

els, having been suspended, a lowering of the rates of freight must follow as the consequence of the increased competition which, from the employment of foreign vessels, will be created. The maintenance of these laws has been injurious to the interests of Canada, by throwing into the hands of British ship-owners a monopoly of the trade between this Colony and England; and the rates of freight have consequently ruled much higher at Quebec than at New York. Now, however, the Canadian Provinces will have fair play, and aside from physical disadvantages, the rates of freight, like water left to itself, will find their true level.

HONOUR TO THE PLOUGH.

Though clouds o'ercast our native sky
And seem to dim the sun,
We will not down in languor lie,
Or deem the day is done;
The rural arts we loved before
No less we'll cherish now;
And crown the banquet, as of yore,
With Honour to the Plough.

In these fair fields, whose peaceful spoil
To faith and hope are given,
We'll seek the prize with honest toil,
And leave the rest to Heaven;
We'll gird us to our work like men
Who own a holy vow,
And if in joy we meet again,
Give Honour to the Plough.

Let Art, arrayed in magic power,
With Labour hand in hand;
Go forth, and now in peril's hour
Sustain a sinking land.
Let never Slath unnerve the arm,
Or fear the spirit cow;
These words alone should work a charm—
All Honour to the Plough.

The heath redress the meadow drain,
The latent swamp explore,
And o'er the long-expecting plain
Diffuse the quickening store;
Then fearless urge the furrow deep
Up to the mountain's brow,
And when the rich results you reap,
Give Honour to the Plough.

So still shall Health by pasture green
And nodding harvests roam,
And still behind her rustic screen
Shall Virtue find a home;
And while their bowers the muses build
Beneath the neighbouring bough,
Shall many a grateful verse be filled
With Honour to the Plough.

Literary Department.

NATURAL BEAUTIES OF IRELAND.

Every school boy who has read a geography, has learned something about the Giant's Causeway, in the South of Ireland. A description of it in a somewhat different form from what he may have read before, will not fail to interest, if it does not instruct the Canadian reader. We select the following graphic and beautiful description from the very interesting work of Dr. Durbin, entitled "Observations in Europe."

The afternoon was calm, and we seized the opportunity to row out to sea, turn a headland to the west, and enter the remarkable cavern, one of the greatest curiosities of the coast. We had four rowers and a gallant little boat that "rocked lightly over the tide." In ten minutes we doubled the perpendicular cape to our left, and a natural arch, ninety-six feet high and about twenty feet wide at the base, opened before us. It was high tide, and the heavy swells of the sea were rolling under it into a cavern which seemed of interminable length. The reverberation of the rushing waves was truly sublime. As our boat glided under the majestic portal, we could not restrain the wild hurrah; and the boatmen, catching the enthusiasm, repeated the acclamation with inspiring effect. We all panted, held our breath, and felt the slow but omnipotent swelling and sinking of the sea, as if it were the heaving of the lungs of the world.

Gliding out from the dark cavern, we rowed along the coast eastward, just near enough to have a good view of the successive ranges of well-defined basaltic columns like palisades inserted in the face of the cliffs, which were broken into headlands and coves, and rose from 300 to 400 feet to the table-land, which gradually declined towards the country. The ranges of columnar basalt were parallel to each other, and separated by strata of sandstone and coal. Men were working the coal seams high up in the face of the cliffs.

The small coves which lie between the headlands are full of basaltic rocks; and their banks rise precipitously in the form of amphitheatres, and were covered with grass, on which flocks of sheep were feeding.

The lowest columnar formation is at the water's edge, and partly covered at high tide. It is in

three divisions, and the upper ends only of the columns appear, like piles of timber driven into the earth. The surface is not even, some parts being higher than others. The columns are of different shapes: a few are triangular, the majority five or six sided, and occasional, octagonal. They are closely fitted to each other, and articulated in joints, like a nest of saucers, the joints being from twelve to thirty inches in length.

If the following scenes described by the same writer, have such charms, for the mere transient visitor, who is hurrying through the country; who can look back to no early associations connected with these scenes in the happy days of childhood; whose delight is unassociated with the "pleasure of memory," and arises spontaneously from the grandeur and magnificence of the objects themselves; what must be the delight, what the charms and fascinations which such scenes must have for those who drew their first breath there; who first wept, played, and loved there; who claim that as their country; who regard her beauty as their just pride and natural delight? If a stranger would desire such a spot for his last resting place, in what language of admiration shall the native of the country depict her natural beauties, and rehearse her old associations! But alas for Ireland! she is immersed in the lowest depths of human misery. The poetic feeling is banished by the pangs of hunger. The beautiful and the lovely are forgotten, or their presence only mocks the misery of dying thousands. The land of beauty has become the land of misery. Were the writer of the following to be transported to the dying bed of but one of the thousands of starving families, with what altered feelings would he look upon the scene! What a contrast would there be between it and the beautiful scenes he has described!

The lakes of Killarney lie in a semicircle around the base of a range of mountains, the highest in Ireland, called Macgillicuddy's Reeks, whose moss-covered sides and towering peaks add greatly to the charms of this beautiful spot. The lakes are three in number: the Lower Lake, Turk Lake, and Upper Lake. The two former are properly one sheet of water, being on the same level, but nearly separated from each other by a promontory that juts out from Muckross. The two latter, three miles apart, are connected by a long, winding channel. Our hotel lay upon the northern shore of the Lower Lake; but as the best views are to be obtained by taking boat at the upper or southern extremity, we made our arrangements for a car to convey us to Dina's Island, at the end of Turk Lake, engaging a boat and rowers to meet us there. After an early breakfast we set off, and enjoyed what is rather rare at Killarney, a fine day, with a slightly hazy sky; the very atmosphere for the enjoyment of lake scenery.

Before arriving at Dina's Island, we turned in from the road to see the ruins of Muckross Abbey, which lie upon Mr. Herbert's grounds, near the edge of the Upper Lake. Entering the grounds through a neat iron gate, we found a clean gravel road leading to within a hundred yards of the ruins, which are surrounded by fine old trees, with their roots twisted about the moss-grown rocks. A crumbling square tower still rises above the old walls, some of which remain in pretty good preservation. A thick mantle of ivy throws a richness and softness over the whole ruin; a perfectly-preserved Gothic window in the northern wall was overhung with its deep-green masses. One of the chapels is filled with vaults raised a few feet above the ground, covered with a tangled growth of flowers and ivy. I had seen the costly tombs of Pere la Chaise; I had stood among the monuments of the dead in old cathedrals and gorgeous Pantheons; but never before had I seen a spot which inspired me with a wish that my last resting-place might be there. Around me lay the graves of Irish chieftains in the chapel where, centuries before, the prayers of holy men had been offered night and morning; and now its shattered walls were covered with flowers, where bees gathered sweetness, and seemed, with their soft hum that filled the quiet air, to prolong the requiem for the departed. In one of the courts was one of the finest yew-trees I had ever seen. Its old arms stretched over the walls, and the upper branches formed a green dome for the entire court.

We left the abbey, and returned to the road through Mr. Herbert's beautiful grounds. Just

as we entered the car, a little girl of twelve or thirteen ran up to us with pears to sell; and though the car moved on rapidly, she kept up with us with ease, urging us to purchase. Unfortunately, I had no small money, and I told her so: when she replied, in a breath, "May your honour's word never be doubted!" We stopped, took her fruit, and promised to leave the money with the driver; and her ready acquiescence in the arrangement showed that she was willing to trust our "honour's word." Arriving at Dina's Island, we found our boat ready, embarked, passed through the channel, and in an hour were in the Upper Lake. Closely hemmed in by the mountains—clothed nearly to their summits with rich purple heather—and thickly studded with islands, some of them naked rocks, and others covered with rich flowering shrubs, noble ash-trees, and more striking than all, with the beautiful arbutus, this little lake combines a variety of lovely scenes that cannot be surpassed. Throughout all the lakes, nothing struck me more than the wonderful richness of the foliage and the bloom of the wild flowers. The arbutus, elsewhere but a shrub, here often becomes a large tree, and, with its many-coloured leaves and tempting berries, adds greatly to the beauty of the little islands on which it flourishes so luxuriantly. A number of neat cottages built by the proprietors around the banks of the lake add to the picturesque effect.

The narrow channel between the Upper and Turk Lakes affords a pleasing variety of river scenery. The Eagle's Nest, however, is the great point of attraction; it is a rugged mountain, some twelve hundred feet high, in whose craggy peaks the golden eagle has his eyry. One of the finest echoes for which Killarney is so celebrated is heard at this point. We had two buglemen with us, and their sonorous notes awoke a thousand echoes from the surrounding hills, that prolonged the sounds with magical effect. A cannon was fired upon shore, and its continued reverberations were like bursts of thunder among the mountains. Passing down the channel, we approached Weir's Bridge, a picturesque old structure, thrown across the stream near its mouth in Turk Lake. The channel runs with great rapidity; and, as there is but one arch affording a passage for boats, it sweeps wildly through this narrow way, and some skill is required to effect the shoot without accident. One of our company, who had the helm, was hardly quick enough in his movements, and the boat was hurled with such violence against a projecting rock as to throw one of the boatmen off his balance, and almost to give us all a plunge into the rapid stream. At last we shot through, and soon emerged into the open lake below.

Turk Lake is less striking than the Upper Lake, but yet abounds in beauty. But the charms of the Lower Lake eclipsed both of the others. What a sweet spot is Glenna, with Lady Kenmare's pretty cottage, embowered with shrubs and flowers, by the water side, and the high peak of the mountain behind it! But the chief attractions of the lake are the island of Innisfallen and Russ Island. The approach to the latter by water affords a more exquisite scene than I remember on any of the lakes of Switzerland; but Innisfallen is a perfect paradise. Its noble ash and yew trees, its thickets of arbutus, its wilderness of flowers, its sunny lawns and shaded dells, and the crumbling ruins of its old abbey, make up a scene of varied loveliness, within a compass of thirty acres, that cannot be rivalled, I believe, in the world. I could hardly tear myself away from the spot, and adopted heartily the words of Moore:

"Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
May calm and sunshine long be thine;
How fair thou art let others tell,
While but to feel how fair is mine.

Sweet Innisfallen, fare thee well,
And long may light around thee smile,
As soft as on that evening fell
When first I saw thy fairy isle."

I had but one day to spend at Killarney, and could have enjoyed weeks; but our plans could not be altered, and we reluctantly bade adieu to the lakes and returned to our hotel.

On the east of the lakes are the domains of Mr. Herbert and of Lord Kenmare. To the latter the town of Killarney belongs; and I was disposed to form a bad opinion of him from the pauperism and wretchedness I saw there, until I learned that the land is held by others under him, under long leases. His domains generally seem to be improving; and, though many of the poor in the neighborhood speak ill of him, I was told that he was making judicious exertions for the benefit of his people. This, of course, can be only said of him in comparison with others. A man that derives £40,000 a year from an estate, by means of the toil of his fellows, is bound to do a great deal for their comfort. It was a repulsive feature in all the fine domains about Killarney that they were encompassed by high walls, their paradisiacal

beauty being thus kept out of sight of the wretched peasantry around. The lake shore cannot be seen except by permission to pass through the grounds of some of the rich proprietors. The boat that carried us over the lakes brings revenue to Lord Kenmare. A noble crew we had: fine, full-chested fellows, with bright eyes and ready tongues; and my heart bled for them, toiling so willingly for their pittance of tenpence a day. Yet they are full of the sense of wrong: God forbid that it should ever be ground out of them! "We lead a dog's life here, so we do; and it'll never be better," said one of them, sadly, as, with his fellows, he was rowing us over their own beautiful lake. He spoke truth. At all events, it will never be better until the soil of Ireland shall be restored to Irishmen.

From Brown's Whaling Cruise.

ETCHINGS OF A WHALE CRUISE, A WHALE CHASE.

April 8th, 1843. We were running down for the Albatross Islands, with a fine steady breeze. The morning was bright and clear, and the water of that peculiar color which whalers regard as the favorite resort for whales. I had the forenoon watch below, and was just congratulating myself upon getting through with my 'double altitudes,' when the loud, clear voice of a man at the mast head came ringing down the forecastle.

"There she blows!" was the thrilling cry.

"That's once," shouted the Captain.

"There she blows."

"That's twice, by jingo."

"There she blows."

"Three times! Where away, Tabor."

"Off the weather bow, two points."

"How far?"

"A mile and a half. There she blows."

"Sperm whale! Call all hands."

There was a rush on deck, each man trying to get to the scuttle first. Then came half a dozen loud knocks, and a hoarse voice shouting:

"Larboard watch ahoy! Turn out my lads! Sperm whale in sight! Heave out! Lash and carry! Rise and chime! Bear a hand my lively hearties!"

Those who were 'rolled in' rolled out as soon as possible, and buckled on their ducks, in less than two minutes were all on deck, ready for orders. The tubs were put in the boats, and the main yard hauled aback. We all now perched ourselves in the rigging, and kept a sharp look-out on every side for the whale's next rising. Twenty minutes had elapsed since the spout was first seen: twenty five passed and the Captain began to get in a state of nervous anxiety. We strained our eyes in all directions to "make a spout." Half an hour flew by and no spout was seen. It began to look like a hopeless case, when Tabor, whose visual organs appeared to have the power of ubiquity, sang out—

"There she blows! there she blows!"

"Where now?" roared the captain.

"Off the weather quarter! Two large sperm whales, sir. Go it, boats."

"Clear away the boats. Come down from the mast-head all you that don't belong there. Bear a hand! we'll take them this rising!" shouted the captain, in a fierce sharp voice.

"All ready, sir."

"Lower away, then."

The waist and larboard boats were instantly let down ready to head on. Capt. A—and some of his boats crew being too ill to man the other boat, we struck off for the whales without them. I pulled the aft oar, as usual; and as by this time I was as tough and muscular as my comrades, the boat danced along the water in fine style. Although the larboard boat was much easier pulled, and had the oldest and stoutest of the whole crew, we contrived by unusual exertions, to keep ahead of her till the real tug of war came. Then was our mettle put to the test. One of the whales was leisurely making to windward not more than a mile off.

"Lay back, my lads!" cried P—, pale with excitement. "Keep the larboard boat astern. Never say die. That's our whale—oh, do spring—do spring! No noise—steady and soft's the word."

We replied to this appeal by 'piling up the agony' on our oars. Away sprang our boat, trembling and quivering as she darted through the water—she really seemed to imbibed the general excitement as she parted the clear blue waves and dashed, its foaming front bows. Onward she flew. The larboard boat was hard upon our stern; the whale rolling lazily in the trough of the sea a few darts ahead.

"Oh lay back, lay back!" whispered P—, trembling with eagerness not to be outdone by the mate. "Do spring my boys, if you love gin. Now's your time! Now or never! Oh see him!—see him! how quiet he lies. Put the beef on your oars, every mother's