

a broader breast, here is a natural saddle: do you wish, O horse, that I should form you such ?

The horse still trembled.

'Go,' continued Jupiter, 'this time be taught without punishment. To remind thee now and then of thy presumption, the new creature shall continue, (Jupiter threw a persevering look upon the camel) and never be looked upon by thee without shuddering.'

**SINGING**—The American physician, Dr. Rush, thus speaks of the utility of singing, not only as an accomplishment, but as a corrective of the too common tendency to pulmonic complaints. "Vocal music," says this celebrated writer, "should never be neglected in the education of a young lady. Besides preparing her to join in that part of public worship which consists in psalmody, it will enable her to soothe the cares of a domestic life; and the sorrows that will sometimes intrude into her own bosom may all be relieved by a song, when sound and sentiment unite to act upon the mind. I here introduce a fact, which has been suggested to me by my profession, and that is, that the exercise of the organs of the breast contributes very much to defend them from those diseases to which the climate and other causes expose them. The Germans are seldom afflicted with consumptions; nor have I ever known but one instance of spitting blood among them. This, I believe, is in part occasioned by the strength which their lungs acquired by exercising them in vocal music, for this constitutes an essential branch of their education. The music-master of our academy has furnished me with an observation still more in favor of this opinion. He informed me that he had known several instances of persons, who were strongly disposed to consumption, who were restored to health by this exercise.

Several communications were received after the selections were made for the present number:—Some, or as many as are worthy, will be inserted in the closing number of the first volume; after which time the management of its columns, we hope, will not be inferior to the best publications of the country.

Original.

**LINES WRITTEN ON THE QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.**

Hail! beautiful moon, pale lamp of night,  
Now slowly rising o'er the lake,  
Yon vapors tinge with silver bright,  
From thee their tints of splendor take.

How sweet to sit on such a night,  
Upon Ontario's pebbly shore,  
Beneath thy calm pellucid light,  
And list the falls incessant roar.

Say, peerless queen, for thou canst tell  
Bid yonder mighty water fall  
Plunge down yon dark and rocky dell,  
When first you lit this earthy ball?

Or has it as vain mortals say,  
Roll'd o'er these heights where now I stand,  
Or has time scoop'd the rocks away,  
With progress slow but mighty hand?

Vain man, a lesson learn—be wise;  
Old Time who wears the rocks away,  
Those gorgeous structures which you raise,  
Will yet in shapeless ruins lay.

Then turn to virtue's hallowed ways,  
Leave wild ambition's stormy shore;  
In yon blue sky thy structure raise,  
'Twill last when time himself's no more.

EDWARD.

Original.

**STANZAS.**

Adieu my love, forever farewell!  
This world and I must part;  
Its thoughts no more my bosom swell—  
Another has my heart.

Dim are its scenes and dark its joy,  
To the pilgrim's hoping soul;  
Its brightest spots cannot but cloy  
For here is not his goal.

Could'st thou, my Martha, only tell,  
What's passing in my heart:—  
Then too would thine in union swell  
A sympathetic part.

Thou dearest object of its throes—  
'Tis death to leave thee here;  
'Tis worse than all life's many woes,  
'To see thee shed a tear.

Ah, could thy lover in the tomb,  
See from 'neath his grassy rest;  
In place of smiles and wanton bloom,  
Thy cheek in paleness drest.

'T would grieve him more than tongues can say,  
A second death 'twould be;  
'T would cause to weep his mouldering clay,  
Ah this he could not see.

But do I say we part forever,  
Must I no more behold thee smile,  
And in thy tender wishes share?  
My Martha, no! 'tis for a while.

Yes! yes! thy voice again shall cheer  
My soul in heavenly joy;  
Its soothing tones upon my ear  
There shall flow without alloy.

Sing Seraphs, sing! Cherubs tune anew,  
Thy harp immortal sound;  
Ye scenes of earth, adieu, adieu,  
For happier lands 't is bound.

August 9. 1833.

C. M. D.

Original.

**TO C. M. D.**

Thine eyes like dazzling orbs that move  
With penetrating glance,  
Dispensing rays of purest love,  
My heart can no'er entrance.

For loveliest flowers to fade, are doom'd,  
So transient are they all;  
At morn they bud, at noon have bloom'd,  
At evening fade and fall.

Yes, beauty 's but a short lived flower,  
A dangerous glittering lure;  
And it may give each passing hour,  
Those wounds it cannot cure.

But thou hast charms I do admire,  
That never will wear away;  
That can the purest love inspire,  
And hold a lasting sway.

Sincerity with pleasing grace,  
Simplicity and love,  
And modesty with blushing face,  
Unite thy worth to prove.

Yes, matchless Sir, thy honor'd breast  
Contains a purer gem  
Than e'er a monarch yet possess'd,  
To deck his diadem.

Oh! could my lips to thine be laid,  
I'd breathe a sigh to part,  
In ecstasy that should be paid,  
A tribute from my heart.

DONNA MARIA.