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Volume 1 No. 3

THE
CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

Vol. 1.]

YORK, MARCH 1833.

[No. 3.]

THE EMIGRANT.—No. 3.

“ Know'st thou the Land of the mountain and flood,
Where the Pine of the forest for ages has stood ;
Where the Eagle soars forth on the wings of the storm.
And screams o'er the hills which his God doth adorn ?
'Tis the Land of thy hope, 'tis the Land of our dream,
Where in fancy we wander by mountain and stream.”

ALTERED FROM MRS. ELLIOT.

WE went aboard, affected with melancholy, from the terrified countenances of the male inhabitants of Trois Rivieres, who, as in all other places, have plenty of bluster, and ‘ much speaking,’ but infinitely less of that calm, quiet, unostentatious bravery, which is natural in the female character, and makes their society so pleasing, their beauty so enchanting, their friendship so invaluable, and their love, beyond what mortal could ever have imagined for himself: causing a thrilling tremor of delight to pervade the soul, rendered nearly insensible, from excess of undefinable rapture ; and which no Angel can have a conception of, unless he has been man, walked arm in arm by greenwood tree, sat upon a mossy bank near a murmuring rivulet, or noble river, rushing over its rocky bed, looking at the mild lightning of her full eye, and shade, thrown by her raven hair upon the neck, formed by an Almighty Artist. Unless of man's nature, such rapture could not be felt and experienced,—because, although birds would sing more melodiously, on the approach of such glorious perfection,* and the creeping things chirp without fear, as the little feet fall with noiseless tread, close to the placē where they have chosen to sing and bask, without thinking that, in a short time, a change and transformation will take place, altering their shape, which is first precluded from experiencing pain, by insensibility. It is likely that these, and others, will rejoice, at the near presence of such an exalted creature ;—that Angels will bend, looking with complacency ; but even these last, with all their knowledge of the past, present, and to come, cannot feel the pleasure, devotion, extacy, which man experiences, when beside the being who returns his affection, and whom he has singled from all her lovely sisterhood. None but man can feel these, because he was created to experience such sensations ; and she was made to excite and satisfy them, in man alone. When cur

* Perfection when compared to gold hunting man.

souls and bodies part, and we become more pure, we shall either have such companions, or the mind, being fully occupied with the goodness of God, and in executing His dispensations, shall be completely happy; so that, if their company is denied, we will not be miserable, and our existence a blank, without one particle of enjoyment,—as would inevitably be the case, were our only true objects of sublunary admiration—even adoration, removed from the face of this earth; by which poetry would cease, language be corrupted, manners become gross, religion neglected, God despised, and man, with all his pride, be, what woman exalts him above—an accountable brute.

The men at Trois Rivières were paralyzed by terror, from love of their own precious carcases, dislike of them descending to rotting places, the pain of dying, and fear of what the poor soul must endure, for ‘the white lies,’ just ‘told in the way of business,’ and ‘could not signify an ounce of snuff’: all was self! self! self!—Not so the females; they looked with more affection to relatives; hugged their children, the presence of mortality having proved for the first time, the inordinate strength of a mother’s love. They cared not for themselves.

All the vessels were again made fast, in the same manner as they had been the previous day, before the accident occurred,—we were again a-starboard and sternmost. The ship in front was a bad sailer, rolling from side to side, in consequence of being too much rounded in the ribs, and squared at the stern. As she swung, our helmsman was under the necessity of imitating the other’s movements exactly, to prevent the cable getting entangled with their tiller, and either wrenching it off, or injuring the rope, which, according to the Captain’s opinion, was worth, or had cost, a few months before, £300.

The sight must have been very beautiful from the shore, where people could enjoy it, without thinking of, or caring for the poor creatures, whose lives depended upon no accident happening to a frail rope. To us it was grand, because dread was mixed with the sensation of novelty; and every soul on board thought the grass greener, and more attractive for the palates of brutes, or tread of man, than any thing they had ever seen before. They longed to tread the sward, and feel the herbage spring beneath the rising feet.—Why? Not for enjoyment: not to admire and be grateful to the Great Being, who has clothed the world in green, as a colour that suits best with the ocular organs,—not to thank Him for having bestowed ‘a true body and a reasonable soul,’ instead of a grasshopper, coachbill, or pismire; because, few would perceive the beauties of nature, owing to excess in eating, sleeping, swilling, and snoring, that had clothed the nerves,—but more especially those which proceed from the stomach, are ramified in the brain, carrying thither the effects of ‘*aqua*,’ until the monster ‘remembers neither sorrow nor debt’—with grossness so dense, that all fineness of mental perception and enjoyment are annihilated. Why then did they so earnestly long to be ashore?—That they might guzzle in safety!!

On went the great Steam 'Boat' in the centre, with the Commander pacing at the stern. He was mightier than ever any of His Majesty's Naval Captains were, with absolute command over their fellow men, when upon 'the high seas.' He 'lugged' us at his pleasure, and there is no saying where we might have been taken, had it not been the sure, certain, and tremendous hold we had upon him, by which he was forced to lose no time in completing the voyage;—it was love of gain! A Pilot stood upon the bowsprit of each vessel, to receive orders from the 'Steamer,' which passed to the Captain—each of whom stood beside the helm. He sung out the word to the Pilot in rear, who passed it, and so on, until the direction or command reached the Captains of the sternmost vessels.

Each ship had a full compliment of passengers, but the crowd on board the Steamer was so great, and confined, that the smell of sweat was truly horrible, and the most detestable part of my past life. I have experienced many disagreeable things, and seen many ugly 'perspectives'—but the smell from that Steam Vessel, driven back by the wind, which was right 'ahead,' exceeded burning asafoetida, or any other vile invention of man; the recollection of which, will remain forever upon my mind—only to be classed, in my book of remembrances, with the ladies who occupied the second cabin of our ship, smacking their lips, covered with lard, as they 'munched' fat fried pork and buttered cakes—as formerly told. I writhed with agony undescrivable, but was compelled to endure—though had I been a duck or swan, should have fled from such company, 'far as winds could waft, or waters roll.'

As night approached, all the vessels were let loose, and cast anchor, until day light should again visit this beautiful portion of 'God's fair earth.' The wind fell, and, of course, the atmosphere was not loaded at one point, with the dreadful effluvia proceeding from 'the noble, Godlike creature, man,' but mixing equally with the circumambient air, did not threaten 'plague, pestilence, and sudden death;' we panted no longer under the dense vapour, but with only a humbled, disagreeable sensation, looked at the shore, and listened to the music of the grove, produced by a toad, which has a small claw and little tuft like velvet upon each toe, with which it climbs trees, and squatted upon a branch, sings astonishingly loud. The music is really pleasing, though, as it continues the whole night, like the finest concert, at 'a banquet of wine,' begins to pall upon the nerves, out worn, and over stretched with long continued delight, as the tapers burn near the socket, the eyes become dull, and man feels that, like every thing around, he is only here for a season, and, if a reasonable animal, departs to his home, with the full intention, earnest wish, and humble prayer of being enabled, so to behave as shall fit him for appearing with propriety at that eternal feast which can never cloy—owing to the absence of all grossness, and where the music can never pall or become like discord, being food for the soul, and employed to celebrate an inexhaustible subject—the justice, mercy and truth of 'the God of Love!'

There was no inducement to go ashore, for no house of public entertainment was near, where we could have sat the temporary Lords of the mansion, with all smiling, though perhaps with sore hearts, like a sorrowful Lord in reality, when before Majesty—cantering backwards and forwards, ‘filling and fetching more.’ It is true we could have taken possession of any private house there, and got the fare which christians love, if able to pay—but then, the proprietor would have favoured us with his company, which, however, charming to a wife, would have been far beyond our comprehension; surrounded, like a heathen god, by clouds issuing from a mouth—that could eat and drink, and smoke tobacco, and speak course sentences, in praise of its accomplished owner. Such characters—and there are more than the Clergy are aware of, may do very well to clean horses, rub stirrup irons, polish bridle bits, ‘fetch and carry’—provided, the master always gives his orders in stern accents, and with few words; not one of which can be construed into kindness, or concern for the fellow; for if the smallest interest is displayed, nothing but impudence and dishonesty—or at least waste of the master’s effects will—must, assuredly follow.* To sit with such caricatures upon a being, who is to exist forever, is impossible. We therefore remained on board, and with the cabin windows open, snuffed the balmy air, sipped what was far superior to the nectar, that Hebe,† and afterwards Ganymede handed to Jupiter—though made from the honey of the Hybla bees—and listened with great pleasure, to the sounds issuing from myriads of choristers, none of which seem formed but to creep upon earth’s surface, like those of Europe, without motive, end or aim—being ‘neither fit to dance, nor hold the candle.’

I have had frequent opportunities of examining this little creature, which is commonly called, by way of distinction, ‘the whistling frog,’ but is in reality a toad, of small size, and reddish, brown colour, with excrescences like the common species. It has several remarkable qualities—such as, running swift like a mouse, when approached by man, until it arrives at a leaf, or other vegetable substance, and getting thereon, instantly lies, as if deprived of ‘locomotive energy,’ and becomes of the exact colour with ‘the substratum.’ There it remains, with bright eyes, looking backwards without requiring that the lids should be drawn over them, and thereby relieve the muscles, by periodical extinction of sight. On the back of the head, or just where it begins to join the neck, directly behind, and in a line with each eye, the skin is of a lighter colour, perforated with very small holes, as if done by a pin, and is shaped thus S. It is also remarkable, that this species of Camelion, though it becomes of the exact colour with the vegetable substance upon which it rests, yet, these SS never alter in

* Should any of our readers be so ignorant of human nature, as to think the above too severe—they have only to show an interest in the welfare of servants, male or female, and in less than twenty-four hours they will be convinced that the Emigrant’s remarks are just.—EDITOR.

† Hebe, as schoolboys are taught, fell, and was in consequence turned out of office. She had a cup ‘in hand’—but whether ‘in her cups’—the deponent hath not said.

the slightest degree; they, together with the eyes, remaining always the same until death. These two figures are upon each, and exactly of the same shape with the holes cut in a violin, for allowing the sound to enter and issue, re-echoing all the modifications of harmony. For this purpose, beyond a doubt, have such organs been bestowed upon this little animal—which, notwithstanding its ugliness,* ‘can discourse most excellent music.’

Whether the holes were cut in imitation of this very great living curiosity—it is impossible for me to determine. But there can be no doubt, that America was known to the Phœnicians,—which I shall prove afterwards, by what has come under my own observation—and it was not until long after, they (the Phœnicians) must have been thoroughly acquainted with this little musical phenomenon, that we hear of the violin.† It (the violin) was used by David, along with others in praising God, when his wife laughed at him. The instrument could not have been long formed, because, it was the only one then used, which had no name—for Flavius Josephus (if I recollect rightly,) has recorded, ‘that it was an instrument formed of wood, had four strings, was held in the hand, and played upon by a bow.’ Whether such was the case, that the Phœnicians—who must often have visited America, invented that instrument, or improved it, by cutting the hole at each end of the bridge, from the organs of the tree toad, is impossible for an ignorant wanderer like me to decide. Nor do I care a pin, for I am quite happy, when hearing the little warblers of the night, or the art of man, calling forth such sounds of feeling from the work of his imperfect hands:—rapture is a word not to be used,—because, from my extreme ugliness, the ladies always try to shun me, so that I have seldom an opportunity of seeing one, all elegant and lovely, seated at a grand Piano, causing sounds to issue sweeter than zepthers from a bed of violets—sweet—as her own breath!

This last, I am seldom favoured by, and therefore must ‘put up’ with the others; I have merely mentioned the hypothesis about the toad and fiddle, in order, that those who paid attention to their learning, at school and college; improved their minds by books, travel, and know ‘a thing or two,’ may decide; favouring an animal like me, who never was good at any thing but idle-sett, with their arguments and opinions. They may not make the world wiser, but, if such discussions have the effect of keeping fops and dandies from working

* It is not so ugly as the common Toad of America or Britain.

† The musical instruments which required great practice—with the exception of the violin, were not known until long after. The Piano Forte has been for some time in use among the Birmahs. It is different from ours, though of similar shape. The notes are covered with dried pieces of orange skin, and struck by small sticks, the ends of which are covered with Indian rubber. The music is pleasant, and somewhat resembles that produced by the drum of the Don Kozacks; to which the beautiful, but unfortunate wife of Jameljan Pugatchew, danced by moonlight. He (J. P.) was chief of these fellows, and beheaded by Peter the Great. His story, which is not generally known, will be told hereafter.—EDITOR.

mischief, smoking cigars, praising themselves, and giving a subject for conversation, instead of pestering people by telling, 'how many beautiful women are at the last gasp on their account—pon honour!' If it will prevent such things, the world will be benefited; so the learned should instantly commence. But whether or not, I must 'westward ho!'

We had sat for some time, sipping, 'very fine stuff,' and 'moisten our clay,' when a Scotchman on deck, whose mother had told him 'that nae body could sing like her Davie,' chaunted in a voice of thunder—

"Gude e'en to ye cummer, and how do you thrive?
How many bairns hae ye! Laddie, I hae five;
And they're a' noddin, nid nid noddin,
And they're a' noddin i' our hoose at hame.
Kate sits i' the neuke, supping hen brou."

I roared, 'merciful Heavens!' what a monster! And seizing a bottle of brandy, rushed out, the big knees rubbing against each other with such force, from agitation, that twelve months 'tear and wear,'—(I speak from experience) would not have injured my coarse trowsers so much. By the bye, I like that part of dress exceedingly—not from its antiquity,* though worn by that man of universal learning, and who was librarian to King Ptolemy Euergetes, as it is the best contrivance that has yet been adopted, for hiding infirmities—is far superior to rouge, cold cream, or pearl powder, and conceals my ill shaped shanks, so as people don't laugh at them when passing; and I get along sometimes melancholy enough. I sprung forward, saying, 'stop your clack with that, you mountain goat, and keep silence, if you have nothing except what was made by some brute, to curdle the blood in our veins with horror. A woman supping a great quantity of any thing, is dreadful!—it is twin brother to sacrilege! Drink, and be silent.'

I returned to the cabin, when the Captain said with a smile—'I am a good deal surprised at the deep affection which you have for the fair sex. Indeed, the very first day you came aboard, I saw by the flash of your eye, whenever they were mentioned, how much you thought of them; and—excuse me, Sir, considering your appearance, wondered that you should entertain such great respect for people who could never love you. Hearing the particular way you have of telling stories, I thought that maybe your smooth tongue had made some one pleased, who took care not to look much at you. But the way all behaved who saw you in Quebec, convinced me that you are a perfect antidote to female affection. The men like you, or are afraid, for they treat you with great respect; but a sweetheart, is out of the question.'

Before I had time to answer, some gentlemen, passengers in another ship, had seen, and recognized me. It was impossible for a figure like mine to remain unknown. They being idle, could not be happy

* The Ancients wore trowsers, fastened a-top with a belt or sash; latterly, the dress was held by pieces of ribbon,—as was the fashion at the English Court during Elizabeth's reign—called "points;" and lastly, the button.

or comfortable alone,—for ‘*the pleasures of imagination*’ they had not patience to peruse : contemplation was not tried, because it could not be understood : they were tired of each other’s company, having said, and heard all their pretty little nothings, a thousand times over, before reaching Quebec ; and the source being dried up, they sat in sulky state, hating each other for want of mind. That evening it had entered into their wise heads, that by coming aboard our ship, I would think them well-bred, learned, sensible young gentlemen,—even philosophers ; as I had not heard from them, what they had heard from others—something new might drop from my unlettered tongue—they were sure of a booze, and would take special care to retire, before their pack of *wonders, and unaccountable circumstances*, should be empty. Accordingly they came, and I heard no more music from the little warblers of the forest, who, if they could not chaunt European airs, had no deceit to each other, nor the slightest idea of calling one whom they hated or despised ‘my dear fellow,’ and ‘my dear friend.’

When some glasses had been swallowed, a due portion of blessings on Scotland were uttered, with many regrets that ever they had come to this country, at which they swore most heartily ; they asked my opinion. I only replied—‘that when a man went to a foreign Land, it was his duty not to disgrace the country he had left, by improper conduct ; and if ignorance prevailed in this country,—which I positively deny, for the cream of Britain is here, it is not the way to improve them, by practising the most ridiculous of all sins—profane swearing.’ This had the effect of stopping ‘heir interjections.

It so happened that one had a fine voice ; and after repeated signs and winks to his companion, which were at length understood, the other said, ‘gentlemen, there can be no singing in a country like this, where all the people are industrious ; but if my friend would favour us with a song, you will receive a treat which cannot be had in this vile region.’ ‘Me!’ interrupted the other.—‘I can’t sing a stave. I have a cold, and sore throat,—besides, I am timmer tuned, and never could sing.’ The other declared he had heard him sing like a nightingale, &c. After a deal of elegant argument, the one who wanted his companion to perform, said to me—‘ask him, Sir, upon my word it is quite a treat—nothing like it in nature ; he hangs back on purpose to astonish the company : but as he is anxious that you should think him clever and obliging, he’ll do it at once, if you’ll ask him.’ To which I replied—‘He has astonished me already, and I don’t like too much of any thing. It is impossible to ask, after he has repeatedly declared, that ‘he never sung in his life,’ without giving a gross insult, which of course will produce an invitation to walk in the fields before breakfast. I am now getting old ; such scenes with me are past ; my body’s not worth shooting at, and he requires life to repent of improper language ;—so, if you please, Sir, we shall change this jargon.’—Though I had spoken in a low tone, yet the purport was overheard by the musical genius, who really coloured ; but wanting to make a noise, said—‘Gentlemen, I really cannot sing ; but since you are all

so anxious, will do my best.' He cleared a throat which had uttered and swallowed much, and with conceited gestures sung the following :

Come o'er the sea,
Maiden with me,
Mine through sunshine, storm, and snows !
Seasons may roll,—
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes.
Let fate frown on, so we love and part not ;
'Tis life where thou art—'tis death where thou art not !
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same where'er it goes.

Is not the sea,
Made for the free ?
Land for courts and cowards alone.
Here we are slaves ;
But on the waves,
Love and liberty's all our own !
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us !
Then come o'er the sea,
Maiden ! with me,
Come wherever the wild wind blows ;
Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same, where'er it goes,

We thanked him for the song—its wildness pleased, and an agreeable feeling would have remained upon the mind, had it not been followed by this remark from the singer.—' I sung these verses the night before we sailed, to my pretty dear, ha ! ha ! ha ! ' ' Upon my word sir, you are quite a curiosity, to have forgot your love in such a short time.—Was you not vext at being compelled to leave her ? ' ' Why, no—I could have brought her, I believe—for she wept bitterly ; but she had no money, and so it was not worth while to entreat. Pshaw ! I'll get another here, who has the *ready*, and then I shall be snug. But you seem vext—pray what is the matter ? ' ' I am sorry (I answered,) to hear any person—but more especially a man in the garb of a gentleman, say that he cannot earn a subsistence for himself ; and ridicule the fairest portion of creation—treating with sovereign contempt, a being, who, by your own account, thought too highly of a heart like yours—sir, I am sorry for you.'

He looked at me with glaring eyes—to infuse terror, and said—' you know nothing of love. The ladies would not speak to a person like you—therefore be silent.' ' Sir, I have merely to say, that you are perfectly welcome to amuse yourself with my mishapen body.—But the first man who makes a mock of the only solace here below ; the only sweetener of mortality ; and what I—though unable to excite, have

longed, and even prayed for, shall be paraded, and suffer in the flesh, or, on bended knees confess his utter unworthiness of, what the greatest men think life only worth living for—Woman's love.' The youth said—'you make such a work about nothing.—It was only fun.' But he eyed me with suspicious looks, so long as our company was favoured by his august presence. However, he was quiet. There is no persuader has such an effect with a puppy, as a sword or pistol.

Our Captain was now requested to perform; when saying that there was one which he thought of, on leaving Scotland, and had often remembered since; without affectation he sung:—

“Shades of evening close not o'er us!
 Leave our lonely bark a while!
 Morn, alas! will not restore us
 Yonder dim and distant Isle.

Still my fancy can discover
 Sunny spots where friends may dwell;—
 Darker shadows round us hover—
 Isle of beauty! fare thee well!

'Tis the hour when happy faces
 Smile around the taper's light;—
 Who will fill our vacant places?
 Who will sing our songs to-night?

Through the mist now hov'ring o'er us,
 Faintly sounds the vesper bell,
 Like a voice from those who love us,
 Breathing fondly—"fare thee well!"

When the waves are round me breaking
 As I pace the deck alone,
 And my eye in vain is seeking
 Some green leaf to rest upon,—

What would I not give to wander
 Where my old companions dwell;
 Absence makes the heart grow fonder;—
 Isle of beauty,—fare the well!"

The foregoing was sung with great feeling, and it was easy to perceive that he was thinking of his wife.—Oh! how I envied him!

After a deal of chat, about 'the old country,' and regret at leaving it, I, who had not taken a part in the discourse, was asked 'if I was not sorry at having come to a country where none of my old comrades were residing?' I replied—'Gentlemen, this is the land of my adoption and love;—I will never again cross the Atlantic. I met with kindness here twenty years ago; and though a different race have sprung up, and arrived, the same will be experienced,—provided I deserve it. All good and industrious men, will be respected here. Before leaving Scotland, I thought of my youthful companions, and every feeling of the heart warmed and burned towards them. But one had an Estate; a second, ambition; a third, merchandize; a fourth, love of notoriety; a fifth, 'had married a wife;' and there-

fore none had time to associate with a man so uncouth in manners and person—whose passions were violent, and mind too sincere, for being trammelled and bound by the rules of spiders and butterflies. Besides, as all wanted something for self, or relative, which was not in possession, they had to please this Baillie, and t'other Deacon. They had no time for me. Gentlemen, I am really glad at having come to this land, where the common toast will be fulfilled—'The world to the worthy'—which shall be ours, if we prove by deeds, that it is deserved. And—looking to the youth who had asked his companion to sing, and who had begun to fancy that the buck was not quite so great, as the domineering manner, and tossing of the proud head, had caused him formerly erroneously to suppose—that superior impudence, was sense and wisdom. 'I requested this Gent. to sing something containing sentiment, and without any refererence to our native land, of whose orthodoxy, pride, poverty, and Provosts, (chief Magistrates) I have long been heartily sick, and hope never to see or hear any more concerning their long pedigrees;—do Sir, be so kind as amuse us by something that has a heart without 'flummery.'" He replied, that to sing was impossible, but would repeat a few verses composed by a Lady, on her return from Mexico to the land of her nativity.

I have come from the South, where the free streams flow,
 'Mid the scented valleys of Mexico;
 I have come from the vine, and the Tamarind Bowers,
 With their wild festoons and their sunny flowers;
 And wonder not, that I turned to part,
 From that land of sweets, with an aching heart.

I have come from the South, where the landward breeze,
 Comes laden with spices to roam on the seas,
 And whisper its spells to the Mariner,
 Whose homeward vessel is floating there.
 And wonder not, that I come with sighs,
 To this colder clime, and those dreary skies.

I have roamed through those Indian wildwoods oft,
 When the hot day-glare fell shadow'd and soft,
 When nought in their green retreats was heard,
 But the notes of the hermit humming bird,
 Like the wayward murmurs of some old song,
 That broke through my thoughts as I stray'd along.

Oh! could my footsteps but wander now,
 Where those woodpaths wind, and those dark streams flow.
 Oh! could I but feel on my brow once more.
 The scented winds of that golden shore,—
 How my heart would bound, as it hailed thee mine,
 Mexico! Land of the Olive and Vine!

We all thanked him, for the real treat which our souls had received; and, after a few more glasses, they departed. The young Gent. who had recited the above poem, 'seemed loath to depart.' He stopt, wrung my hand, and said 'you are going to York,—so am I. If you are to reside there, and will grant me your company and acquaintance, I shall be quite happy; never thinking with sorrow of my father, who

is frail, old, and used to give good advices, which you see how I respected, when associating with such chaps. If permitted, I will call you father; will follow your advices, and write home, that I will behave like you,—at which the spirits of all will rejoice, for at present, they imagine that I shall only be a disgrace to their name. Say that you will advise me,—that I shall be your adopted son,—that I shall have one friend, in this land of strangers, who will cherish my little virtues, and restrain by his eloquence, and determined spirit, my folly and extravagance. Will you?" You have applied to a man, who has greater violence of passion, than ever you imagined could exist, and more failings than the generality of men—my mind is crooked and in exact similitude with the body. But I have the honor, to be intimately acquainted with one, who is more than you have said—having more virtues, and perfections, than others possess, degrading passions and propensities;—his actions, are the dictates of a mind altogether noble, and without a shadow of weakness, except thinking better of mankind than they deserve. I shall introduce you—but beware of the slightest vulgarity, or grossness in conversation, or at table, otherwise the acquaintance will cease forever. God bless you." They returned to their temporary home, as the sailors were preparing to toil through another day, 'that would take them near to little—but their last.'

The cables being again made fast, and anchors hoisted to the bows, off we went by the power of steam. The view of forest, land and river, as seen by the rising sun, was past my infantine powers of description; it was too grand, beautiful, and magnificent for us poor wanderers, requiring the powers of a Scott or a Byron—so I shall be excused for passing along with merely remarking, that though we considered every scene as impossible to be surpassed,—yet as we ascended the River, every thing was improved, until we began to wonder 'what nature would arrive at, before reaching York?' It was agreed to, nem. con. that the Capitol of Upper Canada must be situated in a new garden of Eden. A Scotchman said, 'Dod! we'll get plenty o' apples without buying on them—its aye a gran thing to save money,' 'May be so'—answered an Irishman, 'but by the hole of my coat! you'll get only nothing for nothing there, no more as here.' All were delighted at every new scene for a moment,—when the recollection of absent friends, (who would not have bestowed one penny to keep them from starving,) made them miserable, amid scenes superior to Europe, as woman is to man!

It was Wednesday when we left Quebec, and on Saturday morning at seven, saw the tin roofs of Montreal glittering in the distance.—Three cheers were given for the splendid sight. The river runs here with considerable rapidity, which gradually becomes more so, until close to the town, where it, to us, was tremendous. The steamer went on more slowly, as she advanced, but a high wind commenced, which blowing right astern, assisted us considerably. But on coming just below the town, where the current is strongest, our progress was scarcely perceptible, and the paddles of the steamer whirling round, made 'her' appear like a great mill with two wheels in the middle of the river, while the rolling, shewed that it would shortly be hurled from

the stance. On one side appeared the Artillery Fort, with trees left for ornament and shade; and grass greener than any wretch who never trod this land of glory can conceive. On the other is the town. Both were a head, perhaps 1,200 yards, when making these remarks, which was where the river is strongest. Houses with beautiful gardens were on the river side; some of a buff colour, others yellow, &c.—but of whatever colour, all had green wooden blinds fixed outside, which are in two halves, fastened by hinges; shut to exclude the sun's rays, and hooked back during the beautiful evenings. All was lovely and indescribably grand. The roofs glittered, houses shone; each Captain stood to the helm of his own ship—Pilot out on the bowsprit, and Mate stationed before the main-mast, to repeat, loud as he could bawl, the words of command; and the breeze sounding through the blocks, mingled with the noise of the rushing river, the labouring vessels—which,

“Wimpled the water to weather and lee,
And heaved as if borne on the waves of the sea.”

I clasped my hands with rapture and thanked God for allowing me to experience such a scene, where the danger added a zest to enjoyment. At length the difficulty and danger were overcome; the vessels getting into smooth water, were moored with the others at the Port of Montreal.

Farmers were waiting to hire servants of both sexes, and all who chose, or had not money sufficient for carrying them to York, were engaged at rates by which they would be enabled in four years at farthest, if not extravagant, to take possession of land, that will be their own forever. I was considerably affected by the manner in which each bade me farewell. They had been considerably flattered—as men of all stations are, when asked for information,—because, it in the strongest sense implies, that the questioner considers himself inferior in knowledge to the other—pleasure is thereby produced, which is the greater, as it costs nothing. I had frequently, not only entered into conversation, but asked a multiplicity of questions, concerning the parts of Scotland and Ireland; their habits, meals, and propensities; their tales of reality and superstition, which had lately occurred, or handed down by tradition. Of each I had enquired respecting every thing that they could possibly be acquainted with. Nothing was wanted from them but their store of country anecdote; and as they had few books, not accustomed to think, or even to read in private, the opportunity of telling aloud all their little thoughts, was considered an immense compliment.

They left the ship with regret; but before going all came, and in perhaps awkward but sincere regard, wished me ‘great success and long life, (the blessing of the thoughtless,) with every comfort which this world can bestow.’ I replied—“You have come to this country, like myself, for a particular object. If we behave properly, the object will be obtained;—for mankind, though in general they may not do, as they would be done by, yet full credit is given to the being who does so, and he is treated with a degree of respect, which money cannot buy. You have all received a religious education; and though it is common for men when far removed from their relatives and country, to neglect religion—because they see others do it; yet I sincerely hope that the

passengers by this ship, will practise in America what was learnt before, heard from the pulpit, and nightly prayed by their fathers on bended knees. You have behaved well since leaving Scotland: there has been no quarrelling, nor drunkenness; continue such behaviour—adding more respect for the Sabbath, which will make you happy while this life lasts, and during the other, which cannot come to a close. May God bless you all.” They went ashore, and even yet I feel a sort of melancholy pleasure, at the affectionate manner in which they behaved to each other, and their anxiety on my account, as they perceived that neither in body nor mind, did I resemble other men. Really there is more goodness in the human heart than is generally supposed.

Having given the necessary direction about my light luggage, and invited the Captain to dinner, I went to the King’s Arms Tavern, opposite the New Market, kept by Mr. Mack—and well does he know how to make the stranger comfortable, at a small expence—seated at a window, I tried to banish the feeling of loneliness—mixed with a little regret at being so far from my old father. I sprung up at last, saying aloud, ‘If successful, his heart will rejoice; and should disappointment only attend my steps, he shall never know the sorrows of mine.’ Looking round, the Captain was standing regarding me in silence. Stepping forward, he took me by the hand, saying—‘I did not think that you, who feel the woes of others so deeply, had any thing to vex you. Excuse me for giving advice, but you require something upon which to lavish affection, and that will love you in return. Do try and get a wife.’ ‘Captain, I am proud of your friendship, and wonder exceedingly at the interest you feel for a being, who has met with more sorrows and disappointments than others have hairs. But never mind my dear Sir, my sorrows are all private, and can be borne without a murmur—for pity I detest, and sympathy is useless. This is no entertainment for you, when congratulating yourself upon the fortunate conclusion of this voyage, and that in a short time, you will be ploughing the waters when returning to your bird of beauty, while I—but it matters not.”

Dinner was placed upon the table, but I could not eat—my heart was too full. The Captain was all life—laughed and talked, eat and drank, thinking of his deary, across the sea I nibbled, but as for drinking, was more than his match. After dinner we went out to view the town, and meeting a gentleman, whom the Captain had long been intimate with in the old country, he, among many other things informed us, that the Colony of French had received orders from their King—“To build a City at the highest point where a vessel of large burthen, (perhaps a 74) could sail to.” A vessel, of the size mentioned, was brought up the River, and struck above the rapid, where they commenced, opposite the exact spot, to build Montreal; instead of erecting it below the rapid, and two miles farther down would have rendered it easy of access—but they blindly followed the order of their August Monarch. So that every vessel runs the risk of being destroyed.—Had reason guided the first Settlers, the Town of Montreal would have been built below the rapid, and ships of any size have reached it in perfect safety.

FROM THE SCOTSMAN.

LADY MARTHA.

Lady Martha had numbered thrice six summers bright,
 And fifty young knights graced her festive saloon,
 And she beam'd on her guests, on that day of delight,
 Like the sun flashing over his minions of June :
 For Martha was lovely, and charm'd every soul
 Whose eye o'er her exquisite symmetry stole,
 And the light of her look was a wizarding spell
 That seeded each bosom with love where it fell.
 Her cheek peer'd the rose in its rubiest glow—
 Her brow bore a shade between moonlight and snow ;
 And the magic of beauty that danced in her eye
 As she wasted her burning young heart with a sigh,
 Like summer and sunlight in harem or hall,
 Came pleasingly welcome and splendid to all.

The banquet lived long, and grew lusty with wine—
 The ladies sat late, and grew wily and free,
 And the voice of their music gat sweetly divine
 As the mermaiden anthems sung far oe'r the sea ;
 But the seraph-tongued Martha in song was the sweetest,
 And her light fairy foot in the dance was the fleetest,
 And many hearts whisperd the power of her thrall,
 Though she seemingly smiled like a vestal on all,
 But I saw when Sir Luben of love-graces spoke,
 How the cunning young sigh in her white bosom broke—
 How the faint blush and bashful look struggled to quell
 Those feelings a virgin is tardy to tell ;
 For Luben was wise, and his image had part
 In the urn of that lovely idolator's heart,
 And his countenance glass'd her a spirit as bland
 And as winning as dew to a feverish land ;
 But Martha burnt incense that smoked unrepaid,
 For Luben had plighted his faith to a maid,
 And the queen of an hundred hearts sighed but to prove
 That his honour and truth ne'er revolted in love,
 For the glance of her eye, that had noon in its glow,
 But fell on his heart like a moon-beam on snow.

There's a hope that we live on in love—when it dies
 The heart deadens too, and the cheek roses chill ;
 And sorrow broods heavy and thick o'er the eye,
 Like mist on the deep when its waters are still.
 And Martha had love—but it hungered for food,
 Till it wasted the spirit and pride of her blood,
 For it burn'd with an ardour that time cannot quell,
 And it told on the thwarted young lover too well.—
 She look'd on the sun and his empire of blue,
 But their brightness and lightsomeness charm'd not her view ;
 And she look'd on the moon and her myriads of light,
 But they too were beamless and dull in her sight ;
 For the eye that erewhile had out-lusted their glow
 Was deep in the Meribah waters of woe.

And the music she loved—the companions she prized—
 The parents and friends she had long idolized—
 One by one were forsaken—neglected—forgot—
 Even scenes that went merrily gladden'd her not,
 For the charm and the cheering of friendship or art,
 Like rain on a rock, met her desolate heart ;
 While the fire and the faggot of love and despair
 Burn'd stayless—and reckless—and vehement there !
 And aye as her sorrows ascendancy won,
 Oh, the work of destruction went sweepingly on ;
 For she hoped no remead—and she sought no relief—
 But she pined in the pride of magnanimous grief—
 Till something drew wayward her manner and mien,
 Like a mind where the wand of weird women has been.

Night fell—and the tears of the dewy eye flowed,
 As the day, like a dying saint, swoon'd to repose ;
 And the lonely moon, swathed in a silvery cloud,
 Like Innocence mourning for Beauty arose.
 'Twas a soft, silent night—but to sadness inclined,
 For each star in a little white cloud was enshrined,
 And the stillness that hung o'er the bonnie green earth,
 Had more of attraction for sorrow than mirth—
 For the sigh of the bursting heart melting the sky,
 Than the tumult of pleasure when gladness is high.
 But hark ! there arose on the silence beneath,
 A sound which the angel of music might breathe ;
 It came from a glen where the wild berries hung,
 And the lost Lady-love was the seraph that sung ;
 For her feelings were sear'd to the sorrows of time,
 But her soul gather'd joys from a mystical clime,
 And her heart beat serener the faster it waned,
 Her bosom heaved gentler the deeper 'twas pain'd ;
 When grief was supremest her blue eye was meekest,
 And swan-like the lady sang sweetest when sickest ;
 But so melting, so wild was the strain that she sung,
 That it awed while it charm'd like a seraphim's tongue ;
 And savour'd of sweets beyond death and the grave,
 Like angel-notes borne o'er Eternity's wave.

The song died—the moon set—the night pass'd away,
 And the glorious morn flash'd on creation's repose,
 While the green earth unfolded her charms to the day,
 And the spirited hum of her millions arose.
 But Martha woke not with the million—her sleep
 Was soothingly tranquil, and dreamless, and deep,
 And the morn missed a ray from the Lady-love's eyes,
 And the breezes the balm they inhaled from her sighs,
 And the birds floated lonely and long on the wing,
 For the voice was unheard that enticed them to sing—
 Aye ! the sweet voice was still'd—and the bright eye was dim,
 For her soul bore to heaven the last note of her hymn,
 While her heart at one bound sprang the region of ill,
 And the pulse of affection for ever stood still.

THE SOLDIER'S BOY

OR,

LANDLORD'S TALE, N^o. 3.

" An Irish Boy altho' he be,
He spoke good English when he courted me."

WHEN the late war began ; there were no temporary barracks in the Kingdom, and regiments quartered in most Towns were billeted upon the inhabitants. When any of the soldiers committed crime which made confinement necessary, the delinquent was incarcerated in the Prison. A Private belonging to a Regiment stationed in the Town of ——— in Scotland, was a complete and determined blackguard, constantly prowling about, and laying the inhabitants of the surrounding country under contribution in his midnight excursions. He had often been complained of, but always pardoned by the Commanding Officer, who was a humane man,—mercy only served to harden and render him more wicked however—he became notorious, and having done a deed of cruelty, it became absolutely necessary to put the punishment awarded by the Court in execution.

The criminal had a wife who should have been the property of a better man, being mild, modest, in short every thing a woman ought ; and the fellow had been repeatedly pardoned, principally on her account—such admiration does virtue sometimes produce—but notwithstanding the esteem which it excited, and their unwillingness to hurt her feelings, they were compelled to chastise the unworthy husband.

The evening before,—she enquired at what hour he was to be ?—but the word ' flogged ' stuck in her throat—from kindness they answered that it would be at nine—though in reality eight o'clock was the hour—thinking it more merciful that all should be over, before the poor unfortunate creature knew any thing of the matter. On the following morning the wife, who lodged at a distance, came along the street at eight o'clock, with a boy her first born and only child in one arm, in the other hand was a clean shirt for the Soldier to appear decent with, when stripped before the Regiment. She had arrived opposite the house of Mr. S. when at that very instant, her husband was brought out of the Prison by several files, and marched off for the place of exercise, to be punished.

The shock was so sudden and violent, that the acute feelings and tender frame of the wife were unable to contend with, and giving one piercing shriek fell backwards upon the street. Mr. S. and his family ran to her assistance, when, having carried her into the house, found that life was completely extinct—she had expired of a broken heart. The remains of the poor woman were decently interred, and the boy

found not only a home, but parents who loved him for being so very desolate.

The occurrence being so singular and awful, excited universal commiseration in the District; and coming to the ear of the late Lady Blantyre, who was famous for her benevolence, she instantly ordered her carriage and proceeded to the house of Mr. S. where she requested a conference with the Lady of the Mansion; who having appeared, Lady B. said "Madam, I have called to thank you for the kind and noble action you have performed in protecting the stranger and the orphan; but looking upon it as my particular province to support and cherish those in this quarter who have none to succour them; I cannot allow you to injure your own family by the dictates of a generous disposition, and therefore will take the boy and board him with some poor, but decent person, who will be a gainer by it—and rest assured, that neither time nor situation shall ever erase the impression which your conduct has made upon my mind—and I request to be admitted into the number of your friends."

Mrs. S. made a suitable reply but refused to part with her adopted son. Her objections were at length all overcome by the earnest persuasions of her Ladyship—And it was agreed that instant enquiry should be made for some respectable woman with whom to board their protegee. A person fitted in all respects for the task was soon found, and after Lady B. had given every kind and necessary direction, shook hands with Mrs. S. and departed.

The child grew and in process of time was sent to School, where he increased in strength and useful acquirement—when eight years of age, a little girl, whose father resided in a neighbouring house, was sent to the same Seminary. The Soldier's Boy, who was of a generous disposition,—seeing that she walked with difficulty and was sometimes maltreated by older ones, became her protector, walking regularly to and from School with her hand locked in his. In this manner they advanced in years, love, and knowledge, until the boy was thirteen; when one of his playmates told him, that 'he was a beggar and indebted to Lady Blantyre for bread.' His feelings were hurt, and being of a proud independent spirit, came to the resolution of no longer subsisting upon charity—he therefore enlisted as a Drummer with a Regiment, on the eve of embarking for foreign service, and crying bitterly at leaving his little darling, bade adieu to the place of his nativity.

Great was the sorrow of the worthy Lady B., but she did all in her power to promote him in the profession he had chosen; and as her recommendations were assisted by the good conduct and bravery of the boy, he rose rapidly, and before many years had passed away was made an Officer.

Years passed away, and the Regiment to which he belonged was encamped in the East Indies, when, by the merest accident, an Officer attached to another Corps, and who was a native of the Emerald Isle,

spent the evening in their society. They were in an open plain, and though under the canvass, the songs—'Auld lang syne' and 'Erin-go-bragh' were sang with great glee, the Toast went round, and all was hilarity, mirth and joy.

They in succession spoke with rapture of relatives and paternal mansions—the rivers where they had imitated a love-sick hero,* by catching fish with bait—the very ponds where they used to slide when children, were all remembered and magnified—no thing, circumstance, or place was forgotten. With what delight they would revisit these scenes of childhood, when they returned loaded with the perfumes and trinkets of India, presents to their friends and sweethearts—'feast their neighbours, strip the sleeve, shew their scars, and tell the feats they did.'

Our hero had not spoken, for there were no relatives to rejoice at his return, and he had no country. The others took notice of his melancholy, and asked if his parents were alive, and where? Thus compelled to speak, he began—but not being a creature who pretends to be sprung from great and noble ancestors, to whom not a shadow of alliance can with justice be claimed—told at once, with streaming eyes, his Mother's fate on the streets of ——— and the generosity of Lady Blantyre.

Upon finishing his simple but affecting narration, the Irish Officer with great earnestness demanded the name of his Mother—'Maria O'Neil.' 'Then by ——— but you are my own Nephew,' giving him a warm embrace—'I have heard that my poor and only sister did die in such a manner—little did I think that a fate so hard awaited her when we played and laughed the whole day long at the Parsonage of ———. For you must understand my lad, that your Grandfather was a Clergyman in Ireland, though in poor enough case, as all the world knows. Oh! I shall never forget the parting with poor Maria, when leaving home to enter the army, how the sweet little creature hung round my neck—by the Frost, I can't tell you how I felt when the jewel weeping kissed a farewell—for she could'nt speak you know—I could'nt have felt queerer had she been a Banshee. By the Soul of my own great Grandmother, but I thought the very strings of my heart were breaking. Poor Maria, I did not forsee that you who was so good and gentle would ever go a skylarking with a spalpeen. And God forgot to temper the wind for thee my shorn lamb, while I was at a distance, and you had not where to lay your head! Oh! had our poor, good Father foreseen thy end, how miserable would he have died. But God and the Saints be thanked his grey hairs descended to the grave in peace. And I poor Phelim O'Neil, have no comfort in the world wide but you my lad—and I'll be a Father to you, for sure and certain am I, that you will never disgrace the blood of the O'Neils and O'Connors. There will likely be a battle to-morrow, where I hope to see you behave like a gentleman, as all your ancestors have done—for they were the boys to give their men the meeting at any time and place—

* Mark Antony.

so, I shall have the pleasure of seeing you keep up the character of your forefathers. Here's to the health of the Scotch lady—here's to you my fine fellow—and faith, here's to us all." The night passed joyously away, until near day-break, when the bugle sounding suddenly 'turn out the whole,' put an end to their mirth.

They formed instantly into open column of companies, the tents were struck and put on the buffaloes, the front and rear guards formed, when they, four deep, began the march. Before engaging the enemy, they halted in an open space between the Rivers Kaitna and Juah, to parade for action, and form the order of battle—which consisted of two lines and the cavalry in a third, amounting altogether to four thousand five hundred, for attacking upwards of thirty thousand men, and one hundred pieces of ordnance. But none were in doubt, as the talents of their general were known and appreciated. It was at this time the Uncle and Nephew met. Our hero said—'Uncle, if I chance to fall this day, will you be a protector to the little fairy whom I told you of at —?' 'That will I my lad—we have nothing to do but fight like devils and all's right, for we are under Wellesly.—So don't think of your fairy till after, as there's a heap to kill. Mind, give three hurras for Old Ireland, when advancing to charge—aye, and by J—s I'll give other three real hearty ones for Scotland, all for love of the lady, who has a hand to give, and a heart that can feel—good luck and long life to her. We'll meet again and smile—if not, we'll fall like men. Our countryman† has said, that no tears are so sweet as those with which Heaven bedews the unburied head of a Soldier.' They embraced and parted.

Before many minutes had elapsed, the whole were engaged—there were noble deeds performed, while the commands of their Officers—'level low'—'steady, lads, steady.' And their acclamations, 'that's it my boys—well done,' &c. were heard at intervals amid the roll of musketry, and roaring of the cannon. They advanced to the charge, when the promised cheers for Erin, with her lovely females and brave men, were not forgotten—nor the shouts for Lady Blantyre and Caledonia weaker, as they came booming on the ear, from the dense and sulphurous cloud, mingled with the various tumult of shrieks, groans, curses, blasphemies, prayers, and the thundering sound of engines invented by man for destroying his fellow, and effacing the image of his neglected, contemned, and forgotten God.

The battle ended in favour of the British Troops, on the Plains of Assaye, under the immortal Wellesly, who dyed the Rose a deeper red, freshened the Shamrock, and made the Thistle wave its prickly head still higher than before—but it was dearly purchased by the loss of many brave spirits, together with some who could well be spared—among the former was the gallant O'Neil—who fell leading on his men at the very muzzle of the enemy's guns—crying—not 'go on boys,' but 'come on boys.' And for all the glory gained by our hero, he refused to be comforted for the loss of his Uncle—the brave and kind-hearted Phelim O'Neil.

* Goldsmith.

Various were the scenes in which he became an actor, by sea and land; at length, being badly wounded, he was sent home on 'sick leave,' with, now that his grief was softened by time, a heart boiling with love and rapture for the little girl he had protected at school—with whom he had played at pips and marbles, dressed her dolls, and whose image had never left him in battle, bloodshed, and shipwreck—nay, even in the terrible conflict, where his only Uncle, one of the 'come on boys,' fell like a true Milesian Gentleman by his side,—he saw her, in idea, lovely and amiable as in days of yore.

He landed, not the poor, despised, unconnected orphan, indebted to others for daily bread, but the brave, successful warrior returning with rank, honor, and riches to the very spot, where he had eaten the food, and worn the raiment of charity; and also, where his Mother, Maria O'Neil, had died of a broken heart—but was filled with doubt and dread lest his little curly headed playmate, should have departed this life—or what was nearly as dreadful—be married.

He arrived at — in a winter evening, and instantly proceeded to the residence of Mr. —, and requested an interview with the proprietor—who having appeared, the Officer enquired for his daughter—saying, that he had returned from abroad for the purpose of seeing the playmate of his boyhood. The Father burst into tears, but after indulging his grief for some minutes, grew composed and spoke thus:

'Sir, you have been acquainted with my daughter, and having come so far, it is proper that her short history should be made known to you. The son of a Soldier, whose mother expired suddenly on the Street, was boarded in the immediate neighbourhood—attended the same School—was the constant and only companion of poor Jane. When thirteen years of age he enlisted as a Drummer in the — Regiment; and from the moment of his departure she attended to her education and every duty,—was good and kind as usual, but no smile ever played round the lips, or shewed the dimple on her chin. We thought that the loss of the boy had produced the change, and were determined to take no notice of it, thinking that time would obliterate the impression. But in this we were mistaken, for after the lapse of some years we were all assembled one evening, and I reading aloud the contents of a Newspaper; when part of the intelligence was,—' that — of the — Regiment was made an Officer for his bravery and good behaviour,' my daughter bursting into tears of joy, exclaimed—'I knew it—I foresaw he would deserve it—God be praised'—and instantly retiring to her chamber, with bent knees, poured out the very soul in sobs of thankfulness to the God of Heaven.

Nothing particular occurred, until the account reached us of the battle of Assaye, and that among the brave who had fallen was the son of the Soldier. From that moment my daughter began to droop—which ended in consumption—and two months ago we had all assembled in tears and sorrow round her bed. She was cheerful—even almost merry, but the unearthly fire in the eye shewed—that the spirit was going to burst from its tabernacle of clay, that it was unnatural, and the moment of separation was rapidly approaching. She

spoke with rapture of the days of her childhood—of the Soldier's Boy. The dear girl then requested her Mother would open a drawer and bring a little brass thimble, which she applied with fervour to her lips, and said—'this is the only thing which has been a source of comfort to me for years. I got it from ———, it was all he had to give, and though by the world it would be valued at a farthing, yet I love this trifle better than ten thousand worlds, and all the riches they contain. Though surrounded by kind friends and numberless comforts, yet this bit of brass was the only thing which bound me to earth.—Thousands and thousands of times I have gone and kissing it, cried and smiled by turns—crying at his absence, and smiling again at the thought of his return, and that I should once more see his brave little face. He cannot come, but I can go, and this talisman must be laid along with me in the coffin. Do you promise?' We could scarcely articulate, but having given a solemn assurance that the thimble would be so put, she requested to be placed in a sitting posture, which was no sooner done, than seeing our grief, and wishing to comfort us, said—'don't grieve, for ere long we shall all be reunited, never to be parted more—and I go to be eternally happy with my little hero, who ascended to Heaven from the Plains of Assaye. Taking each of us in succession by the hand, her head sunk upon the bosom of her Mother, and the pure spirit returned to God who gave it.' The Officer was deeply affected, and wringing the old gentleman by the hand, left the house in silence.

The following morning at day-break, one of the Citizens, in going along the footpath, which crossed the Churchyard, saw a tall man in a blue surtout, kneeling at the grave of Miss ———. Finding himself observed, the stranger rose and walked out of the burial-place—wet, as if he had been there all night. From that instant all trace ceased, and no intelligence has been received concerning him—all hope of ever seeing him is fled, until the day when the earth and sea shall give up their dead, in obedience to the cry of 'come to Judgment,' and the sound of the last trumpet—amid the rushing of planets, the lightning—the thunder, and the earthquake!!!

THE ROVER.

CONTEMPLATION.

A FRAGMENT.

Come thou, that soaring upon golden wing,
 Spurnest the narrow bounds of space and time;
 Sweet contemplation, come,
 And with thee bring
 The lovely nymph that fires immortal rhyme,
 Wild fancy; who in extacy sublime,
 Thron'd on some craggy rock, above the busy hum,
 Of trifling mortals,
 Strikes the deep toned string
 Of her seraphic lyre,
 And as the rich and mellow notes resound
 From many a deep indented rock around;

Her piercing eye enchanted views,
 Bright visions of celestial hues ;
 That float in easy state upon the painted clouds,
 Or seek the glowing west, where sinking Phœbus shrouds,
 His amber dropping hair.
 O goddess fair,
 Come with this nymph divine ;
 O leave the haunts of the enchanting nine,
 And hear thy votary's prayer.
 There with thy kindred spirits fired,
 On some high tufted hill retired,
 Entranced I'll sit, and haply dream,
 Some wildly sweet, romantic theme,
 Of fierce ambition's love of power,
 Of damsel 'mured in guarded tower,
 Of amorous youth's bold deeds, who seek
 With virgin thus enthral'd to speak.
 And how the brave knight of her choice,
 'Midst perfumed groves, oft hears her voice,
 Steal on the whispering wings of night,
 Whilst Philomela stops her song
 To list the strains.
 And waving woods, and alleys long,
 The sweetly carolled notes prolong,
 That float, where sleeps the moons pale light,
 O'er grass grown ruined towers,
 'Mid sweetly scented plains.
 And oft when evening's silken veil,
 In trembling folds obscures the dale,
 With you sweet twins, I'll love to hear,
 The shepherd's whistle loud and clear,
 Rise from the dim discovered cot,
 Where labour rests, his cares forgot ;
 And happy in the arms of health,
 Tastes of pure joys unknown to wealth ;
 Unconscious of the dread alarms,
 That high ambition fears, in the fierce shock of arms.
 Nor let me oft forget to pay,
 My homage to the rising day,
 When all the glowing east proclaims
 The monarch of the sky,
 Whilst purple clouds begirt with flames,
 Like glorious knights and gorgeous dames,
 Bespeak their monarch nigh.

B.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.)

ESSAY ON GLASS.

No. 1.—*On the Origin and History of Glass.*

GLASS is certainly one of the most curious and interesting substances with which we are acquainted ; whether we consider its exceeding brittleness while cold, its great ductility, and tenaciousness when heated, its pliancy and elasticity, its impermeability to water, &c. It is worthy of remark, that though

Glass is perfectly transparent, yet not one of the materials of which it is composed, possesses that quality, in the slightest degree. Its tenacity is so great, that it may be converted into any form, which fancy, or ingenuity can devise. It may be spun out to imitate the fineness of the spider's web, or the prince's plume.

The uses to which glass may be applied, are so numerous, that to mention them in detail, would alone far exceed the limits of this Essay. Its valuable services are apparent to, and experienced by, almost every class of persons, from the highest to the lowest. The painter, the chemist, the naturalist, the astronomer, the navigator, all receive the greatest advantage from its various uses. Indeed the benefits which it renders to scientific research are endless. Add to this, the comforts which we daily and hourly receive from it in our habitations. It is glass which can 'extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and what is yet of more importance, can supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight.'

It is said that the name GLASS is derived from the Latin, from its great similarity to *ice*; and others again think, that it is from the plant *woad*, which our ancestors in remote ages called *glastum*; but this is mere matter of conjecture, and can throw no light whatever on the origin of the manufacture. Some have adduced that passage in the book of Job, chap. 34, ver. 18, as an instance of the remote antiquity of glass, but unfortunately for the strength of this argument, it has been found, that the word in the original Hebrew, which is translated *glass*, has frequently been used, to signify various bodies possessing transparency or brightness.

The earliest written mention we have of glass, is to be found in the writings of Aristotle, where he asks—'Why do we see through glass?' and 'Why is it not malleable?' About half a century later, we find Theophrastus making mention of glass being made from the sand of the River Belus, this was about 300 years B. C. And if the assertion be true, that the sphere of Archimedes (who flourished 209 B. C.) was composed of glass, the knowledge of the art, we must allow, had already arrived at a great degree of perfection.

Every one has heard that the merit of this valuable invention is attributed to the Phœnicians, and that too upon very good testimony. Pliny informs us, that it was entirely owing to accident, that some toilworn mariners were driven ashore near the mouth of the River Belus, which runs at the foot of Mount Cramel in Galilee, and while cooking their food on the sands, where the plant *kali* was growing in great profusion, they perceived to their utter astonishment, that from the union of the ashes of this plant with the sand, there flowed out a *vitrious substance*, which contained the properties of what we now call *glass*.

Whether this story be true or false, cannot now be ascertained, but one thing is certain, that the sand about this remarkable place was found well adapted to the composition of glass.

There remains no doubt that the art of making glass was well known to the ancient Egyptians, for we find that the *beads* with which some of their celebrated mummies are adorned, (which are made of earthenware) have an external glazing of *pane glass*. And modern lovers of research have recently discovered among the tombs at Thebes, some pieces of *blue coloured glass*, similar in composition to that found on the beads.

It is not a little remarkable, that the Chinese, so long unrivalled in the art of manufacturing porcelain, have even yet, no practical knowledge of the art of glass making. Some glass, is manufactured at Canton in that country, but then it is *re-making*, rather than making glass, for they confine themselves solely to melting down old broken glass, which has been procured from other countries. So that there does not yet exist, in that extensive empire a single glass manufactory deserving the name. This is the more singular, when we consider, as I have just observed, their great skill in making their beautiful porcelain, for the two manufactories may be termed sister arts.

The same may be said of the inhabitants of India, for we are informed, that 'before the arrival of the Europeans, there was not a house in all India furnished with glass windows.' So that we may safely conclude, that whatever knowledge the Hindoos possessed of the art, it must have been entirely confined to the making of ornaments and trinkets, for Mr. Mills tells us in his History of British India, that they were so ignorant of the uses of glass, 'as to be astonished and confounded at the effects of a common spy-glass.'

As an instance of the value set upon glass by the ancients, when the art of making it was but imperfectly known, may be mentioned, that the Emperor Nero, purchased two cups with handles of a moderate size, for the enormous sum of 6,000 sesteritia, equal to almost £50 000 of our money. And this for their beautiful transparency, whereby they so much resembled crystal, and not for any extraordinary size. Nor indeed, is this so much to be wondered at, for familiar as man is with glass, few can contemplate its properties, qualities, and the various uses to which it is applied, in opening and enlarging the field of human science, without being struck with its superior beauty and the important advantages which it is continually rendering to mankind. We know that nothing tends more to exalt and refine human nature, (religion excepted,) than a knowledge of natural and experimental philosophy; and surely, whatever contributes in an eminent degree, to aid us in such admirable pursuits, should not be lightly esteemed.

In addition to what has been already stated with respect to the knowledge of making glass possessed by the Egyptians, it appears that the glass-houses of Alexandria, were so famous for the skill and ingenuity displayed by their workmen, that they at one time supplied the Romans, with most of what they used; as the manufacture was not carried on at Rome, before the time of Nero, and then, and for a long time afterwards, it was confined to the making of coarse and impure drinking vessels.

Although it does not appear that glass was used for admitting light into the houses of the ancient City of Herculaneum, which was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the reign of the Emperor Titus, yet various articles made of glass have been dug up from amidst its ruins, which shows that a knowledge of glass was then pretty well understood in different countries.

Many, I dare say, have heard of, (and some of my readers may have seen) the four large urns which are deposited in the British Museum, made of green glass, with corns, and two double handles. They are elegantly formed, and are 'such,' says a very competent authority; 'as must convince any person capable of appreciating the difficulties which even the modern glass-blower would have to surmount in their execution, that the ancients were well acquainted with certain branches of the manufacture.'

We frequently find mention made of glass by Horace, Virgil, and other celebrated writers of the Augustan age, which plainly proves that the art had even in their day, arrived at a pretty considerable degree of perfection.

The most deservedly celebrated specimen of ancient glass with which we are acquainted, is the vase which was found in the sixteenth century, inclosed in a marble sarcophagus, in the tomb of Alexander Severus, who died about the year 235. This beautiful production ornamented the Barberini Palace, for more than two centuries, and having since been purchased by the Duchess of Portland, is better known in England as the *Portland vase*. The body of this vase, which must now be 1,600 years old, or perhaps more, was for a long time thought to be porcelain; and we read that the celebrated Wedgwood, to whom we are all so much indebted, paid an Artist the sum of £100 for modelling it, which at that time occupied him many months, and was considered as an honorable proof of his skill and ingenuity. It is now, however, known to be composed of dark blue glass, beautifully ornamented with white opaque figures in bas-relief, which are said to be "designed and sculptured with a degree of skill which is truly admirable." *

The impermeability of glass to water, which was mentioned at the beginning of this Essay, is not the least essential of its valuable properties. An extraordinary instance of this is mentioned relative to the Rev. Mr. Campbell, who, while on a voyage to South Africa, amongst many other philosophical experiments, amused himself with the following: He caused two large globular glass bottles, hermetically sealed, to be buried in the sea, by means of leaden weights, to the depth of 1,200 feet under water, which, upon being drawn up by the exertions of ten men for the space of fifteen minutes, were found to be perfectly empty.

Although glass is not now known to be *malleable*, yet several ancient writers concur in stating, that there lived at Rome, in the reign of Tiberius, an Architect, who, on account of his great popularity, on some such unjust cause, had been banished from the city, and that in this state of exile, he so far altered, and improved the properties of glass, that he actually rendered it malleable. Blatant with success, the ingenious Artist returns to his native city, hoping at least, from the merit of his discovery, to obtain a remission of his banishment. But the insatiate tyrant, fearing that the value of gold would be materially lessened by the results of this grand discovery, had the poor man beheaded, and his secret was consequently buried with him in the grave.

Blancourt relates a similar discovery said to have been made in France, in the reign of Louis XIII. and that the discoverer having presented to Cardinal Richlieu a bust of *malleable* glass, was awarded for his ingenuity by perpetual imprisonment, lest the interests of the glass-manufacturers of his country might be injured by his discovery. Now, it would perhaps be as unjust totally to deny the authenticity of these relations, as it is difficult for us to give them our full and unqualified assent, yet it does not seem beyond the range of *possibility*, although from the very nature of glass itself, we should think the discovery highly improbable. For, be it remembered, that the property, or quality of *malleability*, is in direct opposition to *vitrification*, so that the existence of the one, seems to be altogether incompatible with the other. Still, however, the preceding statements are not disproved because no subsequent experimenter has been so fortunate in his discoveries, for we know that many things were known to the ancients, which for centuries afterwards were so totally sunk in oblivion, that the revivers of them had all the merits of these discoveries.

* Dr. Lardner's Cab. Cycl. vol. 26, to which the curious inquirer is referred, for further particulars relative to the history and manufacture of glass.

Is it more astonishing that glass should be rendered malleable, than *sugar* should be made from *linen rags*? or *bread* from *saw-dust*?—which is even pronounced to be “wholesome, palatable, and *nutricious food!!!*”—We think not. Whatever may be the improbability of these conjectures, yet, the day may come, when the malleability of glass shall cease to be a mere hypothesis, and shall excite the attention and admiration of nations yet unborn. And should such ever prove to be the case, there is no saying the endless diversity of articles, both ornamental and useful, which such a discovery would produce. Our drawing-rooms and parlours would then consist in a great measure of *glass furniture*; and indeed when we consider its neatness, purity, and other qualities combined with malleability, there is very little which it might not with advantage be substituted for.

Glass was long known and used in England previous to its manufacture in that country, which is considered by some to have been prior to the Roman invasion. The Venetians, who traded with our countrymen in very remote times, are said to have furnished them with this article in exchange for *tin*. The Druids, also, we read, were in the habit of using rudely formed beads of coloured glass, which they imposed upon their credulous followers, persuading them that they were endued with the power of defending them from evil.

The first manufacture of flint glass was commenced in England, at Savoy House, London, in the year 1557. Glass-making, “in all its branches,” has long proved to be a source of considerable revenue to our Government, and, but for the heavy duties which are entailed on it, would continue to be so, in an increasing ratio; but it has been found, that any additional duty, instead of enriching the coffers of the Exchequer, decreases the quantity manufactured, and consequently, in a proportionate degree, the revenue derivable from it; which never fails to entail misery and want upon a large portion of the labouring classes of our country.

Thus much let it suffice to have said, relative to the origin and history of glass. I did intend, in the course of this Essay, to have pointed out the modes of manufacturing the various kinds in general use, but find that the subject has already been sufficiently extended, for the pages of a periodical. Should what I have now written be not deemed too *dry* and *brittle*, by the numerous readers of “The Canadian Magazine,” I may, perhaps, trouble the indefatigable Editor with what I shall further collect upon this interesting manufacture, at a subsequent period, and shall now conclude, with expressing my heartfelt wishes for the prosperity of this *first-born* child of Literature;* may his days be long; life useful and happy; and may he be instrumental in eradicating the seeds of luxurious sloth and idleness; in propagating and defending the principles of piety and virtue; in ennobling and exalting our nature; in purifying the heart, rectifying the judgment, and exalting the affections: thus proving “a terror to evil-doers,” and speaking to the “praise of them that do well.”—So shall it be held in grateful remembrance by succeeding generations.

110110.

York, February 12, 1833.

* “The Canadian Magazine.”

THE DOOMED CHIEF OF PAKAGAMA.

Tale of a Natche Warrior, at the Midnight Fire, on the Buffalo Plain.

“Hurra! the dead can swim apace,
Dost love to swim with me.”

Our Nation had gone a hunting to the Falls of Pakagama, where taking up their residence, some were employed in hunting, while others caught salmon, with bone spears, and nets made of grass. The Chief was there, accompanied by his wife and daughter; the maiden was more beautiful than eye of a stranger ever rested upon, or was ever seen, except in our own land;—her step was like the antelope,—check like the rose, and manner gentle like a fawn of the forest—she had seen sixteen springs.

The finest salmon were always in the house of our chief, together with animals most difficult to be entrapped. The family wondered who could supply them with provisions, which were laid at the door, during the silence of night. But it was suspected, that the daughter knew;—and dearly did she love the giver. Sometimes flowers from a distance decked her raven hair, which none of the damsels could procure: when questioned, a deep blush was the only reply. She seldom associated with any person, male or female—was thoughtful, and never seemed to understand what was said—as if her thoughts were in the world where her relatives had gone; yet she did all the duty of a child, but without appearing to know where she was, or had any connexion with wordly matters. Many times did a tall handsome woman go from the house of the Chief, after the family were composed in slumber, to which she would not return for hours. She was an only child, for her brothers had been slain, when fighting like bears for their Nation and kindred. The Chief was proud of her;—to her the Tribe looked for a head and champion, to succeed the father, who was evidently tottering on his long, last journey.

Her night wanderings became at length the subject of anxiety to all, least she should have been enticed away by some spirit, in the likeness of a warrior—and, being daughter to the Chief, bring destruction upon the land. All were filled with anxious dread for the future, and the representative of the Great Spirit, was bowed to with greater reverence, when rising in the east, from his heavenly bed. At length it was discovered, that she regularly met by moonlight, the best and bravest warrior of the Tribe,—who should have been chosen to lead in battle, as his wisdom would have directed the council. To him all eyes had been turned, hoping that the Chief would appoint him successor, and retire from a post, which was now unsuitable with his years and weakness. No sign of giving up his authority however was shewn by the Chief; but the people looked forward with hope to the future.

Often were the lovers seen by moonlight, wandering along the river's bank, he strong as the oak, and stately like the magnolia—while she was the tender vine, clinging to him for support—they seldom spoke, but their eyes, glancing in the soft mellow light, told more than their young tongues could utter. The voice may deceive, but the eye receives its language from the heart, and with a flash carries conviction of its truth, to the soul. Thus they lived in pleasures which few can comprehend, thrilling through the frame, converting the grovelling mind of man into a burning spark, from the throne of the eternal. They took no thought for to-morrow,—only that he might supply her little wants; and she, that he should not be disappointed, when coming to the appointed place, that his orange blossom did not appear, to cheer the soul and senses of her loved companion, who was dearer than father, mother, all—even the loss of her brothers, faded from her memory, at the electric touch of that being, who was her all on earth, and with whom she expected to spend eternity, only revisiting this earth, from her heaven beyond the mountains, to drink, dancing hand in hand with her love, as the moon comes in glory, clothing the world with silver—she would dance round her slender mound and his greater one, where the right hand would hold the tomalawk, crusted with gore, covered with brains and hair—she knew that they would be joined hereafter—for she was an obedient child, dutiful and industrious—while he would die covered with scalps, going to Heaven with a wound in his breast. Thus she meditated, but was ignorant of what the great Destroying Angel had got permission to do.

The attachment soon came to the knowledge of her father, who, not seeing with the eyes of others, forbade his daughter to hold the smallest communication with her lover. Every motion was narrowly watched and the life of that innocent young creature, was rendered completely miserable. The warrior was not of a nature to cause uneasiness in the breast of any one, much less to the woman he adored, and therefore went across the river with his relatives—constructed a house with particular care, abstained from all intercourse with his brethren—never coming over to join in the assemblies of the Nation, or even to worship the female luminary, when she came with her large round face—shewing that the favour of the Almighty was still dispensed to our Tribe. Many were certain that, often towards midnight, a warrior was seen paddling his canoe across the rapids, to the terror of all beholders—as even the best men of our Nation durst not attempt the passage, during the day. They therefore believed, that one of the water spirits had fallen in love with the Chief's daughter, and had, by his supernatural influence over the mind, made the Chief dislike the other, in whom was no fault. But others better acquainted with the nature of man, and what he dare attempt, when possessed with love or hatred,—firmly believed that it was no other than the warrior, who came almost nightly over, to enjoy the company of his mistress, unnoticed and unknown.

The largest salmon were still laid at the Chief's door, during the darkness of night—but what thoroughly convinced many was, that no canoe had been seen for long, and it was certain that the warrior had

gone to a great distance. At length, the figure was seen crossing the rapids; and the following morning, a great quantity of Oneida bass were found at the door of the Chief;—which the daughter was known to have expressed a wish to see and taste. Her father, with all the old people, fancied that it was really a spirit who crossed the river, and thankfully accepted his gifts—looking upon himself as of great consequence, in the eyes of the Creator, who had sent a messenger to supply his wants—although, he could not from age hunt, fish, or scalp an enemy; but had arrived at the time when man begins to totter when walking, and draw breath with difficulty, panting as he runs—however, as his power decreased, swiftness, strength, and agility increased, until he thought himself superior to all the warriors of the Six Nations.

The spirit, or warrior, continued nightly to cross, and no hurricane could prevent the little canoe from bounding over the foaming torrent—often has it been seen tossed on the waves like a swan, when the storm was strong, waves high, with the river rushing, whirling, boiling, and dashing, and the sound of the breakers; while trees were crashing uprooted by the wind; and the Great Spirit allowed his Destroyer to dart arrows and lances abroad, roaring in wrath from the clouds—still the canoe was undauntedly paddled over, and the finest furs, with fish and venison laid at the door of the Chief.

The festival of the full moon approached, when all the Tribe, having made due preparation, assembled in their finest robes, with the exception of the unhappy warrior, who did not appear; and on that night, no canoe was seen to cross the rapids. Nothing particular occurred, but the Chief's daughter refused to join in the song and dance, which is always performed to the second grandest luminary, notwithstanding the repeated injunctions of her mother—but paying no obeisance, stood looking at the rejoicing multitude.

The games had just ceased, when clouds suddenly covered the face of the moon, changing light into darkness—shewing that her favour had departed from the Nation. The tramp of Buffaloes was heard, and all running for weapons returned and pursued them to the river, which they entered and swam across. Two or three canoes were got, (all that were near,) and followed.—Upon getting to the hindmost, the warrior struck, but no resistance being made, he went head foremost into the stream; and was got out with considerable difficulty. Others were struck at likewise, but to the terror of the warriors, found that they were only shadows—the mere appearance of animals, sent by the destroying angel upon a destructive errand—or, as a warning that some terrible misfortune was hanging over the Nation. Just as the ghosts had reached the middle of the river, a crash was heard, and then a voice called, in an unearthly tone—'oh! Man! Man! oh! Chief! Chief!' and a figure, appearing from amongst the herd, floated down the current; constantly repeating the cry 'oh! man, man! oh! Chief, Chief!'—The warriors were horrified, and had scarcely strength to paddle ashore, where the rest were all assembled, equally terrified by the cries which had been distinctly heard. The following morning, when examining the ground and river side, not a print of Buffaloes could be perceived;

and a messenger returned with information, that the warrior was at his house, melancholy as before, and utterly ignorant of the scene that had taken place—nor had he heard any cry, or noise from man or Buffaloes; and wondered much at being informed of what had occurred.

From every thing that had taken place, the vision had evidently been sent as a warning, and all retired to their wigwams. The Squaws wept over their infants in speechless sorrow.—Even the warriors sat smoking the calumet, each by himself; and all were in dread except the Chief, who paid no attention to what had, or would happen.

Midnight had scarcely passed, when the tramp of buffaloes was heard, the same as on the former night, and coming in a similar direction. The women shrieked, warriors sat in terror and dismay, but some careless, or more stout hearted than the rest, went out to see the spirits pass on their way to the river. When nearly all had gone by, the warriors perceived that they were real flesh and blood. Running for spears, they gave the alarm, and many instantly gave chase, killing several: canoes were manned, and pursued the herd in the water, giving a death wound to many. Just as the sport was highest—some slaughtering, and others taking the bodies to those on shore, with shouting and joy, a canoe was seen coming from the opposite side, with a warrior in it, who was instantly known to be the spirit, which nightly was seen to cross the rapids higher up. All stopt in the pursuit but the Chief, who seemed to have recovered the vigour of youth.

The herd met the canoe of the spirit in midst of the stream—a crash was heard, and in a clap of the hand an appearance, as of a warrior floated down, crying—‘Oh! Man! Man! Oh! Chief! Chief!’ All were in terror, and durst not offer assistance. The Chief was the only one possessed of courage undismayed, and paddling forward, intercepted the creature of water, fire, or air. He (the Chief) was seen to lean over with extended hands, when a plunge was heard, and after struggling a little on the surface, both sunk to the bottom forever.

At day dawn the body was eagerly sought for, but in vain; and it was ascertained, that the melancholy warrior almost nightly crossed the rapids, to escape detection, for the purpose of enjoying the maiden’s company for a few hours. That he had gone in his canoe, lower down, at the very time when the buffaloes were swimming from the hunters, and had not appeared since.

Whether it was a spirit, that had decoyed the Chief to his destruction—or really the warrior, whose canoe had been broken by the animals, and whom the Chief had tried to save, will forever remain a secret; neither having returned to explain the mystery. But the night after full moon, the cry of—Oh Man, Man! Oh Chief, Chief! is still heard; and the figures are seen struggling in the flood—while the cry comes moaning on the night blast, filling the hearers with horror and dread!

THE BIG BEAVER.

York, January 1835.

LOVE IN HOPE, OR NATURE'S JUBILEE.

Spring advanceth, nature danceth,
 Sprightly swells the tuneful choir,
 Pouring out their notes of gladness,
 Whilst stern winter's storms expire.

Forests budding, flowers studding,
 Velvet meads and vallies gay,
 Fill the air with grateful incense,
 Breathing sweets to spring's young day.

I with her I prize exchanging,
 Vows of truth and young love's fire,
 Through the laughing forest ranging,
 Heavenly hopes our hearts inspire.

H.

We offer no apology to our readers for inserting the following—admire a Presbyterian for his candour;—and sincerely pity those who will not be benefited by its perusal.

To the Editor of the Canadian Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

The object of my present address is twofold: first, I am desirous of making known through the medium of your valuable MAGAZINE, (which wings its way, I am informed, to 'Albion's happy clime,' to 'old Scotia's shores,' and to the 'land of Shamrocks,') the existence of '*The Young Men's Society*,' and more particularly to call attention to a *Sermon* preached on Sunday evening, January 27th, by the Hon. and Ven. the Archdeacon of York, for the benefit of the Young.

A society bearing the above title was established in this Town, some time last year, the objects of which are, I believe, to afford information to young men (strangers) upon their first arrival amongst us; such as, directing them to the most proper boarding-houses—cautioning them against associating with idle, drunken wretches, swearers, Sabbath-breakers, &c. and recommending them to places where they may be most properly, and advantageously employed, and, in short, to rescue them from every species of vice, into which too many are apt to fall, upon their first coming to a new country. A glance at the moral depravity of mankind, and at the general state of society, must convincingly shew us the utility of such an Institution, and the extensive benefits which must arise from it to all those who shall be fortunate enough to be guided by its counsels.

The different Clergymen of this Town, preach a *Sermon* to the Young, (regularly in turn) on the last Sabbath evening of every month,

for the benefit of this society;—thereby lending a powerful hand in diffusing the light of Christian Truth around them, and inculcating, in the minds of their youthful hearers, the principles of piety and virtue. In compliance with this regulation, it was, that the Hon. and Ven. the Archdeacon on this occasion ascended the Pulpit; and happy is it for those, who heard, and with an honest and good heart practise, the sacred precepts which fell from the lips of this able servant of God.

There is always a venerable dignity, and sweet complacency in the aspect of this eminent divine, indicative of a cheerful and happy frame of mind, far removed from that settled gloom, and frigid brow, which characterise very many who stand up to preach and teach the peace and joy which religion brings to all her children. But seldom have I had the happiness to hear him more fully impressed with the importance of the subject before him, than on this occasion. His countenance seemed irradiated with a holy joy, while a deep solemnity was stamped upon every lineament of his face. He opened his discourse with these awful words, '*And the door was shut!*' This relates to the dreadful situation of the five foolish virgins, who were excluded from the marriage supper of the bridegroom.

The good man after drawing a reference from the parable to the Church of Christ, shewed that there was amongst us a total departure from that solemn awe and sanctity which should constantly accompany us in the duties of life. That religion bound every man to the exercise of good offices to his fellow mortals—that belief in, and love of God, were the great primary principles of true religion, and, that we should obey His commandments. That the dissipated and licentious feel intervals, when their evil practices bring satiety, and when their souls abhor them; that amidst the midnight revel, and while quaffing the intoxicating draught, they long and sigh after something better—something which can bring a more substantial enjoyment. That we are all far gone from our original state, and that amidst all our pursuits and enjoyments, there are moments, when we wish for better things. And that, 'the good we would, we do not, but the evil which we would not, that we do.' That every propensity of our nature is evil, and—hence the necessity of Revelation.

He next observed the evil, and destructive consequences of young men setting bad examples—observed, that we may ourselves, through the mercy of God be brought to a state of true repentance, and come admitted as one of the members of Christ's Church. But will tears of repentance avail us in stopping the current of our pernicious example? How will the heart of such an one, (after experiencing the mercy of God to his own soul,) bleed within him, when he shall hear the name of his Saviour blasphemed, by his former guilty companions; who have been taught the awful practice from hearing his polluted conversations! These now glory in their wickedness,—turn a deaf ear to his admonitions,—and brand him as a hypocrite, and coward! Further, his youthful friends may be separated by distance, from the influence of his tears and entreaties for their reformation, or—more melancholy to reflect—the silent grave may have closed upon them—death may have arrested

them amidst their awful career! In all these cases the door is shut, and nothing left to console the wretched offender, but tears of remorse, contrition, and shame.

With solemn sadness the minister of God pathetically enquired, 'are there not blanks in our acquaintance already?' and proceeded to shew that the door may be closed in a more heart-rending point of view, in the case of the hoary headed parent leaving behind him an ungodly son, by whose undutiful conduct, and evil course of life, his death has been accelerated, and his 'gray hairs brought down with sorrow to the grave;'—observing, that this dreadful state of suffering occurs oftener than we imagine, or are aware of; and that no grief is so bitter—no anguish so keen, as that which is felt by a pious parent at the close of life for a disobedient child, of whose reformation he has no hope.

He next, by pointing out the condemnation of the wicked, brought the subject home to every heart; and observed, that whatever accomplishments we may possess—however extensive our knowledge may be in science and learning, yet no character can be amiable without piety and virtue. This should be well remembered, as many are apt to pride themselves upon the talents which they possess, and build their hopes of salvation upon a fair reputation, or upon the exercise of those talents, in devising amusements and entertainments, which serve at best, but to distract, and lead astray those, who require to have pointed out and explained, the paths of religion and virtue, which alone can conduct to the temple of fame.

He then shewed, that there was yet one more awful case, when the door might be finally closed against our own repentance, 'though we should seek it carefully, and with tears;'—concluding, by an earnest address to *the young*, to set out in the good way which leadeth to everlasting life—not to be ashamed of Christ, or His Gospel, but openly in their life and practice to profess Him; and in all their employments, to glorify God, for the redemption of the world, by our Lord Jesus Christ; and then they may expect to spend useful lives—enjoying peaceful days and happy deaths!

I feel quite incompetent to convey a just idea of this excellent discourse, nor do I presume to have used the words of Dr. S.—which came with a power—a loftiness, and an energy, which could not fail to rivet attention, to even a less important subject. All that I would dare to venture, would be conveying in outline, some idea of the admirable address delivered on this occasion to many young men, who, perhaps have never yet spent *one* hour in seriously enquiring 'what they must do to be saved?' I hope and trust, that it may be attended with Divine efficacy to the souls of all who heard it. I have always observed, that this venerable minister, when describing the *relative duties*, seems deeply affected: but seldom, if ever, have I seen him so full of his subject—pouring forth the whole soul of a parent, and enforcing with an energy, peculiar to himself, the sublime doctrines which he was advancing.

I have the honour to remain,
Mr. Editor, your constant reader,

A CHRISTIAN.

York, Feb. 21, 1833.

E

ON WOMAN.

(FROM MEMORY.)

Dame nature's other works were done,
 Just form'd the Stars, the golden Sun,
 The blue ethereal Skies ;
 And wide across earth's verdant lawn,
 Arose young morning's orient dawn,
 And flowers began to rise—

And now in elegance arrayed,
 Her last, her fairest work was made,
 Almost a Seraph's frame ;
 To animate this form was given
 A gentle spirit,—sent from Heaven ;
 And Woman was her name.

Then on her softly smiling face,
 Was lavished every winning grace,
 And every charm was there ;
 Upon her eye the violet's blue,
 Upon her cheek the rose's hue—
 The lily, every where,

Yes, on that eye was seen to play
 The lustre of the stellar ray,
 The diamond's humid glow !
 She threw, to form her bosom's globe,
 Life's tender flash, and beauty's robe
 On wreaths of virgin snow.

Then Woman's lips in smiles withdrew
 Their veils of rich carnation hue,
 And pearls appeared beneath ;
 And blest Arabia seemed to pour
 The perfumes of its spicy store,
 To mingle with her breath.

Hark ! hark she speaks, and silver strains
 Melodious floating o'er the plains,
 A nameless joy impart !
 The Nightingale hath caught the tone,
 And made that melting voice his own,
 That vibrates on the heart.

Fond nature cast her glance around
 The glowing sky, the flow'ry ground,
 The day diffusing Sun ;
 On Woman last, her darling child,
 She gazed, and said,—with accent mild,
 “Creation's work is done.”

AN ESSAY ON ROADS,

BY CINNA.

“ Over ruts, and ridges, and bridges,
 “ Made up of a few uneasy planks,
 “ Set like old women’s teeth, in open ranks.”—MOORE.

IN these bustling times, of mental, and bodily activity, when all the wit and art of man, are expending themselves on one great object, namely, the procurement of rapid motion, by land and sea, under ground, and above it.—When the most quiet personage, is forced to undergo the terror of “moving accidents by flood and field;” when women and children, forsaking the *spinning wheels* of home, and the retirement of former days, are borne along by the *spinning wheels* of coaches, and steamboats, and become familiar with blue oceans, and blue skies; climb in search of blue mountains, and geologize amongst blue clays—when ladies write till they are called *blue*, and gentlemen become *blue*, in order to write with *spirit*. Surely an Essay on Roads ought to be welcome; the best part of our time is spent upon roads; and he, who does not write on them, *stands*, or rather *runs* (for nothing is *stationary* now-a-days, but pen, ink, and paper) a great chance of never writing at all.

I do not write on roads for the purpose of finding fault, for if *railing* were all that is necessary to make *rail* roads, we have had enough of it, on our roads, and at them already; in fact, they have been so discussed by the orator, and the editor, that the listener, and reader may be called *way worn* travellers, and though our roads have not a hackney (properly so called) upon them, as a subject for essayists, they may, without fear of contradiction, be termed *hackneyed*.

Neither do I write to criticize the means used for their improvement, I leave all these matters, to wiser heads than mine, and there are plenty, and to spare of political *quacks*, to set them in order, and surgeon-like, to take this *grave subject up for dissection*.

A short time since, before the frost set in, I should have been forced to entitle this article, an essay *in roads*; for every body knows they were too soft, and too deep to bear any thing *on them*. If they wanted any thing in breadth, or length, it was amply made up for, in depth. I am now spared the necessity of having—*in roads* in my *title*, it might have appeared like a covert, and levelling attack upon titles in general, and I might, in vain, exclaim with my ancestor, whose mortal exit, Shakspeare immortalizes, “I am Cinna the Poet,” the mob of critics would pull me to pieces, as ‘Cinna the conspirator.’

I have a great advantage over other authors, in writing on this subject, and that is, my total ignorance concerning it. The opinion formerly

entertained, that a writer should know something of the subject on which he writes, is now exploded, absolutely 'blown up by the steam engine' impetuosity of our happy times. There is so much mere originality of thought, where the imagination, alone, is concerned, than when the mind is tied down to mere matter of fact details, that the less people know, the better they write. Every lover of human nature, should set his face against facts, there ought to be a bill brought in to abolish them; and the man who utters a fact, should be treated as if he had 'uttered a forgery,' he ought indeed for the first offence, according to parliamentary usage, 'to be called to order,' and ordered 'to call again,' like a dun, or a bore, if he commit a second.

When that great projector, whose name denotes him, as belonging to the oldest family on earth, (though perhaps *not in Scotland*,) when he *McAdam*, who, as the newspapers said, brought us to the *cve* of a great era, has told us, 'to spread broken stones upon the roads, like a plaister,' (a blistering plaister we poor pedestrians find it,) his writings must come to an untimely *end*, if an *end* be untimely, which takes no time in coming to it. I, who may be said to write without *end*, having neither *end* nor object in what I write, ought, it may be supposed, to write *for ever*. But alas! all things must pass away, even the *thread* of my invention must have a *termination*; and it will *wax* thin and feeble, as it approaches that *end*, which, though it may thus be called a *waxed end*, will not be fit at *last to mend old shoes with awl*.

I need not tell these old fashioned folks, who love facts, that I do not write for the purpose of conveying information, they will never read so far as this, it indeed makes me sad, to mention the word information,—for, like other legal expressions, it reminds me of the *last suit* I ever had, which was a *law suit*; and the *close* of *that suit*, left me so *bare*, that I fear my finances will never *bear* that I should witness the *clothes* of *any other suit*, of my own, again, while I live.

I may be excused however, in telling my reader, not to proceed, unless, he agrees in the opinions I have already expressed; the worst misunderstandings arise, from persons conversing together, whose mental mercury is at different elevations. A man does not go to the top of a steeple, to call the miners in a coal pit, to dinner; it would be considered the *height* of nonsense; and it would be no less so, for any body to read this essay, if he be too serious, or too gay, too pompous, or too grovelling to enjoy what is in it. Let such a person turn over the leaf, or throw the book any where, but into the fire; and afterwards, if he finds himself in the humor, he may exclaim, with the greatest of our modern poets, (Lord Byron) 'come hither, come hither, my little page,' and take it up again.

I was sitting one evening with my friend 'Sae Bald,' who, every body knows, to be the proprietor of the Magazine, I was reciting to him, as I thought 'most beautifully, some Canto's of my great epic poem; in which I flatter myself, I have excelled most poets, in making the *sound agree with the sense*. The Canto contained a sublime, and musical description of the baying of a kennel full of hounds, by moonlight;

and of course, the verse seemed to echo the voices of the interesting animals, who thus sung in concert to 'the music of the spheres.' The passage I was reading, notwithstanding the splendour of the lunar orb, was a dark one; and I was indulging myself in the hope, that I had excelled even my companion, *Sae Bald*, in the obscurity of my style, when I was wakened from my pleasing dream, by his suddenly interrupting me, laying down his glass, '*Cinna mon,*' says he, 'will ye just hand me the nutmeg!' This *spicy gale*, quite shipwrecked the *bark* of my dogs, and oh! how that *cinnamon* and nutmeg *grated* on my feelings. But think not reader, that my friend does not understand, and feel poetry (particularly such as mine.) The truth was, I had chosen my time badly, the '*printer's devil*' stood behind his chair, '*Cinna*' said *Sae bald* 'what for do ye no gie us some *prose*, for the *Mogazeen*? You deevil o' a printer, is in a unco hurry for matter, an he says, na matter how I get it, it maun be finished *directly*.' 'And I suppose' said I snappishly 'you cannot finish it *directly*, if your materials are *inverse*.'

An old acquaintance of mine, the landlord of the Red Lion, who was a jolly fellow—although his name was 'Tiers, (what his wife's was before marriage, is now forgotten, for *Tiers* 'dropped upon the word, and—blotted it out, for ever') puzzled a gentleman sorely in my presence, by telling him, that he, 'Tiers, was tired of *public life*, and must retire from the *bar*. I, myself, was once canvassing for a seat in Parliament, and applied to an Irish friend, to let me have some wild land, that being considered the only qualification necessary in a member, I began by telling my friend, in the elevated and patriotic style, which the election time produces, that I was desirous of having a *stake* in the *country*, 'then,' says he 'You're better go to old Ireland for that same, for the never a *steak* you'll get in this country, fit to ait for love or money.'

Sometimes more serious difficulties arise, from people coming together, whose thoughts are running upon different matters. During the troubles in Ireland, (I love to be exact in my Chronology) a poor man, who could not speak English, came to my grandfather, who understood Irish but imperfectly, and who was returning from parade, in his true blue volunteer uniform, thinking of blood and murder, and the *immortal* memory, which the corps had been swallowing, to the disturbance of their own *mortal* memories. The man in vain tried to make my grandfather understand what his business was, but he could only make out, that he wanted a hole to put his mother in, 'you villain of the world' says the old Gentleman collaring him, 'and when did you kill your mother?' It was well an interpreter was near, who explained, that the man wanted a field, to put a foal in, just taken from its mother, otherwise the man might have been hanged, for people in those days, were like Curran's beef, hung before they were tried.

You may well ask, reader, why with all the roads in the universe, from Rhode Island to the Milky Way, to travel with you? I should be telling tales of my grandfather, but as my friend the Doctor, calls a scamper through the wards of an hospital, a *patient investigation*, why may not an essay on roads, be made up of stories, of my own grand-

father, or the grandfather of any body else, who has the good fortune to have had one.

This being an introductory essay, it is fit that I explain, that my remarks will not be confined to mere terrestrial roads; they will indeed be principally directed to those mental highways, along which, the glorious march of intellect is conducted, or rather driven, with such 'steam engine impetuosity.' The school master is abroad they say, and indeed for any use he is of, may so remain; learning is acquired now adays without his assistance. 'The road to the Temple of Fame,' has been levelled and McAdamized; and there are rumors of a rail-way and a canal; this last to be sure, is opposed by some old sober sided fools, who think that the ancient institutions on the top of the hill, and which have been erected with so much labour, will slide into the *deep cut*, which would be necessary to bring the canal down to *ditch water level*; but suppose they do, who cares? is it not better, to go on a *tow path* over their ruins, than be threatened with a *hempen* one, into the other world, for trying to undermine them.

When I was a little boy, my grandmother thought me a youth of talents rare, when I learned my letters, and to say the truth, my talons were often made to look as rare as an Abyssinian beef steak, before I acquired so much learning. I then stuck so long in orthography, that one would think I was spell bound. Oh! if I had only waited till now, when grown up gentlemen and ladies are taught writing, in six short lessons, I might in a week have been a *literate* person, and so branded by act of Parliament, I might then indeed have *serced* my friends, who now say, I am a burthen to them, with writs of *ca re*, and fiery faces, like Mr. Underhill, or perhaps I might have been an Attorney, and then my clients would give me instructions, and pay besides, and no one could say, my education would not be finished some time or other, unless indeed it is possible that my aforesaid instructions might happen to be never dun! which is, it must be acknowledged, very unlikely. I might perhaps have been a gaoler, and thus possessed a key to the great *Lock*, or a dealer in pigs, and have understood Bacon. A dozen hard words, would have enabled me to lecture on any of the ologies, and I might have been 'a gem of the first water,' in our Temperance Society, where every thing stronger than old port is forbidden, unless people wish for brandy, and even wine is not usually drank, when it is not to be had.

There is so much to admire, in the rapidity of modern improvement, that much of what is beautiful and sublime, must be passed by without our being able for want of time to admire. I think it the duty of every person who has taste, to point out what is admirable, as it appears to his senses; thus our path through life may be strewed with flowers, thick as a Lady's Album, and by the way, what is more worthy of admiration?

I was permitted, the other day to look over one of these sacred deposits of taste, that have superseded samplers, and shoe making for the poor, which were all the fashion in my day; the crow quill inscrip-

tions on its *ever verdant leaves*, were not perceivable *without spectacles*; and I felt as if I had on my nose, the whole gross of green ones, mentioned in the Vicar of Wakefield; indeed my own *case*, reminded me of those shagreen cases, so much did the writing perplex me—the *t's*—*teased* me, they were not like me, *crossed* in love or otherwise, in vain did my *eyes* look for *i's* on the paper, *even where the writing* was in gold, splendid to see, there were no *golden pippings*, except here and there a dot moved as excentrically as a comet in the firmament; not knowing to which *i*, to attach itself. The manuscript on the whole, looked beautifully regular, and seemed for all the world like a fair copy of a saw's edge.

After much study, and with much assistance, I began by counting the strokes of the pen, to find out that there was a meaning in the writing, however hidden. I hope the fair lady will not be vexed at my giving publicity, from time to time, to a few extracts, as, unless copies are made into actual writing, the valuable contents of most Albums must be utterly lost, that moment the fair owners cease to have them by heart, or the six lesson writing, goes out of fashion.

The first thing which 'struck me' was the portrait of a gentleman, done in oriental tinting. This my readers of course know is an improvement on the art of painting, by which any person, without six lessons, or even one, may excel all 'that savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew;' brilliancy of colouring beyond compare is produced, in exactly the same maner as boots are polished; and provided a lady requires an accomplishment, what *boots* it how the thing is accomplished. The portrait in question was of a gentleman, who, if I may dare to use the expression, was short and chubby,—the face consisted of a black profile, taken with an unerring instrument, the whiskers curled in bronze, the eyes were of *brass*, and the brazen locks of hair turned, Medusa like, upon his forehead; the collar of his shirt in virgin whiteness, pillowed, or as an Englishman would say pillored his ears, and oh! what a nose, stretched forth upon the paper;—he must have been an apothecary, if his long bill was any indication, at any rate it was plain, that when his formation was debated in natures parliament, though the question might have been carried in the affirmative, the *nose* had it.

The rest of the picture was splendidly coloured, through holes in rice paper—the coat was red, the song, which I suppose you have read, 'My love is like the red red rose,' conveys no idea of its redness; it was redder than vermillion; and then there were buttons of real gold, and golden wings, and a golden sword, and gold lace, slashed and plastered over his garments, one arm (I suppose by way of foreshortening it), was an inch shorter than the other; but this was made up by the length of the fingers, which beat the long arm hollow; and besides the figure stepped boldly forward with one leg, while the other seemed in scorn, to kick away a hill in the back ground, about a mile off, and which had been purposely erected to support it.

Around this interesting figure was a string of butterflies, who, like the gentleman, had golden wings, and red coats, and something very

like swords, at any rate, they all had belts and sashes—underneath was an inscription—‘He was famed for deeds of arms,’ and there was something about a light company, but whether alluding to the hero, or the butterflies,—I could not make out.

On the opposite page was the copy of a letter, a love effusion, which does too much honor to our hero not to insert it, it was written on the road, and thus connects him with my Essay, it is as follows :

“MY DEAR ANGEL,

“Little did I think, when you and I parted (‘as the song says,’) and you *bid* me to take care off myself, that your *bid* would have caused me to be knocked down. The briny tears so blinded me, that on turning the short corner I *tripped*, my head struck the corner of the stairs, like the head of a *trip* hammer, and my *feet kicked the beam* over head. I then rolled down the remainder of the steps, and at *length*, indeed at *full length*, arrived like a north west traveller, at a post. This said I, is a sorry way of travelling post, and if all *places* and *posts* were like this, there would not be so much contention about them. I have had a singing in my head ever since, but whether caused by the *storm* you played me on your pianer, before I left you, or by the blow on the corner of the *step*, I dont know. I then run into a shop, where they put some oil on my head, which smelt horrid, I suppose as I was going to train, they thought train oil was the best.

“I went then to bargain for the horse hire; and I got a horse higher than I ever saw before, but the step ladder was a great help. So I mounted my high horse, and he took to the road the *length* of his steps—jolting out my *breath*, and making it *thick* and *short*. I will not grieve your sensitive heart, with all the details of my journey. If I had the pen of ancient *Grecse*, I might tell you an *attic story*, as it is, I cannot rise so high. Let it be sufficient for me to say, that every thing went so *wrong* with me, that it is with difficulty I set myself to *write*—it is *odd* that this should happen *even* writing to you.

“The horse stopped at the sign of the bold dragon; while I was trying to turn about to look at the sign, which putting myself about was not easy, I being as you know in *stays* to make my coat fit, the stopping of the horse made me *fly* over his head and ears into the mud, and the horse stumbled over me, and falling, his *left flank*, turned my *right wing*—however I *rallied*, and entering the house was exposed to the *fire* in the bar-room, and having had but one treat to-day, which was from your sweet hands, I rung the bell for a *re-treat*.

“Nobody coming, I went into the kitchen, where there was three young ladies, making preserves. I was very wet as it had *rained* all day, one of them called me a *rain beau*, another lovingly whispered that I was a *rain dear*, and the third asked me if I had been sporting? for that there was a great plenty of *water foul* on the roads. I bid them to mind their *preserves*, and not to *make game* of me; they said I would never do for a *preserve*, I was *already* in such a *pickle*.

There was a goose roasting by the fire, and the water from my coat *dripping* into the *dripping* pan, the nigger of a cook said she would return the compliment; and the black beast, *basted* me with the *goose dripping*, saying that I was no good company, not being the only *goose dripping* in the room.

At last I made friends, and got my treat of hot stuff, for having had so much wet *outside*, I thought that in this *stage*, the toddy would make a good *inside* passenger, but as I took the first *swallow* of it, and I was too cold for one *swallow* to make a *summer* in my inside, a portly looking gentleman, in a bombeset coat, laid his hand upon the glass, and 'brother,' says he, 'touch it not, there's death in the cup!' I run out to send for the Doctor, and when I came back, my new friend says to me, *smacking his lips*, 'brother,' says he, 'I threw yonder poison into the fire—drink pure water.'

I will tell you some time all he said about temperance; and how he eat four pound of sassuages, as thick as my arm, and as red as my coat. While I was taking *notes* of his discourse, and taking no note of the dinner I had ordered, surely, says I, cold water is a real appetizer, for my friend said he had dined that day before, with brother *Boa Nergis*, from the Bay of *Canty*. At his recommendation I eat, and indeed there was nothing else left, three green pickle cow euners, about as big as the sassages, and looking like green glass bottles, boiled soft in dead cider. I also drank a quart of pure cold water, which has a queer taste, it is so long since I drank any, but in spite of all, I feel sick at heart. I suppose it was the hot stuff that made me feel so bad, for so my friend told me. I am going to bed, and must close my *sheet* with a song I composed a-horseback, for your sweet Albam.

1.

"Thro' swamps, and log causeways, although I may roam,
All cover'd with water, mud, gravel, and loam;
'Tho' hunger and cold seems to hollow me there,
'Tho' the weather *blows foully*, I'll think on my *fair*,
At home, home, home, sweet home,—
As sweet as a rose bud, a *blowing* at home.

2.

"While I am *a ranging* the woods like Dianer,
Your fingers *are ranging* your forty pianer:
While I am a shiv'ring, as if I'd the ague,
You're shaking at home in the battle of Prague,
At home, home, home, sweet home,—
As sweet as a humming bird, warbling at home.

3.

"Oh! could I fly home, on the wings of a bee,
And find my sweet, sweet heart, a thinking on me;
But a-las! like a stone, is my heart once so fiery,
And I am a far from my sweet Lindemiry;
At home, home, home, sweet home,—
As sweet as a *honey bee*, fixing your *comb*.

"Yours, till death."

My readers must be content for the present, with the present I have made them, I am a *Perry pathetic* Philosopher, and must be excused from my wanderings; I am always a going, and now I'm going to stop, till I go on again; but dinner waits, and travelling makes me so hungry, that a 'whole hog' will hardly satisfy me—as our great leader says—so I must take care of number one, as well by feeding, as by presenting this first number of my Essay.

THE NAVAL OFFICERS' DREAM.

It was a voice from other worlds,
Which none beside might hear;—
Like the night breeze's plaintive lyre,
Breathed faintly on the ear;
It was the warning kindly given,
When blessed spirits come,
From their bright Paradise above,
To call a brother home.

O. W. E. PEABODY.

SHORTLY after the commencement of the late war, six British vessels were at sea, bound for a distant country. They were all ships of war, with a full compliment of guns and seamen, who were in the usual trim and disposition of these gallant fellows—viz: having only two wishes,—one for their daily allowance of grog,—t'other, to conquer the enemy.

In one of the largest ships was an Officer, proverbial, even among the sailors, for swearing and profanity. He had been so for years, when one morning he appeared pensive and absent, instead of the joyous look, and hearty curse, with which he was accustomed to greet his messmates. The alteration in his manner and appearance was at once perceived, which excited no small degree of surprise among his companions, who instantly rallied him about such 'vagaries'—asking 'if he was afraid of going to Davie Jones's Locker?' or, 'if the old fellow had paid him a visit?' and cracked many marine jokes at his expense; all which he bore patiently for a few days, but getting tired of their continued raillery, spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen, you seem all very much amused at the alteration which has taken place in my conduct—but, instead of trying to turn it into ridicule, you should rather be thankful to Almighty God for my reformation, and that he has shewn, in glaring colours, the error of my ways—thereby enabling me to repent of the awful sin of profane swearing, to which I was so much addicted. You will naturally be curious to know, what has produced such a blessed change—therefore listen, and you shall be informed of all the particulars.

"Four nights ago I was relieved from watch at twelve, descended, and turned in: slumber had not visited my eyes long, when I dreamed

it was day, and being Officer of the watch, was pacing the quarter deck, with a glass in one hand and speaking trumpet in the other; looking occasionally at the compass, main-top, and prow—the vessel going through the water at nine knots, sweetly answering the tiller, shaking indignantly the spray from the bow and fore chains, with a smacking breeze on the starboard quarter. The fine hardy looking fellow in thin shoes, short in the instep, blue trowsers, waistcoat and jacket—the slit and buttons on the back of his iron hand. The black silk 'kerchief tied slack round the muscular neck—strongly denoting amateness; and the glazed leather hat upon his well shaped head, covering the short black hair, intelligent eye, weather beaten countenance, and shut lips, except when squirting tobacco juice, or uttering in a deep bass voice, at each turn of the wheel,—'steady.' All was in glorious trim—not a cloud of speck could be seen—every thing had fled from Heaven but the sun, who looked down in glorious majesty, smiling benignantly upon the vessels, and hearts of oak they contained. Even the sea seemed to have changed from water to the miser's God,—so gay, glittering, and gorgeous did it appear.

“I was pacing backwards and forwards on the weather side, proud of being monarch over so many fearless hearts, and the gallant ship—though only for a few hours—and just going to take the sun's azimuth, when a glorious creature—such as we conceive an angel to be, stood beside me, and said,—‘You admire this scene.’ ‘Yes, certainly.’ ‘The Being who created all that, filled the earth, water and air with inhabitants, until they are teeming with life, each fitted with power and capacity of enjoying and prolonging existence, in the different elements—they are all happy, and accomplishing the end for which they were made, except that species who have most reason to be grateful—the Lords of all; endowed with reason, speech, and created in the image of God,—fitted with an immortal soul—in order that he, after a well spent life, may enjoy his Maker throughout eternity. A creature so favoured, should be doubly happy and grateful, for the immense superiority bestowed upon his species alone. Instead of which, he treats not only with contempt, but ridicules, blasphemes, and gives nicknames to his Creator, preserver, benefactor and friend. Were you treated so by a servant,—what would you do?’ ‘I should instantly kick him to the devil.’ ‘Then, what do you deserve, for the awful oaths and imprecations, which you have been constantly using for years?’ This was a home thrust, so I did not answer. ‘If you die without repentance, what fate will you deserve?’ Still—it was impossible to reply, for I was tongue-tacked, and now felt convinced that hell, with all its torments, must with justice be my doom; therefore stood silent, abashed and self condemned. He, after looking at me for some seconds in silence, said—‘an offer of eternal happiness is now made you, and I am commissioned for the purpose to give you warning—as there is great joy amongst us, when a brand is plucked from the burning, by a repentant sinner returning to the bosom of his father, and his God. Your course is nearly run. In three weeks, you will be called, to give an account of all your evil deeds, done in the body. On this day three

weeks, a fleet of war vessels belonging to the enemy—see! there is the representation!’ I looked and saw seven vessels a-head. ‘You see these?’ ‘Yes.’ That ship in the van is the Admirals, which will engage yours, and at the first broadside, your head will be separated from the body, as if cut with a knife. Therefore, repent, for as the tree falls so it must lie, throughout the countless ages of eternity.”—When with a start I awaked, and found that it was dream. I have, since reflecting upon it however, been convinced that I was not dreaming, but that my soul had left the body, during its insensibility, and got a glimpse of futurity. Be that as it may, I am certain all will happen as foretold, by the vision of night.’

His brother officers were struck dumb from astonishment—but after the first surprise had subsided, told him never to think of it; and repeated all my arguments to shew that no regard should be paid to dreams, as they originated, and were influenced entirely, by the previous disagreeable or pleasant thoughts, passing across, or dwelling upon the mind;—together with the state of the whole corporeal system. Mind and matter were so closely allied and conjoined, that one could not be affected without the other feeling pain or sorrow, pleasure or joy,—without the person being able to explain the cause of either—perhaps never thinking, that outward and accidental circumstances, had produced a vision of satisfaction and delight—or one which made the flesh to creep with horror. Their arguments failed of carrying conviction and thoughtlessness, to the awakened sense and softened heart, of the now contrite sinner—so, that instead of resuming his former recklessness, all his worldly concerns were arranged by a Will—that no quarrel or lawsuit might arise about his property—being a man of fortune. He was now often seen reading the Bible, which did not produce timidity, gloom, or despondency—so far from it, that he was alert in every duty, and cheerful as before—the only difference was abstaining from all improper conversation, or the shadow of an oath.

Thus the three weeks passed away, and the morning of the day foretold as fatal to him, was beautiful but calm; the sails flapped against the masts, while the seamen sauntered on the fore-castle, giving discontented, angry puffs to produce wind accompanied by the expressions—‘blow, blast ye! blow. Blow lazy devil! blow lad, and be kind, just once—and again.’ They looked oft astern, to observe if a ripple, caused by the coming breeze, could be distinguished. It did come at length, which made her walk at five knots through the water, and within a point of her course.

The ten o'clock bell had just sounded, when a boat-swain's mate, at the main top, sung out ‘A Sail ahead.’ ‘What's she like?’ ‘She's just coming in sight—howsomèver, she looks squarish.’ ‘Keep a look out,’ ‘Aye, aye, sir.’ Sail after sail came in view, untill seven could be descried on the horizon. The officers skipped up the shrouds, and looking through glasses, plainly saw that they were all ships of war, with a first rater in the van. When the dreamer had also looked—they said—‘this is the day, are these the ships you saw?’ ‘Yes, and she that leads will engage us, and settle my business. But never mind that,

behave yourselves like British Seamen, and gladden my soul hovering o'er ye, by the shouts of victory !'

The Captain from the poop, through a trumpet, roared—' clear for action ! and unmuzzle the Bull-dogs !' ' Aye, aye, Sir.'—In a crack—' All ready, Sir,' resounded from the Quarter-Masters. ' Officers and Seamen abaft.' When they had all assembled on the quarter-deck,—in front of the poop—he said—' Now my fine fellows, I was once thinking of making a speech—but knowing your bravery, and having often seen you leather the French, I'll not offer to insult you, by making one—certain that you will behave as formerly,—like British Heroes. So let us leather them once more, for the sake of George the Third, and old England.' ' Huzza'!!! resounded from every mouth. ' I knew' continued he, ' that your hearts were in the right trim, for giving them a salt Eel to their supper; and now we must get the weather gage of him—so my brave boys, to your quarters.' In a moment all were in their stations and stript. ' Get ready a signal for the star-board tack.' ' Aye, aye, Sir'—' all ready Sir.'—' Hoist away !' When it being answered by the other Ships—' Helm alee !' ' hard alee Sir,' ' steady.' The other vessels, agreeably to the signal, also altered their course.

The Captain now spoke to the Officer who had dreamed—and argued the want of reason displayed, by those who believed in such vagaries.—But the other stated his thorough conviction, that all would happen as had been fore-told. Seeing that argument produced no effect, and his own hardness of belief, or want of faith, in Jove's nightly messengers, was beginning to give way—said, ' the Surgeon will require a number of hands in the Cock-pit,—I will thank you to attend there, and help the poor fellows, who may this day suffer in defence of their King and Country,—go.' ' No Captain, I will not. Die I must, but it shall be like a man, at my Post. You'll see how proudly I'll meet the King of terrors—for the Bible has deprived him of a sting !—' Farewell for ever,' when, with a warm embrace, he went towards his station on the lee side of the quarter-deck, where he encountered Lieut. ——— his bosom comrade, and, taking two papers from a side pocket, said—' My dear ——— I entrust you with these; they are my will and a letter to Miss ——— I have left her all my substance—except a few legacies to my Relations, as remembrances, for they require nothing,—but she is poor, an Orphan, and—of course—friendless. I am sure that you will deliver them in person,—wont you?' ' Oh, nonsense, you will go home and marry her. Faith and you'll tell her often and often about this day's work.'—' Will you do as I wish?' ' Certainly, should any accident befall you,—but every bullet has its billet; and blast fear.' ' My dear ——— this is no time for foolery—will you do as I wish?' ' Yes,' ' I know that you will love her, promise, if you obtain her consent, to be faithful and kind, as I would have been?' ' Yes,' ' now I am satisfied !—God be with, and bless you,'—when going to his Post he remained with a pleasant composed countenance, as if he had been confident of surviving.

The French Admiral tried every possible art, to prevent his enemy obtaining the weather gage, but could not hinder the British Commodore from running athwart his hawse—who, to the *Timoneer*, said—‘Steady,’ and, as they approached, in breathless expectancy within range of the Guns, the Captain cried—‘Now, be ready to rake her with the Lee quarter-deckers.’ ‘Aye, aye, Sir.’ The doomed Officer said—‘stand by my Lads, and mind the heave of the wave.’—‘Aye, aye, Sir,’ She was now crossing, and being on a ridge while the Frenchman was in the trough of the Sea, he roared—‘now go it, my Boys.’ And *bang* went the short eighteeners, raking her from stem to stern. ‘Get ready for the broadside my hearties!!’ ‘Aye, aye, Sir.’ The Guns were loaded and drawn up to the Port-holes, ‘before ye could say Jack Robson,’—the Broadside given, which made Monsieur heel and lie over, but righting instantly, she yawed and returned the compliment with twenty-fours; one of the Balls struck the Iron Railing, driving off a splinter, which went through the neck of our Hero, separating his Head from the Body, as if cut with a knife—thereby fulfilling his dream. But his soul would rejoice in the shouts of victory, which, after six hours hard fighting, arose from the British.

The Officer delivered the Letter and Will to the Lady, with whom he shortly fell in love; and after time, that gentle, but never failing Physician, had softened her sorrows, she obeyed the injunction, and accomplished the dying wish of her Lover, by becoming the wife of his friend, and brother—in arms. They are happy, as it is possible for health, virtue, and riches to render any of the descendants of Adam, and, amid all their happiness, the conversation often turns upon the noble disposition, and heroic valour of their friend,—after whom the oldest Boy is named, and who bids fair ‘nobly to face the foe.’ Daughters also have fallen to their lot, who are lovely like their mother, and who, without doubt, will captivate some ‘of the hearts of Oak, who live upon the Seas; and whose Flag has braved these thousand years, the battle and the breeze.’

A SAILOR.

*York, February 2nd, 1833.*VIRGIL'S *POLLIO*.

TRANSLATED.

Sicilian Muses, to a loftier strain,
 Propitious, let my humble voice aspire;
 From rustic scenes, now joyless, I refrain,
 To sing a Theme the Gods themselves desire:
 If Sylvan, let my Sylvan song be bold,
 To fill our Consul's soul with joy divine;
 The day is come; that happy day foretold
 By the rapt Sybil from her Cumean shrine.
 Now Time new born in mighty order turns,
 To waft the future ages on their way:

The absent virgin unto earth returns ;
 Return the blessings of Saturnian sway :
 Lo ! from high heaven a new born child is sent ;
 Oh ! chaste Lucina, at his instant birth,
 With all thy love, with all thy power attend,
 Bear him propitious to the expectant earth ;
 Offspring of heaven itself ; in whom shall cease
 The dire afflictions of the iron reign ;
 In whom shall rise the glorious golden days,
 With love and peace and pleasure in their train.
 Apollo now fulfils the long presage ;
 And while you, Pollio, wield the consul's power,
 Shall come this splendid glory of the age ;
 And the great months proceed in lengthened hours,
 If crime's deep footsteps 'mongst us yet remain ;
 Before thy face they all shall disappear,
 And evil impress, ceasing to retain,
 Shall loose the world from everlasting fear :
 Life he shall take, co-equal with the Gods ;
 With Gods commingl'd he shall heroes see ;
 By them beheld in their supreme abodes,
 Beloved and honored he shall ever be :
 Then with his father's virtues all imprest,
 He'll rule the world in universal rest.

For thee, blest child, without the labourer's toil,
 The bounteous earth its earliest gifts shall bring,
 The baccar yield its mystic healing oil,
 And graceful ivy round its branches cling ;
 So shall Acanthus' smiling flowers abound,
 With Colocasia o'er the fragrant ground :
 The docile goats, without the shepherd's care,
 Shall with their milky stores return to fold ;
 And careless herds shall wander far and near,
 With nought of danger from the lion's hold.
 Arround thy cradle sweetest flowers shall bloom,
 Budding from forth its margin ever green :
 The serpent perish in eternal doom ;
 And poisonous herb no longer shall be seen ;
 Its leaf deceitful wither on the soil,
 And in its place the Assyrian spikenard smile.

Meanwhile, as your maturer age proceeds ;
 Heroic honors you shall learn t' ascribe,
 Shall read the records of your father's deeds,
 And mark the bounds that virtue would prescribe.
 Slowly shall yellow o'er the fields of corn,
 Prolonging thus the evanescent joy ;
 The rosy grape shall hang upon the thorn,
 And the hard oaks thin honey streams supply.

But yet shall lurk some vestiges of sin,
 Our fraud of old, whereby temptations urge
 Man to th' offending way that he's been in ;
 Some in adventurous hope to dare the surge ;
 Others in pride of war to raise the tow'r,
 And press the fortress with the threatening mound ;
 Some in the search of vainly glittering ore,
 To cut deep channels in the groaning ground :

Then shall another *Tiphys* ply the helm ;
 Another *Argo* waft her chosen crew ;
 And other wars the world shall overwhelm ;
 Achilles yet another *Troy* subdue.

While thus thy days of infancy pass on,
 The mystic change shall not be understood ;
 But when firm age shall form thee perfect man,
 Then all shall hail thee as their only good :
 The sailor then from stormy seas shall rest :
 Nor need the pine the swelling canvas wield,
 'T' exchange the merchandize of east and west,
 For every clime shall every product yield.
 The earth no more shall bear the harrow's rent,
 Nor vine, the sharpness of the dresser's hook ;
 The ploughman from his goad shall then relent,
 And loose his steers from out the galling yoke ;
 No more need wool assume the borrowed dye,
 Nor feign the varying splendours, not its own ;
 The ram in purple on the mead shall lie,
 Or deck'd in saffron round his pastures roam ;
 And sportive lambs, unconscious of their pride,
 Shall skip the lawn in native scarlet dyed.
 Such are the days, which by Divine decree,
 According fates in highest heaven prevail'd,
 In Time's deep womb their bright array to see ;
 And thus those days in voice prophetic hail'd :
 " Haste, haste ye ages, wished for ages haste,
 " Years, days and hours in rapid order fly,
 " Ye mighty glories, now no longer late,
 " Approach, approach, the happy day's come by ;
 " Dear child of Gods, Jove's mighty increase come ;
 " Behold Earth's convex to its centre nod ;
 " Lands, seas and Ether's elevated dome,
 " All, all rejoice to greet the coming god."

Oh may the last, the closing hour of life,
 Still lengthen out my long protracted days,
 And may my spirit bear the panting strife
 Till I, blest child, thy mighty works shall praise :
 By thee inspired, the melody shall swell
 To strains so high, not *Linus'* tuneful lyre,
 No, nor the *Thracian Orpheus* shall excell,
 Though *Orpheus'* mother aid, and *Linus'* sire ;
 Though *Callopæa* touch her *Orpheus'* string,
 And fair *Apollo* for his *Linus* sing ;
 Should even *Pan* with me contend the strain,
 And all *Arcadia* to the judgment rise,
 Even *Pan* himself will own his pipe in vain ;
 To me *Arcadia* will adjudge the prize.
 Begin, dear child, assume your infant right,
 Assert your mother with the winning smile,
 That she with smiles return the new delight ;
 She, who hath borne ten months your embryo toil :
 Begin, dear child, assert your glorious claim,
 For while your parents these high rites delay,
 Celestial banquets you cannot attain,
 Nor on ambrosial couches slumbering lay.

The truth and sound sense displayed in the following advice, will more than sufficiently apologize for its being copied by us,—who are extremely anxious to benefit youth;—and think that the exposure of juvenile fallacies, therein contained, must—if attended to, produce lasting happiness and prosperity.

(From Chambers' *Edin. Jour.*)

FALLACIES OF THE YOUNG.

“Fathers have flinty hearts.”

I ONLY quote this popular expression from a very popular play, in order to warn my juvenile friends against being too much impressed by it. It is a fatal error running through nearly the whole mass of our fictitious literature, that parents are represented as invariably adverse, through their own cruel and selfish views, to the inclinations of their children; either the glowing ambition and high spirit of the boy is repressed by the cold calculations of his father, who wishes him to become a mere creature of the counting-room and shop, like himself; or the romantic attachment of the girl to some elegant Orlando, procures her a confinement to her chamber, with no other alternative than that of marrying a detestable suitor, whom her father prefers to all others, on account of his wealth. Then, the boy always runs away from his father's house, and, by following his own inclinations, acquires fortune and fame; while the girl as invariably leaps a three pair-of-stairs-window, and is happy for life with the man of her choice. The same dangerous system pervades the stage, where, I am sorry to remark, every vicious habit of society, and every impropriety in manners and speech, is always sure to be latest abandoned.

I warn my juvenile readers most emphatically against the fallacy and delusion which prevails upon this subject. Fathers, as a class, have not flinty hearts, nor is it their wish or interest, in general, to impose a cruel restraint upon their children. Young people would do well to examine the circumstances in which they stand in regard to their parents and guardians, before believing in the reality of that schism which popular literature would represent, as invariably existing between their own class, and that of their natural protectors. The greater part, I am sure, of my young friends must have observed that, so long as they can remember, they have been indebted for every comfort, and for a thousand acts of kindness and marks of affection, to those endeared beings,—*their father and mother*. The very dawning light of existence must have found them in the enjoyment of many blessings procured to them solely by those two individuals. From them must have been derived the food they ate, the bed they lay on, the learning at school which enabled their minds to appreciate all the transactions and all the wisdom of past

times, and, greatest blessing of all, the habits of devotional exercise which admitted them to commune with their Almighty Creator. Surely it is not to be supposed that at a certain time, the kindness and friendship of these two amiable persons is all at once converted into a malignant contrariety to the interests of their children. Is it not far more likely, my dear young friends, that they continue, as ever, to be your well-wishers and benefactors ; and that the opposition which they seem to set up so ungraciously against your inclinations, is only caused by their sense of the dangers which threaten you in the event of your being indulged ? It may appear to you that no such danger exists ; that your parents are actuated by narrower and meaner views than your own, or that they do not allow for the feelings of youth. But they are in reality deeply concerned for the difference of *your* feelings from *theirs* ; they sympathise with them in secret, from the recollection of what were their own at your period of life, but know, from that very experience of your feelings, and of their result, that it is not good for you that they should be indulged. You are, then, called upon—and I do so now in the name of your best feelings, and as you would wish for present or future happiness—to trust in the reality of that parental tenderness which has never, heretofore, known interruption, and in the superiority of that wisdom with which years, and acquaintance with the world, have invested your parents.

Perhaps, my young friends, you may have perceived, even in the midst of your childish frolics and careless happiness, that your parents were obliged to deny themselves many indulgences, and toil hard in their respective duties, in order to obtain for you the comforts which you enjoy. You may have perceived that your father, after he returned home from his daily employment, could hardly be prevailed upon to enter, as you wished, into your sports, or to assist you with your lessons, but would sit, in silent and abstracted reflection, with a deep shade of care upon his brow. On these occasions, perhaps, your amiable and kind protector is considering how difficult it is, even with all his industry, and all his denial of indulgences to himself, to procure for you an exemption from that wretchedness in which you see thousands of other children every day involved. But though many are the cares which your parents experience, in the duty of rearing you to manhood, there is none so severe or so acute as that which comes upon them at the period of your entering into life. Heretofore, you were simple little children, with hardly a thought beyond the family scene in which you have enjoyed so many comforts. Heretofore, with the exception of occasional rebukes from your parents, and trifling quarrels with your brothers and sisters, you have all been one family of love, eating at the same board, kneeling in one common prayer, loving one another as the dearest of all friends. But now the scene becomes very different. You begin to feel, within yourselves, separate interests, and each thinks himself best qualified to judge for himself. At that moment, my young friends, the anxiety of your parents is a thousand times greater than it ever was before. Your father, probably, is a man of formed habits and character ; he occupies a certain respectable station in the world ; he has all his life been governed by certain principles, which

he found to be conducive to his comfort and dignity. But, though he has been able to conduct himself through the world in this satisfactory manner, he is sensible, from the various, and perhaps altogether opposite characters, which nature has implanted in you, that you may go far wide of what have been his favourite objects, and perhaps be the means of impairing that respectability which he, as a single individual, has hitherto maintained. It is often observed in life that children who have been reared by poor but virtuous parents, as if their minds had received in youth a horror for every attribute of poverty, exert themselves with such vigorous and consistent fortitude, as to end with fortune and dignity; while the children, perhaps of these individuals, being brought up without the same acquaintance with want and hardship, are slothful through life, and soon bring back the family to its original condition. If you then have been reared in easy circumstances, you may believe what I now tell you, that your approach to manhood or womanhood will produce a degree of anxiety in the breasts of your parents, such as would, if you knew it, make your very hearts bleed for their distress, and cause you to appear as monsters to yourselves if you were to act in any great degree differently from what they wished.

How much, then, is it your duty, my young friends, to treat the advice and wishes of your parents, at this period of life, with respect, knowing, as you do, that the future happiness of those dear and kind beings depends almost solely upon your conducting yourselves properly in your first steps into life. Should you be so unfortunate as to be beguiled into bad company, or to contract a disposition to indulgencies which are the very bane of existence, and the ruin of reputation, what must be the agony of those individuals who have hitherto loved and cherished you, and indulged, perhaps, in very different anticipations! On the contrary, should you yield respect, as far as it is in your nature, to the maxims which your father has endeavoured to impress, with what delight does he look forward to your future success!—with what happy confidence does he rely upon your virtuous principles! And may there be no happiness to *you*, in contemplating the happiness which you have given to *him*? Yes, much, I am sure, and of a purer kind than almost any which earthly things can confer upon you here below.

I have one word to add; and it is addressed to the female part of my juvenile readers. Exactly as parents feel a concern for the first appearance of their sons in the business of life, so do they experience many anxious and fearful thoughts respecting the disposal of their daughters in matrimony. Wedded life, I may inform them, is not the simple matter which it appears prospectively in early and single life. As it involves many serious duties and responsibilities, it must be entered upon with a due regard to the means—above all things, the pecuniary means—of discharging these in a style of respectability, such as may be sufficient to support the dignity of the various connections of the parties. It is, therefore, necessary that no person of tender years (this is most frequently the lot of the female) should contract the obligations of matrimony, without, if possible, the entire sanction of parents or other protectors. The people of this country happen to

entertain, upon this subject, notions of not so strict a kind as are prevalent in most other nations. In almost all continental and all eastern countries, the female is reared by her friends as the destined bride of a particular individual, and till her marriage she is allowed no opportunity of bestowing her affections upon any other. The custom is so ancient and so invariable, that it is submitted to without any feeling of hardship; and as prudence is the governing principle of the relations, the matches are generally as happy as if they were more free. Perhaps such a custom is inapplicable to this country, on account of our different system of domestic life; but I may instance it, to prove to my fair young readers, that the control of parents over their choice of a husband, ought to be looked upon as a more tolerable and advantageous thing than their inclinations might be disposed to allow, or our popular literature represents it to be.

(*Londonderry Sentinel.*)

THE LAST PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

The deep bell of midnight had rung its last peal,—
 The swarthy Egyptians were sunk in repose;
 But the Israel of God held their banquet to seal
 The captives deliverance from slavery's woes.

The harp that had hung on the Nile-willow tree,
 Whose chords the rude blasts had oft dipt in the wave;
 Was retun'd, and now play'd at each Patriarch's knee,
 The sweet song of Zion—"Jehovah will save,"

'Tis ceased:—not a murmur is heard in the host,
 For the death-sigh of terror was floating around:
 And they gaz'd, and they gaz'd, in uncertainty lost,
 For the wailings of grief made the city resound.

The Lord had descended in fire and in cloud,
 Had open'd the pit for the Angel of death,
 And Abaddon, enclosed in his sulphurous shroud,
 Had wav'd the dread sword of his vengeance in wrath.

With the speed of a ray from the fountain of light,
 He had sought the proud palace of Pharaoh the king;
 Nor strong gates of brass, nor guards gleaming all bright,
 Could arrest his wild sway, or resist his foul sting.

All covered with blood, fell the heir of the throne,
 And the first-born of begg'ry escap'd not the blow;
 And the captive in chains heav'd a still deeper groan,
 When the child of his hopes fell the victim of woe.

Now the wild scream of anguish was rending the air,
 And the heart of each Israelite melted away.
 And their fears were succeeded by dismal despair,
 When the gaunt wolves of Egypt surrounded their prey.

And the voice of the monarch was heard in the van,
 As loudly he knock'd at each blood-stricken door;
 But his cries were of grief, for he felt as a man,
 When he saw that the glory of Egypt was o'er!

“Rise up! Israel, rise! and haste, go serve the Lord.
 Take your flocks and your herds, and your jewels of gold.
 For the gods of Mizraim no strength can afford,
 And the Lion of Judah has burst on the fold,

“Oh, rise! Israel, rise! bless my soul ere you go!
 But haste thee, my people in agony pray,
 Lest Jehovah Elohim again overthrow,
 The remnant of Hain, ere the dawn of the day.”

PHILANDER.

USEFUL ARTS AND NEW INVENTIONS.

On the Cultivation of Hemp.

THE soils most suited to the culture of this plant, are those of the deep, black, putrid, vegetable kind, which are low and rather inclined to moisture; and those of a deep mellow, loamy, sandy description.—To render the land proper for the reception of the crop, it should be reduced to a fine state of mould, and clear from weeds by repeated ploughings. In many instances, it will require being dressed with well-rotted manure. The quantity of seed sown per acre, is from two to three bushels; but as the crops are greatly injured by standing too closely together, two bushels, or at most, two bushels and a half, will be generally found sufficient. In the choice of seed, care should be taken that it is new and of a good quality, which is known by its feeling heavy in the hand, and being of a bright and shining colour. The best season for sowing it in the southern districts is, as soon as possible after the frosts are over in April, and, in the more northern districts, towards the close of the same month, or beginning of May. The most general method of sowing is broadcast, and, afterwards, covering it by slight harrowing; but when the crops are for seed, drilling it in rows, at small distances, may be advantageous. This sort of crop is frequently cultivated on the same piece of ground, for a great number of years without any other kind intervening; but, in such cases, manure is required in pretty large proportions. It may be, also, sown after most sorts of grain. When hemp is sown broadcast, it, in general, requires no after culture; but, when it is drilled, a hoeing, or two, will be found advantageous. In the culture of this plant, it is particularly necessary that the same piece of land should contain both male and female, or what is sometimes called frimble hemp—the latter contains the seed. When the crop is ripe, which is known by its becoming of a whitish-yellow colour, and a few of the leaves beginning to drop from the stems, which

happens generally in about thirteen or fourteen weeks from the period of its being sown, it must be pulled up by the roots, in small parcels at a time, by the hand, taking care to shake off the mould well from them before the handfuls are laid down. In some districts the whole crop is pulled together; while in others, which is the best practice, the crop is pulled at different times, according to its ripeness. When, however, it is intended for seed, it should be suffered to stand till it is perfectly ripe. After the hemp is pulled, it should be tied up in small parcels; and, if for seed, the bundles should be set up in the same manner as corn, till the seed becomes dry and firm; it must, then, be either thrashed on cloths in the field, or taken home to the barn. The after management of hemp varies greatly in different places; some only *dew-ripen* or *ret* it, whilst others *water-ret* it. The last process is the best and most expeditious; for, by such process, the grassing is not only shortened, but the more expensive ones of breaking, scratching, and bleaching the yarn, are rendered less violent and troublesome. After having undergone these different operations, it is ready for the purposes of the manufacturer. The produce of hemp-crops is extremely variable; the average is, generally, about 500 weight per acre. Hemp, from growing to a great height, and being very shady in the leaf, leaves land in a very clean condition; hence, it is sometimes sown for the purpose of destroying weeds, and is an excellent preparation for wheat crops.—*Bucks Herald*.

SONG.

I love her, and she knows it not,
 Her smiles for others beam;
 Her presence cheers each happy spot,
 Like sunshine on the stream.
 I love her, tho' so cold and strange,
 The glance she gave to me,
 And I must love, and hope no change,—
 Or look of love to see.

I trembled when her warbling voice,
 Pour'd forth the tide of song;
 And bid th' admiring hearts rejoice,
 Of all the list'ning throng;
 Wealth ceas'd the while to sum his pelf,
 To catch the thrilling lays;
 And pride forgot his dream of self,
 To utter words of praise.

The worm the rose's petals fold,
 Gnaws at its inmost core;
 And love that never must be told,
 Consumes the heart the more.
 Bewitching maid, my heart in vain,
 Would struggle to be free—
 But love renews his tyrant chain,
 Whene'er I look on thee.

York, February, 1855.

CINNA.

ON BEES.

How doth the little busy bee
 Improve each shining hour ;
 And gather honey all the day,
 From ev'ry op'ning flower !

How skilfully she builds her cell !
 How neat she spreads her wax !
 And labours hard to store it well,
 With the sweet food she makes.

WATTS.

THE first principal object of man's existence is to learn a trade or business, by which life may be continued and prolonged—that by the practice of weaving, building—or any of the others, which the infirmities of all render necessary ; and from the general imperfection of our nature, require to be long practised, before they can be speedily performed, or neatly executed, existence should be continued, in plenty or penury, according to the excellence or clumsiness of work performed. Handicraftsmen who were able thoroughly to perform, and execute—improve upon the lessons learned from others, or—'taken up at their own hand,'—wished, of course, to have a mart, or outlet for the effects manufactured. They therefore went to reside, where were congregated a number of beings, like themselves, and who were similarly constituted, requiring for daily use articles which—not having learned and practised, during the third part of life, they could not fashion or form ;—and consequently, were compelled to reward those who had spent boyhood and part of youth, in acquiring a mastery of the trade.

Sin, and the dulness of intellect possessed by man, required that a proportion should study the law of God, and, from the Bible, explain regularly to the generality of mortals, His holy will ; which was absolutely necessary, as the inordinate love of gain and other propensities—wholly evil, that wealth could only secure and gratify, had such power, and gained so great an ascendancy, that things of eternity were overlooked, forgotten, or disregarded. Hence a proportion of the people made the Bible their study ; and as the priesthood were necessary in early ages, so the profession has continued unto this day—when their office is equally important. For it is certain, that though the inhabitants of this world are grown, perhaps, more polite, there is no improvement in the manners of mortals. In proof that this assertion is correct, it is only necessary to examine the Newspapers of Great Britain and Ireland ; when by reading the language applied to Clergymen, the dullest comprehension must be convinced, that every thing possible is told to the mob, which can induce them to set at nought all advices delivered from the pulpit—which will—must cover the platforms with actors on the last stage, and last struggles of poor weak man, who cannot live

with innocence, from love and gratitude to God, but requires to be kept in continual remembrance and terror, of—hell-fire.*

From that propensity, being so strong in the generality, of seizing with the hand whatever was pleasing to the eye, or the possession of which, would enable the other senses to feast upon their favourite fare—laws and restrictions had to be formed, in order that property of any kind might be secured to the rightful proprietor. As men, together with their wants and wealth multiplied, more restraints were planned and recorded; until they became so numerous—from the trick and abominable corruptions of mortals, that long time was necessary to comprehend and understand them. As most men were ready to take advantage of the smallest mistake—it was imperative that boys should be trained up in a full and complete knowledge of those laws, which the greed or depravity of men, forced their brethren to form and arrange, for mutual restraint and protection. Thus Lawyers had their origin: Magistrates had to be chosen over these; and again, as an additional restraint, a King was elected—who, above all bribery, and feeling for every inhabitant of the country alike, should keep all the others to their duty—preventing the wealthy from making slaves of, or oppressing the poor, and those who had none, from taking by force the property and possessions of the wealthy. It was also necessary that this personage, exalted above his fellows—for their own good—should not be a man of straw, who had nothing but a shake of the head, or ‘ipse dixit’ to throw at offenders—men were enlisted for a term of years, to obey this Chief—Head Magistrate, King, Preserver of the Public Peace, or any other title which men are pleased to bestow, upon that being, who is King of Britain, Emperor, or Czar, of Russia, Nabob of Arcot, Sultan of Turkey, Great Mogul of Tartary, President of America—who governs the Kings—one of which is in each State of these ‘seven united Provinces.’ As these people so enlisted, were numerous, and not qualified to decide upon right or wrong, they had to swear that obedience to the King, Czar, Nabob, Sultan, Mogul or President, should be unlimited. Thus all professions, from the King to the Candler, arose; each had its origin in necessity, and from the vices or natural imbecility of proud man.

The earth—except where man was first placed, cannot support its inhabitants, or occupiers, without great labour, and almost constant perseverance in some trade or business. It was, and is absolutely necessary that each person should practice one, which his neighbours were unable to perform, and yet could not exist in comfort without; and as men increased in numbers, wealth was acquired—many professions were learned, of which the Antedeluvians could form no conception. But of these, in succession hereafter;—and in the meantime, shall notice only, that all men should try to support life in the most innocent manner possible, and without cruelty to other animals. For this pur-

* Such as are sceptical on this point, may examine the History of France, before the Revolution, when they will be convinced of the above assertion being correct.

pose is the following detailed, in order, that money may be honestly earned, without a shadow of cruelty; while the wonder and admiration of sensible men will be excited and gratified, in a way that the fashionable and voluptuous can form no idea of. It is by that little industrious Insect, which has been admired by the greatest Philosophers of ancient or modern times; caused books to be written concerning its habits, and arguments to be started, that are yet unanswered. It is a Bee,—an insignificant looking little creature that lives in society, and which, when collected into a house constructed for their reception, work with perseverance so constant, that if the example was faithfully copied by any man, he would make a fortune by mending shoes, or knitting stockings; which form a living beautiful moral for children; whose hum is softer and more melodious than any earthly sound—a Lady's voice only excepted; which form a great curiosity, and unequalled ornament of the most splendid Parterre; who labour without wages, bringing the sweets from myriads of flowers to our door.

That Bees have been admired in all ages, the various writers, sacred and profane, sufficiently testify. But, though filled with admiration, yet 'the Godlike creature—man' destroyed them for what had been collected by many a weary wing,—drowning and choking in water, or with the fumes of brimstone, that very Insect which had toiled incessantly—risking life itself,* through spring, summer, and autumn, for a winter store! It remained for this age, of wonders and reformation, to preserve the industrious little Insects,—leaving them a sufficiency, and filching, without injury, that superfluity which was not requisite for supporting existence in comfort. But we must now descend to particulars; and state our small portion of knowledge, from actual observation, which will amuse, delight and enrich, at the same time, without a shadow of cruelty.

In any country inhabited by civilized man, Bees will thrive and collect a great deal of honey, if attention, and very little is necessary, be bestowed,—but they do require some, from being confined in a habitation fashioned by man, and of small compass, care must be taken to allow them a sufficiency of air, in warm weather; and occasionally change the board—upon which they are placed, so that they may not be impeded in their work, by carcasses and pieces of wax which fall from time to time. Bees, if receiving that slight attention, will thrive and be happy almost any where.

In England and France where the fields are highly cultivated, blooming with red, white, and yellow clover, turnips and greens, blossoming for seed, and flowers from every part of the Globe, are putting out their rainbow bosoms to the Sun, Bees collect astonishing quantities of honey. When it is considered how soon these flowers begin to fade, and the sudden changes of weather, with frequent dashes of violent rain, from thunder clouds, enough to drive a creature

* Each time that a Bee leaves home, it runs more chances of destruction than any Ship that ever sailed in unknown seas, upon a voyage of discovery.

ten times the size and strength of a Bee to earth with a broken back, or torn wing. Besides, winter, in these regions, is not steady, but frost, snow, and rain fill up the solstice—enlivened occasionally by a mild beautiful day. The consequence is, that Bees, unless prevented by a grating, which will only admit air, rush out for the purpose of labour,—which is not meritorious—because they cannot help it; the air is too cold for their little delicate members and organs, so down they drop upon the glittering snow. Thus many hives are destroyed every season by negligence. But the various causes already mentioned, are sufficient to shew what dangers they are almost constantly encountering, from the climate being so changeable, also from an enemy called a wasp, who is brave, determined and cruel—making their nests in woods, suspended from the branches of trees, formed with the hole, door or entrance, undermost—so that neither wind nor water can enter; and the substance of which this tabernacle consists—though resembling a Bank of England Note, or American Ten Dollar Bill, is not affected by rain, which runs off as if the house had been covered with oil—or to use an American simile—“run, slick as greased lightning through a gooseberry-bush.” Where the woods are in narrow stripes,* or much frequented by Sunday strollers, these Insects select dry ground, and under the surface form subterranean domiciles, like those which hang in mid air, and with equal neatness, only, that the dry earth forms the outer wall, instead of the soft paper substance which shields them from every ‘cauld blast that can blow.’ They live entirely by plunder, entering all places where sugar, or any thing sweet is kept, and are so brave, that one will march into a Hive at noon day, regardless of the number of Bees contained within. Care should therefore be taken that the door of the house be made small, so that it may be easier guarded by the domestics against these robbers;—for, though the Bees are thorough game, and will always do battle bravely, yet their sting will only hurt or cause pain—whereas, each prick from that of a Wasp produces death; and he does not leave the sting in the Bee, as t’other does in him, but is able to kill hundreds before being mastered.—The weapon is only left in man, or some larger animal, whose flesh seems more retentive or more adapted for keeping the hold. Some people have a door fitted to slide in a groove, which they put on the hives during the months of June and July, when the Wasps are flying about in greatest numbers, with three holes, each large enough to admit a Bee—which is a good plan, provided it be constructed of wood;—as if made of metal—such as tin, or sheet-iron, ten to one but in going in or out, one or other of the wings will be torn, when the Insect will be instantly rendered useless. If such happen to one, we may reasonably conclude that thousands will share the same fate.

That Bees thrive and collect immense quantities of honey in France, Ireland, and Great Britain, is incontestibly proved, beyond all possibility of dispute; for, if our memory serves, Peter the Great, when

* There are few forests in “the Old Countries,” owing to the high rent given for arable land. Any trees being left merely for ornament.

journeying towards Paris, visited a Priest, in the South of France, who had five hundred Hives, which he had reared from two, the honey produced an immense sum. There is at present living, in rather a mountainous District of Scotland, a Blacksmith who on an average of five years, clears £70 sterling per annum. So, that notwithstanding all the enemies they have to encounter—as short, uncertain seasons, scarcity of flowers in blossom, &c. &c. a great deal of money may be made by them. When such is the case in Europe, where these insects are never found wild, but taken there, and unless protected by the hand of man, must shortly become extinct—what must the same creatures produce in a climate, where each change is distinctly marked?—where the woods, untouched by man's hand, blossom in scented loveliness; where the plane, sugar mapple, and many others exude honey, that appears upon the leaves in numberless small blobs, which the Bees would collect and deposit in their houses.

This country possesses advantages for the culture of Bees, superior to all others. For the Spring, Summer, and Autumn are so warm and steady, while no violent winds, as in Europe, desolate the plain, that every day Bees can labour, from morning until night, without risk. Thunder clouds do sometimes darken the atmosphere, and torrents descend from the sky, but to these Bees are never exposed, for owing to some unknown cause, whenever electric matter is condensing, they invariably keep near home; their humming has a melancholy sound—as if to keep each other in mind that danger is nigh, when before the rain begins, the sound changes to a cry of alarm, and all rush for their homes until a clear sky and bright sun, again invite them to labour and song. There is abundance of honey to be collected from the magnificent woods and wilds of Canada—where the climate will allow them to work in happiness during five months of every year, and the remaining seven they will be in a state of torpor or stupor, taking and requiring scarcely any nourishment, the long sleep answering and satisfying all demands of the corporeal system. The expense of feeding through the winter, as in Europe, is avoided and all is pure honey, profit, and gain, without any drawback, toil or trouble—the music they produce is unpaid for, and sweets collected without a murmur of discontent, or threat having to be uttered—but all is industry conjoined with harmony.

It is necessary now to descend from the music of these little insects, and state the other particulars, in order that those who are ignorant concerning these self-taught workmen, may have sufficient knowledge to direct them in choosing and managing a Hive for pleasure and profit. A Hive, if purchased* at the end of Autumn, should weigh thirty pounds weight. Being four for the Hive and board, three for the Bees—perhaps thirty thousand, and a good Hive will not contain less, while

* There is an ancient superstition handed down, which is in full vogue, even in this our day of reformation and orthodoxy—that it always produces bad luck and misfortune to buy a Hive of Bees. They must be given or stolen, but never bought—such is the belief of many men!

some have double that number—and twenty-two pounds weight of honey for winter food and support. This is required in Britain, and though less is necessary here where they will not eat so much, if any, yet ‘the heavier the better,’ which will tend to their support, should it so happen that, contrary to expectation, founded ‘on use and wont,’ the Spring in this country shall be changeable, cold and showery. They ought to be ten shillings, or two dollars lower in price than if purchased after Spring has commenced—because, there are risks to be encountered during Winter of disease, &c. which none of the other seasons can produce; and a Hive purchased in May instantly commences to collect honey for the owner—though unintentionally, and should therefore be higher in price.

The fair value of each Hive, weighing thirty pounds, according to markets is from twenty-eight shillings to two pounds, according as it is purchased in Autumn or Spring. Each Hive will throw off two swarms at the very least, which are in equal or superior value with the old one—independent of honey collected, which, allowing that the parent Hive has eight, the first swarm six, and the second* five pints of honey—which, at one Shilling per pound weight, (five pounds are allowed to each pint) the produce of each Hive purchased in Spring, is £4 15s. sterling, independent of the Hives; each of which is equal—if not superior, in value with the old one. The calculation, therefore, of each Hive, producing five pounds sterling, is not at all above the mark, and in this country seven (pounds) may be fairly stated as the average—because more honey is collected, and almost none being required for Winter keep. The only thing which I would recommend is, to sow a small quantity of buck wheat near the place where Bees are stationed; which will have the effect of keeping the swarms from going to a distance. Why they delight in such grain, is another affair not easily to be accounted for, nor do I presume to give reasons why things should be as they are, men and brutes have passions, and why not insects instincts? We cannot understand why and wherefore such things are, though they are known, and daily perceptible to all who chuse to look, and make use of their faculties, but knowing that such is the case, it is our business, as wise men, to reflect, and act in accordance with the laws of nature, though we do not understand or comprehend them.

Bees will commence working in this climate, about the first day of May, and by the last of July, their houses will be filled with honey: a hole should then be made through the top of their house,† and an empty one placed above it, plastered round the junction with lime or clay. The Bees will instantly run up, and commence forming a store, when on the first or second of September, the under one, and which

* There will oftener be three swarms than two.

† All Bee houses should be made of wood two inches thick, and properly seasoned. When constructed of straw, they have to labour a whole week at pulling off all the projecting points, before commencing to form the comb—so that much loss of time is the consequence of any roughness being inside, which should be smoothed by a plane.

must be of greatest dimensions, may be removed, and the other placed upon the board, without injuring a single Bee, and leaving them a sufficiency of food for supporting them comfortably through the winter—even should it prove open, and free from frost.

As the nights begin to turn cold, various creeping things will crawl up the posts which support the Hive, in search of shelter; feeling heat issue from the thousands within, they enter and afraid to advance, secrete themselves just inside the door. The quarters are vastly comfortable, and nightly do they resort to the mellifluous abode; eggs are deposited, and as the weather becomes more severe, they enter and remain insensible as the ovaria, until Spring returns with its buds and flowers, calling upon the rightful occupiers of the Hive to arise, throw from them stupor or somnambulism,* and come abroad to join with their little pipes in the general joy expressed by animated nature, as the genial rays from the God of day glitter on the stream, causing a blush on the rose leaf, and scent from the humble violet. Out they rush, but their hum is checked at once; for inside the door-way are seen vermin of various kinds lifting up their ugly heads, after the long suspension of feeling, along with the eggs, cracking and bursting, by the growth and action of what was so lately inanimate pulp†—that it may crawl over the surface of their world—the garden. The Bees are horrified with the sight, and at meeting them in the sweet walks of the innermost recesses—even at the royal cell; where sipping the honey, the clammy slime of the snail, &c. pollute the passages of order, cleanliness, and wonderful propriety. Though possessed of undoubted courage, and they are pleased with being in the vicinity of a putrid carcase—if a large animal,‡ yet a ‘slater’ or snail actually paralyzes them, and, from disgust, are unable to make the fellow retreat, with ‘a Bee in his bonnet’—but horrified beyond measure, are unable to apply the weapon which nature has provided, and wing their way in search of a home, where no loathsome varlets can enter, to disturb the order of ‘King, Lords, and Commons,’ but where all democratic rascals, with the beast’s mark on their forehead, shall be forever excluded.

Care should therefore be taken, that each Hive be turned up and examined, as Winter approaches, and these crawling creatures thrown out; which otherwise would, like a Provost (Mayor) or Alderman after a City feast—snore throughout a long dark night; with this difference,

* The little life possessed by these insects during cold weather, may aptly enough entitle them to the appellation of sleep-walkers.

† Called by the Medical Gentlemen ‘Albumen.’

‡ It is said, but with what truth I leave for Philosophers and the learned to dermine,—‘that Bees had their origin from the carcase of a Lion.’ They still delight in dipping their wings in putridity, and shaking hands with their kindred—the maggots—which is superior to the conduct of human beings, whose love departs, when their friends become like poor old Lazarus, who had not ‘a Cross’ in his pocket—all Christian Coins, ‘long ago,’ having the sycambal, of what the Protestants are now ashamed—the Cross. Therefore, *the Bees exceed men, in that their love has nothing to do with fashion or state—ability and industry being the ‘sine qua non.’*—EDITOR.

that the first lay eggs, and the last eat them, cooked 'a la mode Français,' by the hundred. Both are nuisances, and it is a vast pity that we can only destroy, or 'kick out' the lesser evil and abomination, by turning up the Hive,—when the other 'lot' require great work in Houses, frequented by Lords and Commons, before others can get permission to throw scum, where their predecessors have left slime. However so it is; cleanliness, inside, and destroying all weeds, or any thing near the station that could harbour an enemy, will greatly tend to the welfare, happiness, and prosperity of those, who—though they can live in genteel company, and wing their way through ether—yet take cognizance of their brother maggots in any carcase, as 'they journey by the way.'

A little attention only is requisite to have Bees swarming around the human, though less perfect, and not so orderly a domicile; delighting "all and sundry" with their pastimes, frolics and humming music—sweeter than the Bassoon and more rich, for no hire is given to the performers. Not that they are to be praised for such conduct,—because it proceeds entirely from selfishness; and would have been uttered, sounded, or delivered, whether other creatures than themselves had ever been created or made. All that is required being, that each Hive be turned up and examined, once every third day, when snails, or whatever kind of vermin may have entered therein, should be carefully taken out;*—but when this is performed, the operator must, or should, have a quantity of 'mortar,' or wet clay, and after each examination, with a broad (or table) knife, plaster the junction of the Hive and board. Two minutes are sufficient to accomplish the 'job,' which will never be considered any thing but a pleasure,—unless the Bee-master drinks grog and smokes tobacco, which will only qualify him for sitting by the fire, 'the live long day,' taking—what he denominates, 'ease and comfort.'

In short all the trouble connected with, or required by Bees, is merely what enhances their value, and gives pleasure to ourselves;—like any grand object attained, after a little doubt and difficulty—such as is caused by an impending lawsuit, where the ancestral estate of £10,000 per annum is depending;—or, what is of far greater value,—a Lady whose company and love sensible men long for; dandies swear, they could have her, if they chose—'for she laughed to me, coloured, and held down her head in Church, last Sunday,—*pon honour!*' I don't speak from private and personal sympathies or feelings, because no estate of any value can ever be contested by me,—who chanced, greatly against my will, to be born of poor parents—'that had their own fight to make ends meet;' as for ladies, I am really too ugly,—so must take up my time with Bees and such creatures, leaving the greater,

* Writers of ancient times have recorded that 'there are seven sleepers.' Philosophers have copied the assertion upon trust, not thinking examination called for—as it had the stamp of antiquity. But, had they made use of their organs, they would have discovered that more creatures sleep, or are insensible during cold weather than these dictatorial personages were aware of.—
EDITOR,

grander amusements for those who have been constructed in a finer mould. Therefore, shall proceed with the Bees, which can produce both pleasure and money to the possessor. But, instead of proceeding with my own jargon, shall now entertain my readers with the remarks of one, who is feared by the males for his prowess, and loved by the ladies for the mental graces and symmetry of his person.

‘We came to a Cottage where were an immense number of Bee-Hives and a swarm had just been dismissed to form a colony somewhere else, wishing to see the operation we entered the garden. The family all turned out and beating upon iron pans, &c. made a great noise, to stupify the Insects and prevent the cry being heard, in case they should intend to fly off—whether it had the effect or not is uncertain, but they began to collect on the branch of a berry bush in the ‘Yard;’ they continued to flock to it, until they were nearly all collected, hanging by each other, the uppermost supported by a branch—forming a mass fully the size of a man’s hat, but, from their hanging posture, were in shape of a cone. Two wooden chairs were now brought out, and one set at each side of the branch, to which the swarm was suspended; when a hive or Bee-house made of separate rolls of straw, stiched and joined to each other with Brier bark, which is preferred to twine, and having five willow sticks without bark, were fastened in it four across, and one perpendicular—the whole hive is called by the natives a Skep.—Having rubbed the inside with honey, or sugar and water, I forget which, but it is perfectly immaterial as either of them will do—the man placed it over the swarm, supported by the chairs and a sheet laid over all to keep off the sun’s rays.’

The Bees began to ascend into the Hive or Skep, being attracted by the liquid with which it was rubbed, but going slowly, the man applied the smoke of burning cotton cloth, which they abominate. To escape the smoke they run very fast, and in a short time were all up, except a few buzzing about—when placing a Bee-board (or the board upon which it was afterwards to stand,) with small sticks put betwixt it and the Hive, in order that the Insects might not be crushed and allowed to run in and out, which they do for a short time; also to let those still out have free ingress—he placed it on one of the chairs and covered it and part of the bush with the sheet, after fastening a nettle on the branch where they had lighted, to prevent them returning to it.

In a few seconds they appeared dissatisfied with the new residence, coming out and running backwards and forwards seemingly in great wrath and anxiety. The man saying ‘the Queen is not in the skep,’ began to look on the ground for her, when seeing a few Bees close together, he separated them and found the Queen. Her majesty is longer than a working Bee, and having no sting, he took and put her at the door of the Hive, she run in, and the whole swarm was quiet, in a moment, instead of the confused and discordant noise, there arose in its stead a well pleased and satisfied murmur or hum—while a few at the door, stood making their wings move as if in the act of flying, and tuning their little pipes—sung aloud for joy.

The Gude-wife and Good-wife she seemed, now brought a large bottle full of aqua, and a dram-glass, which she filled from the bottle, and presented it to the 'Gudeman' who swallowed it in silence; she helped herself, then the children in succession according to their ages, beginning with the oldest, when filling the glass she, with a curtesy, presented it to the Gent. and last of all to me, without a curtesy, owing, I suppose to my dress and coarse appearance.—Upon tasting the Whisky, I found a curious gripping kind of feeling on my tongue, for which I could not account, and the more so as the 'Gudeman' had swallowed it with great gout, even the 'Gudewife' though a female, gave a well pleased motion with her lips, almost amounting to a 'smack'—but I swallowed a small drop with difficulty, and offered to return the Glass, which she refused and said 'Hout ye! I canna tak it back, ye maun drink it out or the Bees'll no luck.' I was under the disagreeable necessity of gulping the contents, though, such is the curse attending fine nerves, I knew that something would be required to counteract its effects, and put me in the usual trim.

I entered into conversation with the master of the cottage, about Bees; when he informed me, that it was quite impossible to know how, or when the first swarm would leave the Hive—therefore a sharp look out must be kept, and they come off with an old Queen. The second swarm has a young one, (Queen) which invariably cries from five to ten nights after the first, or top swarm has deserted the parental residence, and generally leaves the Hive two or three days after, but mostly, or indeed always, a great deal depends upon the weather—however the first fine 'blink,' after the time (three days) has expired, they may be expected, with absolute certainty. The third (swarm) 'casts,' or leaves the Hive on the third day, if fine—should the weather prove adverse, the first fine day after; the third Queen, being nearly as far advanced as the second, may be heard crying the very night that the other swarm leaves the Hive—'sae that's a' the instruction I can gie ye.'

I thanked him, and looking at the old Hive, commonly called a Stale, was surprised at their apathy. For they were now working, carrying honey and wax, as if nothing had occurred, and I thought them a parcel of the most heartless little insects that were in the world, and uncommonly selfish, of which I had a most convincing proof. Several Bees of the new swarm had been wounded, but not irrecoverably so, as there were none but with a night's rest, would have regained their original vigour—I took them up, and put them into the Hive; when in a few seconds, they were lugged out by the neck, with a rascal at each side, who tumbled them from the board upon the ground, without mercy. The way in which they destroy their drones also, when they have no farther use for them, displays a selfish and cruel disposition, almost without a parallel.

I mentioned to the man, the general opinion, which is, that the drones hatch the young from eggs; and also, that Boner, who wrote a Treatise on Bees, was of the same opinion—and he (Boner) went so far as to say that he did not see the smallest use for drones—I am aware that

there must be a great deal of uncertainty, with regard to their generation, and the internal economy of their abodes,—because, they form the comb, &c. only in darkness—but surely more of their actions might have been discovered. Boner writes as if perfectly acquainted with all their habits, and makes many assertions which cannot be true, such as—that a Bee cannot see more or farther than a yard around;—that a Bee can't live without salt water; that they dislike any kind of fœtid smell. These assertions have been proved to be incorrect, and the very reverse of fact. With regard to the last, Bees took up their abode in the Lion which Sampson killed; and some people believe that they had their origin from the putrid carcase of that King of all Beasts.—He replied, 'you are correct in your remarks about Boner, who is perfectly wrong in many things he says about Bees,—I have a Skep where ye can see them working, and the drones only make the cells—but come and judge for yourself.' He led me to a Hive that appeared to be two, placed one above each other, and lifted the uppermost which was entirely empty—a circular board being placed on the undermost, having been made almost perpendicular on purpose, and not narrower at the top, like the others—fastened to the Hive or Skep by a wooden rim or gird, the edges of which (gird) received and secured the top one, which was lifted out at pleasure, being only to keep the Bees in the dark. The board, forming the top of the undermost, was perforated, having numerous slits, around these were circular grooves, one-eighth of an inch in depth, for receiving inverted drinking glasses or tumblers; six were placed in these grooves, above the openings, round the circle, and in the centre was a large half globe, also of glass. All the glasses had each a piece of peeled willow up the centre, with four others through it in opposite directions, for enabling the Bees to run up and fix the combs, which otherwise could not be formed, from want of support.

“The tumblers were entirely without comb or wax, but all the sticks were covered with Bees, who were hanging to the cross ones, and with the mouth applied, seemed to be preparing them for the comb being attached, by covering them with a yellow glutinous matter. They were exactly like Sailors reefing the main sheet of a Frigate—or the yards manned before going into action. The demi-globe was nearly full of comb, with the drones busily employed in forming the cells, which they did with their horns or feelers, one projecting from each side of the mouth. A hole being formed in the wax by the proboscis, they move these feelers backwards and forwards upon the sides of the wax, thereby making and polishing two sides at a time, the breadth of each side being the ultimate length to which the feelers can reach. When two sides are formed, the insect turns, and shapes other two; and upon each supply being laid on by the Bees, it is formed progressively, until the cell is the full length of a Bee, when the drones desist—passages being left for the free ingress and egress of the carriers. The Bees put in the honey, and to each quantity the drone sets his stamp or seal, to prevent it running out, which would be the certain consequence, as the cells are all horizontal.

“ I saw the Drones at all the different parts and processes of the work ; their rubbing their heads to clear or free them from the wax, on coming out ‘ to take the air ’—and in short, all their work ; and the wonder instantly ceased, about their having so much sense and mathematical knowledge, as to construct the cells, in one of the few ways which leaves no space, void, or vacuum—by seeing that it is not in their power to form them otherwise. But they have been sadly scandalized, and terribly belied upon, though they are ignorant of the circumstance, and have been very unjustly named Drones ; when in fact all the work is done by them, the working Bee ranking in reality beneath those stigmatised as Drones. The Bee is to the Drone, what the Barrowman is to the Mason, a living agent to supply the skilful Architect with materials. It is high time, that in this age of Science and Literature, the enlightened inhabitants of this earth should explode forever, the day dreams of people who pretended to understand and account for every thing, and examine all with coolness, reason, and without prejudice— withdrawing from these most industrious of the species, the absurd nickname of Drone, and substitute in its place, as a mark of superiority over the others, the title of ‘ the Mason Bee, ’ which they richly deserve, for by keeping up the name Drone, we only expose our own ignorance.

“ I have described all the actions of the Bees which it was possible to observe—their impregnation, &c., I had no opportunity of seeing, as the Queen, together with their habits, &c., were hid from view under the board in complete darkness—notwithstanding, I am of opinion, that the Mason Bees, or as they are improperly termed Drones, do not hatch the eggs—for the following reasons : viz., 1st. Because they are so constantly occupied in forming and sealing the cells, that they have not time—and that the heat in the Hive is so great, from such an immense multitude, conjoined with their breaths, that so far from the Mason Bee hatching, they don’t require the act of incubation at all—the heat being quite sufficient to produce young from any egg, either of insect or fowl—for experience has taught us, that fowls can be produced from eggs by heat alone, as the places formed at Alexandria, in Egypt,* is a sufficient testimony, together with those nearer home, in France, by which the Paris market was principally supplied. I do not assert, that the Mason Bee does not hatch the eggs, because it is impossible, at least by any means hitherto used, to produce the smallest ocular evidence or demonstrative proof, of such a thing ; and the only thing that we can go by is circumstantial evidence, and from that alone—now it clearly appears from ocular demonstration, that the evidence is all on my side, which any person can judge of by having a Hive constructed such as has been described. I am perfectly aware, that some people pretending to a great deal of knowledge, are so bigotted to their own and their ancestor’s opinion, that they will believe nothing contrary, or not diametrically opposite, but differing in the smallest iota from their own bright conception and opinion of things. One of these characters to whom I mentioned what had occurred, went along with

* Neighbour’s Travels, and various others.

me into the garden, when having looked until perfectly satisfied—I asked ‘are you not convinced?’ ‘No.’ ‘Did you not see it with your own eyes?’ ‘Yes, I saw the Drones doing all you mentioned; but it is so contrary, both to the general opinion, and my own, that, although I really and actually saw it, sure enough; I cannot believe it.’ The Lady’s reason was far, very far superior to his, she said—

‘ I do not love thee Dr. Fell,
 ‘ The reason why, I cannot tell;
 ‘ But this I’m sure, I know full well,
 ‘ I do not love thee Doctor Fell.’ ”

AN OBSERVER.

THE YOUNG MOTHER.

TO HER FIRST-BORN.

My sweet wee nursling! thou art sweet to me,
 As sun to flowers, or honey to the bee!
 Music in summer bowers, the freshening stream
 To bright wings dipping from the sultry beam!
 Hope to the mourner, to the weary rest,
 To the young dreamer visions of the blest!
 What art thou like? nestling in slumbers there.
 So meek, so calm, so innocently fair,
 What art thou like? a dormouse, sleek and warm?
 A primrose cluster? or a fairy charm?
 Yes, thou’rt a charm, a most mysterious spell!
 Birds, bees, and flowers, can just as ably tell
 Why sunshine, scent, and streams, their pleasures be,
 As thy young mother why she doats on thee
 With such unmeasur’d, fond intensity.
 I cannot look on thee but springing thought
 Perfumes the air with blossoms fancy fraught!
 I cannot think on thee but life seems bright
 With gushing sunbeams, ever new delight!
 Thou darling simpleton! thy vacant eye
 Can yet, to my long gaze, make no reply!
 Breathing and crying are thy only speech—
 But oh! for me what eloquence has each!
 Sounds of my first-born! how my heart they thrill!
 Like the sweet bubblings of a hidden rill;
 A well of future blessedness art thou—
 My morning star—my crown of gladness now!

DUMFRIES COURIER.

York, February 22nd, 1833.

MR. EDITOR,

SIR,

Last night, sleep did not visit my eyes, owing to the mind thinking of 'the Old Country,' and boyish scenes: many things appeared in review, which had passed away with 'the days of other years.' I recollected also, having exercised my pen upon a little story, that actually took place, and had it inserted in 'the New North Briton,' (Newspaper) from which it was copied by the Editors of most others throughout that united Kingdom. As it was published for the good of others, and gratitude at my own life having been, almost miraculously, preserved—such feeling still continuing with unabated fervour; and thinking that a still further benefit to society might be effected by a re-publication, I sprung up, and correctly as memory permitted, again wrote the oft named, far travelled anecdote, and now send it, hoping that it may prove acceptable, and occupy a page of your splendid work; which is read in that land, where our first sighs, and first prayers were uttered on a mother's knee.

I have the honor to be,

Sir,

Your sincere friend,

And humble servant,

SIN AND REPENT.

To the Editor of the }
Canadian Magazine. }

ABOUT thirty years ago, a Clergyman of the Episcopacy was appointed to preach a charity sermon, on the evening of a week day, at Liverpool. As it was for the purpose of alleviating the misery of many, who had been reduced to extreme want by a public calamity, universal sympathy was excited, and the interest became so intense, that it was considered absolutely necessary to have the service performed in the largest Church of that town—which happened to be the oldest. Accordingly, public notice having been given, an immense crowd of both sexes assembled: pews, seats, passages—all were full with beings who must live forever.

The Clergyman entered the pulpit, and, before opening *the book*, spoke thus—'Friends and fellow sinners, I have been called to perform divine service this evening; but before proceeding to the sacred duties, beg leave to tell you the following story:—

'Many years have passed away, since a charity sermon was to be preached in this town, and in this very building. Among the thousands who attended, were three young men, who carried a large quantity of

stones to throw at the man of God,* and seated themselves in a front gallery, determined on their cowardly, and sacrilegious purpose. All had assembled; and, as the Clergyman entered, one of the rogues said—‘Now is our time.’ ‘No,’ said the second, ‘let him begin first.’ The Preacher commenced, and when part of the duty had been performed, the second said—‘Now, let’s have at him.’ ‘No, no,’ the third replied, ‘let the fellow finish his tale, for he cannot escape, and we’ll catch him when he’s leaving the pulpit.’ The minister was thus permitted to proceed with, and finish his sermon, which had such effect on the lads, that the worthy man was allowed to descend the pulpit stair, and leave that Temple of the Most High, without a shadow of molestation.

‘Now,’ continued the Clergyman, ‘one of these young men was hanged in London! Another lies under sentence of death in the gaol of this city! And the third,’ stretching forth both hands and looking up, ‘is, by the infinite mercy of Almighty God, even now prepared to address you from this place!—Listen to him!’

We are extremely delighted that the writer of the above much admired, far famed story, has come to this land, whose scenery is so well qualified to please a mind like his; are proud of his approbation; and sincerely hope that his grey goose quill will often be employed on various subjects, for the embellishment of this Magazine.

CANALS.

THE great utility of Canals is now universally acknowledged; for experience has shewn, that they form a mode of communication from one part of a country to another, which is far cheaper than that of Roads, and much more commodious and certain than that of Rivers. If the latter happen to be in the vicinity of mountains, and subject to torrents, they are seldom of any use in navigation—since the torrents not only prevent boats from ascending the River, but choke the channel with the matter which they wash down from the higher grounds.—On the contrary, in a Canal which is skilfully constructed, there is neither stream, nor a rise of water, beyond a certain point, which is made easily manageable.

In a new country like this, the great benefit of Roads and Canals is only beginning to be known by experience;—while in old countries it is matter of demonstration. Their encouragement is undoubtedly the proper object of legislative sanction and public support; and happily for Upper Canada it presents facilities for an extended and connected system of inland navigation, not perhaps surpassed in any other country. Looking at the infancy of this fine Province, much has already been attempted,—is now in progress, and the fruits will soon begin to be

* There were no Police in those days.

abundantly reaped. Indeed a country so far from the ocean—notwithstanding its magnificent fresh water seas—its fertile soil must have remained long in a state of nature, had not science discovered the means of bringing the sea board almost to our doors. Even good Roads would not have afforded conveyance sufficiently cheap for the bulky productions of agriculture; and our valuable timber must have remained altogether unprofitable. But by taking advantage of the geographical facilities which the Province offers in its numerous Lakes and Rivers; the intercourse between its various and remote parts may be opened with the greatest ease; and in many places at a very moderate expence. In this way the interests of agriculture and commerce will be rapidly promoted—the arts of civilization advanced, the means of human existence multiplied; and while the Canals are dispensing benefit on every hand, and to every class of the community, in the several Districts into which the Colony is divided, they contribute, in an essential manner, to its peace and security.

The great importance of inland navigation seems to have been understood by the most flourishing nations of antiquity—a specimen of which was the Canal between the Nile and the Red Sea. In modern times Canals were formed in various parts of the continent of Europe, before they were thought of in England. For, though that country has during many centuries past, maintained an elevated rank in the scale of nations, and has long been celebrated as a great maritime and commercial state;—yet the practice of inland navigation is scarcely one hundred years old!

The difficulties which commonly stand in the way of extensive improvements in older countries, are in a great measure unknown here. In rude and uncultivated nations, there is always a fear of innovation; and in states governed by despotic rulers, or subject to laws by which foreign intercourse is prohibited, and commercial enterprise discouraged, every attempt to improvement will be coldly received. In such a state, the public mind is so far from being an active, productive principle—fertile in expedients and resources for the amelioration of human life, that it is found to be without motive or energy, and more disposed, from inertness and indifference, to place itself in opposition to every change, which may happen to disturb existing habits, or confirmed prejudices.

Under the very best form of Government, the progress of civilization is slow, and, unfortunately for the interests of mankind, there have appeared in all ages, and in all countries, certain individuals who are ready to oppose, from ignorance or foolish apprehension, every scheme for promoting the public good. Most of these persons are found of narrow and illiberal views of self interest, and seek to discourage every project, which does not hold out to them some obvious and exclusive advantage. The page of history exhibits a perpetual contest between ignorant or arbitrary and ambitious men, and the friends and advocates of the public welfare. To the preponderance of the one over the other, may, in most cases, be ascribed the progress or the decline of nations.

In this Province, the multiplicity of opposing interests, which frequently obstruct for a time, and on some occasions, altogether prevent useful improvements have not yet grown up. Yet there have been instances, when that inveterate jealousy, with which selfish and arbitrary men regard every attempt to improvement, that will bring upon them the slightest inconvenience, has been too conspicuous; such, to solicit their patronage, to any plan to benefit the public, it would be quite useless to approach with any arguments, for proving its merit, or to demonstrate its expediency, unless they were at the same time convinced, that it would not benefit their neighbours more than themselves.

To argue that such a plan, if adopted, would be highly beneficial to their neighbours, and advantageous in a certain, but less degree to themselves, would be high treason to their feelings. This spirit was so prevalent, in the early part of the last century, that some of the Counties in the vicinity of London, petitioned Parliament against the extension of Turnpike Roads into the Northern Counties; and the reason given was—'That the distant Farmers would undersell those in the neighbourhood of London, and thus reduce rents, and ruin cultivation. It is impossible to reflect upon the considerations which naturally arise in the mind, on meeting with a fact like this upon record, or to attempt characterising such opponents without placing them at once in a low scale of human beings. And yet we have very recently seen in this Province, a violent opposition raised against Turnpike Roads and Canals, because, it seemed, that those at a distance would be benefitted much more than the inhabitants of the vicinity. But for many years, the true principles of political economy have become better, and more generally understood.

The pretensions of monopolists have been found delusive, and none of the imaginary evils which the enemies of such improvements anticipated, have appeared. On the contrary, wherever Roads and Canals have multiplied, the country is benefitted, and the circumstances of the people have been greatly improved, while the interests of Agriculture and Commerce advanced with a progress beyond former example. The chief benefit, however, that new Countries derive from the long and difficult process, which has been passed through in older States, consists in this,—that the advantage of inland navigation is no longer an experiment, but matter of demonstration.

We admit, that in an old and populous country, much difficulty, and no little distress may be produced, by the introduction of a new line of Canal; and perhaps no general good can be effected without some partial loss and inconvenience. But the great advantages which would accrue from such an improvement, to all within its reach, overbalances a thousand fold, the partial evil. The extension, therefore, of inland navigation, into every part of a country, becomes an object of the highest national importance. If this be the case, where there are so many contending interests, how much more advantageous will good Roads and Canals be in new countries, where no great interests are yet formed, to oppose or lessen their value? Moreover, if we

look at the map of Europe, we find no portion affording any thing like the facilities of Upper Canada, for internal navigation. Nature seems to have determined, as a sort of contrast with the sterile Plains of Africa, to store this with Lakes and Rivers, which aided by the art of man, the most distant parts of this vast Continent can be so intimately connected, by means of water communication, as to render it profitable to bring Agricultural produce from its most remote parts. The tendency of inland navigation is, to produce a near equality in the marketable price of the productions of the soil, and to bring the Commercial articles of foreign States into the farthest corners of the country, at a trifling additional expense.

I am old enough, Mr. Editor, to remember when the historical account of the famous Languedoc Canal excited intense interest in England. The work was published by General Andreossy, one of Buonaparte's principal Officers, just before appointment as Ambassador to England; during the short peace of 1803; and having some taste for subjects of this kind, I read the book with much care. It was not so much the detailed account of the Canal itself, that rivetted my attention—great as it was, and graphic as the difficulties which were encountered in its accomplishment are described, but I found my stock of information very much enriched by the facts related—the sage maxims, comprehensive views, and philosophical observations with which the work is adorned.

The publication created throughout Europe, a desire to equal, if not surpass, this astonishing triumph of genius; and we find that even within a year, numbers of similar works were projected, in different parts of that continent. Four localities were particularly specified in a few months, as offering far greater advantages than the Canal of Languedoc, which would be of universal benefit to the trade and commerce of all nations—1st. A Canal between the Trave and the Elbe—between the Po and the Mediterranean—between the Gulph of Lyons and the Garonne—and between the North Sea and the Irish Channel. It was argued, that these four Canals should be so constructed, as to admit Ships of all sizes; and that, to their completion, all the nation of Europe and America should contribute.

Thirty years have now elapsed since General Andreossy's interesting publication; and since the general attention of all Europe was directed to these useful and magnificent works; and it is matter of curiosity to enquire, how many of them have been completed. It must be acknowledged, that a very considerable portion of this time was spent in a war, which involved all the nations of Europe. Yet, notwithstanding the calamities, which attend a state of warfare, a spirit of improvement seemed to gain ground, and two out of the four Canals, that between the Elbe and the Baltic, and between the North Sea and the Irish Channel have been finished, and are in operation. The very war, with all its miseries, brought people of different nations to mix together; by which opportunities were afforded them of becoming acquainted with improvements and advantages formerly unknown;—but which appeared, when inspected, attainable in their own countries.

But, with the exception of the Holstein and Caledonia Canals, very few on a great scale have been completed in Europe. For, when the inland navigation has been much extended, it has generally been by very small Canals, which however useful to the particular sections of the country through which they pass, have no claim to particular notice. It was reserved for this new world to exhibit specimens of Canals, which for length, magnificence and utility, leave those of Europe entirely in the shade.

In 1803, Mr. Gallatin—then Secretary to the Treasury of the United States, published his famous Report on Public Roads and Canals; and availing himself of Andreossy's philosophical views and reflections, as applicable to North America, presented the most splendid schemes of inland navigation that were ever delineated. It must be admitted, that the field of his operations was greater, and the facilities more abundant, than are combined in any other known part of the world. He proves, that by a series of short Canals, not exceeding in their united length one hundred miles, and at an expense of less than one million sterling, a navigation might be effected for vessels drawing eight feet water, and nearly parallel to the ocean, from Boston to the Southern extremity of Georgia. Thus preserving a regular communication among all the Atlantic States during war, without the smallest danger, either from the enemy or tempest.

This able writer next turns his attention to the practical method of connecting the Western States with those on the sea board, and thus to remove or prevent the inconveniencies, complaints and dangers which frequently result from a vast extent of territory, by opening easy and speedy communication through all its parts. Convenient Canals, shorten distances, facilitate commercial and personal intercourse, and unite, by a still more intimate community of interests, the remote quarters of the country; and in all these respects they are far more beneficial than Roads. But he found that the height of land averaging three thousand feet, which divides the Atlantic from the Western States, rendered it impossible to construct Canals through the whole distance. "As the impracticability arises," Mr. Gallatin justly observes, "from its principle of Lock Navigation, which in order to effect the ascent, requires a greater supply of water, in proportion to the height to be ascended,—while the supply of water becomes less in the same proportion. Nor does the chain of mountains through the whole extent, where it divides the Atlantic from the Western Rivers, afford a single pond, lake, or natural reservoir. It may be added as a general feature of American geography, that except in the swamps along the Southern Sea Coast, no lake is to be found in the United States, South of 41 degrees North Latitude, and that almost every River North of 42 degrees, issues from a Lake or Pond.

"The most elevated Lock Canal," of which a correct description has been given, "is that of Languedoc, and the highest grand weir which it is carried, is only six hundred feet above the sea."

It is true, that in 1784, a Canal was begun in Spain, which was intended to effect a communication between the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, on a very grand scale—having nine feet depth of water, a rise of three thousand feet, and a length 420 miles; but it has never been completed.

The works therefore, that suggested themselves to Mr. Gallatin, as necessary to facilitate the communication from the sea ports of the United States, across the mountains to the Western waters were artificial Roads, extending the whole way from the tide water, to the nearest and most convenient navigable Western waters—or of improvements in the navigation of the leading Atlantic Rivers, to the highest practicable points, connected by artificial Roads across the mountains, with the nearest points from which a permanent navigation can be relied on, down the Western Rivers.

Recent discovery and improvement in the construction of Rail Roads, now present a far more easy and expeditious method of overcoming these difficulties, of which the enterprising inhabitants of Baltimore are already availing themselves. A Rail Road to the City, from the Western side of the Apalachian mountains is in great forwardness; and doubtless similar Roads from the other points will soon be constructed. Yet in such great distances, and with bulky commodities to transport, Rail Roads will not be found so beneficial as Canals—where they can be reasonably formed, on a reasonably large scale. In following Mr. Gallatin's Report, we come to the communications between the Atlantic Rivers, the Saint Lawrence, and Great Lakes.

Vessels ascend the River Saint Lawrence, from the Sea to Montreal. From Montreal to Lake Ontario, the ascent of the River Saint Lawrence is estimated at two hundred feet. In which distance we find two Rapids, La Chine and the Cedars, within the Province of Lower Canada, and three after you pass into Upper Canada, before you reach Prescott, the commencement of the Lake navigation is—the Long Sault, the Rapid Plat, and the Galleos. Of these a Canal has been cut round the Rapid of La Chine, on a scale so miserably inadequate to the growing commerce of the Provinces, that it must, in a short time, give place to one on a more magnificent construction; and thus its first expense, which was very large, will be entirely lost. There is no saving so foolish, as that of hampering great public improvements. If the projected work, through niggardliness, be finished on a plan not adequate to the growing intercourse, it has to be done over again; and all the first outlay perishes—if it happen that though the plan be sufficiently extensive to answer the intention, or to meet every probable increase of transport, yet if a less sum be granted, than is actually requisite for completing the work, it proceeds slowly; the capital applied remains unproductive, for a much longer time than was necessary; and the interest accruing, during that period, becomes in fact an injurious addition to the real expense of the undertaking. Never was this truth illustrated more fatally, for the public interest, than in the history of the Welland Canal.

This magnificent work was undertaken in 1824; and might have been completed in three or four years, had adequate funds been provided, and such was its character, and the expectation of profits, that a Joint Stock Company, with a Capital of half a million, could have been easily formed, and the work finished on a grand scale, and been long since in actual operation—but depending upon the Legislature, it has had doled out to it small sums yearly, and in some years so insignificant in amount, as to do little more than repair the damage of our long winters—it is not yet finished, and the repairs continue to absorb the new grants. This is called economy.

The Rapid of the Cedars may be overcome by a Canal, passing from Lake Saint Francis to the Ottawa, near St. Anns, where it joins the Saint Lawrence. The Cut would not exceed fourteen miles, with twelve Locks, and might be completed with a depth of nine feet water, for about two hundred thousand pounds. It would perhaps be necessary, in order to receive this depth, to clear the River to La Chine of some particular obstructions. There are two Canals; the one at La Chine; and the other at the Cedars—making together about twenty-five miles, would render the St. Lawrence navigable for vessels drawing nine feet water, from Montreal to Cornwall, a distance of eighty miles. The Canal projected round the Long Sault, and for which the Legislature has wisely made an appropriation of seventy thousand pounds, will, in all probability, join the River at Cornwall, and have a length of ten miles. The two remaining Rapids are already navigated by Steam Boats; and there is reason to believe, that deepening and clearing the channel, will be found sufficient;—for such is the power of steam, the distances so short, that the delay of overcoming the swift water, would produce little or no inconvenience. But should it be found preferable to lock them, the expense will not be considerable. Indeed less than two hundred thousand pounds will render the Saint Lawrence navigable for Ships, requiring nine feet water, from Cornwall to Prescott. From this place, vessels of nearly the same dimensions may navigate more than one thousand miles, through Lakes Erie, Saint Clair, and Huron, to the Western and Southern extremities of Lake Michigan, without any other interruption than that of the Falls and Rapids of Niagara, between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, which is now in the course of being removed by the completion of the Welland Canal. The fall from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario is estimated at about four hundred and fifty feet, and its elevation above tide water, about six hundred and sixty.

Lake Superior, which is the largest of these inland seas, communicates with the Northern extremity of Lake Huron, by the River and Rapids of Saint Mary. The water flows with an impetuous stream, forcing its way through a confined channel, in spite of every impediment which nature has thrown in its way, presenting a tumultuous and unceasing agitation; which, combined with a tremendous noise, is at once magnificent and sublime. A Canal might be constructed round the Rapids of St. Mary, at no very considerable expense; and thus eleven hundred miles of coast, with many thousand square miles of

land, would become enlivened and cherished by the blessings of navigation and commerce.

Confining the present Essay chiefly to this Province, we must return to the works already commenced or projected, in order to show, that the great facilities which nature offers, through its whole extent, are not confined to the great channel of the Saint Lawrence, but, like the branches of trees, present ten thousand ramifications running into the interior, from which, as the population increases, it will not be difficult to unite convenient points, by small Canals in almost every direction, where they can be required. The first Canal ever thought of in Upper Canada, though not yet commenced, was to join the Bay of Quinte and Lake Ontario, across the short Isthmus between the Township of Murray and the Peninsula of Prince Edward. At the end of the Isthmus, and before you enter Lake Ontario, is a small Lake exceedingly beautiful, and the land on its banks extremely good. To connect the waters of the Bay with those of the Lake, it is proposed to make the Canal a little to the northward of the Isthmus.

The circumstance of two small streams rising near each other, and running different ways, seems to point out the great ease with which this valuable improvement may be effected. But, in speaking of interior Canals, we shall best preserve perspicuity by proceeding from the eastern boundary of the Province line, westward: and here that stupendous monument of British munificence, the Rideau Canal, which connects the St. Lawrence with the Ottawa, and which will become in time of war, the Military communication between the two Provinces, first arrests our attention.

A description of this astonishing work, worthy of its utility, and of the genius displayed in the grandeur and magnitude of its construction, is perhaps beyond my ability; but not having the requisite materials at hand, I am unable at present to attempt it. It is commonly supposed, that a navigation might be opened by the Ottawa, Lake Nipissing, and the River St. Francis, to Lake Huron, at an expense which will be very easily met, when the settlements extend to the vicinity of the different impediments to be found in the route. But should it prove otherwise, when carefully surveyed, as to the whole distance, it has been already satisfactorily ascertained, that the navigation of the Ottawa may be opened for more than a hundred miles above Bytown, by two small improvements already in contemplation.

The Rideau Canal is supplied with water from a chain of Lakes passing westward, through the Townships of Pittsburgh, Loughborough, Portland, Camden, &c.; all these are navigable, and independent of many ramifications stretching still further North, can easily be connected so as to form one continued navigation by the Rideau Canal, from the very heart of the country, either to Kingston, or by the Ottawa to Montreal. Proceeding still Westward we come to the Trent, one of the finest Rivers in the Province, which offers capabilities of an inland navigation of the most extensive and valuable character. The Trent discharges the waters of the Rice Lake—from which you pro-

ceed up the Otonabee to Peterborough; and from this point a Rail Way or Canal of six miles may be made, to connect the Otonabee with a chain of small Lakes, which intersect a great number of fertile Townships,—extending on one side to the Township of Whitby, and on the other to within a short distance of Lake Simcoe.

If it should be found practicable, at a reasonable expense, to connect the waters of the Rice Lake with those of Lake Simcoe, and the former, by the River Trent, with the Bay of Quinte, the whole of that immense country will be filled with flourishing settlements, and the inhabitants possess all the advantages of communication, and therefore of market, that we thought in former times to be confined to the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes. Nor is this all, for Simcoe, the highest of all the Lakes, can, without any other difficulty than what may arise from expense, be connected with Lake Huron, into which it pours its waters by the River Matchedash; and thus a second line of communication is opened with Lake Huron. The intelligent and enterprising inhabitants of Cobourg and its vicinity, have taken great pains to investigate the capabilities of the District of Newcastle, in respect to its internal communications, and have published a Chart, shewing the interior Navigation of their beautiful District, and proposing certain improvements to render it available. This Chart might have been very much extended, but in its present limited form, it shews the most wonderful provision made by nature for easy intercourse through the country. It seems quite probable, that the enterprising spirit of the people of Cobourg and vicinity, directed as it appears to be by great practical wisdom, will connect the Rice Lake with that Town, by means of a Railway. Should this great improvement take place, the Commerce of all the back country will centre there for a long time, a great City will grow up, and property become very valuable. Nor will it be necessary to do much towards the improvement of the Trent, for a considerable time.

On leaving the Newcastle District we have neither a Canal, nor one in contemplation; nor indeed does the country present any practicable line of interior Navigation, till we reach that of Gore. Here the opening through the beach, between Lake Ontario and what is denominated the Little Lake, by which so great advantages are conferred on all the surrounding country, has already become a standing encouragement to similar improvements. These advantages will be increased and extended when Desjardin's Canal is finished, by which all the benefits of the entrance into Lake Ontario will be enjoyed in nearly as great a measure by the inhabitants of Dundas, as they now are by those of Hamilton. The improvement of the Grand River, by deepening and straightening its channel, daming, and locking where necessary, so as to make it navigable for large boats, and connect it with the Welland Canal, has been for some time in contemplation, and will be of great benefit to the fertile country through which that beautiful River flows. Of what improvements the Rivers Thames and Sable are susceptible, the writer of this paper has no knowledge; but he has understood that the interior of the London and Western

Districts, and the Huron Tract, although excellent in point of soil, do not present any facilities for internal Navigation, to be compared with those of the Newcastle and Midland Districts.

I have thus given a rapid view of the capabilities of the Province, in respect to water intercourse among its various parts; and though to some of your readers it may appear dry and tedious, it will nevertheless afford useful information to those who feel an interest in the prosperity of the Colony, and offer new motives to Emigrants to come and settle, when they perceive that these portions of the country, which appear at present the most remote, will in a few years possess almost equal advantages of intercourse, and markets, with the first settlements.

The population of the Province, which, though rapidly increasing, is yet small, compared to the extent of country over which it is spread, renders it necessary to confine enterprise in a great degree, to such water improvements, by Canals, or deepening Rivers, as shall open a communication with some natural extensive Navigation, and which, flowing through the new channel, will make them productive. Hence it follows, whenever that Navigation requires to be improved, or when it might at some distance be connected, by another Canal, to another Navigation, the first Canal will remain comparatively unproductive, until the other improvements are effected, and till the other Canal is completed. Thus the Welland Canal will be deprived of much additional benefit, until the Ohio Canal is in full operation; and every new Canal by which the Mississippi is connected with the Lakes, will become to the Welland a fresh source of advantage. Nor does its productiveness depend less upon the improvements of the St. Lawrence. Again, the Rideau Canal will become more and more profitable as the communication through the various Lakes of the interior with which it is connected becomes easy. Their banks will become populous, and vast quantities of produce will be raised, all of which must find its way to market through the Canal. We should not therefore feel disappointed, though some of our Canals should remain for a time unprofitable, which must frequently happen, till other improvements, upon which they depend for their productiveness, are finished. At the same time it is the duty of the Legislature, when the undertaking is too much for enterprising individuals, to apply the resources of the Province, with as little delay as possible, to complete on any reasonable line, all the improvements, however distant, which may be necessary to render the whole productive, and eminently beneficial.

A celebrated writer says—"The capital that is acquired to any country by Commerce or Manufacture, is a very precarious and uncertain possession, compared to that which is received and realized by the cultivation and improvement of lands." But no country, however fertile its soil, can be improved without cheap and easy intercourse; and such intercourse, to be cheap, must be by water. If Great Britain has increased in wealth and power, during the last fifty years, beyond the most sanguine expectation, and been enabled to make exertions that have astonished the world, it has in a great measure arisen from

the increasing spirit of public improvement. Harbours have been formed or improved, estuaries made navigable, rivers deepened, tide-ways formed, and new works completed for public accommodation, on the most extensive and magnificent scale. During that short period, upwards of one hundred navigable Canals and Railways have been completed, constituting an extensive and connecting system of three thousand miles of inland Navigation.

If you ask why Europe is distinguished for its civilization and advancement in Physical, Moral, and Religious knowledge, above all the other quarters of the globe?—I say, because of the spirit of enterprise which prevails. And if you ask why England stands pre-eminent over every other portion of the European family?—it is because she possesses a double portion of the same spirit,—without this, the fairest portion of the earth is of no avail—for the Turks, possessing the most fertile and enviable regions of Europe and Asia, remain savage and inert, and exemplify the sentiments of the Poet—

There misery sits and eats her lazy root ;
 There man is proud to dog his brother brute,
 In sloth the genius of the land decays,
 Lost in his own, reverts to former days.

N. N.

THE GHOST.

1.

Tom Scalpel was a prentice bold,
 He was to physic bred ;
 And to make physic bread to him,
 Was what he stu-di-ed.

2.

He bled, like any soldier brave,
 He danc'd with stomach pumps,
 Around the shop, his drawing room,
 Where he extracted stumps.

3.

With pestels and with mortars too,
 That ne'er emitted shots,
 He labour'd, like a galley slave,
 Amongst the galli-pots.

4.

He cared not for politics,
 Nor thought upon the chance
 Of war, or if *Chasse* was right,
 Or *Chasse* left in France.

5.

But chiefly with his hook and knife,
 Tom knew not fear or dread,

He never cut his living friends—
Altho' he cut 'em dead.

6.

A culprit's sentence was to die,
A *period* full of woe;
He *danc'd*, but could'nt tread upon
'The *light fantastic tow*.

7.

'The old women, they scream-ed Ah!
'The young ones, cried out, Oh!
When that 'ere hangman tied the *knot*,
He also tied a *beau*.

8.

'The temp'rance people said behold,
Death has him in his clutch,
Now see the dreadful consequence
Of but *one drop* too much.

9.

Deluded man, an *atom* he,
Of vile and worthless clay,
'The whole of his *anatomy*—
'The doctors wi'll display.

10.

The corpse was taken in a cart,
All pitiful to see;
'To undergo, the last sad-rites
Of *hos-pital-ity*.

11.

They laid it in the dead house drear,
Dim, doleful, damp and dark;
Says Tom, altho' the sky don't fall,
I think I'll have a *lark*.

12.

These sort of larks they fly by night,
So Tom, got out of bed,
And took his steel and *stole two arms*,
And bagg'd the subject's head.

13.

Like other folks, that take *to arms*,
He took to legs and run,
Altho' he heard no shot ere half
His heavy task was done.

14.

But *wicked* things do come to *light*,
And prentices should dread,

To use a living creature so,
Just after he is dead.

15.

The next night came the Doctors all.
And they look'd wond'rous wise;
They could'nt find the subject's head,
To lecture on his eyes.

16.

One said in all his practice through,
He never knew a case,
Of taking out the eyes of one,
Who had'nt got a face.

17.

Another read Hippocrates,
And Celsus, leaf by leaf;
And prov'd that men who hav'nt heads,
Are sometimes blind and deaf.

18.

Besides, he said, they could'nt smell,
He to assert was free—
For Doctor Cullen laid it down,
In his *nos-ology*.

19.

They argued o'er the case so strange,
Till it was twelve o'clock;
When thund'ring at the dead house door,
They heard some body knock.

20.

At least they thought 'twas some body,
But 'twas'nt, 'twas the Ghost,
A looking for his head and arms,
Which he some how had lost.

21.

And then spoke up this grisly ghost—
“An't this a pretty job?
“That I am without *arms or head*,
“Just like an Irish mob.

22.

“For though you think it matters not,
“How a poor Ghost is serv'd,
“'Tis fit that heads and arms should,
“In *spirits* be preserv'd.

23.

“I would'nt be so troublesome—
“But that I really want,
“My precious limbs, as sailors say,
“For I've a house to haunt.”

L

24.

Then Doctors A. and B. and C.,
 And likewise Doctor D.,
 Away without their hats and cloaks,
 With one accord did flee.

25.

Tom, brisk as a spring lancet sprung,
 But like it sprung in *vain* ;
 Altho' the suffering window he—
 Reliev-ed of its *pane*.

26.

For in return the window him,
 Most lovingly embraced—
 He hung, in military guise,
 With *sash* around his waist.

27.

Now round about the dead man's neck,
 A medal was bestow'd ;
 Which he to public gratitude,
 Like other patriot's ow'd.

28.

This medal was a neat rope's *end*,
 In length about three feet ;
 The Ghost he seized it, and *says* he
 I will make *both ends* meet.

29.

So on the *latter end* of Tom,
 The ropes end he did lay ;
 A *rump and dozen* that he had,
 Tom felt for many a day.

30.

Then with a kick, forth from the house,
 The spirit did expel,
 Poor Tom, who slunk away in case
 Most pitiful to tell.

31.

Now whether t' was a real Ghost,
 Or whether it was a hoax ;
 I know not, only that he stole
 The Doctors hats and cloaks.

32.

They say in them he walks the street,
 So if your way is cross'd,
 By brainless quack, without a head,
 Be sure you've met the Ghost.

VIRGIL.

DID Virgil ever read the Bible, Mr. Editor?—I have been pondering upon this subject, and, after no slight examination, have come to the conclusion—that the most perfect of the Latin Poets, was acquainted with the Hebrew Scriptures. The chasteness which this writer unites with his sublimity; the moral dignity and comparative purity, which characterizes many parts of his works, are so much superior to what can be found in any Author before his time, that I think he had made himself familiar with the simple, and sublime images of the primitive state of mankind, as recorded in the *first of Books*; and that in the holy aspirations of the Prophets, he had been struck with admiration at the purity of their muse, which in sentiments more noble and affecting than those of any profane lyre, announce a divine origin, and bespeak a master crowned with unfading stars, amidst the celestial choirs.

Whether the Mantuan Bard enjoyed the advantages of those hallowed strains, before he became acquainted with the works of Homer, may be doubted. We know that he felt deeply the charms of the Grecian Poet, and must have found instruction from the manners of the heroic, as well as from those of the Patriarchal times. These great pictures, in which man is shewn in a state of bold and majestic simplicity, undisguised by the artificial gloss of a late state of civilization, must have shewn the Roman most forcibly, in how high a degree the times and subjects of the Hebrew, and primitive Grecian Bards, were favourable to the most sublime effusions of the Poetic art. If Virgil's diffident disposition, retired habits, and native elegance, prevented him from equalling Homer in grandeur, yet his finer taste, and more cultivated mind, surpass the Grecian in sweetness and moral beauty. Virgil is correctly distinguished for elegance, tenderness, and sweetness, yet he maintains great majesty in the midst of plainness. He frequently shines, but never glares; and rises to sublimity without any seeming effort. That he availed himself largely of the poems of Homer, is universally admitted: but how could he have ever seen the *Bible*? The Jews had intercourse with the Romans, a century before Virgil was born: their Scriptures had been more than two hundred years rendered into the Greek languages,—for the Septuagint was translated about 283 years before Christ. This translation was so much esteemed by the Jews, for its faithfulness, as to be read in all their Synagogues on the Sabbath day. It is therefore, not unreasonable to believe, that its contents were in some degree known, if they were not familiar to the literary men, both of Greece and Rome. This view of the subject receives great confirmation from the fact, that Synagogues were to be found before the birth of Virgil in every great city, and certainly several at the seat of Empire—for the Jews, as appears from the Acts of the Apostles, had been long established in the various cities of the Roman world, insomuch, that they had in general forgotten their ancient language, and used that of the country in which they dwelt. Copies of the Septuagint

were therefore in all probability to be found at Milan, where Virgil was educated, and where it is known that he applied much of his time to the study of the Greek language; and it is scarcely possible, that a man so well acquainted with the literature of the age, such an admirer of poetry, and so anxious to gain information respecting the religion, manners and customs of nations, would have neglected consulting a book, which furnished more perfect and curious knowledge on these points, than all other books combined. It seems to me, that he alludes to the Bible, when he says in his third *Georgic*—"Primus Idumæus referam tibi Mantua palmas."—For thee O Mantua I first will gain the Idumeau palms.

Having only a common edition of Virgil, I do not know what the critics say on this passage—whether they consider the Poet as referring to the Idumeans—a name frequently used instead of Jews, on account of their peculiar manners, learning, and religion—or whether he means only the palm of victory, and introduces the epithet Idumeas, to indicate the most perfect species of the tree which is found in that part of Syria. To render the former probable, and that Virgil was acquainted with the sacred writers, I might select many passages from his works, but I shall confine myself to his *Eclogues*. I begin with one passage in the sixth *Eclogue*, entitled "Silenus," with which I was particularly struck—"Namque Canebat, &c." line 31, to 40.—Not having Dryden at hand, or any poetical translation, I must give a prose interpretation:—

"For he sung, how through the mighty void the seeds of earth, of
"air, and sea, and pure air had been collected. How all the elements
"from these principles, and the globe of the world itself, still tender,
"was formed. Then how the soil began to harden, and to separate
"the waters into the sea, and by degrees to assume the form of things.
"How the Earth was astonished to behold the new-born Sun shine
"forth; and how from the clouds suspended high the showers descend;
"when first the woods began to rise; and when the animals, as yet
"but few, began to range the unknown mountains."

I am aware that the Poet is here supposed to describe the Epicurean Philosophy, in which he had been carefully instructed by Syro, but which he appears to have relinquished for the sublime Philosophy of Plato, when he composed the sixth book of "the *Eneid*." For by that time, his better sense and maturer judgment had convinced him that a fortuitous conjunction of atoms, without a directing and animating spirit, could never have composed this glorious world, much less man, its Lord and Master. But what makes me notice the passage so particularly, is the order ascribed to the creation by Virgil, and which I find to be almost entirely the same as that given by the inspired Moses:—Chaos, light or fire, form, separation of light and water, the Sun, trees, animals, and last of all—Man.

But the strongest proofs of the Poet's acquaintance with the sacred books of the Jews, are drawn from the fourth *Eclogue* or *Pollio*.—Some have gone so far as to consider certain portions of this pastoral

to be prophetic of our Saviour, and, indeed, on the supposition that the Poet had never seen the Bible, especially the Prophecies of Isaiah; they are so wonderful that it would not be easy to refute such a supposition,—but on my hypothesis that Virgil had read this sublime work, the passages alluded to only prove the fine taste of the Poet, in selecting the grandest and finest images and conceptions of the sacred writer, and appropriating them, with so much eloquence and power, to his own subject. As my object is principally to throw out a hint to your classical readers, in the hope of their condescending to instruct me, I shall confine myself to a very few quotations; indeed I have nothing more to do than transcribe, from the notes appended to Pope's sublime Poem "the Messiah." Pope, the most correct, and in my opinion, the most beautiful and useful of all our English Poets.

The first is as follows, beginning at the sixth line of the iv. Eclogue.

Jam redit Virgo redeunt Saturnia Regna ;
 Jam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto—
 Te duce—si qua Manent—sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras ;
 Pacatum que reget patries virtutibus orbem.

"Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns; now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven by means of thee.—Whatever relic of our crimes remain shall be wiped away and free the world from perpetual fears; He shall govern the earth in peace with the virtue of his father."

"Isaiah, Chap. vii, versè 14, Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son. Chap. ix, ver. 6, 7. Unto us a child is born; unto us a Son is given, the Prince of Peace; of the increase of his government and peace, there shall be no end upon the throne of David and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it with judgment and with justice, for ever and ever."

Again in the same Eclogue, line 48.

Aggredere O! Magnos (Aderit jam tempus) honores.
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum.

And in 5th—

Ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes, ipsae jam carmina rupes—
 Ipsa sonant arbusta deus, deus ille, Menalca.

"Oh come and receive the mighty honours; the time draws nigh O! beloved offspring of the Gods; O great increase of Jove. The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars; the very rocks sing in verse; the very shrubs cry out a God, a God!"

"Isaiah, c. xl, ver. 3, 4,—The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a high way for our Lord. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. c. xlv, v. 23,—Break

forth into singing ye mountains—O forest, and every tree therein, for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob.”

And at the 21st verse Eclogue iv,

Ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capelle
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones.
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni occidet.

“The Goats shall bear to the fold their udders destended with milk, nor shall the herds be afraid of the great lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.”

“Isaiah c. xi, v. 6,—The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fating together,” &c.

TYRO.

THE SLEIGH-BELLS.

(*A Canadian Song, by Susanna Strickland, now Mrs. Moodie.*)

'Tis merry to hear at ev'ning time,
By the blazing hearth the sleigh-bells chime ;
To know each bound of the steed brings near,
The form of him to our bosoms dear ;
Lightly we spring the fire to raise,
Till the rafters glow with the ruddy blaze.

'Tis he! and blithely the gay bells sound,
As his steeds skim over the frozen ground :
Hark! he has pass'd the gloomy wood,
He crosses now the icy flood ;
And sees the light from the open door,
To hail his toilsome journey o'er.

Our hut is small, and rude our cheer,
But love has spread the banquet here,—
And childhood springs to be caress'd,
By our beloved and welcome guest—
With smiling brow his tale he tells ;
They laughing ring the merry bells.

From the cedar swamp the wolf may howl,
From the blasted oak the felon owl,—
The sudden crash of the falling tree,
Are sounds of terror no more to me.
No longer I list with boding fear,
The sleigh-bells merry peal to hear.

(*From the N. Y. Albion.*)

A FACT.

But facts are chiel's that wanna ding;
And downa be disputed.

BOBBS.

MANY years ago, a Merchant Vessel, when returning from America to Scotland, encountered a violent storm. Wave after wave rushed along her deck, and the Sailors clinging to her stays, watched the roll of the ship to change their position, during the momentary level. She was under baro poles, sometimes going headlong down a mountain of water into an abyss formed by another coming on, equally large, curled and white at the top, as if about to engulf the poor frail creatures and the work of man's hands—like the monster roaring for Andromeda. Down went the ship swash to the bottom, but rolling, plunging, and shivering, she slowly rose, the very main-yard drenched and dripping from the sea: the two helmsmen, tied to the wheel, were belching and gasping like half drowned rats,—but labouring and creaking, she gradually ascended, until within the influence of the wind, which sounding like thunder through the blocks, and against the close reefed sails and yards, carried her up the liquid precipice,—where rolling from side to side like a drunkard, unconscious which way to tumble, away went the vessel to be half buried, and again to rise stretching and groaning from the wave.

When the storm commenced, the main sheet had to be close reefed. Up mounted the gallant fellows, and lying along the yard, clinging with hands, feet and knees, they tried to fasten the reefs, which after great labour was accomplished. Just as they were going to descend, the Vessel was struck by a wave, when two came sprawling from the lee yard-arm, amid the froth and roaring sea. They struggled, kicked, and struck; when seizing each other, both uttered a yell for mercy—their bodies whirling sunk, and their souls returned to God who gave them.

The storm subsided and the heavy swell gradually became less, until a fine breeze and undulating waves succeeded the tremendous scene; but the ship had sprung a leak, and the Sailors, nearly exhausted by previous fatigue, were obliged to ply the pumps. The leak increased in spite of all their work; they began to flag—in a short time despair entered every breast—exertion ceased—and quitting the only means of safety and preservation, some began to prepare the boats, while others went to broach the rum casks, dress themselves in holiday clothes, and meet the grisly king with insensible hearts.

A middle aged man, who had gone out when a boy, was returning to his country with a large fortune, acquired by kidnapping, and the labour, caused by the lash, of wretches upon whom hope never dawns. He was returning to the land of his nativity in all the pride which

wealth can stir up in the mind, when unprotected by learning or religion; and the possession of which produces such attractive smiles from damsels anxious for carriages, establishments, state, plate, china, and pin-money,—the males casting envious glances at his thorough-breds, hunters and hounds—never reflecting that the grand object, whose situation they covet, fancying that unalloyed happiness must be his portion, lays the aching head and throbbing temples on a pillow of thorns: while, in that body stretched on a bed of down, is a heart fearful for the judgment to come, and tortured by the worm of conscience which never dies—a foretaste of the awful punishment, which such crimes of the blackest dye so justly merit. And the poor miserable animal would give his wealth, grandeur,—every thing—and exchange places with the meanest cottager—nay even a beggar—to enjoy the humble hope and blessed assurance of a Saviour's love. Such was this common character, returning with *shew and glitter* in lieu of an immortal soul.

The approach of death, which looks ugly when the view is near, made the hard and stony heart of the villian tremble—he thought on the home of his childhood, where he had played in innocence, and kneeled at the little stool in infant prayer to the God of Heaven, who was addressed morning and evening by his worthy parent. These long forgotten scenes came now full on his mind's eye—he did not pray—he durst not,—but addressing the Captain said, “Do not let the Sailors desist—make them work the pumps for twenty minutes.”—“What the D—l good will that do? Why work for twenty minutes?” “Captain, I was born of parents whose chief delight was in serving the Lord,—morning and evening did they read a chapter of the Bible, and kneel in prayer to their preserver and friend. I have neglected my duty, the example and instruction of a father's hearth—but he never forgets to adore his God—in ten minutes, if alive, his hoary head will be bent at an arm chair, in a clay bigging of Scotland's bonniest gowany glen—he will pray to that Being who has the sea in the hollow of his hand, for those who go down to the deep in ships; and although I am the chief of sinners, his prayer may be heard at a Throne of Grace, and a messenger, swifter than the lightning and purer than a sunbeam, be despatched to save our sinking ship,—or, if we must enter 'the dark and dreary valley of the shadow of death,' that our souls may—like the water lilly, be borne up amid the swellings of Jordan. Oh! Captain work the pumps.”

The Commander cared for neither prayer nor praise, but being also afraid to die, caught at the last chance and sung out—“Avast, ye lubbers, there's hope yet; a good man ashore is going to pray for us—take another can of grog—stand to the pumps for twenty minutes longer, and if we don't get assistance by that time—why we'll just let the ship go to the bottom, then every man for himself and God for us all. So I hope we'll all get into snug berths, and not a soul of us be moored in Davie Jones's locker—now go it, my lads.” The Sailors again commenced; clank went the pumps; and a few minutes after eight, the water was found to be decreasing in the hold—the leak had stopt!

and the vessel being soon put to rights, continued her course and arrived at the destined Port of Greenock, without an oath having been given, or rough expression used. She was taken into Dock, where having been examined, a quantity of sea-weed was found plugged hard up in the *hole of her keel!!!*

THE EMIGRANT.

The above fact appeared in the Dumfries Weekly Journal; and the Author having come to this Country, has kindly re-written it for our improvement. He was one of the unsuccessful candidates for the Agricultural Professorship, in the University of Edinburgh.

TO INTENDING EMIGRANTS.

We have as yet nothing farther to advise those who are intending to become Emigrants, than what was contained in the first number, to which we refer them. It may not be amiss however to mention the heads of that advice, because some who see this, may not have an opportunity of perusing the other. Therefore, no labouring man or mechanic should leave home with a family for this country, unless he has, after paying all expense of transportation, £15 sterling, or £16 10s. currency. Because, from the change of climate, and regret at leaving their friends, (who are sick of their sweet society,) depression and melancholy cloud the mind, and the body becomes enervated, so that three weeks, or three months pass away before they are able to earn a six pence. Besides it is not the mere expense of reaching Quebec or Montreal, which has to be defrayed, but the travel is considerable before arriving at York, where 3s. 9d. currency can be obtained, as each days wage. By having that sum (£15 sterling) in pocket on arriving, and swallowing 'a blue pill' every second morning for one week, he will—or may go on 'the way rejoicing,' when if prudent and free from that unquenchable thirst, which is burning up so many people stiling themselves christians, and who say that suicide is the greatest crime mortal can commit—because it is going to the judgment seat, reeking with the blood of murder and rebellion on the red right hand, which cannot be undone nor repented of—'for there is no repentance in the grave.' They believing this, would shudder at the very idea of such an act, and yet perpetrate that which is more sinful, and attended with aggravations which never accompany the other—because the one is the sudden effect of madness; while the other is calm and deliberate, and the wretch kills himself from day to day, by inches. If however they will abstain from the habit which destroys life and damns the soul, be industrious and economical, they will—must in four years, be Lords of the soil, and after enjoying the fruit of their labour, leave, to a virtuous progeny, a portion of this splendid country to be their own forever; when closing their eyes upon earth with a smile, at having performed their duty, and trusting in the mercy of God, reasonably hope for salvation, through the merits of a Saviour. Such may be the case of

every man who comes to this country, where no tyranny destroys the spirit of industry, no taxes paralyze the right hand, where 'the labourer is'—not only 'worthy of his hire'—but receives it; where proper freedom, peace, and happiness may be their own without a shadow of molestation; and if not—they, themselves, only are to blame.

No person who is intending to purchase land, cultivate, and live by its produce alone, should come here, unless he has £300 currency, or £270 sterling on his arrival. Which, say that his land costs £100, and stock £70, there remains £100 Currency, or £70 Sterling, for clearing, building a house, &c.—The house will cost, if done by a bee, (or assembling the other settlers) including all the necessary preparations of cutting the logs, &c. £1 Currency, and if done by hire or contract £20. The first is in every one's power, so they can act as they chuse.—I had a capital residence put up by contract for £25; being an ignoramus, and too wise in my own conceit, for asking advice of older settlers—the contractor called 'a bee,' the neighbours assembled, felled the trees, nicked the logs, and before the sun went down, a man standing on the roof, drank long life, health, happiness, and a good wife to me, the self-sufficient proprietor; and the house was finished for one dollar, or five shillings currency, which was the cost of beef, bread, and two shillings for a gallon of whisky. The Contractor built the chimney in two days, by himself. Now allowing five shillings for meat and drink, and three days wage for his own labour, the mansion, and a very neat one it is, was erected for 16s. 3d. and he had of clear profit, £24 3s. 9d. So much for my conceit. I hope others will take warning by my folly, which is exposed merely from the wish to benefit the majority of Emigrants.

Particular care should be taken not to conclude a bargain for land, with any private individual, before consulting a Lawyer—who are all men of honour and integrity—not being, mostly, "scape graces" as in the old country—otherwise it is a hundred to one, but after years of labour and hope, the farm will be taken—'as having been sold by those who had no just right to dispose of it'—or 'the deeds are imperfect.' Therefore, look out.

Government, and the Canada Company have great quantities of very fine land, which is sold at from 5s. (4s. 2d. sterling) to 17s. 6d. (14s. 7d. ster.) per acre; which is infinitely superior, both as regards climate and soil, to any double quantity in France or Britain; and no danger need be apprehended in purchasing from either, but 'a good deed' will be obtained, and the price paid by annual instalments in five years.

As men after being settled and hard wrought for sometime, begin to yawn of an evening for something 'by the common'—or to 'while away the time,' and as ardent spirits are bad for men,—we, wishing that all should enjoy themselves and their families, will give them in a future number, before harvest, a description of the proper method in which ale should be made—not after the fashion of Brewers, who have to live, and make money by the transaction, but in the way our forefathers did

—when they sipped ‘the home-brewed,’ or ‘nappy brown ale’—the old got young, pro tempore, the grandmother’s rheum-full eyes recovered the youthful brightness of sixteen, which had wrought such havoc seventy years before; and the children laughed heartier, becoming more playful, from the effect of draining ‘granny’s horn,’ as, supporting the head with one hand, she looks in the fire meditating on the triumphs of her youth. The full description of such a blessing shall be given, whereby those residing upon their own land will get a portion of grain converted into such ‘real fine stuff,’ which might sparkle at a King’s table, without costing them any thing. They will have plenty of timber for making barrels, or a hollow tree will make no bad substitute, while the small quantity of barley necessary—will never be missed. Therefore don’t be afraid to issue forth upon the seas, ye would be Lairds—for comfort and independence shall be your own.

We have only to add, that bringing out goods to this country is a fair loss of half the value, independent of so much time being spent in disposing of them, that the season passes, before the man, who was to make a fortune by selling lamb’s wool stockings for the young, and fleecy hosiery ones to the old—has disposed of his cargo that one year is lost—besides half the price of ‘goods,’ which added to board and lodging, will leave about one-tenth of the original cost, in the pocket of the Emigrant. Therefore all the money to be brought here, should be paid into the nearest Bank Office, with the wish of transmitting such sum to the London Agent, for the Bank of Upper Canada. The money is sent, and by return of Post an acknowledgment arrives, when upon reaching York, Upper Canada, the whole money, with interest, and the rate of exchange are laid in his hand. The following public notice, issued by the Bank, will give to all the necessary information.

“Messrs. Thomas Wilson & Co. of Warnford Court, Throgmorton Street, London, Merchants, are Agents for the Bank of Upper Canada. Monies lodged with them, on the Bank Account, will be paid by the Bank at York, in Upper Canada, to the Person or Persons for whom the deposits are made, *with the advantage of the exchange of the d. v.*”

York, March 10th, 1833.

NO HOME BUT HEAVEN.

BY B. BARTON, ESQ.

The exile on a foreign strand,
 Where'er his footsteps roam,
 Remembers that his fathers' land
 Is still his cherish'd home.

Though brighter skies may shine above,
 And round him flowers more fair,
 His heart's best hopes and fondest love
 Find no firm footing there.

Still on the spot which gave him birth,
 His warmest wishes turn;
 And elsewhere own, through all the earth,
 A stranger's brief sojourn.

Oh! thus should man's immortal soul
 Its privilege revere;
 And mindful of its heavenly goal,
 Seem but an exile here.

'Mid fleeting joys of sense and time,
 Still free from earthly leaven,
 Its purest hopes, its joys sublime,
 Should own no home but Heaven.

DOMESTIC.

HIS EXCELLENCY, SIR JOHN COLBORNE, has entirely recovered from his late indisposition; the conviction of which, has produced unalloyed pleasure in the breasts of all.

We copy the following from "*The Canadian Correspondent*" of 23rd February last:—

THE LATE HONORABLE JAMES BABY.

It is with extreme concern that we announce to the public the loss of so valuable and respected a member of this Society as the Hon. James Baby, who after a very short but severe illness breathed his last on the afternoon of Tuesday the 19th inst., in the 71st year of his age.—As very few persons had heard of his illness, the report of his death produced a great sensation, for he was much beloved by all who knew him.—His disease was at first attended with excessive pain and repeated convulsions, and when they abated he was reduced to a state of great debility, and had lost the power of articulation. He was nevertheless quite sensible, knew what was said to him and recognised his friends when they approached him.—He seemed fully aware of his approaching dissolution, and bearing his illness with great fortitude and composure he looked forward to the awful event with tranquil resignation.

Those animating hopes with which he had always rested in humble confidence on the mercies of his God, enabled him to contemplate death without dismay, and his last moments were marked with that elevated serenity and pious submission, which well became the conclusion of a life in which the great duties of a man and a Christian had been conscientiously discharged.

In every thing that relates to the life and character of a person so extensively known through both Provinces and deservedly beloved, the public will naturally feel a lively curiosity, and we lament that we are unable to meet this laudable desire with any other than a hasty and imperfect sketch of both. Yet short as our notice must of necessity be, there will be found something to stimulate to moral improvement, something to recommend and inspire the love of virtue, and to exemplify the rewards of rectitude and the consolation of religion.

James Baby was born at Detroit, in 1762.—His Family was one of the most ancient in the Colony, and it was noble. His father had removed from Lower Canada to the neighbourhood of Detroit before the conquest of Quebec, where in addition to the cultivation of Lands, he was connected with the Fur Trade, at that time and for many years after—the great staple of the country. James was educated at the Roman Catholic Seminary at Quebec, and returned to the paternal roof soon after the peace of 1763. The family had ever been distinguished (and indeed all the higher French

families) for their adherence to the British Crown: and to this more than any other cause, are we to attribute the conduct of the Province of Quebec during the American war. Being a great favorite with his father, James was permitted to make an excursion to Europe, before engaging steadily in business; and after spending some time, principally in England, he rejoined his family.

Unfortunately the limits assigned by treaty to the United States, embraced within it the larger portion of his father's property; and the family attachment to the British Government being well known, they were looked upon with little favour by the American Population, and found it necessary, after much loss and disappointment, to remove to the north side of the River Detroit, which constitutes the boundary of Upper Canada. When the Province of Quebec was divided into two distinct Governments, Upper and Lower Canada, the subject of this notice became an Executive and Legislative Councillor of the former, and continued in the regular and efficient discharge of the high and important duties of these eminent stations to the day of his death.

Soon after his return from England, he became extensively concerned in the Fur Trade, and other Commercial pursuits; but war with the United States having broken out, all business was suddenly and completely stopped by a hostile invasion. Previous to this, he had experienced very serious losses in his Commercial dealings, and also in the erection of Mills on the property still retained within the territories of the United States, and was endeavouring to make such arrangements as would relieve him from all such difficulties, and enable him to attend to his farm and orchard, and his promising family. The sudden war, and the calamities which it occasioned him, were not the only evils which befel him.—About the same time he lost an affectionate wife, leaving five sons and one daughter, all very young.

To this Lady, a woman of excellent name, unblemished worth, and attentive to every conjugal and domestic duty, he had been married several years, and in her society had enjoyed the greatest happiness. Her death gave him a great shock; nor did he perhaps ever wholly recover from the blow, for there were moments when he felt the loss, even to the last, most deeply, and he never married again. The death of Mrs. Baby appeared to blast his hopes, and derange his purposes, and to throw him as it were adrift on the ocean of life.

The commencement of the war was perhaps fortunate for him under his heavy bereavement, for he was immediately called to active service. He commanded the Militia of the Western District, and performed many services highly essential to the preservation of the Province. The people were anxious to win his favour; they had the most unlimited confidence in his judgment, and at his request their provisions, their cattle, and personal services were ever ready to support the King's forces in making head against the enemy. When it was in contemplation to withdraw the troops from the Western part of the Province, he sent his children to Quebec; and when this event took place, he found his health so much impaired by fatigue and privation, and the grief which still consumed him, that he found it necessary to adopt the advice of his Physicians, and to retire to Lower Canada. There he remained with his children till the re-establishment of peace, but not in the enjoyment of health, nor was it till after he had been some time at Sandwich that his strength and energy returned.

His merits had been so conspicuous during the war—his services so disinterested—his losses and privations so great, that government was anxious to confer upon him some mark of approbation, and knowing that his means had

been very much impaired by the sacrifices he had made, it was determined to confer upon him the first office that became vacant, if worthy of his acceptance. As if to meet these views, the office of Inspector General, a place of great responsibility, was in a short time at the disposal of Government, and was immediately bestowed upon Mr. Baby. The last seventeen years of his life have been spent at York, in the discharge of the duties of this office, and never has there been the slightest shadow of complaint—a fact, the more remarkable, as he had to check every other office in the Province, and to pronounce in a variety of questions, in which numbers were deeply interested, but such was the public confidence in his integrity and honor, that not a murmur was ever heard.

As a Member of both Councils he displayed the most uncompromising probity and no influence could induce him to give up an opinion, which, after mature examination, he concluded to be right. Owing to his having cultivated both languages, French and English, and sometimes speaking in the one, and sometimes in the other, he seemed, at times, slow of apprehension, and after having made up his mind somewhat pertinacious, but it was the result of high principle—there was nothing of levity or selfishness allowed in forming his conclusions.

There was a primitive simplicity in Mr. Baby's character, which added to his polished manners and benignity of disposition, threw a moral beauty around him which is very seldom beheld. His favorite amusements partook largely of this simplicity. He was fond of fishing—the solitude with which it was attended was congenial to his mind—it gave him exercise, fresh air and an appetite. For this amusement he had always a strong predilection. It required hope and much patience; and indeed, few can sit quietly on the flowery bank of a calm river, separated from the cares and business of the world, without falling into such contemplations as shall benefit their souls.

He had, perhaps, still greater pleasure in attending to his garden—to prune, to bud and graft, to sow and plant were among his most agreeable employments—he delighted in watching the progress of his labours—and was anxious to discover new methods of improving fruits and plants, and ascertaining the most approved methods of cultivation. We would frequently find him hastening in the morning to enjoy his garden, and no man can be fond of its fruits and flowers, and the delightful enjoyment which they yield both to eye and ear by their perfumes and colours, without having his heart touched with gratitude to God, their Creator and the giver of all good. This sweet and amiable disposition appeared in all his occupations, and was evident in every thing around him. He had a number of canary birds, which he tended with great care, and rejoiced as much in their increase as if he had received some great reward, and when the room resounded with their songs, expressive of their joys, their loves and their happiness, he appeared to participate in their innocent delights. We might proceed to mention the interest which he took in the comfort and happiness of all the domestic animals which he kept about him, but we must hasten to a close.

His external accomplishments and manners were highly adapted to win affection and esteem. To an address peculiarly engaging, from its dignity, urbanity and ease, was united a cordiality and kindness of deportment which induced one to desire a more intimate acquaintance.

In his social intercourse he was an universal favorite, for the sweetness of his temper and innocence of his heart opened the affection of all in his favor. It was not that he was distinguished for his colloquial powers, for he was by no means the leader in conversation, but there was the polish of the most refined manners, ripened by innate benivolence, which made him so acceptable

in all companies, that those only who have had the happiness of meeting him often in society, can form a just conception of the pleasure of his presence.

But highly as this excellent man was to be admired and loved for his engaging manners and virtuous sentiments, the exalted qualities which dignified his moral nature are still more worthy of approbation. These were the gems which shed around his character, that lustre which made him so great a favorite. A strict probity and inviolable love of truth were perhaps the most prominent of his moral virtues. From these his conduct derived such a purity and elevation, as could only spring from a mind in which the finest sensibilities of virtue had ever remained uncontaminated by the consciousness of dishonor. To transmit this precious inheritance to his children by precept and example was the principal study of his life, and to secure to them the permanent enjoyment of this valuable deposit, he labored unceasingly to inculcate that which he truly deemed the foundation of every virtue—the principle of religion.

His was not a religion of speculation, but a rule of life which governed all his actions, and not only extended its purifying powers to his intercourse with the world, but it penetrated the retirement of the closet and the secret recesses of the heart. Of christian charities, his breast was peculiarly susceptible; he was the friend of the widow—the orphan and of those who have no helpers, and his regard was powerfully excited by every resemblance to Divine goodness, so that to the man possessed of moral worth he was irresistibly drawn as to a brother. But while his benevolence thus extended to all surrounding objects, its flame became more warm and bright to those who were most near; and in the relations of husband, parent and friend, all the kindlier affections of his nature were kindled to their highest fervour.

It was indeed, his lot to experience many afflicting dispensations in that quarter where his tenderest affections were engaged; but here the consolations of christian hope and the unshaken assurance of Divine goodness were his refuge and support, and while he bowed in resigned submission to that searching discipline with which it was the good pleasure of his God to exercise his faith, he turned with grateful contentment to those blessings which he was yet permitted to enjoy, and which he continued with pious thankfulness and quickened sensibility to cherish and improve to the last moment of his earthly existence.

Thus the severity of his trials proved the stability of his virtue and his probationary sorrows, by softening his devotion and refining his best disposition, served only to render him better prepared for the felicities of another world. He was a Christian without guile—affable and polished in his manners, courteous in his conversation—dignified in his deportment—warm in his affections—steady in his friendship and unshaken in his principles. The great object of his life was usefulness, and the spring of all his actions was religion.—With scarcely a failing to cast a shade over the collective splendour of the estimable endowments which were united in his character and conduct, who that knew him can avoid dwelling upon his memory with a sorrowful joy, and feeling that a great blank has been made in our social circle, and that one of the most worthy of our Elders has been gathered to his Fathers.

OUR last number contained an account of Mr. Davidson's Son and Daughter, who were drowned in the Bay. It is now our painful duty to state, that in consequence of the irreparable blank, thus suddenly and awfully effected, in the family circle, Mr. D. was buried on the 7th, having drooped and died of a broken heart, for the absence of his little darlings, whose company he sighed for, and hath gone to enjoy. No fear of destitution is entertained for his remaining family, for—they reside in York.

WE are ashamed to confess that, owing to ill health, it was neglected to forward the Canadian Magazine to the Female Editors of the "Muscum," at Montreal; and were not brought to a remembrance of our duty, until their work was delivered t'other day,—when shame tinged our cheeks for the fault and unpoliteness. But, if our pages are examined, it will be evident, that we are too sincere admirers of the Ladies, for committing any breach of politesse, where they are concerned.

We have not had time to remark upon the elegant Number, but will do so largely in our next.

CURRENT PRICES, IN YORK MARKET.

	CURRENCY.				STERLING.									
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.					
Horse, for Saddle, Waggon, or Carriage, FROM	15	0	0	to	20	0	0	12	3	9	to	16	0	0
Bulls,	8	0	0		10	0	0	6	10	0		8	2	6
Oxen, (yoke of)	15	0	0		20	0	0	12	3	9		16	5	0
Cows	3	10	0		5	0	0	3	17	10		4	1	3
Calves, under a year,	1	10	0					1	4	4				
Sheep,	0	10	0		0	15	0							
Beef per hundred pounds,	1	0	0		1	5	0							
Mutton per pound,	0	0	3					0	0	2				
Veal " "	0	0	4					0	0	3				
Pork per hundred pounds,	1	15	0		1	17	6	1	0	0				
do. salted per hundred pounds,	1	10	0					1	4	0				
do. Ham per pound,	0	0	5					0	0	4				
Geese,	0	1	10		0	2	6	0	1	7		0	2	1
Turkies,	0	2	6		0	5	0	0	2	1		0	4	2
Ducks per couple,	0	4	0		0	3	4							
Fowls, each,	0	0	7		0	1	0	0	0	6		0	0	10
Eggs per dozen,	0	1	3					0	1	0				
Cheese per hundred,	1	5	0					1	0	10				
Butter per pound,	0	1	0					0	0	10				
Milk per quart,	0	0	3					0	0	3				
Wheat per bushel,	0	3	9					0	3	2				
Barley " "	0	2	6		0	3	0	0	2	1		0	2	6
Oats " "	0	2	0					0	1	8				
Indian Corn " "	0	3	9					0	3	2				
Potatoes per " "	0	2	6					0	2	1				
Turnips " "	0	1	3					0	1	1				
Peas " "	0	3	9					0	3	2				
Apples " "	0	2	6		0	3	9	0	2	1		0	3	2
Hay per ton,	4	0	0		4	10	0							
Card Wood, 8 feet long, 4 broad, and 4 high,	0	10	0					0	8	0				
Loaf Sugar per pound,	0	0	7		0	0	8	0	0	6		0	0	7
Muscovado Sugar per pound,	0	0	6					0	0	5				
Tea, (Black)	0	3	6											
do. (Green)	0	3	6		0	3	9	0	3	0		0	3	2
Coffee, (raw)	0	1	0		0	1	3	0	0	10		0	1	0
do (ground)	0	1	6					0	1	3				
Whiskey per gallon,	0	2	0		0	2	3							
Brandy, (Cogniac) " "	0	10	0					0	8	0				
do. (Bordeaux) " "	0	5	6					0	4	5				
Gin, (Hollands) " "	0	7	7		0	7	6	0	5	7		0	6	0
Wine, " "	0	6	0		0	15	0	0	4	10		0	12	0
Soap per pound,	0	0	6					0	0	5				
Flour per barrel,	1	0	0		1	5	3	0	15	9		1	0	10