

Miscellaneous.

A MOUND IS IN THE GRAVE YARD.

1.

A mound is in the grave yard,
A short and narrow bed ;
No grass is growing on it,
And no marble at its head :
Ye may go and weep beside it,
Ye may kneel, and kiss the sod,
But ye'll find no balm for sorrow,
In the cold and silent clod.

2.

There is anguish in the household,
It is desolate and lone,
For a fondly cherished nursing,
From the parent nest has flown :
A little form is missing,
A heart has ceased to beat ;
And the chain of love lies shattered,
At the desolator's feet.

3.

Remove the empty cradle,
His clothing put away :
And all his little play-things,
With your choicest treasures lay ;
Strive not to check the tear drops,
That fall like summer rain,
For the sun of hope shines through them !—
Ye shall see his face again !

4.

Oh ! think where rests your darling !
Not in his cradle bed ;
Not in the distant grave yard,
With the still and mouldering dead ;
But in a heavenly mansion,
Upon his Saviour's breast,—
With his "brother's" arms around him,
He takes his sainted rest !

5.

He has put on robes of glory,
For the little robes ye wrought ;
And he fingers golden harp strings,
For the toys his mother bought :
—Oh ! weep ! but with rejoicing ;
A heart-gem have ye given,
And behold its glorious setting,—
In the diadem of heaven.

MRS. JUDSON.

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THE CANADA BEAVER.

From an interesting episode in Mr. Thomas C. Keefer's recent Lecture on "The Ottawa," we extract the following sketch of the habits and instincts of that remarkable animal, the Beaver, which has long since been adopted in our heraldic shield, as emblematical of the industry and sagacity of the inhabitants of Canada.

One cannot fail to be struck with admiration and astonishment on visiting the haunts of the beaver, nor can we wonder that the red men should place him at the head of animal creation, or make a Manitou, of him, when Egypt, the mother of the Arts, worshipped such stupid and disgusting Deities. Whether you call it instinct, or whether it is to be called reason, one thing is certain, that if half of humanity were as intelligent, as provident, as laborious and as harmless as the beaver, ours would be a very different world from what it is.

The beaver is the original lumberman and the first of hydraulic engineers. Simple and unostentatious, his food is the bark of trees, and his dwelling—a mud cabin, the door of which, is always open, but

under water,—conditions which secure retirement and are favorable to cool contemplation. The single object of his existence being to secure bark enough for himself and family, one would suppose there would not be much difficulty in that ;—but as neither beaver nor any other animals, except man, are addicted to works of supererogation, we may be sure that the former in all his laborious arrangements—and those too which alter the face of nature to such an important degree—does no more than is absolutely necessary for him to do. Cast in an inhospitable climate, nearly the whole of his labor is for the purpose of laying in his necessary winter supplies, and water is the only medium by which he can procure and preserve these. Too highly civilized for a nomadic life, he builds permanently, and does not quit his habitation until driven from it, like other respectable emigrants, by stern necessity. We cannot better illustrate the habits of this interesting animal than by accompanying a beaver family, on some fine evening in May, in search of a new home. The papa beaver, with his sons and sons-in-law, wife, daughters and daughters-in-law, and it may be grand children, sallies forth "prospecting" the country for a good location—i. e. a stream of easy navigation, and having an abundant supply of their favorite food, the silver birch and poplar, growing as near the river as possible. Having selected these "limits," the next step is to place their dwelling so as to command the greatest amount of food. For this purpose they go as far below the supplies as the character of the stream will permit. A pond of deep still water being an indispensable adjunct to their dwelling: this is obtained by the construction of a dam, and few engineers could select a site to produce the required result so efficiently and economically. The dam and dwelling are forthwith commenced, the materials employed in both being sticks, roots, mud and stones, the two former being dragged by the teeth, the latter carried between the fore paws and the chin. If the dam is extensive, whole trees are gnawed down, the largest of which are of the diameter of an ordinary stove pipe, the stump being left standing about eighteen inches above the ground, and pointed like a crayon. Those trees which stand upon the bank of the stream they contrive to fall into the water as cleverly as the most experienced woodman: those which are more distant, are cut up by their teeth into pieces, which can be dragged to the water. These trees and branches are floated down to the site of the dam, where they are dragged ashore and placed so that the tops shall be borne down by the current, and thus arrest the descending *detritus* and form a strong and tight dam. Critical parts are built up "by hand," the sticks and mud when placed receiving a smart blow from the beaver's tail, just as a bricklayer settles his work with the handle of his trowel. The habitation or hut of the beaver is almost bomb-proof; rising like a dome from the ground on the margin of the pond, and sometimes six or eight feet in thickness in the crown. The only entrance is from a level of three or four feet under the water of the pond. These precautions are necessary, because, like all enterprising animals, the beaver is not without enemies. The wolverine, who is as fond of beaver tail as an old nor'wester, would walk into his hut if he could only get there,—but having the same distaste for water as the cat, he must forego the luxury. It is not, however, for safety that the beaver adopts the submarine communication with his dwelling, although it is for that he restricts himself to it. The same necessity which compels him to build a dam, and thus create a pond of water, obliges him to maintain communication with that pond when the ice is three feet thick upon its surface. Living upon the bark of trees, he is obliged to provide a comparatively great bulk for his winter's consumption; and he must secure it at the season when the new bark is formed and before it commences to dry; he must also store it up where it will not become frozen or dried up. He could not reasonably be expected to build a frost-proof house large enough to contain his family supply, but if he did, it would wither, and lose its nutriment; therefore he preserves it in water. But the most remarkable evidence of his instinct, sagacity, or reason, is one which I have not seen mentioned by naturalists. His pond we have seen must be deep, so that it will not freeze to the bottom, and so that he can communicate with his food and his dam, in case of any accidents to the latter requiring repairs: but how does he keep his food—which has been floated down to his pond—from floating, when in it, and thus becoming frozen in with the ice? I said that in gnawing down a tree the top of the stump was left pointed like a crayon:—the fallen tree has the same form—for the beaver cuts like the woodman, wide at the surface and meeting in an angle in the centre, with this distinction—the four-legged animal does his work more uniformly, cutting equally all around the log—while the two-legged one cuts only from two opposite sides. Thus every stick of provender cut by the animal is pointed at both ends, and when brought opposite his dwelling he thrusts the pointed ends into the mud bottom of his pond sufficiently firm to prevent their being floated out, at the same time placing them in a position in which the water has the least lift upon them; while he carefully apportions his different lengths of timber to the different depths of water in his pond, so that the upper point of none of them shall approach near enough to the surface to be caught by the winter ice.