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BARKER'S

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No. 3.

ON COLONIAL REPRESENTATION.

BY GORE.

"This I dare confidently aver, that there are no such enemies to the King's prerogative as those who, advancing it beyond due bounds, do necessarily draw it into dispute."—*Prynne on the Sovereign Power.*

In some cases, they who run may read, and we think the necessity of a change in the existing Colonial system is an obvious instance of that "old saw." The trans-marine possessions of Great Britain have reached a point of grandeur so entirely unimagined, that the whole frame-work of their government is, as it were, disjointed by that vastness. They are "cabined, cribbed, confined, pent in," by their present system of alliance. The original scheme of organization, providing for their internal regulation, their intercourse with each other and the Mother Country, admitting it to be all its warmest admirers can claim, fails in proportion: now, admirable as that economy might be, applied to the few hundreds of the past, it becomes hourly more and more inapplicable to the millions of the present. We hold, in short, there must be a change—a vast organic change—a change commensurate to the increase in territory, numbers, and commercial wealth of our Colonial Empire. There must be an alteration of the Colonial dependance—the apprenticeship system must end—for with the knowledge, the thews and sinews of manhood, (and it has come,) come also *rights* and (we cheerfully acknowledge) *duties*. These *rights* we proudly ask for, since we know ourselves capable of the *duties* they impose.

There are two characters under which every Colony must be considered. In the first, they represent a federal Sovereignty; in the second, an integral portion of the Empire. We have a few remarks to make on each of these relations. Regarded as Sovereignities, connected to the Mother Country and each other by organic laws, it follows that all powers necessary to these purposes are involved in that fundamental arrangement. It is a cession defined and controlled; but this placing of bound and limit, shows that whatsoever else pertained originally

to them as Sovereignties, remains as full and perfect as at first. In a word, their home relations, and the rights required for their enforcement, must be viewed as entirely within their possession. The *responsibility*, therefore, of the Executive Officers of any Colony to the people of that Colony, should be as perfect and complete as in the Mother Country. But, under our present system, this cannot be. We have not separated offices and powers, in their nature distinctly marked. Opposite and impossible functions are required of Colonial Ministers. They owe a double and incompatible responsibility; and this absurd state must endure, until a full and free representation in the Halls of Westminster shifts to the Colonial Representative the Imperial portion of the burden. Responsible Government is a mere comedy, or rather a broad farce, until this change takes place; and we are firmly in the belief, also, that no long period can be permitted safely to pass by, without its adoption. Representation, as it exists in the various Colonies, needs much improvement. Defective, however, as it is, the system is yet sufficient for the conduct of home affairs. Home organization is simply municipal; but we require something more—more, indeed! Our exterior relations are at the mercy of a Colonial Secretary—our feelings, our wants, our wishes, are unknown to the mass of the Empire. Even our economical connections with them are imperfectly understood. We need, and should have, as an integral portion of the British community, our Representatives on the floor of St. Stephens. Our grain, our fisheries, our timber, our transit trade, our inter-Colonial traffic, require enlarged and detailed explanation, to be rightly valued. None but a Canadian can represent these interests really, and in no other place than the Halls of the Imperial Parliament effectively. We may go yet farther. Consider how few questions can be debated there, that stretch not beyond the shores of Britain, most directly or by circumstance touching some Colonial interest. Yet are these matters, meting ruin sometimes to thousands, passed lightly. No advocate is there to call attention to results, and prevent hasty and ignorant legislation.

Nor do these specialities, grievously as they bear upon us, do more that afford their trifle of weight to the great argument of representation. We are Britons—as much, truly, as the good people of the metropolitan counties of Middlesex or Surrey. In that which concerns the whole Empire, we are compromised. We ask, therefore, is it more than natural, is it not indeed right, that we should have a voice in those councils, whose resolves may involve the most serious consequences to the vast community of which we claim to be a part? There are general questions, likewise, having a peculiar local bearing. Were not the interests of New Brunswick something at issue in the Ashburton Treaty? And had a Representative

of that Colony been seated in the House of Commons, would the Madawaska cession have taken place? Are not the Oregon difficulties in this very predicament? Peace or war to us is indeed personal. When it is debated whether our fields shall become the lists of battle, our homesteads the arena in which a furious quarrel is to be fought out, surely it is not requiring too much to ask a hearing in the premises. Yet, in our anomalous state, there is no broad and open way of commanding attention, and enforcing our opinions. This is strictly an Imperial question, but one having a stronger, more direct, or positive bearing on every individual in the Canadas, at the present moment, cannot be cited.

We are not in love with abstractions, and seldom wanton with such pellets of the brain. The practical, and therefore the useful, is our sole aim; and he were, indeed, a bold and skilful reasoner, who could disprove the perilous consequences that must follow a continuance of the present system, with our rapid growth complicating more and more its difficulties. We will now suppose the necessity we have contended to exist, has been placed beyond doubt, that we may the more readily point to some of the effects which Colonial representation would produce.

The first echo of a Canadian voice in London heard here, will change forever the current of our feelings, and the complexion of our politics. We shall feel at once we have quitted dependance for equality; and factions will rise to the dignity of parties, and their leaders, from the miserable chiefs of an aimless opposition, will become in truth the statesmen they now profess to be. We would not be misunderstood: we mean no disparagement to either party in our Parliament. They have done their best—made the most of the materials they had; but, after all, our greatest questions are too, too small, and they cannot but feel the paltry game they are compelled to play, and how ill-suited is their grand eloquence to the realities of their position. With Colonial representation this will vanish at once. Called to act on great questions, they will treat them greatly. They will find a subject fitted to their strength, and drop at once their vain and imaginary evils, to wrestle, in the sternness of their utmost power, with those giant realities which are to leave an imprint on the fate of mankind for ages. It would appear invidious to parade names; still we think, from the ranks of either party, but for that reason, we might select some half a dozen, at least, whose appropriate sphere is in the Halls of the Imperial Legislature. These men are struggling with their position, striving to shake off the trammels that are upon them. A stifling sense of dependance weighs down and over-powers their energies, or diverts it into dangerous courses. Lifted to the true level of their capacity, they would feel they were indeed Britons.

Thus, by gratifying an honest ambition and just pride, we should bind them in links of steel to the fortunes of the Parent State forever. If this alone were to result from the adoption of our proposed measure, if it called out no other consequence, this one, isolated as we will suppose it, is of such immense importance, as not only to justify, but to demand its speedy enactment. But will this effect thus stand alone? Will it not percolate through the whole mass of the Colonial population? Will not the people, in the person of their leaders, feel a new obligation? The humblest, looking onwards and upwards, may promise to his children the like elevation, and labor to perpetuate the existing bond, that that hope be not breathed in vain. The pressure of evil deepens in intensity as it descends on the poor and struggling backwoodsman. The burden of taxation, and perhaps military duty, would sit the lighter, did he feel that burden was of his own imposition, and that duty a requirement in his own quarrel. Not only then would the British Government secure to themselves the knowledge and the love of the higher classes among us, but that deeper, that more abiding, that almost religious feeling, which is the patriotism of the humbler many, by calling to her councils the children of her Colonial possessions.

There is an imposing majesty, even in the idea, which presents the meeting of the vast and varied Colonial population of England—the children, a family of nations, beneath the roof-tree of their common mother! But beautiful as is the sentiment of such a vision, it fades into nothingness when we steadily contemplate its direct and remote effects on the power and progress of the country. The interchange of knowledge, the renewal at frequent intervals of half-forgotten ties, the acknowledgement of brotherhood, the exaltation of a just pride, and the perpetuation of nationality, would be self-evident results. Whosoever found himself, for the first time, in that vast assembly; must, in a lofty feeling of patriotism, thank God that his birth-right had made him an Englishman. The extension which commerce must receive from the mental friction of such an assembly, would soon remove the absurd shackles that have hitherto bound it down to pre-conceived notions. A thousand unthought-of channels would be found to vent the superfluities of each section. The wines of the Cape, the wool of New Holland, the flax and cowrie wood of New Zealand, are as well known in European markets as our flour and timber, or the sugars of the West Indies; but are these their only valuable products? Undoubtedly there are many others that might be as profitably exported, were they acquainted with our wants, and we aware of their existence. An Imperial Parliament, having an adequate Colonial infusion, would soon digest and promulgate an international tariff, on principles adapted to this new state. We have sometimes

thought that the levying of *ad valorem* duties on the imports of Colonial products, equally in a Home or Colonial market, and the abandonment of all other restrictions on the trade with each other or with Great Britain, would furnish a large revenue, and greatly increase consumption. We write this somewhat hesitatingly, because the data from which correct conclusions could alone be drawn are not, that we are aware, to be found in that state in which, for such a purpose, it would be necessary to place them. It would be needful that the precise amount of exports from Colony to Colony, or to Great Britain, should be distinguished from all others; this, added to the amount of exports from the Mother Country to her dependancies, would furnish the means by which the amount of any given per centage could be readily determined. Under a tariff of this character, so uniform and so little onerous, we would also that the entire commerce of the world should be opened to every Colony—subject, however, to the same burdens and conditions as those imposed on the inhabitants of the British Islands; and thus should we be transformed into one people really. We are, of course, aware, that these changes, however desirable, can only follow in the wake of representation; but we may justly consider them, and many others, as the transfer of the expensive appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council to Circuit Judges visiting each Colony, as events not only possible but probable in such a contingency. It is well that we contemplate every result—the evil and the good. Admitting these and many other changes of a like character to ensue, we are but travelling inversely to the proof of their necessity, and of the representation which must precede them.

We are now the most powerful, the most extended people on the globe. The roll of our morning drum is said to traverse it. A like strength has never yet been obedient to one sceptre. A third of earth's millions own our sway. The Caliphate of the Abassides, the yoke of Timour, or the dynasty of the Cæsars, reached not to this. But separated as many of our Provinces are from each other by the wastes of the deep sea, or the wilder and more impassable abodes of uncivilized man, it needs no prophetic spirit to announce a dissolution, unless some more lasting element of unity than any yet found be added to the colossal fabric. Day by day the lines of separate nationality are deepening; day by day the sentiment of individual strength is ripening. Who is there, that ponders these truths, but feels that the consciousness of power will soon be followed by its exertion, unless this growing individuality be merged, in some mode or other, in some new and more universal absorbent than has yet appeared. Colonial Representation is this element. The introduction of it, of the federative principle—the chrism of our political regeneration—

can alone save us from a terrible catastrophe. We are not writing of our patriotism—we hold that to be beyond a doubt. We are ready to follow the standards of Britain wherever they may lead, and at any peril, *now*. But will it be so to-morrow, when the existing race has passed away? when the causes of disunion shall be multiplied, and the memories that bind us be forgotten by our children? Empires have risen and decayed, and such must be our fate, is possibly uttered by unthinking men, as if it were an uncontrollable destiny, against which it would be almost blasphemous to wrestle. Let these fatalists review the past: they will find that these States, to which they allude, fell from some inherent vice in their constitution. Slavery and fiscal difficulties dragged down Rome—utter demoralization, Greece. The others were mere barbarous encampments, whose powers were paralyzed by a check, and disrobed by a defeat. No parallel can be established, and no conclusions drawn from their fate. Our civilization has another basis—our advancement is due to causes of which they had no knowledge. If we fail, we segregate—we are resolved into States from the want of a principle of unity—which principle, we hold, Colonial Representation affords. Our destruction must come from within—theirs came from without. If this invigorating principle be not applied, then, indeed, we are lost. No dreamer of evil to come can portray a darker scene than we are prepared to anticipate. In that event our mighty Empire becomes “a wreck upon the deep,”—a powerless shattered hulk, which the waves of Time will at last engulf. Are we prepared for this “lame and impotent conclusion?” Can our enthusiastic nationality be reconciled to such a result? We think not: to no such resignation can we be charmed by any song of Destiny, however deftly chanted.

Let us about the work, then, as men who understand both the evil and the remedy. Formidable difficulties are in the way—labor must remove them—it can and it will. We must look on steadily to the goal. The progress may be slow at first, for we have to deal with masses; but in the end our step will gather speed, and our ranks number millions for the present units. We shall live to see the day of triumph, to hear the peans of united hearts ringing over the wild waters, if we are but true to ourselves and to the great work on which we are called to labor; and in every future hour, be our days thereafter few or many, the consciousness that we have been humble helpers in the great work will be with us. The Roman willed, but in vain, the eternity of his rule; but we, with better fortune, may then indeed grave upon our banners the words of his deceitful hope, and say of our laws, our Empire, her institutions and her language, *esto perpetua*.

THE CANADIAN IN PARIS.

BY GUY FAWKES.

CHAPTER I.

TRULY, the accidental position of a man, provided it be one of adverse circumstances, would seem from necessity to bring him forth reflections the very opposite of its nature. Thus, present melancholy appears to derive increased nourishment from dieting on the memory of by-gone pleasures—long forgotten smiles are reflected to the mind's eye from the glisten of the mourning tear—hunger gnaws more keenly, and thirst heats more parchingly, from recollections of past satiety and refreshing draughts. In these instances, however, it is the want which forces our attention to that which can only fill up the void. But let this be once more filled to pleasurable overflowing, and it must be confessed that few for a moment do think upon the chances of the cup being hereafter emptied of its joys. Those who do occasionally see clouds in the sunshine, are, of course, not the most likely to lose their wits in the gale; and such people, if they be not already arrived there, may be considered, *cæteris paribus*, in a fair track enough to the destined haven of saints and philosophers.

But if it is not for us children of the sun to be continually eclipsing the day-star of our joys, we at least need not, if we will, be dazzled by its brilliancy. We may, therefore, in some degree act like the mariner at noon, while taking the sun's meridian with his quadrant on the great deep. When the orb glows dazzlingly in the clear firmament, he surveys it through the medium of his deeper colored glasses; and these, as the luminary may happen to be more and more obscured by the intervening haze, he replaces for others of a lighter shade.

Among the few instances just touched upon, of adverse positions producing reflections of an opposite character, one, and that which has given rise to the writer's present train of thought, has been omitted. A state of quietude is not less essential to the public writer, as such, than the air or the morsel that sustains his existence. It is the magic circle beyond which he must not stir, if the subtle spirits of ideality are to stay enthralled by his enchantments. Let this magic circle of the writer's quietude be in the least degree broken, and all his incantations are as suddenly broken with it. I know not if this, like other general rules, may be illustrated by exceptions, and if, amid the difficulties of a war of noise, there be some minds capable of sustaining themselves unscathed, and coming creditably out of the contest with a good literary figure. Be this as it may, it is my present mishap to use my

ink-tipped lance and frail armor of patience in a war of this terrible kind; and the Olympian deities only know, if the figure I shall cut when it is over shall be as sorry a looking object as the poor ghost of my anticipations. A faint notion may be produced in the reader's mind, of the perils and turmoil of so unnatural a contest, by observing, that the writer's only rampart of defence consists of a thin partition-wall between his luckless head and a certain murderer of Euterpe, who takes nightly recreation in battering against it with the crashing sounds of a trombone; and this wholesale method of instrumental destruction he occasionally varies by the more piercing intonations of an E flat clarionet! One may, therefore, easily imagine that this murderous exposure to such a destructive species of musical artillery, must so pre-occupy the writer's ideas with marshalling *en echelon* and changing front, that they have as few spare moments to refresh themselves with ink, as the gallant British troops had to slake their thirst in presence of the deadly Sikhs at Moodkee and Ferozeshah. Of a truth, then, though now in the midst of sounds as exhilarating as sweet Rory O'More and Old Dan Tucker can make them, and ravishing enough to delight barbarian ears out of doors, and stir up catterwauling melodies in the garret, my spirit is confessedly at present in a position in which it cannot be captivated, even by the poet of l'Allegro, with such strains as these:—

“Come, come thou goddess, fair and free,
 In Heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
 And by men, heart-casing Mirth,
 Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
 With two sister Graces more,
 To joy-crowned Bacchus bore—
 Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest, and youthful Jollity;
 Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.”

But in vain do I supplicate the merriest of the Graces through the intercession of the Nine. Either Euphrosyne will not come, or my senses, as yet obstinately refusing to be charmed by her influence, would at present seem to sympathise alone with the

“Sweet bird that shunn'et the noise of folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy.”

Lest one, however, should hint at the writer's supposed power of immunity from the disheartening, because very unmusical, uproar going on at the other side of the thin partition just referred to, he would beg to anticipate it, by intimating his scruples to discussing pre-distinction, toward which such a

question could not fail to tend. Nevertheless, as destiny has been touched upon, it may be fitting to observe, that in addition to the persecution aforesaid to which the Fates may be supposed to have doomed me, they now bid my spirit away over land and sea, even to the Parisian capital; and if, meanwhile, my ears should be startled by discordant sounds, these cruel Fates will have me deem them harmony. Nay, without even providing me a talisman to assist weak nature, they will have me at times transmute those barbarous sounds into a Concert à la Musard, or a Parisian Opera at the *Académie Royale de Musique!*

It is, indeed, somewhat discouraging to the painter, when circumstances will have him produce a fair copy from an original held by old handmaid Memory, at the far-off end of the gallery of time and space. Such, too, though blessed with a more indulgent latitude from his reading task-masters, is the position of the writer whose meditations chance to be directed, by an untoward and over-ruling order of the mind, to submit to the uncertain pilotage of Memory, and without the compass or charts of subsidiary books of reference, to wing their midnight pilgrimage over expanding realms and watery wastes, in search of forms and things unknown, whose "local habitation" is usually some thousand miles away. Would that he could say with truth, like Puck:—

"I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes!"

Powerless, however, for so far and swift a flight, even with the subsidiary aids referred to, let such a man medicine his discontent by contrasting his position with the unenviable lot of him whose visage, thin and wan, hangs over his precious manuscript, in the lone, dark hour that ticks its measured pace from the tenant's watch on the rude, ungarnished wall, through his desolate garret-chamber, where the flame of his fresh-trimmed lamp waxes in brightness only to make that cheek and eye more sunken and pale, and the chamber's wretchedness more cold and desolate in its hectic glare. This very lamp-flame is, mayhap, too, a kind of intermediate light, revealing on its either side the dark shades of an ideal and real misery; for how high-wrought and fearful soever the tragedy which that blotted and interlineated manuscript unfolds, 'tis a fiction far less touching and strange than the simple truth of its poor author's misfortunes. And, ah! ye two modern Babylons—whether it be thou stern one of the dark-hued brick and smoky haze, or thou smiling one of the soft bright stone and pellucid air—let your nightly chronicles attest how many a poor author's lamp-light illumines his page of misery within, and, at that very moment, flings from his garret casement the felon radiance of despair, on some tattered and forlorn one about to

plunge, for evermore, from the embattlemented bridge, into your rushing rivers of perdition and oblivion !

Such a scene it was, at one time, the writer's lot to witness and take part in, at one of the bridges over the Seine, at Paris—who, by the way, since he must here take the opportunity of expressing his dislike to the egotistical pronoun *I*, may, he trusts, be therefore pardoned, if at present humbly following the example of the great Roman in this particular—

Who ever wrote, "'twas Cæsar,"—ne'er, "'twas I,"—
I also to my readers readeth "Guy!"

CHAPTER II.

Master Guy, then, about the time in question, being engaged in paying his youthful *devoirs* to the University, was sojourning, with this intent, in that celebrated quarter of the great Capital of the Gauls rejoicing, since old time, in the classical and territorial name of the *Pays Latin—Anglice*, Latin Country: for there the said University is situate, including the still renowned *Sorbonne* where the "admirable Crichton," about the year 1580, while yet in his teens, kept all his learned Doctors at bay in every kind of subtle disputation. There, also, is situated nearly every other educational establishment worth speaking of in the city of Paris. In short, located on the south bank of the Seine, with its eight thousand University students, from all parts of France, and many other parts of Europe, and even Egypt, some of whom are to be met with at every step, going to or returning from the public lectures, this Latin quarter, as it is mostly called, has all the characteristics of a foreign territory, when compared with more modern Paris on the north bank.

This marked distinction immediately becomes obvious when one, having crossed the Pont Neuf, the London Bridge of Paris, and passed through the Rue Dauphine, and the narrow streets branching from it to the south and east, he reaches the southern part of the Rue St. Jacques, one of the longest, narrowest, dirtiest, and ruggedly paved streets of ancient Paris. The explorer is here close by the public gardens of the Palace of the Luxembourg, the Elysian fields of the students. He is also within five minutes' walk of the Observatory, whence every French navigator on the ocean reckons his meridians of longitude, as ours do theirs from Greenwich. He may remember, also, that it was in this immediate neighborhood the gallant Ney was shot, contrary to the articles of the capitulation of Paris. If he be curious to see great men in their every day likenesses, he may here also, perchance, see the *Herschell* of France, *Monsieur Arago*, on his way to the Observatory, to make his nightly astronomical observations—

for here the great Astronomer may be often seen of a summer evening, with his tall, gaunt form vested in a seedy black dress coat, watching the bloused laborers at nine-pins, rolling unintentional definitions of the centripetal and centrifugal forces, or observing the boys unconsciously demonstrating at marbles, what, for not comprehending which, their backs shall be soundly birched at school in the morning, that similar polygons inscribed in circles are to one another as the squares of their diameters. On this side of the Seine many of the houses are, of course, antique and dilapidated. The streets, too, are all paved with very large stones, worn flat and slippery from travel and dirt, and they are almost invariably without side-walks. They appear interminable from their excessive length and narrowness, particularly those running southward from the Seine—as, for instance, the Rue St. Jacques, with its lofty six-storied narrow ranges looking over your head on each side of you, as if ready to embrace each other and the luckless passenger below in one general fall; while ever and anon an omnibus will come thundering along, louder and louder, because of the catacombs below, sweeping past you at only grazing distance, and splashing on all sides the mud and house-slops that form a narrow and dividing stream through the centre of the narrow street. Such are only a few of the peculiar features that distinguish old Paris on the south side of the Seine, from the more modern city on the north bank, with its wide and gay looking Boulevards, that look like a continual fair, their broad and smooth *trottoirs* of bitumen, planted all along with rows of refreshing trees, and lined with those sparkling and gorgeously brilliant *Cafés*, for which Paris, above all other cities of the world, is so justly celebrated. It is not intended here to give a description of a city so often described as Paris, any more than the writer may think needful for his subject as he journeyeth along. It may not, however, be amiss to say, that on the north bank of the Seine, in the vicinity of the gay Boulevards just mentioned, is a certain quarter called the *Chaussée d'Antin*, which may be considered as the focus of fashionable Paris. It is inhabited by many English families of distinction, rich bankers, and *millionaires*. Here, also, reside most of those who have been called the *nouvelle noblesse* of Napoleon, as well as those of the *ancienne noblesse renouvelée*, as it were, as in the late case of the young Count de Guiche, by desertion of the Bourbon cause, and giving in their adherence to the political *régime* of Louis Philippe.

It may not be amiss, also, to say, that on the opposite or south side of the Seine, and adjoining the Latin territory before named, is another quarter, called the *Faubourg St. Germain*, the residents and localities of which are the very antipodes of those of its fairer and younger sister quarter of

the *Chaussée d'Antin*: for if the mansions, or hotels, as they are styled, of the *distingués* of the latter, display through open gates their lofty white-stone ornamented fronts—their tall, shining windows, with fresh painted jealousies—their clean and smooth paved court-yards, and dashing equipages rolling in and out; the hotels of the *ancienne noblesse* in the *Faubourg St. Germain*, surrounded by long and high dead walls, with closed and massive gates of a dingy green or slate color, in the centre surmounted with armorial coats, present, from the narrow, quiet streets before them, all the appearance of so many deserted mansions. It must be confessed, however, that of late the conqueror Fashion has made some inroads even into this strong-hold of noble antiquity and legitimate royal rights. But that the presence there of emissaries from the *Chaussée d'Antin* is gradually becoming more and more apparent, witness the recurrence of routes and concerts, which are now beginning to frighten this ancient quarter from the sober propriety in which it has slumbered since the Revolution; witness, also, the frequent comings and goings from this to its volatile sister quarter of the *Chaussée d'Antin*. It is, therefore, to be wished, or to be feared, that these two metropolitan antipodes may soon meet. Perchance, however, the departure or arrival of some old-fashioned family carriage may reveal, through the open gate, the vast and venerable mansion of some one of the more determined adherents of legitimacy and *Henri Cinq*, with the trees of its extensive and trim gardens in the rear showing themselves out on either side, its spacious grass-grown court-yard in front, and the green stamp of the time-honoring moss here and there on its dark, damp walls. One may then also see a maimed statue here and there, looking down despondent over broken urns and other similar deeds of old wasting time, from dilapidated terraces, graced on many a festal evening of days long since no more, by the Lauzuns and Sevigné's, in the brilliant reign of the *grande monarche*. But if so many exterior marks of decay would seem to indicate that "the owl hath begun his watch-song on the towers of the Afrasiab," let no one suppose for a moment that the spider hath been suffered to continue weaving his web in the lordly hall. The restoration of the Bourbons in 1815, caused the restoration also, in great part, to the families of their ancient proprietors, the hotels of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, from which they had been exiled by the Revolution. In many of these once gay mansions the bright gilding has been restored to the cornices and borders of the empannellings, the tessalated marble and oaken floors repaired and polished, the painting *al fresco*, and curiously fretted ceilings of the lofty and spacious apartments, renovated or restored. In others, which had been found by their proprietors to have suffered less from time and the Revolution, the long and lofty suites of rooms have not

again been subjected to the gilder or the painter, and, therefore, although apparently furnished with all that dignity or perhaps luxury may require, they still, nevertheless, retain an air of dim and faded grandeur.

CHAPTER III.

It was in the direction of one of those mansions of the description last alluded to in the former chapter, that, on a fine morning in the month of September of the year of grace 1838, two youths, one of them in the red trowsered and blue frock undress uniform of an officer of French infantry, and some three years older, as well as taller, than the other, might have been seen slowly wending their way through the public gardens of the *Palais du Luxembourg*. This fine edifice, with its long line of architectural beauty, of the Tuscan, Doric, and Ionic orders, fronting the gardens, comprises within it some galleries of invaluable paintings and sculptures, the Chamber of Peers, and the official residence of the Duc de Cazes, Grand Chamberlain and President thereof. The gardens are all planted with rows of beautiful mulberry and chesnut trees, which in summer make innumerable alleys and charming vistas of green shade, and being, as before noticed, within or near what is called the Latin quarter, form the favorite promenade of the University students. Crowds of *bonnes*, or nurses, in their Provincial costumes, from the tall castellated Normandy head-dress of lace and muslin, to the pretty and most becoming little *dentelle* cap of the lively Parisian *grisette*, may be seen here also in the summer mornings and evenings, each with her tender charge. There is in the neighborhood, besides, a school for the deaf and dumb—another also for the blind; and at early morning in summer, some fifty or so of the poor little blind boys may be seen threading the green alleys of the gardens, in regular rank and file, as orderly as any sharp-sighted company of well drilled infantry on a drill day. This is effected by means of a long cord, which is passed round the whole troop, the outside files holding with their right and left hands. A master or monitor walks at their head, and another at the side, each holding a string connected with theirs, and easily guide the entire column, whose hands are sensible to the least direction given to the cord from front to rear. One might often pass near these little fellows, without perceiving this hempen clue to be an indication of their blindness; for they are so merry, that they talk, and laugh, and sing, as if they saw the things they talked and laughed about, and beheld the morning sunshine in dalliance with the green leaves, and were actually looking upwards at the birds they tried to imitate, perched right over their heads, or hopping among the twigs of the leafy trees.

The two youths before remarked, as on their way through the gardens to an hotel of the *Faubourg St. Germain*, had just crossed the path of the little blind brigade, when quoth the younger one to his companion—"A wretched thing is blindness, my dear De Louvencourt, is it not? I wonder what these little fellows' notions of colors are, and what kind of images they form, if indeed they can form any, of that beautiful sky and shining sun? Truly, if sadness be a dark thing, they must feel often sad, for they are ever in darkness."

"That the blind, my dear Guy," replied De Louvencourt, "have their fits of sadness oftener than our clear-sighted selves, I think to be somewhat questionable. Sadness appears to me to be usually the consequence of a loss; and surely the blind can be hardly supposed to feel much for the loss of a blessing which they never enjoyed. But if mirth and song be good indications of minds in a state of enjoyment, the physical blessings of our own sight and hearing should powerfully prove sensations in them as acutely disposed to appreciate this fine September morning of sunshine as our own. Besides, who can tell but that their pleasurable feelings may be rendered still more intense by that vivid strength which, it is well known, corporal blindness usually imparts to the imagination? May not the heat even of the sun we see, give them sensations of an internal day equally as beautiful, and more indescribable than ours?"

"You speak, De Louvencourt, philosophically—poetically, perhaps."

"Perhaps so; but sad and sweet memories, still 'green in my soul,' are the cause. I believe I never told them to you. But I once had a twin sister named Cécile. She and I, by coming into this world together, were innocently the cause of our poor mother's leaving it. Cécile lived till the age of twelve. You know my father: proud of his name and race, of a character stern and inflexible by nature, rendered still more so, perhaps, from his course of military service under the Emperor, whose cause, perchance, an innate military predilection determined him to espouse, rather than that of the Bourbons, to whom his family feelings alone would have attached him. While his face looked ever cold for me, I have often seen it, nevertheless, softened even to tenderness, as he led our little Cécile through the rooms of the chateau and the garden walks, while he not unfrequently styled her his little blind angel guardian. With no other companion but Cécile at our lonely country house near Arras, except occasionally a little girl named Adèle de Colmar, a ward of my aunt De Commènes, who brought her now and then to visit us from her chateau de Verzenay, in Champagne, I felt my very existence then entwined with my sighless sister. How often then did we run together with the summer breeze over the

soft green fields! How often did I guide her softly along the margin of the rippling brook, to the spot where I perceived and desired to seize the drowsy speckled trout! Then would she turn upward towards mine her fair and beautiful face, radiant with all the sensibility imparted by her blindness, while her pale and curling golden hair waved over a neck that the zephyr would only suffer the coolest of the sun-rays to kiss for its purity. Now, with the light blue veins of her temples deepening in color through her fair and delicate skin, and her ruby lips compressed from mute attention, would she quickly relax them, while an arch smile as suddenly stole over her features, giving her down-closed eye-lids, with their deep fringing lashes, and her stainless cheek and brow, a lustre as bright and more heart-touching, than if she had suddenly revealed her buried orbs. At this archful moment would she suddenly catch the small silver whistle that ever hung from the blue ribbon at her waist, and holding it upwards, threaten to alarm my finny prey of his danger.

“One evening in spring, we rambled out in the fields after wild-flowers. Alas! it was the last of our ramblings! We did not find the kind of flowers we wished, however, from the course we took, and she wished me to accompany her in some other direction, seeming to say in the language, Guy, of your favorite poet—repeat me the lines, I pray you, Guy, I am so bad at English.”

“I know a bank wherem the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight:
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.”

“We wandered about, however, until chance, or perhaps some secret impulse of destiny, directed us to the church-yard. The evening being now rather advanced, I wished to return home, fearful of my father’s displeasure at our long stay; but she persisted in remaining, though I reminded her of our father’s desire that we should be present at his tea.

“‘And you, too, Charles,’ said she, ‘like that hateful drink. Why Pierre, the gardener, says it is a leaf, and that the *sauvages* in the far off countries chew it, as he does his tobacco, and then they dry the leaves, and give them to the wretched English.’

“‘But you know,’ replied I, ‘that it was aunt De Commènes who, when last here, wished papa to drink it for his rheum.’

“‘Ah! you know, my dear Charles, that our aunt is full of these *vilaines contumes Anglaises*, she was so long *en Angleterre*; and besides, now that the Bourbons are there, at what

they call Holyrood, and that Madame-la Duchesse de Berri wrote her that she liked strong tea, my aunt will have it too, for she likes all that the Bourbons like, because she says all they do must be *légitime*. But come, Charles,' she added, 'to our mother's grave. How soft the turf feels here! Stop! here's store of flowers for the tomb-stone—my foot feels them. Come, sit down and make a coronal. Here are primroses, and here's tansy, and here are violets, and here's monk's-hood. Do I not know them by the feel, Charles, as well as by the smell? And this flower, too—it is columbine, for I know its hang on the stately stalk; and of its stalk I can measure the thickness, too, by passing it through the large line of my palm. Here, too, is store of sweet daisies, all so round, with their thousand little eyelits, that seem to peep sharply through my finger-tips.'

"There, my dear Guy," added De Louvencourt, "did she sit on a raised bank of green turf, weaving a chaplet of flowers for her mother's grave. I can see her even now, in her white muslin dress, the small blue ribbon and silver call at her waist, the pale golden waves of her hair reflecting in the evening sun, and straying from a neck purer than alabaster, over the dimpling surface of her fair cheeks. 'Tis true, she cannot raise the lids that nature has shut down upon the two speaking jewels of the head, but the treasures that lie hidden there are transfused into the serene and beaming loveliness of her features. Alas! how little did she, or I at that moment, think that the flowery chaplet she was then weaving for her mother's, should live until it withered upon her own grave! Before she would leave the church yard to return home, the dew had been falling heavily. On her way there she complained of a shivering chillness. The next day she burned with fever, and in two days more she was dead. They buried her beside her mother; and the flowery chaplet which Destiny had instructed her to weave, being found still fresh, was left upon her tomb!

"My father was much shocked at her death; but the company of my aunt De Commènes and Adèle de Colmar, who both continued some time with us, assuaged his grief. I have also imagined him to look less sternly on me since, than he used to do before Cécile's death, more especially since I decided on becoming a *militaire*. But now that I have joined and been distinguished in the army of Africa, his letters bear marks of a certain agreeable surprise, for he used always to predict that I would never make a soldier. However, here I am, after scarce fifteen months' service, with a sabre cut not yet healed, and the red ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur* on my breast, with a bundle of despatches from De Damremont, our second in command *en Afrique*, for *M. le Ministre de la Guerre*, as well as for our *Commandant-en-Chef*, old Bugeaud,

who, you know, has been this some time absent at Paris from the seat of war. You have said, however, I think, my dear Guy, that you have received a note from your lively cousin in the *Chaussée d'Antin*, expressing her desire to see you relative to M. Berryer. I trust you will, therefore, not lose the opportunity of an introduction to him, so that we may know the day he intends to attack old Bugeaud and the Ministry in the *Chambre*, on Algiers and the "treaty of the Fafna."

"True, De Louvencourt, I did receive a note from her, and on opening it expected to read an invitation to her next Concert, which you know is to come off to-night; but judge of my surprise when, on reading it, I found it contained only a mere request that I would call and see her to-day, as she wished to communicate something about M. Berryer, who had been speaking to her, she says, on the subject of a letter which he said he received regarding me from the Baron Capel. Now, all I know of, or ever heard of the Baron Capel is, that he is the known agent at London of the Bourbons; and although I have hitherto known my cousin of the *Chaussée d'Antin* for a Philippist, yet I begin to have some misgivings on that score, from her frequent visits of late to the *Faubourg St. Germain*. I trust, however, she has not so poor an opinion of me, as to use me for a tool in any of her political schemes. I shall, nevertheless, when I see her to-day on this subject, endeavor to do as you desire with regard to M. Berryer and the debate in the Chamber of Deputies."

The two friends had now passed through the gardens of the Luxembourg, and found themselves walking along the Rue de Tournon, which, by the bye, forms a singular favorable exception to the streets in this quarter of the Capital; for it is very wide and clean, with a gentle slope from the front of the Luxembourg, and has good side walks through nearly its whole extent. It has also a few excellent *Restaurants* and *Cafés*, although, it is true, they are somewhat small and plain, as compared with the many other splendid establishments of this kind in the Capital. Now, in Paris, as in other large cities, it is quite a common thing for people to quit their abodes in the morning, for the day's business or pleasure, without exactly knowing where they shall sit down to breakfast. Our two young friends, therefore, who had not thought much on this subject before setting out on their morning's walk, now stepped into a *Café*, whose external appearance betokened good fare within.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

EXTRACTS FROM A JOURNAL OF 1843 & 1844.

10th JUNE, 1846.

SIR.—In transmitting the enclosed for publication in the pages of your Magazine, I am not influenced by the idea, that in the "*Extracts from a Journal of 1843 and 1844*," any novelty will be offered to a large portion of your readers. It is, however, so much the custom in the American newspapers to evince a contempt for every thing British, of which they know little, joined to a blind and almost sottish admiration of every thing Republican, and, indeed, these are so frequently copied, without comment, into our journals, that it appeared to me matter of regret that no contradiction is made to statements so erroneous and unjust.

Hundreds of readers, not having leisure or opportunity to make investigation and obtain more accurate knowledge, take the assertions for truth, and believe that a lamentable defect exists in the Government against which such abuse is levelled, and to which they owe allegiance, while they ascribe to the other merits to which she has no claim.

To prevent such an effect by my feeble aid, has been the motive for offering this contribution, which I am aware has no other merit than the intention.

To most subscribers it may be tiresome, but to the husbandman, the backwoodsman, the mechanic, it may convey information not before known, produce new impressions, and give juster views on very important subjects.

Should one prejudice unfavorable to the country be removed, or one loyal heart be gladdened, I shall be more than repaid.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

A SUBSCRIBER.

To the Editor of Barker's Magazine.

Albany, August, 1843.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Prompt as are the decisions in this country of litigation and lawyers, a delay has occurred which may be of some duration. I shall take occasion, meanwhile, to visit the neighborhood; and since I cannot tell you of my impressions, shall send them across the vasty deep, to recall to you a distant friend, who so often dwells upon the blessings of our unrivalled home and country.

To do anything more than faintly sketch those impressions would be useless, as I trust to see you so soon; and I should otherwise lose the great freedom of remark, in which I shall not fail to indulge, in these my interesting lucubrations for your amusement and benefit.

We arrived at Albany yesterday, after a most delightful trip, the beautiful scenery of the Hudson being such as to charm even a careless observer. This majestic River, in its grandeur and beauty, varies, until lost almost in the vicinity of Troy. They tell us of the Rhine, and we have seen it together—with its castles, and its *donjon* deep—its gigantic cliffs—its vineyards, and its rural habitations, now safe from sudden inroad and devastation. But while those scenes, in their supreme magnificence, remind one of ferocious manners and of insecurity long since past, these point out the march of mind, the unexampled progress of a great people, sprung from our ancestors, excited by the same blood, impelled by their

noble example, and tending to some future destiny buried in the lap of time; but mainly depending upon their own straight-forward, undeviating course of right and justice. One thinks of what has been, what is now, and what is to come, hid in the darkness of the future.

A scene awaited us here, which not a little astonished me. Such a rush of carmen, cabmen, and hotel porters, I never saw before. The pier of Calais was gentleness compared with it. The French vociferate much, and for noise are perhaps not to be outdone; but at this landing there is more, much more. You are jostled to and fro—you are trodden upon—you run the risk of having your luggage forced from you, and carried off in spite of all remonstrance. The whole forms such a scene of confusion as I never witnessed any where else, and could be easily prevented by not allowing such persons to come on board of the steamboat when she arrives at the pier. An American gentleman, who seemed equally annoyed with myself, said that no harm was intended, and that with all the uproar and disorder, accidents seldom occurred, and property was rarely lost. It is, however, decidedly uncomfortable, and I could not help contrasting it with the quiet order of our railroad stations, where every thing is so admirably adapted to the comfort of travellers. I am told that all this might have been avoided by the route of Troy, which place I have since visited, and which route I shall try on my return to Head Quarters, for I should willingly go a score of miles out of my way to avoid such a nuisance from the Lords of misrule.

As they express it here, "quite an excitement" has been raised by the publication of a new work entitled, "*Change for American Notes*," in letters professed to be written by an American lady from London to New York—Julia. One observes a smile in every face, and the book in every hand, and the glad welcome of every sarcasm. You need not dread its lady-like decisions, and will neither groan nor look aghast at its disclosures.

One constantly wishes here, that the people would teach themselves to be less sensitive. It has the appearance of doubting the merit of their own institutions. The *London Quarterly* well remarks:—"We heartily wish, and for more reasons than one, that the morbid sensibility of our trans-Atlantic cousins could be moderated. We wish it for our own sakes as well as for theirs, for it imparts to all their intercourse with us, whether literary or political, a jealous aspect, and a captious spirit, painful to themselves, and therefore embarrassing to us."

The truth of the above is manifest to a common observer. There is a shyness towards us, which is generally, though not universally exhibited, and one can fancy them saying:—"To

make your acquaintance would be useless, as there can be no sympathy: in argument, your aristocracy we must put down if we can, and your observations will be turned to all the little defects of our institutions, which you will magnify, and endeavor to place in the scale against the evils of your Government." I myself have already felt this effect.

On hearing some severe strictures relative to the course which is being pursued towards Ireland, I happened to remark, "And pray what was done here when an insurrectionary movement took place in Rhode Island? Did not the Executive use every means, most promptly, to suppress it, without first asking the opinion of the parties on the subject, but plainly declaring that the supremacy of the General Government could not be compromised? What," I said, "would have been the course if Nullification had been persevered in? or if the present threat of one of the States to resist the decisions of the Supreme Court should be carried into execution? Would the attempt at dismemberment not be immediately put down?" But the suggestion that their Constitution admitted of political difficulties was not at all relished. I was met by the reply that the cases were dissimilar. The conversation was broken off; and it was plainly evinced that no further desire to renew it, on that or any other subject, was felt by the opposite party.

I have been frequently asked my opinion of the new work, "*Change for American Notes*," and in return always enquire what they think of the "*Notes*." "Oh!" say they, "such trash—rubbish—they are a worthless failure." I reply, "What can you expect in exchange for trash? I fear it is no better than counterfeit." And such is the case: every defect relating to England is exhibited without its corresponding good, and paltry incidents are wrought into fancied sentiment, until the attempts become sickening—just like *Boz*, and therefore about equal in value. I shall endeavor to give you an idea of the production, if time is afforded. I am sure you will concur with me in condemning it as inaccurate and unjust, even

* * * * *

Saratoga.

DEAR FRANK,—Here I am, comfortably settled in an hotel having three hundred and fifty strange inmates, congregated from every section in the Union, (by the way, such is the name of the house,) all seeking either enjoyment or health from the most delicious sanatory waters I ever tasted, either in our own country or Germany—situated, too, in a very charming vale, with a town of shops, &c. It is a fit termination to a journey from New York. The floating palaces which sail up the Hudson seem to have been moored here, and I see a street of them as I look around. And what shall I say we do?

Why, we sleep, and eat, and drink more than Congress Spring water, if we like—we talk, and read books, which are cheap and abundant—and we discuss all matters of all sorts, as in duty bound in this free and enlightened country, it being our privilege to say anything we please, except saying that she is not perfection. And who desires to say aught against her, where there is so much to admire of beauty, and intelligence, and kindness?

We impel ourselves round a circular railroad, and being well fatigued, we rise from the car as wet as Neptune, from heat and our own exertions, and we call it pleasure. We bowl at ten-pins in the different alleys, with much the same result—for which amusement even ladies brave heat and observation.

By the way, I have heard that the original alleys had nine pins. A law was passed to put down nine-pin-alleys, which had only the effect of making them ten-pins. The attempt to suppress them was not *popular*, and was abandoned, as most things here are under such circumstances. I cannot see why an apparently useful and innocent amusement should have come under the disapprobation of the authorities, while cards, rackets, and pistol-firing at the figure of a man, are overlooked and tolerated. At the latter I was surprised to see ladies practising, which is by no means fair, having such piercing weapons already at command—(now, I don't mean their scissors, Frank!) Besides, who could aim with steady hand at so much charms and *bustle*?

But *allons* to the fair Julia, if she be fair, and her correspondent. In her first letter she makes a very spirited attack upon the Custom House Officers of England, with a purile disquisition “on their amusements, pursuits, and *dreams*!” I, for my part, should be quite willing to refer them, with the rowdies of Albany and elsewhere, to any Committee that may be appointed, and make the lady herself Chairman. The latter, I think, would be in the worst plight, forasmuch as they are not in the performance of any prescribed duty; also, because it is only on landing from a foreign country that the former are offensive, whereas to citizens and others at all times the latter are an odious nuisance.

The person who fares next under the feminine lash is poor Boz. Why he should have overlooked so many of the great beauties of this astonishing country, must surprise any person, and seems unaccountable. He must have felt that his chapter on New York would disappoint all but the most splenetic, and was it not this same feeling which blinded his perceptions? The *London Quarterly*, in its criticism, uses him up in much better style than the fair authoress, and she had better have been silent on the subject. The article, or writer rather, says of Boz:—“While all that he says on higher society and intellectual subjects is condensed in a few lines, five pages

are given to Gaols and Lunatic Asylums; and all the rest *thirty-three* pages are out of door descriptions of the grotesque squalid rabble—the very refuse, it would seem, of humanity, that swarm in the street. But again, as of Boston, of private life, of arts and science, literature and politics, law or commerce, public works or individual enterprise, national feelings or social manners, not a word. Of ail such topics his account of the beautiful metropolis is as barren as if he had been bivouacking, for a single night, in some embryo village of the Western world. And this is the more extraordinary, because New York is not only, as he admits, a very remarkable city, hitherto imperfectly described, but it has recently received, and is still receiving, not only a very great extension of commerce and population, but of public works of great magnificence and utility.

“Mr. Dickens tells us, with much detail, that he saw in New York, besides ‘the mulatto landlady,’ and ‘a black fiddler,’ one barrel organ, one dancing monkey, and he adds, by way of climax, ‘not one mouse.’ All this, we suppose, is meant for pleasantry; but, indeed, the utter inanity of Mr. Dickens’ pages on all these topics of information or rational amusement, is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts at jocularity with which he attempts to supply their place.”

This, with much more in the same strain, should, I think, have satisfied the amiable Julia.

The writer in the *Quarterly* might further have accused Mr. Dickens of want of taste, in omitting a description of the beautiful view from the Battery and Castle Garden—the commanding heights of Brooklyn—Staten Island, with its Quarantine Ground, and the Pavilion at New Brighton—Harlem and the shores of the East River—Hoboken and the Narrows—all offering attractions far beyond the “solitary swine lounging homeward by himself, with only one ear.”

The remainder of the lady’s letter is uninteresting, like the present.—Ever yours.

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK.—The vicinity of this place possesses many attractions: a beautiful miniature Lake some few miles off, where fishing excursions are rejoiced in, and delicious trout regaled in—(I hear you say, always lugging in the grub!)—a battle-field, where we were well trashed, and surrendered before the spirit of freedom, roused by unrepresented taxation in a distant land—Glen’s Falls, a scene in one of Cooper’s most interesting novels, “*The Last of the Mohicans*,” (but, alas! how changed!—the light canoe has been succeeded by flour and saw mills, and the moccasin no longer leaves its stealthy tread.)—Lake George, the Queen of gentle beauties,

yet celebrated for deeds in arms, French, English, Canadian, American and Indian. Then comes Lake Champlain, where we got another drubbing. What pity we had not lived in those times—such things would never have happened!

The next letter in "Change" dwells long on the very superior taste of the ladies of New York for dress, over those of London. 'Tis a small matter at best; and of the beauty and fashion of the toilette, no better specimens can be shown than in this place. The closely-copied costumes of Paris are pre-eminently visible at the most fashionable houses in town; but I am unwilling to allow that there is anything more than the merit which the *modiste* may claim. In England the climate prevents the street exhibitions which you see in the great cities of this country: the frequent showers, and those insinuating things justly called *blacks*, are hostile to finery. Besides, it does not accord with the taste of our *elegante* to make such display, except in drawing rooms or carriages; and the more ordinary seek health from exercise in shawl and thick shoes, defying damp and sudden change. I am free to confess, that I do not desire to see velvets and brocades in our streets immediately after breakfast, nor court head-dresses except *au bal*.

I have heard of shawls worth twelve hundred dollars. I doubt whether Her Majesty would pay such a price, not having cotton plantations studded with little niggers. I was delighted with the following from "Change:"—"I have seen Her Majesty realize the description of a fair lady of old—

"And then her dress—what beautiful simplicity
Drapèred her form, with curious felicity."

The account which follows, of being *so rudely stared at* in Regent-street, is rather surprising:—"Glance after glance poked under my bonnet!" Perhaps Julia is too, too lovely, as many American ladies are; and then the bonnets of fashionable ladies are off the face entirely, saving a deal of "rudely" poking! Her style may have been too ultra, the hour may have been unusual, or there may have been some other cause to designate a stranger. But London streets are certainly no better criterion of gentlemanly conduct, than the Battery or Broadway, and there they can stare, too, especially if the lady be beautiful and newly imported.—Yours, &c.

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK,—The amusements here are not very numerous. They consist chiefly of driving, riding, evening balls, and occasionally a concert, when some celebrated performer runs over from Boston or New York. They are certainly not a gay people—as a proof of which, we have

family worship every evening at nine o'clock, when most of the company attend. Such an event, I believe, is rarely witnessed at any other watering-place, in hotels so thronged by lodgers. To be sure, they dance both before and after the service, not the less lightly for having rendered thanks to their Maker for all His goodness. Politics and party questions are the absorbing topics in every little knot of disputants you listen to, nor have I heard one single literary or scientific subject started. The never-ending elections form the grand theme to which all attention is turned. I once listened to a conversation that not a little astonished me. It was relative to statesmen: there were an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, and a Baptist clergyman. After some little disputation relative to the great men of the late period, Napoleon was decreed the palm, and the Baptist exclaimed, "Bonaparte was the greatest statesman that ever lived, except Jesus Christ!" With us such a declaration would have been considered almost a blasphemy, but it appeared to excite no horror, but merely a shout of ridicule.

On reaching the third letter of our heroine, Julia, one is startled by the contents, as a heading—"*Executions—New York and London—Daniel Good—Executions popular in London.*" And though an interval must have elapsed between writing the two epistles, to the reader they come together, and excite some surprise at the juxtaposition of "fashion" and "solar influence," with one of the most awful punishments of crime.

The wisdom of having capital punishment conducted publicly or privately, is not discussed, but decided; and it is determined "that in twenty years, or less, the American system will prevail in England." It is a very grave subject, and one does not feel quite satisfied that any lady, however talented, after refreshing her eyes with *Eau de Cologne*, and giving her ringlets freedom from *pappillotes*, should dispose of it before receiving morning visits.

It has been questioned by some of the wisest men—it has been made the subject of Parliamentary inquiry—and, after much consideration, it has been decided that the public trial and punishment of vice tends to its suppression—that the dread of exposure and disgrace serves to control the passions, and leads reason to usurp her throne.

If, from witnessing an execution, one person be prevented from violating the law, it is of far more value than the feelings of a felon. Innocent men are arraigned for public trial: why, then, should not the condemned produce a salutary example? In this country, after being sent to a Penitentiary, the prisoners, in their degraded state, are exhibited to public inspection: what, then, becomes of trans-Atlantic sympathy? When in Brussels I witnessed a man being guillotined. The

square in front of the *Hotel de Ville* was crammed with spectators. He was a murderer, and deserved not sympathy—"executions are, therefore, popular in Belgium." During the Revolution in France, women drank the blood of their victims, and dipped their handkerchiefs in that of their Sovereign—"executions are popular in Paris."

Of the trial to which the writer unfeelingly and inconsiderately alludes, I shall not say anything. There may be friends, however humble, whose feelings are of much more consequence than an idle flourish in a paragraph. The close detail seems to give strange delight to a female, no doubt beautiful, interesting, and with *a fine mind*. The case would not be an unapt companion for that of Dr. Peabody, who has *not* been hanged, but is going the rounds of the newspapers, after seduction, elopement, and ruin to two hitherto happy families, now reduced to woe and penury.

"Executions are popular with the many in England," says Julia. I am persuaded, if it were announced that one was to take place in the Park, no matter how early, the many of New York would be stirring, and be there: and the "help," followed by Dionysius, the coachman, and Cæsar, the groom, would unite with them in declaring it was an elegant sight.

This reminds me of our remarks on Baron D'Haussey's work, in which he says, "Cockpit-fighting is one of the amusements to which *English people* are most fondly attached." Conceive, if you can, our nation rejoicing in hanging and cock-fighting! "All admit," says the writer, "that criminal trials here present the perfection of justice—cool, impartial, yet indulgent." She may then rest content, and leave the close to wiser heads, without distressing her lady-like sensibility on the subject.—Yours, ever.

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK,—Mr. Van Buren is here, in anticipation of the next Presidential election. You know him by reputation, and I know little more. He herds not with the vulgar throng, but has a suite of apartments, to which he very wisely retires not unfrequently. He, however, dines at the chosen place at table, and occasionally promenades in the drawing room with a select few. His chance of success is so variously estimated, that it is hardly worth the conjecture of a stranger. He is one of the persons who has exhibited, strikingly, a feature of this constitution, and the manner in which it works. He, you know, was sent out as Ambassador to St. James', with his son as Secretary of Legation. Congress met soon after he had arrived and been presented—the Senate disallowed the nomination of the President—and when just installed in his new dignity, he received notice to quit. Pleasant!

I annex a *jeu d'esprit* about the candidate for the White House. His *nom de baptême* is MARTIN :—

"We find the following in a York (Pennsylvania) paper. It has upon it the impress of the genius of Mr. William R. Morris :—

"THE EMPTY MARTIN BOX.

"AIR—*Lochaber*.

"When the snow has dissolved in the glance of the sun,
And the season of blossom and bloom is begun,
Then a clear welcome voice is heard blithly to ring—
'Tis the voice of the *Martin* proclaiming the Spring.

"Then come—whence, we know not—each bird to its nest,
Like the joys that unbidden start up in the breast,
And hover around us, and flutter the wing,
Like spirits that wait on the footsteps of Spring.

"To the Southern Savannahs, all blooming and bright,
To the fields of the Key-stone, that laugh in the light,
To the homesteads of White, with their smoke-wreaths so grey,
On the hills of New England, they're speeding away.

"Each box, at the caves, welcomes back the glad train,
To twitter and build in its shelter again ;
And still, as they circle around it, prolong,
From morning till twilight, their love-kindled song.

"But one—a lone box—stands all vacant and *white*,
Though the *MARTIN* once found it a home of delight,
And the echoes that rung to his accents of yore,
Shall wake to the voice of the *MARTIN* no more.

"Ah ! vain the *Locos* shall look for the Spring,
If they wait for their *MARTIN* its coming to sing ;
And long shall they slumber in visions forlorn,
E'er he tells that their night has been changed into morn.

"In the mud where he sank, through the winter to sleep,
Far in Kinderhook's flats, he lay torpid and deep ;
And vainly he strives through the air to make way,
For his wings are crusted and fettered with CLAY !

"The vermin that sought in his plumage to live,
Soon shall creep from the shelter such plumage can give ;
And those that now crawl in his desolate nest,
Shall be scattered away by a breeze from the West."

Although conversation is an important source of amusement here, persons are not so communicative as is desirable, considering their extensive information in what relates to this country. If you can "go the whole hog" in their self-glorification, well and good ; if not, you must be content with detached and meagre statements. There are deep prejudices against our country ; and I have rarely found any one obliged for being set right, when really in error on some important question relative to our constitution or usages.

The more you see and learn, the more you are impressed with the vastness of this wonderful country. You travel on and on, distances seem interminable, while the skill and energy of the people are every where developed. You look at a map, and are told all this is still to be filled up, and you feel that it will soon be done, by an independent and enterprising population and their descendants. You read that oil from lard has been brought to such perfection, that it has superseded sperm oil, and must become an article of lucrative traffic from the far West; while the animals which produce it, and such substantial food for man, thrive without care in their boundless prairies. You are told, and truly, that crops the most abundant are produced with little labor, and therefore in good season can be sold profitably at low prices.

The valley of the Mississippi is described as vast and fertile, and soon likely to take the lead in productions of all kinds, to be transported down its immense rivers, on which already a thousand arks float, laden with the fruits of its soil and of the energies of the race of men who inhabit those teeming regions.

I am much surprised that writers of unquestionably great talent should have dwelt so much upon trifles concerning the manners of the people in this country. Among a society of such a mixed description, arising chiefly from their equality, whether real or not, you cannot reasonably expect any uniformity of manner. The backwoodsman and his dame may figure in the same saloon, and even the same quadrille, with the most fashionable city *pretendante*, but you cannot suppose they would seem the same. In this place one sees thousands, indeed almost all, who are the makers of their own fortunes—and how? Certainly not by dawdling with a silver spoon and silver fork—not by lounging over their breakfast table with the morning paper—not by a midnight visit to Crockford's—but by early and late toil and attention to their affairs. If at middle age they have acquired the habit of eating quickly, and scruple little about the risk of cutting their mouths with a presumptuous knife, they can at least enjoy the satisfaction of feeling themselves independent in monetary matters, while some more fastidious are unable to indulge in the same comfortable reflection; and they have pride in the station to which they have raised themselves.

One is lost in the contemplation of what this great country must arrive at, if united and true to herself. Conjectures on that subject are of course founded upon opinions formed without an example to base them upon, there never having been a similar nation. Its durability will depend upon its honor, integrity, and moderation. Whether they can be redeemed externally and preserved internally, remains to be proved.

The experiment of self-government is certainly, from all I can learn, making great strides. In this State, after a year's residence, persons may vote at elections; and I am told that their elections have been much influenced by foreign laborers, when any great public works render them numerous. Notwithstanding the arguments I have heard, I am more strongly inclined to a property qualification, either in fee or by leasehold. To me it appears absurd, that a man possessing nothing, having no interest at stake, being free to walk away at any time with all his possessions in a pocket-handkerchief, should have the same share in legislation as those who are tied down by great interests, rendered cautious and prudent by the importance of consequences, and deeply affected by the salutary import of the laws which may be enacted by their representatives. They say here, "But all our citizens are liable to be called out in defence of the country, and the equivalent should be conceded." But they have the equivalent without. They follow their pursuits, and make their gains, and are protected by laws equal to all, under an expensive government, to support which they do not contribute; and they cannot be considered as having sufficiently powerful motives, nor as being sufficiently informed of the true welfare of the country, to be competent judges of the wisdom of its legislators. There are not wanting persons of great ability to discern, and great disinterestedness to render them impartial, who look with extreme anxiety upon the hazardous stake.—Ever yours.

—

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK.—We are neglecting the fair, which Julia says is somewhat of an English trick.

In her three subsequent letters she takes a wide range—subjects to which men of the greatest talent have given careful consideration, are disposed of with as much ease as a lady would take an airing; it is, therefore, not wonderful if most of the conclusions are found to be erroneous.

The first adventure she relates is having been late in "starting for the Windsor cars, with another *lady*," where she, of course, meets with rudeness.

She was unfortunate, and John Bull is notoriously a selfish animal when his comforts are concerned. Her next attempt is to find out, by inquiry, during a walk, what was the *location* of Runymede. The first person asked was a Serjeant—"he answered with perfect civility, and pleaded profound ignorance." It was hardly fair to expect a non-commissioned officer, even in her Majesty's Guards, to answer such a question—he could have told the whereabouts of Waterloo, but Runymede, if I remember well, is now divided into fields where cattle graze—it is eight or nine miles from Windsor, and

is celebrated for the signing of Magna Charta, only some six hundred years ago. There can be little doubt that when equal time shall have coursed over this nation, a Serjeant of a marching regiment will be ignorant (if he be not now) of the locale where the declaration of independance was signed.

The next application is to what she calls "a really intelligent looking young lady, with a very pretty bonnet, esquired by a smart youth, apparently all vanity and watch-chain, evidently the lady's suitor." They, too, were ignorant of what had happended six hundred years ago—fie upon Julia, she must be an old maid—they were thinking more of runaway than Runymede.

I desire to amuse you with all these discoveries and dwell more upon them because the writer, in her preface, "hopes these familiar letters will be found a fair, just, and unexaggerated character of the English as they are,"—her hopes, she may be assured, are visionary.

After this fanfaronnade, a just tribute is paid to the beauty of Windsor, which even prejudice could not withhold.

St. George's Chapel occupies two lines, and we are told, it is "fine."

What think you, Frank, of the following:—"Englishmen will tolerate anything but poverty, and yet they unloc. not their hoards to aid their brethren—they hold forth no helping hand, but dilate on the laziness of a man to whom employment is refused, and who dares prefer begging to fauishing."

Could any one, without having read it, have believed that a writer would subject herself to such an exposure. The immense charities of the metropolis are almost incalculable in the shape of contributions for the relief of Poles, and other refugees, sufferers from fires, earthquakes, and scarcity, besides private charities. The poor-rates alone amount to more than the enormous sum of thirty millions of dollars annually, and the work-houses for the destitute were rendered so comfortable that they offered an attraction to persons to qualify themselves for admission, until more careful investigation and more severe discipline have remedied that error.

The author says, "in a young country like ours, where every man may daily labor for his daily bred, we cannot see the debasing abjectness and poverty existing here." Where did she see it? and how does it happen that in her young country fifteen thousand persons received relief in Massachusetts, in 1838, at the cost of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars?

She says that "the places next in splendor to the drapers are the gin stores," one of which the writer took refuge in to avoid a mad ox. There are some, too, not a little alluring in all the chief towns of this country, and far more resorted to by the gentry, than with us; for here dram drinking may be seen

at all hours of the day by persons of a class never seen in gin shops in England. The following, taken from a daily journal, may give you some reason to doubt whether all is purity in this Utopia:—

“**GAMBLING HOUSES IN NEW YORK.**—There are in this City about thirty Farobanks open every night, and an immense number of inferior resorts of black-legs of all descriptions.—These hells are perfectly well known to the police, and the organized system of robbery and plunder is carried on with perfect impunity.” This is a pretty good beginning for “our young country,” which bids fair to outstrip her naughty mamma.

The headings of some of the letters are very amusing—the sixth begins with “charity and leather-breeches,” and ends with “felons who are couleur de rose.” She is evidently not so fastidious as the lady who is said to have fainted at having overheard a gentleman in argument assert—“it is a naked fact”—her nerves not being sufficiently strong to tolerate even an *undressed* idea.

The festival for the benefit of the sons of the clergy is held up to ridicule because it takes place in St. Paul's. “Why not,” says the lady, “hold it in a Theatre?” My prejudices I admit to be such, that I consider the place most fitting for the performance of sacred music of the finest order—the proceeds to be devoted to the benefit of the clerical members of the church. So thinks Mr. Everitt, he having attended a musical festival in York Minister, for charitable purposes, and in his beautiful style and language, says, “that the highest holiest feelings were excited by the united cause and place.”

She boldly declares, with respect to all the persons who contribute to the numerous charities in London, “that were it not for the *scena*—the effect—which makes the vests of the purse-proud citizens swell, the children might have died untaught and unclean.” Supremely charitable is this lady confessor! She adds, “the squalor and wretchedness of Five Points is, no doubt, bitter bad.” Why so, “in our young country?” “But I am well assured the suffering is in the first degree of comparison, while it is superlative in St. Giles, Bethnel Green, and numerous courts and allies in London, where nameless wretches retire to die.” I have been more than once in St. Giles, and I have been in Five Points and Anthony-street, and I am inclined to think the last the worst, inasmuch as filthy negroes are mixed up with the filthy whites. Besides, New York has a population of three hundred thousand souls—London nearly two millions. While the lady was stating the degree of comparison, why did she not condescend to ascertain the proportion, which should thus be six times the quantity of poverty and vice in London that there is in “our young country?” I transcribe for you a description of Five Points, from one of

the journals of the day. It is a beautiful neutral tint-view, compared with reality :—

“I was surprised to find the celebrated spot not more than three minutes’ walk from Broadway, in full view of one of its fashionable corners. A turn to the left brought us up against what appeared to be a blind tumble-down fence : but the officer pulled the latch and opened the door, and a flight of steps was disclosed. He went down first, and threw in a blaze of light, and we followed into the grand, spacious Almack’s of Five Points. It really looked neat and cheerful. We were early for the fashionable hour, the ladies not having arrived from the theatre ; and proposing to look in again, we crept up to the street.”

After another dive into a cellar, crowded with negroes eating and drinking :—“We entered in between two high brick walls, with barely room to pass, and, by the light of the police lantern, we managed to make our way, up a broken, filthy staircase, to the first floor of a large building. Under its one roof, the officer thought, here usually slept a thousand of these wretched outcasts. He knocked at the door on the left—it was unwillingly opened by a woman, who held a dirty horse-blanket over her breast : but at the sight of the police lantern she stepped back, and let us pass in. The floor was covered with human beings, asleep in their rags ; and when called by the officer to look in a low closet beyond, we could hardly put our feet to the floor, they lay so closely together, black and white, men, women, and children. The doorless apartment beyond, of the size of a kennel, was occupied by a woman and her daughter’s child, lying together on the floor, and covered with rags and clothes of no distinguishable color—the rubbish of bones and dirt only displaced by their emaciated limbs.

“Another door was opened to the right. It disclosed a low and gloomy apartment, perhaps eight feet square. Six or seven black women lay together in a heap, all asleep except the one who opened the door. Something stirred in a heap of rags, and one of the party, removing the dirty covering with his hand, discovered a new-born child. It belonged to one of the sleepers in the rags, and had had an hour’s experience of the tender mercies of this world.”

But I shall not pursue the disgusting details. It falls short of the truth ; and all this is within sight of Broadway. How “the vests of the purse-proud citizens swell,” and how the brocades, velvets, satins, and *fouliardes* of the city belles rattle on their looming *bustles*, doth not appear.

The writer visited one of the one hundred and sixty charitable institutions in London. She tells us they had meat three times a week in St. Paneras workhouse, and that “perfect order and cleanliness prevailed.” She thinks there was ‘an air of

constraint," not free and easy like Five Points. So I should think too: there were a thousand persons, and to produce order required a slight restraint. The lady, by way of ridicule, calls it "the population of a small town." So it is: and, therefore, by her own shewing, it was a most unlady-like libel to say that "the English lock up their hoards and stretch forth no helping hand;" while "in our young country," within sound of their carriages and splendor, there is abjectness, want, and lasciviousness, and no effort to change it.—*Addio.*

Saratoga.

MY DEAR FRANK,—A new interest has been created here by the presence of two ex-Presidents of the United States. Mr. Adams is in town, and staying at our hotel. Although far advanced in years, he is still in perfect vigor, which cannot be expected to last long. He has just returned from Canada and the Niagara Falls, after having been here a short time. It afforded an opportunity, which was promptly, and to him unexpectedly, seized, of paying him a tribute, so justly his due, by the inhabitants of the cities and towns through which he passed. His was a Royal progress, with this difference, that to himself was paid the honor, while on such other occasions the pageantry has much to do with the shouts and the huzzas. On this occasion all parties seemed to combine in testifying their high consideration and respect for the venerable statesman who has so ably upheld the interests of his country.

The replies from him to addresses, sometimes extempore, are very interesting and bespeak the man; he is full of vigor, and scrambled about the rocks of Niagara like a young person.—His late Majesty George the Fourth, is said to have expressed a very particular esteem for Mr. Adams, and few persons better understood the criterion of true greatness, or had more frequent opportunities of observation.

I mentioned before that Mr. Van Buren is a candidate for the next Presidency, many persons think with a good prospect of success. On that subject I can be no judge, and it will not be known until the spring. In the meantime all the parties are canvassing, and saying their pretty say to the ladies, who, as in most other countries have their due share in the regulation of affairs.

Mr. Van Buren has a very pleasing exterior, even courtly manners, and his high talent cannot be doubted. I endeavored to learn his politics, but received different accounts, and the present is certainly not a fit time to make the inquiry, as self in most men makes the wavering balance shake.

To us it is of great importance—the preservation of a good understanding, and liberal regulations respecting trade, materially depend upon the head of the Government. When I read

General Cass' declaration, "that war with England is indispensable," I wished him a wide berth among the Pawnees; but what better was to be expected after his specimen of diplomacy in France, where he attempted to embroil England with her *friendly* neighbor, he at the same time representing a nation having amicable relations with us?

It is said that the great electioneering question will prevent anything very important from being done next Session of Congress. When I ask why, they say "party spirit will run so high." Tell it not of "our young country."

I am inclined to believe that it would be better if the President were elected for eight years at once, and then was obliged to retire altogether. It would put an end to intrigue for a much longer period, and produce more uniformity in the executive departments, and even in the legislative.

I have frequently sought the opinion of very intelligent persons respecting the benefit which might be derived from requiring the heads of departments to be necessarily in the House of Representatives.

They offer many objections, such as the Government being too popular and democratic already, and the influence which would be used in favor of the Executive. To me it seems but fitting that where the President has the power to disallow measures passed by large majorities of both branches of the legislature, there should be some person or persons prepared to explain officially his views in the House beforehand, and relieve him from the unsatisfactory ignorance of all parties, which exists relative to his opinions on great questions.—Under any circumstances I prefer an open influence to one underhand, which is said to pervade every department.

I am scouted here for calling Mr. Tyler highly conservative of the constitution. The exercise of his prerogative has not met with the approbation of the majority, and few persons desire his re-election. To be sure the vetoing, as it is called here, of four measures, assented to by a large majority of the Senate and House of Representatives, is more than Her Majesty would have ventured to do without calling upon the people to support her by a new election; but here no such thing can take place, and Mr. Tyler may disallow any measures he pleases, and retain his supreme disdain of the other branches, without resigning the supremacy for three more years, unless impeached, and then a man may plead *his conscience*. His position is one of the many inconsistencies which have arisen in the working of this system; better far, however, to bear the leak than to meddle with the foundation.

The interference with our Irish affairs is much talked of, and generally disapproved of, especially that of the first magistrate and his son, which is indefensible. They do not understand the question in the least, and without inquiring whether the

Union has been beneficial or not, they run away with a pretended sympathy for that country, right or wrong, and pronounce them a much injured people, because their Parliament was taken from them. It is in vain to point out that their generous natures have been imposed upon by demagogues, who are pocketing their pittance and encouraging disaffection and idleness, and that the evil originates with a want of stability and order that excludes investment of capital and enterprise from their country, who could insure any mechanical invention which would place hundreds of laborers out of employment.

How much do partisans and demagogues rule here? The Press is lavish in abuse of the English, to please the sovereign people—it is not uncommon to hear them say “your Government is paralysed,” as if there were any want of energy and warlike preparation; they fancy the stillness of Parliament arises from fear—we know that it proceeds from a wise caution which teaches to avoid placing themselves in the wrong; but to be prepared to act the moment the blow is struck. John Bull hates head-over-heel legislation, unless, perhaps, to fill his belly, but not to increase taxation.

I am quite delighted with this place, and am not grieving at my banishment—barring always your absence.—Yours, &c.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LYRICA ERATONENSIA.

AVALON TO ISA.

When eve waned down St. Lawrence waves,
 Within that broad blue river's ken,
 I stood between the place of graves—
 The spires—the homes and hum of men;
 And by the green hill-side I read
 The leaves of Fate, and if they said
 Within the breast of Avalon:
 “I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!”

'Twas May's last eve, and then she gave
 A flush'd and fond, but farewell look,
 Forth from her west voluptuous grave,
 To woo the scenes she yet forsook.
 Should Hope and Fate hills 'twixen us rear,
 Fair, far impassable when near,
 Will Isa thus tell Avalon,
 “I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!”

Then rose before my musing sight
 A temple to Apollo's fame,
 All glist'ring o'er with Parian white,
 Through which I to his Sibyl came,
 Where pale beside a lyre she stood,
 This flower of gentle maidenhood :
 And whisper'd low that Sibyl wan,
 " I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one ! "

Come Isa, rest thee here awhile,
 And list the strain I'll sing in sadness ;
 Because I feel thou canst not smile,
 Since thou hast stol'n my hours of gladness.
 One short moon since I little ween'd,
 That bosom mine to thine had lean'd,
 But now its soul sighs, still and lone,
 " I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one ! "

Ere Spring unbar'd the frozen gates
 That shut last Winter's ice-bound fortress,
 I deem'd that none of all the Fates
 Could e'er become a tuneful songstress.
 Then wert thou at Apollo's shrine,
 For me, sweet priestess of the Nine !
 A Fate who sang in every tone,
 " I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one ! "

I heard thy soft soprano sound,
 That, from the heaven of Harmony,
 Thy mellow notes exhal'd around
 The choir and list'ning Company.
 Then knell'd those tones my fate for ever,
 And still my bosom heard them never ;
 Because as yet thou hadst not shown
 I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one !

Though from Apollo's choral train
 That lent his fane resplendency,
 Another's melody would gain
 O'er thine a loud ascendancy ;
 Yet, 'mid shrill treble and basso hoarse,
 Thy sweet soft musical discours
 Would half persuade my senses own,
 I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one !

Alas ! I hear thy songs no more—
 Thy " *walk at eve,*" or " *mountain climbing*"—
 Thy " *merry strains*" no longer pour
 Their music-tide o'er poet's rhyming ;
 But still, mayhap, a day will shine
 To light me with a lay of thine !
 That day may say, ere it be done,
 " I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one ! "

When music hail'd from every tree,
 And steam for joy puff'd down the river,
 That Spring, the ice-king's pris'ners free,
 Had sped with Phœbus radiant quiver:
 And young May dock'd the verdant ground
 With perfum'd tintings all around,
 E'en then, for all, I scarce had known
 I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!

Nor last May-moon had influenced soon
 My breast's still wav'ring sympathy,
 Hadst thou, in truth, a young May-moon,
 Not ris'n and turn'd its tide to thee!
 For, blushing on the hill at eve,
 I saw thee there my bosom reave—
 I saw thee lone—why not to own
 I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one?

But heed me Isa—do not chide,
 Nor ween me given too harsh reproof—
 Unlike the gaudy bird of pride,
 That screaming perches o'er thy roof;
 Plain, free and artless ever seem,
 In truth, more charming far I deem
 The blossom than the rose full-blown,
 Young flower! wouldst have me all but own
 I ever lov'd but the alone—
 I'll never love but one?

And though I've seen thee now and then,
 And o'er again would fain have broken
 The silent spell that bound me, when
 Thou felt'st, perhaps, I should have spoken.
 Yet truly since thou must know now,
 In love I'm but a novice slow,
 Do teach me, pray, the way to own
 I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!

For unlike those who love to pore
 On letter'd page the live-long while,
 I keep my dusty books of lore
 Unopen'd in Cithera's Isle;
 Then, hasting from Idalia's bowers,
 I run life's prosy business hours,
 And feel too well, when these are gone,
 I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!

But where art thou my trusty friend
 That bidest e'er in straits beside me?—
 Old print from title-page to end—
 Thy cover rude—come let me ope thee;
 For 'twas unkind of me of late,
 To heed not thy neglected state—
 Come, who shall force me to disown
 I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!

My trusty tome's indeed outspread—
 Thy leaves I finger o'er and o'er—
 But wherefore now thy words so dead,
 That fired my fancy oft before?
 Art thou too charm'd with her I see,
 Fair flitting 'twixt thy page and me—
 Who sings me in her sweetest tone,
 "I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!"

We cannot then, my spell-bound tome,
 Now range the Academic grove;
 For Isa beckons me to roam
 With her, Idalia's woods of love.
 And what is love? she fain would hear
 If born of Heav'n or earthly sphere—
 And if the Nymph—sweet echo moan
 "I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!"

And what is love? A glowing fire?
 A nectared cup o'erflowing sweet?
 A fond or fanciful desire?
 Rapture, or slow consuming heat?
 If each or all of these be love,
 To Avalon will Isa prove,
 When e'er she breathes in melting tone
 "I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!"

But should such love, too earthly seem,
 We'll purge its dross with heavenly fire,
 And kindle in Jehovah's beam,
 Our flame's electric pure desire,
 Whose spirits will teach from Heaven above,
 Isa and Avalon to love!
 Ah! then they each may surely own,
 "I ever lov'd but thee alone—
 I'll never love but one!"

AUGUSTA, June 18, 1846.

TO ———.

Oh! tell me what is there in fortune or fate,
 Should sever, or sadden us now;
 What dreamings are there, when my soul is elate,
 From thy lips to darken its flow.

Canst thou change like the rest, forget and look cold,
 Throw by, like a flow'r wreath perished,
 The past, and the hopes that its moments enfold
 So fondly, so faithfully, cherished?

I dare not believe it, I cannot so wrong,
 In thee all my spirit has sought,
 Nor turn from the shrine I have knelt at so long,
 To deem that its worship was nought.

A BEAR HUNT.

BY CINNA.

CAPTAIN LEVINGE, and SIR JAMES ALEXANDER, are the only ones of late years who have endeavored to amuse the readers of the English Magazines and Periodicals, with accounts of their sporting exploits on the Canadian and Nova Scotian hunting grounds. It is only surprising that more attention has not been given to such topics by the Officers of Her Majesty's Forces, stationed on this Continent, good sportsmen as they generally are, and well enabled to "open out" to their friends at home the scenery of a country so different from their own, and the modes of procuring game, so decidedly opposed to all their previously received notions and prejudices on the subject. To be sure, Capt. Levinge did not choose to venture himself on the Moose's track without a trusty Micmac guide to set his erring footsteps right, whenever his eyes became twisted in his head, and he ready to asseverate that the sun most decidedly must have arisen in the West: nor has Sir James favored us with any more of his experience than what relates to killing the Deer by torch-light, while standing at gaze in the water, whither they had sought refuge from the flies; or to the standing on the "run-ways," and having them run down upon him by dogs. These pastimes may not exhibit either of them any great length advanced in the science of wood-craft, but they have commenced well, and will "get on" in due time, by perseverance, and a strict attention to the proper discipline. Those who are "to the manor born," make it a point usually to shoot the *dogs*, instead of the *deer*, on such "run-ways;" and the torch-light mode is abjured altogether, on account of its being a proceeding conducted upon sneaking and unfair principles, and that the deer are mostly out of season, in the heat of summer, when thus practised upon. The deer do most certainly afford us the best sport of any other animal, because we have more of it; but the *bear hunt* is your grand climacteric for excitement. You go into it as you would into a war with the natives of New Zealand. It is either kill, or make an end of,—or yield, and submit to be devoured up bodily, in your boots and hunting shirt, as you stand. Bruin gets into a tremendous passion with you, providing you pursue him hotly, and it is then that his hair stands on end over his brows, without much ado, and then are his small bullet-eyes fixed upon you with such an expression of hate as you seldom see exhibited, save in the contorted countenance of some melodramatic hero, or some deeply injured friend, to whom you have loaned money, and required the same at his hands some fourteen years after the pay day. You care nothing for his passion, however, providing you have some five or six dogs—

terrier, spaniel, poodle, mongrel,—any thing that can vociferate loudly while on the track, and you can manage to pester him into the most short-sighted policy of betaking himself to a tree, to “scape the myriad shafts of chance” for the time being. Then, if you have an axe, you presently strip yourself to the buff, and leaving your rifle near at hand for future use, annoying with that being out of the question, so long as he remains among the high, screening branches of the hemlock—and you commence operations at the butt end of the tree with right good will, and an earnest intention of disturbing the meditations of the gentleman, very shortly. When you have the tree half cut you hear an uncommon commotion above, as if your aim were suspected, and then you swing your axe with redoubled energy, casting an eye upward ever and anon, lest your work be disturbed from that quarter, until, with a quiver of agony, and a dull grating heave from the perpendicular, the towering mass begins to descend, at first slowly, then with accelerated momentum, bearing the smaller trees before it, until finally it comes to the ground with a rush, and a rebound that send the echoes up to Heaven. Then it is that all your activity is required. You watch narrowly the descending tree—you perceive several hasty demi-vaults amid the branches—a slight growl meets your ears, something between a grunt, a snivel, and a burst of patriotic defiance, until the heavy limbs crash on the ground, and the trunk thunders amain, amid the rocks, when you behold a black mass, knocked as nearly into the shape of a cocked hat as aught else which you recollect, come bounding from amid the leaves like a tennis ball. That is the time you call upon Cæsar to seize him, and upon puppy, spaniel, mongrel, to lend their aid, while you go in with your swinging axe, cutting with the edge at one time over his sturdy arms, and the next instant giving him the head of the implement over the ears, and down over his sloping forehead and snout, until you fairly belabor him into submission, and you have the satisfaction of seeing him expire beneath the finishing plunge of your knife. Such a scene as that, is a bit of sport which your exclusive deer hunter cannot pretend to reach, save twice perhaps in a life time; but when it does come, your memory hoards up the treasure, and becomes elongated as to each slight particular in so far as to render the task of recounting the occurrences during the whole time you were engaged, a matter of most facile accomplishment. So, with no more preface, we desire to have our say at once.

During the course of last autumn, a scene was being enacted at the Police room in a certain town in this Province, which attracted the attention of quite a crowd of people, and the magistrate being seated in great dignity, the two litigants being fairly pitted against each other, scowling mutual defiance, the counsel engaged—every thing looked promising for a speck of

Petty Sessions practice that would afford amusement for the time being. Three witnesses had been sworn, who had been interrupted some dozen times by the defendant, against whom, and upon whom, they were laying it on, and trowelling it on, somewhat thick and strong, much to the edification of Cinna, who, if the truth must be known, happened to be engaged on that side of the question, as one of the ancient and honorable craft which commenced some centuries ago by attempting to cure the souls of men, but finding that a hopeless job, now descend to intermeddle in matters pertaining to their goods and chattels, lands and tenements, whenever they can be laid hold on, and that is but seldom in those days of benighted ignorance and bigotry, we are constrained to say. Yes—we are for a clean breast, and we plead guilty to the soft impeachment of having been engaged by honest John —— at that time, and of listening with joy to the way in which his witnesses asseverated that he did no more than good service in having pummelled Patrick —— out of his seven senses, in a dispute about line fences. The witnesses bore up manfully against the scowls and interruptions of Pat, and the cross-examinations of Mingo, the opposite counsel, a hunting friend of the writer's of some celebrity, and who takes his name from the Mengua or Mengwa tribe of Indians, a remnant of which tribe adopted him on a certain occasion, as the friends of Maga Jr. may hereafter be informed in black and white. Mingo and Pat were getting into a passion, while honest John was fixing the trespass on his meadow fully upon them by means of his witnesses, when we discovered a collusion between the opposite counsel and some strange man who had that moment entered the crowd, and who was whispering earnestly in his ear. Not being disposed to allow any evidence to be manufactured in opposition, while our case was going on so swimmingly, we appealed to his Worship, and moved that the strange man be presently ejected from the crowd, "nolens volens," as General Taylor has it. His worship eyed the strange man sternly, and was about to open his magisterial lips, when this contemner of Courts of Justice evaporated, and was no more to be seen.— His Worship then relapsed his Magisterial brows, and the case went on as before. Presently Mingo arose on his legs, and took the liberty of moving that the Court be adjourned until the then next week, "according to the Statute in that case made and provided"—at the same time coming over and whispering to me "a bear has been seen in the fifth Concession—we must be there by five o'clock." His worship turned over the Black's Acts, but got befusicated in the mass of Canadian wisdom, and I looked over on us for enlightenment. We confessed that the motion took us by surprise at first, but we afterwards seen the cunning object of our opponent. Far be it from us to question the power of Her Majesty's Petty

Sessions to adjourn, but the cunning object of the Counsel, that was indeed easily discovered by one who knew him. The Court called upon the Counsel to give his reasons; but this he refused to do, stating he was not bound to enter on his defence until our case had been closed. We looked submissive and resigned, and the Court finally adjourned, amid the execrations of honest John, who accused Mingo of acting infernally in the premises: to which we replied that it was most singular conduct indeed, particularly as our witnesses were getting on so well.

"Yes!" said John, "but the best were to come. I had one who could swear more nor all. He hates Pat more nor I do. But what am I to do now—he will be sure to come over again?"

"Give him another dose of the same, then—only use no sticks. Let us have no more of a bringing out of fence-stakes, mark ye, John."

To this admonition John listened pensively; and we left him while wavering between two opinions, as to how he and Pat would have the next set-to.

The dust and rabble of the town were left behind, and away to the sheltering quiet of the tall maple, and the breezy pine. Richard is Richard once more; and now I can afford to speak: I—I—I—it is I—it must be I, however the world may shrink back astounded.

I bestrode a stout, dumpy Canadian mare, eminent for forging ahead on the trot, and having taken longer to swing on my tomahawk, Mexican knife, and rifle trappings, than suited Mingo, he was ahead of me some distance, on a heavy lump of a colt, which he had christened "Bighead," owing to the heavy, chuckle conformation of that part of his frame. A cloud of dust was seen in the distance before me, indicating the whereabouts of Bighead and his rider, or rather their supposed whereabouts, for save a stray whisk of a long black tail ever and anon from out the cloud, and now and again the shape of a hunter's cap, with a good allowance of light hair and a tolerable pair of whiskers beneath, peering for a moment above the circle of dust, when Bighead, as it were, gave some desperate caracol to free himself from the incumbrance so strangely clinging to his back. you could not state for a certainty that a flying dragon was not exercising himself along the valleys and over the sand-hills between you and the fifth concession. Following at a rattling pace, and keeping an eye ahead for mischief, I at length became convinced that Bighead was indeed there, for I plainly saw him bolt to one side, then throw up his heels scientifically, as near the perpendicular as might be; then I saw the flaps of a shooting jacket spread out with a sudden flirt in the air, and afterwards a heavy body descend somewhat rapidly towards the centre of a sand bank.

into which it appeared to bury itself, with the exception of a pair of hunting boots, that could plainly be discerned energetically being exercised above. Then came another cloud of dust—a seeming prancing about of a horse, with a man bareheaded exercising his right arm with systematic resolution, leading to much rearing and plunging, and throwing up of heels in the air—and I hurried rapidly to the scene, to render what poor aid might be in my power. When I had arrived, however, neither man nor horse could be found, but far in the distance, over an extensive flat, the Bighead might be recognised, stretching away masterly, with Mingo doing the jockeying part of the affair in true Chiffney style, leaning well forward, with head down, tails of hunting jacket well spread out, as you would open a fan, while his right hand wielded a cudgel, evidently caught up for the purpose, with a smartness and a dexterity quite exhilarating to look upon. Bighead was covering the ground at full stretch with unusual animation, his ears being laid back on his neck to facilitate his progress; but now his long black tail hung straight behind, the flirtation and friskiness having evidently left it—so that taken by itself, this movement toward the fifth concession gave every promise of being brought to a close in a remarkable short space of time. All doubt as to the identity of the horseman before me, was at once driven from my mind when I arrived at the scene of the late conflict. There, as plain as could be cast by a statuary, was the exact image and superscription of Mingo laid out in the sand. Here his brawny shoulders were well buried up—there his hunting cap was crushed over his eyes—at this place his prowess arm was thrust into the bank, with the prints of fingers well defined, in the agony of attempting to grapple something—and near by must have been enacted the final flourish of the hunting boots. Taken altogether, it was as pretty a specimen of the gentleman, done in sand, as could be wished by any of his friends. Being satisfied, therefore, that my friend was not behind me, I followed on, and soon arrived at Patrick Coghlan's clearance, where I found him awaiting me, with a flushed cheek, and an eye exceedingly wandering, though I did not remark that any of its glances fell in the direction of Bighead, who was now endeavoring to ruminate in a pasture hard by.

The good man Patrick was not at home, but his wife received us with the cordiality customary in her country, and now somewhat practised among us; and as the whole neighborhood knew of the exact whereabouts of the bear's operations the night before, we leisurely spunged out our rifles, and then set out for the spot. We walked two miles through a swamp, and after passing two or three small clearances, we came to the oat-field in the extreme rear of Mich Welsh's farm, where lay the scene of our future operations. The bear had destroyed

a large share of the grain in this field, and his tracks were yet quite fresh in the soft mould. After a long examination, we at length came upon the path by which he came into the field, and in which the print of his moccasin could be plainly discovered, more than fifteen inches in length.

"I say, Giant, what do you think of this?" quoth Mingo, following on his trail, and examining it minutely, at the same time allowing Cribb, his eminent black terrier, whom he held in leash, to take a whiff at the tainted ground as he went along. Mingo was decidedly in a state of excitement; and you would have said the same of his dog Cribb, had you seen his bright eyes shining from under his bristling brows, and his short tail twitching from one side to the other with sudden twinges of delight and expectancy. My dog, Scamp, did not seem to take so kindly to the work, as I led him along; and peradventure, had he not been restrained by the collar, he would have been off out of the oat-field, and down through the swamp, like mad, for this was his first essay on the huge footsteps of Bruin, and by the way his hair stood all in the wrong direction, and the involuntary leaps he gave to free himself and be on his road home, it could readily be surmised that his objections were not slight to intermeddling in any shape in the affair. He was, however, brought up to the scratch, and shamed out of his inheroic state of mind, until finally he passed on, with pointed ears and tail on the flourish, in a manner quite gratifying. We came to the brush fence, next the forest, and here we found where he had heaved himself over in going and coming. Following on still further, we saw where he had entered the swamp; and having ascertained sufficiently for our purpose, we returned, and made preparations for his reception, should he think proper again to come out on that night.

Near the centre of the field a large maple had been turned up, throwing its roots high in the air; and on one of these Mingo perched himself, to await the enemy. I could find no place to suit, unless it were the stump of a tree that had been broken off some thirty feet from the ground; but how to reach its top was the question, seeing that I had defensive implements about me sufficient to stock a small armory. At length an expedient was resorted to, such as we adopt to reach a scaffold for deer. A small beach was cut, and the limbs taken off six inches from the tree, to serve as steps to my ladder. Erecting this with immense labor against the side of the broken maple, I at last ascended and took my position. Looking over at Mingo, about a hundred yards away, I saw him twisting his head in a queer way under his arm. At the first I thought him taking aim at the bear in the distance, and my heart gave a throb such as the foot-soldier must feel when perceiving ten thousand cavalry rushing down hill full at his square. I then

regretted that we had fastened our dogs at a remote part of the field, for a wounded bear is the better of being teased a little, and Mingo generally wounds whatever he points his iron at, when he does not kill out-right. "Here, at all events, there is a bear fight," said I, while gazing intently at Mingo, with his head drawn awry, expecting every moment to see the blaze and the smoke, and hear the well known twang of his Yankee rifle. Smoke there was, after a little, and a slight blaze; and then Mingo turned himself on his root with an evident chuckle of satisfaction, while he poured out volume after cloud of the perfumed weed from his now thoroughly lighted meerchaum. This was against all the rules of woodcraft, but he would not be denied, informing me, in reply to my remonstrances, that the bear had only by that time awakened from his snooze, and was not half determined whether he was hungry or not. So, of course, I followed his example, to relieve the tedium of waiting. Night came on a-pace, and we heard a noise in the distance. This must be he—and yet it came from the wrong direction. Before it was yet quite dark, two men and a woman came into the rear of the cat-field, talking very loud. A woman! and in that desolate wilderness! There is hope for Canada, when we see such things! A man and his wife had been in search of their cows, and were now returning, talking cheerfully with a young apprentice to a Surveyor, who had left the camp, and was making his way to the front. The apprentice's talk was mostly about "young ladies" in general, and some very pretty ones in particular, whom he knew, and who were exceedingly to his taste. Mrs. McCarty was "*taking the weight*" of the young gentleman, and well she knew how to do it, as her husband testified by his merry laughs. They came into the part of the field where I sat, and I could at last perceive that the distinguished young beau had a gun on his shoulder. Their talk was now about the bear. This was the "bear-field,"—"the oat-field of Mich Welsh, where the big bear came to devour entirely the oats of Mich." "And be the powdher," said Mr. McCarthy, "it's me that thinks he would ate a man as soon!" This was consolatory, certainly, to us. But the apprentice did not fear bears—he could pass the woods at all hours, and with his "gun he could shoot whatever came before him,"—"he never feared a bear in his life." They now came directly under me, and were passing along without notice, until Mingo gave a roar through his hands, that echoed far through the woods.

"The bear!—the bear!" cried Mrs. McCarthy, and if I do not mistake, I heard the sound of hurried footsteps speeding deftly through the grain.

"The bear!" shouted Mr. McCarthy, leaping forward with a sick in his fist, and which he brandished madly.

"The bear!—call the dogs!" vociferated the apprentice, unslinging his gun, and looking wildly around him, before setting off with the others. I pride myself upon my generalship at that time, in not moving one peg, for had I done so, the contents of the young reprobate's rusty gun would in all probability have been well aimed at the object at the top of the stump, and I could not blame any one to administer me a dose under such circumstances. Yet the apprentice was, perhaps, in some danger as well: flesh and blood could not stand the imposition of being put up for a target in that manner, without retaliating. Had the scamp fired, he would have been opened upon in return in good style, I fancy. The matter ended properly, by his fears getting the better of him, so as to bring his legs into most appropriate play. He ran well, particularly after stumbling upon the dogs, and after Cribb, making a dash at him, gave one energetic growl. This finished the work: we heard a succession of quick sounds, like a man taking the step, hop and jump; then a crash in the dry twigs of the swamp, and a general rush over every thing, and the apprentice vanished. Mingo gave one prolonged relaxation to his cachinatory organs at the result, and then we settled ourselves steadily to the work in hand.

We sat and sat, still as the echoless forest itself, until about ten o'clock. The moon had got up, but we could not distinguish each other, and I had some thoughts of slinging my rifle, and breaking up the Indian council of war, or rather the Quaker meeting, by backing myself down the rustic ladder, and retiring, leaving Mingo to do his own watching if he chose. But that was the moment when the question arose whether I could retire in safety, or not; for hearing a rustling sound of the oats, like the wind disturbing long grass, I cast my eyes down, and saw a dark object alongside of the stump on which I sat, which I at once took to be a man. It was, however, no man, for he was moving slowly towards the centre of the field, and I could perceive as he passed along, that he moved his arms out on either side, and drew the tall oats within reach of his mouth. He was standing erect and moved himself slowly along, while at the same time I could hear him drawing the heads of the oats through his mouth, and grinding his teeth on them. This was the identical gentleman of whom we were in search, and of course it was my bounden duty to lift up my rifle, and pour devastation down upon him, to the best of my slender judgment and ability; but for the life of me, I could not lift my gun. My boots struck lightly on the bark of the tree as they hung down, and the noise caused him at once to stop feeding, and, as I thought, to turn round facing me. My presence of mind then returned, and I slowly raised my rifle and fired. Now I knew I could not miss him, for, from long practice, I can point my gun, at any object I can

sec, within a few inches as near the mark at night, as in the day-light. I knew I had not missed him, for he gave a tremendous bounce as the cap broke, and uttered a description of growl such as a full sized pig gives when a dog sets upon him on the sudden. He hissed and groaned, and gave short leaps from the ground, and grasped the oats on either side, and hugged himself desperately, in a fanciful exhibition of what he might do were so and so the case, and had he me down "fornest" him—where I had no idea of being by any persuasion, by the bye, at that moment. Probably it would have taken a ten horse-power steam-engine to have drawn me from the stump at that precise minute; but, at the same time, I had an inward sense of the importance of speedy action in some way or manner, but what was to be done I did not know. The dogs were held fast in another part of the field. Was I to go down and meet him face to face?—was I to tomahawk the fellow, or scalp him, or try the grips with him, or pounce on him pell mell, and do all in my power to assuage his wrath, and bring him to terms? Self-preservation suggested that I could act quite as conspicuous a part by sitting still, and so I accordingly remained in full gaze, without even re-loading my gun, in a sort of dignified neutrality, or masterly inactive state.

Mingo, by this time, had come to the rescue. He said not a word, but came up blundering through the oats, almost head-foremost into the arena. He caught sight of the bear, and hugging his rifle for a brief period to his face, he discharged it full at him. The monster gave another tremendous bound when he felt the lead, and gnashing his teeth, so that you might have heard him one hundred yards away, and giving his indescribable growl, he stood on his hinder legs, and made at Mingo furiously.

"Back!—back!—for your life, run!" I cried, hoarsely; but little need was there for the admonition. Mingo, after discharging his gun, had instinctively made a backward motion, as if he were forming "four deep" in regular militia drill, and, in doing so, he fell. By the time, however, that the bear had commenced the forward movement towards him, he was in full retreat, luckily towards the dogs. By the way in which his head and shoulders arose and disappeared above and below the grain, I should say that his action was quite energetic in thus taking himself out of the way. The bear remained in possession of the ground, and now lay down, and commenced licking his side. I know that in consequence of their thick hair, this mode they adopt to staunch the blood. It is all nonsense about their stopping the wound with leaves—the leaves on which they lie being generally found adhering to the clotted blood, giving rise to the mistake.

Mingo not being heard coming, owing to the dogs having entangled themselves in the leash, I now thought a fair chance offered of giving the bear another shot while he lay on the ground, and accordingly drew up my gun with a steady arm, and pulled the trigger—but it did not go off, and I then bethought myself that I had neglected to load it, in the height of my excitement. I therefore dropped the breach on my foot, and turning up my flask, let a usual charge of powder run into the barrel, as I supposed; then I drove two bullets tightly home with a strong hand, and levelling upon the dark object, fired at once. The report was astounding, but the heavy barrel did not spring; and Master Bruin was again aroused, and hugging himself with greater energy than before, just as Mingo came rushing forward with the two dogs, urging them on with a scream. I could have leaped from the top of the stump in the intensity of my zeal, had not Cribb, with a choking yelp, and a few short leaps, at once closed with the bear. There was an uncommon panting for a moment, and a shutting of teeth, offering an unerring indication that the fur was being scattered in that quarter, could one have had daylight to perceive it. Scamp now got emboldened, and made a pounce at the enemy's rear, making an important diversion in behalf of his comrade. Cribb bore himself bravely, standing on his hinder legs to be even with his enemy; but the bear gave him too much of it, with his sharp nails, and the desperate strength of his fore arm. He was about being taken into the bear's embrace, and then you would probably have heard of his ribs having been broken, and of his thick bullet head having been barbarously pulled out by the roots. Scamp, however, served him, and got one stroke of the bear's paw which sent him far into the oats. Cribb again caught the hinder paw of the bear as he was twisting himself around, and Bruin, losing courage, attempted to escape by running. The dogs, however, having got warmed, would not now be denied, and attacking him together, we heard the sounds of a desperate worrying for a brief space; and then the bear, casting them off, made at once for the tree on which I sat, which he commenced to ascend, clutching firmly with his fore paws, and lifting himself up with his hinder ones, which tore the bark off at every stretch he made. He was almost at me before I could move myself in any way. "Look out for yourself!—there he goes!—he is nearly upon you!" shouted Mingo, and I made a convulsive grasp at my apology for a ladder. It stood firm, and I swung myself down in some way that I do not now comprehend. Mingo had by this time re-loaded, and taking a hurried aim, gave him a shot which caused him to unloose his hold, and fall heavily to the ground. Another combatant now entered the field, in the shape of Paddy Coghlan, who had come out to seek us, and conduct us

home. He brought his axe with him; and the hooroosh of the dogs, with our shouts as the bear fell, at once brought him to the spot. The bear had now got Cribb firmly clutched in his arms, and they were dancing a merry waltz at the foot of the tree, when Mingo cried that his dog was being killed. We all with one accord now rushed forward, and Paddy gave the first swing with his axe on the occasion. With both of his hands thrown high over his head, and a seeming leap off the ground of a yard at least, Paddy brought the back of his axe down on the shoulders of Bruin with such force as to compel him to loose his hold of Cribb. "Stand till him," said Paddy, again raising his axe, and laying about him. My own trusty tomahawk was not idle, any more than Mingo's, and we fought well, under the circumstances. The foaming brute was not yet half overcome, and finding us too many for him, he struck the dogs out of the way, and again took to the tree.

"Now, wait till we kindle the fire on him, be the powdhers," said Paddy, eyeing him some twenty feet above.

"I will save you that trouble," said Mingo, loading his rifle, hurriedly; "I see his head."

"And I will reserve my fire," said I, being now morally certain that he was this time in our power.

Mingo raised his gun steadily, and getting his head between his eye and the moon, he brought him again to the ground with a heavy fall. He attempted to raise himself, but I levelled him lifeless with a brace of bullets under the ear. The dogs rushed in again, followed by Paddy, who danced on his carcase with right good will, swinging his axe. "Hurra! the day's our own! Be d—d to the bit, but he's done for!" cried Paddy; and so in sooth he was, and high time, too, one would think. He furnished a tolerable sleigh-robe, and afforded some delectable hams, which were done good justice to, after about a fortnight's drying. He was weighed in the balance, and was not found wanting of six hundred weight.

This is a most blood-thirsty adventure for the readers of Miss Maggy, and it is doubtful if I do right in forcing it upon them; but they have been *plomosed* with such nice things all along, that it is well for them to know some of the realities of a life in the woods. Think of the many women (I beg pardon!—*ladies!*) and little children who may have been frightened by this monster, or by the very mention of his name. Perhaps he may have devoured some of them (in imagination) while they were out picking raspberries in the fallows. "Oh! dear! that horrid bear! I thought I saw him; or at least heard him! I am sure something stirred behind the gooseberry bush!" No doubt—and therefore, did we not do right to make his tough, grisly hide into a sleigh-robe, and to dispose of his hams in a way so satisfactory to all parties concerned!

AGRICULTURAL REPORT FOR JUNE.

THE prospects of the husbandman in Canada West never looked brighter, so far as produce is concerned, than they do at the close of June, 1846. From all parts we hear the most cheering accounts; and it happens most propitiously for the Province, that at the time when the Mother Country is withdrawing her protection in favor of her chiefest corn producing Colony, that that Colony should be blessed with the almost certainty of reaping the most abundant harvest ever known since Canada was reclaimed from the wilderness. It makes the weighty blow fall lighter. Great as was last year's harvest, that of the present will be much greater—in point of fact, for Wheat and Hay the expectation is beyond the most fervent imagination. The weather during the whole of the month has been highly favorable to the increase of vegetation. Hardly sufficient of rain has fallen, but nothing like drought has been experienced, although the weather has been particularly hot and sultry towards its close.

Of Spring and Fall Wheat, the Fall Wheat looks the best. It is strong, full and upright, in spite of the heavy rains which fell in the beginning of the month. On new and old land, the yield promises to be equally abundant. Of Spring Wheat, the yield promises to be nearly as good, more particularly of the kind much sown in the neighborhood of Kingston, called "Black Sea Wheat,"—although, in many instances, the farmers have sown this seed on very indifferent soil, trusting to the exaggerated report, that it will produce abundantly on the poorest as well as on the richest of land. Those who act contrary to nature and common sense, can only blame themselves for the effects of their credulity. A great deal of Club Wheat has also been sown in these parts, but the accounts appear to be contradictory. Some assert that it looks fully as promising as the best Spring Wheat, while others are of opinion, that as a producing seed, the fields will be found vastly inferior to the new and favorite kind.

The quantity of Wheat planted this year is greater by one-fourth than that sown in any previous year; and when it is recollected that up to the present time, all the Forwarders have been kept busy in transporting last year's harvest to Montreal, it is not unfair to conjecture, that nearly the whole of next summer will be consumed in like manner. In 1840 and 1841, the Forwarders were fully employed until the end of July, but that extraordinary business was occasioned by the large quantities of American Flour and Grain passing through our waters. This year the press has been caused solely by the surplus produce of Canada, and proves how greatly more productive the Canadian farms have become.

COMPENDIOUS STATEMENT,

Shewing the extent, and other details, of the Provincial Canals constructed, and in progress of construction, under the Board of Works, Canada.

NAMES OF CANALS.	Length of Canal in miles.	Number of Locks including the Guard Locks.	Lockage in feet.	SIZE OF LOCKS.				CANAL'S WIDTH	
				Length of chamber between the Gates.	Width in the clear.	Depth on Mitre Sill.	At bottom.	At surface.	
WELLS CANAL.—Connecting Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and surmounting the Falls of Niagara	24	150	26½	8½	45	81	
The main trunk, from Port Colborne, Lake Erie, to Port Dalhousie, Lake Ontario	28	3	330	200	45	9	45	81	
The Junction Branch to Duville	21	1	6	150	26½	8½	35	71	
Broad Creek Branch to Port Maitland	1½	1	6	200	45	9	45	85	
ST. LAWRENCE CANALS, CONNECTING LAKE ONTARIO WITH THE ATLANTIC.—The Galoppes.	2	2	8	200	45	9	50	90	
Point Iroquois	3	1	6	200	45	9	50	90	
Rapide Platt	2	2	11½	200	45	9	50	90	
Farren's Point	4	2	4	200	45	9	50	90	
Cornwall Canal, passing the Long Sault Rapids	0½	1	4	200	45	9	50	90	
Beaufort Canal, connecting Lake St. Francis and Lake St. Louis, and passing the	11½	7	48	200	55	9	100	150	
Coligny-Cedar, and Cascades Rapids	11½	9	82½	200	45	9	80	120	
Lachine Canal, from Lachine to Montreal	8½	5	44½	200	45	9	80	120	
Total from Lake Erie to the Sea	69	54	534½						
Lock and Dam at St. Anne's Rapids, head of Montreal Island	1	3 to 6	175	45	7	45	75	
Lock and Dam at St. Ours, on the Rivér Richelieu	1	3 to 7	200	45	7	45	75	
Chambly Canal, connecting Lake Champlain and Chambly Basin	11½	7	120	24	6	

REMARKS.

The distance from Lake Erie to Montreal, the head of navigation for Atlantic vessels, is 367 miles; and the total fall from Lake Erie to tide water is 564 feet.

WELLAND CANAL.—This Canal has two entrances into Lake Erie: one at Port Maitland, about 38 miles West of Buffalo; and the other at Port Colborne, about 20 miles from Buffalo. At both places the Lake is generally open in spring from one to two weeks earlier than at Buffalo. This Canal also communicates with the Grand River Navigation at Dunnville. Two of the large class of Locks are situated below St. Catherines, and steamboats may ascend to that place.

ST. LAWRENCE CANALS.—These Canals will be completed by the opening of the navigation in the spring of 1847. As steamers will always descend the Rapids outside of these Canals, they will not have to pass each other in them; and, consequently, the width of bottom is reduced fifty feet.

The Cornwall Canal is completed, and in full operation.

The Beauharnois Canal is also completed. The Royal Mail Steamers now descend from Lake Ontario to Lachine, within nine miles of Montreal.

The Lachine Canal will be completed by the 1st of August, 1847.

Vessels of from 300 to 350 tons, may navigate the Welland and St. Lawrence Canals, and thus pass from Lake Erie to the Atlantic.

The Lock and Dam at St. Anne's Rapids, head of Montreal Island, completes the navigation by the Rideau and Ottawa Canals, and connects Lake of Two Mountains with Lake St. Lewis. It is now in full operation.

The Lock and Dam at St. Ours, on the River Richelieu, will be completed in 1847; and steamboats from Quebec and Montreal may then ascend to the Chambly Basin, at any season of the year; and vessels from the Upper Lakes, with produce, may descend the St. Lawrence, and ascend the Richelieu and Chambly Canal, to Lake Champlain.

The Chambly Canal, connecting Lake Champlain and Chambly Basin, was constructed under the direction of Local Commissioners.

ERIE CANAL, STATE OF NEW YORK.—To contrast the St. Lawrence route with that by the Erie Canal, the dimensions, &c., of the latter are given below:—

Length of Canal in miles	363
Number of Locks, including Guard Locks	84
Lockage in feet	688
Length of chamber between the gates of each Lock	90
Width in the clear of each Lock	15
Depth on Mitre Sills	4
Width of the Canal at the bottom	28
Width of the Canal at the surface	40

These are the dimensions of the old Canal, capable of passing boats not exceeding 75 tons burden.

FREIGHTS.—QUANTITY OF GOODS TO COMPOSE A TON.

The New York Chamber of Commerce have a By-Law, stating that the articles, the bulk of which shall compose a ton, to equal a ton of heavy materials, shall be in weight as follows:—

1568 lbs. coffee, in casks, 1830 lbs in bags.—1120 lbs. cocoa, in casks, 1307 lbs. in bags.—8 bbls. flour, of 196 lbs. each.—6 bbls. beef, pork, tallow, pickled fish, pitch, tar, and turpentine.—16 cwt. coffee, cocoa, and dried codfish, in bulk, and 12 cwt. dried codfish, in casks of any size.—6 cwt. ship bread, in casks, 7 cwt. in bags, and 8 cwt. in bulk.—200 gallons, wine measure, (reckoning the full contents of the casks,) oil, wine, brandy, or any kind of liquors.—22 bushels of grain, pease, or beans, in casks.—36 bushels of grain, in bulk.—36 bushels of European salt.—29 bushels sea coal.—40 feet, cubic measure, mahogany, square timber, oak plank, pine and other boards, beavers, furs, peltry, beeswax, cotton, wool, and pale goods of all kinds.—1 hhd. tobacco.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED MONTHLY BY MR. R. SCOBELL, INSPECTOR.

Kingston, 30th June, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pearl, & cwt.....	0	17	6
Pot.....	0	17	6
Sal Eratus (Morion's) per cwt.....	1	5	0
FLOUR—Superfine, & bbl. 196 lb.....	0	19	0
Fine, do.....	0	18	0
Middlings, do.....	0	15	6
HIDES—Cow, & 100 lb.....	1	0	0
Calf Skins & lb.....	0	0	5½
PRODUCE—Wheat, & bushel, 60 lb.....	0	3	9
Barley, do. 48 lb.....	0	0	0
Oats, do. 34 lb.....	0	1	8
Pease, do.....	0	3	0
Beans, do.....	0	5	0
Rye, do.....	0	3	9
Corn, do.....	0	3	0
Buckwheat, do.....	0	2	6
Hay, & ton.....	1	15	0
PROVISIONS—Beef, fresh, per 100 lb.....	1	10	0
Beef, mess, & bbl.....	2	5	0
" prime mess, do.....	1	17	6
" prime, do.....	1	12	6
Mutton, & lb.....	0	0	4
Pork, fresh, & lb.....	0	0	0
Do. mess, & bbl.....	3	10	0
Do. prime mess, & bbl.....	3	0	0
Do. prime, & bbl.....	2	10	0
Potatoes, & bushel.....	0	2	6
Turnips, do.....	0	1	9
Butter, & lb.....	0	0	6
Fowls, & pair.....	0	2	0
Eggs, & dozen.....	0	0	6
SEEDS—Timothy, & bushel.....	0	5	0
Red Clover.....	1	15	0
STAVES—Standard.....	20	0	0
West India, do.....	5	10	0
Black Oak, W I do.....	4	0	0
Headings, 2½ feet by 1½ inch.....	10	0	0
SOAP, & lb.....	0	0	2½
TALLOW, & lb.....	0	0	4½
Candles, & lb.....	0	0	6½
TIMBER—Fine, & cubic foot.....	0	0	2½
Oak, do.....	0	1	0
Plank and common Boards, & thousand feet.....	1	15	0
Cleared do. & thousand feet.....	2	5	0
Black Walnut, & thousand feet.....	6	5	0
WOOD, & cord.....	0	7	6
WOOL, & stone of 8 lb.....	0	10	0

RATES OF FREIGHT.

FROM CLEVELAND TO KINGSTON—100 MILES.

On Flour, $\$$ bbl., 40 cents.—Pork, $\$$ bbl. 50 cents.—Wheat, $\$$ bushel, 12½ cents.

FROM KINGSTON TO MONTREAL, AND VICE VERSA.

Downwards.		Upwards.	
s.	d.	s.	d.
Flour, $\$$ bbl.....	2 0	Dry Goods, $\$$ cwt.....	2 0
Wheat and other Grain, $\$$ bushel, 0	7½	Sugars, Groceries, and Liquors,	
Ashes, $\$$ bbl.....	5 0	$\$$ cwt.....	1 6
Pork and Beef.....	3 0	Hardware, $\$$ cwt.....	1 6
Tobacco, $\$$ hhd.....	10 0	Pig Iron, $\$$ cwt.....	1 0
Staves, $\$$ thous'd, to Quebec £7	0 0	Bar Iron, $\$$ cwt.....	1 3
Square Timber, $\$$ do. to do.	10 0 0		

STOCKS.

Commercial Bank, M. D.....	Par.
Bank of Upper Canada.....	10 $\$$ cent prm.
Bank of Montreal.....	Par.
Bank of British North America.....	Par.
Kingston Marine Railway Company.....	25 $\$$ cent dis.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

KINGSTON.—Drafts on London, at sixty days, 10½ $\$$ cent premium. Drafts on New York, 3 $\$$ cent premium.

EXCHANGE AT MONTREAL.

Bank, 60 days on London.....	0 @ 10 per cent premium.
Private, 90 days on do.....	7½ $\$$ 7½ do. $\frac{1}{2}$
Bank, 3 days on New York.....	1½ @ 0 do.
Private, do. do.....	1½ @ 0 do.

CORN EXCHANGE.

LIVERPOOL, JUNE 4.—Wheat, $\$$ 70 B—Canadian Red, 7s. 9d. to 8s. 1d. Canadian White, 8s. 3d. to 8s. 9d. Flour, $\$$ 196 B—Canadian Sweet, 2s. to 29s.

FORSYTH & BELL'S PRICES CURRENT OF TIMBER, DEALS, &c., FOR THE FORTNIGHT ENDING

QUEBEC, TUESDAY, 24th June, 1846.

	s.	d.	s.	d.
WHITE PINE, according to average and manufacture:—				
Inferior.....	0	3	@	0 3½
Ordinary rafts.....	0	3½	@	0 4
Good do. do.....	0	4	@	0 5
Superior do.....	0	5	@	0 6
In shipping order, according to average, quality and manufacture.....	0	4½	@	0 6
RED PINE, in shipping order, 40 feet average.....	0	11	@	0 0
In the raft, according to average, quality and manufacture.....	0	9	@	0 10
CAX, by the dram.....	1	4	@	0 0
In small parcels.....	1	4½	@	1 5
ELM, in the raft, according to average and quality.....	0	6½	@	0 8½
ASH, according to average.....	0	3	@	0 7½
TAMARAC, flatted.....	0	4	@	0 5½

	£	s.	£	s.
STAVES, Standards & M. fair specification.....	37	10	@	0 0
All Pipe	38	15	@	0 0
White Oak Puncheon, merchantable	11	10	@	0 0
Red Oak do.	8	10	@	0 0
Barrels	4	0	@	5 0
PINE DEALS, floated	£11	@	two-thirds	for seconds.
Do. Bright.....	12	@	two-thirds	for seconds.
Do. Spruce, first quality.....	7	15s.		
Do. do. second quality.....	6	5s.	@	£6 10s.

Parties in England will bear in mind, that Timber sold *in the raft* subjects the purchaser to great expense in dressing, butting, and at times heavy loss from Culls—if sold in shipping order, the expense of shipping only is to be added.

REMARKS.

We have advices to-day up to the 4th instant, from Liverpool, which state that the disagreement between the master-builders and their workmen, which had continued for upwards of two months, and had such a depressing influence on the prices of all wood goods, was not yet settled, though many attempts had been made for so desirable an end. An adjustment was, however, expected to be near at hand, and a revival of trade was looked for from this, as well as from the Corn Bill and the Tariff being likely soon to become law. Prices, however, were merely nominal, and the English markets being in this depressed state, we cannot wonder at the situation of our own, a pervading dullness being its characteristic. Low prices at home, a heavy stock wintering over, immense supplies coming forward, and the scarcity of money, all tend to reduce prices to a degree no one anticipated, and we state that most articles are actually unsaleable.

WHITE PINE has found purchasers at our quotations, but only to a limited extent, and on reference to the returns annexed to the quantity measured, it will be seen how much it exceeds either last year or the year previous.

RED PINE.—In our last Circular we stated it maintained its prices very well, though we then reduced our quotations from a half-penny to a penny. Now we have reduced it fully 2d.; and for 40 feet shipping order, 11d. is all that is asked, while for smaller Timber, in the raft, over 9d. cannot be realized. One raft, of a small average (24 feet) has, we understand, been placed at 8d.

ELM is becoming heavy of sale, although a great many rafts have been placed at our quotations.

OAK is still shipping in large quantities, and we do not vary the prices quoted in our last Circular, except a trifle when sold by retail.

STAVES.—Some large parcels have been sold at £37 10s. and for all Pipe £38 15s. is realized. Up to this period, very few, either Standard or Puncheon, have arrived.

TAMARAC is arriving freely, but there is a fair demand for it, at from 4½d. to 5½d. flatted, and for square 6d. is readily paid.

DEALS floated are the only articles purchasers can be found willing to purchase freely, and notwithstanding the decline in square timber, hold their own, as do Bright and Spruce.

FRIEGHTS continue at 3s. to 3½s. for Liverpool, and to London there is a better demand, owing to the quantity of Flour shipping from Montreal.

COMPARATIVE STATEMENT of arrivals and tonnage at the Port of Quebec, in the years 1845 and 1846, up to the 24th June, inclusive in each year.

	VESSELS.	TONNAGE.
24th June, 1845	645	237,949
24th June, 1846.....	641	235,422
Decrease	4	2,527

PRICES CURRENT AT MONTREAL.

(Our quotations are the prices of articles of the first quality.)

MONTREAL. 30th June, 1846.

ARTICLES.	PRICES.		
	£	s.	d.
ASHES—Pots, & cwt	1	1	6
Pearls	1	1	6
COFFEE—Laguayra, (good,) & lb	0	0	8½
FLOUR—Canada Fine, & bbl. 196 lb	1	1	0
Superfine	1	1	3
American Superfine	1	2	9
GRAIN—Wheat, Upper Canada best, & 60 lb	0	4	8
Middling do. do.	0	4	0
Lower Canada Red, & minot	0	0	0
Barley, & minot	0	3	0
Oats	0	1	9
Pease, boiling	0	3	6
IRON—English Bar, & ton	14	0	0
English Hoop, do.	16	0	0
Scotch Pig, No. 1, do.	6	7	6
Swedish Bar, do.	1	0	0
Steel, English blst. & lb	0	0	4
Do. Cast	0	0	11
Canada Plates, & box	1	2	0
Nails, Cut	1	1	3
MOLASSES, & gallon	0	1	8
OILS—Linseed, Boiled, & gallon	0	3	1
Linseed, Raw, do.	0	2	10
Olive, do.	0	4	1
Lard, do.	0	3	10
Sperm, do.	0	6	0
Cod, do.	0	2	6
Seal, do.	0	2	8
Palm, & lb	0	0	5
Castor. do.	0	0	9
PROVISIONS—Beef, Prime Mess, & bbl.	2	1	3
Prime, & bbl.	1	16	3
Pork, Mess, do.	3	12	6
Do. Prime Mess, do.	2	13	9
Lard, & lb	0	0	5
Butter. do.	0	0	8
SEEDS—Clover, & lb	0	0	10
Linseed, & minot	0	5	0
Timothy. do.	0	10	0
SOAP—English, & lb	0	0	2½
Canadian, do.	0	0	2
SUGAR—Muscovado, fair to bright, & cwt	2	4	6
Muscovado, dark to fair, do.	2	2	6
Bastards, white.	3	0	0
TEAS—Gunpowder, & lb	0	3	9
Imperial, do.	0	3	6
Hyson, do.	0	3	9
Young Hyson, do.	0	3	0
Hyson Skin, do.	0	1	9
Twankay, do.	0	2	6
Congou, do.	0	2	0
Sonchong. do.	0	2	9
TOBACCO—United States Leaf, & lb	0	0	4½
Plug, & lb	0	0	6

 THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

HOHELAGA DEPICTA, or the History and Present State of the Island and City of Montreal. New Edition, with Addenda. R. W. S. McKay, Montreal. 8 vo., pp. 310.

The above is the title of a re-print of a very excellent work, published some years ago by Wm. Craig, then of Montreal. The book is very neatly got up, and is adorned with numerous engravings, giving tolerably faithful views of the city and its environs. In addition to its being a very complete Guide Book for strangers, it contains a compendious History of the Island under the French Regime, and a brief narration of the most important events of the two Rebellions of 1837 and 1838. The Addenda consist almost entirely of the New Buildings erected since the first edition was published. The exceptions are some statistics of the city of Montreal, which are worth re-publication here.

ROUTES AND DISTANCES FROM MONTREAL.—ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE.

	Miles.	
Montreal to Quebec.....	180	by Steamboat.
Montreal to Lachine.....	9	by Stage.
Lachine to Beauharnois.....	24	by Steamboat.
Cascades to Coteau du Lac.....	26	by Stage
Coteau du Lac to Cornwall.....	41	by Steamboat.
Cornwall to Dickinson's Landing, (Canal).....	12	by Steamboat.
Dickinson's Landing to Kingston.....	110	by Steamboat.
Kingston to Cobourg.....	110	by Steamboat.
Cobourg to Port Hope.....	7	by Steamboat.
Port Hope to Toronto.....	60	by Steamboat.
Toronto to Hamilton.....	45	by Steamboat.
Toronto to Niagara.....	35	by Steamboat.
Niagara to the Falls.....	14	by Stage.

OTTAWA ROUTE.

Lachine to Carrillon.....	50	by Steamboat.
Carrillon to Grenville.....	12	by Stage.
Grenville to Bytown.....	60	by Steamboat.
Bytown to Kingston.....	120	by Steamboat.
From Montreal to the Caledonia Springs, 77 miles by Steamboat and Stage.		

ROUTE TO BOSTON OR NEW YORK.

Montreal to Laprairie.....	9	by Steamboat.
Laprairie to St. Johns.....	15	by Railroad.
St. Johns to Burlington.....	75	by Steamboat.
Burlington to Whitehall.....	75	by Steamboat.
Whitehall to Albany.....	72	by Stage.
Whitehall to Saratoga.....	39	by Stage.
Saratoga to Troy.....	31	by Railroad.
Troy to Albany.....	6	by Stage or Boat.
Albany to New York.....	160	by Steamboat.
Burlington to Boston.....	212	by Stage.

THE CRUSADES, AND OTHER POEMS, by Mr. John Breakenridge. Kingston: John Rowlands—pp. 320.

A very handsome volume, and very creditably got up, although somewhat carelessly corrected by the proof-reader. This work has been praised so highly by the Canadian Press, and in our humble opinion so unwarrantably, that we shall take an early opportunity of examining its merits critically. Mr. John Breakenridge is not the first small gentleman who has mistaken verse-making for poetry, and an aptitude for expressing his nothings in jingling couplets, for the higher faculty of a Dryden or a Pope. That he should amuse himself by writing, cannot be laid to his charge as a crime—that he should publish his trash, and force it on his friends, is an offence against taste, for which he deserves punishment; which latter, with the benefit of a little leisure, we hope shortly to administer.