

# The Morning Courier.

FOR THE COUNTRY.

*Optimus est Republica statu, ubi nihil deest nisi licet per nos.* —*SENeca.*

MONTREAL, THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 2, 1837.

*Morning Courier.*

VOL. II.

MONTRAL, TUESDAY, JAN. 30, 1837.

We beg to inform our Subscribers in Upper Canada, that Mr. Foxton, now on a tour through that Province, is entitled to collect all orders due to this paper, as well as the subscriptions for the current year. When the low price of the paper is considered, it is to be hoped that our position, in town and country, will be punctual in conformity to our conditions.

The MORNING COURIER is published every day at the office of Mr. Foxton, in the Street, Montreal. Daily throughout the year, except on Sundays, except for the sum of Six Dollars delivered in Town, or Two Dollars sent by Mail, post paid, and three dollars more per number in the country. It gives the latest News, foreign and domestic, and other information, connected with agriculture, commerce, and general observations on the state and situation of the Markets.

**MORNING COURIER FOR THE COUNTRY.** In giving the above information, we do not mean to give the particular and detailed nature of the daily paper. Subscriptions Two Dollars in Town, or Five Dollars if sent by Mail, post paid.

**WINE AND SPIRITS.** BRANDY—Cognac—

Bordeaux—Port—

HOLLAND—Pai, in cask—

Gin—Malt—

WHISKY—MALT—

CHAMPAGNE—

CLOVER—Honey—

MAPLE—Honey—

BRANDY—Dry and Sweet—

MADEIRA—

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## NOTES.

The Pirate's Song.  
To the most foul our flag is black while it savages o'er the wave;

Let our deck clear for action, our guns be prepared;  
Be the boarding-axe sharpened, the scimitar bared;

Get the carbine ready, and then bring to me,

For the last of my duties, the powder-box key.

It shall never be lowered the black flag we bear;

If the sea be delird us, we sleep through the night;

Unshamed have we left our last victory's prey.

It is mine to divide it, and yours to obey;

There we shrivel that might with a scimitar's white

wave;

And pools that are fair as the sun they will dote;

There we float which, round them, the air will blow;

close;

Blameless fate's abounding, the hours of the sun;

Violent are portion; I pack him or un-

"We to drink to our victory—our cup of red wine;

Some fight 'er for riches—some fight 'er for fame;

The first I despise, and the last is a name.

I fight 'er for vengeance. I love to see flow;

At the stroke of my sabre, the life of my foe.

Yours for the memory of long vanquished years;

I only shed blood where mother bled last;

Leave, as the lightning comes red from above;

Over the sea the blinding, the battle's roar.

L. E. L.

## MUSIC.

Zeno was accustomed to call the vine,  
the life of beauty. The painter says,  
"I come, this eye and I will invent  
the philosophy"; attend, and I will invent  
the music; "listen, and I will invent  
the sublime thine." The passions of the soul,  
surely, are more obsequious to music  
than to any other art. This power to sub-  
due has procured music, it must be confessed,  
too much attention in this age of flippancy  
and refinement. Young ladies play air, as  
spiders spin cobwebs—to catch flies. The  
flies are caught. But Crabb shall tell us the  
result. "Fall well," says he,

Fall well we know, that many a favourie air,  
That charms a party, fails to charm a man;

As well as when a woman looks around,  
But all were gone—a hundred wretches in gloom,  
Stalk'd careles, up and down the room!

Music gives an amorous character to  
every thing. But of all instruments the Bo-  
lean harp, for a time, gives the greatest play to  
the imagination of the poet". Nature oper-  
ates upon this instrument invisibly; and the  
soul seems at one moment to be wafted to  
the empyrean; at another it is hushed into  
the melody of tranquillity—sounded, indeed,  
as it were, embodied; and the soul almost

vises it has been justly observed, that all re-  
laxations for the poor, the most delightful  
would be that of music. This art it is, that  
gives such a charm to the winter evenings of  
the French and German paupery. A taste  
of this kind it would be wise in masters and  
magistrates to encourage; since it would  
tend to soften their hearts, and civilize their  
manners. The German with his flute, the  
Frenchman with his violin, the Spaniard with  
his guitar, and the Italian with his mandolin, are  
far more graceful to the imagination, than  
whole groups of English busses of veterans.

One day, it may be known, English  
boys may be equally divided;

farmers may be known; the paupery again  
smile; have cottages resembling those of  
Java; and that each cottage may have a gar-  
den, a well, a few fruit-trees, three or four  
hives of bees, and a right of cutting fuel on  
house and common. These, added to the pleasure  
of hearing their children modulate on some rustic instrument; it would rejoice  
my heart to see, and please my soul to hear.

But many of our country gentlemen,—"I do  
not speak in wantonness—seen to be afraid  
to let a poor man ride; they seem to wish to  
make him poor of his own accord."

Then they call him gay, insolent, and ungrateful.

"Ungrateful? what? Surely every man ought to be able  
to live by his labour; nor ought he to receive  
that in charity, which is his right by birth."

Of all the wretches upon English ground,  
there is not a more offensive nuisance to a  
neighbourhood, than a vain, heartless, arro-  
gant, consequential country squire!

In some parts of North Wales the women  
used to assemble at each other's houses, or  
under some large trees, in summer and spin  
their woolen yarn, having a harper to amuse  
and delight them. The harp is still in fre-  
quent use in this country, and in Wales; it  
is almost unknown, and no twilight of taste  
but remembers with pleasure the an-  
tiental times it has heard at the various inns,  
at which he has been entertained.

The Scotch pauperies are attached to their  
beggars; and the superior orders are de-  
lighted with music; that it is said alone to  
have the power of making them enthusiastic.

Previous to the rebellion in 1745, the High-  
landers used to assemble at each other's col-  
lages, and listen with delight, of a winter's evening,  
to these fragments of Gothic poetry,  
from which, though digested by the men of Oxon,  
these fragments are now professedly sung  
to national strain. Gossips Scotch music over,  
the peculiar, by which it is distinguished,  
to it containing the fourth and the seventh  
of the modern diatonic scale of music. The  
same system of intervals is said to distinguish  
the music of Japan in China.

—An amateur—  
—Music and Music.

On single with the mortal strife;

The when from hence to leave we roll.

The world in our youth, we have the letters.

The Devotion of the Past holds the lists,

Of the most music instruments; however

the Old Testament sang

to the Turks and Moors are par-  
tial to their symbols and dulcimers; and the

Grecians are still delighted with their lyres and

flutes. They are indeed partial to music,  
that they seldom hear a nightingale, but they  
never listen to it.

—The Javanes have a tradition, that their first

ancestors came from the clouds, and that their

descendants as passed through a hole in the rock

are now in the earth, and were introduced in

the form of hollow bellows, formed of human

heads. Landholders intended to make these

as instruments of war, but the natives said

they were too heavy for a soldier, not worth a

horse to bear.

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