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To Review works as they issue from the press, is a principal duty of the periodical. By reviews, those who may not possess the works reviewed, are not left totally ignorant of them; and these who have the works, are furnished with a useful analysis, not to be otherwise obtained without a sacrifice of time and thought, not convenient for most perusers of new works. If this is a duty incumbent on the Editors of periodicals in places where literary creations are continually flinging into the abyss—it may not be less so, in a nook which has few stars of its own sky, and which must wait until the luminaries of another hemisphere are on the wane, before it expects them to rise above its horizon. In the former case there is less time for the journalist to grapple with every appearance, and more difficulty of choice, than there are here; here like angel visits there is much space between each; and from inexperience it behoves us to be more on our guard, that every meteor visitant be not mistaken for a comet; and that bright clothing should not pass off every straggler for an angel. Some of our readers may think the term *Novel* should prevent serious attention being paid such works; but when we consider the popularity which such have of late years attained to, the vast sums which have been expended in their circulation, and the extended influence which they exert, it will appear that they differ very much both in character and consequence from the Novels of preceding generations. A brief enquiry into the nature of this change, and into the reason of this popularity and influence, may tend to demonstrate why attention should be paid such works. The Novels generally of a former century were written evidently for the thoughtless and the idle: their intent was by uncommon and striking incidents to create mere excitement—and they were for the most part monotonously bombastic—filled with exaggerated pictures, and frothy sentiments, and producing in the minds of their readers, a worthless dream-like enjoyment, from which no lasting good of any kind was derived; and which generally added to the vapour and pomposity of the reader's character. Modern Novels on the contrary, address themselves to the most literary and polished of the human family; their chance of success depends on their