

When we read the passage to which we allude, we said internally, this is a further addition to the many paragraphs, in which this peerless contributor, despises the truth of nature, and the general feeling of the human breast, for the sake of giving expression to the spleen of the moment. The ability of the leading papers in this noble periodical, generally carries the mind of the reader at their will, as an uncontrolled bark would be borne by a broad tide; but at times a rock peers above the surface, the roar of a rapid is heard—then the sails of the bark are handled, her helm is put hard up, and she snores across the current, and seeks shelter from deception in one of the calm bays along the indented banks.

But we think a reader says “Break a lance with Blackwood? the Halifax pigmy enter the lists with the Edinburgh Mammoth? Preposterous!”—unlikely indeed—we answer—but nevertheless true. And never trust the little provincial periodical, but it would prefer being run down with all standing, then strike colours and canvass, and sneak into port while a friend outside, demanded a word or a blow. Also, be it recollected, that he who has his quarrel just, is doubly armed—away then with compliment, the terrier can die nobly as the lion—and if a good will and good cause can ennoble small means, though defeated, we may not be disgraced. We are mighty in our theme—we back sublime old Neptune!—and his thunders shall raise our feeble voice above derision. Ungrateful indeed should we be if this duty were not delightful, we have been in some measure nursed by the ocean god; the pettishness of youth, and the cares of manhood, have been alike sung to rest by his everlasting hymns.

Yes multitudinous sea, thine unruffled yet heaving bosom, thy sunrise glory, thy moonlight repose, and the rampant chidings of thy waves when they all lift up their heads together, have been among the first objects of nature, which created in a small degree a poetic soul under our ribs of earth. To be able to handle thy mane was one of our earliest aspirations—and the unearthly joy with which we were wont to cry ha! ha! to the tossing of thy billows shall resound to our latest sensitive feelings. Shall we be mute then, weak squire as we are—when a powerful knight, from