

that of many instruments, is stealing into his soul.

THE NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.

The whirlpool, which is several miles below the fall, is one of those scenes which are too grand for description. Incidents of accidents happening there can best convey an idea of the horrors of that dreadful abyss. The whirlpool is a large deep basin, in which the waters of the mighty St. Lawrence revolve in one perpetual whirl, caused by their being obstructed by an angle of the steep and dreary bank which overhangs this dreadful place. The whirlpool, like the falls, has frequently caused the loss of human life; one instance of which I will here relate:—

“Mr. Wallace, the blacksmith, had a son, a fine youth, of whom he was exceedingly proud, and the lad one day went down to the whirlpool, and the current proving too strong for him, he was carried into the whirl. His poor distracted mother sat on the gloomy bank hours and days, and beheld the body of her own darling child carried round in a circle by the waters, sometimes disappearing for a time, and then coming up and revolving on the surface of his watery grave; and thus continuing for several days, no human aid being available even to obtain his remains. An acquaintance who resides at the whirlpool, informed me, that in the course of five or six days, bodies which get into the dismal cauldron are carried down the river. It is usual for persons rafting timber from places between the falls and the whirlpool, to get off the raft before the basin, first placing the raft in such a position as may best enable it to float down the stream without being carried into the whirl. On one occasion, however, one of the raftsmen refused to leave the raft—he was not afraid, all go safe—entreaty was unavailing, and the raft with the unfortunate headstrong man upon it made its way downwards, and was soon drawn within the fatal circle; around which, for three days and nights, it continued to revolve; all the efforts of a thousand anxious spectators proved un-

vailing. The continual and sickening motion he underwent robbed the poor sufferer of all power to eat—sleep he could not—a dreadful death was before his eyes, so much the more terrible that it was night after night in such a place. At last a man was found who ventured into the whirl as far as he could with hopes of life, a strong rope being tied round his middle, one end of which was on the shore. He carried with him a line to the raft—succeeded: the agonized sufferer fastened it to the raft, and in this way he was drawn on shore, and his life preserved.”

FEMALE CHARACTER.

I know not which is most lovely, a female born to affluence, and accustomed to all the luxuries, the attentions, and the gratifications which wealth and influence can control, who still preserves a courtesy, and even a modesty, in her intercourse with those in lower circumstances; or one who, in the depths of poverty and obscurity, maintains a dignity, a propriety of deportment, tempered with a submissive sweetness of disposition, which commands the respect of all who can appreciate true nobility.

POETRY.

[FOR THE INSTRUCTOR.]

THE PARENT'S HOPE.

First born! A mother's fondest hope and joy.

Nurturing with affection tender,
She, anxious, watch'd my infant progress.
Her love increas'd as I increas'd in years;
Till, passed my school-days, I resolved
To seek a home upon the treach'rous wave—
'To leave my home of comfort, and away,
Heedless of my father's admonitions,
And my mother's tears. The time approach'd—

My mother sank dejected on her chair,
Heaved a long-drawn sigh, and gently utter'd,
“My son adieu,” and cast her eyes towards
heav'n;