

From the thoughtful sources of a noble mind,  
Assailed by all the powers of knowledge vain,  
In men puffed up with fancied claims to science—  
With years of keen suspense and hope deferred—  
Until thy locks were grey—assured thyself—  
And thus assured, did bring to light a hidden world!!

Columbus' voyage—triumphs great—his fame—  
The Indies grand—the children of their forests—  
Their scenery wild—and the wonders of a world  
Before unknown to white men—sing my Muse!  
By the genius of America inspired, which loves  
To soar on high, as soars the heavenly bird,  
Emblem of a nation, glorious, though young!  
Sing the history and tale of mystic races;  
Of redmen tenants of a world grand and fair;  
Races unique, whose manners and whose minds,  
Differed from all other men then known;  
Whose origin, history fails to tell;  
Whose name and power have vanished like the mist  
Of morn, before the sun of civilized man;  
Or like the forests of their native haunts,  
Have fled before the white man's grasping hand!  
Behold a mariner—the suppliant of Courts!  
His hair is gray—his face is furrowed o'er with care—  
His soul is brave and resolute—ensured to war  
And scenes adventurous, in dreadful ocean fight.  
His form a majesty bespeaks of strength,  
And his demeanor more, a lofty mind;  
Imbued with pious thoughts and resolute resolves;  
His forehead high—expansive; and his eye,  
Intelligence and energy betoken plain—  
His thoughts are ever busy with a glorious theme;  
His soul's bright hope; its constant polar star;  
The existence of a beauteous and unknown land,  
The problem of his genius bright, and the scoff  
Of all the self-sufficient world beside!  
Some men there are whose souls and thoughts divine,  
Seem made of different mould from common men.  
Like Samos' Prophet, the shadows dim of truths,—  
Of scenes unknown, untold, they view afar,  
Conscious of right! As Moses, from Mount Horeb's  
height,  
O'er burning deserts, the promised land, did view  
And view'd it, refreshed his soul, and died!  
So Socrates and Cicero, some truths declared,  
Which, for their age unfit, posterity applaud.  
Shakespeare too, and Bacon, princes of science,  
With Newton and Galileo, sages of their age  
In knowledge—in the grandeur of their souls,  
Did bring to light immortal truths, and the mind  
Of man, as in a mighty mirror, show  
Truths and knowledge, which the prejudice  
Of common minds, scoffingly opposed—  
Truths which, in the glory of their existence known  
Have thrown around our race, a halo bright.  
Thus too, Columbus, noble soul! could truths essay,  
And standing on the shores of Palos, with earnest  
gaze,  
And arm outstretched, o'er the ocean dim,  
In the shadowy west, could point to man  
The distant shores of a bright and happy world.

NEW WINGLESS BIRD.—At the meeting of the Linnean, Dec. 17th, Mr. Westwood called the attention of the Society to a wingless bird on Lord Howe's Island—an island situated between New Holland and Norfolk Island. This spot has been accidentally visited by Captain Poole, of the East India Company's service, who, considering it a favourable spot for colonization, has induced six

Irishmen and their wives and families to settle on it. The place is now one of constant resort for the supply of water and provisions to the South Sea whalers. As no Government has owned it, this island is at present the property of Captain Poole. It is of considerable extent, and has on it two high hills which can be seen at a distance of sixteen leagues at sea. On this island Captain Poole has discovered the bird in question. It is about the size of a quail—and is considered by the settlers as good eating. Mr. Westwood thought the announcement of the existence of this bird—which was not previously known to exist in those regions—would be received with interest in connection with the discovery of the extinct wingless birds of New Zealand. No specimen has yet arrived in England, but some are on their way.—*Athenæum*.

#### THE TOWN OF DUNDAS.

We paid a short visit to this quiet and beautiful Town a few weeks ago. We call Dundas quiet as compared with Hamilton; but we do not mean to say it is not thriving or that the very many excellent people it are not well to do. The people of Dundas are well off. They are not as showy in their conduct, or in the appearance of their pleasant town; surrounded by the high hills around it, as some places of the same size in Canada; but at bottom there is sterling worth, *social feeling, honesty and steady thrift* among the people. We visited Dundas some three years ago. Since that time we perceive a great improvement in it. The first thing that struck us, as new, was the fine new Town Hall built of free stone. It cost about ten thousand dollars and is an ornament to the place. The entrance to the town has also been greatly improved. The once high hill at Binkley's, and the high hill, (that used to be), as you enter Dundas, have been levelled and macadamized; and are now of easy descent, rendering the drive from Hamilton to Dundas very pleasant. We drove the distance (upwards of four miles), in half an hour. The road to Flamboro' is also now easy of ascent. A thousand times in years gone by have we driven up and down these steep hills to the great danger of our neck and teams. Dundas has grown a great deal within a few years. It now contains upwards of four thousand people and is an incorporated Town. A large and well-kept Inn, has been put up and handsomely furnished, by one of the oldest citizens Mr. Kennedy, who a few years ago, was a labouring man. He has made his money in this place by industry. The town extends from the foot of the hill, as you enter Dundas, to the foot of the Flamboro' mountain at Spencer's grist and paper mills; upwards of a mile in length. For the most of this distance, the Town is built up with comfortable houses, many of them brick. The side-walks extend the whole distance. There are several other streets well built up. Many good stores are to