

**Fragment of a New Geographical and Political Catechism.**

We give the following as a brief specimen of a new work, with entirely new ideas, which is about being got up by the editor of the *New York Times*. Solomon said there was nothing new under the sun; but even Solomon, with all his wisdom, never dreamed of such a nation as Yankeedom, where they produce something new every day. For the purpose of enlightening our readers we give them a specimen of the new ideas at present being brought out in that land of white, lawless liberty, and black, merciless slavery. We may mention that although we are inclined to be quizzical at times, we throw aside our quizzicalities for the present, and beg to state that the answers in the following catechetical specimen are the literal words and ideas copied from the editorial columns of the *New York Times*, which is one of the most influential and respectable papers in the *glorious Union* (?) If such ideas begin already to flow from a respectable source, what may we expect from the smaller newspaper fry in that land of cheap newspapers and cheaper principles:—

Q.—What should the English Government understand at the present moment?

Ans.—That a great power has grown up on this side of the Atlantic, of more consequence to England than all the treaties that were signed between Lipsic and Waterloo.

Q.—What in reality is England?

Ans.—England, indeed, is a part of the United States.

Q.—What power in the world has England most reason to tremble before?

Ans.—The United States. No power in the world holds over any other power so vast and strenuous a control as is laid by the United States upon England.

Q.—Is the United States a generous, forbearing nation?

Ans.—Yes. She has no motive and no wish to go to war with England.

Q.—What does this forbearance exhibit?

Ans.—It shows the noble generosity and dignified sufferance of a great power towards a weaker and dependent one.

Q.—What should be the conduct of England under such circumstances?

Ans.—Before she ventures upon any steps that may lead her into a dangerous maritime struggle, she must prepare herself for the consequences of such a course upon her relations with the United States.

Q.—If she neglects this imperative duty what may she expect?

Ans.—She will be judged and held responsible by America.

Q.—If England is wise at the present moment what course will she pursue?

Ans.—She will conciliate America, and regain that moral (?) rank among the nations which she has seriously compromised by the foolish policy of her rulers and the recklessness of her Press.

We give this as a fair specimen of the cool impudence of the most unprincipled and greatest nation of huzbugs in the world. The *Answers* are an exact transcript of the words in the columns of the *New York Times*. We shall hail the publication and the widest dissemination of

the new catechism with much pleasure, and with the intense interest which the importance of the subject merits. We are glad to learn too from a confidential source that George Brown, with his usual euterprise, is to have early proof sheets sent to him by the American publishers, so that the work will be published here at the earliest moment. At his own expense, too, Mr. Brown will send a copy of the work to every member of the British Ministry, together with a copy of the *Written Constitution* he is preparing for Canada, so that poor dependant England may realize the value of the adage "Forewarned, forearmed."

How happy should we Canadians be when we reflect on how far we are from England, and so near to the United States. Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes! What though her Statesmen are the laughing stock of modern civilization, and her Press the most wretched rag manufactory in the world; still the former are the wisest mankind has ever seen, and the latter the most pure and incorruptible,—even although three cents can sometimes change the tone of an editorial—"Hail Columbia, happy land!" On this side of the line we shall never know what peace and prosperity are until we become part and parcel of meek, unassuming Yankeedom.

Citizen gentlemen of the United States, and you their noble brothers on this side of the line, ye glorious Grits, pray ye morning, noon and night in the words of the great Carlyle, "O beloved brother blockheads of mankind let us shut those wide mouths of ours!"

**Ontario.**

Roll on by day Ontario,  
Thou'rt beautiful by night,  
With the moon and stars reflecting  
On thy waters sparkling bright,  
While the zephyrs calmly sleeping,  
And dares not to awake  
One ruffle on thy glassy breast,  
Most calm and tranquil lake;  
Ontario, Ontario, thou art Queen of the Lakes,  
Upon thy shores in solitude,  
The thoughtful mind partakes  
Of feelings inexpressible,  
Of joys beyond compare.  
If we gaze upon Niagara,  
We see great wonders there:  
I oft have wandered on her banks,  
And heard the mighty sound  
Of that stupendous cataract,  
Through forest wild resound,  
And thought upon the wonders,  
Wrought by that power on high,  
Who made sun, moon, and all the stars,  
To light the azure sky.  
It was he who formed the deep abyss,  
O'er which the waters leap,  
And bid the waves forever,  
Their changeless tenor keep;  
They long have kept their course unchanged,  
Ere humankind has trod  
Upon the land then a wilderness;  
Ere the ploughshare turned the sod,  
The lonely Indian wanderer,  
That lingers by her shore,  
Says it has been long ere his time,  
Or e'en his sires before,  
And that oft his father worshipped it,  
At early dawn of day,  
While the rainbow shone upon its brow,  
In the sunlight's golden ray.  
Adieu, adieu, Ontario,  
For I may see no more,  
Thy bright waves calmly flowing.  
Or hear Niagara's roar,  
Yet I'll think of thee when far away,  
I'll think upon thy strand,  
And of thy woods, thy fields, and floods,  
Thou mighty forest land.

HAROLD.

**Correspondence.**

MR. EDITOR—

After a long silence I again address you confidentially, on a subject which is very dear to me. From my former letter you must have discovered that I am in love; that my heart has gone from under my control; that my affections are placed on some fair lady. To my own great sorrow, I also have found it out. But the strangest part of my love affair is, that, as yet I have been unable to find out who is the object of my affections—who is she. I know that I *am* in love and you so too, Mr. Editor. But that does not satisfy me. I want to know with whom—aye, there is the question—with whom. If you can tell—for I hear editors know everything—please inform me at once, and thereby you will relieve me much. Even since I became aware of the melancholy fact, I have been wandering around like one distracted. To such a degree did my infatuation carry me that I, a few evenings ago consented—which I now sincerely repent—to join a party of young men who were going to serenade a ladies' school. I thought I *might*, perhaps, catch a glimpse of her on whom my lost affections had fixed themselves. However, having set out, we duly arrived at our destination, and took up a position directly in front of the residence of the fair angels. There, for fully half an hour we expended a large amount of breath, seemingly to no purpose. During that time our eyes were directed earnestly at the different windows of the house, roaming from top to bottom, to see if any signs of life appeared within.

In vain did we, with ears distended, listen for the slightest movement. No creaking of shutters no suppressed whisperings, no heads. In vain did we pour forth the most melodious strains. In vain did we give in capital style, "gems from the operas."

At last a shutter was pushed back; a window began to open slowly, when to our great surprise and horror, there issued from the corner of the house several dark forms, accompanied by what to our excited imaginations, seemed a ferocious Bull-dog. With hoarse yells they bore down upon us, putting to flight not only all thoughts of singing, but also the whole of our little party.

With headlong impetuosity we dashed across the field that separated us from the road, tumbling over stones, stumbling over roots of trees, wading through puddles; yet allowing nothing to stay our progress till we reached the highway.

By that time our pursuers came up with us, and stayed our further flight by such exclamations as "what are we running about Ned, Tom, &c."

To our great surprise and horror we found them to be a party of our friends who had been serenading in the rear of the building, and who on hearing us had come around to see their rivals.

We explained our flight as best we could, all making excuses of some kind or other. Nothing, however, grieved me so much as my being deprived—with my wonted ill luck—of the felicity of seeing the fair one at the window.

Yours, &c.,

ANTHONY BASHFUL.

"How is your soul?" said a Village Parson to a verdant Bumpkin, the other day. The Bumpkin, looking at his boot, replied, "Pretty well, I thank you."