

The following is a translation from an ancient Spanish Poem, which, says the Edinburgh Review, is surpassed by nothing with which we are acquainted in the Spanish language, except the Odes of Lewis de Leon:

Oh! let the soul its slumbers break,  
Arouse its senses and awake,  
To see how soon  
Life like its glories glides away,  
And the stern footsteps of decay  
Come stealing on.

And while we eye the rolling tide,  
Down which our rolling minutes glide  
Away so fast;  
Let us the present hour employ,  
Nor deem each future dream a joy  
Until it's past.

Earth's brightest dreams deceive the mind;  
We seek no more man's hope to find  
To-morrow than to-day.  
Like Youth when dreams of yore were bright  
Like them the present shall delight  
Like them decay.

Its joys like lasting streams must be  
Lugubred in one engulfing sea,  
There doomed to fall.  
The son of death whose waves roll on  
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,  
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,  
Alike the humble riv'let's glide  
To that sad wave;  
Death levels poverty and pride,  
And rich and poor sleep side by side  
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place;  
Life is the running of the race;  
And death the goal;  
There all those glittering toys are brought,  
That path alone, of all unsought,  
Is found of all.

Say then how poor and little worth  
Are all those glittering toys of earth,  
That lure us here!  
Dreams of a sleep that death must break;  
Alas! before it bids us wake,  
We disappear!

Long ere the damp of death can blight,  
The cheek's pure glow of red and white  
Has passed away;  
Youth smiled, and all was heavenly fair;  
Age came and laid his finger there,  
And where are they!

Where is the strength that spurned decay,  
The step that roll'd so light and gay,  
The heart's blithe tone?  
The strength is gone, the step is slow,  
And joy grows weariness and woe  
When age comes on.

Literary Department.

NOTES OF A TRIP TO THE WEST.

BY ONE OF THE EDITORS.

On Thursday morning, the 12th inst., I went on board the Steamer *Admiral* for Lewiston, at which place we arrived about one o'clock. The surface of Lake Ontario was calm, the waves were in a profound slumber, and the little ripples, which danced on its bosom, sent forth a low murmur, which reminded me of "the conch's mellow tone." From Lewiston I crossed on the Ferry Boat to Queenston. I remained in Queenston till the cars returned from Chippewa, and spent the afternoon in viewing the beautiful scenery of the Niagara river, and in paying a visit to Brock's monument. At Queenston the great Republic and England's best Colony are divided by little more than an imaginary line. As one walks up the hilly road leading into the town, the "heights" on either side of the Niagara River, which lies to the left, seem ready to kiss each other, and when you stand in that position which prevents you seeing the river they appear to meet at their base, and the trees which grow on the opposite banks seem to mingle their branches harmoniously together. But it is a delusion: they are divided by the swift flowing waters of the far famed Niagara. When you have ascended above the town and approach the margin of the river, you are brought in full view of that immense moving mass of water, and the eye pursuing the stream upwards rests on the rocky banks, almost perpendicular, which seem to grudge a place to the tenacious trees which, regardless of the rocky sterility of their birth place, are content to drag out their scrubby existence, that they may be witnesses of the beauties around them! The rock gradually rises as the eye pursues the river upwards, and the whole surface of the elevation, viewing it in the distance, appears covered with a forest of the most beautiful trees I ever beheld, but as an attempt on my part

to give a description of them would only prove a failure, I shall not make it.

Of Queenston, with its dozen and a half of stone houses, and its somewhat formidable looking Custom-House, I will only say

"God made the country, man the town." There is now less business done at Queenston than was done there 15 years ago, the Welland Canal having diverted the traffic to other places. From Queenston to Chippewa there is a separate branch of the Electric Telegraph, which is found to be a great convenience, but I was told by the principal proprietor it does not pay, nor is there any prospect that it ever will.

I climbed, with some difficulty, for the day was very hot and the heights are very steep, up to Brock's Monument, which in the disturbances which followed what is sometimes called the rebellion of 1837, was very much shattered by an attempt to destroy it. The vandal-like act, for which it would be impossible to find a reason or an excuse, is generally attributed to a man named Lett. I went inside the monument. The walls are very thick, but riven from the top to the base, and the winding stairs by which visitors were wont to ascend to the top, are entirely destroyed. The stone on which the epitaph is inscribed is also split in the centre, and it was not without some difficulty that I succeeded in copying the inscription into my note book. It is as follows:—

UPPER CANADA.

Has dedicated this monument to the memory of the late  
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, B. C. B.,  
Provincial Lieutenant Governor  
And Commander of the Forces in this Province.  
Whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath.  
Opposing the Invading Enemy,  
He fell in action near these heights  
On the 13th October, 1812,  
In the 43rd year of his age,  
Revered and lamented  
By the people whom he governed,  
And deplored by the Sovereign  
To whose service his life had been devoted.

The Railroad cars which run from Queenston to Chippewa, a distance of seven miles, are drawn by horses. The evening train started, and I along with them, an hour or so before "the sun had sunk beneath the Western horizon." The country over which the cars pass, is delightful, especially so on this side of the Falls. The farms have been cleared a sufficient length of time to allow the remains of the timber to rot out; and, though the land is not of the best quality, there is about them an air of neatness, of comfort, and of independence, which might well excite the envy of those who are compelled to breathe the unwholesome atmosphere of the city. At eight o'clock the cars were in Chippewa, whence the steamer for Buffalo started at six o'clock next morning. In a few minutes after starting we were out of the Chippewa river, and above the foaming cataract. The waters of the Niagara river rush towards the mighty precipice over which they tumble, with a rapidity which involuntarily awakens in the mind of the steamboat passenger unwelcome speculations on the result of any accident, which should cause a cessation of the machinery's movement. The fate of the *Caroline* and of the hapless sleeping Indian in his canoe, flashes through the mind. We kept on the Canadian side of Navy Island, and did not stop on the American side at Schlosser, from which place the *Caroline* was cut when she was sent over the Falls. Navy Island, situated in the centre of the river, contains about 200 acres, and is celebrated as the rendezvous of the sympathizers of 1838. It is about a rifle shot from the main shore, on which more than one building still bears marks of shot fired from the Island. As we proceed up the river, the rapidity of the current gradually diminishes; until we approach the mouth of Buffalo harbour, when it again increases. In one part of the rapids, at this point you can see the rocks rising almost to the water's surface.

We entered Buffalo harbour about half-past eight o'clock. The presence of such vast numbers of splendid looking steamboats, and lake craft of a smaller description,

and the lines of canal boats that throng the canal, impresses one with a favourable idea of the energy and enterprise of the Americans, while at the same time, it tells of the unlimited resources of the great West. In five minutes after landing I was at Huff's Hotel, where we left our "baggage" & walked through the town, and along the docks at which lay the Western steamers, and went on board of three or four of them. With the exception, perhaps, of some of the Hudson River boats, I have seen none which, for convenience and even splendour are fit to be compared to these Western steamers. They would furnish a fine model for a better class of boats so much wanted on Lake Ontario. In calm weather a trip on these Western boats is any thing but unpleasant. Each individual, or each company of two or three individuals, is supplied with a separate state-room. For the accommodation of the ladies, nearly all the boats carry a piano-forte; and after night it is not unusual to form cotillion parties in the saloon.

Emigration rolls westward in a full tide. Thousands of emigrants, from almost every country of Europe, but of whom the majority appear to be Dutch, are every week wending their way westward to seek a home on the wide prairie. There are also large numbers of intelligent Americans, impelled by the spirit of adventure, constantly emigrating from the Eastern States to the West.

On our way to Detroit we touched but twice; at Erie in Pennsylvania, and at Cleveland, Ohio. Erie is a very neat, quiet looking place, half-country, half-town, containing about 5000 or 6000 inhabitants. It supports four newspapers. The only business of any account done here, is in the coal line. Of Cleveland we saw but little, as it was scarcely day-break when we touched there on our way up.

We reached Detroit after a passage of 33 hours. Detroit, the capital of the State of Michigan, is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Detroit (meaning narrow) river, the site of the city being an elevation of about 30 feet above the water. In some parts of the city the streets are unusually wide, and adorned at the sides with rows of trees, have a very beautiful appearance. The practice of planting trees along the sides of the streets is peculiar to American cities, and a very commendable one it is. The city can boast of several good public buildings, for the erection of which, and for other improvements, the city debt has been swelled to nearly \$300,000. Michigan has her railroads, her university, endowed with 46,080 acres of land, and a common school system which places the advantage of a common education within the reach of all her sons.

On the Canada side of the Detroit River, opposite the city of Detroit, with which it is connected by two steam ferry boats, is the village of Windsor. It is a place without enterprise and without business. It is to be the Western terminus of the Great Western Railroad, for which its ready communication with Detroit at all seasons of the year, renders it peculiarly eligible. About a mile and a half east of Windsor is the town of Sandwich. It is one of the most beautiful places I ever saw; but, like Windsor, it is almost totally without business. It is a more appropriate residence for the poet than the merchant. It has one main street of considerable length, along which very neat houses, generally of wood, and well painted, are rather thinly scattered, and attached to nearly every one of which is an orchard, in which, in addition to a good number of fruit trees kept for use, the presence of the locust and other ornamental trees, shows that beauty and taste have not been forgotten. As one walks along the street, the intermediate spaces between the houses, ever and anon, bring in full view the calm and beautiful river, and its no less beautiful opposite bank. Indeed nature seems to have thrown a charm over the whole place. Even the ladies of Sandwich can boast of something more than ordinary beauty, if it be not a contradiction to place the two words "ordinary" and "beauty" in such close relationship. The majority of

the population are French, who, as colonists, it has often been remarked, seldom take the lead in any great enterprise. This may perhaps account, in part, for the want of energy by which the place is characterized. Sandwich has a large and well-built Roman Catholic Church in which the French language is used in those parts of the service where the rules of that church do not require the use of Latin. The country in the immediate neighbourhood of Sandwich was settled at an early period. The crops are good and the potato rot has not appeared. As my visit was a very brief one, I had no opportunity of making much inquiry or observation upon the state of agriculture in this part of Canada.

I fear the reader's patience will be exhausted, and it would be an act of cruelty to impose upon his good nature.

SELF-EDUCATION.

The Education, moral and intellectual, of every individual, must be, chiefly, his own work. There is a prevailing and fatal mistake on this subject. It seems to be supposed that if a young man be sent first to a grammar school, and then to college, he must of course become a scholar; and the pupil, himself, is apt to imagine that he is to be the mere passive recipient of instruction, as he is of the light and atmosphere which surround him. But, this dream of indolence must be dissipated, and you must be awakened to the important truth, that, if you aspire to excellence, you must become active and vigorous co-operators with your teachers, and work out your own distinction with an ardour that cannot be quenched, a perseverance that considers nothing done, while anything remains yet to be done. Rely upon it that the ancients were right *Quis que sua fortuna, suber*—both in morals and intellect we give their final shade to our own characters, and thus become emphatically the architects of our own fortunes. How else should it happen, gentlemen, that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference is very often in favour of the disappointed candidate. You shall see issuing from the walls of the same school—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet, you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity and wretchedness; while, on the other hand, you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you! can do no more than to afford you the opportunity of instruction; but it must depend at least on yourselves; whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be assured—I speak from observation, a certain truth: "There is no excellence without great labour." It is the fiat of Fate from which no power of genius can absolve you. Genius unexercised is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort. It is this capacity for high and long continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide-sweeping comprehension of mind—and those long reaches of thought that

Pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon,  
Or drive into the bottom of the deep,  
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,  
And drag up drowned honour by the lock.

This is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements which are to enrol your names among the great men of the earth.

But how are you to gain the nerve and the courage for enterprises of this path and moment? I will tell you: As Milo gained that *hoc signo vinces*; for this must be your work, not that of your teachers. Be you not waiting to yourselves, and you will accomplish all that your parents, friends, and country have a right to expect.—*Writ.*

HOME.

Thrice hallowed word! In all the wide range of language and of thought, there is no sound that falls so sweet on the ear or calms the weary soul like this. They that have never left the parental roof, and go forth to mingle with the