

THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

OL. I.]

HALIFAX, FRIDAY, JANUARY 23, 1835.

[No. 2.]

PROSPECTUS OF A PERIODICAL, TO BE ENTITLED THE WEEKLY MIRROR.

The Subscriber proposes to publish under the above title, a weekly paper in this Town. It is customary in announcing undertakings of this sort to the public, to give some hint as to their intended character, the proprietor will do in the present instance, depart from the general rule.

The proposed publication will not be devoted to Politics, or to such articles as range under the denomination of News, the Weekly News papers already established in this place being sufficient for these purposes; but it will rather be the view of the publisher to afford to his readers (especially the Juvenile part of them,) articles in Miscellaneous Literature, and selections of an amusing and interesting description. His maxim will be to blend the useful with the agreeable, and having received the promise of assistance from several literary friends, he feels confident that he will be enabled to redeem this pledge.

The *Weekly Mirror* will be neatly printed in a Quarto form. Terms—Five shillings yearly or Three Shillings for six months. To Subscribers in the Country, the numbers will be forwarded in monthly parts, at six and three pence per ann. The price of this publication being so very low, the subscriber cannot prudently proceed with it, unless subscriptions are paid in advance. The first number will probably appear in the early part of this month.

A Title page and Index will be given at the completion of each volume.

JAMES BOWES.

Halifax, January 1, 1834.

Communications for the *Weekly Mirror*, and Names of Subscribers may be left at Mr. George Phillips', Book Binder, opposite the north east corner of Dalhousie College.

LITERARY.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN OF TALENT.

By the Ettrick Shepherd.
CONCLUDED.

In the Recollections of Wordsworth we had related the affront which led to Hogg's caricature of Wordsworth's style, an offence which shut out the Shepherd from the society of the amiable poet of the Lakes.

"This anecdote has been told and told again, but never truly; and was likewise brought forward in the 'Noctes Ambrosianae,' as a joke; but it was no joke; and the plain, simple truth of the matter was thus:—

"It chanced one night, when I was here, that there was a resplendent arch across the zenith from the one horizon to the other, of something like the aurora borealis, but much brighter. It was a scene that is well remembered, for it struck the country with admiration, as such a phenomenon had never before been witnessed in such perfec-

tion; and, as far as I could learn, it had been more brilliant over the mountains and pure waters of Westmoreland than any where else. Well, when word came into the room of the splendid meteor, we all went out to view it; and on the beautiful platform at Mount Ryedale we were all walking, in twos and threes, arm-in-arm, talking of the phenomenon, and admiring it.

Now, be it remembered, that Wordsworth, Professor Wilson, Lloyd, De Quincy, and myself, were present, besides several other literary gentlemen, whose names I am not certain that I remember aright. Miss Wordsworth's arm was in mine, and she was expressing some fears that the splendid stranger might prove ominous, when I, by ill luck, blundered out the following remark, thinking that I was saying a good thing:—"Hout, me'em! it is neither mair nor less than jost a treumpthal airc'h, raised in honour of the meeting of the poets." "That's not amiss.—Eh? Eh?—that's very good," said the Professor, laughing. But Wordsworth, who had De Quincy's arm, gave a grunt, and turned on his heel, and leading the little opium-chewer aside he addressed him in these disdainful and venomous words:—"Poets? Poets? what does the fellow mean?—Where are they? Who could forgive this? For my part, I never can, and never will! I admire Wordsworth; as who does not, whatever they may pretend? but for that short sentence I have a lingering ill-way at him which I cannot get rid of. It is surely presumption in man to circumscribe all human excellence within the narrow sphere of his own capacity. The 'Where are they?' was too bad! I have always some hopes that De Quincy was leeing, for I did not myself hear Wordsworth utter the words."

Appended to this anecdote is a characteristic observation on the poetry of Wordsworth.

"It relates to the richness of his works for quotations. For these they are a mine that is altogether inexhaustible. There is nothing in nature that you may not get a quotation out of Wordsworth to suit, and a quotation too that breathes the very soul of poetry. There are only three books in the world that are worth the opening in search of mottos and quotations, and all of them are alike rich. These are, the Old Testament, Shakspeare, and the poetical works of Wordsworth, and, strange to say, the 'Excursion' abounds most in them."

Just reproof, well timed, is a greater proof of friendship than even just commendation a little out of season.

EDUCATION.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry, which shows none of its inherent beauties, until the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornament—a cloud, spot, and vein that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws out to view every latent virtue and perfection, which without such helps are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education, which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculptor is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or the great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred, and have brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy, wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Men's passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? And what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? that we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I