

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES.

It is with real pleasure we publish the following address of the EDITOR of the PORT FOLIO to the Patrons of that paper: the sentiments which it expresses cannot be foreign to any honest and independent mind, however discouraged by the comparative inferiority of its powers with those of Mr DENNIE. This Gentleman has indeed followed on a straight path; though placed in the center of Democratic misrule, in a country where genius and learning "hide their diminished heads" before the imposing aspect of pounds shillings and pence and political intrigue, he has been the steadfast advocate of sound Religious, moral, and political principles, and correct literature: If he has not met with that encouragement which his learning and genius deserve, the fault is not with him.

To Patrons.

"Our friends are notified that the third volume of the Port Folio, will be conducted with augmented vigour, and the Editor will omit no practicable exertion to exhibit the useful and brilliant. From a variety of sinister circumstances, which it would be impertinent to detail to the public, but which were wholly without our controul, this paper has been grievously checked in its progress. It has disappointed the most reasonable expectation; it has *deferred the hope* of the Editor; it has mocked punctuality; and has often forfeited the favour, even of the most benignant. For an evil so disgraceful to reputation, and so ruinous to interest, it has been our care to provide a remedy.

"Engaged in a task of singular delicacy, and of constant toil, the Editor *dares not* promise that this paper shall always please; and he is the more diffident of the future, when, with unaffected modesty, and with

genuine self-abasement, he reflects upon the negligencies and the imperfections of the past. His cautious abstinence from a rash vow to the public is augmented, when he considers the uncertainty of the morrow, and the fragility of his health. To a man of letters, striving for the approbation of the good and wise, no obstacle is more formidable, than that inequality of spirits, and that valetudinary habit, which are, alas! the concomitants and a curse of a studious life. When Labour has spread the canvass, and Fancy, with her brightest colours, has drawn the boldest outline, Sickness with her Lassitude, and Melancholy with her Phantoms, will sometimes rush in, and deface the picture.

The specious splendour of promise too often dazzles, with a false lustre, not only him, who credulously believes, but him who rashly stipulates. The Editor, therefore, shuns a florid description of his hopes, and concisely states his resolutions to *persevere* in well intended *efforts* to diffuse the radiance of MORAL, POLITICAL and LITERARY TRUTH.—May he be permitted to add, that neither health impaired, nor spirits saddened; neither the wild uproar of malignant Jacobinism, nor the rude clash of conflicting factions, shall induce him to *faulter* in the path of his public duty. In these discordant days, when many of the best and wisest men disagree, concerning the most essential truths, it were equally presumptuous and vain to expect that any public paper could be perused with universal complacency. *In many things, we offend all*, was the frank confession of a learned apostle, who thoroughly understood the condition of humanity. The Editor, even if like a fool and a dastard, he strove to ape the Vicar of Bray, and with the pliancy of a reptile, and a *creeping thing*, to turn and wind, according to every flexure of his path, could not produce a wi-