

and confound our perceptions of the great but almost forgotten truth that there is no royal road to intellectual eminence. [Mr B. illustrated this truth at much length, with great clearness and beauty, insisting that Man's intellectual culture and achievement depends on himself, and the means of attaining eminence are within the reach of all.]

The favorites of Genius never leave any foot-prints to guide or animate succeeding aspirants.—They have 'born, not made,' written on their foreheads. The fairies are continually fluttering round their heads and blowing into their ears those notes of aspiration with which their cheeks are continually distended. These conceits are not less untrue to experience than pernicious in their influence.

Whenever the young learner turns, he finds this fatal idea of Genius—this misbegotten imp of classic lore—intruding itself—every where except in the Bible—to discourage all attempts at intellectual elevation. But show me the evidences that those who have towered above the common measure of their kind were impelled by inborn gifts, and owned nothing to patient, persevering effort! Where shall we find such a Genius? In Homer? What know we of his first halting efforts at rhyme? Is it not evident that his head was whitened with age before he had acquired his wondrous mastery of the lyre? In Demosthenes? Look at him in his lonely cavern at his patient midnight studies, a mirror before him to correct his grimaces, a drawn sword suspended just above his shoulders to repress his shrugs! How long did he thus toil and strive, how often were his shoulders pierced and scarred, before he became the first orator of antiquity! Away, then, with the pernicious delusion of native Genius! Success is the reward of well directed, persevering effort, and comes to all who nobly struggle to achieve it!

Mr. Burnitt closed in a thrilling appeal to the Young Men of New York to wait for no favourable tide—to hope for no impulse of Genius—to waste no time in fruitless lamentations over its absence—to yield never to the paralyzing influence of discouragement and despair, by which he had been robbed of the first twenty one years of his life—but to commence the great work of intellectual improvement at once, pursue it with energy, and look with perfect assurance to success, reversing and contemplating the maxims of the heathen classics, and confidently relying that a fully developed, rightly cultivated intellect—an entire and true Man—is 'MADE NOT BORN.'

BY CHARLES HOLDEN.

The boys lately have done a tall business on stilts, and been up in the world as high as their papas. Stilts, our readers know, are a species of wooden leg contrivances, by which lads elevate themselves a few feet above the dull level of earth, for the fun of walking about a little more loftily and uncomfortably than their unstilted associates.

There is a great variety of stiltling, however, in the world, and the amusement is not confined to boys.

Some people stilt it in their conversation; they can never condescend to talk like the world generally, but use great swelling words and florid expressions to convey a due sense of their magnificent importance. They are usually laughed at for their pains, and would do wisely to unstill themselves at once.

Some people write on stilts. The transcendentalists are of this class, and their stilts are so high as to carry those who use them into the misty clouds of bewilderment and nonsense. They should remember that their writing can never do much service, until they are made intelligible, and that common sense, after all, is better than even transcendental nonsense.

Some people stilt it in their gait; and walk about with all the swelling pomp of anointed nobles. How much above their fellows do they feel, as they strut along with their ornamental persons! and how much below numbers of their fellows they in reality are!

Numerous people stilt it in their modes of living—that is, they live above and beyond their means. They clothe themselves in purple and fine linen, fare sumptuously, give splendid parties, 'turn out' elegant horses, and finally 'blow up,' leaving their creditors to whistle for their honest dues.

Stiltling leads frequently to unpleasant accidents. The false legs break and let their owners sometimes very awkwardly to the ground. On the whole, it is best for men to have little to do with them. Let every one be content with his proper position in life, and he will be spared thousands of vexations, and get through the world much more happily, than if he went on stilts.

AGE OF ANIMALS.

The age of a bear rarely exceeds 20 years; a dog lives 20 years; a wolf 20; a fox 14 or 16; lions are long lived. Pompey lived to

the age of 70. The average of cats is 15 years; a squirrel and hare 7 or 8 years; rabbits 7. Elephant have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Phorus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the King, and named Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: 'Alexander the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun.' The elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of 80 years; the rhinoceros to 20. A horse has been known to live to the age of 62, but average 25 to 30. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Siags are long lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten.—Cows live about 15 years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live 1000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of 30. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104. Ravens frequently reach the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

SHORT PATENT SERMONS.

My present discourse is drawn from the following stanza by an anonymous writer:—

He is so poor, from door to door,
He begs his scanty crusts of bread;
His clothes are thin, and torn and mean,
He has no place to rest his head;
His race of life is nearly run—
Pray for the wretched beggar man.

My hearers—Winter has once more come to dance upon the graves of the three sister Seasons, and have his annual blow out, at the expense of the poor and or the amusement of the rich. Old Boreas has already laid his icy fingers upon the flushed cheek of Nature, and a lonely silence now reigns in her desolate halls, where but a short time since, all was life, merriment and joy. While the brooks, the rivers and the rills are congealed beneath the anti-caloric rigors of winter, it is fitting and reasonable, my friends to endeavour, as has been my wont, to keep those streams of mercy and charity, which all flow from the pure fountain of sympathy, from freezing, by pouring into your hearts the hot water of enthusiasm, which now boils and bubbles in this anxious bosom of mine. It is possible I may thaw out some tender feelings that have long lain congealed in the frigate atmosphere of selfishness; but I might as well direct the shafts of my discourses to burr them upon the thick ribbed ice of avarice that encrusts the cold, insensible bosom of Wealth.

My dear friends—you who have hearts susceptible of sensation, favor me with the loan of your ears. While the midnight murmurings of the bitter blast are heard around your comfortable dwellings, while the demons of the storm howl a funeral dirge as the snow winding sheet is wrapped about creations dead, while it is cold enough without to give a jug of cider-brandy the shivers—and while you are as happy, cheerful and contented within as five mice in a pantry—O think upon the poor, houseless wanderer of earth, whom for one has filched of a home, and who, perchance, has not where to shelter himself from the frosty arrows of death, that pierce, when they strike, to the very core of the heart. Have pity upon the poor old beggar man whom poverty and want have rendered virtuous, and still keep him so. His life is one perpetual winter—dreary and gloomy—and his pathway to the tomb is drifed with the snows of sorrow. His back is borne down with an increasing load of years—every brush from the wing of Time scatters some of his white hairs to the winds—and his palsied limbs evidently betoken that he will stoop to pick up but a few more crumbs at the door of charity. Therefore, bestow upon the wretched beggar man a blessing in the shape of a shirt, a shilling or a morsel, and charge the same to Providence, who will repay you with interest—in default of which I will settle the account myself, and offer up one of my best orisons for the eternal welfare of the old beneficiary, besides.

My friends—if a moving monument of disipation, wearing the human form divine, should extend his trembling hand for relief, give him no coppers—for they will only aid him in his determined work of self destruction—but administer to him food to appease his hunger, wholesome drink to quench his thirst, and preach to him on a patent principle or persuasion. If he will not hear, let him proceed on his journey to perdition, despised by the despised, and scoffed at by the scoffed; for the sooner he works himself out of the world the better it will be for himself, for his friends, if he have any, and for the community at large. Look at him as he was, and behold him as he is! Once as promising as a peach tree in blossom, now as rotten and worthless as a bellow log in the centre of a Southern swamp. His

prospects for the present are blighted, his hopes of the future are scared, and the seeds of ambition that once sprouted in his heart, are blasted forever by the scorching fires of inebrity. Shattered wreck of mortality! Pity can't patch it, nor deeds of charity render it a more fit dwelling for a soul sunk to the lowest depths of degradation. Let it perish, since it cannot stand.

But, my dear friends, look not so unkindly upon the poor, houseless and unbefriended female, who stands imploringly before you with the offspring of her love in her arms trying in vain to draw nourishment from the famine dried fountain.

As the cold gust sweeps past, she wraps her torn blanket still tighter around it—hugs it still closer to her bosom, and though dearer to her than her own heart's blood, she regrets for the moment that it ever was born to be rocked in the cradle of want and sang to sleep by the howling lullabies of the wintry winds. If you have no sympathy for the mother just scrape the insides of your hearts, and see if you can't scratch off a few specs of pity for the babe. Let not the little innocent suffer so long as the means of affording relief are within your reach; and verily I say unto you, you shall have your rewards, in promissory notes, made payable to your own consciences.

My hearers—Charity stands high on the catalogue of man's virtues; and now is the season to exercise it. Yes now, while the supplies of nature are shut out from suffering thousands—while winter looks in upon the wretched hoveller, and finds his household shivering over a few dying embers and perishing with hunger—while the aged beggar man totters from house to house, with his load of misery doubly doubled, asking alms to pay his passage to eternity. So mote it be!

Dow, Jr.

Colonial.

CANADA.

Quebec Gazette, Dec. 15.

The Montreal papers of Monday contain nothing further about the burnings on the Odeltown frontier. Some of the papers recommend 'retaliation.' We hope that none will be so foolish as to follow their advice. Strict and impartial investigation ought to be had, and the result transmitted to the supreme Government, which alone can require satisfaction, and if needful, retaliate. Retaliation by individual authority is monstrous, and will preclude the remedy which the Government alone can afford.

On the morning of Wednesday last, shortly after 4 o'clock, intelligence was conveyed to Captain Sweeney, of the Montreal Cavalry, stationed at Odeltown, that the barns of Mr Gibbons and Mr Van Vliet, near the lines, were on fire. Captain Sweeney lost no time in repairing, with a detachment of his troop, to the spot; but such was the rapidity of the flames that he arrived too late to extinguish them. He was, however, able to collect sufficient information to lead to the discovery, though not the apprehension, of the perpetrators of the diabolical act. On returning to his barracks, Capt. Sweeney discovered that Mr Odell's barn had also been set on fire; and immediately apprised the owner and his family of the calamity. But notwithstanding every exertion to allay the fury of the flames, the whole buildings, with their contents, were completely destroyed. Among them were a number of horses, waggons, and a quantity of hay.

Now, all this is sad and infernal work; and being the deeds of malignant incendiaries from the other side of the lines, betokens, we greatly fear, a renewed attempt to disturb the tranquility which has for some time existed on both sides the border. Should this unfortunately prove to be the case, we, on this side, have but one alternative. It is, indeed, a trying and calamitous one; considering the wrongs that we so long entertained with such unparalleled equanimity and patience, it is the only one which the dictates of self-preservation and international law prescribe. We must and are bound to retaliate, be the consequences what they may.

Montreal Transcript.

The Gazette has forgot its usual temper. Retaliation would be likely to do mischief to the innocent in the United States; it would increase the excitement on both sides, and involve the nations more deeply and perhaps irretrievably. When Britain cannot protect her Colonies it is time enough to commence border forays; and besides, retaliation always savors of vindictiveness. Even were it established beyond doubt that the perpetrators of these outrages came from the other side of the line, it is the duty of all loyal men to refrain from invasions of the United States Territory. Retaliation is natural enough, and might be excused if inflicted in the heat of excitement, but patient consideration in the ability and the willingness of our Government to protect us, if not against sudden incursions, at least against final loss, is far more noble and more becoming. Nothing more clearly indicates a savage state of society than retaliation by individuals; the invisible power of law and of justice is thus prostituted, by being com-

mitted to the hands of men of the basest class, and most depraved character, and is thus necessarily abused for foul purposes.

It is not for individual citizens virtually to declare war; if they suffer on the frontiers, let a military force and incessant patrols be kept up by Government, and if, as seems to be the case at present, these should not prove sufficient protection against midnight and assassin-like attacks, then let our Government perform its duty by taking such steps as shall seem best calculated effectually to shield its subjects. If a war should then be necessary, let it come, legitimately, openly, and in good faith; but do not let us be hurried by the zeal either of the Press or of individual sufferers, into skirmishes and border forays, which can bring us neither honour nor safety.

Montreal Courier.

We have been put in possession of some further particulars relating to the late outrages which serve still further to show the atrocious nature of these conspiracies, and the imperative necessity which exists that immediate steps should be taken to check them in the most effectual manner. It is impossible to suppose that these violences can be committed and men's minds not grow sullen and dissatisfied; it is too much to suppose that a mere abstract feeling of loyalty can fortify those who believe themselves to be neglected by the government against losses such as we are about to enumerate; or that many will be found rash enough to distinguish themselves as zealous defenders of the prerogatives of the Crown, when their sole return will in all probability be the confiscation of their dwellings and the utter ruin of themselves and families. It is indeed a matter which no longer admits of delay. We are not desirous of warfare; on the contrary, our interest is deeply involved in the preservation of peace, but we cannot disguise from ourselves that any state of things would be preferable to the deadly and insidious practices which exist on the frontier, and which presents all the horrors of war, without any of the redeeming points which ameliorate that terrible scourge. No, there must be a manly, bold, and determined action on the part of our Government; if the Colonist is to be really convinced that the protection he is promised, and has a right to demand, is something more than a mere political fiction.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Halifax Times, Jan. 4.

The Royal Mail Steamship Columbia, arrived yesterday morning from Boston, in 37 hours, the quickest trip ever made to this port. She brings Boston dates of the 1st, which however contain no news of importance. The Government intend to supersede the Bank Bill of the Whig party, but no particular attention has been paid to it at the latest dates. Mr Clay had brought forward amendments to the Constitution—one of which was to elect the President annually.

The Halifax Amateurs Band, and Guests, amounting to upwards of 40 gentlemen, celebrated their festival, by dining together at Wm Fultz's 12 mile house, on New Year's Day. Previous to dinner, they played a number of popular airs. The dinner in Fultz's best style, with wines of a superior quality, was served up at half past four, when several toasts were drunk, accompanied by appropriate national airs, interspersed with songs and glees. At half past nine, in conviviality, and good fellowship, and highly pleased with their evening's entertainment, they returned home.

Halifax Guardian, Jan. 5.

Trade of Pictou.—In the last number of the Pictou Observer there is a comparative statement of the arrivals and clearances at the Port of Pictou, during the years ending Oct. 3, 1840, and Oct. 3, 1841, exclusive of the coasting Trade, from which it appears that 224 ships, tonnage 30,147—men, 1573—entered inwards; and 287 ships, tonnage 41,802—men, 2115; cleared outwards in the year 1840; and that 326 ships, tonnage 46,862—men, 2,214, entered inwards; and 393 ships, tonnage, 54,914—men, 2,620, cleared outwards in the year 1841, being an increase of nearly one half in the arrivals, and almost one third in the clearances during the latter year.

His Worship the Mayor of this City, sailed for England in the steamer Columbia, on Monday last. During his short absence from the Province, the duties of his office will be performed by Alderman Kenny.

Pictou Observer, Jan. 4.

Fire, and Distressing Accident.—An interesting boy, five years of age, and a beautiful little girl, 2 years younger, children of Mr Peter McLaughlin, were severely burnt last night about 10 o'clock, in consequence of the curtains of the bed in which the little innocents lay asleep catching fire from the flame of a candle. Their mother having been out when one of the little ones retired to rest, went up with a lighted candle to see how they slept, and left the bedroom without perceiving that a spark had caught the curtains. In a few minutes the agonizing cries of the children were heard, and the apartment was found in a blaze. The children were rescued from instant death at the imminent peril of their parents, whose hands are also burnt, and the flames were suppressed with considerable