

SELECTED POETRY.

LOVE!

It is not Love, when burning sighs
Heave forth the heart's impassioned anguish;
When the cheeks kindle, and the eyes,
On their bright idol, fix and languish.

It is not Love, when heart and mind
Are troubled like the stormy ocean;
When the press'd hands, convulsive join'd;
Thrill ev'ry pulse with wild emotion.

It is not Love, when mad'ning bliss
Suspends the faculties of reason;
'Tis baleful passion urges this,
And acts tow'ards Love the foulest treason!

Love breathes in peace, and hope and joy;
Love only sighs when absence parteth;
Its trust, no fancied ill destroy;
No jealous fear its bosom smothereth.

From the stol'n glance, half-veil'd and meek,
Love's fondest, truest, feeling breaketh;
It speaks in blushes on the cheek,
Soft, as when Summer morning waketh.

In heart 'tis as the Christian's faith,
Changeless and sacred—chaste—desiring;
Decay it knows not;—and in death,
Diss, but as life's last sighs expiring!

TO A FRIEND.

Soft be the slumbers of my dearest friend,
While far from me he braves the dang'rous seas,
O! God of Life! his wand'ring steps attend,
And bless his days with health, content, and ease!

Not for myself I breathe the fervent pray'r,
Tho' sorrows press upon my faithful heart,
But for my friend—the storms of life to bear,
And meet resign'd, the fate that bids us part!

Oh! may he hope in heav'nly scenes to prove,
Those peaceful joys that are denied us here,
Where lasting bliss shall crown our mutual love;
Revive the smile, and chase the sorrowing tear!

And may this soothing thought afford relief,
When anxious cares disturb his virtuous breast,
Check each sad sigh—repress each rising grief,
And bear his view to our eternal rest!

THE WISH.

O bear me to some lonely cell,
Where peace and contemplation dwell,
Far from the noisy throng less crowd,
The vain, the busy, and the loud:—
In some recess the hours I'd spend,
And there enjoy my book and friend.
I ask no stately pompous dome,
Content to call a cot my home.
A pleasing dream! but oh! I see,
Such bliss was ne'er design'd for me,
Then with content I'll travel through
This wilderness of pain and wo;
Upward my tow'ring thoughts shall rise,
Nor fix my hopes below the skies.

Extraordinary Foot-Race in the East-Indies.

Extract of a letter from an Officer in the East-India Company's service to his Mother in London, dated Camp Deatah, Reserve of the Grand Army, March 20, 1818:—
"On the evening of the 6th, at Odace, some Officers were amusing themselves by leaping and running short races. I was fortunate enough to beat every one. An Officer observing that he did not think it possible for any man to run eight miles on end, during the warm weather we then experienced. I then offered to run sixteen miles, without stopping, on the next day, for a bet of 200 rupees. Another Officer betted me 200 rupees to 100, that I did not run it in two hours, which bet I also accepted. The next morning I started, at nine o'clock, to run eight miles out, and return, the thermometer being 95, and the road sandy. In the first hour, I went nine miles and one furlong; the people were astonished; they could scarcely ride on account of the heat, and never supposed it possible for me to run such a distance in so short a time without practice. Those on good horses galloped back, and took all the bets they could. Before one hour and a half had expired I had gone thirteen miles, and as I still continued to run strong, the bets rose three to one in my favour, and I came to the winning flag, at good speed, 54 minutes and 50 seconds after ten, amidst the huzzas of about 20,000 people. The right division being but three miles distant, some thousands came to see the race. Every thread I had on was thoroughly wet, and, owing to the heat, some of the horses that went with me were done up. There was likewise another bet that Colonel Skinner's *hurkari*, or professed runner, should start with me, and beat me by a mile; but to my great surprise I beat him by ten minutes in the first hour, and he came in fourteen minutes after I had gone the sixteen miles; therefore, instead of his beating me a mile, I beat him by nearly two miles. Large sums were lost by those who betted against me; I, myself, won but 500 rupees, as I betted 100 on going 12 miles in one hour and 25 minutes. This morning a bet was made that I did not run 100 yards in 15 seconds, but I ran it in ten seconds."

HALIFAX TO

Miles	Windsor	Horton	Annapolis	Digby	John	Fredericton	Quebec	Three Rivers	Berthier	Montreal	Coleraine	Wellington	Marilla	Augusta	Kingston	Nagara	Port Erie	Detroit	Michilimack
40	17	87	108	124	141	158	175	192	209	226	243	260	277	294	311	328	345	362	379
60	27	137	158	174	191	208	225	242	259	276	293	310	327	344	361	378	395	412	429
80	37	147	168	184	201	218	235	252	269	286	303	320	337	354	371	388	405	422	439
100	47	157	178	194	211	228	245	262	279	296	313	330	347	364	381	398	415	432	449
120	57	167	188	204	221	238	255	272	289	306	323	340	357	374	391	408	425	442	459
140	67	177	198	214	231	248	265	282	299	316	333	350	367	384	401	418	435	452	469
160	77	187	208	224	241	258	275	292	309	326	343	360	377	394	411	428	445	462	479
180	87	197	218	234	251	268	285	302	319	336	353	370	387	404	421	438	455	472	489
200	97	207	228	244	261	278	295	312	329	346	363	380	397	414	431	448	465	482	499
220	107	217	238	254	271	288	305	322	339	356	373	390	407	424	441	458	475	492	509
240	117	227	248	264	281	298	315	332	349	366	383	400	417	434	451	468	485	502	519
260	127	237	258	274	291	308	325	342	359	376	393	410	427	444	461	478	495	512	529
280	137	247	268	284	301	318	335	352	369	386	403	420	437	454	471	488	505	522	539
300	147	257	278	294	311	328	345	362	379	396	413	430	447	464	481	498	515	532	549
320	157	267	288	304	321	338	355	372	389	406	423	440	457	474	491	508	525	542	559
340	167	277	298	314	331	348	365	382	399	416	433	450	467	484	501	518	535	552	569
360	177	287	308	324	341	358	375	392	409	426	443	460	477	494	511	528	545	562	579
380	187	297	318	334	351	368	385	402	419	436	453	470	487	504	521	538	555	572	589
400	197	307	328	344	361	378	395	412	429	446	463	480	497	514	531	548	565	582	599
420	207	317	338	354	371	388	405	422	439	456	473	490	507	524	541	558	575	592	609
440	217	327	348	364	381	398	415	432	449	466	483	500	517	534	551	568	585	602	619
460	227	337	358	374	391	408	425	442	459	476	493	510	527	544	561	578	595	612	629
480	237	347	368	384	401	418	435	452	469	486	503	520	537	554	571	588	605	622	639
500	247	357	378	394	411	428	445	462	479	496	513	530	547	564	581	598	615	632	649
520	257	367	388	404	421	438	455	472	489	506	523	540	557	574	591	608	625	642	659
540	267	377	398	414	431	448	465	482	499	516	533	550	567	584	601	618	635	652	669
560	277	387	408	424	441	458	475	492	509	526	543	560	577	594	611	628	645	662	679
580	287	397	418	434	451	468	485	502	519	536	553	570	587	604	621	638	655	672	689
600	297	407	428	444	461	478	495	512	529	546	563	580	597	614	631	648	665	682	699
620	307	417	438	454	471	488	505	522	539	556	573	590	607	624	641	658	675	692	709
640	317	427	448	464	481	498	515	532	549	566	583	600	617	634	651	668	685	702	719
660	327	437	458	474	491	508	525	542	559	576	593	610	627	644	661	678	695	712	729
680	337	447	468	484	501	518	535	552	569	586	603	620	637	654	671	688	705	722	739
700	347	457	478	494	511	528	545	562	579	596	613	630	647	664	681	698	715	732	749
720	357	467	488	504	521	538	555	572	589	606	623	640	657	674	691	708	725	742	759
740	367	477	498	514	531	548	565	582	599	616	633	650	667	684	701	718	735	752	769
760	377	487	508	524	541	558	575	592	609	626	643	660	677	694	711	728	745	762	779
780	387	497	518	534	551	568	585	602	619	636	653	670	687	704	721	738	755	772	789
800	397	507	528	544	561	578	595	612	629	646	663	680	697	714	731	748	765	782	799
820	407	517	538	554	571	588	605	622	639	656	673	690	707	724	741	758	775	792	809
840	417	527	548	564	581	598	615	632	649	666	683	700	717	734	751	768	785	802	819
860	427	537	558	574	591	608	625	642	659	676	693	710	727	744	761	778	795	812	829
880	437	547	568	584	601	618	635	652	669	686	703	720	737	754	771	788	805	822	839
900	447	557	578	594	611	628	645	662	679	696	713	730	747	764	781	798	815	832	849
920	457	567	588	604	621	638	655	672	689	706	723	740	757	774	791	808	825	842	859
940	467	577	598	614	631	648	665	682	699	716	733	750	767	784	801	818	835	852	869
960	477	587	608	624	641	658	675	692	709	726	743	760	777	794	811	828	845	862	879
980	487	597	618	634	651	668	685	702	719	736	753	770	787	804	821	838	855	872	889
1000	497	607	628	644	661	678	695	712	729	746	763	780	797	814	831	848	865	882	899

CALENDAR For the Year of our Lord 1819.

JANUARY	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31		
FEBRUARY	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28									
MARCH	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						
APRIL	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30				
MAY	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	
JUNE	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30						
JULY	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30				
AUGUST	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31
SEPTEMBER	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30					
OCTOBER	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30			
NOVEMBER	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30							
DECEMBER	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30					