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NEPTUNE *versus* BLACKWOOD.

“THE SEA,—’Tis not easy even to look at him without falling asleep. Live for a month on the sea shore and you will be stupid for life.”

We met these lines a few months ago, in Blackwood’s Magazine, and they have occasionally since haunted our imagination, like the remembrance of insult given to ourselves, or the recollection of wrong done to a friend. Did we extend our ramble to Fort Mercy, and glance out on the glorious deep like a seamew from mid air—all boyant and exulting as though we could fly away and rest mid the distant glittering waters—the recollection of the libel which heads this chapter damped our emotions, we wondered at the impudence which penned and published it—and felt a desire to wipe away the stain, which—like the breath of an old debauchee—seemed to soil the path of the ocean sirens. Did we visit the delightful beach of Point Pleasant, and see the wood nymph hand in hand with the mermaid, the light chrystal of ocean waving and murmuring about the deep shades of the grove ; the sporting breakers now slowly and grandly rising into a long living ridge, and now tumbling headmost, and as if laughing in ecstasy, running in among the weeds and shells at our feet—the arms of the sea spreading sublimely at either side, while beyond toying with its romantic islands, the smiling giant reposed in its Atlantic bed ; we could not—as we are wont, and as we delight to do—so luxuriate, without recollecting Kit North’s “sleepy” “stupid” charge, and getting courage from our imaginations, longing for a wordy encounter with the Edinburgh veteran.