

bleeding bodies, severed limbs, and heads, present a scene, at the narration of which humanity turns aside to weep. Females who with anxious hearts awaited the termination of the battle, are now come to ascertain whether their lovers, husbands, brothers or sons are among the fallen number. Here a tender mother bewails the untimely fate of her only son, the solace of her old age, the staff of her declining years; here the affectionate wife sits in agony by a lifeless body, and laments the doom of the object of her early love; and here a sister bemoans a fallen brother. How melancholy is the reflection while passing over the blood-stained field, that those persons whom we saw in the morning, in all the vigor of life flushed with anticipation, and perhaps contemplating a triumph at eve, are now slumbering in silence, entwined with the icy arms of death—victims to the murderous hands of their brothers.

Mankind are deluded with the fancy that the warriors death is a glorious one, like the followers of the eastern Prophet, supposing death in battle almost a certain passport to Paradise. But have they ever witnessed this death? To die—one would wish for a place affording them an opportunity for reflection, but it is not to be found here. The soldier falls, and while weltering in his own blood, is trodden under foot by his surviving comrades or the prancing cavalry; and his own body is made the pillow of a fallen brother, added to which the roaring of fire arms—the shrieks of the fallen, and the shouts of the combatants are sufficient to drive reason from her home. No friendly countenance appears to comfort him—no hand of sympathy is stretched out to support him in his dying agony, and he sinks unpitied and unseen. Who could envy such a death as this; and yet it is the death of the soldier. Where then is the glory of War? It is glory so won in collision and reaped in blood, mankind have never looked at the aggregate of evil attending it.

Were all those who have fallen in battle since the foundation of the world collected together, from what mountain could the observer behold the extent of the mighty mass which would present the heterogeneous compound of every grade, from the rude and uncultivated Cannibal to the enlightened and humble Christian? Were the whole amount of blood shed in battle poured into the sea, methinks the whole of the vast expanse from north to the south Pole would be rendered florid by it. And were the whole amount of property of all kinds, expended and destroyed by this horrible custom collected into one mass it would form an aggregate that the mines of America could not purchase.

These are the consequences of war, and

will a nation of Christians continue to tolerate this wretched custom, or will they rather seek to hasten that blissful era when 'nation shall not lift the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.'
E. W. H. E.

THE CASSET.

Devoted to Select Tales, Sketches from Biography, Natural and Civil History, Poetry, Anecdotes, the Arts, Essays, and Interesting Miscellany.

HAMILTON, APRIL 7, 1832.

• SPRING.—The snow is gone, the snow, which in the recollection of the oldest settlers, has continued longer and been more severe during the past winter than any other for the last 50 years, is now over, and that season of the year the most agreeable and delicious to man, has returned.

The spring, whose genial influence receives all nature, now banishes every remembrance of a long and dreary winter. How gratified did I feel at an early hour this morning while listening to the wood-notes wild of some of our singing birds perched on apple trees; they were the first I heard for the season, and the effect was inexpressible; how joyous does every part of animated nature appear even at this early period of the season. But man, he whom the great ruler of the universe hath endowed with reasoning faculties, yes, it is to him the present time of the year is most precious, and by him most justly valued; behold how he loves the early morn, how beauteous the rising sun, how grateful the early dew. See the Farmer surrounded by his laborers, his oxen, his ploughs, what bustle in the farm yard, every body is busy, the men, the women, the grown children all on the alert, the chopping, the sugar boiling, the logging, are all going on, and all for the sustenance, the comfort and happiness of the human race. Almighty regulator of the world, by whom all things were made, make us truly thankful to thee for all thy unmerited favors, and grant unto the people of this country thy constant protection in their just and honest undertakings. How many other useful and beneficial occupations present themselves to busy man at this happy season: observe your mercantile man stepping out in the morning and rubbing his hands, ah! he says, we shall now in a few days have the navigation open, I must be first to ship my Pork and Flour, and in return bring up the Summer Goods. Oh! happy Hamilton, how partial has nature been to thee. Placed at the head of the finest inland navigation in the world, how bright are thy prospects. The Country teeming with all the valuable productions of the earth, and inhabited by thousands of respectable, industrious, and hon-

est people. Governed by the just laws of your Country, thy speedy increase to a City is certain, and may the happiness and prosperity of thine inhabitants be unbounded.

LADY'S BOOK.—We have received the March No. of a very interesting periodical under this title, published monthly in Philadelphia, on a fine Super Royal sheet, in pamphlet form: each No. containing upwards of sixty pages. It is printed in a very neat and handsome manner, and the present number, which is the first we have ever seen, contains a most interesting variety of original and selected matter, and is embellished with several elegant engravings. We hope, and doubt not, that it will receive the liberal patronage which it so highly merits.

NEW GAS.—The Birmingham papers have just announced the discovery of a new Gas in that fruitful depot of inventions. It is for brilliancy, superior to any now in use, for illuminating streets, or for domestic purposes, and it is entirely the produce of water.

ENGLAND contains 10,000 leagues of roads, 15,000 leagues of canals, and 12,000 leagues of rail roads. The territory of Franco is twice as extensive as that of England, and has only 1,500 leagues of roads, 500 leagues of canals, and forty leagues of rail roads.

RUSSIAN IMPROVEMENTS.—The Directors of roads and causeways in Russia have just offered a prize of 10,000 rubles to the author of the best treatise, having for its object the acceleration, by the aid of mechanical power, of navigation in small and large rivers.—Roch. Mir.

NEW AGENTS.—Duncan McGregor P. M. Raleigh—William McCormick P. M. Colchester—James L. Green, Waterford—Michael Homer Burlington Beach.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"Ode to Canada," "P." and several other communications have been received, and shall appear soon.

RECEIPTS.

From Messrs C. Ingersoll, P. M.—W. J. Sumner—J. S. Howard, P. M.—N. Barnhart—F. R. Comer—H. V. A. Rapelgie—Obed W. Everett.

REMITTANCES.—Messrs Wm. Hixson \$2, David Camfield \$1, John Robinson \$1, F. R. Comer \$2, John Moseley \$2, Duncan Mc. Donald \$2, Wm. Ross \$2, H. V. A. Rapelgie. \$2.