

Literature.

Extracts from Gosse's "Canadian Naturalist."

With respect to Canada as a place of Emigration he speaks as follows:—"My opinion is, that much exaggeration, and very highly colored, if not absolutely false, statements have been made in many of the pamphlets, and in some works of higher pretensions, holding out expectations to the settler, which, in a majority of cases, he no more realizes than the loon who chased the rainbow, in the hope of obtaining the golden cup. Travellers generally come here in summer, when the country is clothed with beauty; they see the crops growing, they have no anxieties, no labors, and are usually inclined to be pleased with all they meet with; they pass a few months in going through the pleasantest part of the country, and then think themselves qualified to give a description of Canada, setting forth in glowing colors all the pleasures, and never noticing the disagreeables probably because they know nothing about them. A very remarkable instance of this infatuation has come under my own personal knowledge. A person whom I had known, thought of emigrating to Canada; but previously, he determined on coming to see it. Accordingly he arrived here in July, was of course kindly received by his friends, who, as was natural, laid aside all gloom and care, and even the ordinary labors of the farm, to entertain him, and endeavored to make him welcome to the best they had. He was charmed, enraptured, with all he saw; purchased a farm at once; built all sorts of castles in the air, in projecting alterations and improvements; remained a few weeks; and then returned to bring his family to his estate in the following spring. On his return, he published an account of his journey in the most flaming and hyperbolic terms, quite laughable to those acquainted with the country by experience. Supposing that because his friends sacrificed a portion of their time to his amusement, they had therefore nothing to do; he seemed to consider a farmer's life in Canada as one of ease and pleasure, of abundance and luxury. He returned the next summer to his paradise, found that there was some labor and toil and privation, which he had not anticipated; did nothing to his farm, spent his means, and the next spring gave up his purchase at a considerable loss, and went back poor and miserable. I fear this is too common a case."

Speaking of the favorable accounts which have been published by RESIDENTS, Mr. Gosse continues:—"They are generally from gentlemen who have capital; or at least means enough to make them comfortable, without personal labor, in any country. These, suffering none of the inconveniences and privations which assail ordinary settlers, usually write as they feel; and these accounts are mostly given while the novelty of a forest life, and the excitements of a new country, are fresh; before they have begun to feel the want of that society to which they have been accustomed, and of those luxuries and refinements which an old state of things can give. Perhaps it is not uncharitable to suppose that some of the praises bestowed may arise from the princi-

ple developed in the fable of the fox, who had lost his tail; the friends they have left are anxious about their welfare, and they feel reluctant to let those kind friends suppose they are disappointed, and endeavour to persuade themselves they are not. I have known something of this feeling myself. I have resided here some time, and have engaged personally in the labours of agriculture, and have made many inquiries; and I do not know an instance, with one single exception, of an English emigrant, who is not dissatisfied with his exchange. The exception is one of a gentleman who has money at his disposal, and who has been here but a short time, who, I have heard, takes off his hat, and blesses God that ever He brought him to such a garden of Eden as this. A subsistence can be procured here; but it is by incessant labor: the land in general infertile, and the season of preparing the ground for the summer's crops so exceedingly short, that a man can do but little with his unassisted exertions." After detailing the various difficulties with which the Canadian farmer has to contend, and enumerating on the other hand, the inducements to settle in that country, the author proceeds:—"Whether these outbalance the disadvantages, I can hardly tell. If a farmer in England finds that with all economy he grows poorer, and thinks he could put up with these evils and another which I leave not mentioned, the evil of exile from country and home, he might better his condition by coming hither, if he has the means of setting himself a-going when he arrives. But in common justice, in common humanity, he ought to have both sides of the question fairly laid before him, that he may know beforehand the difficulties he will have to encounter, and not have to repent of his choice when repentance is too late. I do not speak against emigration in general; but I think that emigrant makes a very unfortunate choice who fixes on the eastern townships of Lower Canada as his place of residence."

The mysterious Saw-whetter is thus spoken of by Mr. Gosse. "I will give you all the information I can about it; and that is very little. In spring that is, the months of April, May and the former part of June, we frequently hear, after nightfall, the sound you have just heard; from its regularity it is usually thought to resemble the whetting of a saw, and hence the bird from which it proceeds is called the Saw-whetter. I say "the bird," because, though I could never find any one who had seen it, I have little doubt that it is a bird. I have asked Mr. Titian Peale, the venerable Professor Nuttall, and other ornithologists of Philadelphia, about it, but can obtain no information on the subject of the author of the sound: it seem to be—

"Vox et præterea nihil."

Carver, in his amusing travels, mentions it as being heard near Lake Superior, naming it, if I collect rightly, the whet-saw. It may possibly be known, but I find nothing of it in Wilson or Bonaparte. Professor Nuttall was acquainted with the note, but told me plainly the bird was unknown. I conjecture it may be some of the herons or bitterns or possibly, from a passage in Bonaparte's Ornithology, the Evening Grosbeak

(Fringilla Vespertina) \* \* \* "I was once coming from Sherbrooke near midnight, when every think was profoundly still, and not a sound broke the deep silence, except the measured tramp of my horse's feet on the frozen road; on a sudden, from a thick forest, about half a mile distant, came the metallic tinkle of the saw-whetter. The unexpectedness of the sound struck me forcibly, and cold as it was, I stopped my horse for some time to listen to it. In the larkness and silence of midnight, the regularly recurring sound, proceeding too from so gloomy a spot, had an effect on my mind, solemn and almost unearthly, yet not unmixed with pleasure. Perhaps the mystery hanging about the origin of the sound tended to increase the effect."

CONFIDENCE.

Confidences are more frequently reposed in persons through a want of discretion than from excess of friendship, and are oftener betrayed through incontinency of speech than from motives of treachery. Lady Blessington.

POETRY

FIRST GRIEF.

BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.

They tell me, first and early love  
Outlives all earthly dreams;  
But the memory of a first great grief  
To me more lasting seems;  
The grief that marks our dawning youth  
To memory ever clings,  
And o'er the path of future years,  
A lengthen'd shadow flings.

Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour,  
When to my father's home  
Death came—an uninvited guest—  
From his dwelling in the tomb!  
I had not seen his face before—  
I shudder'd at the sight;  
And I shudder still to think upon  
The anguish of that night!

A youthful brow and ruddy cheek  
Became all cold and wan—  
An eye grew dim in which the light  
Of radiant fancy shone.  
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow—  
The eye was fix'd and dim;  
And one there mourn'd a brother dead,  
Who would have died for him!

I know not if 'twas summer then,  
I know not if 't was spring,  
But if the birds sang on the trees,  
I did not hear them sing;  
If flowers came forth to deck the earth,  
Their bloom I did not see—  
I looked upon one wither'd flower,  
And none else bloomed for me!

A sad and silent time it was  
Within that house of woe,  
All eyes were dull and overcast,  
And every voice was low!  
And from each cheek at intervals  
The blood appear'd to start,  
As if recall'd in sudden haste,  
To aid the sinking heart!

Softly we trode, as if afraid  
To mar the sleeper's sleep,  
And stole last looks of his pale face,  
For memory to keep.  
With him the agony was o'er,  
And now the pain was ours,  
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose  
Like odour from dead flowers!

And when at last he was borne afar  
From the world's weary strife,  
How oft in thought did we again  
Live o'er his little life!  
His every look—his every word—  
His very voice's tone—  
Came back to us like things whose worth  
Is only prized when gone!

The grief has pass'd with years away,  
And joy has been my lot;  
But the one is off remember'd,  
And the other soon forgot.  
The gayest hours trip lightest by,  
And leave the faintest trace;  
But the deep, deep track that sorrow  
wears,  
No time can e'er efface!

Notice

CONCEPTION BAY PACKETS  
St John's and Harbor Grace Packets

THE EXPRESS Packet being now completed, having undergone such alterations and improvements in her accommodations, and otherwise, as the safety, comfort and convenience of Passengers can possibly require or experience suggest, a careful and experienced Master having also been engaged, will forthwith resume her usual Trips across the BAY, leaving Harbour Grace on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY Mornings at 9 o'Clock, and Portugal Cove on the following days.

FARES.  
Ordinary Passengers ..... 7s. 6d.  
Servants & Children ..... 5s.  
Single Letters ..... 6d.  
Double Do. .... 1s.  
and Packages in proportion

All Letters and Packages will be carefully attended to; but no accounts can be kept or Postages or Passages, nor will the Proprietors be responsible for any Specie or other monies sent by this conveyance  
ANDREW DRYSDALE,  
Agent, HARBOUR GRACE  
PERCHARD & BOAG,  
Agents, St. JOHN'S  
Harbour Grace, May 4, 1839

Nora Creina

Packet-Boat between Carbonear and Portugal-Cove.

JAMES DOYLE, in returning his best thanks to the Public for the patronage and support he has uniformly received, begs to solicit a continuance of the same favours.

The NORA CREINA will, until further notice, start from Carbonear on the mornings of MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, positively at 9 o'clock; and the Packet Man will leave St. John's on the Mornings of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at 9 o'clock in order that the Boat may sail from the cove at 12 o'clock on each of those days.

TERMS.  
Ladies & Gentlemen ..... 7s. 6d.  
Other Persons, from 5s. to 3s. 6.  
Single Letters.  
Double do

And PACKAGES in proportion  
N.B.—JAMES DOYLE will hold himself accountable for all LETTERS and PACKAGES given him.  
Carbonear, June, 1836.

THE ST. PATRICK

EDMOND PHELAN, begs most respectfully to acquaint the Public that he has purchased a new and commodious Boat, which at a considerable expence, he has fitted out, to ply between CARBONEAR, and PORTUGAL COVE, as a PACKET'S BOAT; having two cabins, (part of the after-cabin adapted for Ladies, with two sleeping berths separated from the rest). The fore-cabin is conveniently fitted up for Gentlemen with sleeping-berths, which will the trusts give every satisfaction. He now begs to solicit the patronage of this respectable community; and he assures them it will be his utmost endeavour to give them every gratification possible.

The St. PATRICK will leave CARBONEAR for the Cove, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 9 o'Clock in the Morning and the Cove at 12 o'Clock, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the Packet Man leaving St. JOHN'S at 8 o'clock on those Mornings.

TERMS.  
After Cabin Passengers 7s. 6d  
Fore ditto, ditto, 5s.  
Letters, Single 6d  
Double, Do. 1s.  
Parcels in proportion to their size of weight.

The owner will not be accountable for any Specie.

N.B.—Letters for St. John's, &c., &c. received at his House in Carbonear, and in St John's for Carbonear, &c. at Mr Patrick Kilty's (Newfoundland Tavern) and at Mr John Cruet's.  
Carbonear, June 4, 1838.

TO BE LET

On Building Lease, for a Term of Years.

A PIECE of GROUND, situated on the North side of the Street, bounded of EAST by the House of the late captain STABB, and on the east by the Subscriber's.

MARY TAYLOR,  
Widow.

Carbonear.

Blanks

Of Various kinds For Sale at the Office of this Paper.