

THE ORANGE LILY.

Poetry.

Bury me There.

Not in the busy bustling town,
 Where pomp and pride roll on apace,
 Where beauty seeks its short renown,
 And honor runs its restless race;
 Not there, not there, I could not sleep
 Amid its constant crash and roar,
 Though misers might my vigil keep,
 While gloating on their golden ore,
 Ye've'er thy grave too oft could crime
 Gravel round and leave its blood stain'd slime.

Not in the dark, unfathom'd deep,
 Where angry billows roll and roar,
 Where scowling surges swiftly sweep
 The shivering sailor's bark from shore;
 Not there, not there, give me a grave:
 Though ocean's wealth would o'er it rise,
 And gold and gems adorn each wave,
 Still it were drear, hid from yon skies,
 And bli' twere hard to know and feel,
 No mother o'er her boy could kneel.

Not on the mountain's lofty brow,
 Where elemental conflicts wage,
 And heaven's apprentice seems to bow
 To read the preface of earth's page;
 Make not my grave in such lone spot,
 So far above my fellow men;
 'T would seem as if all had forgot
 Me, who slept in that tomb—and then
 None, save the cold and scorn'd eye,
 Would on it gaze, or o'er it sigh!

Not let my sepulchre be sunk,
 Within a wild and stormy dell,
 Beside some blue stream's mossy bank,
 Altho' nature's favorite dwells,
 There would I rest in sweet repose,
 Lost in the long, long Lethe dream,
 Careless of the withering woes,
 That curse my every fondness, scheme,
 And dimm'd with disappointment's breath,
 Enjoys of life and hopes of death!

Not think I'll heed their hallowed ground,
 Or urns of consecrated clay,
 Or warblers' anthems peal around,
 And pine-trees hymn my dirge each day;
 Not hold, pure and bright the spot,
 Which bigotry hath never freed,
 And all the domes that pride begot,
 Or superstitions gave to God,
 To wipe from off their troubled mind,
 The horrors crime had left behind.

Not lay me, when the rays of life
 Fall to illumine this flashing eye,
 In nature's hut and dreaded strife,
 Shall read this veil'd uncertainty.
 No, in the vale, safe from these but few,
 Above my mould'ring ashes kneel,
 Not the stupid gaze of view,
 A corpse for which he cannot feel;
 Not in summer's sunset hour,
 By herbs made that gave your bowen!

Hessy Keweenaw
 Bytown, August, 1853

Bury me There.

Oh! stranger, if I chance to die
 Beneath a roof of thine,
 Lay not my dust where kin may cry,
 Fond brothers weep or sisters sigh,
 O'er ashes frail as mine.

Nor where above my bones should lay
 The wealth by avarice got,
 Where man considers man his prey,
 Where empty pride asserts its way,
 Too soon to be forgot.

No—not on all earth's wide domain,
 Could I select one sod,
 Where I would wish to sleep when pain
 Is o'er, when endless slumbers rig,
 Beneath death's awful nod.

But sleep! oh, keep for me a place,
 Beneath the ocean's brine,
 Where a fond mother's anxious face
 Can on no mourning marble trace,
 A sin-sunk name of mine.

Yes, deeply sink my last of earth
 In ocean's deepest deep,
 Where nought can tell my death or birth,
 Where man a slave to thoughtless mirth,
 Can't mock death's dreaded sleep.

Yes, if you say you'll bury me,
 Where ocean's surges sigh,
 Where none my tomb can ever see,
 Where salty spray shall boil in glee,
 I care not where I die.

JANUS.
 August 12, 1853.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

(From the Albany Register.)

The town of Sault St. Marie is like an Eastern village. It is an irregular scattering of houses new and old, all framed if we except few, of logs. The enclosures are former and stockades, of cedar posts, set close together and sharpened at the top. There are a few stores, at which boxes of birch bark ornamented with bright-colored porcupine quills, the handiwork of some Indian women, form a chief commodity of trade. There are plenty of drinking shops, and a liberal supply of bowling alleys and billiard tables; there are two good hotels, and a good many others of doubtful complexion. There is a mission house and school, not very attractive in appearance, and a church nearly done. There are clearings for a few miles along the river, backed by wet lands covered with birches and balsam fir; there are some three miles of road, and then there are woods and wilderness stretching East and North and West for hundreds of miles, to the Mississippi and to Hudson Bay.

The old Indian agency house, built by Mr. Schoolcraft on the river side, is a nice place, with its grove of firs, and another of elms, and the barracks of Fort Brady have the air of neatness which belongs to Uncle Sam's property everywhere. The fort, however, is a mere square enclosed of pickets, with block houses at the angles, of no

strength except to resist a sudden attack of Indians,—a danger not likely to occur hereafter.

On the Canadian side of the river, at the foot of the rapids, stands the post of the Hudson Bay Company, a range of low buildings surrounded by a palisade, and lower down the river is a substantial stone house, like the old Johnston places in the Mohawk valley, built for some of the Company's officials, but now turned to other uses. In the river above the rapids lay a schooner belonging to the same ancient corporation, and used for their trade on Lake Superior. Just now this little settlement is much enlivened by an enterprise which will reduce it to still less than its old importance. The provoking rapid of twenty feet, which bars the navigation between Lake Huron and Lake Superior, and which has imposed on all travel and business a stop at this point and a portage of a mile, is to be avoided by a canal, on which a regiment of laborers are in full activity under the pay of the "St. Mary's Falls" Ship Canal Company. This association, composed of some of the most enterprising men of New York, New England and the West, is constructing under the direction of the general government and the State of Michigan, a canal of unequalled dimensions. It is to be one hundred feet in width, twelve feet deep, and with locks three hundred and fifty feet long and seventy wide, to admit the largest steamers of the lower lakes. Their powder-gates will be the gates of Lake Superior, or the portals of the Northwest, and will permit its incalculable mineral wealth to pass freely down to the East and South.

It is needless to say that the "mining interest" is anxious for the early completion of this important work. The responsible and energetic company which has contracted to build it is pressing it forward with vigor. An immense amount of work has been accomplished under many difficulties. The excavation, both rock and earth, is nearly completed, this labour having been prosecuted through the winter, and the masonry work of the locks is about commencing. The stone for these structures is brought from Sandusky, no suitable material being obtainable nearer. The contractors of the work are confident of completing it so far as to pass vessels before the setting in of the winter. The work thus far appears to be done in a most thorough manner. When the huge channel shall be filled with the clear waters from above, and steamers a hundred yards in length, and a thousand tons in burden are lifted by its locks, until the vast expanse of Lake Superior lies open before their prows, there will commence a new era for the shores of that inland sea.

At present, there are two side-wheel steamers and two propellers on this lake. A fourth propeller, the Independence, was blown up near the cault last season. Going on board the Sam Ward, at the head of the portage, we pursued our way up the St. Mary's river, here a broad lake-like expanse, with level, pine-covered shores. Soon passing the high walls of the Gras Cap on the right, and Point Iroquois on the left, we fairly entered on that Lake, the very name of which we had ever associated with the idea of remoteness and loneliness. No, the reality vary from the