

NOTES.

Each trivial circumstance recalled with care,
Is turned, and twisted, to afford a proof
Additional, and 'trifles light as air,
Are dwelt upon' as confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.' Nor in the breast
Of man, alone, is she content to reign ;
From beauty's rosy lips, how oft we hear
Her withering accents fall ; a sister's fame
Is tossed from mouth to mouth with cruel scorn,
And conscious innocence availeth nought
Against the whispered charge.

2 Or say Haliburton, who taught us her glory. *Page 115.*

I make no apology for parodying the following memorable assertion of our late venerable Attorney General: 'Nobody ever supposed Scotland to be such a country as it is, until Sir John Staclair published his Statistical account of it.'

Nor did any body suppose Nova Scotia to be such a fine flourishing and interesting country as it is, until Judge Haliburton published his Historical and Statistical account of it—and still to the stranger that dwelleth beyond the 'broad waters,' his luminous work is not unlike the report of 'Soloman's glory' that reached the ears of Sheba's Queen.

3 Edwin the 'Lord of her lute and her lays.' *Page 115.*

What Pope said of Akenside is very applicable to this masculine Poet,
"this is no every day writer."



NOTE TO THE TRUANT AND FOAMWREATH.

1 Maid of the Isle. *Page 153.*

This article was originally designed for a young Lady's Album, but being inconveniently long, has received another destination.



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