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OUR COUNTRY.

UNTIL very recently, it has been the common, and almost unavoidable custom of our orators, and our writers generally, to speak in the most extravagant terms of eulogy, in relation to our Country. They represent her as beyond--infinitely beyond, all the nations of the great globe--marked out for a higher and holier and more enduring existence--a nation set apart and sanctified, like another Israel--under the peculiar guardianship of the Great God. As if, indeed the very elements of our political and moral institutions were imperishable--as if the fair tree of Liberty which the blood of the Revolution watered and nourished, were indeed a thing of immortality, so that neither the knowing of the worm at its root, nor the visiting of the thunder in its branches, could wither its green vigour, or smite its luxuriant foliage with the yellowness of decay. As if the same causes, which have, in the silence and apathy of luxury, or in the thunder of battle, destroyed other nations, withering their strength slowly, and, for a time, almost imperceptibly, or crushing them at once, and overturning as by the shock of an earthquake, the pillars of their defence and the monuments of their glory--might not hereafter work the overthrow of all that is great and glorious in our own country--her institutions of government, of morality, of religion, and of benevolence.

Of late, however, a new race of orators and writers have risen up--men who are directly the reverse of those who have gone before them. They have looked upon the mutations and changes of earthly empire--they have seen through the shadowy dimness of history--the history of long gone years--the rising and the going down of nations; and from thence have drawn a lesson of solemn warning for ourselves and children. Prophet-like they have spoken that warning in the ears of the people--with a zeal and conviction of truth, like those of him who shouted from the walls of the doomed city of the Jew, day after day, even unto the dreadful fulfilment of his prophecy--"Wo--wo--to Jerusalem!"

These remarks have been elicited by a pamphlet now before us--an address delivered at Waterville, (Me.) by John Neal. It partakes, in no small degree, of the wild imaginations--the exuberant fancies--the magnificent obscurity, not to the author, nor to those intimately acquainted with his language and manner--