

thereby be productive of a great saving to the farmers of that part of the country. Whether such a step might not be rendered less necessary, if the Kingston and Toronto Railroad were to be constructed is a question worthy of consideration. But even the carrying out of that enterprise would by no means close the navigation of the lake, nor would it be likely to render profitable any of our best harbours; that is, those affording the best shelter and accommodation. Many of our harbours yield a fair return on the outlay; and as the commerce of the country must every year rapidly increase, there is a still greater chance of their being profitable in future. — [Examiner]

LAKE ONTARIO.

Ontario! Thy restless waves
Rounde o'er thy bosom light and free,
Where many a sailor finds a grave
Till he is washed upon the sea
I love thee, sweet Ontario,
In pleasure and in woe.

I've seen the storm clouds o'er thee lower,
And darkly spread o'er the sky—
I've heard the wind rage in its power—
And seen thy foaming waves on high
I've seen the lightning flash along,
And heard the thunder a long

Upon thy bosom gently glides
The steamer from far distant ports—
A many a sailor sails thy riles
And dances on the wild wind sports.
Among the waves upon thy breast,
Kissing their foaming crest.

Ontario! roll on thy waves
And bear the commerce of the land,
For where thy rapid water flows,
There spacious harbours line the strand
Thou art the broad, the great highway
Of free America.

[Rock Paper]

Literary Department.

SIR ROBERT PEELE.

The name of this distinguished statesman, has been heard, and his character canvassed, and lauded, and some condemned, in every part of the civilized world. His connection with recent measures of government which in their effects will become known to, or at least felt by every individual of every community over which commerce sheds its vivifying influence, gives to his name a celebrity that will last throughout many coming generations. While we are bandying his name about, like a familiar, household word, it will perhaps be interesting to hear something of the appearance, manner, peculiarities &c. of one who fills so large a space in the world's eye. The following remarks are from the pen of an American, whose mind is as likely as any to be free from prejudice on such a subject:—

This distinguished statesman is in person rather above the common size, though not what might be termed a large man—his complexion is light, and his hair what is generally called "sandy;" his cheeks full, which diminish the size of his mouth and eyes. At first glance a stranger would not pronounce him a man of intellect or genius—but it is only necessary to attend one debate in the House of Commons, in which the Premier takes a part, to be convinced that he is not only a man of extraordinary powers, but far superior to any other member on that floor—in fact, although I have been present on many occasions, and sat for hours at a time, listening to every variety of debate there, I never witnessed an instance where the most powerful "on the opposition benches," no matter on what subject, with or without notice, did not find his over-match in "Sir Robert Peel," or "the Right Hon. Baronet," as they term him. His manner is remarkably easy, his tone of voice soft and agreeable, and he is entirely free from the habit of hesitation, and repetition, and "mumbling" which is so peculiar to the English. In this respect he almost equals the best American speakers in fluency; but there is no violence or rant, his object seems to be first to convince and next to persuade in the most quiet and amiable way. I suppose I have heard him speak at least fifty times, and never recollect witnessing in his manner a loss of temper; he was always gentlemanly and courteous, as if he felt by his position and power he required no other means to carry his object, or that long experience had taught him that they were the most efficient means.

After becoming somewhat acquainted with the political history of the Premier, and informed of the peculiar relation he bears to the contending parties of the day, it is peculiarly interesting to watch and notice on all occasions the consummate skill he manifests in keeping himself in that position which enables him to steer his way through old prejudices long established, and new theories and sys-

tems of modern origin—or in other words to keep "Old England" in harmony with "Young England"—and to draw from both the best material to construct his "Political Pantheon"—and hence it is that on almost every occasion touching matters of public interest his remarks are alternately interrupted by the cry of "hear," from the "Tory," the "Whig" and "Conservative" circles. Each being able to recognize some material in the structure—drawn from his own laboratory—and as he proceeds in building up what I term a "Political Pantheon," and which, when finished, will, like that of Rome, be spared perhaps longer than any other, even by Goth and Vandal—fearing that in its demolition they may destroy a portion of their own art and handy-work. He has in fact been conducting a revolution in England so quietly and adroitly, that most of them are unconscious of the changes he has produced, except by their benefits.

There was a capital caricature of him in Punch, a short time ago, in which he is represented as a man that plays on many instruments.—there was as much truth as wit in this, for with this droll impression on the mind, one cannot listen to him in the gravity of debate without being under the persuasion that he hears, amid the harmonious flourishes of the most approved modern music, the cheering notes of "God save the Queen," and "Britannia rules the Waves;" and thus it is that young-England applauds—and thus it is also that "Old England" applauds—and neither has power or will to separate the music, he manages to harmonize its parts so well.

The multiplicity and never ending variety of the labors of his office one would suppose were too much for the mental and physical ability of any man—it has proved so to many; but Sir Robert seems to bear his work well, and is in good health. He is personally a brave man, and has given ready evidence of it on more than one occasion, so that no one worthy of his notice cares to take any personal liberties with him.

Take him all in all, Sir Robert Peel is now, perhaps one of the most remarkable men of the day; and not the least of his high qualities is that of a high estimate of our country; and I am told that so far from indulging in a narrow satisfaction that some feel in contrasting our late financial mishaps, he on all proper occasions expresses deep regret, and feeling a just pride in our common origin, laws, language and habits, is never more gratified than in evidences of our prosperity and advancement. — [N. Y. Gazette.]

TO THE YOUNG FARMER

Judge Buel, in his address before the Berkshire Agricultural Society in 1837, said, that every age demands a greater degree of mental culture, than the one which preceded it, and it behooves you to qualify yourselves for that which now dawn upon your mental vision. The more you learn to depend upon yourselves, the more you will find developed capacities and energies, which if you are yet unconscious of possessing—the more likely you will be to prosper in life. The sapling which is sheltered by the towering pine, or wide spreading oak, is neither so strong nor so graceful, as that which grows up without shelter, and acquires strength and solidity from the buffetings of the winds and storms. The plant that is nurtured in the shade is not so beautiful—its blossoms are not so fragrant nor its fruit so rich, as the form, the flower, and the fruit of that which grows in the glare of solar light.

The culture of the mind should engage your serious attention, that you may sooner profit by its counsels and its powers. Mind is the great master power, which instructs, guides, and bridges human labour—the grand source of intellectual pleasure—a faculty which distinguishes man from the brute, and which, as it is more or less cultivated, marks the gradations in civilized society. Say not that you have no leisure for this, that your time is engrossed in providing for your animal wants. Franklin found time to bestow upon his mind high and useful culture, amid the cares and labors of an active mechanic's life. The hours that the avocations of the farm allow to study, amount, in the aggregate of early life, to months and to years. Knowledge is power; it is respectability; it is happiness, it endures with life. The mind may be likened to the soil. Both are given to be improved; and the measure of our enjoyments, and the welfare of society, depend upon the good or bad culture we bestow upon them. Indolence may be compared to the coarse marsh plants, which feed upon the soil and taint the air, without yielding any thing comely or useful in return, for man or beast;—intemperance, to broken down fences, which permits beasts to enter and consume the earnings of industry, and baffle the offspring of the owner—negligence, to the thorns and thistles, which rob the soil of its fertility, and mar the beauty of the land-

scape. While, on the other hand, the faithful application of knowledge to the useful purposes of life, may be likened to the draining and manuring which give fertility to the soil; the good habits which we establish, to the good culture bestowed by the husbandman—indicative alike of cheerfulness and plenty—and the embellishment of the mind in literature, science and taste, to the gardens and grounds, abounding in all that is grateful to the senses, which should surround and adorn our rural dwellings, and beautify the country.

You have chosen an employment, which is honorable, profitable and independent. Devote to it your best powers, till you have become master of the art, or of such branches of it as you design to follow—and until you have acquired so much of the science—knowledge of the why and wherefore—of the great laws of nature, upon which good husbandry is based, as shall enable you to conduct your operations with judgment and success. "Who aims at excellence will be above mediocrity; who aims at mediocrity will fall short of it." No the adage teaches, and so is the response of experience.

THE "HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS"

A vast deal has been said of late about "The Halls of the Montezumas," and we presume that not one in a hundred knows anything of its derivation, or the reason of its perpetuity. A writer in the Philadelphia Ledger gives the following as an explanation of the term:

Montezuma II ascended the Mexican throne A. D. 1692, at the age of 21 before Mexico had been discovered by the Europeans. He died 30th June 1690, in the 42d year of his age, of wounds inflicted by the Spanish discoverers whom he had invited to his Royal palace. Historians agree in admiring his character.

On ascending the throne, not content with the spacious residence of his father, he erected another, much more magnificent, fronting on the plaza mayor of the present city of Mexico. So vast was this great structure, that, as one of the historians informs us, the space covered by its terraced roof might have afforded room for thirty knights to run their courses in a regular tourney. His father's palace, although not so high, was so extensive that the visitors were too much fatigued in wandering through the apartments, ever to see the whole of it.

The palaces were built of red stone, ornamented with marble, the arms of the Montezuma family (an eagle bearing a tiger in his talons) being sculptured over the main entrance. Crystal fountains, fed by great reservoirs on the neighboring hills, played in the vast halls and gardens, and supplied water to hundreds of marble baths in the interior of the palaces. Crowds of nobles and tributary chieftains, were continually sauntering through the halls, or loitering away their time in attendance on the court. Rich carvings in wood adorned the ceilings, beautiful mats of palm leaf covered the floors. The walls were hung with cotton richly stained, the skins of wild animals, or gorgeous draperies of feather work, wrought in imitation of birds, insects and flowers, in glowing radiance of colors. Clouds of incense from golden censers diffused intoxicating odors through the splendid apartments occupied by the nine hundred and eighty five wives and five thousand slaves of Montezuma.

He encouraged science, and learning, and public schools were established throughout the greater part of his empire. The city of Mexico in his day, numbered twice as many inhabitants as at present, and one thousand men were daily employed in watering and sweeping its streets, keeping them so clean that a man could traverse the whole city with as little danger of soiling his feet. A careful police guarded the city. Extensive arsenals, granaries, warehouses, and an aviary for the most beautiful birds, mangeries, houses for reptiles and serpents, a collection of human monsters, fish-ponds built of marble, and museums and public libraries, all on the most extensive scale, added their attraction to the great city of the Aztecs. Gorgeous temples—in which human victims were sacrificed, and their blood baked in bread, or their bodies dressed for food to be devoured by the people at religious festivals—reared their pyramidal altars far above the highest edifices. Thousands of their brother men were thus sacrificed annually. The temples of maxtli, their war god, was so constructed that its great alarm gong, sounding to battle, roused the valley for three leagues around, and called three hundred thousand armed Aztecs to the immediate relief of their monarch.

So vast was the collection of birds of prey, in a building devoted to them, that 500 turkeys, the cheapest meat in Mexico, were allowed for their daily consumption. Such were the "Halls of the

Montezumas." The summer residence of the monarch, on the hill of the Chapultepec, overlooking the city, was surrounded by gardens of several miles in extent, and here were preserved until the last century, two statues of the Emperor and his father. The great Cypress trees, under which the Aztec sovereign and his associates once held their moonlight revels, still shade the royal gardens. Some of them, fifty feet in circumference, are several thousand years old, but are yet as green as in the days of Montezuma, whose ashes, or those of his ancestors, rendered sacred, in the eyes of the native Mexicans, the hill of Chapultepec. Natural decay and a wandering population now mark the seat of power of the great Montezumas.

EARTHQUAKE.

A very strange phenomenon was observed at Grailon, a village on the Lake Shore, a few miles below Cobourg, on the 9th instant. The Lake, it is said, was calm, when suddenly it receded from the shore in one immense wave upwards of 350 feet high, leaving the beach perfectly dry for that distance: it seemed to gather itself into a vast cone, and immediately returned in one unbroken wave, four feet higher than it usually is, burying the wharf completely, and overflowing its usual boundaries upwards of a hundred yards, sweeping everything before it, and accompanied by a dreadful noise. This happened eight or nine different times, gradually decreasing in violence, until the Lake resumed its natural appearance. The Lake was also agitated along the coast, as far as Port Hope.

The occurrence is evidently connected with an earthquake, or some volcanic action. The only part of the story that seems hard to believe, is the height to which it is said the wave was elevated. In the dreadful earthquake of Lisbon, in 1755, and which was felt in Greenland, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Germany, Britain, Switzerland, France, Spain, Morocco, Salee, Fez, and extended to the West Indies and the Lake Ontario, in North America, the water of the sea did not at any time rise to a greater height than sixty feet, even at Lisbon, where its effects were most violent. Probably it was meant to say that the Lake receded from the shore in one immense wave, upwards of 350 feet, leaving the beach perfectly dry for that distance; the word "high" having been improperly inserted; otherwise we cannot understand the claim of phenomena to which it belongs. The cohesive attraction of the particles of water is not sufficient to allow of its being lifted to that height from any cause acting from beneath, especially where the body of water is so shallow. We should like to see a more full and particular account of this singular occurrence. We incline to the opinion that the disturbance is owing to an earthquake in some other part of the world. The shock of an earthquake was felt at Boston and several neighbouring places, two or three months since. We may soon hear of some terrible devastation. The following is, no doubt, related to the same cause:—

A VOLCANO AT WORK.—We have, last week, recorded a very wonderful convulsion of Lake Ontario. We have this week to mention one equally wonderful as having taken place in Kew Lake, 12 miles to the north of this town. Last Thursday the Lake was seen to be in great commotion, the ice (18 inches thick,) undulating in every direction. Presently it burst with a noise like thunder, and a large piece from the centre of the Lake was, in a few minutes, thrown up in a pile to the height of ten feet, in which position it now lies. This is no doubt related to the earthquake which caused the awful commotion in Lake Ontario at Grailon.—Cobourg Star.

MAN HAS A CAPACITY FOR PLEASURE AND PAIN.

This is an all-important part of his nature of which we can give no account, because it is incomprehensible. How he feels pleasure and pain, and why one sensation or thought delights him, and another makes him miserable, nobody ever knew yet, or, perhaps, ever will know, in this state of existence. It is enough for us that the fact is so. Of all the solemn considerations involved in the great work of education, none is so awful as this: the right exercise and training of the sense of pleasure and pain. The man who feels most pleasure in putting brandy into his stomach, or in any other way gratifying his nerves of sensation, is a more beast. One whose chief pleasure is in the exercise of the limbs, and who plays without any exercise of the mind, is a more harmless sort of animal, like the lamb in the field, or the swallow skimming over meadow or pond. He whose delight is to represent nature by painting, or to build edifices by some beautiful idea, or to echo feelings in music, is an immeasurably higher order. Higher still is he who is charmed by thought, above everything; whose understanding gives him more satisfaction than any other power he has. Higher still is he who