

not till ages afterwards, after some great inundation, in the prairies of the West? Has there ever taken place in those extensive regions, some mighty unrevealed flood, having waste "the fair hunting grounds" of the wandering aboriginal, sweeping away his cabin on the hill; compelling him to trust his life in his birchen canoe; destroying the buffalo and the mammoth, uprooting forests and tearing them limb from limb; and plunging all nature into chaos? Could these things be, may not an all-wise Providence direct their recurrence?

A beautiful object must be that "petrified forest," either when the mid-day sunshine sets its diamond particles in a blaze or when the twilight colors with a rosy flush, or the moonlight endues it with a marble whiteness. You may fancy yourself in Aladdin's garden, that the trees, as well as the fruit, are like diamonds and precious stones. You might fancy yourself in a winter forest of New England, whose massy branches and trunks are heavily encrusted with ice and sparkling snow. You might fancy yourself among the sparry grottoes of fairyland; but there is little need for the exercise of fancy, when it can hardly surpass the simple and substantial fact. What a scene for the pen or pencil of a master—a vast forest, with its inhabitants, savage men, beast and bird—at a moment transformed and petrified—animated nature changed into inanimate matter—life to silent and unchanging death.

For the Canadian Son of Temperance.

CHAP. 2, ON THE CONSISTENCY OF THE PRESS.

THOS. MCQUEEN, ESQ., (I) EDITOR OF "THE CANADIAN."

By A. H. ST. GERMAIN.

SIR,—I have written three chapters on the consistency of the press, addressed respectively to Dr (I) Barker, editor of the Whig, No. 1; Thos. McQueen, Esq (I) editor of the Canadian, No. 2, Robert R. Smiley, Professor of Logic and Book Reviewing, without the necessity of reading the contents, No. 3.

How essentially necessary, Mr. Editor, it is, that those who have been called to the "Fourth Estate," be persons whose private and public characters are unblemished by those impure principles which they profess to be endeavouring to exterminate from society. There has been a great deal spoken and written about "the liberty of the press;" but, sir, my opinion is, that a certain portion of the press has too much liberty. So long as unprincipled political demagogues hold stock in, or control, what should be a free, honest, and independent Press, and depute unfeeling and characterless agents to fill the editorial chair, to unceasingly malign those whose whole lives have been devoted to every good work which tends to bind man to his fellow-man, just so long will an unhappy state of things exist. Editors may talk and write, without avail, till doomsday, in order to establish their profession on a more permanent basis, if they do not merit those advantages they ask for. An intelligent and moral community will never tolerate in its midst instrumentalities that will create evils of the most destructive nature.

My object in writing, Mr. Editor, three chapters on the "Consistency of the Press," was solely to point out a few facts that the Editors above alluded to ought to be familiar with, ere they attack an individual who has never thrown a straw in their way, but has merely fulfilled what his friends considered to be a duty, and what those same editors have themselves repeatedly since published, only in different language, and from other parties.

A short time since, I offended Mr. McQueen, of the Hamilton Canadian, because he tendered me a situation when I was otherwise engaged, and could not, at the time, accept his kind offer. No sooner had I done this, than he came out with a revengeful paragraph in his paper, without head or tail to it, prefacing Doctor (I) Barker's long rigmorale, an extract of which I have already given in chap. 1, on the "Consistency of the Press." Mr. McQueen told a friend of mine that it was not because I had refused to accept a situation with him, that brought him out against me. I will admit, that if this were the only cause, it would show a narrow contracted mind; yet, I am forced to believe that he had no other cause for his strange procedure, than the one I have stated, for he well knew that I have no great desire to cut a swell without the means—nor even with the means. I look with as much contempt upon persons who do everything through selfish motives as any one else would. There are many individuals who profess to be exceedingly disinterested, whose manners prove them to be quite otherwise. I hope Mr. McQueen will not think I am personal. Whoever the cap fits, may put it on. I feel very certain that, had I taken a situation in the Canadian office, as I was requested by Mr. McQueen to do, I should not now be under the necessity of replying to a piece of mean and contemptible spleen, emanating, as it has been proved, from a mulish and selfish brain, nor would Mr. McQueen have been compelled to humble himself, when he discovered that he had done wrong, to apologise in his paper of the 16th, in the following style:

"In a late notice which we took of a sort of *liensing* process through which a portion of the newspaper press was put into Mr. St. Germain's hands, after his return from California, we did not intend the rebuke so much for the traveller as for those who were thrusting him forward, and we are glad to learn that we aimed correctly; as we since learn that the notice was altogether unsolicited on the part of Mr. St. Germain."—Canadian 16th April.

The newspaper press has not "thrust me forward" without Mr. McQueen, himself, lending a helping hand. Two long letters of mine have already received the approbation of this Inspector General of the Press. One was published in the Canadian, and the second was inserted in another paper that he, "once upon a time," had the editorial management of. The latter merited a special notice at the hands of this modern literary Mogul, in this wise:

"We beg to direct special attention to the excellent letter of \_\_\_\_\_, on our last page."

It is surprising that when Mr. McQueen penned the last quoted lines, he did not "discover" that he was "thrusting" me "forward." He then would have "discovered" a horrid nest, and saved himself the trouble, at this late day, of applying for a patent. Pray, brother McQueen, who "thrust" you "forward," and were instrumental in your obtaining the elevated (I) position you now occupy? Was it not the printer who first spat your words correctly, constructed, punctuated and arranged your ideas suitably to go forth to the world of letters? Was it not the printer who opened the columns of his paper (after your first article had passed through the compositor's hands) to introduce you into the arena of public life? I ask you, again, was it not the printer who brought you from the backwoods of Canada, to the "ambitious little city," and was it not the printer who overlooked your faults, and healed your backsliding; in short, is it not to the art of printing that you owe all you are?—was it not through its instrumentality that you ascended from the laborious mechanical occupation of your youth, up the ladder of fame? How then, can you now turn upon (because you have a little brief authority) and, serpent-like, sting your benefactors—those who—when the night has grown late: the streets have been hushed: the moonbeams flickered on the deserted pavement, and sleep has strewn its slumberous poppies over the inhabitants of the silent city,—have been seen busily engaged in the case "setting up" your "thoughts," or those of others,—for the sake

is a great deal that appears in this world as original that is borrowed and copied. The faithful printer has sacrificed his comfort for you, friend McQueen, and others' Oh' forgetfulness!! Thou hast made me inconsistent!!! echoes the Canadian.

It is remarkable that the editor of the Canadian is so shocked at his professional brethren for publishing my letters on California, when he has himself inserted nearly every article that the Tribune has favored the public with on the same subject, and, he also has copied items about the gold regions, from San Francisco papers, and even in his paper of the 16th ultimo, he has the following from a late California paper:

"Notwithstanding the wealth of California, it is safe to affirm that there is not a State in the Federal Union which has, proportionate to its population, so many poor and destitute. Many thousands are here without friends, and constitutions inadequate for the exertions necessary to secure the means of living, even if employment could be readily procured. Thousands come down from the mines after an unsuccessful campaign, and to vain seek employment. Many resort to petty thefts to obtain bread. Suicides, on account of poverty, hunger and neglect, are getting quite frequent. It is difficult to sustain long without money or friends, where prices range so high."

If Mr. McQueen had read my California letters, heard my lecture, perused my "Voyage to Australia," with an account of the condition of the country, &c. &c., perhaps he would not have found so much "historical pretensions" in them as he has blubbered about. I have told the truth, and because he was blinded by spite, he could not read my letters, nor perceive the objects which prompted me to comply with the wishes of friends in "writing," "lecturing," and "historical pretensions." Tommy must have been in a bad humour lately; for I see by his paper of the 8th ultimo, that he calls one of the professional gentlemen of this city, some awful hard and unbecoming names, such as "beast," "infernal man worm," "viper," "thankless animal," "eternal depths of black-hearted infamy," "soulless, black-hearted man-worm-in-sin," "pollution," "crawling viper," "a disgrace to humanity," "snuff him out," and other epithets of a like nature. Surely this Thomas McQueen, Esq. (I) of the Hamilton Canadian, must be a Reformer with a vengeance! A Reformer of Languages and Professor of Belles Lettres!! it must needs be!!!

You gave extracts, Mr. McQueen, from William Howitt's "Diary of a Voyage to Australia." It is a great wonder that you did so. How is it that you did not accuse him of "historical pretensions." "Oh, because he did not refuse to take a situation with me; and, besides, he is better known than you are, St. Germain, in addition to being a gentleman, a scholar, and a judge of liquor." Mr. Howitt says:

"It cannot be too widely or too publicly made known, what those who come here have to expect on landing. They should be well informed of this, that they may calculate their funds accordingly. People coming hither should reflect, too, that they are coming into a colony abounding with expert thieves, who have been shipped from England yesterday and Van Dieman's Land, and have assembled here to dig for gold in the pockets and collars of the immigrants. Men, hardly as they are, have to stop under a tree or the open heaven, and become many of them cramped with rheumatism and attacked with dysentery. Such are the realities which meet the adventurer on the threshold of the land of gold. These are followed by hardships and severity of labour that men accustomed to offices and banks are totally unlit for. Hence there are so many failures, and numbers are met coming down again from the mines, in perfect dejection and desolation. They must carry up all sorts of stores, especially flour, or they must pay at the rate of £10 per sack, and 3s. or 4s. for the 4th loaf, and so on. They must do this, or they must trudge upon foot, as thousands and thousands do, with only a bundle on their backs containing a blanket and a pick, and a spade on their shoulders."

I would ask Mr. McQueen if my letters did not abound with the same description of matter as Mr. Howitt's Diary contains, in regard to the condition of California, and, if they contained nothing but "pretensions," how singular it is that so many papers published them without seeing that they were "historical pretensions." The press has not only published unfavorable letters about California from me, but from other parties. Here is an extract from a letter recently received from J. Harburt, formerly of Brighton, C. W.

"It has been the hardest times for miners this winter ever known in California. I believe that nine-tenths of the miners are out of money and in debt. I think I shall hold on here till about the 1st of April, to see if I can get my claim worked. It has been very hard times in Douteville, the people have been nearly in a state of starvation, many are talking of leaving this spring for the Australia gold mines. I want very much to go home, but I am something like the sailor in London, when the robber told him to give up his money or he would blow out his brains "Blow away," says Jack, "I might as well be in London without brains as without money;" so I might about as well never go home as to go without money. I have no doubt but many there, think a man after having been to California, ought to have a sack load of gold so he had to pay him but many of them would find out their mistake if they was once set down here."

According to Mr. McQueen's notion of things, it is presumption or "historical pretension" in me or any other Canadian to give the dark side of California. Friend Tommy, read chap. 1, on "Consistency of the Press."

(ORIGINAL)

THOUGHT.

The present is the starting point  
Whence thought delights to rove,  
Through space on fancy's airy wing,  
She views, but dimly now,  
Through memory's clouded glass,  
Far in the distant past,  
Youthful visions of bliss  
Unrealized and gone.  
Hopes that were born of love  
And doomed 'mid fears to die,  
Companions once so dear  
Now in the silent tomb;  
All rears their shadowy forms,  
With music's magic power,  
To make a verdant spot,  
With fruit and flowers and smiles,  
That lend their potent charm  
To attract her lofty flight.  
One moment pause, then lo!  
She hovers o'er delightful scenes  
Of childhood's sunniest hours,  
Fain to alight and taste  
Their long lost sweets again;  
Then soars away through space  
To regions brightly fair,  
Remote from earth and time  
In dark fatality,  
Passes the pearly gates  
Of New Jerusalem  
And revels on the scenes  
Magical, vast and grand;  
Then bound by grotelling chains  
To earth born cares, returns  
And perches on the present,  
Till it float on time's swift stream  
To that bright sea where all,  
Past, present and to come,  
Shall sweetly blend in one,  
A vast eternity.

W. H. F.

Colborne, April 11th 1853.

Ladies' Department.

(ORIGINAL.)  
LINES.

ADDRESS TO THE REV. MR. CLINCK ON THE DEATH OF HIS BELOVED WIFE.

She has faded like sweet flowers,  
Of frail and fragile birth,  
No longer will she cheer thy dreary hours,  
Or thy lonely hearth.

And although its sad to sover,  
Two fond tender loving hearts,  
Who have dwelt so long together,  
In the bliss that love imparts.

Thy hood's love, thy motherhood's  
pride,  
No more shall smooth thy brow  
Thy once loved cherished tender bride,  
Alas! where is she now?

Death's dark fetters do not hold her,  
She's arrayed in robes of white,  
Through the eye of faith behold her,  
In that world of glorious light.

Grief can never more distress her,  
Nor sin assume its sway  
Pain can never more oppress her:  
Christ has wiped her tears away.

STOURVILLE, April 16th, 1853.

Yet this world is but a passage  
To the eternal world above,  
And those who pay to God due homage  
Shall reign with Him in endless love.

Then wherefore weep because she's  
entered  
The mansions of her God and King,  
For in Christ her hopes were centered,  
And thy loss is now her gain.

Turn thine eye to the best heaven,  
Where she's anchored now in peace,  
And thou'lt meet her yet in heaven,  
Where rejoicings never cease.

MRS. SHERWOOD.

ADVENTURES OF A LOWELL LADY ON THE ISTHMUS.

A decided "six" and no "fixins." We have the following extract from a private letter from California:  
San Francisco, January 14, 1853.

Speaking of the Isthmus, I must tell you a tale concerning a young and blooming Lowell lady who has just arrived here, and whose adventures on the Isthmus were somewhat piquant, showing what ladies have sometimes to undergo who travel to California. Miss L.—— was well provided with suitable clothing for a trip from Lowell to the "utmost parts of the earth," and had an exceedingly pleasant journey till she arrived at Cruces, when not knowing what I know by experience, that it is not at all necessary to travel separated from our baggage, she suffered herself to be separated from her own, thereby committing a grave error. She, supposing her baggage would arrive at Panama nearly as soon as herself, mounted on a rickety little mule, clad in a thin "bloomer," and started from Cruces to Panama. Now, as I before observed, the Isthmus and whole Pacific coast have had a long crying fit, and the consequence is, that the road from Cruces to Panama was never in a more execrable condition. Miss L. being very large and heavy, and her mule being small and old, they had a good time of it, and floundered through the mud in a most astonishing manner. She told me that at one time the mule went into a mudhole so deep that nothing was visible but his nose and ears, while she was in up to her chin. The gentleman who was with her informed me that he rescued her from such a position four times during the day—pulling her and her mule out of the deep mud by main force. The natural consequence of these mud adventures, when they got through the worst places, they halted at a convenient native "ranch," held a council of war, and concluded that, inasmuch as Miss L. had not a change of clothes at hand, it was expedient to wash those she had. So the other ladies (there were several along who were either smarter or had better luck than Miss L.) stripped her, washed her off as they would a new born baby, rolled her up in a blanket and laid her away to be a good baby and take a nap while they washed and dried her only suit. They washed the suit and hung it up to dry, and then very naturally sat down to dinner. Dinner being over they went to get Miss L.——'s suit when to their horror and astonishment, they found it had "vamosed the ranch"—in short while, they had been eating the natives had stolen it. Here was a pickle for a nice young lady, and a Yankee school marm to boot. Naked as she was born into the world—rolled in a blanket and no clothes to put on—in the middle of a strange country—I think her case interesting in the extreme, and I don't remember any heroine in any novel who was ever so peculiarly situated. I have a great mind to leave her where she is, just to exercise your ingenuity in getting her out of the scrape. I think she must have had some very peculiar feelings while rolled up in that blanket.

"The ladies finally got her out of the scrape by a contribution. One gave her a petticoat, another a skirt, another a shawl, &c., and as she was probably the largest in the crowd, you cannot imagine what a sort of rig-out she had. It served at anyrate to hide her nakedness; and in this anomalous suit she entered Panama, where she was to purchase a few absolutely necessary things to come on with. Her baggage did not catch up with her at Panama, and she arrived here about as distressed a looking object as you could easily find. She has since received her trunks by Adams' Express, and rejoices over them, and is ready to laugh over her "adventure on the Isthmus."

Lola Montez has appeared in a new light, as a "Printeress." A short time since she astonished the hands in the Cincinnati Non-partial office by going there and taking the "stick" and "rule," and setting up a communication she had written in reply to some assertion made by the editor of the Sun. The Sandusky Register says she astonished the "devils." It is not the first time she has done that.

Some young ladies, feeling aggrieved by the severity with which their friends speculated on their gay plumes, necklaces, rings, &c., went to their pastor to learn his opinion. "Do you think," said they, "there is any impropriety in wearing these things?" "By no means," was the prompt reply, "when the heart is full of ridiculous notions, it is perfectly proper to hang out the sign."

A French girl at a store, being solicited to allow a kiss, declined, except at the price of a little bag, which lay on the enamored carrier's counter, and, as he said, was filled with cents. The bargain was struck; but to the surprise of our dulcinea, as to her satisfaction, was found, on opening the bag, in place of cents, good full weight florins. The gentleman claimed the bag, but she was unyielding. Thereupon resort was had to the tribunal, the plaintiff alleging that there was a mistake, and that a simple kiss could not by far, be appreciated at such large sum. The tribunal, however, decided the case in favor of the girl—let, because what is given is given; and she because the value of a kiss cannot be estimated.

HIGH PRICES RELIGIOUS.—Dow, Jr., the eccentric preacher, is allusion to the exclusion of many would-be church goers from society, by reason of the enormously high pew rents in our fashionable churches, characteristically writes: "There is a high duty on the fashionable waters of divine grace, and you have to pay at least a penny a-piece for a nibble at the bread of life. To go to church any kind of tolerable kind of style, costs a heap every year, and know very well why a majority of you go to Beelzebub, because you can't afford to go to Heaven at the present exorbitant prices."