

When one of martyrdom—of dazzling jewels, mixed with thorns and blood. But in spite of this they perish not. They have not laboured in vain, nor spent their strength for nought. A strange intermediate life is theirs. They neither slumber in the silence of the sepulchre, nor wander through some far-off land of spirits. They come back again in their solemn ghost-like silence, and walk in unseen glory amid their fellows. They are "the dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who rule our spirits from their urns." The weird thoughts, the oracular sentences, which were unintelligible to their own age, still live in the power of their solemn hieroglyphs. Posterity is the Oedipus to the enigma.

They live through all times; and though they themselves have gone over to the great majority—joined the famous nations of the dead! yet they have made for themselves a name which the lapse of ages cannot destroy, and established an empire which all minds must acknowledge—to which all hearts must bow. Such is the empire of the illustrious dead! Such the grandeur of the Poet's Mission.

THE DEVIL'S CANAL.

A HUNGARIAN LEGEND.

Csorsz, as the shepherds tell, was the gallant son of the King of the Transylvanian Alps, whose treasures of gold and salt are greater than those of all the kings and princes in the world. Csorsz heard of the celestial beauty of Deli Bab, the daughter of the King of the Southern Sea, Adriatic, and his heart was inflamed with love for her. He therefore sent his heralds from his Alps down to the borders of the Adriatic, with loads of the most costly gifts of salt and gold, and sued for the hand of the lovely Deli Bab. But the proud king of the sea despised the kings of the earth, and said, that he never would grant the daughter of the sea to the son of the alps, until he came with a fleet down from his mountains to convey his bride by water, to his palace, as her feet were too delicate to be exposed to the rough stones of the earth. But the heralds, convinced of the power of their king, threw the bridal ring and the presents of gold and salt into the sea, which from this time, became rich in salt, and having thus sealed the betrothing, returned to their prince. In despair about the desire of the king of the sea, and ignorant how to comply with his condition, Csorsz called on the devil and entreated his aid. The devil without a delay, put two buffaloes to his glowing plough, and in a single night dug the canal from Transylvania to the Danube, and from thence down to the sea. Csorsz speedily had a fleet constructed, and joyfully steered down to the Adriatic to take his bride. Her princely father gave up his daughter with a deep regret; however he was bound by his word, as the new diplomacy was not yet invented, and the pledges of monarchs were still, even in those parts, considered sacred. But the beautiful bride was sorry to leave her cool palace of crystal, her innumerable toys of shells and pearls, and even the monsters of the sea, who had served her with unbounded devotion. She promised not to forget their home, and often to visit her father and sisters in summer, when the hot sunbeams might prove too intense for her on the dry earth. Csorsz, with festive songs and merry sounds, conveyed his beloved up the Deli Bab, was delighted with the mountains, woods, fields, and meadows, which swiftly passed her; she was highly amused with the objects wholly new to her sight. But when by chance she looked backwards, she noticed with terror, that behind the fleet the waters dried up in the canal; and that thus the return to her father's realm became impossible. She never could feel at home in the gold and salt vaults of the Transylvanian mountains, the heavy masses of the Alps depressed her soul; the wintry snow chilled her thoughts; the burning beams of the summer sun melted her into tears. She never laughed, and always dreamt of her transparent abode in the sea. The love of the princely son of the Alps remained sterile; Deli Bab was childless.—She melted away with longing, and was transformed into the Fata Morgana, a dreamy appearance of the sea, which vanishes away as soon as you approach, and which, in Hungary yet bears the name of the fair Deli Bab. The remains of the devil's canal are still called Csorsz arka, (the canal of Csorsz.) As for the fleet, on which he conveyed his bride to his home, since it proved useless in the alps, he sold it to the Central Government of United Germany, which is asserted to have an affinity with Deli Bab; for which reason also the German Unity, like the Fata Morgana, remains but the shadow of a dream.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

From forty to sixty, a man who has properly regulated himself may be considered as in his prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given his Judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over his business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past sixty, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence: the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand still.—But thwart this river is a viaduct called 'The Turn of Life,' which, if crossed safely, leads to the valley of 'Old Age,' around which the river winds, and then flows beyond without boat or causeway to effect its pas-

sage. The bridge is, however, constructed of fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters, also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveller, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins, and provide himself with a fitting staff, and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the 'turn of life' is a turn either into a prolonged life or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, now begin either to close, like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant, a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength; while a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night is entirely set.

From the London People's Journal.

THE POOR MAN'S RICHES.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Poor! did you call me?
My wants are but few,
And generous nature
Gives more than my due;
The air and the sunshine,
Fresh water and health,
And heart to enjoy them—
All these are my wealth.

No close-handed miser
That e'er had a hoard
Could reckon such treasure
As I can afford:
The wood in its verdure,
The stream in its flow,
Are mine in their beauty
Wherever I go.

My wealth is substantial,
Although in the mart
I cannot convey it,
In whole or in part;
Yet if I enjoy it,
What signifies more?
I'm lord of the ocean;
I'm king of the shore.

Wealth could procure me
But pleasure and ease;
I've both in my garden
Beneath the green trees.
I've both in my cottage,
My fancies to feed;
I've both in my conscience—
What more do I need?

The joys that delight me
Are free as my thought:
They're common as sunshine—
They cannot be bought.
I've servants and minstrels,
And boundless domains,
I've rivers and mountains,
And forests and plains.

The robin's my minstrel,
My friend and my ward;
The lark is my poet,
The thrush is my bard.
No great prima donna,
The pride of her hour,
Can yield me more music
Than birds in the bower.

The rich and the mighty
Have chaplains in pay;
And I, too, have chaplains
As pious as they,—
Who preach to my spirit
As with them I bend
To God the Creator
My Father and Friend.

In whispering foliage
They soothe and persuade;
They sing in the sunlight,
They talk in the shade;
I hear them in tempests,
I see them in cloud—
In the voice of the thunder
They reason aloud.

Though gold has its friendships
That cling to it well,
Acquaintance and lovers
Too many too tell;
Yet, I too, by myriads
Have friends of my own,
Who pay me sweet visits
When I am alone.

All saints and apostles,
All prophets divine,
All sages and poets,
Are teachers of mine;
My friends and my teachers
Wherever I roam,
The guides of my spirit,
The lights of my home.

And, crown of all riches,
Far better than self,
I've a true heart who loves me
For sake of myself.
With these and my patience,
And strength to endure,
My health and my honor,
How can I be poor?

THE AMERICAN NATION.— If any one wonders, says Mrs Swisshelm, in the Pittsburgh Saturday Visitor, 'why we are a nation of sallow-visaged dyspeptics, let him go into our boats, cars, dwelling-houses and churches, analyze the air we breathe—let him read the quack advertisements of female and baby medicines, and if he has any brains, he will begin to calculate how long it would take us to become extinct, if immigration were stopped.'

Communications.

ON THE REGIONS OF THE NORTH,

In connexion with the causes now in activity in destroying the Animal and Vegetable Kingdom, or Animate and Inanimate Nature, from all that is well authenticated.

BY WILLIAM SMITH,

Shoemaker, Miramichi, New Brunswick. TO MOSES H. GRINNELL, MERCHANT, NEW YORK.*

The disasters which befel Hudson excited commiseration, and in the following season Captain Thomas Button, then in the service of Prince Henry, an experienced officer, afterwards knighted for his eminent services, was despatched with the Resolution and Discovery, to explore the scene of those calamities. Having selected skillful assistants, he sailed in the beginning of May, 1612. He penetrated South West into Hudson's Bay; but having suffered severely from a violent storm on the 13th of August, he was obliged to seek a harbour for sheltering and refitting his ships. He had entered a small creek in the latitude of 57 10, which he called Port Nelson, when he was surprised by the sudden approach of winter. It being impossible now to escape, he secured his ships against accident by driving piles; he avoided the waste of provisions by directing his crew to lay up a store of ptarmigan and wild grouse, and he prevented mutiny by keeping them always employed, and assigning to each man his particular task. On the 16th of February the ice broke up in Nelson river, but the bay was not quite clear till two months afterwards. Button examined the West side as high as the latitude of 65, and he remarked a strong tide, which gave him hopes of a North West passage. Having performed this survey, he arrived in London after a short run, in autumn, 1613.

Sir Thomas Smith, and the rest of the Muscovy Company, in 1610, sent John Poole, with a bark of 70 tons, to explore the Polar Sea. He departed from Blackwall on the 1st of March, and after surmounting the usual hardships arising from foggy weather and shoals of ice, he ascended Davies' Straits as high (on the 16th of June) as the latitude of 79 50, but observed a frozen sea, extending Northwards. In spite of all his endeavors he found it impossible to make any further progress, and after various adventures with white bears, he returned to London in the end of August.

Poole was again despatched towards Greenland by the same company, in the successive years 1611 and 1612. In the first of these voyages, he saw ice lying close to the land beyond Spitzbergen, in the latitude of 80, with a strong current, which rendered the approach very dangerous. In his last attempt, one of the ships which accompanied him pushed Northwards two degrees beyond Hackluyte headland, to the parallel of 82. A number of whales were killed during both voyages; but Poole, who seems to have been a faithful servant and enterprising mariner, was cut short in his career, being soon after his return basely murdered on the road between Ratcliff and London.

In 1612 the same companies engaged Hall, who had visited England before in the service of the King of Denmark; and William Baffin, a very skillful navigator, acted as mate. On the 23d of July, Hall reached the latitude of 67, and began to look after the silver mine; but on his return to the ship, the natives crowded round and were carrying on an active barter, when one of them, whose brother, it was suspected, had formerly been stolen by the captain, came behind him unperceived, and took fell revenge by striking him a blow with a spear. All traffic being stopped by this fatal event, and the supposed ore being of no value, it was now resolved to return home. After experiencing much foggy weather, the ships made the Orkneys on the 8th of September, and arrived at Hull in 7 days after.

In 1615, Sir Dudley Digges, Alderman Johns, and other adventurers, not disheartened by the various former failures, resolved to renew the attempt to explore the Arctic seas. They gave the command of the Discovery, a ship of 55 tons, to Robert Bileth, who had performed three voyages before to the North, and appointed Wm. Baffin to serve as mate or pilot, with a crew of fourteen men and two boys. On the 16th of April they sailed from Blackwall, and reached Cape Farewell on the 6th of May. As usual, they were much annoyed in their further progress by dense fogs and numerous shoals of ice. On the 27th of May the sleet froze on the shrouds and tackling; but the weather at last clearing up, they saw the Resolution Islands, which appeared to be uninhabited. Sailing Northwards through the first ice, they came to a cluster of islands in the latitude of 62 20, where they heard the howling and barking of dogs, and perceived on landing the tents, boats, and canoes of the natives, who seemed to avoid all sorts of intercourse. The weather being thick and hazy, rendered the further navigation dangerous. There was, besides, a heavy swell from the West; but on the 12th of July they reached, in the latitude of 65, a headland, which they called Cape Comfort. On doubling this point, they had the mortification to see land again trending to the West, and immense bodies of ice. It was therefore resolved to desist from any further search for a passage, and from the latitude of 65 26 to 86 10 of west longitude, they bent their course homewards. During the next fortnight they sailed through innumera-

ble hills of ice, crowded with walruss. On the 5th of August, they returned to Resolution Island, and reached Cape Clear on the 6th of September.

In the following season the same Company sent the Discovery, under Bileth, again to the Arctic seas, the intelligent Baffin still acting as pilot. His instructions were to proceed along the coast of Greenland, and up Davis' Strait, as high, if possible, as the parallel of 80, and then that he should avoid the danger of being embayed by shaping a westerly and southerly course till he came to the latitude of 60, and thence work his way to Japan. The ship started from Gravesend on the 26th of March, and sailed down the channel round to Dartmouth, where he was detained eleven days by foul weather and westerly winds. On the 20th of April she again put to sea, and after a good passage, reached, on the 14th of May, the coast of Greenland, at the parallel of 65 20. Some of the natives, who were fishing, accompanied the ship a considerable distance, and appeared much disappointed that she did not come to anchor. But Baffin still plied northwards, till on the 20th of May he reached a fair sound in the latitude of 72 42. Here he stopped two days, but on going ashore he discovered that the natives had fled with their boats, leaving only a few dogs running about the island. Resuming his northerly course, he met large shoals of ice, which he cleared with difficulty on the 1st of June, and saw some inhabited islands in the latitude of 72 45. The wind proving contrary, the captain and part of his crew took the opportunity of landing, but they found only four or five women concealed among the rocks. By friendly signs, and presents of old iron, however, the English quieted their fears, and procured some useful articles in barter. The younger women ventured to come on board the ship, and expressed great astonishment at what they saw; yet after tasting, they refused to eat the victuals offered to them. On the 4th of June Baffin sailed again, but met with such quantities of thick ice, that on the 9th, having reached the parallel of 74 4, he was forced to bear away towards the west, and anchor among some islands at the latitude of 74 45. Here he stayed 2 days; and the weather being almost calm, he traded with the natives. On the 18th of June he again put to sea, and traversing with light airs, he had the satisfaction to perceive that now the floating ice was nearly consumed. Yet few days passed without snow and keen frost, so that the shrouds, ropes, and sails were often covered with ice. On the 1st of July he came to an open sea, in the latitude of 75 40; but the wind coming ahead, he stood out 20 leagues from the shore, and again fell in with ice. He now put back, and was driven northwards in a thick fog, till he reached a Cape in the latitude of 70 35, and passing through a fine sound, he dropped both anchors under an island. The storm having abated, he tried to discover a better anchorage, but could not approach the shore on account of the ice which blocked it up. He here saw multitudes of whales, and hence called this sound, which lies in the latitude of 77 30, whales' sound. Before him he descried on the north, a great bank of ice terminating with land, extending beyond the parallel of 78 degrees. He therefore fell back about 8 leagues, to an island which he called Hackluyte Isle. For two days he searched for anchoring ground without success; yet he had an opportunity of observing the variation of the magnetic needle, and was astonished to find it amounted to five points. He remarked a cluster of small islands, but could not examine them, having been driven westward by a strong gale into an open sea. At the latitude of 74 20, he entered, on the 12th of July, another sound, which, being close guarded with ice, precluded all hopes of a passage. He now sailed southwards, keeping as near as possible to the edge of the ice, but could not get sight of the land before he came to the parallel of 68, on the 20th of July, and even then he could not approach within 8 or 9 leagues of the shore. Still attempting to master the shoals of ice, he descended to the latitude 65 40, till seeing no prospect of success, and the crew beginning to grow sickly, he left in despair the West side of Davis' straits, and bore away for Greenland, which he reached on the 28th July, at the latitude of 65 45. Landing there on a small island, his sailors gathered sorrel and scurvy grass, which they boiled in their beer, and by this drink they were restored to perfect health. The natives brought dried salmon at different times, till the 6th of August, when Baffin took his departure. The wind was so favorable that in 19 days he saw the coast of Ireland, and came to anchor in Dover Roads on the 30th of August.

Next year he performed a successful voyage to Greenland, and ascended on the 12th of August as high as the latitude of 79 14. This last voyage of Baffin's was certainly the most remarkable that has ever been performed in the polar seas. This very able, and even scientific navigator, was some years afterwards unfortunately killed, while making astronomical observations, by a random shot, at the siege of Ormus, in the East Indies.

In 1631 Fox sailed from Deptford, and explored Hudson's Bay, where he made a number of hydrographical observations. In that very year James was sent from Bristol to the same quarter. He was obliged to winter on Charleton Island, at the bottom of the bay; but though not farther north than the parallel of 52, his crew suffered dreadfully from the intense cold, and were, besides, attacked by an alarming scurvy. In 1668, Prince Rupert, who was fond of commercial speculation, sent out Gillam to examine Hudson's Bay, and procured next year the singular patent erecting that Company which has always been reproached with acting on very selfish and narrow views.

* Continued.