POETRY.

THE PRINTER'S SONG.

Print, comrades, print; a noble task
Is the one we gaily ply;
'Tis ours to tell to all who ask,
The wonders of earth and sky;
We catch the thought, all glowing warm,
As it leaves the student's brain;
And place the stamp of enduring form
On the poet's airy strain.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round;
A glorious thing is our labouring,
Oh, where may its like be found?

Print, comrades, print; the fairest thought
Ever limned in painter's dream,
The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought
By the light of beauty's gleam,
Though lovely, may not match the power
Which our own proud art can claim—
That links the past with the present hour,
And its breath—the voice of fame.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round;
A glorious thing is our labouring,
Oh, where may its like be found?

Print, comrades, print; God hath ordained
That man by his toil should live;
Then spurn the charge that we disdained
The labour that God would give!
We envy not the sons of ease,
Nor the lord in princely hall;
But bow before the wise decrees
In kindness meant for all.
Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
The slender letters round;
A glorious thing is our labouring,
Oh, where may its like be found?

OLD TORY REGIME IN CANADA.

ROBERT F. GOURLAY.—This persecuted individual is at length likely to procure justice, after twenty-two years banishment from the province, under an illegal sentence. It is only necessary to publish the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Assembly, and to call attention to it, without comment, as it is plain and forcible of itself. The committee consisted of Messrs. Dunlop, Neilson, Morin, Steele, Viger, and Price.

LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY.

Committee Room.

The Select Committee on the Petition of Robert F. Gourlay, beg leave to make the following report:

Your committee having investigated the petition, and examined witnesses in relation to the same, and procured affidavits from persons cognizant of the matters and allegations contained therein, find the following facts to be fully proven:

The petitioner, Mr. Gourlay, first visited Canada in the year 1817, where he acquired property by marriage, and also by purchase—and commenced statistical enquiries on the capabilities of the province—in the course of which he became aware of the existence of various abuses. He then proposed that a commission should be appointed to proceed to Great Britain to have these abuses rectified, and held public meetings for that purpose, accounts of the proceedings at which were published in a pamphlet, which was generally approved of by the people of the province—but by those in power, was considered as having a seditious tendency, and he was therefore arrested and put upon his trial for sedition at Kingston; but being acquitted, he was again tried at Brockville with a similar result.

He then had to proceed to New York on business, and on his return was imprisoned in the gaol at Niagara, where ill-treatment in being confined in a cell for five weeks in the dog-days,—debarred from the sight of or communication with his friends, his counsel, or the magistrates of the district, threw both his body and mind into such a state as to render him totally unfit to defend himself upon his trial, or even to comprehend his arraignment. The result of the trial was, that he was banished the province for life, under pain of death, should he return,—his alleged crime being that he neglected to quit the country upon the order of two Legislative Councillors, acting under an unjust construction of an unconstitutional statute, most illegally exercised.

Your committee do not thing it necessary to comment on such proceedings.

From the evidence adduced, which will be found in the appendix to this report, your committee are of opinion that the arrest and imprisonment of the petitioner in Niagara in 1819, was illegal, unconstitutional, and without the possibility of excuse or palliation.—That debarring him from an interview with his friends or counsel, was also illegal, unjust and unconstitutional. That preventing magistrates of a county or district from visiting the gaol of that county or district, is a violation of all propriety, and if persisted in, would lead to the most pernicious consequences.

Your committee are further of opinion, that the Crown should repudiate the transactions by which the petitioner has been persecuted to his ruin, and that the Legislature should declare his sentence of banishment null and void, compensating him for the losses he has sustained by the unwarrantable exercise of authority. In the mean time that some allowance may be made to him to defray his personal expenses, while in attendance before the Legislature defending the rights of a British subject.

The committee further state that they are in possession of proofs, that during the late rebellion, Mr. Gourlay, being then a resident in the United States, furnished Sir F. B. Head with the most important intelligence of the movements of the brigands, organised for the attack of Upper Canada, a service which ought not to be forgotten, nor pass unrewarded.

A NIGHT WITH LETT, THE OUTLAW.

The first time I ever saw Lett, was on Navy Island. He looked to me a large, strong, coarse featured, sandy haired fellow, with an expression that might be an union of ferocity and cunning, but easily mistaken for heaviness and stupidity. I had dined on pork and beans with Van Rensalaer and staff, had walked about the Island, saw the preparations made to resist invasion, and as night approached, prepared to return to the American shore, to Schlosser, in a small skiff, with one of the officers.

Lett was the man chosen to accompany us, assist in rowing, and return with the boat. It was a strong current, and hard rowing, and when we arrived at Schlosser it was nearly dark. That night, from some information obtained during the day, it was conjectured that the British would make a grand attack upon the Island, and perhaps venture to attempt a landing, as their number was now three times those on Navy Island. This night attack I was anxious to see, and the best possible view was from Grand Island, just above, and between the opposing forces. The officer consented that I should have the skiff to go there, and that Lett should accompany me.

It was dark before we started; so dark, that when a short distance from the shore. we had to steer with starlight. It was in the month of January, and bitterly cold. Lett took one oar, I the other, and there we pulled against the deep, dark, rapid current of the Niagara. The ice was grinding along the shores, a line of light against a mass of blackness—the watch-fires were gleaming all round Navy Island. Grand Island loomed darkly above, and below, thundered the cataract. The slightest accident—the loss of an oar, the breaking of a row lock, would have made its foam that night our winding sheet.

We pulled on, this bold outlaw and I, talking of the prospects of the Patriot cause. It was hard and unusual work, and my hands became blistered. Suddenly we heard the noise of oars. Lett crouched and listened like a wild beast—I tried in vain to pierce the darkness. At that moment the skiff grounded on a sand bar, and the boat hailed us. It was an awkward affair. If it was a British boat, we should both be killed or taken prisoners, and I was not likely to fare any the better, for being on the Niagara at night, in such company. "Who goes there?" hailed the unseen stranger. "Who goes there?" I cried, having as good a right to hail as the other, whoever it was. "Haul round, or we'll fire," was the answer. This was argument, unanswerable in fact, and pushing off, we went, and found it was an armed barge from Navy Island, and of course filled with our friends. They were aground, but we helped them off, and with muffled oars they went on their expedition and we on ours. "Had they been British, Lett," said I, "what would you have done?"

"Swamped their boat, if I could," said he, "and all gone over the falls together."

A nice chap this for a sailing party on the Niagara, thought I. Still steering as well as we could by starlight, the roar of the falls and the watch-fires, we struggled slowly up the river, and without any more adventures reached the lowest point of Grand Island. We hid the little skiff in the bushes and started for the American quarters, where Colonel Ayres was stationed with two companies of militia, in some log houses, to protect the neutrality. It was about a half a mile, and when we got there, I found that Lett was perfectly at home, and apparently on the most intimate terms with the officers and privates. They gave us some supper, fried beef steaks, bread, and tea without milk, and we made ourselves very comfortable.

All at once we were startled by the heavy booming of a thirty-two pounder—another and another, and we rushed into the open air.

What a scene opened to us. The moon had risen, and the broad Niagara was glittering in her beams, down to the cloud of spray that rises eternally from the falls. The British batteries had opened for two miles along the river. Every battery was in sight; we could see the flash of every gun, and even the matches before they touched the priming, and could hear the shot crashing in the timber. Once in a while a dozen guns, fired in rapid succession, would blaze out from Navy Island, which was also in full view; then the English mortars would throw a few shells, and I could see them burst from the mortars, follow them by the lighted fuse through the air till they exploded, sometimes an hundred feet high, sometimes after they had struck the ground, with a report as loud as that with which they started. Then a half dozen rockets, each large enough to cut down a good sized tree, would go roaring across the river and crash among the trees.

I stood in the cold night air and saw this cannonade for two hours, and it was the grandest sight I ever beheld. Strange to say, on the Patriot side not a single man was injured that night, by over three hundred shot and shell, the batteries directed by experienced engineers. They told me afterwards, that they dodged lively among the big forest trees.—*U. S. Paper.*

THE ABUNDANCE IN THE WEST.

The following, from the Buffalo Advertiser, will give our readers some idea of the abundance of the crop in the country bordering on the great Lakes:—

A gentleman who has for a great number of years been largely engaged in forwarding business on the canal and lakes, had occasion a short time since to go to Chicago. In the steam boat he fell in with a Chicago man, who appeared by no means inclined to disparage the business and prospects of his town. Among other things, he said that between the close of the navigation this season and its opening next spring, no less than three hundred thousand bushels of wheat would be received and stored at Chicago alone. This seemed so incredible, that it was received with a strong expression of disbelief, and the conversation at last ended in the making a bet of $500, that the Chicago man's statement would not prove true. On arriving at that port, our forwarding friend mentioned the matter to his agents and correspondents there, who assured him that according to their best information, the amount of wheat in store at Chicago next spring, would not fall short of four hundred thousand bushels, and the upshot of the matter was, he backed straight out of his bet.

We learn that wheat is brought into Chicago from a distance of 150 miles, and the procession of teams, as they come in, to an eastern man, is a very novel and interesting sight. The wheat is carried in large waggons called "Prairie Schooners." Each caravan—for, from the various sections of the country, they go in numbers sufficiently large to be entitled to that appellation, has its captain. They camp out at nights, and each man carries food for himself and team, so that a fortnight's journey is made at little or no expense save that of time. On arriving at the suburbs of the town, the captain goes in with a sample of his grain. A bargain is made for the whole brought by the caravan, and the next day, with the money in his pockets, or in goods for his family, each countryman is winding his way homeward.

At Michigan city, and other principal towns on Lake Michigan, the same scene is daily exhibited. An immense amount of surplus produce is already accumulated at ports on the lake, but not a bushel comparatively will reach the eastern markets this season. The price of flour there will be ruled by the supply furnished by the eastern States and Ohio. Are not the eastern people directly interested in so improving the harbours of Lake Michigan, that the products of the upper Lake country shall not, as now, be necessarily kept back from market?

Hood in his novel of Tynley Hall says, that phrenologists have never satisfactorily accounted for the fact, that when a man is puzzled he scratches his head.

"I go the whole *hog* for *internal* improvements," said the bear, as he devoured the boar pig.

THE TRENCHES BEFORE CIUDAD RODRIGO.

—"I have not had time, O'Malley, to think of your application," said General Crawford, "nor is it likely I can for a day or two. Read that." So saying, he pushed towards me a note, written in pencil, which ran thus:—"Ciudad Rodrigo, 18th December. Dear C.; Fletcher tells me, that the breaches will be practicable by to-morrow evening, and I think so myself. Come over then at once, for we shall not lose any time—yours, &c. W." "I have some despatches for your regiment out, if you prefer coming along with me ——" "My dear general, dare I ask for such a favour?" "Well, come along: only remember that, although my division will be engaged, I cannot promise you any thing to do; so now, get your horses ready; let's away." It was in the afternoon of the following day that we rode into the large plain before Ciudad Rodrigo, and in which the allied armies were now assembled to the number of twelve thousand men. The loud booming of the siege artillery had been heard by me for some hours before; but notwithstanding this prelude and my own high wrought expectations, I was far from anticipating the magnificent spectacle which burst upon my astonished view. The air was calm and still: a clear blue wintry sky stretched over head, but, below, the dense blue smoke of the defeaning guns rolled in mighty volumes along the earth, and entirely concealed the lower part of the fortress; above this the tall towers and battlemented parapets rose into the thin transparent sky, like fairy palaces. A bright flash of flame would now and then burst forth from the walls, and a clanging crash of the brass metal be heard; but the unceasing roll of our artillery nearly drowned all other sounds, save when a loud cheer would burst from the trenches; while the clattering fall of masonry, and the crumbling stones as they rolled down, bespoke the reason of the cry. The utmost activity prevailed on all sides; troops pressed forward to the reliefs in the parallels; ammunition waggons moved to the front; general and staff officers rode furiously about the plain; and all betokened that the hour of attack was not far distant. While all parties were anxiously awaiting the decision of our chief, the general order was made known, which, after briefly detailing the necessary arrangements, concluded with the emphatic words, "Ciudad Rodrigo must be stormed to-night." All speculation as to the troops to be engaged in this daring enterprise, was soon at an end; for, with his characteristic sense of duty, Lord Wellington made no invidious selection, but merely commanded that the attack should be made by whatever divisions might chance to be that day in the trenches. Upon the third and light divisions, therefore, this glorious task devolved; the former was to attack the main breach: to Crawford's division was assigned the, if possible, more difficult enterprise of carrying the lesser one; while Pack's Portuguese brigade were to menace the convent of La Caridad by a feint attack, to be converted into a real one if circumstances should permit. The decision, however matured and comprehensive in all its details, was finally adopted so suddenly that every staff officer upon the ground was actively engaged during the entire evening in conveying the orders to the different regiments. As the day drew to a close the cannonade slackened on either side, a solitary gun would be heard at intervals, and, in the calm stillness around, its booming thunder re-echoed along the valleys of the Sierra; but, as the moon rose and night set in, these were no longer heard, and a perfect stillness and tranquillity prevailed around. Even in the trenches, crowded with armed and anxious soldiers, not a whisper was heard; and, amid that mighty host which filled the plain, the tramp of a patrol could be distinctly noted, and the hoarse voice of the French sentry upon the walls, telling that all was well in Ciudad Rodrigo. The massive fortress looming larger as its dark shadow stook out from the sky, was still as the grave; while in the greater breach a faint light was seen to twinkle for a moment, and then suddenly to disappear, leaving all gloomy and dark as before.—*From Charles O'Malley.*

THE STORMING OF CIUDAD RODRIGO.—Whatever the levity of the previous moment, the scene before us now repressed it effectually. The deep-toned bell of the cathedral tolled seven, and scarcely were its notes dying away in the distance when the march of the columns was heard stealing along the ground. A low murmuring whisper ran along the advanced files of the forlorn hope; stocks were loosened, packs and knapsacks thrown to the ground; each man pressed his cap more firmly down upon his brow, and, with lip compressed and steadfast eye, waited for the word to move. It came at last: the word "march!" passed in whispers from rank to rank, and the dark mass moved on; what a moment was that, as we advanced to the foot of the breach! The consciousness that, at the same instant from different points of that vast plain, similar parties were moving on; the feeling that, at a word, the flame of the artillery and the flash of the steel would spring from that dense cloud, and death and carnage in every shape our imagination can conceive be dealt on all sides. The hurried fitful thought of home; the years long past, compressed into one minute's space; the last adieu to all we've loved, mingling with the muttered prayer to heaven, while high above all, the deep pervading sense that earth has no temptation strong enough to turn us from that path whose ending might be a sepulchre. Each heart was too full for words. We followed noiselessly along the turf, the dark figure of our leader guiding us through the gloom. On arriving at the ditch, the party with the ladders moved to the front. Already some hay packs were thrown in, and the forlorn hope sprang forward. All was still and silent as the grave. "Quietly, my men—quietly!" said M'Kinnon; "don't press." Scarcely had he spoke when a musket, whose charge, contrary to orders, had not been drawn, went off. The whizzing bullet could not have struck the wall, when suddenly a bright flame burst forth from the ramparts, and shot upwards towards the sky. For an instant the whole scene before us was bright as noonday. On one side the dark ranks and glistening bayonets of the enemy; on the other the red uniforms of the British columns: compressed like some solid wall, they stretched along the plain. A deafening roll of musquetry from the extreme right announced that the third division was already in action, while the loud cry of our leader as he sprang into the trench, summoned us to the charge. The leading sections, not waiting for the ladders, jumped down, others pressed rapidly behind them, when a loud rumbling thunder crept along the earth, a hissing crackling noise followed, and from the dark ditch a forked and livid lightning burst like the flame from a volcano, and a mine exploded. Hundreds of shells and grenades scattered along the ground were ignited at the same moment; the air sparkled with the whizzing fuses; the musketry plied incessantly from the walls, and every man of the leading company of the stormers was blown to pieces. While this dreadful catastrophe was enacting before our eyes, the different assaults were made on all sides; the whole fortress seemed girt around with fire. From every part arose the yells of triumph and shouts of the assailants. As for us we stood upon verge of the ditch breathless, hesitating and bo struck. A sudden darkness succeeded to the bri glare, but from the midst of the gloom the agoniz cries of the wounded and dying, rent our very hea "Make way there! make way! here comes Mack party," cried an officer in the front; and as he spoke forlorn hope of the 88th came forward at a run; ju ing recklessly into the ditch, they made towards breach; the supporting division of stormers gave inspiriting cheer and sprang after them. The rush tremendous; for scarcely had we reached the crumbl ruins of the rampart, when the vast column, pressed like some mighty torrent, bore down upon our r Now commenced a scene to which nothing I ever fore conceived of war could in any degree compa the whole ground covered with combustibles of e deadly and destructive contrivance, was rent open w a crash; and huge masses of masonry bounded into t air like things of no weight; the ringing clangour of iron howitzers, the crackling of the fuses, the blazi splinters, the shouts of defiance, the more than savage yell of those in whose ranks alone the dead and dying were numbered, made up a mass of sights and sounds almost maddening with excitement. On we struggled; the mutilated bodies of the leading files almost filling the way. By this time the third division had joined us, and the crash of our thickening ranks was dreadful; every moment some well known leader fell down dead or mortally wounded, and his place was supplied by some gallant fellow, who, springing from the leading files, would scarcely have uttered his cheer of encouragement, ere he himself was laid low. Many a voice, with whose notes I was familiar, would break upon my ear in tones of heroic daring, and the next moment burst forth into a death-cry. For above an hour the frightful carnage continued, fresh troops continually advancing, but scarcely a foot of ground was made; the earth belched forth its volcanic fires, and that terrible barrier did no man pass. In turn the bravest and the boldest would leap into the whizzing flame, and the taunting cheers of the enemy triumphed in derision at the effort. "Stormers to the front! only the bayonet! trust to nothing but the bayonet," cried a voice, whose almost cheerful notes contrasted strangely with the death notes around, and Gurwood, who led the forlorn hope of the 52d, bounded into the chasm; all the officers sprang simultaneously after him; the men pressed madly on; a roll of withering musketry crashed upon them, a furious shout replied to it. The British, springing over the dead and dying, bounded like blood hounds on their prey. Meanwhile, the ramparts trembled beneath the tramp of the light division, who having forced the lesser breach, came down upon the flank of the French. The garrison, however, thickened their numbers, and bravely held their ground. Man to man was now the combat. No cry for quarter. No supplicating look for mercy; it was the death struggle of vengeance and despair. At this moment an explosion, louder than the loudest thunder, shook the air; the rent and torn up ramparts sprang into the sky; the conquering and the conquered were alike the victims: for one of the great magazines had been ignited by a shell; the black smoke streaked with a lurid flame, hung above the dead and dying. The artillery, and the murderous musketry, were stilled, paralyzed, as it were, by the ruin and devastation before them: both sides stood leaning upon their arms; the pause was but momentary; the cries of wounded comrades called upon their hearts. A fierce burst of vengeance rent the air; the British closed upon the foe; for one instant they were met; the next, their bayonets gleamed upon the ramparts, and Cuidad Rodrigo was won.—*From Charles O'Malley.*

THE FOREST OF PEACOCKS.—An officer of the 30th Bengal Native Infantry writes thus:—On the 6th of April we arrived at Chatteer, and entered upon the skirts of the great Moburbonge, better known as the Forest of Peacocks. The jungle hereabouts runs exceedingly heavy, and the hills, which are chiefly composed of laterite, a species of compact iron and *stone*, are ranged in the extreme, and are studded up to their summits with teak and saul trees. We encamped at about seven o'clock, A. M. upon a small grass plain, situated between two lofty heights, embedded in forest, having pitched our tents contiguous to an old disused water-tank which was completely choked with the lotus (Indian water-lily). Here I had the misfortune to lose my favourite pointer, Dash, whom I brought out with me from Warkmouth, who, in the act of slaking his thirst after a long and hot morning's march, was carried off by an alligator. Although the heat of the sun was excessive, I nevertheless myself and two brother officers ventured, after a slender breakfast, to take the field, and equipped with three double barrelled guns, suitable ammunition, and a few village coolies as our guides, entered the Forest of Pecaocks at the foot of the nearest hill. A death-like silence seemed to pervade those deep rocky and solitary glens. Not a leaf was seen to move, nor a sound uttered to awaken the ear, save, ever and anon, the harsh scream of the peacock, or the sonorous grunt of some half-frantic elk, as the latter lay encouched in his lair, impatient of the annoyance of the myriads of mosquitoes which worry these animals during the day almost to madness. On reaching the terminus of a slope we came upon a spacious valley, in which were feeding some hundreds of pea-fowl. We contrived to get within sixty yards of them before they attempted to retire into the bamboo thickets, which were profusely distributed throughout this retired spot; and, as they gracefully paraded, in the act of withdrawing themselves from view into the jungle, their luxuriant plumage, played upon by the sun's beams, appeared like so many moving bodies profusely studded with precious gems of the most surpassing brilliancy. We succeeded in bringing down twenty-seven of these noble birds, and might have considerably exceeded that number had it not been that the subduing influence of the sun prompted us to seek the shady covert of the forest, and to make our best way back to the encamping ground. We crossed several mallahs, on the muddy banks of which were visibly impressed the tell-tale footsteps of voracious tigers, leopards and other wild and ferocious animals, which, during the still hours of the night, were in the habit of repairing to these haunts to quench their burning thirst. This forest is an unexplored wilderness as to the interior, in which some of the largest rivers in the south-western part of India take their rise, and inhabited only by the most ferocious beasts that are indigenous to that quarter of tract of country.—*London Mag.*

CHARLOTTETOWN: Printed and published by COOPER & [illegible], Printers to the Honorable the House of Assembly, at their East corner of Pownal and Water Streets.—TERMS 15s. per num, payable half yearly in advance.