

THE  
**Halifax Monthly Magazine.**

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VOL. 1.

DECEMBER 1, 1830.

No. 7.

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FORGET ME NOT.

*A Christmas, New Year's and Birth-day Present for 1831.*

THIS Annual is a well known favorite among its delightful class—beautiful among books, as the golden pheasant among birds, these annual periodicals come on our Winter months, like the breathing of the summer wind from a bed of violets. It were rather ungenerous to criticise that which attempts to please all: the visitor is of beautiful countenance, her embellishments delicately splendid, she has smiles for every suitor—who then will examine captiously the manufacture of her robe, and cavil because its texture is not in strict accordance with its ornaments? These splendid literary toys are not only privileged on account of their character, but also by their intended use—a “Christmas, New Years, and Birth Day present”—gentle appellation!—as its own motto says.

“Appealing, by the magic of its name,  
To gentle feelings and affections, kept  
Within the heart like gold.”

Let us then skim over our little volume good temperedly, giving our readers a just idea of its contents, and a taste of its beauties: as Annuals get into comparatively few hands, the review will not be lost labour—the picture of a humming bird is pleasing to those who may not procure the original. As usual, the Forget Me Not, is bound in green and gold, its blank pages are delicately tinted in a buff colour, and its embossed presentation design, seems true as a piece of carved work, yet delicate as the sugar frosting of confectionary. In the Preface the Editor says:

“He hopes that a glance at its Contents, both literary and graphic, will suffice to prove that the child, though petted perhaps, has neither been spoiled nor rendered careless of pleasing.”

As to the graphic part we entirely agree in these anticipations of its pleasing nature—the literary, in general, needs the plea of “the petted child.” The Frontispiece is denominated Queen Esther, an engraving from a painting by the celebrated Martin. It is a representative of a scene in the Palace of Shushan, at the