

THE
MIRROR OF LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

PRESCOTT, U. C. NOVEMBER, 1835.

NO. 1.

Published by BECKFORD & BAYLEY.--Twelve Shillings and Six-pence per annum.

PREFACE.

In presenting this work to the public with a view to supply a place, it is believed, hitherto unoccupied by any similar publication in this province, namely, a periodical devoted exclusively to literature, we are aware of the extreme difficulty, and the labor that will be required in order to attract attention or merit a place among the many refined literary productions of the day. It is therefore submitted to the candid and impartial notice of the public with as little parade and formality as possible. It may not however be altogether inappropriate to explain, that the first inducement which led us, from a consciousness that such a compilation was much required, to undertake the publication, was, from hearing it a matter of frequent complaint, notwithstanding the many excellent foreign, English and American magazines and newspapers in this country, that there was but little profitable reading to be obtained, owing to its being scattered over so wide an extent. Our object in view has been to offer the work upon a concise plan and at an easy price, with the desire to render it generally useful and available to those who have not the facility of obtaining a large collection themselves, or such as have but little leisure to devote to what may be termed idle reading, and yet would gladly dedicate an hour to cultivate the taste and enlighten the understanding; and for this purpose we pledge ourselves to bring to the task our utmost powers of discrimination and soundest judgment; and whatever may be the defects of "the Mirror of Literature," its utility will not depend alone upon our feeble efforts, for in the pages that we offer as original, if there be but little that is new and useful, it shall have the redeeming virtue of presenting also much that has been tried in the crucible of criticism, and which like pure gold &c. but lest by proionging this our would be modest preface we allow imagination to take the lead of our judgment, and thereby justify the conclusion that we do not possess all the qualifications prescribed

as indispensable to this species of authorship, we will conclude with the assurance that, our highest aim shall be to mingle information with amusement, and to excite in the mind a steady attention to every thing that is praiseworthy, and an utter disapprobation of vice and folly and if this end be closely pursued, though any minor faults in the execution may not be wholly overlooked, it is to be hoped they may probably escape the severity of criticism.

BECKFORD & BAYLEY.

Prescott, November, 1835.

FOR THE MIRROR.

TYROL.

Literal translation from the German of Ketzebue.

Why then do all travel that can, always travel only to Switzerland? Why do so few visit Tyrol? I have also seen Switzerland, though only superficially, but I must candidly confess that the beauties of nature of Tyrol appear to me to be inferior in nothing to those of Switzerland. The only thing that I missed were waterfalls, which in Tyrol are but rare and insignificant, but also without waterfalls I venture to maintain that a person will leave Tyrol more contented than the incessantly high praised Switzerland. What picturesque! what raptuously enchanting prospects! as we extract the best passages from a sentimental author, and when condensed, are accustomed to call it the Spirit of the author, so might I for example call the road between Fuessen and Reitti, the Spirit of nature; for it in truth does appear that she has gathered together from the whole world, her finest and sublimest objects, and scattered them here in one narrow space. Let no traveller on any account pass this road in the dark; he would most wantonly go out of the way of the sweetest sensations; in going down hill between Lermos and Naserent, let him alight and go quite leisurely on foot. The over-hanging rocks, which threaten to crush him, the rills trickling down, the lakes dyed such a vitriol green, the forest of larch, the sides lined with berry bushes, the ancient ruined castle on an isolated hill in the middle of the dark green lake.— Then again the beautiful river Leeb, now murmuring and foaming in its narrow rocky bed, then calm and majestic, gliding, over the rich blooming plains. No, I have often declared that I would never describe such scenes, but whoever has a sense of the sublimer beauties of nature he may trust my word that upon this journey will the tears more than once start involuntarily into his eyes.

In Switzerland one must be contented to crawl a