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# WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.

A MONTHLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER - - - - - PRICE, FIFTEEN PENCE A YEAR.

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NO. 3.

From the Victoria Magazine.

## LAST WORDS.

BY R. A. P.

Here were sounds of wail in the darkened room,  
Where a fair child dying lay.  
There were fond eyes strained through the chamber's gloom,  
To watch him pass away ;  
And angel-wings that hovered near,  
Unseen around him stirred,  
As the Mother held her breath to hear  
Her darling's parting word ;  
" Mother, mother ! " with his last sigh  
Fell quivering from his tongue,  
Then to his rest sank peacefully  
The beautiful and young.

An aged man lay down to die,  
A miser, old and wan,  
But ever fell his glazing eye,  
His cherished hoards upon !  
He hath laid up all his treasure here,  
Where moth and rust decay,  
And here in agony and fear,  
Passeth his soul away ;  
And dimmer burns life's wasting flame,  
And his head grows damp and cold,  
But the latest word his pale lips frame  
Is the name of his idol—Gold.

A Soldier sinks on the battle field,  
The hour of strife is o'er,  
But the arm once strong the brand to wield,  
May never wield it more ;  
'Tis hard, while yet life's tide is high  
In every throbbing vein.  
Unwept, unhonored, thus to die,  
Amidst th' inglorious slain ;  
But his keen eye flashed through the mists of death,  
As a glad cry rings afar,  
And the last faint tone of his dying breath  
Echoes the proud " Huzza ! "

The setting sunbeams gently stream  
On a forehead seamed by care,  
Ah ! many a brief and fevered dream,  
And blighted hope was there.  
The Poet's high, but mournful dower,  
Was written on that brow.  
But the harp he cherished many an hour  
Lies mute and stringless now ;  
He knows his hand no more may wake  
Its wild and thrilling tune,  
And he sighs, as fast his life-strings break ;  
" So soon—to die so soon ! "

" The stake—the pile—the blazing torch—  
Heap high the funeral pyre !  
He hath blasphemed our Mother Church,  
Hence with him to the fire ! "  
And up rose to the peaceful skies,  
And to the Christian's God,  
The smoke of that dread sacrifice,  
That offering of blood.  
" Oh ! in this hour " the Martyr said,  
" My spirit knows no fear,  
Though by this fiery passage led,  
Along death's shadowy vale I tread,  
For thou my God, art here. " •

• Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.—Psalm 23.

Cobourg, C. H.

A POET'S DREAM.—I dreamt that I was engaged in writing, and that in the midst of a sentence a mosquito came buzzing in my ear. I remonstrated with him for so disturbing me, having spoilt a beautiful paragraph. " I will not trouble you," he replied, " I have merely come to punctuate a passage."

## Sketches of Aboriginal Life.

### THE AZTEC PRINCESS ; OR, THE DESTINY FORESHAD- OWED OF THE DOWNFALL OF THE ANCIENT HOUSE OF THE MONTEZUMAS.

#### CHAPTER IV.

#### AGITATIONS IN THE CAPITAL—THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD—THE SPANIARDS STEADILY ADVANCING.

For monarchs tremble on their thrones,  
And 'neath the gem-lit crown,  
Care, fear and envy dwell—

—They come,  
Mysterious, dreaded band !  
With clang of trumpet, torch and brand ;  
With lightning speed, with lightning power,  
They scale the lofty mountain tower,  
And sweep along the vale—  
Who shall arrest their proud career,  
And save our doomed land ?

This position, of affairs suited the timid and vacillating policy of Montezuma. Finding that Cuiclahua, and his forces, had taken no part in the affair, and had not even visited the city, he immediately sent an embassy to the Spanish camp, disclaiming all participation in the treacherous counsels and doings of the Cholulans, and severely blaming them for their unheard of outrage upon the rites of hospitality. Whether the sharp-sighted Castilian placed any confidence in these professions, or not, it suited his designs to appear to do so. With the utmost seeming cordiality, he assured the royal messengers that it gave him the most heartfelt satisfaction to know that the treatment he had received at Cholula was not instigated or countenanced by their august master, that it was unworthy of a great and wise monarch, and that he should proceed on his route to the capital, with the same confidence as before, and visit the emperor as if nothing had happened to hinder his progress.

Withdrawing the forces under Cuiclahua, and giving orders every where for the hospitable reception and entertainment of the Castilians, whom he had no longer the heart to oppose either by stratagem or by force, Montezuma retired within his palace, and for several days shut himself up from all intercourse with his chiefs. He was now fully convinced that his destiny was sealed, and with it that of his family and crown. He was in the hands of an unappeasable fate. He gave himself up to fasting, prayer and sacrifice. He consulted all his oracles anew. But they gave no response. He then sought counsel of his chiefs, and the sages of his court. Here again he was distracted by the divided opinions of his friends. While many of the princes, overawed by the invincible courage and invariable success of the Castilians, advised a frank and courteous reception, there was still a powerful war-party, with the brave Cuiclahua at their head, who were eager to measure lances with the strangers, and show them that, in order to reach the capital, they had other foes to contend with and overcome, than half-savage Tlascalans, or trading Cholulans.

Montezuma found no difficulty in following the counsel of the majority, though the mystic warning of Kavee had not wholly faded from his mind. A new embassy was immediately despatched, consisting of a numerous suite of powerful nobles, and a long train of servants, bearing rich presents of gold, and other valuables, and charged with a message couched in terms of humble and earnest supplication, proposing, if the Spaniards would now return, not only to send them home laden with gold to their utmost wish, but to pay an annual tribute of gold to their master, the king of Spain. Finding that this bribe only fired the grasping

conqueror with a more fixed determination to secure the whole prize for which he had so long, and against such fearful odds, contended, the messengers yielded the point, and threw wide open to the decided foe every avenue to the heart of the empire, assuring him, in the name of the Emperor, that he should be received as a brother, and entertained with the consideration due to the powerful representative of a mighty monarch.

The march of the Spaniards was now a continued triumph. No longer compelled to fight their way on, they had time to enjoy the rich and varied scenery, to scale the mountain, explore the caverns and ravines of the sierras, and the craters of the volcanoes, and show to the admiring natives, by their agility and love of adventure, that fighting and conquest had neither tamed their spirits, nor exhausted their physical powers. As they advanced, they were continually surprised and delighted with the growing evidences of civilization and high prosperity which met them on every side. In the cultivation of the land, in the style of architecture, and in all that constitutes the refinement, or contributes to the comfort of life, the regions they were now traversing very far exceeded the best of those through which they had before passed. They were continually gaining more exalted ideas of their own adventure, and the importance of their position and movements. The ambition of Cortez reached to the viceroyalty of his splendid empire ; and, though accompanied by a mere handful of men, their past achievements inspired him with confidence, that he could carry every thing before him.

Though entertained with lordly magnificence in every place through which he passed, and visited and complimented by envoys from all the states embraced in the Mexican domain, the sagacious Spaniard relaxed none of his vigilance, nor diminished aught of the strict discipline of his little corps. With an eye ever awake to his own safety, and feeling that the artful contriver of one stratagem could easily invent another, he advanced from post to post, in martial array, always ready for any exigency that might arise. His course, however was unobscured. The resources and hopes of the great king seemed to have been exhausted. In passive despair, he was waiting for the hour of his doom.

The terror of the events we have described fell not alone upon the unfortunate Montezuma ; nor did they affect him only as monarch of the realm. As a parent fondly devoted to his children, whose destiny was wrapped up in his as the father of his people, to whom he had been a kind of demi-god, the vicegerent of Heaven, entitled to their unqualified reverence, obedience and love, he felt with tenfold intensity the bitterness of his humiliation. In all his sufferings and distresses his wives and children shared, showing, by every token in their power, their profound respect and affection, and their tender sympathy in all his cares.

In these lovely demonstrations of filial affection none were more assiduous or warm-hearted, and none more successful in reaching the heart of the broken spirited monarch, or winning from him an occasional smile of hope, than Tecuichpo. Just ripening into womanhood, with every gift of person, mind and heart that could satisfy the pride of the monarch, and requit to the full, the yearning love of the father, the fair princess lavished on him all her powers of persuasion and condolence. It was all in vain. It even aggravated his sorrows ; for it was on her account, and that of others, dearer to him than his own life, that he suffered most deeply. The mysterious shadows that had brooded so darkly over the infancy of his lovely daughter had never ceased to shed a chilling gloom over his mind. Her clouded destiny was linked with his, not merely as a child, but as one specially marked out, by infallible signs from heaven, for a signal doom. His superstitious faith invested her and her fate with a peculiar sacredness. She was as one whom the gods had devoted to an awful sacrifice, from which neither imperial power nor pater-

nal love could rescue her. It therefore pierced his soul with a deeper pang to gaze upon her loveliness and witness her amiable efforts to soothe and sustain him in the midst of calamities that were more terrible and overwhelming to her, than even to himself. If, by offering himself as a sacrifice to his offended gods, he could have propitiated their favor for his family and his people, and handed down to his posterity an undiminished empire, and an untarnished crown, he would have gone with as much pride and pleasure, to the altar, as to a triumphal festival that should celebrate his victory and clothe his brow with unfading laurel. But in this sacrifice there was no substitution. He was himself the most distinguished victim, destined to the highest and hottest place on the great altar of his country, where a hecatomb would scarce suffice to appease the anger of the offended gods.

Gathering his royal household around him, he explained to them the peculiarity of his position, avowing his entire confidence in the ancient prophecy, which declared that the realm of Anahuac belonged to a race of white men, who had gone away for a season toward the rising sun, and who after the lapse of ages, were to return in power, and claim their inheritance. It was the predestined arrangement of the gods, and could not be resisted. He had, from the beginning, felt that resistance was wholly vain, and had only attempted it, in deference to the urgent advice and solicitations of his best and most experienced counsellors. For himself he was ready, at any time, to stand at his post, and die, if necessary, in defence of his crown and his people. But he could not contend with the gods. Empires and crowns, and the lives and happiness of nations, were at their disposal, and kings and subjects alike must submit to their righteous requirements. It was but the dictate of common piety to say " the will of the gods he done. " Hard and trying as it was, he felt it incumbent on him to relinquish his crown and his honors, at their bidding, as cheerfully as he should lay down his life, when his destined hour should arrive. He counselled them to bow submissively to their inevitable fate, in the hope that, though humbled, broken and scattered in this world, they might meet and dwell together in peace in the paradise of the gods.

His wives and children wept around him. They besought him to hope yet for the best—to turn his thoughts from the dark visions on which he had dwelt too long and too intensely. Their mysterious forebodings of evil might yet be averted, through the favor of the gods, to whom a childlike, cheerful confidence in their benignity and paternal regard, was more acceptable, than that blind abandonment sometimes mistaken for submission, which views them as stern, arbitrary, and implacable tyrants, rather than as parents of the human family, watching over it for the good of mankind, and ordering all events for the welfare of their true children.

This was a cheerful faith, and, seasonably adopted, might have saved the life and throne of Montezuma, and preserved, for many years, the integrity of his empire. But his heart was not prepared to receive it. Steeped in the dismal superstitions of the Aztec faith, and yielding himself unreservedly to the guidance and dictation of its constituted oracles, he had never, for a moment, allowed himself to falter in his conviction, and the Aztec dynasty was to terminate with him, and that he and his family were doomed to a terrible destruction, in the overthrow of the sacred institutions of his beloved land.

The scene was too thrilling for the tender heart of Tecuichpo, and she swooned away in the arms of her father, who had drawn her towards him in an affectionate embrace. The attendants were called, and, as soon as the unhappy princess was restored to consciousness, the king directed the royal barges to be prepared, and went out, with his household, to enjoy the invigorating air of the lake, and seek relief from the dark thoughts that oppressed and overwhelmed them, in contemplating from various points in view, the rich and varied scenery of that glorious valley.

It was a brave spectacle to behold, whom the imperial majesty of Tenochtitlan condescended to accompany his little fleet on such an excursion. The gaily appointed canoes, with their gorgeous canopies of embroidered cotton, and feather-work; the splendid robes and plumes of the king and his attendants; the rich and fanciful attire of the women; the light graceful arrowy motions of the painted shells, as they danced along the waves; together with the wonderful beauty of the lake, and its swimming gardens of flowers, presented a *toute ensemble* more like the fairy pictures of some enchanted sphere, than any thing we can now realize as belonging to this plain, prosaic, matter-of-fact world of ours. On this occasion, it seemed more gay and fairy-like than ever, in contrast, perhaps, with the deep gloom that had settled on the land, pervading every heart, with its sombre shadows. The light pirogues of the natives, flying hither and thither over the glassy waters, on errands of business or of pleasure, arrayed in flowers, or freighted with fruits and vegetables for the grand market of Tenochtitlan, made way, on every side, for the advance of the royal cortege, which, treading the shining avenues between the gaily-colored *chinampas*, that spotted the surface of that beautiful lake, like so many islands of flowers on the bosom of the ocean, danced over the waters to the sound of music, and the merry voices of glad hearts, rejoicing in the sunny smiles that now played on the countenance of the king, as if the clouds that had so long overshadowed it, were never to return. Tecuichpo, restored to more than her wonted gaiety was full of life and animation. Never had she seemed, in the eyes of her doting father, and of the admiring courtiers, half so lovely as at this moment. She was the centre attraction for all eyes. Her resplendent beauty, her fairy-like gracefulness of motion, and the artless simplicity of her manners, won the admiring notice of all. Her gaiety was infectious. Her merry laugh reached, with a sort of electric influence, every heart in that bright company, and compelled even her father to abandon, for the time, his sad and solemn reflections, and give himself up to the spirit of the hour, and the scene.

Guatimozin was there, and exerted all his eloquence to keep up the spirit of the hour, in the hope that Montezuma would put on all the *l'air de la cour* again, and assert the majesty of his insulted crown, and the rights of his house and his people, in despite of omen or legend, and in the face of every foe.

Tecuichpo became more and more animated, till she seemed quite lifted above herself and the world about her. Suddenly rising in the midst, and pointing with great energy of expression, to the royal eagle of Mexico, then sweeping down from his mountain eyrie, to prey upon the ocelot of the distant valley, she exclaimed—

'Tis he! 'Tis he! our imperial bird!  
Whom the gods to our aid have sent;  
I saw him in my dream, and heard,  
As down from his airy flight he bent,  
His victor shout, with the dying wail,  
Of the coming foe, borne on the gale;  
While the air was dark with the gathering throng  
Of bold young eaglets, that swept along;  
From every cliff, in fierceness and wrath,  
To gorge on their prey, in the mountain path.

When she ceased, an echo from a richly cultivated chinampa, which they were then passing, seemed to take up and prolong the strain.

I saw it too, and I heard the scream,  
In the midst of my dark and troubled dream;  
'Twas a dream of despair for our doomed land,  
For his wings were bound by the royal hand;  
His talons were wreathed with a golden chain,  
He smelt the prey, and he chafed in vain,  
For they trampled him down, in their brave career,

While our monarch looked on with unmanly fear,  
Till his crown and his sceptre in dust were laid low,  
And proud Tenochtitlan had passed to the foe.

The last words of this solemn chant died away on the ear, just as the royal barge rounded the little artificial promontory, which the ingenious Karce had constructed, for the double purpose of an arbor

and look-out, at one of the angles of her chinampa. Leaning over the brow, and supporting herself by the overhanging branch of a luxuriant myrtle, she dropped a wreath of evergreen upon the head of Tecuichpo, and said—

Oh! child of doom,  
Thy long sealed destiny is come—  
One brief, dark, dreadful night,  
Then on those blessed eyes  
Another day shall rise,  
Fair, glorious, bright,  
With an unearthly endless light.  
Thou shalt lay down  
An earthly crown,  
To win a starry sceptre in the skies.

At this moment, signals were heard among the distant hills, which answered and repeated from countless stations along the wild sierras, and reverberated by a thousand echoes as they came, burst upon the valley, like the confused shouts of a mighty host rushing to battle. It fell like a death-knell upon the ear of Montezuma. It announced the arrival, within the mountain wall which encompassed his golden valley, of the dreaded strangers. It heralded their near approach to his capital, and the exposure of all he held dear to their irresistible power—their terrible rapacity. His heart sunk within him. But he had gone too far to retract. It was the act of the gods, not his. Banishing from his mind the impressions of the scenes just passed, he waved his hand to the rowers, and instantly every prow was turned, and the gaily caparisoned, but melancholy, terror-stricken pageant moved rapidly back to the city.

Tenochtitlan was now alive with the bustle of preparation. It was the preparation, not for war, which would far better have suited the multitude both of the chiefs and the people, but for the hospitable reception and entertainment of the strangers. The great imperial palace, which had been the royal residence of the father of Montezuma, was fitted up for their accommodation. With its numberless apartments, its spacious courts, and magnificent gardens, it was sufficient for an army much larger than that of the Castilians, swelled as it was by the company of their *Flascaian* allies.

Every room was newly hung with beautifully colored tapestry and furnished with all the conveniences and luxuries of Mexican life. The appointments and provisions were all on a most liberal scale, for the Emperor was as generous and munificent as the golden mountains from which he drew his inexhaustible treasures.

Intending that nothing should be wanting to the graciousness of his submission to this act of constrained courtesy, Montezuma proposed to his brother Cuiclahua, to choose a royal retinue from the flower of the Aztec nobility, to go out to meet the strangers, and bid them welcome, in his name, to his realm and his capital. From this the soul of the proud undaunted soldier revolted, and he entreated so earnestly to be excused from executing a commission, so much at variance with his feelings and his convictions, that the monarch relented, and assigned the mission to Cacama, the young prince of Tezucō.

Nothing could exceed the gorgeous splendor of the embassy. Borne in a beautiful palanquin, canopied and curtained with the rarest of Mexican feather-work, richly powdered with jewels, and glittering with gold, Cacama, preceded and followed by a long train of noble veterans and youths, all apparelled in the gayest costume of their country, presented himself before the advancing host. His approach, and the errand on which he came, having been announced by a herald, Cortez halted his band, and drew up his forces in the best possible array, to give them a fitting reception. The meeting took place at Ajotzinco, or, rather within the borders of the lake Chalco, the first of the bright chain of inland lakes which the Spaniards had seen, and the place where they first saw that species of amphibious architecture, which prevailed so extensively among the Mexicans. When the royal embassy arrived in front of the waiting army, Cacama alighted from his palanquin, while his obsequious officers swept the ground before him, that he might not soil his royal feet, by too rude a contact with the earth. He was a young man of about twenty five years, with a finely countenance, a noble and commanding figure, and an

address and manners that would have done honor to the most courtly knight of Christendom. Stepping forward with a bland and dignified courtesy, he made the customary Mexican salutation to persons of high rank, touching his right hand to the ground, and raising it to his head.

Cortez embraced him as he rose, and the prince, in the name of his royal master, gave the strangers a hearty welcome, assuring them that they should be received with a hospitality, and treated with a respect, becoming the representatives of a great and mighty prince. He then presented Cortez with a number of large and valuable pearls, which act of munificence was immediately returned by the present of a necklace of cut glass, hung over his neck by Cortez. As glass was not known to the Mexicans, it probably had in their eyes the value of the rarest jewels.

This interview being over, the royal envoy hastened back to the capital, while the Castilians and their allies, in the two-fold character of hostile invaders and invited guests, followed his steps by slow, easy and cautious marches. After a few days, during which they passed through large tracts of highly cultivated and fertile ground, and several of the beautiful towns and cities of the plateau, they arrived at Iztapalapan, a place of great beauty and large resources, and the residence of Cuiclahua, the noble brother of Montezuma. At the command of the Emperor, Cuiclahua, as governor of this place, received the strangers with courtesy, and treated them with attention. But it was a cold courtesy, and a constrained attention. With a proud and haughty mein, the brave soldier exhibited to the wondering strangers, all the riches and curiosities of the place, disposing every thing in such a manner as to impress them most powerfully with the immense wealth of the empire, and the irresistible power of the Emperor. He collected around him all the richest and most potent nobles in his neighborhood, and displayed a magnificence of style, and a prodigality of expenditure that was truly princely. The extent and beauty of his gardens, his beautiful aviary, stocked with every variety of the gorgeously plumed birds of that tropical clime, his menagerie, containing a full representation of all the wild races of animals in Anahuac, struck the Spaniards with surprise and admiration; while the architecture of his palaces, and the many refinements of his style of living, gave them the highest ideas of the advanced state of civilization to which the Mexicans had attained.

But, so far from disheartening them in their grand design, all they saw of wealth and splendor in the inferior cities, only served to inflame their desire to see the capital, and learn if any thing more brilliant and wonderful than they had yet seen, could be furnished at the great metropolis. While they were daily more and more convinced of the power and resources of their enemy, and the seeming impossibility of their own enterprise, they were also daily more and more inflamed with the desire and purpose to possess themselves of the incalculable treasures which every where met their eyes. The cold aspect, and lofty bearing of the Prince Cuiclahua, the commander-in-chief of the Mexican armies, and their apparent to his throne, left no doubt that the final struggle for power would be ably and bitterly contested, and that the wealth they so ardently coveted, would be dearly bought. To a heart less bold and self-reliant than that of Cortez, it would have been no enviable position, to be shut up, with his little band of followers, within the gates of a city, commanded by so brave and experienced a soldier, whose personal feelings and views were known to be of the most hostile character. To the iron-hearted Castilian, it was but a scene in the progress of his romantic adventure; and the greater the difficulty, the more imminent the peril, the more cordially he trusted to his good genius, or his patron saint, he seems not to have known which to carry him triumphantly through.

They were now but one day's march, and that a short and easy one, from the imperial city. Already they had seen it from a distance, resting or rather riding, on the bosom of the lake, glowing and glittering in the sunbeams, like some resplendent constellation, transferred from the azure above to the azure below. They had seen its noble ally, the metropolis of Tezucō, shining in rival though unequal splendor, on the opposite shore of the lake, and many other splendid cities, beautiful towns, and lovely hamlets, studding its bright border, in

its entire circuit, like mingled gems and pearls, richly set in the band of the imperial diadem, all reposing under the shadow, and eclipsed by the superior glory, of the capital, the crowning jewel of the Western World. They had seen the *chinampas*, those wandering gardens of verdure and flowers, seeming more like the fairy creations of poetry, than the sober realities of life, and reminding them of those islands of the blest, which they had been told, in their childish days floated about in the ethereal regions above, freighted with blessings for the virtuous, and sometimes stooping so near to earth as to permit the weary and the waiting to escape from their toils and trials here, and find repose in their celestial paradise. They had seen and admired the wonderful works of art, the causeways of vast extent, constructed with scientific accuracy, and of great strength and durability—the canals and aqueducts, and bridges, which would have done honor to the genius and industry of the proudest nation in Europe. It now remained to see the imperial lord of all these wide and luxuriant realms, and to enter as invited guests, into the gates of his royal abode.

INDIAN SUMMER MORNING.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

A smoke as from a thousand wigwags tells  
The Indian Summer; soft and calm the air  
Swings like a heavy curtain in the glare  
Of the new risen sun, whose fervour quells  
The frost of Autumn, by whose wondrous spells  
Green woods have been transmuted into red,  
Brown, golden tints, as beautiful as shells  
Stolen from the ocean's silver-sanded bed.  
A languid, dreamy, deep, delicious haze,  
Through which the nearest objects mellowed seem,  
Hides the blue distance, while the meadows gleam  
As if with harvest of the yellow maze.  
'Tis the return of Summer, brief and bright,  
His last warm sigh and smile of love and light.

AQUATIC SCENERY.

During the hardest of the storm the day before yesterday, (says a New Orleans paper) we took a lounge down to the brink of a deep gully that emptied its torrent of water into the bayou, our attention was attracted to the bottom of the gully, where a drunken loafer was stemming the torrent, holding on to a root fast anchored in the bank. The poor fellow, not knowing any one was near him, was combatting his fate manfully, and in calculating his chances of escape, gave utterance to the following:—

"Haint this an awful situation to be placed in no how? If I was a steamboat, a rail, or a wood pile I'd be better worth fifty cents on the dollar than I'll ever be again. Unless I'm a gone case now, there naint no truth in frenology. I've weighed all the chances now like a general, and find only two that bear in my favor; the first is a skunk hole to crawl into, and the next a special interposition of Providence; and the best chance of the two is so slim if I only had the change, I'd give a premium for the skunk hole—then's my sentiments. If I could be a mink, a rat, or a water snake, for about two minutes, perhaps I would not mount the first stump (other side of the Bio, and flap my wings, and crow over everlasting life scientifically preserved. But what's the use holdin' on this root? there haint no skunk-hole in these diggings; the water is getting taller about a foot, and if my nose was as long as kingdom come, it wouldnt stick out much longer.

Jerry! you're a goner, and your marm don't know your out!—poor woman! wont she cry the glasses out of her spectacles when she hears her darlin' Jerry has got the whole of Buffalo Bio for his coffin? What a pity 'tis some philanthropist, or member of the humane Society never had foresight enough to build a house over this gutter, with a steam engine to keep out the water! If they'd done it in time, they might have had the honor and gratification of saving the life of a feller being; but its all days with you Jerry, and a big harbour to cast anchor in. Its too bad to go on in this orful manner, when they knows I bellers hated water ever since I was big enough to know 'twant whiskey. I feel the root giving way, and since I don't know a prayer, heic's a bit of Watt's Dooxologer, to prove I died a Christian;

"On the bank where drooped the willer,  
Long time ago."

Before Jerry got to the conclusion, he was washed into the bayou, within a few feet of a large flat that just started for the steamboat; his eye caught the prospect of deliverance, and he changed the burden of his dirge into a thrilling cry of "Heave to there! passenger overboard, and sinking with a belt full of specie!—the man that saves me makes his fortune!" Jerry was fished ashore by a darkey; and to show his gratitude, invited Quashy to go up to the grocery and licker."

Shéridan once wrote, "Women govern us, let us try to render them perfect; the more they are enlightened so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the minds of women, depends the wisdom of men." Napoleon said, "the future destiny of the child is always the work of the mother."

TREES.

In the court of Norton farm-house, a manor farm to the northwest of the village, on the white malms, stood within these twenty years a broad-leaved elm or wych hazel, *ulmus folio latissimo scabro* of Ray, which, though it had lost a considerable leading bough in the great storm in the year 1703, equal to a moderate tree, yet, when felled, contained eight loads of timber; and, being too bulky for a carriage, was sawn off at seven feet above the but, where it measured near eight feet in diameter. This elm I mention, to show what a bulk planted elms may attain, as this tree must certainly have been such, from its situation. In the centre of the village, and near the church, is a square piece of ground, surrounded by houses, and commonly called the Plestor. In the midst of this spot stood, in old times, a vast oak, with a short squat body, and huge horizontal arms extending almost to the extremity of the era. This venerable tree, surrounded with stone steps, and seats above them, was the delight of old and young, and a place of much resort in summer evenings, where the former sat in grave debate, while the latter frolicked and danced before them. Long might it have stood, had not the amazing tempest in 1703 overturned it at once, to the infinite regret of the inhabitants and the vicar, who bestowed several pounds in setting it in its place again; but all his care could not avail; the tree sprouted for a time, then withered and died. This oak I mention, to show to what a bulk planted oaks also may arrive; and planted this tree must certainly have been, as appears from what is known concerning the antiquities of the village.

On the Blackmoor estate there is a small wood called Losel's, of a few acres, that was lately furnished with a set of oaks of a peculiar growth and great value; they were tall and taper like firs, but standing near together, had very small heads—only a little brush, without any large limbs. About twenty years ago, the bridge at the Toy, near Hampton Court, being much decayed, some trees were wanted for the repairs that were fifty feet long without bough, and would measure twelve inches diameter at the little end. Twenty such trees did a purveyor find in this little wood, with this advantage, that many of them answered the description at sixty feet. These trees were sold for £20 a-piece.

In the centre of this grove there stood an oak, which, though shaggy and tall on the whole, bulged out into a large excrescence about the middle of the stem. On this a pair of Ravens had fixed their residence for such a series of years, that the oak was distinguished by the title of the Raven-tree. Many were the attempts of the neighbouring curates to get at this eyry; the difficulty whetted their inclinations, and each was ambitious of surmounting the arduous task; but when they arrived at the swelling, it juttred out so in their way, and was so far beyond their grasp, that the most daring lads were awed, and acknowledged the undertaking to be too hazardous. So the ravens built on, nest after nest, in perfect security, till the fatal day arrived in which the wood was to be levelled. It was in the month of February, when those birds usually sit. The saw was applied to the but, the wedges were inserted in the opening, the woods echoed to the heavy blows of the beetle or mallet, the tree nodded to its fall; but still the dam sat on. At last, when it gave way, the bird was flung from her nest; and, though her parental affection deserved a better fate, was whirled down by the twigs, which brought her dead to the ground.

\* This oak was probably planted by the prior in the year 1271, as an ornament to his newly-acquired market-place. According to this supposition, the oak was aged four hundred and thirty years when blown down.—[White's Antiquities of Selborne.]

THE DEER.

Though large herds of deer do much harm to the neighbourhood, yet the injury to the morals of the people is of more moment than the loss of their crops. The temptation is irresistible, for most men are sportsmen by constitution; and there is such an inherent spirit of hunting in human nature as scarce an inhibition can restrain. Hence, towards the beginning of this century, all this country was wild about deer-stealing. The Waltham blacks at length committed such enormities, that government was forced to interfere with that severe and sanguinary act called the Black Act, which now

comprehends more felonies than any law that ever was framed before; and, therefore, a late Bishop of Winchester, when urged to re-stock Waltham Chase, refused, from a motive worthy of a prelate, replying, "It had done mischief enough already."

Our old race of deer-stealers are hardly extinct yet. It was but a little while ago that, over their ale, they used to recount the exploits of their youth; such as watching the hind to her lair, and, when the calf was found, paring its feet with a penknife to the quick, to prevent its escape till it was large and fat enough to be killed; the shooting at one of their neighbours with a bullet, in a turnip-field, by moonshine, mistaking him for a deer; and the losing a dog in the following extraordinary manner: Some fellows, suspecting that a calf was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went with a lurcher to surprise it; when the parent hind rushed out of the brake, and, taking a vast spring, with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it short in two.

Another temptation to idleness and sporting was a number of rabbits, which possessed all the hillocks and dry places; but these being inconvenient to the huntsman on account of their burrows, when they came to take away the deer, they permitted the country people to destroy them all.

Such forests and wastes, when their allurements to irregularities are removed, are of considerable service to neighbourhoods that verge upon them, by furnishing them with peat and turf for their firing; with fuel for the burning of their lime, and with ashes for their grasses; and by maintaining their geese and their stock of young cattle at little or no expense.—Antiquities of Selbourne.

A COFFEE PLANTATION.

A Coffee estate is indeed a perfect garden, surpassing in beauty aught that the bleak climate of England can produce.

Imagine more than three hundred acres of land, planted in regular squares with equally pruned shrubs each containing about eight acres intersected by broad alleys of palms, oranges, mangoes, and other beautiful trees, the interstices between which are planted with lemons, pomegranates, cape jessamines, tube roses, lilies, and various other gaudy and fragrant flowers, while a double stripe of guinea grass, or lucious pines, skirt the sides, presenting a pretty contrast to the smooth red soil in the centre, scrupulously kept free from all verdure. Then the beauty of the whole when in flower. That of the Coffee, white and so abundant, that the field seems covered with flakes of snow; the fringe-like blossoms of the rose-apple; the red of the pomegranate and Mexican rose; the large scarlet flowers of the pignon, which when in bloom, covering the whole tree with a flaming red coat, is the richest of Flora's realm; the quaint lilio's trumpet-shaped flowers, painted yellow and red, bursting in bunches from the blunt extremities of each leafless branch; the young pine apples with blue flowrets projecting from the centre of their squares, the white tube roses, and double cape jessamines; the gaudy yellow flag, and scores of other flowers known to us only by the sickly tenants of the hot-house.

And when some of the flowers have given place to the ripened fruit, and the golden orange, the yellow mango, the lime, the lemon, the luscious camito, and sugared zapote, the mellow alligator pear, the custard apple, the rose apple, giving to the palate the flavor of the otto of roses, when all these hang on the trees in oppressive abundance, and the ground is also covered with over-ripe fruit, the owner of a coffee estate might safely challenge the world for a fairer garden.—Nor must this be thought the appearance it presents for only a short period. The coffee has successive crops five or six times in the winter and spring, and the orange, the ripe fruit and the blossoms, and the young green fruit are often seen at the same time, while several of the shrubs and plants bloom nearly all the year.

THE MADNESS OF PRIDE.—When the Duchess of Buckingham found herself dying, she sent for Antis the Herald, and settled all the pomp of her funeral ceremony. She was afraid of dying before the preparations were ready. "Why," she asked, "wont they send the canopy for me to see? Let them send it, even though the tassels are not finished!" And then she exacted, as Horace Walpole affirms, a vow from her ladies that if she became insensible, they would not sit down in her room until she was dead. Funeral honors appear, indeed, to have been her fancy; for when her only son died she sent messengers to her friends, telling them that if they wished to see him lie in state, she would admit them by the back stairs. Such was the delicacy of her maternal sorrow.

LINES

ON BEING SHOWN THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG MAN WHOSE NAME WAS NOTT.  
Pause gentle stranger, and heave Nott a sigh—  
"The youth was Nott born, so did he Nott die!"  
And his father before him—was Nott, I presume,  
As they say there is more than one Nott in the tomb!

RELIGIONS OF THE WORLD.

DEISM.

Deism and Deity are from the Latin word which signifies God; as Theism, Theist, Theology, etc., are from the Greek.

A Deist, or Theist, therefore is one who believes in, and consequently, adores God. In a wide sense almost all men, therefore, are Deists; but the word is commonly used in its more confined sense, as meaning one who believes in God, but rejects anything purporting to be a revealed religion.

Thus Voltaire, who had a profound belief in, and veneration for God, and who erected a temple to his honor, was a Deist, as he did not believe in the inspiration of the scriptures, or in the mission of Jesus Christ.

The Deist believes in a sublime Intelligence, the presiding soul of the vast universe around him; but he does not believe in Joshua, Moses, Jesus or Mohammed, as the revolvers of his will, unless in a very restricted sense.

Looking upon the suns and systems of the universe, revolving in sublime order and harmony, and the developments of life upon this globe—upon all the laws and operations of nature as so many expressions and records of Divine wisdom, power, and goodness, the Deist denies the necessity of any other revelation, and rejects all that have thus far been presented, as quite unworthy of his conception of God.

Thus the Deist holds, that the only revelation, worthy of God, is found in his works. These he contends, form an everlasting, changeless, and sublime volume, which cannot be mistaken—whose pages are open to all mankind. A book, pretending to be a revelation of God, which corresponds with the teachings of nature, is useless—if it contradicts them, it is false.

Thus Deists, like all religionists, claim that their own belief is the purest and the best; the one most worthy of God, and best adapted to the dignity of human reason. When the Deist is called an Infidel; he denies the accusation. "Instead of believing less," he says, "I believe more than others. I entertain a higher and nobler view of the nature and attributes of the Divine Being—I do not degrade him with human passions, and petty interests, nor imagine that this little planet has been favored with his special revelation. The God I adore is worthy of the universe—such a being as all the laws of nature bespeak him."

The ancient philosophers were for the most part Deists. It is evident that they paid little attention to the forms of worship, observed by the common people. There is reason to suppose that a vast number of men of all educated and enlightened nations, Chinese, Hindoos, Persians, and of Mahomedan, and Christian nations, are, strictly speaking Deists. Such to a great extent are the sect of Unitarians. A vast number of them, believing in the unity of God, look upon Christ only as a man of extraordinary excellence—one of the world's reformers—and upon the Bible as a collection of historical and poetical books, of no great authority. It is supposed that there are a great many, united with all Christian sects, who really believe nothing beyond the existence of God, but who from habit and convenience, conform to various modes of worship.

Thus, though there is no formal association of professed Deists—unless a portion of the Unitarians and Quakers may be so considered, there is no doubt that there are really more persons who are Deists, than of any other belief.

We are not considering any form of faith as good or bad—or as better or worse than another. There is however this to be said of Deism. It is the foundation of all other beliefs. We must first of all believe in a God, before we can receive any faith, doctrine, or revelation concerning him. Thus all religions have Deism for their base, whatever superstructure of inspirations, prophecies, miracles or mysteries are raised upon it. Thus the Jew must believe in God, before he could recognise the authority of Moses; the Mahomedan, before he could receive the Koran; the Christian, before he could believe in Christ and his gospel; so that whatever be the true religion, Deism, or a recognition of a Divine Being, is its foundation and stepping stone.

A pure Deism is the simplest of all religions; and simplicity is an element of the sublime; so that this very simplicity may have made Deism attractive, to severe and philosophic minds.

It has but two elements—God and nature; nature being looked upon as the material expression or manifestation of God. So nature, the Deist contends, is the direct, visible, and eternal revelation of God—the only one that is or can be, by which our ideas of him are not degraded. The immutable vastness of the universe speaks his power—its order, harmony and perfect laws, his wisdom; its beautiful adaptations to the use and happiness of all his creatures, his goodness. Such a Being, so infinitely great, wise and good, the Deist contends, must, without any other revelation, be adored by every intelligent being in the universe.

Deists, guided by nature, recognise the religious sentiment in man—they see it developed in every form of faith and worship, but as they contend, developed imperfectly and impurely; degraded with puerile conceits, low ideas and vulgar superstitions. In this the Deist is doubtless very sincere; and he finds fault with every other belief, as those of every other do with his.

Thus, to the Jew, he says—you degrade God, by attributing to him jealousy, revenge, and other human passions, and by supposing that he would select one nation of this earth as his peculiar people, to the neglect of all mankind, as well as of the whole universe; to the Christian, he says—you destroy the sublime unity of God, you make him a man, and you seem to think that the human race alone is worthy of his protection; while address-

ing the Mahomedan, he says—you are better than the others, and but for your absurd belief in your prophet, and his Alkoran, you would be quite right.

Deism, then, whatever its merits or demerits does not differ from other isms in this respect. The Deist thinks that every body is wrong, just in proportion as he differs from his own belief.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom—to educate the head, and forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection, when he is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by things which impress the senses and move the heart, and a father shall mist more solid and available instruction in an hour spent in fields, where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than in a month spent in the study, where they are expounded in stereotyped aphorisms.

No physician doubts that precocious children in fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundations for insanity are laid. When the studies of maturer years are stuffed into the head of the child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and can bear exertion, the other is growing and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts—to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail—in short to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is just as rational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiment on its muscle.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge.—Nature herself points out such a course; for the emotions are then the liveliest and the most easily moulded; being as yet unalloyed by passion.—It is from this source that the mass of men are hereafter to draw their sum of happiness or misery; the actions of the immense majority are, under all circumstances, determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents an infinity of occasions, where it is essential to happiness that we should feel rightly; very few, where it is at all necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand therefore, the utmost attention not to interrupt them by improper or over excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period, as is necessary to its health; and the best is oral instruction, exemplified by objects which strike the senses.

It is perhaps unnecessary to add, that at this period of life, special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of a child. Pure air and free exercise are indispensable, and wherever these are withheld, the consequences will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life. The seeds of protracted and hopeless suffering have in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child, simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend, "trumpet-tongued," to the ears of every parent and teacher in the land, "Give us free air; wholesome exercise; leave to develop our expanding energies, in accordance with the laws of our being; and full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood!"

IMMENSITY OF THE UNIVERSE.—The following is abridged from a report furnished to a Paris Institute, by M. Arago. It shows in a brief space, the wonderful immensity of the universe:—

In the Northern hemisphere, 3,400 stars are visible to the naked eye. The number of stars of the second magnitude, are triple those of the third, are triple those of the second, and so on to the twenty-fourth magnitude, which the most powerful instrument renders visible.

The number of stars of the first magnitude, is 18, and of the fourteenth, 23 millions, and if we add to these the twelfth magnitudes, it makes 43 millions of the stars. Herschell, in the knee of Orion band 15 degrees long, 2 degrees wide, counted 50,000 stars, and as that band is only the 376th part of the heavens, so the entire surface contains 68,665,000 visible with the telescope, but our glasses only reach the last remote; there must be above 148,362,200 stars, and our sun is only one of them; the mass of our earth is but the 355th million part of that of our sun, and we are but an atom in relation to our earth.

Stars of the first magnitude in both hemispheres are 18, and sixth order were the last visible to the ancients by the naked eye; in our day it is the seventh.

There are stars whose distance is 900 times greater than those visible to the naked eye.

Light, with the velocity of 77,000 leagues a second, takes three years to reach us from the nearest stars, 900 times more remote, so their light does not reach us until after 2,700 years.

The number of stars visible by means of a telescope of 20 feet focal distance, may be more than 300 millions.

TREADMILL HONOR.—A man who had worked out a long confinement on the treadmill, claimed the honor due to a revolutionary hero.

## EARLY TIMES IN INDIANA.

From the Cincinnati News.

Said Major Oudesly as he casually dropped in on us yesterday morning, and commenced talking away in his usual quiet, chatty and peculiar manner.

'I'm sick and tired of this artificial way of doing things in these latter days.'

'Why so Major?'

'There is an eternal sight too much parade about every thing that is going on. I was at a wedding the other night—the daughter of an old and much esteemed friend was to be married, and I was so urgently invited that I couldn't help going; there was so much fuss and parade I was perfectly disgusted. I couldn't help comparing the proceedings where a couple were married in Lawrenceburgh many years ago, when Indiana formed part of the North Western Territory.—At that time the settlements of the emigrants were mostly confined to the rich bottom lands of the water course. Lawrenceburgh was then a small village with a few log cabins. My father was acting magistrate for the district, and very promptly attended to all the various duties of that office, in addition to which he was in the habit of doing a good deal of manual labor on his own hook.'

'That was when you wasn't big enough to do much, Major?'

'Exactly, I was a tow-brat of some eight or ten years old, when the incident I am about to narrate occurred, but I remember all the particulars as well as though it occurred but yesterday.

You see it was about dinner time one day in the fall of the year, when the old man being engaged in laying in a supply of wood for the winter, drove up his ox team with a pretty solid load of fuel.

'Just then a young and unsophisticated couple entered the village, hand in hand, inquired for the Squire, and were duly directed to the house. The youth was barefooted, and wore a coarse, but clean, tow linen shirt and pants, and a rough straw hat of home manufacture. His fair companion was dressed in a blue striped cotton frock, pink cotton apron, fine bonnet, and coarse brogan shoes without stockings.

'These were their wedding dresses, and their severe simplicity and the thorough independence they manifested made an impression upon my mind that will never be effaced.

'We come to get married,' said the young man to the old lady, my mother, who was properly busy among the pots and kettles.

'That's very good business,' said the old lady smiling graciously, 'tho' you appear to look rather young, but there's the Squire just drove up, he'll sphee you in less than no time,' so out she bolted to give that important functionary due notice of the business in hand.

'I can't stop till I unlode this wood,' said the old man, 'tell them to come out here.'

And out they came—the old man was on the top of the cart, and every time he threw off a stick he asked a question. Before he was fairly unladen he had the youth's whole story, having ascertained their names, ages and residence of the parties, how long he had known the young woman, if he really loved her, was willing to labor honestly to promote her happiness, &c. The youngster gave satisfactory answers to all the questions propounded.

'In the meantime, the old lady perfectly understanding Dad's way of doing things, had sent out to say to the people that there was a wedding coming off at the house, and by the time the wood was unloaded, quite a crowd had collected to witness the ceremony.

'The old fellow having pitched out his last stick, and picked up his long

gond, stood up in the cart and commenced the performance.

'Jest jine your hands,' said he to the young couple.

'I'm satisfied with both of ye,' continued he, 'you've a perfect right to get married,' and he united them in short order.

'As the rafters on this house are jined together, so jine I you—you are man and wife—salute your bride.—I don't charge anything for the operation. Whoa, haw, Buck, get along, Bright'—and with an eloquent flourish of his long stick, he started for another load of wood leaving the newly wedded pair amid the villagers, kissing each other with very distinct and particular evidence of satisfaction.

'That was a wedding worth having,' said Major Oudesly; I knew the couple afterwards, and know them yet, for they are both living in a high state of prosperity. And I know their children after them. too, and mighty fine children they are, for one of them is at this very time Governor of the State of Indiana.

*Hoeing Colopuy.*—'Peter—Peter, I see a toad,' said a little darkey to his brother, one day, as they were digging over a heap of manure.

'Where?—where am he, Joe?'

'Why right dar—don't ye see 'im, Peter?'

'No I doesn't see 'im—strike him wid de hoe.'

Joe hit the toad a crack, which brought Peter to the ground.

'Oh! you darned fool Joe! dat was my toe; I see'd dat all de time.'

Said a fly when he fell into the milk. 'Why am I like an unlucky mariner? Because I have found a watery grave.'—That was a smart fly, and knew as much as some milkmen do.'

At a dinner of the Cincinnati firemen, recently, the following sentiment was proposed: 'The ladies: Their eyes kindle the only flame which we cannot extinguish, and against which there is no insurance.'

A son of Chin, just arrived in this land of plenty, being in want, ventured to solicit a little aid from a person whose external appearance seemed to indicate that he could easily afford it. He was, however, rudely repulsed with a 'Go to h—ll.' Pat looked at him in such a way as to fix his attention, and meekly replied, 'God bless your honor for your civility; you're the first gentleman that's invited me to his father's house since I came to the land.'

A curious story has lately been circulated respecting the king of Bavaria, who is said to have dreamed that he saw three rats, one of which was very fat another very lean, and the last stone blind. The king sought an explanation of his dream, and was informed by a gypsy that the fat rat represented his favorite, *Lola Montes*, the lean one his *People*, and the blind one *himself*.

Major—, when a youth, entered a Quaker meeting house, and holding up a penny tart, exclaimed—'The one that first breaks silence shall have this tart!'

One of the elders present instinctively rose, and in a tone of dignified rebuke, commenced with—'Young man, the time may come when thou—'

'The tart is yours, sir!' cried the intruder so accosted, at the same time laying it down before his solemn interlocutor, and hastily effected his escape.

'Digby, will you take some of this butter?' 'Thank you marn, I belong to the Temperance Society, and can't take any thing *strong*,' replied Digby.

## A FEW DIRECTIONS TO RAIL-ROAD TRAVELLERS:

Having your valise in one hand and your umbrella in the other, make a grand rush for the steps; if you knock over an old lady and two or three little girls, so much the better; it will teach them to keep out of the way another time. Having thus secured an early entrance into the cars you will have an opportunity to select the most commodious seats; every gentleman will of course expect at least two seats. Put your valise on the inside one, take the other side yourself, with your umbrella by way of barrier on the outside—and it will require uncommon boldness to attack a fortress thus guarded. After having thus disposed of yourself and chattels, you will place one foot on the seat in front, and then proceed to take a large mouthful of tobacco—every gentleman will of course provide himself with a good stock of this fragrant weed. As expectoration is considered wholesome, and you will proceed to discharge your saliva, if the day be warm and pleasant, on the floor of the car; if it should be cold and stormy, it will be judicious to open the window, and let drive in that direction. If the conductor is not on the watch, you may perhaps contrive to get a whiff of a cigar, which will add much to the comfort of the passengers.—If you see a lady entering opposite you unprotected, particularly if she is pretty and embarrassed, stretch yourself back in your two seats and stare at her until some green horn not as knowing as yourself gives up his seat for her accommodation. If you get tired with one position you can relieve yourself by running your feet out at length across the passage. This affords great amusement to the passengers, as it almost infallibly trips up some infirm old gentleman in haste to get out at a way station.

Should a newspaper boy pass you, you of course have no change, but as soon as your next neighbor buys a paper, you will naturally beg to look at it a moment to see the ship news. You will then settle yourself comfortably to peruse it—after having mastered its contents, you will then deliberately fold it up, hold it in your hand, and tell its owner all the news you have read, item by item. He must be an unconscious dog, indeed, if he is not pleased to be saved the trouble of reading his own paper.

Should your next neighbor be reading a book with apparent interest, you will find it a very pleasant way of passing the time, to address him various suggestions and interrogatories, such as the following; a fine day to-day; rather cold last night. How far have you come in the cars? Any news in your quarter? Does the potato rot prevail in your district? A rail-road is a wonderful invention. This is a great country, &c., &c.; and any other equally profound remarks, all which will serve to amuse yourself and enlighten your neighbor. Or we have seen it answer a good purpose to take the book, with a civil nod, out of his hand, as if to see what it is. If you like it you can read it through, as if you are well aware that the owner will have plenty of time to read it after he gets home.

A lady called at one of our stores a day or two since and inquired of a young clerk for 'cruel.'

Not willing to appear ignorant nor exactly comprehending her, he handed down a regular twisted cowskin.

'Why,' says the lady, 'that is not what I want.'

'Well,' replied the boy, 'that is the *cruellist* thing I know any thing about.'

'Deth is the wages of sin.' That's poor pay. Wonder that more people don't quit sinning, and stand out for higher pay.

## GUIDE IN BUYING A HORSE.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer, contrary to old maxims, undertakes to judge the character of a horse by outward appearances, and offers the following suggestions, as the result of his close observation and long experience;—

If the color be light sorrel or chestnut, his feet, legs and face white, these are marks of kindness.

If he is broad and full between the eyes, he may be depended upon as a horse of good sense, and capable of being trained to anything.

As respects such horses, the more kindly you treat them, the better you will be treated in return. Nor will a horse of that description stand the whip if well fed.

If you want a safe horse, avoid one that is dish-faced; he may be so far gentle as not to scare, but he will have too much go-ahead in him to be safe for every body.

If you want a foal, but a horse of great bottom, get a deep bay, with not a white hair about him; if his face is a little dishd, so much the worse. Let no man ride such a horse who is not an adept in riding—they are always tricky and unsafe.

If you want a horse that will never give out, never buy a large overgrown one. A black horse cannot stand heat, nor a white one cold.

If you want a gentle horse, get one with more or less white about him—the more the better. A spotted one is preferable. Many suppose that the particular colored horses belonging to the circuses, shows, &c., are selected for their oddity. But the selection thus made is on account of their great docility and gentleness.

**COUGH IN HORSES.**—The boughs of the common cedar, cut fine, and mixed with the food of horses, are said to be an effectual remedy for the troublesome and very prevalent disease called "cough."

## DEPTH OF THE SEA.

With regard to the depth of this body of water, no certain conclusions have yet been formed. Beyond a certain depth it has hitherto been found unfathomable. We know, in general, that the depth of the sea increases gradually as we leave the shore; but we have reason to believe that this increase of depth continues only to a certain distance. The numerous islands scattered everywhere through the ocean demonstrate that the bottom of the waters, so far from uniformly sinking, sometimes rises into lofty mountains. It is highly probable that the depth of the sea is somewhat in proportion to the elevation of the land; for there is some reason to conclude that the present bed of the ocean formed the inhabited part of the ancient world previous to the general deluge, and that we are now occupying the bed of the former ocean; and if so, its greatest depth will not exceed four or five miles; for there is no mountain that rises higher above the level of the sea. But the sea has never been sounded to a greater depth than one mile and 66 feet. Along the coast its depth has always been found proportioned to the height of the shore; where the coast is high and mountainous, the sea that washes it is deep; but where the coast is low, the water is shallow. To calculate the quantity of water it contains, we must therefore suppose a medium depth. If we reckon its average depth at two miles, it will contain 296,000,000 of cubical miles of water. We shall have a more specific idea of this enormous mass of water, if we consider that it is sufficient to cover the whole globe to the height of more than 8000 feet, and if this water was reduced to one spherical mass, it would form a globe of more than 8000 miles in diameter.

**THE EXPERIMENT.**

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1847.

**Our District, Our Country and Ourselves.**

We will say but little of our District, as an article, from a very able pen is preparing for our next Magazine, which will appear on the first December; consequently we will pass over our District, and particularly recommend our Readers to procure at their earliest convenience, a copy of the Victoria Magazine.

**OUR COUNTRY.**—This is a subject on which we feel very incompetent to do justice to, for we know that our Country is improving so rapidly, that no one does, or can fully realize or appreciate it.

The Villages that are springing up; the Towns that are becoming of importance, and the Cities that have already obtained their Charters, with all their Commercial show of Steam Boats and Shipping in the Harbors, and at their Wharves, with 'thronged Streets,' 'large Markets,' 'towering edifices,' 'beautiful Palaces,' and 'tastefully laid out grounds, walks and gardens.' All this shows improvement, and is generally observed by the traveler, or the Business man, that travels from one City to another, on those floating palaces, by the way of our great Lakes and Rivers, particularly when we reflect that not many years since, what is now Canada West could not boast of a single City, and the only Town of any importance, was 'Little York,' where "PROUD TORONTO" now stands.

But what are these improvements? great as they are, in comparison to what is going on in our County, and going on in that quiet unassuming way, that they are scarcely noticed, and improvements that are not confined to a few favored Localities, but that stretch themselves almost without a blank, from the extreme East, to the far, far west of our Country! We mean those improvements that our Yeomanry make; the yeomen, those who had moral courage sufficient to shoulder the axe, select their location, erect their log cabin, fell the sturdy trees, trusting in Divine Providence for a plentiful return for their labors. It is from this quarter that our Country grows!

"And grows so fast, that I know that no one knows."

When we see the mighty forests surrender to the axe-man, and the strong Oak, Maple, and Birch, give up to the golden grain, and waving Corn, the ferocious beasts of prey, retire and give place to looing Cattle, and bleating herds!

And when we see the log cabins vacated, and the neat and tasty Farm Houses erected in their stead, the Barns and Store houses well filled with not only the staff of life, but also the luxuries, and to see our farmers come teaming into our Cities, Towns and Villages, with their surplus Products, the rich reward of their labors; and there to be fitted and sent to foreign countries, to gladden the hearts and cherish the famishing bodies of thousands, whose fortune it is to be cast in a more uncongenial clime, or where labor is not blest with that rich reward! And when we see not only our verdant hills and Rich Valleys, brought to blossom as the rose, but our country dotted with School-houses, and a goodly sprinkling of Chapels, and places of Public Worship.

Such are the improvements of our country, and such is the rapidity, and quietness of such improvements, that they are scarcely noticed by us, and are not fully appreciated, only when we contrast the present with the past, and compare twenty years ago with the present.

**OURSELVES.**—Our Foreman tells us that on this subject we must be short,

that our paper is more than set up already, and we behind our time of publishing; but we cannot forbear giving our numerous readers a little account of our prospects and intentions:—

Our prospects are encouraging. Our Subscription lists both for Magazine and Experiment; are daily increasing, and increasing rapidly; our Magazine has already six hundred patrons, and our Experiment has nearly reached fifteen hundred; we have every confidence in our ultimate success, but it will require time and perseverance, to bring about that remuneration, to both Editors and publishers, which so arduous an undertaking deserves.

Our intentions are, as a general thing, to give one or more tales complete in each number, and continue one. We intend to commence publishing *Old Hicks the Guide*, in our next; although the Aztec Princess will not be finished, those wishing to commence with this highly interesting tale, must send in their names soon, as the back numbers cannot be supplied much longer.

**TO CORRESPONDENTS:**

*The Fatal Vow*, and *The Prodigal's Return*, by A. G., in our next. Give us a Canadian tale?

*The Secret Society*, by our friend "Gananogue," in our next. We shall be pleased to hear from him again.

**OUR AGENTS FOR TORONTO.**—Messrs SANFORD & FULLER, 48 King Street, and ROBERT PETCH JUN., No. 17 Adelaide Street.

**CONDENSED ITEMS OF NEWS.**

Gen. David Rogers, of Saratoga, a prominent man, has committed suicide. He was 76 years of age—too old for such a deed.

The mine, belonging to Don Perez Galvez, in Mexico, is said to yield the extraordinary profit of \$100,000 per week.

The telegraphic line between New Orleans and Boston will soon be completed.

A National Society of Native born Canadians is about being organized in Kingston, C. W.

Burke and his wife, who were tried at Kingston, for the murder of their children, and sentenced to be hung on the 1st of October, have had their sentence commuted to confinement in the Penitentiary for life.

A General Election is confidently spoken of.

A man, by the name of Murphy, recently committed suicide in the Penitentiary, at Kingston, by hanging himself in his cell. He had previously attempted to take the life of his Keeper, by stabbing him with a Shoemaker's knife, but was prevented by one of the other convicts.

**APPROACH OF THE CHOLERA.**—This scourge of the human race, in its westward progress, has passed over Persia, visited the armies of Russia, in the Caucasus; and at last accounts, had commenced its ravages in Constantinople, Moscow and Warsaw.

A Palace is being built for the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Quebec, which when finished will cost fifty thousand Pounds.

In Philadelphia, under a new gambling law, a man has been sent to the States' Prison, for three years, for keeping a billiard room.

The Provincial papers, with few exceptions, advocate the proposed convention, for the purpose of advocating the rights of the "Fourth Estate." If the meeting takes place, it will most likely be held at Kingston or Cobourg.

The Editor of the *Gazette de France*, has been sentenced to three months imprisonment, and a fine of 2000 francs, for publishing articles calculated to incite the poor against the rich.

**NAPOLEON AND HIS MARSHALS.**—There are now but two survivors of the twenty-six Marshals of the Empire, created by Napoleon.—Soult, Duke of Dalmatia; and Marmont, Duke of Ragusa.

Miss BURDETT COUTTS.—It is now positively stated that Miss Burdett Coutts is to bestow her hand and £200,000, (exclusive of her yearly income) on the Duke of Wellington. The iron Duke is softened down, and now dresses smartly.

**THE GREAT BRITAIN.**—This leviathan ship is to be put up for sale by public auction. Mr. Brunel and Mr. Field, of the firm of Maudesly & Co., proceeds to Liverpool to survey her. We understand that all the scientific men who have been engaged in the examination, agree in the opinion that she is quite sound, and free from all material damage in her hull.

**MARRIAGE OF JENNY LIND.**—The "Swedish Nightingale" has, it is reported, taken unto herself a mate. The coveted man is said to be a banker of Stockholm, an Englishman, and related by marriage to a gentleman in whom are united the characters of London banker and a Grecian historian. The ceremony took place, it is said, at Manchester.

At the Assizes lately held in Belleville, an action for breach of promise of marriage was tried, and a verdict of £500 given in favor of the injured fair one.

The total number of Emigrants admitted into the Toronto Hospital, to 22nd Oct. were 3000—discharged, 1993; died 739.—Kingston, Hospital and Out patients, admitted 4038; discharged 2687; died, 1030.

A shocking murder was perpetrated at Griffintown, Montreal, on the 29th inst., upon the person of two butchers, by the names of Roberts and Mr. Shane. The supposed murderer, a man by the name of Carroll, has been apprehended.

**THE EMIGRANTS.**

The following are the number of deaths during the Season, at the different places mentioned below:

At Grosse Isle	3452.
On the passage out	3000.
On board Ship during detention at Quebec	1182.
In the Marine Hospital	1000.
Total	8631.
To which add the deaths at Toronto,	757.
" " At Kingston,	1030.

Making a Grand Total at these places of 10421, not including the many hundreds that have died in other parts of the Country, and by the way-side, the actual number of whom can never be ascertained.

**MARRIED:**

On the 21st Oct. by the Rev. William Gregg, A. M., Belleville, Mr. JAMES GOODE MCKINNEY, to Miss SARAH CAMPBELL; both of Tyendinaga.

On the 15th Nov. by the Rev. William Gregg, A. M. Belleville, Mr. JAMES HARRINGTON, to Miss FRANCES SIMPSON, both of Cramah.

At the residence of the bride's Father, on Tuesday, the 2nd November inst., by the Rev. George Goodson; Mr. ROBERT R. SMILEY, Editor and Proprietor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, to MARGARET, second eldest daughter of Elijah Switzer, Esq. of the Township of Earnest-Town, Midland District.

At Sydehamn Côtage, Portsmouth, on the 2nd inst., by the Rev. R. F. Burns, of the Free Church, Kingston, Captain ROBERT ABBEY, to Mrs. RIDDELL, relict of the late Dr. Riddell, R. N.

At Picton, on Tuesday, the 26th Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Macaulay, Mr. ALEXANDER PATTERSON, Merchant, to Miss SARAFINA CARNAHAN, of Hallowell.

**DEATH OF SIR RICHARD BONNYCASTLE.**

We have to-day the melancholy task of announcing the decease yesterday at his residence in this city, LIEUTENANT COLONEL SIR RICHARD HENRY BONNYCASTLE, Kt., late of the Corps of Royal Engineers, and for many years the chief Officer of that Department in Western Canada. Sir Richard served with distinction at the siege of Flushing, in 1808; in the American War from 1812 to 1815; and was at the capture of Castine, and other places on the coast during that War—served with the Duke of Wellington's army in France, from 1815 to 1818—was the author of a work on "Spanish America," the "Canadas in 1811," "Newfoundland in 1812," &c. &c.

Sir Richard recently retired from active service, intending to reside permanently in this section of the country, in the prosperity of which he was much interested, and in whose Militia he held the rank of Colonel. The death of Sir Richard will be regretted throughout this Province, especially in Kingston, where he spent a great number of years of his life.—W.H.G.

**DIED:**

At Kingston, on the 30th ult.; Mr. SAMUEL MCGOWAN, late Clerk of the Midland District Council.

At Kingston, on the 4th inst., Mr. MICAH MASON, aged 38 years. The deceased was universally esteemed by all who knew him.

**COBB'S & MAJOR'S SPELLING BOOKS.**—For sale by the Gross, Dozen, or singly. Price, only 5s. per doz. J. WILSON, Publisher.

For the Belleville Experiment.

**FRIENDS.**

Friends, aye, what are they? I think I can tell; Poverty's friends are few, are they not? The wealthy imagine they have their friends; well, Let poverty come, they soon are forgot.

Could I still give dinners, and have folks to tea,  
How many dear friends would I see every day;  
If I wanted my supper, alas! for poor me—  
I fancy my friends would be out of the way.

My new-market coat to a dear friend I lent—  
My Mackintosh too, without even a break;  
Often since then I had cause to repent,  
For one or the other he never sent back.

This very same friend who cut a great dash,  
Wrote me and begged I would lend him some "tun."  
I sent him a check on the bank for the cash,  
When I call at his house, he is never within.

Another dear friend, (we were old chums at school.)  
Asked me to lend him my horse for a day;  
I did so, and, faith, folks must think me a fool—  
That night both my horse and my friend ran away.

I had many dear friends who were equally kind,  
And while I could treat them, they ne'er passed my door,

And now for the truth,—there's a change in the wind;  
I haven't a friend,—do you know why? I'm poor!

Belleville, Sept. 27th.  
JANE H. C.

Said the 'Squire to John, who had with his daughter eloped,

"I a different return for my confidence hoped."

"Please your honor," said John, an answer to make,

"You'll forgive me this once—sure it was all a mis(s)take."

**HISTORY OF THE**

**War With Mexico,**

Containing a brief Sketch of the Life of old 'Rough and Ready,' Maj. Gen. Z. TAYLOR.

Price, only Seven and a half Pence. At the Victoria Bookstore, by J. WILSON, Publisher, Front-st., Belleville.

**Cheap Publications.**

HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHTMARE ABBEY. Price, One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

THE ENGLISH COMIC WRITERS, by William Hazlitt. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

TABLE TALK, by William Hazlitt. Price, One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN, by Sir Francis Bond Head. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

BENVENUTO CELLINI, by Roscoe. Price, Two Shillings and six pence.

All the above are from Wiley & Putnam's Library of Choice Reading and Foreign Library. That, together with the Authors' names, is quite sufficient to recommend them to the public.

For sale at the Victoria Bookstore, by J. WILSON, Publisher, Front-st., Belleville.

A LARGE assortment of excellent and beautifully bound BOOKS for the Centre Table, for sale very low at the Victoria Bookstore, Belleville; by J. WILSON, Publisher.

**TO LET.**

THE BRICK STORE, lately occupied by John Reid, Esq.; and situated on the corner of Front and Bridge Streets.

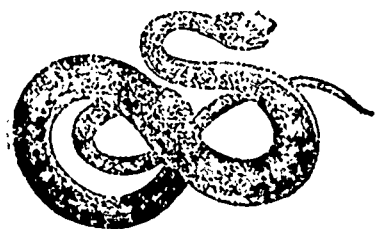
This Store has recently undergone alterations and improvements, by which it is rendered one of the best places for business in Town. Rent Low. Apply to

JOHN ROSS, Belleville, 15th October, 1847.

THE TWO STREAMLETS.

FROM THE SPANISH.

Two little streams o'er plains of green  
Roll gently on—the flowers between;  
But each to each defiance hurls—  
And their artillery are pearls;  
They foam, they rage, they shout—and then  
Sink in their silent beds again;  
And melodies of peace are heard  
From many a gay and joyous bird.  
I saw a melancholy rill  
Burst meekly from a clouded hill:  
Another rolled behind—in speed  
An eagle, and in strength a steed;  
It reached the vale, and overtook  
Its rival in the deepest nook;  
And each to each defiance hurls—  
All their artillery are pearls;  
They foam, they rage, they shout—and then  
Rest in their silent beds again.  
And if two little streamlets break  
The law of love for passion's sake,  
How, then should I a rival see,  
Nor be inflamed with jealousy?  
For is not love a mightier power  
Than mountain stream or mountain shower?



A CHAPTER ON SNAKES.

RATTLE SNAKES AND ASH TREES.

It is a curious fact perhaps not generally known to those acquainted with this reptile, that it has a great aversion to a white ash tree. Strike it with a twig of this tree, and the rattle-snake becomes convulsed. And with such a wand in his hand, a person may travel through the habitations of this venomous reptile without fear of molestation. The Indian, aware of the virtues of this tree, strews his couch and his wigwam with them. A gentleman, who formerly was in the habit of hunting in the Popocatepec country not long since, gives us the following illustration of the effect of the white ash upon the rattle-snake:—

On returning from their traps one day, one of the party caught a rattle-snake and brought it alive into the camp. It was immediately proposed to experiment with him. Accordingly a winnow of leaves was gathered together in the form of a circle; a segment of the circle being composed entirely of the white ash, the remaining part of the leaves of the maple. The rattle-snake was placed within the circle, which was fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. The rattle-snake, in great fear and trembling, retreated towards the maple leaves, but here the experimenters met him with their ash twigs, and he was glad to stop his course, and laid his head down in quiet submission.

After he had in this manner been essayed for some time, the segment of maple leaves was set on fire, and the hunters retired to watch the effect. The rattle-snake raised his head, moved about in a small circle, turned his head towards the burning leaves, coiled himself for a throw, gave his shrill rattle, and plunging into the flame escaped from the circle. —Manchester Democrat.

This is undoubtedly true. The writer of this tried a similar experiment with a copper-head, red-head or red snake, as it is variously called. One-half of a circle was composed of ash leaves, and the remaining half of glowing coals. The snake raised his head, and, on perceiving the ash leaves, withdrew towards the fir, which he passed over, as the rattle-snake is described to have done. Snakes are no longer dreaded after the falling of the leaf, at which time they are said to retire to their dens on account of their aversion to the leaves of the ash.

At one time the writer was very much interested in studying the habits of this animal. He employed several Indians to obtain him living specimens of every variety of our serpents, excepting a description peculiar to the coast of New England. He succeeded in obtaining quite a number, which, strange to say, lived together in the most friendly way.

It has been quite a question whether snakes hiss. Some do and others do not. The varieties of the adder always hiss when approached or enraged. It produces a similar effect upon the nerves to that of a file creaking between the teeth of a handsaw.

The writer at one time possessed a snake with two perfectly formed heads and necks, and it can be produced now. There is a locality in Rhode Island where similar specimens are not unusual. Many years ago there was killed in the town of Stonington, a large black snake, with four feet like a lizard. The art of Taxidermy was not known in that region. It was kept till it was necessary to bury it, and hundreds of people went to see it. The writer once possessed a pet black snake, that evinced signs of evident attachment. As he entered his apartment it would come to him, and twining round the chair, climb to his back, and then extended its head over his shoulder or under his arm to be caressed. There is a person now living who was seen, when a child, every day, to take her porringer of milk and go over a hillock in the rear of the house. Her mother's curiosity being excited, she followed to see the cause of this regular visit. To her horror she beheld her child seated on the ground, with a rattle-snake feeding out of her porringer. At that instant the child hit the snake on the head with her little spoon, saying, "you shan't have it all," and then proceeded to eat her own share. The mother dared not move or speak till the meal was concluded, and these strange messmates had parted company. The snake was subsequently killed, and the child mourned bitterly for her "poor snake."

Black snakes sometimes attack a man, and by twining round his legs make their way to his neck, and strangle him to death. We once knew a very respectable deaf and dumb man who had a dreadful encounter with a den of black snakes. We never saw so thrilling a piece of pantomime as his description of it, by signs. With his upturned fingers in motion, he represented their heads all about him amongst the rocks. He cut himself a stick, of the size of his finger in circumference, and as soon as he hit one they made a general onset. He struck about him, but their number increased faster than he could despatch them. His stick broke, and they began to writhe about his legs. He succeeded in getting his feet on each side of a stone, which probably saved his life; for, but for this, they would soon have mastered him. He finally got out his knife and continued to cut them as he would so many cords, till he had killed so great a number, that the mention of it would be thought extravagant. He was nearly exhausted with fright and exertion, and never could describe it without evincing great terror.

A man was once attacked in a similar way by a black snake, which made its way to his waist. He joined his hands, and by bracing them apart, checked its ascent, but he could feel the undulations of his working muscles as he slid slowly upward. Death from strangulation seemed inevitable; the cold sweat stood upon his brow, his heart beat audibly, and his whole frame was convulsed with a cold shudder, yet upward toward his throat stole that black and writhing form. His cries for help were unanswered, save by the cawing of some vagrant crow, or the scream of the blue jay. It seemed as if his last pulse was soon to beat, when, maddened by frenzy, he deliberately seized its back in his teeth and crushed it. The serpent quivering with agony, fell at his feet, and he fled with affright. So painful was the impression that he would for years after occasionally dream of that awful hour. —[New World.

FLOWERS.—There is no better warranty of good taste, good feelings, and good morals, than the cultivation of flowers. A true and refined taste for these simple, yet beautiful gifts of Nature, is incompatible with evil or corrupt thoughts. An ignorant boor would as soon admire and understand a classic and beautiful poem, as a licentious person would love and cultivate flowers; but we would not be understood as implying that every one must necessarily be depraved or corrupt who does not love and cultivate; nor, on the other hand, that all must be moral and refined who do. Yet we do say, that an admiration for flowers, tends to elevate and purify the soul. It cultivates taste for the good and beautiful, and furnishes healthy and delightful employment for many a leisure hour, which otherwise might be spent in idleness, or perhaps folly and guilt.

A widow woman named Marshall, residing at Florida, near Glasgow, aged ninety-six, has this, as an old-fashioned custom, cut her corn and barley, binding and cutting it single-handed. She has also dug the potatoes on her ground, as she was afraid they would be stolen, and she is now engaged in cutting out the barley in her barn.

PROSPECTUS

OF

WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN THE CANADAS.

ONE SHILLING AND THREE PENCE A YEAR.

WILSON'S EXPERIMENT will be published on the middle of each month, commencing in September, at the Experiment Office, Front-street, Belleville, C. W., at the unprecedented low price of Fifteen Pence a year—the Cheapest Paper ever attempted to be got up in the Colonies;—and to ensure success, the Subscription List must reach 20,000; and in order to arrive at this enormous circulation, the Proprietor is aware that it must not only be the Cheapest Paper in the Canadas, but the most Interesting, Amusing and Useful.

Therefore the Publisher will record the most Thrilling Incident of Romance, and copy largely from the Picturesque, Sublime, and Descriptive;—will treat upon Agriculture, Horticulture, Valuable Receipts, Improvements, &c. &c.

It will also contain the most Spirited Accounts of Border Life, and the Hardships, Privations, and Sufferings of the Pioneers of the Wilderness—Hunting Expeditions, and hair breadth 'scapes.

He will commence publishing, as soon as received, that thrilling and exciting History of Old Hicks, the Guide; or Adventures in Search of a Gold Mine, in the Indian Country.

He will also give a Correct Monthly Summary of all the Important News of the day, both Domestic and Foreign.

The EXPERIMENT will likewise contain much Original and Scientific Matter; for the Proprietor has already engaged some of the most Able Writers of the Country to contribute to its Columns. He also intends offering Premiums to quite an amount, for the Best Original Articles—thereby securing THE Talent of the Country to be its Contributors.

It will be Printed on good Paper—Imperial Size and Quarto Form, (for Binding,)—and on New Type.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO BE PAID INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

All Communications, Remittances of Monies, and Correspondences, must be directed, post-paid, to JOSEPH WILSON, Publisher, Front-st., Belleville, C. W.

Belleville, September, 1847.

Subscriptions received at the Victoria Bookstore, Front-st., Belleville.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

VICTORIA MAGAZINE.

Mr. and Mrs. MOODIE, Editors.

The Editors of the Victoria Magazine will devote all their talents to produce a useful, entertaining, and cheap Periodical, for the Canadian People; which may afford amusement to both old and young. Sketches and Tales, in verse and prose, Moral Essays, Statistics of the Colony, Scraps of Useful Information, Reviews of New Works, and well selected articles from the most popular authors of the day, will form the pages of the Magazine.

The Editors feel confident that the independent country to whose service they are proud to dedicate their talents, will cheerfully lend its support to encourage their arduous and honorable undertaking. The low price at which the Periodical is placed, is in order that every person within the Colony, who can read, and is anxious for moral and mental improvement, may become a subscriber and patron of the work.

The Victoria Magazine will contain twenty four pages in each number, printed on new type, and upon good paper; and will form at the end of the year a neat Volume, of 288 Pages, together with Title Page and Index.

It will be issued Monthly, commencing on the First of September, from the Office of JOSEPH WILSON, Front-street, Belleville—the Publisher and sole Proprietor, to whom all orders for the Magazine, and letters to the Editors must be addressed, (post-paid.)

The terms of subscription—ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM—invariably to be paid in advance.

A Spanish lady appeared at a masquerade recently, in a dress trimmed and ornamented with brilliant fire-flies. —Home Journal.

We have seen twenty dark-eyed Crochets at a West Indian fandango, thus attired all together. The fire-fly of Cuba is threeble the size and brilliancy of ours, and is called in Havana 'The Animal Diamond.' —Flag of our Union.

The Amber Witch.

The almost entire unanimity of the Press in praise of this little book, is quite sufficient, without any display of our in the way of an advertisement; for from the Quarterlies down to the Dailies, all speak in the highest commendation of the work. It was first introduced to the English reader by the Quarterly Review, which regards this exquisite work to De Poe, and is impossible to imagine any thing more absolutely truthful.

I have a beautifully printed edition. Price, only One Shilling and ten pence halfpenny.

At the Victoria Bookstore, Front-st., Belleville.

J. WILSON, Publisher.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber being anxious to get in all the Books belonging to his CIRCULATING LIBRARY, requests all those having Books in their hands to

Return Them Forthwith, particularly those whose term of subscription has expired.

We have about 400 vols. now out, and have been, many of them, for some 6, 9, and 12 months.

"There is a time when forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

JOSEPH WILSON.

Belleville, Sept. 15, 1847.

'Has the cookery book got pictures?' asked Miss C. of a bookseller. 'No, none, was the answer. 'Why,' exclaimed the witty and beautiful lady, 'what is the use of telling us how to make a good dinner if they give us no Plates?'

'If ever you marry,' said my uncle, 'let it be to a woman who has judgement enough to superintend the work of her house; taste enough to dress herself; pride enough to wash herself before breakfast; and sense enough to hold her tongue when she has nothing to say.'

"Your pen wants mending," as the shepherd said to the stray sheep.