THE BRITISH WHIG.
AND
GENERAL ADVERTISER FOR CANADA WEST.
Published Semi-Weekly,
EVERY TUESDAY & FRIDAY,
BY
EDWARD JOHN BARKER, M. D.
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Yearly Advertisers are charged SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS, per annum—in all cases payable in advance.
The BRITISH WHIG being a Journal of the largest Canada Circulation, NO DISCOUNT will be allowed on Advertisements, on any pretext whatsoever.
Orders for the British Whig will be received by most of the Post Masters in the United Province; and monies handed to them will be credited as if paid to the Publisher.
Produce received in payment.
All Letters (except from Agents) to be post paid.

ROBERT R. SMILEY, PRINTER.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING.
Orders executed in the best style, on reasonable terms.
Blank Deeds, Memorials, Law Blanks, Court of Requests Forms, Sheriffs' Forms, and other Printed Papers kept for Sale.

ROBERT McCORMICK,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN
WINES, SPIRITS, TEAS, GROCERIES, &c.,
PRINCESS STREET.
KINGSTON.

J. A. McDOWALL,
FURRIER AND HATTER,
BROCK STREET, KINGSTON.
Furs made up to order on the shortest notice.
Furs, of every description, Bought and Sold.

CRAIG & WATT,
ACCOUNTANTS.
ONTARIO STREET,
Office next door to Mr. Simpson's Grocery Establishment.

DR. HOWARD,
PRINCESS STREET,
(Directly opposite Mr. Olcott's Boarding House.)
KINGSTON.

Messrs. MACDONALD & CAMPBELL,
Barristers & Attorneys at Law,
KINGSTON STREET, KINGSTON.
JOHN A. MACDONALD,
ALEXANDER CAMPBELL,

MR. KENNETH MACKENZIE,
Barrister at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, &c. &c
CLARENCE STREET, KINGSTON.
A few doors above Daley's Hotel, at the Office lately occupied by Messrs. Burns & Mowat.
August, 1843.

H. F. HUNTER.
SHIP CHANDLER.
No. 4, Hardy's Buildings, Ontario Street,
KINGSTON.
IMPORTER OF PATENT CHAIN CABLES AND ANCHORS, OAKUM, TAR, PITCH, AND ROSIN,
NAVAL STORES
Of every description. Boiled Linseed Oil, &c. &c.
Kingston, March 28, 1843.

PAINTING.
DAVID MARTIN,
(From Scotland)
PAINTER, GLAZIER, &
PAPER HANGER.
3 doors above the Scotch Church, Princess Street, Kingston.
N. B.—Whitewashing and Coloring
Kingston, Feb 16, 1843.

BY PRIVATE SALE,
80 BOXES Canada Plates,
27 kegs fresh Dairy Butter,
3 Hhds. Raw Oil,
Saleratus, Alum, Copperas, Sponge, Scrubbing and White Wash Brushes, Hair Brooms, &c., &c.
WILLIAM WARE, *Agent.*
Kingston, Nov. 15th, 1844.

MR. H. M. BOWKER.
SURGEON DENTIST.
HAS RETURNED to Kingston, and may be found at FOREMAN'S KINGSTON HOTEL.
Kingston, Oct. 22, 1844. 84

FASHIONABLE TAILORING
ESTABLISHMENT.
BROCK STREET, KINGSTON.

JAMES RICHARDSON,
BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public generally, that he has taken the Shop formerly occupied by Mr. Filton, where he will execute all orders with neatness and punctuality.
He has now on hand a large assortment of
BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES, AND
VESTINGS,
Of the best qualities and most elegant patterns, which he will make up to order in the latest and most approved Fashionable Styles, on moderate terms, and at the shortest possible notice.
Kingston, August 9th, 1844. 63

DONALD McMILLAN,
Market Square, opposite N. Palmer's, Esquire,
RESPECTFULLY calls the attention of his Friends, and the Public in general, to his newly arrived Importations from Montreal and New York Markets, comprising an excellent assortment of
GROCERIES, WINES, SPIRITS, &c., &c.
of the best description,
viz:

Teas,	Jamaica Rum,
Sugars,	London Porter, bottled,
Olive Oil,	Lemon Syrup,
Spices,	Flour,
Pickles, &c., &c.,	Oatmeal,
Wines,	Codfish,
Brandies,	Herrings,
Holand Gin, bott., &c.,	Salt, &c., &c.

With a variety of other articles, too numerous to mention.
Kingston, Nov. 22d, 1844.

CIGARS.
A LARGE assortment of Principes, Regalias, Havanas, Cheroots, &c., of the Choicest Brands, for Sale at the Grocery Store of the subscriber.
W. J. MARTIN.

The British Whig,
AND GENERAL ADVERTISER FOR CANADA WEST.

VOL. XIV. KINGSTON, CANADA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 10, 1845. NO. 3.

WINTER FASHIONS.
THOMAS LITTLE
MERCHANT TAILOR,
PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON,
BEGS most respectfully to intimate to his numerous customers, and the public generally, that he has just received a large and varied assortment of superfine
WOOL-DYED BROAD CLOTHS.
of the most approved shades and colors, Cassimeres, plain and figured Beavers, Doeskins, Fancy Tweeds, and a variety of fancy and tartan Vestings, adapted to the present season, which will be made to order, in the latest and most approved New York and London fashions.
Ladies' Habits, Regimental and Naval Uniforms, Liveries, &c. &c., made up in a superior style, on the shortest notice, and most reasonable terms.
N. B.—Four or five steady workmen wanted, to whom constant employment will be given.
Kingston, Dec. 10th, 1844.

H. MATHISON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KING STREET.
THE Subscriber respectfuly begs leave to inform his Friend and Customers that he has just received from Montreal his Winter Supply of
BROAD CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES
of the finest and strongest Fabrics, and of most superior quality, which he will sell on the most Liberal Terms, or make up to Order, in the latest and most approved Fashionable Styles, on the shortest notice.
WINTER VESTINGS of every description.
H. MATHISON.
Kingston, Nov. 8, 1841. 89-3m.

WANTED
FOR THE QUEBEC MARKET,
ANY Quantity of West India Staves,
White Pine Timber,
Oak Timber,
White Ash Oars.
For which Cash will be paid on delivery.
For further particulars apply to the undersigned.
D. MACDONALD.
Office at the Auction Store of N. M. Bookes, Brock Street.
Kingston, 29th Nov., 1844.

MILLINERY AND DRESS MAKING.
E. CROWLEY,
PRINCESS STREET, KINGSTON,
BEGS leave to return her thanks to the Ladies of Kingston, and vicinity, for the liberal patronage she has received since her commencement in business, and informs them that her Show Room will be opened on Saturday next, the 9th inst., when she will be happy to receive the calls of her friends and the public generally.
Kingston, Nov. 5th, 1844.

VETERINARY SHOEING
ESTABLISHMENT.
On the Corner of King Street and the Place de Arms, adjoining the Premises of Maxwell Strange, Esq.
THOMAS PAUL, *Veterinary Surgeon,* from the ROYAL VETERINARY COLLEGE, LONDON, respectfully informs the Officers of the Garrison, and the Inhabitants of Kingston and its Vicinity, that he has opened A HORSE SHOEING ESTABLISHMENT, situated as above; and from the many years experience in that department both in England and in Canada, coupled with his knowledge of the Anatomy, Economy, and Functions of the Horse's foot, he is fully confident he can give perfect satisfaction to any person who may employ him. The greater proportion of cases of lameness are produced by bad Shoeing, and it will be the constant care of T. P. to prevent lameness from such causes, and to relieve those that are lame.
N. B.—All operations incident to the Horse will be scientifically performed, and all diseases of Cattle attended, either in Town or Country, and at reasonable charges.
Kingston, August 27th, 1844.

TO LET,
THE ST. GEORGE'S ASSEMBLY ROOM,
75 FEET long, 20 wide, and 11½ feet high; to Let for School Room, Lectures, Public Meetings, or any other purposes, by the night, week, month, or year; and immediate Possession can be given.
Apply to
WALTER EALES,
Paper Hanger, Queen Street
Kingston, July 19th, 1844. 57-tf

AT PRIVATE SALE,
BY the Subscriber, Contents of one Case very superior Irish Linen, and one Case woollen Hosiery, very low for cash.
THOMAS GREEL.
Kingston, 16th July, 1844.

FOR SALE OR TO LET,
THE FARM, Lot No. 12, on the East side of the Great Cataraqui River, Township of Pittsburgh, within one mile of the Village of Barriefield containing upwards of 100 ACRES, 60 of which are in a state of cultivation. On the front of the Lot is a NEW FRAME HOUSE, filled in with Brick, and painted: 33 feet by 22 feet. Also, a New Frame Barn, 53 feet by 32 feet.
Immediate possession can be given.
Terms can be known by application to the Subscriber, at Point Henry, or at the Office of the *British Whig.*
GEORGE HART.
Kingston, December 4th, 1844.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT.
THIS invaluable medicine is daily effecting some of the most astonishing and wonderful cures that have ever been known. All who have used it for Asthma, Coughs, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, Croup or Hives, Consumption, Chronic Pleurisy, Hoarseness, Pain and Soreness of the Breast, Difficulty of Breathing, and every other disease of the LUNGS and BREAST, can and do attest to its usefulness—BRONCHITIS, a disease which is annually sweeping thousands upon thousands to a premature grave under the mistaken name of CONSUMPTION, is always cured by it. The awful symptoms of this disease [Bronchitis] are Cough, Soreness of the Lungs or Throat, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, Asthma, Hectic Fever, expelling up of phlegm or matter, and sometimes blood. It is an Inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the whole of the wind tubes or air vessels, which run through every part of the Lungs. This Expectorant immediately suppresses the Cough and Pain, subdues the Inflammation and Fever, removes the Difficulty of Breathing, by producing a free and easy Expectoration, so that a cure is soon effected.
It always cures ASTHMA—two or three large doses will cure the CROUP or HIVES of Children, in from fifteen minutes to an hour's time. It immediately subdues the violence of HOOPING COUGH, and effects a speedy cure. Hundreds who have been given up by their physicians as incurable with a "CONSUMPTION," have been restored to perfect health by it.
In fact, as a remedy in Pulmonary Diseases, no medicine has ever obtained a larger, or more deserved reputation.

WORMS! WORMS!! WORMS!!!
OF all diseases to which children are exposed, none are so fatal to them as worms. Unfortunately, children are seldom free from them, and as they are the symptoms of almost every other complaint, they often produce alarming effects without being suspected.—Worms are not only a cause of disease themselves, but their irritation nervousness all other diseases, wandering from one part of the body to another, sometimes throwing up large balls and tubes upon the bowels, and frequently the throat, causing convulsions, and soon after death. The best remedy ever yet known is
DR. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE,
which is perfectly safe, and so pleasant that children will not refuse to take it. It effectually destroys WORMS; neutralizes acidity or Sourness of the stomach, increases an appetite, and acts as a general, and permanent Tonic, and is therefore exceedingly beneficial to Intermittent and Remittent Fevers, Indigestion, &c., as it is a certain and permanent cure for FEVER and AGUE.
It not only destroys Worms, and invigorates the whole system, but it dissolves and carries off the scrofulous slime or mucous so prevalent in the stomach and bowels of children, more especially of those in bad health. Diseases forms the body, or most is worth having produce their young; and by removing them is responsible for worms to remain in the body.
It is harmless in its effects on the system, and the health of the patient is *always improved* by its use even when no Worms are discovered.

DR. D. JAYNE'S
SANATIVE PILLS.
FOR Liver Complaints, Gout, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Fevers, Nervousness, Erysipelas, and diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Inflamations, Melancholy, Sick-Headach, Costiveness, Pains in the Head, Breast, Side, Back and Limbs, Bilious Affections, Female Diseases, &c. &c. &c., and whenever an Alterative or Purgative Medicine may be required.
There is scarcely any disease in which Preventive Medicines are necessary or beneficial, and many suffering and misery might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can be well while the stomach, liver, bowels, or blood are deranged. Headache, a sense of weight and pain in the head, dizziness, sudden flushes of heat, cold chills, transient pains here and there, sometimes mistaken for rheumatism, are sure indications that something is wrong in the system, and if not attended to, will be followed by more serious symptoms. Many of the diseases to which females are subject arise from a disordered state of the stomach and bowels, and can be cured by a few doses of these Pills.
The Proprietor can recommend these Pills with the greatest confidence, believing them superior to the Pills in general use; safe to take, sure to operate, safe and uniform in their action.
In taking them, no particular care is required. Persons may eat and drink as usual, and if desirable can immediately follow their business.
Are well and pleasant to take, as they are so combined as to always readily dissolve in the Stomach.
In conclusion we say these Pills are powerful Cathartics, but in lower doses, they are strictly Cathartic; consequently the whole of the active principles of the Pill are retained in the system, and by their action on the blood, liver, and other glands, they are carried to every part of the body, searching out the diseased humors, and restoring health to every fibre of the system, and for which purpose a dose or two of these Pills will be sufficient.
They may be taken at all times, and in most diseases.
In INFLAMMATORY, INTERMITTENT, REMITTENT, BILIOUS, and every other form of FEVER—JAUNDICE and LIVER COMPLAINT, For DYSPEPSIA they are to be used in connection with the Sanative Pills, as directed in the pamphlets around each box, which may be had of any person in the employ of the agents, and for which no charge is made.
Also for FEMALE COMPLAINTS, Costiveness, &c., and in fact every disease where an Active Alterative, or Purgative Medicine may be required.

BALDNESS AND LOSS OF HAIR—Is caused by a want of healthy action of the vessels which throw off the perspiration from the head. When these vessels are weak or decayed, the perspiration is thick and clammy, and refuses to rise from its orifice in the pores and clogs them up, and dries and forms scurf or dandruff. Less blood is then carried to the roots of the hair, and for want of which the hair has not sufficient nourishment, and consequently becomes dry and harsh, and then ungenerously to fall off, which continuing to increase, eventually produces total baldness. Restore the capillary vessels of the head to their former healthy circulation, and a fine silky new hair will make its appearance which will increase in quantity and volume until the hair becomes thick and beautiful.
JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC is the only preparation that has ever been known to produce new Hair on Bald Heads, which it has done in innumerable instances, and will seldom fail, if properly and perseveringly used.

AMERICAN HAIR DYE.
WARRANTED, if strictly applied according to direction, to change the hair from *any* color to a beautiful Auburn, or it is entirely for Black, without staining or irritating the skin like other Hair Dyes. Prepared only by DR. D. JAYNE, 20 S. 3d st., Philadelphia. Price 50 cents.

BALDNESS REMOVED
BY JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.
JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC for the *Preservation, Beauty, Growth* and *Restoration* of the HAIR.
This Hair Tonic has promoted (against) NEW HAIR on the heads of hundreds who had been BALD for Years. It also purifies the head from Dandruff—Cures diseases of the Scalp—Prevents the hair from falling off, or becoming prematurely Gray.
Prepared only by Dr. D. Jayne, No. 20 South 3d. Street Philadelphia.
The above Medicines for Sale by
N. PALMER.
Market Square, Kingston.

BEER AND ALE.
THE Subscriber grateful for the patronage he has received since his commencement in Business, (four years since) takes this opportunity of returning his sincere thanks to the gentry of Kingston, and the Public in general, and hopes that he has fully redeemed the pledge that he then gave:—viz, that he would brew Beer *from Malt and Hops only.*
He would intimate that he has now on hand A LARGE SUPPLY OF BEER AND ALE, which he can confidently offer to the consumer as a good article.
N. B.—Orders can be left with Messrs. J. Watkins & Co., or at the Brewery, adjoining the Toll Gate, front road, leading to the late Government House.
MICAH MASON.
Kingston, Dec. 13th, 1844.
Chronicle and News—to insert one month.

GENUINE TEA AND COFFEE
WAREHOUSE,
Corner of King and Brock Streets, next door to the Chronicle & Gazette Office, Market Square,
KINGSTON.
WILLIAM J. MARTIN,
RESPECTFULLY informs his Friends and the Public, that he has opened a large and choice Stock of Genuine
Groceries. Wines, Liquors, Fruits, &c.
At the above stand, where by attention to the wants of his customers, and being able to Sell a good article at the lowest price, he hopes to merit a share of their patronage.
Among his Stock will be found the following articles:

TEAS.	CIGARS.
Imperial,	Fine old Principe.
Gunpowder,	Havanas,
Young and Old Hyson,	Regalias,
Twankay,	Cheroots,
Souchong,	Panatelas,
Pekoe,	Spondonis,
Congou,	Plantations,
	Woodvilles, &c. &c.
COFFEE.	
Green,	Sea Salmon,
Roasted,	Mackerel,
Fresh Ground,	Dore Herrings,
	Northshore do
SUGARS.	Table Codfish,
Double Refined Loaf,	
Single, do. do.	Boom and Mustard
Crushed,	Kegins.
Muscovado,	Salmon do.
St. Croix,	Nets do.
Porto Rico.	Fins.
	Prunes,
OIL.	Currants,
Olive,	Preserved Fruits,
Sperm,	Candied Lemon,
Lard,	do. Citron,
Campheine.	Salad Oil,
	Castor do.
WINES.	Sauces,
Port,	Ketchup,
Sherry,	Sardines,
Madeira,	Georgian Anchovies,
Champaigne,	Essence Anchovies,
Claret, &c &c.	Macaroni,
	Vermicelli,
BRANDY.	Mace, Nutmegs,
Cognac,	Soda Powders,
Bordeaux,	Liquorice,
Pale,	Sugar Candy,
	Mustard,
GIN.	Snuff,
Hollands,	Canary Seed,
Schiedam.	Sperm Candles,
	Lard do.
Jamaica Spirits,	Tallow do.
Rum,	Windsor Soap,
Scotch Whisky,	Castile do.
Canadian do.	Brown do.
Peppermint,	Almonds,
French Liqueurs,	Filberts,
London Porter,	Ginger,
Burton do.	Epsom Salts, Sulphur,
Leith Ale,	Whiting,
Alsop do.	Washing Soda,
	Rotten Stone,
TOBACCOS.	Bath Bricks,
Cavendish,	Pipes,
Nailrod,	Playing Cards,
Pine,	Sponge,
Honeydew,	Blacking,
Ladies' Twist,	Starch, Blue,
Turkish,	Indigo,
Fine Cut,	Pepper,
Oronoco,	Spices, &c &c.
Scarfarlatti,	Shoe Thread,
	Patent Pails,
	Hamburg Lines, &c.

With a variety of other articles in the Trade too numerous to mention.
Innkeepers will find it to their advantage to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere.
Private Families, Officers' Messes, and Hotels, supplied on the most liberal Terms.
Kingston, November 19th, 1844.

BRITISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE, FOR 1845.
GENTLEMEN desirous of procuring any of the following publications for 1845, will have the goodness to signify their wishes to the subscribers, or any of their Agents, without delay, as it is not their intention to continue importing a greater number of copies than what are actually subscribed for.
Hitherto the attempt to supply the Colony with British Periodical Literature, at as low rates as those formerly charged for the United States reprints, has been attended with much labor and expence; but the Subscribers are induced to continue their exertions, calculating the manner in which they have fulfilled their engagements with the public, will lead to a great increase in the year about to begin.

Edinburgh Review, Quarterly	22s	pr. ann.
London Quarterly Review	22s	do
British Foreign and Quarterly do.	22s	do
Westminster Review do	22s	do
Foreign & Colonial Quarterly Review	22s	do
Foreign Quarterly Review	22s	do
Bentley's Miscellany, Monthly	30s	do
Colburn's New Monthly Magazine	36s	do
United Service Journal, Monthly	36s	do
Dublin University Magazine, do	27s	do
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, do	27s	do
Ainsworth's Magazine, Monthly	27s	do
The London Lancet, a Weekly Medical Journal	22s 6d	do
World of Fashion	3s	per No.

Payable half yearly in advance.
RAMSAY, ARMOUR, & CO.
December 10th, 1844.

HOUSES TO LET.
TO RENT, in Colborne Street, and possession given on the 1st of December next, a HOUSE and BAKERY, with all the Baking materials, and having an excellent Pump connected with the Bakery: the whole in first-rate order.
ALSO:
No. 2 COTTAGE, adjoining the first mentioned House, connected with the Bakery.
Rent moderate.
Apply to the Proprietor, at his Saddlery and Harness Warehouse, Princess Street, Kingston.
JOHN HARVEY.
Kingston, 8th Nov., 1844. 89-tf

FOR SALE.
50 CASKS "Port Hope" WHISKEY, by the Subscriber.
JOHN H. GREER.
Kingston, March 5th, 1844

Selected Poetry.

SONG OF THE SEA-WEED.

BY ELIZA COOK.

I am born in crystal bower,
Where the despot hath no power
To trail and turn the oozy fern,
Or trample down the fair sea-flower.
I am born whose human skill
Cannot bend me to its will,
None can delve about my root,
And nurse me for my bloom and fruit;
I am left to spread and grow
In my rifted bed below,
Till I break my slender hold,
As the porpoise tumbleth o'er me,
And on I go—now high—now low—
With the ocean world before me.

I am nigh the stately ship
Where she loiters in the calm,
While the south, like love's own lip,
Breathes a sweet and peaceful balm.
Flashing off with gentle grace,
Round the hull I keep my place,
While the sailor, through the day,
Leaneth o'er her side,
And idly watches me at play
Upon the drowsy tide.
She is staunch and she is stout,
With chain and cable girt about,
But I'll match my tendrils fine
With her shrouds and halyard line.

Now the red flash breaks,
The thunder-volley shakes,
And billows boil with hissing coil,
Like huge snow-crested snakes.
The mad winds roar,
The rain sheets pour,
And screaming loud mid wave and cloud
The white gulls soar;
Diving deep and tossing high,
Round that same ship there am I,
Till at last I mount the mast,
In the tight reef hanging fast,
While the fierce and plunging sea
Boweth down the stout cross-tree,
Till the sharp and straining creak
Echoeth the tempest shriek.

Another peal! another flash!
Top-gallants start with snapping crash.
"Quick! quick! All hands!" one mighty sweep,
And giant guns are in the deep.
Hark! the heavy axe below,
Whirls and rings with blow on blow,
And I feel the timber's agonies
Like a bulrush on a river.
Still I twine about the pine,
Till a wild and bursting cry
Tells the fearful work is done,
The ship leaps up, the mast is gone,
And away with it go I.

Now I dance and dash again,
Headlong through the howling main,
While the lightning groweth stronger,
And the thunder rattleth longer,
Now I feel a hard hand clutch me,
With a wildly snatching hold,
Who is he who dares to touch me,
With a gripe so strong and bold?
'Tis a sailor, young and brave,
Struggling o'er his yawning grave.
Does he think that he can cling
To the Sea-weed's mazy string?
Does he dream with frenzied hope,
Of floating spar and saving rope?
He does, he does, but billows meet,
And form his close-wrapped winding sheet.
While I mingle with the wreath
Of white foam gurgling through his teeth,
And twist and tangle in his locks,
As the mountain waters lift him,
And the frothy breakers drift him,
On the gray and iron rocks.

Again I mount my ocean steed,
Rolling on with earthless pace,
Who will follow where I lead?
Who will ride in such a race?
On I rush by raft and wreck,
By sinking keel and parting deck;
Now the life-boat's side I'm lashing,
Now against the torn plank dashing;
Up I go—the flood is swelling
With richer foam and fiercer yelling—
My course roars, and I am thrown
Upon the light-house topmost stone.
Rave on ye waters—here I'll stay
Till storm and strife have passed away.

Now I have taken my course to the shore,
Where yellow sand covers the chrystal & amber;
Serenely I dwell with the rosy-mouth'd shell,
Where limpets are thick and the tiny crabs clamber.

A young child is roving, and soon he espies
My rich curling threads as they mount in the spray;
He steps 'mid the green stones, and eagerly cries,
"Oh! that beautiful Sea-weed, I'll bear it away."

All earnestly gazing, he stretches to reach,
But a swift-spreading wave has roll'd over the beach;
It hath carried me back from the sun-lighted strand,
And the young child beholds me far, far from the land.

He runs through the club-surf, but vain the endeavour,
I am gone, my fair boy, I am gone, and for ever;
Thou wilt covet full many bright things, but take heed,
They elude not your grasp like the pretty Sea-weed.

Now I am met in my wide career
By the ice-pile driving fast,
A broad and sailless boat rides near,
And a lithe rope runneth past.

Hark, that plunge! who cometh here,
With long and purple trail;
'Tis the Sea King pierced with the jagged spear,—
The cleaving and furious whale.

He huggeth me tight in his downward flight,
On his writhing fin I go;
While his blood pours out with torrent spout,
And he gasps with snorting blow.

Weltering in his ocean halls,
He dyeth the coral deeper,
And wallows against the mossy walls
With the lunge of a frantic sleeper.

He hurls me off with a floundering pang,
I am caught on a glittering shrub,
And there I merrily dangle and hang
O'er the head of the grampus cub.

The star-fish comes with his quenchless light,
And a cheerful guest is he
For he shineth by day and he shineth by night,
In the darkest and deepest sea.

I wind in his arms and on we glide,
Leagues and leagues afar,
Till we rest again where the dolphins hide
In the caverns roof'd with spar.

Gems of all hues for a king to choose,
With coins and coffers are round;
The wealth and weight of an Eastern freight,
In the Seaweed's home are found.

Here are pearls for maidens' curls—
Here is gold for man;
But the wave is a true and right safe bar,
And its murmur a dreaded ban.

I revel and rove 'mid jewell'd sheen,
Till the nautilus travels by,
And off with him I gaily swim,
To look at the torrid sky.

I rise where the bark is standing still,
In the face of a full red sun,
While out of her seams, and over her beams,
The trickling pitch drops run.

Oh! worse is the groan that breaketh there,
Than the burst of a drowning cry;
They have bread in store, and flesh to spare,
But the water casks are dry.

Many a lip is gasping for drink,
And madly calling for rain;
And some hot brains are beginning to think
Of a messmate's open'd vein.

Nautilus, nautilus, let us begone,
For I like not this to look upon.

Now about the island bay,
I am quietly at play;
Now the fisher's skiff I'm around;
Now I love the rocky mound;
Now I swiftly float aground,
Where the surge and pebbles rustle;
Where young maidens' feet tread nigh
My dripping branches to explore,
For spotted egg, and purple muscle.

The tide recedes—the wave comes not
To bear me from this barren spot
Here I lie for many a day,
Crisp'd and shrivell'd in the ray,
Till I wither, shrink, and crack,
And my green stem turneth black,

See! there cometh sturdy men,
But they wear no sailor blue,
No kerchief decks their tawny necks,
They form no smart and gallant crew.
Hark! there cometh merry strains,
'Tis not music that I know;
It does not tell of anchor chains,
Blending with the "Yo, heave yo!"
'Tis my death dirge they are singing,
And thus the fight-no-more troll is ringing;

The Vraie! the Vraie! oh! the Vraie shall be
The theme of our chanting mirth,
For we come to gather the grass of the sea
To quicken the grain of the earth.
That grass it groweth where no man moweth,
All thick, and rich, and strong,
And it meeteth our hand on the desolate strand,
Ready for rake and prong.
So gather and carry, for often we need
The nurturing help of the good Sea-weed.

The Vraie! the Vraie! come, take a farewell
Of your boundless and billowy home,
No more will you dive in the fathomless cell,
Or leap in the sparkling foam;
Far from the petrel, the gannet, and grebe,
Thou shalt be scatter'd abroad;
And carefully strewn on the mountain glebe,
To add to the harvest hoard.
The land must be till'd, the tiller must feed,
And the corn must be help'd by the good Sea-weed.

The Vraie! the Vraie! pile it on to the fire,
Let it crackle and smoke in the wind;
And a smouldering heap of treasure we'll keep
In the ashes it leaveth behind.
On to the furrow, on to the field,
Dust to dust is the cleim;
'Tis what the prince and pilgrim yield,
And the Sea-weed giveth the same.
The land must be till'd, the tiller must feed,
But he'll mingle at last with the good Sea-weed.

SAM SLICK'S DESCRIPTION OF BOARDING SCHOOLS.

[*From the Second and last Series of the Attaché, or Sam Slick in England.*]

While strolling about the neighbourhood of the town this afternoon, we passed what Colonel Slick would have called "several little detachments of young ladies," belonging to a boarding-school, each detachment having at its head an officer of the establishment. Youth, innocence, and beauty, have always great attractions for me; I like young people, I delight in talking to them. There is a joyousness and buoyancy about them, and they are so full of life and hope, it revives my drooping spirits, it awakens agreeable recollections, and makes me feel, for the time at least, that I am young myself. "Look at those beautiful creatures," I said, "Mr. Slick. They seem as happy as birds just escaped from a cage."
"Yes," said he, "and what a cussed shame it is to put 'em into a cage at all.—In the West Indies, in old times, every plantation had a cage for the little niggers, a great enormous room, and all the little darkies was put in there and spoon-fed with meal-vittals by some old granny, and they were as fat as chickens and as lively as crickets, (you never see such happy little imps of darkness since you was born,) and their mothers, sent off to the fields to work. It saved labour and time, and labour and time is money, and it warn't a bad contrivance. Well, old Bunton, Joe Sturge, and such sort of cattle of the Abolition breed, when they heerd of this, went a roarin' and a hallowin' about all over England, like cows that had lost their calves, about the horrid cruelty of these nigger coops.
"Now, these boardin'-schools for gals here is a hundred thousand times wuss than the nigger miseries was. Mothers send their children here 'cause they are too lazy to tend 'em, or too ignorant to teach 'em themselves, or 'cause they want 'em out o' the way that they may go into company, and not to be kept to home by kickin', squeelin', gabblin' brats; and what do they larn here? why, nothin' that they had ought to, and every thing that they had ought not to. They don't love their parents, 'cause they haint got that care, and that fondlin', and protection, and that habit that breeds love. Love won't grow in cold ground, I can tell you. It must be sheltered from the frost, and protected from the storm, and watered with tears, and warmed with the heat of the heart, and the soil be kept free from weeds; and it must have support to lean on, and be tended with care day and night, or it pines, grows yaller, fades away, and dies. It's a tender plant is love, or else I don't know human natur, that's all. Well, the parents don't love them nother.—*Mothers can get weaned as well as babies.* The same causes a'most makes folks love their children, that makes their children love them. Who ever liked another man's flower-garden as well as his own? Did you ever see one that did, for I never did? He haint tended it, he haint watched its growth, he haint seed the flowers bud, unfold, and bloom. *They haint growed up under his eye and hand, he aint attached to them, and don't care who plucks 'em.*
"And then who can teach religion but a mother? religion is a thing of the affections. Lord! parsons may preach, and clerks may make 'sponses for ever, but they wont reach the little heart of a child. All I got, I got from mother, for father was so almighty impatient; if I made the leastest mistake in the world in readin' the Bible, he used to fall to and swear like a trooper, and that spiled all. Minister was always kind and gentle, but he was old, and old age seems so far off from a child, that it listens with awe, scary-like, and runs away screamin' with delight as soon as it's over, and forgets all. Oh! its an onnatural thing to tear a poor little gal away from home, and from all she knows and loves, and shove her into a house of strangers, and race off and leave her. Oh! what a sight of little cords it must stretch, so that they are never no good arterwards, or else snap 'em right short off. How it must harden the heart, and tread down all the young sprouts! feelin's, so that they can never grow up and ripen.
"Why, a gall ought to be nothing' but a lump of affection, as a Mother Carey's chicken is nothin' but a lump of fat; not that she has to love so much, but to endure so much; not that she has to bill and coo all day, for they plaguy soon get tired of that; but that she has to give up time and give up inclination, and alter her likes and alter her dislikes, and do every thin' and bear every thin', and all for affection.—She ought to love, so that duty is a pleasure *for where there is no love there will be no duty done right.* You wouldn't hear of so many runaway matches if it warn't for them cussed boardin'-sc'tools, I know. A young chap sees one of these angeliferous gals a goin' a walkin', and inquires who she is and what she is. He hears she has a great fortun', and knows she has great beauty—splendid gal she is, too. She has been taught to stand strait and walk strait, like a drill-serjeant. She knows how to get into a carriage and show no legs, and to get out o' one as much onlike a bear and as much like a lady as possible, never stare fust, but like a driver, head fust.—She can stand in first, second, or third position to church, and hold her book and her elbows graceful,—very important church lessons them too, much more than the lessons parsons reads. Then she knows a little tiny prayer-book makes a big hand look hugeaceous, and a big one makes it look small; and, besides, she knows all about smiles, the smile to set with or walk with, the smile to talk with, the smile o' surprise, the smile scorny, and the smile piteous. She is a most accomplished gal, that's a fact, how can it be otherwise in natur? Ain't she at a female seminary, where, though the mistress don't know nothin', she can teach every thin', 'cause it's a fashionable school, and very aristocratic and very dear. It must be good, it costs so much; and you can't get nothin' good without a good price, that's a fact.
"Well, a fortun'-hunter watches and watches till he attracts attention, and the moment she looks at him his eye tells her he loves her. Creation, man! you might as well walk over a desert of gunpowder, shod with steel soles and flint heels, as to tell that to a gal for the first time, whose heart her school-mistress and her mother had both made her feel was empty, and that all her education went to write on a paper and put in its window 'Lodgin's to let here for a single man.' She is all in a confluxturgation in a minute—a lover!—a real lover too, not a schoolboy but an elegant young man, just such a one as she had heered tell of in novels. How romantic, ain't it? and yet, Squire, how natural too, for this poor desarted gal to think like a fool fust, and act like a fool arterwards, ain't it? She knows she warn't made to grow alone, and that like a vine she ought to have sunthin' to twine round for support; and when she sees this man, the little tendrils of her heart incline right that way at once.
"But then love never runs smooth—How in the world are they ever to meet, seein' that there is a great high brick wall atween them, and she is shut up most of the time? Ah! there is the rub. Do you know, dear? There is but one safe way, loveliest of women, only one,—run