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Vol. 2. No. 6. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
Halifax Monthly
MAGAZINE.

JANUARY, 1832.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY J. S. CUNNABELL.

1832.

Monthly Advertiser.

JANUARY, 1832.

HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

In future the payments for the Magazine will be collected **HALF YEARLY**; instead of monthly, as heretofore. Terms, town 12s. annually, country, including postage, 14s.

REMOVAL.

—♦—
THE Printing Office of J. S. Cunnabell, is removed to the new house in Argyle-street, opposite the south west corner of the Parade.

Book and Job Printing executed with correctness, neatness and expedition.

Catalogues, Attorneys' and other Blanks, Bank Checks, Receipts, Circulars, Pamphlets, Cards, Handbills, Shop Bills, Notifications, Army States, and rule work of every description, &c. &c.

J. S. C. takes this opportunity of returning thanks for past favours; and respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage.
Halifax, September 1831.

Book-binding.

JAMES WILSON.

HAS commenced the above business in all its branches; and respectfully solicits a share of public patronage.

Blank paper bound to order, and other favours attended to with care and punctuality, at his Binding Room, immediately above Mr. J. S. Cunnabell's printing office, upper side the Parade.

Collections of Seeds, &c. of Indigenous Plants of Nova-Scotia.—Garden Seeds.

MR. TITUS SMITH, of the Dutch village, having observed that the Garden Seeds, imported from Europe, are frequently apt to fail, (probably from the want of a progressive naturalization,) believes that he is rendering an acceptable service to Horticulturists, when informing them that he generally has on hand seeds of the most common and useful kinds of esculent vegetables, which he conceives will on trial, be found free of this defect.

Having been accustomed to give much of his time to the study of the Botanical subjects of this Province, he has it in his power to say, that he is competent to furnish Collections of Plants and Seeds of the Native Indigenous Plants of Nova-Scotia; and will have much pleasure in affording assistance to any one desirous of availing themselves of his services.

Dutch-Village, 29th July, 1831.

* * A reference will be given at this office.

FREDERICK FREDERICKSON, CONFECTIONER,

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public, that he has lately taken the shop, No. 15, Granville-street, nearly opposite Dr. M'Car's; where he keeps on hand various articles of Confectionery.

**Lozenges of all kinds, Cocoa Nuts, Almonds,
Fruits, &c. wholesale and retail.**

He will in a short time, keep an extensive assortment of Pastry, and other articles, usually kept in his line, except liquors.

From the experience he has had, both in Halifax and the United States, he is enabled to supply his friends with confectionery prepared in a superior manner.

☞ Parties (public or private) supplied at the shortest notice.
October, 1831.

SMITHERS and STUDLEY,

Decorative and General Painters.

RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Halifax and its vicinity, that they have commenced business in the above line, in all its branches at

**No. 67, Barrington-Street, opposite the residence
of the Chief Justice,**

where orders will be received and executed with neatness and dispatch.

July, 1831.

Just Published,

And for Sale at the Acadian Recorder Office,
THE NOVA-SCOTIA CALENDAR, FOR
1832.

Persons wishing to be supplied, will please forward their orders
as early as possible. Nov. 1831.

Removal.

GEORGE PHILLIPS,

BOOK-BINDER, &c.

Respectfully informs the public, that he has removed to the
House,

Corner of Duke and Argyle-street ;

where he continues to execute orders in his line, as usual—and
hopes, by punctuality and attention, to merit a continuance of
that patronage, with which he has hitherto been so liberally
favoured.

Blank paper bound to order.

July.

C. LLOYD,

(Late Organist of Trinity Church, Trinidad,)

FROM LONDON,

Respectfully solicits a share of the Public patronage of Halifax
and its vicinity, in

TEACHING THE PIANO-FORTE, &c.

TERMS:

THREE POUNDS PER QUARTER.—THREE LESSONS A WEEK.

PIANO-FORTES TUNED.

•• *Piano-Fortes, Finger and Barrel Organs repaired
and regulated.*

GEORGE HAMILTON, Tailor,

GRATEFUL for past favors, respectfully informs the public that
he has received by the late arrivals a supply of

Fine and Superfine Cloths and Cassimeres,
which he will make up in the most fashionable manner, for cash
or short credit. November

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

A Halifax Mechanics' Institute being organized, the Public are thus informed of its objects and condition.

The cultivation and circulation of scientific and general knowledge will be the chief objects of the society; and to this end, an apparatus for philosophical experiments and demonstration, models and specimens, will be procured; also, weekly meetings will be held for the delivery of Lectures and for conversation on the evening's subject.

Shareholders and Subscribers of the Halifax Mechanics' Library are eligible to become members of the Institute, on the payment of 2s. 6d. quarterly in advance. A Shareholder's interest in the library may be obtained by the payment of 10s. entrance, and 1s. 3d. quarterly; or a Subscriber's interest by paying 2s. 6d. quarterly. So that the privileges of the Library and Institute may be obtained by 10s. entrance, 15s. a year, or by 20s. a year, without an entrance deposit.

The Committee and officers have the pleasure of announcing that they have already enrolled the names of many members, and have arranged for the delivery of discourses weekly for the ensuing five months.

Tickets will be issued to members. The first weekly meeting will be held on Wednesday, January 11, when an address will be delivered.

Mr. John Naylor, Secretary of the Halifax Mechanics' Library, will receive names and quarterly instalments for the Institution.

John S. Thompson, Sec'y.

John G. Leeson,

Hard and soft Bread Baker,

Respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he carries on the Baking Business in upper Water street opposite the Tea warehouse; he also returns his grateful acknowledgments for the encouragement already extended to him, and will endeavour, by strict attention and punctuality, to merit a continuance of public favour.

He would also intimate to owners and masters of vessels that flour can be baked into Biscuit, at his bakery, at the shortest notice, and on the most moderate terms. Every order in his line will be thankfully received.

January, 1832.

MATTHEW WALLS,

RESPECTFULLY intimates his intention of giving Lessons to the ladies and gentlemen of Halifax, on the

IRISH HARP.

His terms are moderate—and from the long practice he has had on that instrument, he feels assured that his method of teaching will give ample satisfaction to his pupils.

He will attend at the houses of his patrons regularly three times a week, on such hours as they may severally appoint. Applications left at his residence, in the house of Mr. W. Hesson, Upper Water-street, will meet with prompt attention.

** Mr. W. will be ready to attend public and private Evening Parties during the winter.

October.

A. L. FLOHR, Tailor,

NO. 89, BARRINGTON-STREET,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public in general, for their liberal support, since in business, and hopes, by assiduity and attention, to merit a continuance of the same. He also informs them, that he has constantly on hand

Black, blue and other fashionable coloured
Cloths and Cassimeres ;

which he will make up in the most fashionable manner, on moderate terms.

November 1.

EDUCATION.

GEORGE THOMSON'S

English and Commercial Academy, upper side
the Parade,

IS now open for the instruction of youth of both sexes, in the most useful branches of Education, and on an entire new plan, derived from experience and study, as well as from information received lately from some of the first Teachers of England and Scotland, regarding the different systems of Education; with the aid and the experience of nine years' teaching in this town, he earnestly hopes to merit a continuation of the public favor.

His Evening School will be opened about the beginning of October; early application and attendance, are necessary and best, particularly for adults, or those whose previous education has not been attended to.

September 1831.

H. Hamilton,

Cabinet Maker, &c.



RETURNS thanks for past favours, and respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has lately removed to the shop in Granville-street,

Two doors north of the Chocolate
Manufactory;

where he continues to execute orders in the above business, on moderate terms; and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

Venetian Blinds neatly made.—Funerals carefully conducted. November.

J. W. LORRY,

Tailor and Habit Maker, from London.

Thankful for past favours received from his friends both in town and country, takes this opportunity to let them know, that he has commenced business again in Argyle street, one door south of the Rev. Archdeacon Willis', west side of St. Paul's Church, where all orders in his line will be thankfully received and punctually attended to. Naval and Military uniforms, and all kinds of lace and ornamenting work made as usual, in the neatest and most fashionable manner.

Halifax, November 1, 1831.

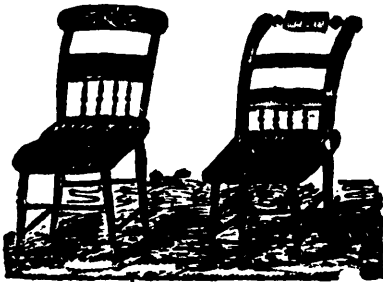
PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.

Andrew B. Jennings,

BEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public in general that he has commenced the above business in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

All orders strictly attended to, and executed with neatness and despatch.

☞ Shop opposite that of William Chaplain's, in the rear of the Acadian school. Sept. 1831.



EDWARD HEFFERAN,

Chair Maker,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public at large, for the liberal support he has received since his commencement in business, and begs leave to inform them that he still carries on the above business, in all its branches, at his Shop in Duke-street, next door to Mr. M'Dougall's.

All orders in his line will be executed in the neatest and most fashionable style.

☞ High and low Rocking Chairs, Children's Chairs, &c. &c.

JOHN FOX,

Hard and Soft Bread Baker,

Begs leave to tender his best thanks to those who have heretofore favoured him with their custom; and hopes, by punctuality and attention, to merit a continuance of public patronage.

☞ Flour baked into Biscuit for the use of shipping, and other orders in his line attended to, at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms, at his Bakery, in Barrington-street, a few doors north of the Halifax Grammar School. May.

THE
HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

JANUARY 1, 1832.

No. 20.

WATSON'S LIFE OF WESLEY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

BIOGRAPHY—by which we are rendered intimate with the thoughts and acts of celebrated men—is a branch of literature of first rate interest and importance. It furnishes the most exciting particulars, and the noblest stimulants to honorable exertion; it preserves wisdom from dying with its possessor, and continues the warning contained in foolish courses to all generations; in a word, it helps to give immortality to its object; it preserves the lineaments of the departed, gives a true cast of his mind, and embalms his adventures in the most simple and powerful manner.

Among the many whose memories have been honored by those best monuments, John Wesley occupies a commanding position. The founder of a most respectable sect, who still call themselves by his name, and look upon him as their Apostle, his biography has engaged several able pens; of which, the last is that of the Rev. R. Watson; a celebrated divine of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. This last work—as its author says—has been prepared within moderate limits, to facilitate its circulation, while it gives a sufficiently comprehensive view of the life labours and opinions of Wesley; and has been compiled from the best and rarest authorities. From this picture of Wesley's life, we will endeavour to draw a brief outline; by which the leading traits may be seen in a connected form, unobscured and unenriched by the colouring of the artist.

John Wesley, was the son of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire; as a proof that the father of the father of Methodism was a man of literary notoriety, we are informed that he was presented to his rectorship, on account of a production of his, in favour of the English Revolution of 1688. John Wesley was born in 1703, and Charles, his eminent fellow labourer, in 1708; an elder brother, and less noted, Samuel, was born in 1692. The Mother of these brothers is represented as a woman of great piety, understanding and knowledge, and she was the instructress of the early years of her children; John, it seems, was an object of particular interest with her, which was partly occasioned by a singular escape of his from being burned to death, when but six years of age. In 1714 he was placed at an establishment for learning called the Charter House, and in his seventeenth year entered Christ Church Oxford. His atten-

tion to study, and his attainments in learning were remarkable; and he early evinced a superior elegance in his prose compositions, and considerable abilities as a poet. Soon after his twenty first year, he applied himself diligently to the reading of divinity, and seemed to feel an overwhelming impression of the importance of religion. In 1725 he was ordained Deacon, and the year following was elected fellow of Lincoln College. In 1726 he returned to Oxford, where he was generally acknowledged to be a man of talents and a scholar; as a proof of which opinion, he was chosen Greek lecturer, and moderator of the classes when he was little more than twenty three years of age. He became his father's curate in 1727 and obtained priest's orders in 1728. He soon quitted his curacy, and settling at Oxford became tutor there. About this time the name *Methodist* was applied to his brother Charles, on account of his regularity, and his complying to the *method* of study prescribed by the statutes of the university; to which habits he had also converted two or three students. John Wesley joined this little society of primeval Methodists, and soon became their director and head.

This association of young persons, made it their chief business to improve themselves and others, and to do all the good that lay in their power to the souls and bodies of men. They were considered too sanctimonious and puritanical; and consequently became the objects of much ridicule and persecution.

In 1735 Mr. Wesley senior died; and in the same year the trustees of the colony of Georgia, prevailed on John and Charles Wesley to go to that country to administer to the spiritual wants of the Colonists; and also to attempt the conversion of the Indians.

They landed in February 1736; Charles took charge of Frederica, and John of Savannah. Frederica was the scene of persecution and much trouble to both brothers. Charles returned to England in July 1736, and John, after suffering many things from those in power at Savannah on account of the strictness of his discipline, returned in February, 1738.

At the time of Mr. Wesley's return, the moral and religious state of the nation, was of the most gloomy description; ignorance prevailed over the great mass of the people, and vice held a corresponding influence. Before recommencing his ministerial career, Mr. Wesley visited the settlements of the Moravians in Germany; a people whose simplicity and spirituality he greatly admired, and from whom he received much religious edification. On his return from Germany, he did not settle as a parish Minister, but preached wherever he had opportunity. In London his ministry was attended by crowded congregations, but objections to his doctrines, and jealousies, soon closed nearly all the churches against him. In 1739 he preached for a first time in the open air, in the vicinity of Bristol. His brother Charles also commenced field preaching in the neighbourhood of London, and both were indefatigable in endeavouring to do good to others in every possible manner.

About this time the labours of Mr. Wesley, his brother and Mr. Whitfield, appeared eminently successful among the Colliers of Kingswood; a class of persons who had become famous or infamous in the West of England for their lawless reckless habits. To the surprise of all they were soon conquered by the mild tenets of the gospel, and became noted for order and harmony. All these things excited much notice; accordingly wherever John Wesley went, much curiosity was evinced to see and hear him; from some he experienced persecuting hostility, but many gave indications of his skill in winning souls.

In 1743, Mr. Wesley drew up several rules for the government of societies in London, Bristol, and Kingswood, which were under his pastoral charge. These rules continue in force to the present time among the Methodists, and are the conditions of membership in that body.

Mr. Wesley's original hopes were, that the parochial clergy of the Church of England, would have undertaken the charge of those who should be converted by the extraordinary labours of himself and his coadjutors; but instead of this, the parochial clergy opposed and persecuted his followers; and contrary to his intention he had to call out preachers to assist him in the ministry.

In the year 1743, particularly, Mr. Wesley met with violent persecutions, personal violence was offered him, and most disgraceful riots occurred on his appearance in several of the principal towns in England.

In 1744 he preached at Oxford for the last time. And in the same year the first Methodist Conference was held. In the next year, beside the multiplicity of his other labours, we find him extending his publication and distribution of religious tracts. And in 1746 he appears busy in the promotion of "useful knowledge" among the middle and lower ranks of life; having, for this end, drawn up and published several brief treatises on important branches of science and morals.

After immense labours in England and Wales, Mr. Wesley visited Ireland for a first time in August 1747. He saw, there, the bad effect of penal acts of Parliament to coerce the Catholics from their belief; and he bore testimony to the effects of such cruel, impious and absurd legislation.

Mr. Wesley soon returned to England, but his brother Charles succeeded him, and many societies were established, through much suffering, in various parts of the country.

Mr. Wesley's work increased in England, several new churches were founded, new chapels built, and many preachers were called out to assist in the ministry. Mr. Wesley in all those proceedings acted as chief director of affairs, and his brother Charles was his confidential adviser. The latter by degrees withdrew from public life, and the former exerted more entire and undivided authority over the people whom he had organized. The desire of both brothers was to reform the established Church, not to secede

from it, but circumstances often led them to suppose such a separation probable in the course of time.

In the year 1751 Mr. Wesley married a widow lady of fortune, named *Vizelle*. This was one of the most unfortunate acts of his life, and entailed a twenty years' persecution on him, which he could not avoid or conquer. His wife was jealous, a termagant, and did not even keep her hands off her apostolic husband. In 1771 she happily departed from his house robbing him at the same time of many of his papers. She never returned to afflict him personally, but annoyed him all she could by slander, and slanderous publications.

In 1748 Kingswood school was opened, an Institution which Mr. Wesley intended, should be an Academy for the sons of Methodists. To a certain degree it has fulfilled those intentions, but not so fully as were anticipated.

In 1753 Mr. Wesley revisited Scotland, a second time, and preached at Glasgow to large congregations. Little is said of his progress in this country, and it appears that he did not continue long in it.

In the autumn of 1753 Mr. Wesley was threatened with consumption; and wrote his own epitaph, which he desired, if any inscription were thought of, should be placed on his tomb. It is as follows.

HERE LIETH

THE BODY OF JOHN WESLEY,

A BRAND PLUCKED OUT OF THE BURNING;

WHO DIED OF A CONSUMPTION IN THE FIFTY FIRST YEAR

OF HIS AGE.

NOT LEAVING AFTER HIS DEBTS ARE PAID

TEN POUNDS BEHIND HIM.:

PRAYING,

God be merciful to me an unprofitable servant!

He removed to Hot Wells near Bristol, and while in an invalid state, commenced his notes on the New Testament. In 1756 he printed an Address to the Clergy of the Established Church, endeavouring to excite them to piety; and in 1764 he addressed a circular to all the serious clergy whom he knew, inviting them to co-operation. In these endeavours he was much disappointed. At the conference of 1769 he read a paper, the object of which was to regulate the conduct of the Preachers after his death.

Emigration having spread Methodism in America, two preachers were sent in 1769 to take charge of the societies, and before the war of Independence, twenty preachers had devoted themselves to those trans-atlantic labours.

In 1771 some doctrinal questions, occasioned a violent controversy between the Methodists and Calvinists, which has helped to draw a well marked line between the sects to this day.

Mr. Wesley's great labours in different parts of the kingdom, continued unabated; and in 1778 he commenced the publication of a periodical called the "Arminian Magazine." He conducted this work while he lived, and the Conference still continue it, under the title of the "Wesleyan Methodist Magazine."

Mr. Wesley visited Holland in 1783; he travelled through many of the cities, formed numerous acquaintances, and was much delighted with the friendly manners of the people.

In 1784 he provided for the stability of the connection after his death, by a legal instrument which vested his rights in the Conference. The accomplishment of this work gave him much satisfaction; it seemed to smooth the evening of his days, and to be a preparation for his exit from the great stage of life.

In 1786 he visited Holland again: and in 1788 went a second time to Ireland; where he was gladly received, and of which he speaks in terms of affection and admiration.

Mr. Charles Wesley died in March 1787 being then 79 years of age; and his brother being in his eighty fifth year, wonderfully acute, active and persevering in his ministerial labours.

In his eighty-seventh year Mr. Wesley paid his pastoral visit to Ireland, held the Irish Conference in Dublin, the English in Leeds, and after returning to London, accomplished his usual tour through the west of England and Cornwall. His travelling and ministration continued in the ensuing year; but in October, 1790, he discontinued making entries in his diary or journal; probably from general debility, failure of memory, and weakness of sight.

He died on March 2d, 1791, being in his 83th year, sixty five of which were devoted to the ministry.

Mr. Wesley was noted for great regularity, benevolence, exertion and perseverance. He rose in the morning at four o'clock, and generally preached at five; and was unswerving in the systematic prosecution of his various duties. He lived on the smallest possible sum, that he might save for works of charity; by which means in fifty years, it is supposed that he gave to the poor upwards of £20,000. He travelled in this time about 250,000 miles, chiefly on horseback; preached about 40,560 sermons; and wrote and published a variety of works on religion, science, languages, classical learning and history.

Those exertions were not without abundant fruit. At the time of his death, the number of members in connection with him, in Europe, America, and the West Indies was 80,000; the number of travelling preachers 312. At the Conference of 1830, these had greatly increased. In the United Kingdom and on Foreign Missions, there are 313,360 members, and 1186 preachers; and in the United States of America there are about 500,000 Methodists, employing about 2000 preachers. Such are the results of the apostolic labours of an able persevering man. Apart from the higher points of his character, John Wesley exhibits an ex-

ample of triumphant industry, which entitles his name to be placed among the worthies of the earth.

As a specimen of Mr. Watson's style, we select the following interesting passage from his life of Wesley. It is on the *sacred poetry* of Mr. Charles Wesley.

• For the spiritual advantage which the Methodists have derived from his inestimable hymns, which are in constant use in their congregations, as well as for his early labours, the memory of Mr. Charles Wesley indeed deserves to be had in their everlasting remembrance; and they are not insensible of the value of the gift. Their taste has been formed by this high standard; and, notwithstanding all the charges of illiteracy, and want of mental cultivation, which have been often brought against them, we may venture to say, there are few collections of psalms and hymns in use in any other congregations, that would as a whole, be tolerated amongst them;—so powerful has been the effect produced by his superior compositions. The clear and decisive character of the religious experience which they describe; their force, and life, and earnestness; commended them, at the first, to the piety of the societies, and, through that, insensibly elevated the judgment of thousands, who, otherwise, might have relished, as strongly as others, the rudeness of the old version of the Psalms, the tameness of the new, and the tinsel metaphors and vapid sentimentalisms which disfigure numerous compositions of different authors, in most collections of hymns in use. It would seem, indeed, from the very small number of really good psalms and hymns, which are adapted to public worship and the use of religious societies, that this branch of sacred poetry has not been very successfully cultivated; and that the combinations of genius, judgment, and taste, requisite to produce them, is very rarely found. Germany is said to be more abundant in good hymns than England; and some of the most excellent of the Wesleyan hymns are imitations of German hymns admirably versified. But in our language the number is small. Hymns, indeed, abounding in sweet thoughts, though often feebly expressed, and such as may be used profitably in the closet or the family circle, are not so rare. But the true sacred lyric, suited for public worship, and the select assemblies of the devout, is as scarce as it is valuable. From the rustic rhyming of Sternhold and Hopkins, to the psalms and hymns of Dr. Watts, the advance was indeed unspeakably great. A few, however, only of the latter, in comparison of the whole number, are unexceptionable throughout. When they are so, they leave nothing to be desired; but many of Dr. Watts's compositions begin well, often nobly, and then fall off into dullness and puerility; and not a few are utterly worthless, as being poor in thought, and still more so in expression. The piety and sweetness of Doddridge's hymns must be felt; but they are often verbose and languid, and withal faulty and affected in their metaphors. The Olney Collection has many delightful hymns for private use;

but they are far from being generally fit for the public services of religion, and are often in bad taste ; not even excepting many of Cowper's. This may be spoken without irreverence, for the greatest poets have not proved the best hymn makers. Milton made but one tolerable psalm ; and still more modern poets of note have seldom fully redeemed the credit of their class. The fact seems to be, that when the mind is very rich in sentiment and imagery, those qualities are usually infused into sacred song in too large proportions. Sentiment and genuine religious feeling are things quite distinct, and seldom harmonize ; at least though they may sometimes approach to the verge of each other, they will not amalgamate ; and exuberance of metaphor is inconsistent with strong and absorbing devotion, and proves too artificial to express the natural language of the heart. The talent of correct and vigorous versification is, for these reasons, more likely to produce the true " spiritual song" than luxuriance of imagination and great creative genius, provided the requisite theological and devotional qualities be also present. A hymn suitable for social worship ought to be terse and vigorous ; and it is improved when every verse closes with a sense so full and pointed as frequently to make some approach to the character of the ancient epigram ; or, as Mr. Montgomery has happily expressed it, " each stanza should be a poetical tune, played down to the last note." The meaning ought also to be so obvious as to be comprehended at once, that men may speak to God directly, without being distracted by investigating the real meaning of the words put into their lips. And when metaphor is efficiently employed, it must be generally such as the Scriptures have already sanctioned ; for with their imagery we are all familiar, and it stands consecrated to the service of the sanctuary by inspired authority. Yet even this ought not to be adopted in an extended form, approaching to allegory ; and is always more successful when rather lightly touched and suggested, than when dwelt upon with particularity. Cowper's fine hymn on Providence is greatly improved by omitting the stanza :—

' His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour ;
 The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.'

This is a figure not only not found in sacred inspired poetry, but which has too much *prettiness* to be the vehicle of a sublime thought, and the verse has moreover the fault of an absurd antithesis, as well as a false rhyme. Many modern hymns are indeed as objectionable from the character of their imagery, as from the meagreness of their thoughts ; and there are a few somewhat popular, which leaving out or changing a few sacred terms, would chime agreeably enough to the most common sentimental subjects.

" To Dr. Watts and to Mr. Charles Wesley the largest share of gratitude is due, in modern times, from the churches of Christ, for that rich supply of " psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," in

which the assemblies of the pious may make melody unto the Lord, in strains which "angels might often delight to hear." No others are to be named with these sweet singers of the spiritual Israel; and it is probable that, through the medium of their verse chiefly, will the devotions of our churches be poured forth till time shall be no more. No other poets ever attained such elevation as this. They honoured God in their gifts, and God has thus honoured them to be the mouth of his people to him, in their solemn assemblies, in their private devotions, and in the struggles of death itself.

"It would be an unpardonable task to compare the merits of these two great psalmists. Each had excellencies not found in the other. Watts, however, excels Mr. Charles Wesley, only in the sweeter flow of his numbers, and in the feeling and sympathy of those of his hymns which are designed to administer comfort to the afflicted. In composition, he was, in all respects, decidedly his inferior,—in good taste, classic elegance, uniformity of excellence, correct rhyming and vigour. As to the theology of their hymns respectively, leaving particular doctrines out of the question, the great truths of religious experience are also far more clearly and forcibly embodied by Mr. Charles Wesley than by Dr. Watts. Most justly does his brother say of them in his Preface to the 'Collection of Hymns for the use of the People called Methodists,' of which, only a few are his own, and almost all the rest from the pen of Mr. Charles Wesley.—'In these hymns there is no doggerel, no botches, nothing put in to patch up the rhyme, no feeble expletives. Here is nothing turgid or bombastic, on the one hand, or low and creeping on the other. Here are no cant expressions, no words without meaning. Here are (allow me to say) both the purity, the strength and the elegance of the English language; and, at the same time, the utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity.'

"Few persons ever wrote so much poetry of the sacred and devotional kind, as Mr. Charles Wesley. It amounts to forty-eight distinct publications of different sizes, from the duodecimo volume, to the pamphlet of one or two sheets. Beside what is published, several thick quarto volumes of poetry in MS. remain, chiefly consisting of brief illustrations or paraphrases of the leading texts in the Gospels, and Acts of the Apostles, and not inferior to his 'Short Hymns on the chief passages of the Old and New Testaments,' which have passed through several editions. A few of his poems are playful, a few others are keenly satirical.

"But by far the greater part of his poetry was consecrated to promote the work of God in the heart. Never were its different branches, from the first awakening of the soul out of the sleep of sin, to its state of perfected holiness, with all its intermediate conflicts and exercises, more justly or scripturally expressed; and there is, perhaps, no uninspired book from which, as to 'the deep things of God,' so much is to be learned, as from his hymn book in use in the Methodist Congregations. Above 60,000 copies of this work are sold yearly in the United Kingdom."

BYRON.

THE pretty fable by which the Duchess of Orleans illustrates the character of her son the regent, might, with little change be applied to Byron. All the fairies, save one, had been bidden to his cradle. All the gossips had been profuse of their gifts. One had bestowed nobility, another genius, a third beauty. The malignant elf who had been uninvited, came last, and, unable to reverse what her sisters had done for their favourite, had mixed up a curse with every blessing. In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient indeed and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and, but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuary loved to copy, and a foot, the deformity of which the beggars in the streets mimicked. Distinguished at once by the strength and by the weakness of his intellect, affectionate yet perverse, a poor lord, and a handsome cripple, he required, if ever man required, the firmest and the most judicious training. But, capriciously as nature had dealt with him, the relative to whom the office of forming his character was intrusted, was more capricious still. She passed from paroxysms of rage to paroxysms of fondness. At one time she stifled him with her caresses—at another time she insulted his deformity. He came into the world, and the world treated him as his mother treated him—sometimes with kindness, sometimes with severity, never with justice. It indulged him without discrimination, and punished him without discrimination. He was truly a spoiled child,—not merely the spoiled child of his parent, but the spoiled child of nature, the spoiled child of fortune, the spoiled child of fame, the spoiled child of society. His first poems were received with a contempt which, feeble as they were, they did not absolutely deserve. The poem which he published on his return from his travels, was, on the other hand, extolled far above its merit. At twenty-four he found himself on the highest pinnacle of literary fame, with Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and a crowd of other distinguished writers, beneath his feet. There is scarcely an instance in history of so sudden a rise to so dizzy an eminence.

Every thing that could stimulate, and every thing that could gratify the strangest propensities of our nature—the gaze of a hundred drawing rooms, the acclamations of the whole nation, the

applause of applauded men, the love of the loveliest women—all this world, and all the glory of it, were at once offered to a young man to whom nature had given violent passions, and whom education had never taught to control them. He lived as many men live who have no similar excuses to plead for their faults. But his countrymen and his countrywomen would love him and admire him. They were resolved to see in his excesses only the flash and outbreak of that same fiery mind which glowed in his poetry. He attacked religion; yet in religious circles his name was mentioned with fondness, and in many religious publications his works were censured with singular tenderness. He lampooned the prince regent; yet he could not alienate the Tories. Every thing, it seemed, was to be forgiven to youth, rank, and genius.

Then came the reaction. Society, capricious in its indignation as it had been capricious in its fondness, flew into a rage with its froward and petted darling. He had been worshipped with an irrational idolatry. He was persecuted with an irrational fury. Much has been written about those unhappy domestic occurrences which decided the fate of his life. Yet nothing is, nothing ever was positively known to the public, but this,—that he quarrelled with his lady, and that she refused to live with him.

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. In general, elopements, divorces, and family quarrels, pass with little notice. We read the scandal, talk about it for a day, and forget it. But once in six or seven years, our virtue becomes outrageous. We cannot suffer the laws of religion and decency to be violated. We must make a stand against vice. We must teach libertines, that the English people appreciate the importance of domestic ties. Accordingly, some unfortunate man, in no respect more depraved than hundreds whose offences have been treated with lenity, is singled out as an expiatory sacrifice. If he has children, they are to be taken from him. If he has a profession, he is to be driven from it. He is cut by the higher orders, and hissed by the lower. He is, in truth, a sort of whipping-boy, by whose vicarious agonies, all the other transgressors of the same class are, it is supposed, sufficiently chastised. We reflect very complacently on our severity, and compare with great pride the high standard of morals established in England, with the Parisian laxity. At length our anger is satiated. Our victim is ruined and heart-broken. And our virtue goes quietly to sleep for seven years more.

It is clear that those vices which destroy domestic happiness, ought to be as much as possible repressed. It is equally clear that they cannot be repressed by penal legislation. It is therefore right and desirable that public opinion should be directed against them. But it should be directed against them uniformly, steadily, and temperately, not by sudden fits and starts. There

should be one weight and one measure. Decimation is always an objectionable mode of punishment. It is the resource of judges too indolent and hasty to investigate facts, and to discriminate nicely between shades of guilt. It is an irrational practice, even when adopted by military tribunals. When adopted by the tribunal of public opinion, it is infinitely more irrational. It is good that a certain portion of disgrace should constantly attend on certain bad actions. But it is not good that the offenders merely have to stand the risks of a lottery of infamy ; that ninety-nine out of every hundred should escape ; and that the hundredth, perhaps the most innocent of the hundred, should pay for all.

In such cases, the punishment was excessive ; but the offence was known and proved. The case of Lord Byron was harder. True Jedwood justice was dealt out to him. First came the execution, then the investigation, and last of all, or rather not at all, the accusation. The public, without knowing any thing whatever about the transactions in his family, flew into a violent passion with him, and proceeded to invent stories which might justify its anger. Ten or twenty different accounts of the separation, inconsistent with each other, with themselves, and with common sense, circulated at the same time. What evidence there might be for any one of these, the virtuous people who repeated them neither knew nor cared. For in fact these stories were not the causes, but the effects of the public indignation. His countrymen were in a bad humour with him. His writings and his character had lost the charm of novelty. He had been guilty of the offence which, of all offences, is punished most severely ; he had been over-praised ; he had excited too warm an interest ; and the public, with its usual justice, chastised him for its own folly.

The obloquy which Byron had to endure, was such as might well have shaken a more constant mind. The newspapers were filled with lampoons. The theatres shook with execrations. He was excluded from circles where he had lately been the observed of all observers. All those creeping things that riot in the decay of nobler natures, hastened to their repast ; and they were right ;—they did after their kind. It is not every day that the savage envy of aspiring dunces is gratified by the agonies of such a spirit, and the degradation of such a name.

The unhappy man left his country for ever. The howl of contumely followed him across the sea, up the Rhine, over the Alps ; it gradually waxed fainter ; it died away. Those who had raised it began to ask each other, what, after all, was the matter about which they had been so clamorous ; and wished to invite back the criminal whom they had just chased from them. His poetry became more popular than it had ever been ; and his complaints were read with tears by thousands and tens of thousands who had never seen his face.

He had fixed his home on the shores of the Adriatic, in the

most picturesque and interesting of cities, beneath the brightest of skies, and by the brightest of seas. Censoriousness was not the vice of the neighbours whom he had chosen. They were a race corrupted by a bad government and a bad religion; long renowned for skill in the arts of voluptuousness, and tolerant of all the caprices of sensuality. From the public opinion of the country of his adoption, he had nothing to dread. With the public opinion of the country of his birth, he was at open war. He plunged into wild and desperate excesses, ennobled by no generous or tender sentiment. From his Venetian harem he sent forth volume after volume, full of eloquence, of wit, of pathos, of ribaldry, and of bitter disdain. His health sank under the effects of his intemperance. His hair turned grey. His food ceased to nourish him. A hectic fever withered him up. It seemed that his body and mind were about to perish together.

From this wretched degradation he was in some measure rescued by an attachment, culpable indeed, yet such as, judged by the standard of morality established in the country where he lived, might be called virtuous. But an imagination polluted by vice, a temper embittered by misfortune, and a frame habituated to the fatal excitement of intoxication, prevented him from fully enjoying the happiness which he might have derived from the purest and most tranquil of his many attachments. Midnight draughts of ardent spirits and Rhenish wines had begun to work the ruin of his fine intellect. His verse lost much of the energy and condensation which had distinguished it. But he would not resign, without a struggle, the empire which he had exercised over the men of his generation. A new dream of ambition arose before him—to be the centre of a literary party; the great mover of an intellectual revolution;—to guide the public mind of France from the ville of Ferney. With this hope, it should seem, he established *The Liberal*. But, powerfully as he had affected the imaginations of his contemporaries, he mistook his own powers, if he hoped to direct their opinions; and he still more grossly mistook his own disposition, if he thought that he could long act in concert with other men of letters. The plan failed, and ignominiously: Angry with himself, angry with his coadjutors, he relinquished it; and turned to another project, the last and the noblest of his life.

A nation, once the first among the nations, pre-eminent in knowledge, pre-eminent in military glory, the cradle of philosophy, of eloquence, and of the fine arts, had been for ages bowed down under a cruel yoke. All the vices which tyranny generates—the abject vices which it generates in those who submit to it—the ferocious vices which it generates in those who struggle against it—had deformed the character of that miserable race. The valour which had won the great battle of human civilization,—which had saved Europe, and subjugated Asia, lingered only among pirates and robbers. The ingenuity, once so conspicuously displayed in every department of physical and moral

science, had been depraved into a timid and servile cunning. On a sudden this degraded people had risen on their oppressors. Discouraged or betrayed by the surrounding potentates, they had found in themselves something of that which might well supply the place of all foreign assistance,—something of the energy of their fathers.

As a man of letters, Lord Byron could not but be interested in the event of this contest. His political opinions, though, like all his opinions, unsettled, leaned strongly towards the side of liberty. He had assisted the Italian insurgents with his purse; and if their struggle against the Austrian government had been prolonged, would probably have assisted them with his sword. But to Greece he was attached by peculiar ties. He had, when young, resided in that country. Much of his most splendid and popular poetry had been inspired by its scenery and by its history. Sick of inaction,—degraded in his own eyes by his private vices, and by his literary failures,—pining for untried excitement and honourable distinction,—he carried his exhausted body and his wounded spirit to the Grecian camp.

His conduct in his new situation showed so much vigour and good sense as to justify us in believing, that, if his life had been prolonged, he might have distinguished himself as a soldier and a politician. But pleasure and sorrow had done the work of seventy years upon his delicate frame. The hand of death was on him: he knew it; and the only wish which he uttered was that he might die sword in hand.

This was denied to him. Anxiety, exertion, exposure, and those fatal stimulants which had become indispensable to him, soon stretched him on a sickbed, in a strange land, amidst strange faces, without one human being that he loved near him. There, at thirty-six, the most celebrated Englishman of the nineteenth century closed his brilliant and miserable career.

We cannot even now retrace those events without feeling something of what was felt by the nation, when it was first known that the grave had closed over so much sorrow and so much glory;—something of what was felt by those who saw the hearse, with its long train of coaches, turn slowly northward, leaving behind it that cemetery, which had been consecrated by the dust of so many great poets, but of which the doors were closed against all that remained of Byron. We well remember that, on that day, rigid moralists could not refrain from weeping for one so young, so illustrious, so unhappy, gifted with such rare gifts, and tried by such strong temptations. It is unnecessary to make any reflections. The history carries its moral with it. Our age has indeed been fruitful of warnings to the eminent, and of consolations to the obscure. Two men have died within our recollection, who, at a time of life at which few people have completed their education, had raised themselves, each in his own department, to the height of glory. One of them died at Longwood, the other at Missolonghi.—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE EARLY MISSIONARIES ; OR, DISCOVERY OF THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

By John Galt, Esq.

AMONG the earliest missionaries sent to convert the Indians to the Christian belief, was Joseph Price, a young man who had received directions to penetrate farther into the vast forests which close the continent of America towards the north than had been at that time accomplished. In this hazardous undertaking he was accompanied by Henry Wilmington, who, actuated by the same religious motives, had volunteered to attend him. They had been landed at Boston, then a very small but thriving village, about a month previous, where they made the necessary preparations for their expedition, and recruited themselves after a passage of thirteen weeks from Plymouth, for so long a passage was not uncommon in those times in traversing the Atlantic.

It was a fine morning in the latter end of May when they bade adieu to the inhabitants, by whom they had been hospitably entertained, and accompanied by the good wishes of all, proceeded towards the hitherto unexplored forest.

The buds were now beginning to expand into leaves, and the sun was often darkened by the fast flocks of migratory pigeons, which, when the woods allowed, sometimes flew so close to the ground, that the travellers could beat them down with their sticks. Before sailing from England they had often heard persons who had crossed the Atlantic mention this circumstance, but they suspected them of exaggeration until they witnessed it themselves.

It was their intention to visit a distant tract of country, of which nothing was known except vague reports of sheets of water so immense, that, but for the circumstance of their being fresh, might have led them to suppose they were on an island. These reports were for the most part gathered from the Indians, on whose testimony little reliance could be placed, as none of their informers could speak from their own knowledge.

To aid them in their pursuit, they were provided with compasses and armed with fowling-pieces. They, directing their course towards the place to which most of the Indians alluded, had, it is true, but slight grounds on which to rest their hopes of success ; animated, however, with the desire of fulfilling what they had undertaken, they thought little of the difficulties which might attend it : accordingly, it was without regret that they were now leaving the settled part of the country.

Having travelled several days without seeing any thing worthy of notice, they arrived at the ultimate farm they could expect to meet with before their return. After remaining there for the night, they continued their journey through the forest, which had most likely never been previously trodden by the feet of civilized man. The startled deer frequently crossed their path, and a few birds were the only objects that varied the solitude around.

Guided by their compasses, they continued their progress many days, until they arrived at the banks of a large and rapid river, which they in vain endeavoured to pass, as its breadth and swiftness precluded the hope of their being able to swim across it. After proposing many expedients, all of which they soon found to be impracticable, they determined on trusting themselves to some one of the many fallen trees which lay in every eddy along its banks; and having selected one whose branches lay in such a manner as would prevent it from turning over, they entwined boughs to form a small kind of basket, into which, having provided themselves with stout poles, they entered, taking care that neither their guns nor ammunition suffered from the water; they then steadily pushed it from the shore into the stream, and continued doing so until the water grew so deep that the poles were of no avail, and they were obliged to trust to Providence to carry them to the other side.

For some time they continued in the middle of the river, without inclining to either bank, when they perceived that, by the help of the wind, they were quickly gaining on a large pine, which was slowly floating downwards. On reaching it they stretched out their poles with a great effort, and succeeded in pushing themselves into water where they could again find bottom. After much labour, our travellers touched the bank, on which they quickly leaped, after having taken out their arms, and continued their journey rejoicing.

They soon after arrived at a spot where they deemed it fit to wait till the following morning, and, it being their custom, they went out hunting, in order to provide provision for the next day's wants, at that time easily accomplished, as the forests abounded with herds of deer, which, having been seldom disturbed, were exceedingly tame. On this occasion they soon beheld a great number watching a furious encounter between two large bucks, which, with the utmost animosity, were endeavouring to gore each other. Surprised at a sight they had never before seen, they determined to await the result; and after some time, one of the combatants, by an amazing leap, sprang past the other, and, swiftly turning round, drove his horns into the side of his adversary, and instantly killed him.

The missionaries, running to the spot, frightened away the remainder of the herd, while they took possession of the fallen one, and having taken what would serve them for days, left the carcass to the wolves.

In about a week after, they reached a chain of mountains where they rested for the night, and next morning proceeded to ascend *their steep and sawly sides, up which they were enabled to drag themselves by grasping the trees; nevertheless, they were several times nearly precipitated into the gulph below.* Wilmington, on one occasion in particular, when they were ascending a very dangerous part of the mountain, inadvertently seized a rotten

branch, which, giving way, caused him to be hurried downward to the very brink of a precipice, where he saved himself by catching hold of a projecting bough. Thus they advanced, for the remainder of that day, in the evening of which they took advantage of a small space of level ground to remain until the morning. About noon they succeeded in gaining the summit of the ridge ; and in order that they might view the surrounding country, they with some difficulty ascended a barren crag that reared itself high above the others ; for, without having met with this, the trees would have excluded every prospect. Having reached its loftiest pinnacle, they turned their eager eyes to see if they could behold any traces of the mighty seas of fresh water which had been described to them by the Indians ; but to their sorrow, as far as the sight could stretch, only vast woods met their anxious gaze.

While thus engaged, they sometimes heard the piercing cries of the hawk in pursuit of his prey ; far under them, and among the trees, the drumming of the partridge and the tapping of the woodpecker, could be clearly distinguished. Being somewhat disappointed, they silently commenced wending their lonely way down the side of the mountain ; but, notwithstanding their utmost exertions, they could not succeed in descending the range that evening, and were compelled by the approaching darkness, to seek a spot where they might rest. Early in the morning they awoke, and continuing their descent with renewed energy, soon surpassed the formidable obstacle which the hills had opposed.

Having rested for the remainder of that day, they again began to cross the level country, and continued doing so for many days, without having seen a single human being since their departure from the farm, when, one day in a glade of the woods, they saw a band of Indians among the trees, who having approached, spoke in a pleasant, but to them unknown language. Their gestures betokened their surprize at beholding people so different in colour to themselves, and armed with what appeared to them only polished sticks. While thus employed, a flock of wildgeese flew high above their heads, at which the Indians discharged their arrows, but they fell short of their intended mark ; when Price and Wilmington, raising their guns fired, and to the astonishment of the natives, two of the flock came fluttering to their feet. The Spectators crowded round the Europeans, and with much curiosity began to admire the weapons which they had formerly despised. Their wonder was not diminished when they saw what they imagined pounded lead put into the muzzles of the guns, and then, on pulling a small piece of iron, a flash of fire accompanied with smoke and a loud report, immediately followed. The chief, by signs, appeared to ask them to accompany him, that the rest of his tribe might see what seemed to them exceedingly wonderful ; and having followed him, they soon arrived at a place where several Indians were engaged in erecting small wigwams of bark. The chief, however, made them understand that this was only their

hunting ground, and told them that their village lay far off, in the direction of the sun, which was then sinking beneath the trees, and to which they should soon return. From this time the missionaries commenced learning the language of their entertainers, in which they were able to converse with some facility by the time the Indians returned to their village, which was situated on the Oneida. Having arrived there Price began to teach them; but they having patiently listened to his first sermon, to his great sorrow never assembled to hear him again; and in consequence, he told Wilmington that he would try to discover whether there was any truth in the reports they had heard at Boston concerning the inland waters, and asked him if he was willing to be his companion. Wilmington assented; and having endeavoured to inform the Indians of their intention, the chief, who had conducted them to the village, made them understand, that the river that flowed past led to an immense basin, which they supposed was formed by the continual running of several large rivers, but that few of his tribe had ever paddled far round its borders. There was, however, an old man, who in his youth had ventured to proceed in his canoe for many suns along it, and returned with the report that he had arrived at an immense river which ran into the fresh sea, where having landed, for the purpose of hunting, he had heard a terrific roaring, as he thought, of waters, and, advancing through the woods towards the sound for some miles, the stream became so rapid that no canoe could go up against it. Being very much alarmed, he had hurried back to his bark, and instantly commenced his return; but he was the only one of the tribe who had ever dared to sail so far, and from his account they supposed it the source of the lake.

Having learned this they asked the chief, whose name was Maiook, whether he would allow any of his Indians to accompany them down the river to the lake, and ascertain from whence the sound which had alarmed the aged Indian arose. He at first tried to dissuade them, by every argument in his power; but finding his endeavours of no avail, he said that he would himself join them in their expedition. It was therefore agreed that they should sail down the river the week following; but before the time determined on, an event occurred that considerably delayed their departure.

On rising one morning they remarked that large clouds of smoke were drifting over their heads, accompanied by an overpowering pressure of heat, which the Indians said was occasioned by the woods being on fire; and as the wind was high, showers of ashes frequently fell around them. To avoid these they took shelter in their wigwams, but the hotness of the air, together with the smoke, increased so much that, being in danger of suffocation, the chief proposed that they should cast themselves into the Oneida; and as no better proposition could be made, they hurried into it, and remained with their heads above water, being often obliged to im-

merse them likewise ; they were thus situated many hours, while the water was black with ashes that fell around them. The wind, at last, to their great joy, changed, and relieved them from their perilous position, by driving the flames in the contrary direction. They did not however quit the water, as the ground was still covered with burning embers. On leaving the river, they saw, to their mortification, that the village was on fire in several places, and it was some time before they succeeded in stopping the progress of the burning ; the canoes which they had drawn up on the shore were also consumed. After repairing the damage, and making other canoes, they began their expedition ; and having paddled for several days, one calm and beautiful evening they were astonished at the sight of Lake Ontario. As far as the eye could reach, they could only see what appeared to them boundless water, which lay without the slightest ripple on its glassy surface, undisturbed by the softest breath of wind. They then continued paddling around the shore, looking out for a place where they might safely moor their canoes during the night, and, among the many small inlets, they soon discovered one fitted for their purpose which they immediately entered. At sunrise they again advanced on their adventurous expedition. As they coasted along the deer would sometimes look at them from among the thickets which fringed the borders of the lake ; and at other times they saw them swimming across the various creeks or rivers which they passed in their progress. They were, however, too much engaged in admiring the lonely magnificence of the surrounding scenery to interrupt the playful gambols of the deer by endeavoring to wound them, which they only did when their necessaries compelled. Thus they paddled onward for several days, without perceiving any thing that might lead them to suppose that they were approaching the spot to which the old Indian had alluded ; when, one hazy morning, having proceeded many miles before the sun had any power to dispel the thick mists, they were delighted at seeing themselves, as the air at noon cleared, about to enter a large river, which flowed rapidly into the lake. As this in some measure coincided with the first part of what had been related to them, they determined on entering it : but after paddling up it for some time, the current grew so strong that they were compelled to disembark, and continue their journey by land on the edge of the high precipitous bank.

The wind, softly blowing, rustled among the trees, but sometimes they fancied a distant rumbling could be distinguished.

Having followed the course of the storm along the edge of the cliff for some distance, Price proposed that one of them should ascend a tree and follow the course of the river upwards with his eye, and try if he could discover whence the sound that reached them arose. Maiook, therefore, told one of his Indians to climb up a lofty pine which grew apart from the rest ; and he had hardly ascended half-way, when uttering a cry of astonishment, he

hastened to the ground and told his comrades that he had seen immense clouds of spray rising far above the trees, but he could not perceive from what cause they arose. Encouraged by this report, after refreshing themselves (being much wearied by their toilsome march) they hastened along the edge of the cliffs, while the rushing sound that had been gradually increasing, was every instant becoming more and more tremendous, and the velocity of the stream made them imagine that they were in the vicinity of a furious rapid, when, on advancing from the thick bushes, they suddenly found themselves on a bare ledge of rock which overhung an immense chasm, into which two streams and a mighty river were tumbling, with a noise that drowned all their exclamations of surprise, and which was louder than the voice of the ocean in a storm. Springing back with terror from the edge of the precipice over which they had so nearly plunged, they eyed the thundering and foaming torrent with amazement, not noticing that part of the rock on which they had just been standing was tottering, and slowly separating itself from the adjoining mass, till roused by the crash with which it was precipitated into the gulf below, shaking the living rock from whence it had been detached, and resounding through the woods, far above the roaring of the stupendous cataract. The missionaries involuntarily leaped back among the trees, not daring to return to the place where they had been, and viewed with more composure the awful prospect before them. The river above the falls was for some distance a furious rapid, rising with incredible force towards the precipice; but when on its very brink, it, in some parts of the great stream, became calm; other parts were white with foam. While thus engaged, Maiook, with a loud cry, directed their attention to a large deer which in vain struggled against the overpowering suction of the falls, was rapidly coming to destruction. They watched its fruitless endeavours to reach the shore; but, on arriving at the deceitful calm, it looked wildly, with distended nostrils and outstretched neck, and seemed to be crying; but the roar of the cataracts drowned its voice, and it was soon precipitated into the boiling abyss.

The French, from the province of Quebec, may have reached as far before, but Price and his companion believed they were the first that had penetrated to that spot; and when they returned back to the settlements, their description of the unparalleled magnificence of the cataracts, to which Maiook gave the name of Niagara, or the thundering waters, was deemed incredible. But the wilderness has now been banished from the scene, and festivity and commerce have there established themselves amidst the simple sublimity that distinguishes this, the most impressive spectacle of the kind to be seen on the whole earth.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

By Campbell.

God was not in the *Whirlwind*—nor in the *Thunder*—nor in the
Flame, but in the *still small voice*

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—
The Lord before him passed ;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast ;
The forest fell before its force ;
The rocks were shivered in its course ;
God was not in the blast.
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud
Came muffling up the sun ;
When, through the mountain, deep and loud,
An earthquake thundered on :
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair :—
God was not in the storm.
'Twas but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'Twas still again—and nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame :
When swift from Heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came.
Down to the depth the ocean fled,—
The sickening sun look'd wan and dead,
Yet God filled not the flame.
'Twas but the terror of His eye
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small,
Rose sweetly on the ear ;
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear.
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,
And God himself was there.
For oh ! it was a father's voice,
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Disappointments of an Unfortunate Gentleman.

It was on the 20th of December last that I received an invitation from my friend Mr. Phiggins, to dine with him, in Mark-lane, on Christmas-day. I had several reasons for declining this proposition. The first was, that Mr. P. makes it a rule, at all these festivals, to empty the entire contents of his counting-house into his little dining-parlour; and you consequently sit down to dinner with six white-waistcoated clerks, let loose upon a turkey. The second was, that I am not sufficiently well-read in cotton and sugar, to enter with any spirit into the subject of conversation. The third was, and is, that I never drink cape-wine. But by far the most prevailing reason remains to be told. I had been anticipating for some days, and was hourly in the hope of receiving an invitation to spend my Christmas-day in a most irresistible quarter. I was expecting, indeed, the felicity of eating plum-pudding with an angel; and, on the strength of my imaginary engagement, I returned a polite note to Mr. P., reducing him to the necessity of advertising for another candidate for cape and turkey.

The twenty-first came. Another invitation—to dine with a regiment of roast-beef eaters at Clapham. I declined this also, for the above reason, and for one other, viz. that, on dining there ten Christmas-days ago, it was discovered, on sitting down, that one little accompaniment of the roast beef had been entirely overlooked. Would it be believed?—but I will not stay to mystify—I merely mention the fact. They had forgotten the horse-radish!

The next day arrived, and with it a neat epistle, sealed with violet-coloured wax, from Upper Brook-street. “Dine with the ladies—at home on Christmas-day. Very tempting, it is true; but not exactly the letter I was longing for. I began, however, to debate with myself upon the policy of securing this bird in the hand, instead of waiting for the two that were still hopping about the bush, when the consultation was suddenly brought to a close, by a prophetic view of the portfolio of drawings fresh from boarding-school—moths and roses on embossed paper;—to say nothing of the album, in which I stood engaged to write an elegy on a Java sparrow, that had been a favourite in the family for three days. I rung for gilt-edged, pleaded a world of polite regret, and again declined. The twenty-third dawned; time was getting on rather rapidly; but no card came. I began to despair of any more invitations, and to repent of my refusals. Breakfast was hardly over, however, when the servant brought up—not a letter—but an aunt and a brace of cousins from Bayswater. They would listen to no excuse; consanguinity required me, and Christmas was not my own. Now my cousins keep no albums; and they are really as pretty as cousins can be; and when violent hands, with white kid gloves, are laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my

darling hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in fifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I shewed them the Court Guide with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had *not* asked me to mince-meat and mistletoe ; and I ultimately gained my cause by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ancle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a “happy” Christmas. As I approached, a porter brought a large hamper to the door. “A present from the country,” thought I ; “yes, they do dine at home ; they must ask me ; they know that I am in town.” Immediately afterwards a servant issued with a letter : he took the nearest way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sat down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment than I had experienced for some days ; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired dispatch had come : it seemed written on the leaf of a lily, with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it,—and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock-broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes it with the fourth bottle—and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snap-dragon. In Macadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation. I wrote a most irritable apology ; and dispatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty-fourth.—I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack ! no letter came ;—yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honour, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *literati* to be then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to increase my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most tempting dessert, composed of forbidden fruit. I took down “Child Harold,” and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sate “nursing my wrath” till it scorched me ; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sicken-

ed as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated from —, but no matter; it was not the letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my adoration condescend, not to eat a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tart fabricated by her own ethereal fingers; with such possibilities before me, how could I think of joining a “friendly party”—where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilkes, or my Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of “Junius,” but had forgotten his name—and who once asked me “whether Mr. Munden’s monument was in Westminster Abbey or St. Pauls?”—I seized a pen, and presented my compliments, I hesitated—for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my mind; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I at length succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement, I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat; dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face; nothing was to be seen but raisins and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all; I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and every body seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man! To-morrow appeared to have already commenced its career; mankind had anticipated the future; “coming mince pies cast their shadows before.”

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No: my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September, payable three months after date. With these feelings I gave an agitated knock—they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded! A girl at length made her appearance, and, with a mouthful of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas-eve in Portland place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first impulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words, I went to bed.

I dozed and dreamed away the hours till day break. Sometimes I fancied myself seated in a roaring circle, roasting chesnuts at a blazing log; at others, that I had fallen into the Serpentine

while skating, and that the Humane Society were piling upon me a Pelon, or rather a Vesuvius of blankets. I awoke a little refreshed. Alas ! it was the 25th of the month—it was Christmas-day ! Let the reader, if he possesses the imagination of Milton, conceive my sensation.

I swallowed an atom of dry toast—nothing could calm the fever of my soul. I stirred the fire and read Zimmerman alternately. Even reason—the last remedy one has recourse to in such cases—came at length to my relief : I argued myself into a philosophic fit. But, unluckily, just as the Lethean tide within me was at its height, my landlady broke in upon my lethergy, and chased away by a single word all the little sprites and pleasures that were acting as my physicians, and prescribing balm for my wounds. She paid me the usual compliments, and then—“ Do you dine at home to day, Sir ? ” abruptly inquired she. Here was a question. No Spanish inquisitor ever inflicted such complete dismay in so short a sentence. Had she given me a Sphynx to expound, a Gordian tangle to untwist ; had she set me a lesson in algebra, or asked me the way to Crebdignag ; had she desired me to shew her the North Pole, or the meaning of a melodrama ;—any or all of these I might have accomplished. But to request me to define my dinner—to inquire in its latitude—to compel me to fathom that sea of appetite which I now felt rushing through my frame—to ask me to drive into futurity, and become the prophet of pies and preserves !—My heart died within me at the impossibility of a reply.

She had repeated the question before I could collect my senses around me. Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that, in the event of my having no engagement abroad, my landlady meant to invite me ! “ There will at least be the two daughters,” I whispered to myself ;” and after all, Lucy Matthews is a charming girl, and touches the harp divinely. She has a very small pretty hand, I recollect ; only her fingers are so punctured by the needle—and I rather think she bites her nails. No, I will not even now give up my hope. It was yesterday but a straw—to day it is but the thistle down ; but I will cling to it to the last moment. There are still four hours left ; they will not dine till six. One desperate struggle, and the peril is past ; let me not be seduced by this last golden apple, and I may yet win the race.” The struggle was made—“ I should not dine at home.” This was the only phrase left me ; for I could not say that “ I should dine out.” Alas ! that an event should be at the same time so doubtful and so desirable. I only begged that if any letter arrived, it might be brought to me immediately.

The last plank, the last splinter, had now given way beneath me. I was floating about with no hope but the chance of something almost impossible. They had “ left me alone,” not with my glory, but with an appetite that resembled an avalanche seeking whom it might devour. I had passed one dinnerless day, and

the half of another ; yet the promised land was as far from sight as ever. I recounted the chances I had missed. The dinners I might have enjoyed, passed in a dioramic view before my eyes. Mr. Phiggins and his six clerks—the Clapham beef-eaters—the charms of Upper Brook-street—my pretty cousins and the pantomine-writer—the stock-brokers whose stories one forgets, and the elderly lady who forgets her stories—they all marched by me, a procession of apparitions. Even my landlady's invitation, tho' unborn, was not forgotten in summing up my sacrifices. And for what ?

Four o'clock. Hope was perfectly ridiculous. I had been walking upon the hair-bridge over a gulf, and could not get into Elysium after all. I had been catching moonbeams, and running after notes of music. Despair was my only convenient refuge ; no chance remained, unless something should drop from the clouds. In this last particular I was not disappointed ; for on looking up I perceived a heavy shower of snow. Yet I was obliged to venture further for being supposed to dine out, I could not of course remain at home. Where to go I knew not ; I was like my first father—"the world was all before me." I flung my cloak round me, and hurried forth with the feelings of a bandit longing for a stiletto. At the foot of the stairs, I staggered against two or three smiling rascals, priding themselves upon their punctuality. They had just arrived—to make the tour of Turkey. How I hated them !—As I rushed by the parlour, a glance disclosed to me a blazing fire, with Lucy and several lovely creatures in a semicircle. Fancy, too, gave me a glimpse of a sprig of mistletoe—I vanished from the house, like a spectre at day break.

How long I wandered about is doubtful. At last I happened to look through a kitchen-window, with an area in front, and saw a villain with a fork in his hand, throwing himself back in his chair choked with ecstasy. Another was feasting with a graver air ; he seemed to be swallowing a bit of Paradise, and criticising its flavour. This was too much for mortality—my appetite fastened upon me like an alligator. I darted from the spot ; and only a few yards farther, discerned a house, with rather an elegant exterior, and with some ham in the window that looked perfectly sublime. This was no time for consideration—to hesitate was to perish. I entered ; it was indeed "à banquet-hall deserted." The very waiters had gone home to their friends. There however, I found a fire ; and there—to sum up all my folly and felicity in a single word—I DINED !

THE CAMP HILL, NEAR HASTINGS.

By Campbell.

In the deep blue of eve,
Ere the twinkling stars had begun,
Or the lark took his leave
Of the skies and the sweet setting sun,

I climb'd to yon heights,
Where the Norman encamp'd him of old,*
With his bowmen and knights,
And his banners all burnished gith gold.

At the conqueror's side
There his minstrelsy sat harp in hand ;
In pavaillion wide.
And they chanted the deeds of Roland.

Still the ramparted ground
With a vision my fancy inspires,
And I hear the trump sound,
As it marshalled our chivalry's sires.

Over hauberck and helm
As the sun's setting splendour was thrown,
Thence they looked o'er a realm,
And to-morrow beheld it their own.

* What is called the East Hill at Hastings, is crowned with the works of an ancient camp ; and it is more than probable it was the spot which William I. occupied between his landing and the battle which gave him England's crown. It is a strong position the works are easily traced.

HYMN.—BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her father's God before her moved
An awful guide in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands,
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night. Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray !

And O, when gathers on our path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be thou, long suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

[The following article appeared in the *Nova Scotian* of Dec. 15. The ability with which it is written, and its useful tendency induces us to copy it. Some of our subscribers, also, wish to see it in the pages of the Magazine, where it may be more easily referred to, and preserved, than in the columns of a newspaper.]

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE NATURE, OBJECT AND MANAGEMENT OF JOINT-STOCK LIBRARIES.

It would seem that in regulating Societies of this description, a due observance of the saying of a wise man of antiquity should be attended to; 'Deliberate maturely before you act; when you have deliberated, act promptly, perseveringly, and decisively.' And it may be asserted without fear of contradiction, that more than half of the complaints of misapplication of the means, and consequent failure of the attainment of the end proposed, so far, from having a cause afforded for their expression would never have an existence, if the object to be attained were clearly defined, understood, and undeviatingly held in view, and pursued in the management of these societies.

Without further circumlocution, it would be well here to define those objects.

In the first place then, we may assume, that a primary object to be held constantly in view is the general satisfaction of the tastes and pursuits of the proprietors, to be obtained by providing for their entertainment and instruction. The first place is given to entertainment, for it may safely be asserted that ninety-nine read with that object, to one who does for the latter. And in prosecuting this object it should be remembered that works of a trivial and ephemeral nature, which it may be supposed would come within the reach of each individual shareholder, are not those for the purchase of which the funds of a large society of individuals are collected together.

Beyond these, there is another and higher object to be kept in sight—which is this: the collection of works of general utility, which from their magnitude, may not come within the scope of the funds of a single individual, unless he should be a person of fortune. And few persons of this class will enter into an undertaking of this nature, except with the noble view of encouraging it by extending a wholesome example to others. Works of this description are properly styled Books of Reference.

A further object which would seem appropriately to enter into the plan of a public Joint Stockholding Library, is the founding of a place of general deposit for all works, or as many as its funds may render attainable, illustrative of the history and circumstances of the country; and particularly the collection and preserva-

tion of materials for the formation and elucidation of the history of the town and country in which such institutions may be formed.

It seems almost needless to remark, that a liberal spirit should characterize the management of such an institution, by the admission as Honorary Members of such men of scientific and literary attainments as might, being so admitted, be the means of conferring respectability on the society, by their acceptance of the privilege; and also by hospitality being exercised in its most extended and noblest form, that of the intellect, by affording the stranger free access to its stores.

These views, it may be observed cannot well be entertained or forwarded, except by selecting for the management of the institution, those of its members who may be generally considered the best qualified from literary ability or attainment, properly to estimate their value; and just so far, and so far only, as these qualifications are regarded in their selection, will be the success attending the undertaking.

A general view of the objects to be attained, and the requisite mode of management having been thus premised, we will proceed to consider their execution somewhat more in detail.

Works of amusement, if merely such, though most called for, should be sparingly introduced, and carefully selected, (not collected). If a work of injurious tendency should find its way into the collection, for mistakes will occur in selection, by the best informed committee, it should forthwith be suspended from circulation, and if a case be clearly made out, destroyed without the name being published: and this for obvious reasons.

With regard to works of instruction, little need be said; general report quickly, and for the most part accurately, decides upon their intrinsic merit; and little else requires attention in their selection than the fact of their being what is styled 'Standard,' and on the other hand, their novelty, in order to have the latest discoveries; which is of the first importance where science is in question.

We come now to consider a most important part of the projected collection; and that is the class of Books of reference, and those which without being strictly such, it may be desirable to have, as being above the means of purchase of a private individual.

In connexion with this part of the subject, it may be observed, that the history of his own country, according to the nation which he belongs to, is a subject of which no well educated man, can creditably remain in ignorance. To an Englishman the study of that of his own country, as being that of a great and illustrious nation ought to be at all times peculiarly interesting. For this reason, we might wish and expect to find in a public collection, such works as the voluminous Chronicles in which the contemporaneous History of our country is recorded in detail; also such works as *Rymer's Fœdera*; and the great public Records containing Doooms-Day Book, and other documents of the highest antiquity and greatest importance, which, till very lately remained buried in Manuscript,

and the ordering the printing of which by George III, may perhaps be reckoned as one of his most unquestionably patriotic acts:—These works have been to the certain knowledge of the writer, given by the Commissioners gratuitously to public Libraries applying for them, on the condition of allowing free access and reference to them generally; and little doubt is entertained, that on similar terms they might still be obtained were a proper application made through the Agent of the Province;—these Documents are of continual reference; in the absence of the originals, admitted as evidence in Courts of Justice; of great value, and high purchase, when bought—might possibly be of material use; and very probably so far from being as they now are, to be had as a gift, will speedily be unattainable at any price. To this class may be referred such works as *Lysons' Magna Britannia*, and the *Beauties of England and Wales*; the latter Book giving a general and minute account of every county in England, its natural and political history, productions, manufactures, remarkable buildings, &c. &c. This work extending to 30 volumes is not very likely to meet with many private purchasers here, but is nevertheless very suitable to a Public Institution; one bringing England to our very doors, and with the information derived from which a person might visit the mother country, and immediately proceed to view those objects most worthy his attention—whether he might have instruction or amusement in view.— (This work has been till lately, if it is not even now selling at a reduced price.) *Major's illustrated Walpole's Dictionary of Painters* is another work—not of excessive price, but perhaps so high that few here would choose to buy it;—that would clearly be an eligible acquisition. *Lodge's Gallery of Portraits of Persons illustrious in English History*,—a book whose excellence is not confined to the beauty of the engravings, though many and most of them may be justly styled gems of art;—but from the merit of the notices attached to the Portraits, has obtained the most flattering encomiums from able judges of the subject. This is a large work, but not of overwhelming cost—and it may be observed that the public spirited proprietors are now publishing a smaller edition with the plates reduced, to bring it within the reach of all the moderately wealthy. A public Library, pretending to be such, is absolutely incomplete without such a book—and should subscribe for it at whatever inconvenience. To these we may add such works as *Ruding's Annals of the Coinage of Great Britain*, *Dibdin's Typographical Antiquities*, and *Britton's Architectural Antiquities, Cathedrals and Cities of England*; and as books of reference we may also name those extensive printed collections on various subjects, that are commonly styled *Corpuscs*, such as, *The English Poets*, and perhaps *Biographical Dictionaries*.

Illustrative of General History a few series of the more easily acquirable medals and coins would be found extremely useful. The commencement of this particular collection might be

originated in presents—and at little charge to the Society. And in relation to General Science, Maps and Globes, and some of the more common and useful Philosophical Instruments, could not well be dispensed with.

The collection of works to serve as a foundation for a future History of the Country, comes next under consideration.

When the perfect facility of the almost gratuitous acquisition of such documents as will immediately be enumerated, their importance and essential indispensability to an object so fraught with consequence to every inhabitant of the country, is considered; it would appear an omission of the strangest kind, not to make a point of procuring and preserving them.

These then are the LAWS and the JOURNALS OF THE LEGISLATURES of this and the other North American provinces.—These, there is not the slightest doubt might be had for the expense of carriage and binding, on the trouble being taken of making the proper requisite application to the different clerks of the respective Legislatures. The utility of having assembled together in a Public Institution, the various laws of these Provinces, it does not require a single word to shew.

All the Newspapers published in the town and province should be obtained with this view, preserved and bound; and not at all with the purpose of a political Reading Room.

The general collection, deposit, and preservation of *whatever* issues from the Press of the Town, wherein such an Institution is founded, appears to be proper for this purpose. No matter what the productions may be, Calendar, Pamphlet, Sermon, &c. &c. &c. they would each add a mite to the illustration at some future period, of the state of society in this; and this should be an object, not to be dismissed with the churlish saw, that ‘we were doing much for posterity; but should like to see them do something for us.’

As subsidiary to, and highly promotive of this object, the collection of an illustrative cabinet of the Natural History of the country, including of course a *Hortus Siccus*, would be particularly desirable. Copies also of MSS. and of scarce printed Tracts on subjects of local history, should also not be overlooked. And with the same view it would be proper to pay some attention to the collecting of Maps and Surveys of the Country, Plans, and Drawings of remarkable natural and artificial objects.

A pursuit which at home has gained a worthy pre-eminence, and in which Englishmen could not well fail of doing so, for its object is purely English, as it is neither more nor less than the history of their own firesides and altars, which should be dear to every one, and if to every one, still more so to Britons, who enjoy the blessings of heaven more freely than any other nation, is Topography. General history is almost run down,—so their attention is turned to this, and in this truly national pursuit, as has just now been said, they are highly distinguished.

In most public Libraries in the Old Country, books of this nature form a large and favourite class. And in many such institutions which are well in funds, books of this description possess such an almost undue preponderance, as to rival, if not surpass the collections of those bibliomaniacs, who have confined their exertions solely to their accumulation. [Not long ago, Upcott's Topographical Dictionary, a mere catalogue of such works, appeared, in three large volumes 8vo.] These works are collected continually with avidity, and read with delight. Being large and occupying many years, and much labour and expense in their execution, they are mostly published by subscription—but many instances occur in which the work is not to be secured at the subscription price, (the subscription being limited) even before publication. Now, here, being a young country, we cannot expect such works—there is in fact, no history of towns and counties to write—but we may sow the seed—nay, more, we may lay it up in the garner. This we may do, by forming the collections suggested. It may be observed that something of this taste has been manifested in a neighbouring country, where many valuable works almost altogether of a topographical nature, have appeared. And here it may be observed, by the way, that these very works, generally, merit a place in a library of the kind under consideration. However, if topography yields no stores in this western clime, there is a large and highly valuable, and continually increasing class of works on *America*; the utility and value of which may be fairly and truly stated, as indisputable; consequently an object of primary importance in attainment. To this class may be referred such works as *Wilson's*, and *Audubon's American Ornithology*, and the *Collections of the Massachusetts' Historical Society*.

A peculiarly efficacious mode of expressing public opinion, though not perhaps at first sight eminently calculated, from their apparent insignificance, to produce an influential effect, is the publication of *Pamphlets*. Though many of those with which the British press incessantly teems are of a merely temporary or local nature, yet many on the other hand appear on every subject of general and vital consequence, and are either the *tentamina* of the rising talent, or the productions of the matured wisdom of the age. In either case they express forcibly public opinion and exercise a mighty influence upon it, and are a means of exhibiting a concise view of the important subjects on which they treat; affording at once a vivid and condensed sketch or index of the manners and feelings of the day. For this reason the most worthy should be carefully selected; and pains taken for their permanent preservation;—when accumulated it would be advisable therefore that they should be arranged methodically, and bound up according to the subject on which they treat.

With regard to forming selections generally, *Watts's Bibliotheca Britanica*, a bibliographical work of amazing and stupendous

research, giving a general view of the whole body of British Literature, will be found an extremely valuable guide; to this, some of the *classed catalogues* of the more celebrated libraries may be added as useful auxiliaries.

The improved utility which would result from rendering the stores accumulated of easy access, by means of a constant attention to a scientific arrangement, and of a classed catalogue, is self-evident, and to enlarge upon it would be quite *superfluous*.

These remarks are becoming somewhat prolix, and the writer would have hesitated in obtruding to such an extent on your columns; had he not thought from the circumstance of several libraries having been formed, and forming, which so far as he can learn from their mode of conducting, appear to be new undertakings, the nature of which is generally imperfectly and insufficiently understood, that they might be of service.

It merely remains to offer a remark or two on the admission of Strangers, and of Honorary members.

A stranger should certainly, on the highest authority; on that which teaches us to do that to others which in similar cases we might reasonably and rightfully wish to have done to us; be treated hospitably—and without making *chere entiere*, we may put the key of our Library into his hands. If the stranger be a man fond of learning, he will be more thankful for this than for our wine and our dinners—if he be not, his host will take care how he introduce him. The gratitude of a scientific stranger, experiencing liberal treatment, might possibly confer essential benefits.

As for Honorary members, the very nature of such societies implies not only their existence, but that the favour of their accepting such a designation should be solicited and courted. In this march of intellect age, in this age of freedom of the press, of which it has been said, that it is like the air we breathe, and that without it we die, in this age of slave emancipation and of universal education, it would be strange, if in a society, professing to be literary, and animated and guided by liberal and literary sentiments, any vile feeling of pounds, shillings and pence, or any personal or political hostility, still viler and more despicable, should interfere and prevent the conferring of the only reward and encouragement, which such a society has in its power to confer on those best entitled to its investiture.

As the object of such a society is the encouraging of literature, and the attainment of learning, the utmost liberality should be shown in its conduct and management,—and it might be said that so long as the pecuniary interests of the proprietors were constantly observed, and nothing like interloping encouraged, any person of literary or scientific attainments, and not in circumstances enabling him to purchase, should, though a townsman and resident, be an Honorary Member. It would not even be too great an extension of liberality to allow any person, resident or not, a non-subscriber, to consult a book occasionally, for casual reference, in

the presence of his friend introducing him. Wealth is mutable, and the favours of fortune proverbially inconstant ; in a mercantile community therefore, it might be advisable to consider whether the widows of shareholders might not, in very many cases, be eligible candidates for the privilege of Honorary Members.

In conclusion, with regard to the qualifications of a Committee, for the attainment of the objects now submitted, if the correctness of them be allowed, their sole and whole fitness would be derived from, and consist in, their literary talent and accomplishment, liberality of sentiment, and moral integrity of intention. And gentlemen selected to fulfil a trust of so much consequence as the Committee of a Public Library, should ever bear in mind how great a responsibility is involved in its fulfilment ; when an instrument of education so delicate, yet so powerful and all-permeating ; one so intimately connected with every better interest of the community in which it is established ; is confided to their charge :—one of infinitely greater importance than at first sight is apparent—and of far more weight than is either generally believed or acknowledged.

In reference to a mere matter of detail in management, it may be observed, that it might perhaps be found advantageous to subdivide the committee ; instructing some of such sub-committees to direct their attention solely to the attainment of certain specific objects, and others to the execution of certain duties. In such an institution, an expenditure, liberal but economical, should be provided for and insisted on.

And finally, Shareholders should, in delegating their powers, constantly bear in mind the broad republican maxim ; that it is ever inexpedient to delegate to other hands any portion of power, except such as they may divest themselves of, for the benefit of the whole, and such as that they may not best retain in their own.

THE REJECTED.

By Thomas Haynes Bayley.

Nor have me ! not love me ! Oh what have I said ?
Sure never was lover so strangely misled ;
Rejected ! and just when I hoped to be blest !
You can't be in earnest ! it must be a jest.

Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
Explicitly telling you all that I felt ;
And talked about poison in accents so wild,
So very like torture—you started—and smiled.

Not have me ! not love me ! oh what have I done ?
 All natural nourishment did I not shun ?
 My figure is wasted—my spirits are lost,
 And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.

Remember—remember—ay, madam, you must—
 I once was exceedingly stout and robust ;
 I rode by your palfrey, I came at your call,
 And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.

Not have me ! not love me ! Rejected ! Refused !
 Sure never was lover so strangely ill used !
 Consider my presents—(I don't mean to boast)—
 But Madam, consider the money they cost !

Remember you've worn them, and just can it be
 To take all my trinkets, and not to take me ?
 Nay, don't throw them at me !—you'll break—do not start—
 I don't mean my gifts,—but you will break my heart !

Not have me ! not love me ! not go to the Church ?
 Sure never was lover so left in the lurch !
 My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt ;
 Oh, madam, don't tempt me to call you a flirt.

Remember my letters, my passion they told,
 Yes, all sorts of letters—save letters of gold !
 The amount of my notes too—the notes that I penned,
 Not bank notes—no truly, I had none to send !

Not have me ! Not love me ! And is it then true
 That opulent age is the lover for you !
 'Gainst rivalry's bloom I would strive—'tis too much
 To yield to the terrors of rivalry's crutch.

Remember—remember I might call him out,
 But Madam, you are not worth fighting about ;
 My sword shall be stainless in blade and in hilt ;
 I thought you a jewel ! I find you a jilt.

THE COLUMBIA RIVER.

Or Scenes and Adventures during a residence of six years on the *Western* side of the Rocky Mountains, among various tribes of Indians hitherto unknown : together with a journey across the American Continent. By Ross Cox. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1831. Colburn and Bentley.

THOUGH some time has elapsed since these strange adventures occurred, between 1811 and 1817, they are so surprising, to say the least of them, that we cannot dislike their publication at any period. The author represents himself as a trader connected with the north-west, or the Hudson Bay Company ; and, having ascended and descended the Columbia river eight or nine times, wintered with the natives on its banks and on those of its tributary streams, traversed the Continent, and seen much of Indian life—his narrative is sufficiently marvellous to match with the

most marvellous stories of ancient or modern travel. Suppose we at once afford a specimen of this, by extracting a portion of his account of perils and disasters during a fortnight when he happened to be separated from his companions.

“After walking and riding eight hours, I need not say we made a hearty breakfast : after which I wandered some distance along the banks of the rivulet in search of cherries, and came to a sweet little arbour formed by sumach and cherry-trees. I pulled a quantity of the fruit, and sat down in the retreat to enjoy its refreshing coolness. It was a charming spot, and on the opposite bank was a delightful wilderness of crimson haw, honeysuckles, wild roses, and currants ; its resemblance to a friend’s summer-house in which I had spent many happy days brought back home with all its endearing recollections ; and my scattered thoughts were successively occupied with the past, the present and the future. In this state I fell into a kind of pleasing, soothing reverie, which, joined to the morning’s fatigue, gradually sealed my eyelids ; and unconscious of my situation, I resigned myself to the influence of the drowsy god. But imagine my feelings when I awoke in the evening, I think it was about five o’clock, from the declining appearance of the sun ! All was calm and silent as the grave. I hastened to the spot where we had breakfasted : it was vacant. I ran to the place where the men had made their fire : all, all were gone, and not a vestige of man or horse appeared in the valley. My senses almost failed me. I called out in vain in every direction until I became hoarse : and I could no longer conceal from myself the dreaded truth that I was alone in a wild, uninhabited country, without horse or arms, and destitute of covering. Having now no resource but to ascertain the direction which the party had taken, I set about examining the ground, and at the north-east point of the valley discovered the tracks of horses’ feet, which I followed for some time, and which led to a chain of small hills with a rocky, gravelly bottom, on which the hoofs made no impression. Having thus lost the tracks, I ascended the highest of the hills, from which I had an extended view of many miles around ; but saw no sign of the party, or the least indication of human habitations. The evening was now closing fast, and with the approach of night a heavy dew commenced falling. The whole of my clothes consisted merely of a gingham shirt, nankeen trousers, and a pair of light leather moccasins, much worn. About an hour before breakfast, in consequence of the heat, I had taken off my coat and placed it on one of the loaded horses, intending to put it on towards the cool of the evening : and one of the men had charge of my fowling-piece. I was even without my hat ; for in the agitated state of my mind on awaking, I had left it behind, and had advanced too far to think of returning for it. At some distance on my left I observed a field of high strong grass, to which I proceeded, and after pulling enough to place under and over me, I recommended myself to the Almighty, and fell

asleep. During the night confused dreams of warm houses, feather beds, poisoned arrows, prickly pears, and rattle-snakes, haunted my disturbed imagination."

We do not follow his succeeding days and nights in regular order, but copy the most extraordinary incidents which he relates of them.

"I suffered much from want of water, having got during the day only two tepid and nauseous draughts from stagnant pools, which the long drought had nearly dried up. About sunset I arrived at a small stream, by the side of which I took up my quarters for the night. The dew fell heavily; but I was too much fatigued to go in quest of bark to cover me; and even had I been so inclined, the howling of the wolves would have deterred me from making the dangerous attempt. There must have been an extraordinary nursery of these animals close to the spot; for between the weak shrill cries of the young, and the more loud and dreadful howling of the old, I never expected to leave the place alive. I could not sleep. My only weapons of defence were a heap of stones and a stick. Ever and anon some more daring than others approached me. I presented the stick at them as if in the act of levelling a gun, upon which they retired, vented a few yells, advanced a little farther, and after surveying me for some time with their sharp fiery eyes, to which the partial glimpses of the moon had imparted additional ferocity, retreated into the wood. In this state of fearful agitation I passed the night; but as day-light began to break, nature asserted her supremacy, and I fell into a deep sleep, from which, to judge by the sun, I did not awake until eight or nine o'clock on the morning of the 25th. My second bandages having been worn out, I was now obliged to bare my knees for fresh ones; and after tying them round my feet, and taking a copious draught from the adjoining brook, for breakfast, I recommenced my joyless journey. My course was nearly north-north east. I got no water during the day, nor any of the wild cherries. Some slight traces of men's feet, and a few old horse-tracks occasionally crossed my path: they proved that human beings sometimes at least visited that part of the country, and for a moment served to cheer my drooping spirits. About dusk, an immense-sized wolf rushed out of a thick copse, a short distance from the path-way, planted himself directly before me, in a threatening position, and appeared determined to dispute my passage. He was not more than twenty feet from me. My situation was desperate, and as I know that the least symptom of fear would be the signal for attack, I presented my stick, and shouted as loud as my weak voice would permit. He appeared somewhat startled, and retreated a few steps, still keeping his piercing eyes firmly fixed on me. I advanced a little, when he commenced howling in a most appalling manner; and supposing his intention was to collect a few of his comrades to as-

sist in making an afternoon repast on my half-famished carcass, I redoubled my cries, until I had almost lost the power of utterance, at the same time calling out various names, thinking I might make it appear I was not alone. An old and a young lynx ran close past me, but did not stop. The wolf remained about fifteen minutes in the same position; but whether my wild and fearful exclamations deterred any others from joining him, I cannot say. Finding at length my determination not to flinch, and that no assistance was likely to come, he retreated into the wood, and disappeared in the surrounding gloom. The shades of night were now descending fast, when I came to a verdant spot surrounded by small trees, and full of rushes, which induced me to hope for water; but after searching for some time, I was still doomed to bitter disappointment. A shallow lake or pond had been there, which the long drought and heat dried up. I then pulled a quantity of the rushes and spread them at the foot of a large stone, which I intended for my pillow; but as I was throwing myself down, a rattle-snake coiled, with the head erect, and the forked tongue extended in a state of frightful oscillation, caught my eye immediately under the stone. I instantly retreated a short distance; but assuming fresh courage, soon despatched it with my stick. On examining the spot more minutely, a large cluster of them appeared under the stone, the whole of which I rooted out and destroyed. This was hardly accomplished, when upwards of a dozen snakes of different descriptions, chiefly dark brown, blue, and green, made their appearance: they were much quicker in their movements than their rattle-tailed brethren; and I could only kill a few of them. This was a peculiarly soul-trying moment. I had tasted no fruit since the morning before, and after a painful day's march under a burning sun, could not procure a drop of water, to allay my feverish thirst. I was surrounded by a murderous brood of serpents and ferocious beasts of prey, and without even the consolation of knowing when such misery might have a probable termination. I might truly say with the royal Psalmist, that 'the snares of death compassed me round about.'

"Having collected a fresh supply of rushes, which I spread some distance from the spot where I massacred the reptiles, I threw myself on them, and was permitted, through Divine goodness, to enjoy a night of undisturbed repose. I arose on the morning of the 26th considerably refreshed; and took a northerly course, occasionally diverging a little to the east. Several times during the day I was induced to leave the path by the appearances of rushes, which I imagined grew in the vicinity of lakes; but on reaching them my faint hopes vanished; there was no water, and I in vain essayed to extract a little moisture from them. Prickly thorns and small sharp stones added greatly to the pain of my tortured feet, and obliged me to make farther encroachments on my nether garments for fresh bandages. The want of water now rendered me extremely weak and feverish; and I had

nearly abandoned all hopes of relief, when, about half past four or five o'clock, the old pathway turned from the prairie grounds into a thickly wooded country, in an easterly direction; through which I had not advanced half a mile when I heard a noise resembling a waterfall, to which I hastened my tottering steps, and in a few minutes was delighted at arriving on the banks of a deep and narrow rivulet, which forced its way with great rapidity over some large stones that obstructed the channel. After offering up a short prayer of thanksgiving for this providential supply, I threw myself into the water, forgetful of the extreme state of exhaustion to which I was reduced: it had nearly proved fatal, for my weak frame could not withstand the strength of the current, which forced me down a short distance, until I caught the bough of an overhanging tree, by means of which I regained the shore. Here were plenty of the cherries; on which, with the water, I made a most delicious repast. On looking about for a place to sleep, I observed lying on the ground the hollow trunk of a large pine, which had been destroyed by lightning. I retreated into the cavity; and having covered myself completely with large pieces of loose bark, quickly fell asleep. My repose was not of long duration; for at the end of about two hours I was awakened by the growling of a bear, which had removed part of the bark covering, and was leaning over me with his snout, hesitating as to the means he should adopt to dislodge me; the narrow limits of the trunk which confined my body preventing him from making the attack with advantage. I instantly sprung up, seized my stick, and uttered a loud cry, which startled him, and caused him to recede a few steps; when he stopped, and turned about, apparently doubtful whether he would commence an attack. He determined on an assault; but feeling I had not sufficient strength to meet such an unequal enemy, I thought it prudent to retreat, and accordingly scrambled up an adjoining tree. My flight gave fresh impulse to his courage, and he commenced ascending after me. I succeeded, however, in gaining a branch, which gave me a decided advantage over him; and from which I was enabled to annoy his muzzle and claws in such a manner with my stick as effectually to check his progress. After scraping the bark some time with rage and disappointment, he gave up the task, and retired to my late dormitory, of which he took possession. The fear of falling off, in case I was overcome by sleep, induced me to make several attempts to descend; but each attempt aroused my ursine sentinel; and after many ineffectual efforts, I was obliged to remain there during the rest of the night. I fixed myself in that part of the trunk from which the principal grand branches forked, and which prevented me from falling during my fitful slumbers. On the morning of the 27th, little after sunrise, the bear quitted the trunk, shook himself, cast a longing, lingering look towards me, and slowly disappeared in search of his morning repast. After waiting some time, apprehensive of his return, I descended and

resumed my journey through the woods in a north-north-east direction."

At the end of fourteen days thus pleasantly spent, the author fell in with some Indians, who treated him kindly, and conducted him to his white friends.

The next winter was passed among the Indians called 'flat heads.

"A large band (we were told) of the Flat-head warriors were encamped about the fort. They had recently returned from the buffalo country, and had revenged their defeat of the preceding year, by a signal victory over their enemies the Black-feet: several of whose warriors, with their women, they had taken prisoners. McMillan's tobacco and stock of trading goods had been entirely expended previous to my arrival, and the Indians were much in want of ammunition, &c. My appearance, or I should rather say, the goods I brought with me, was therefore a source of great joy to both parties. The natives smoked the much-loved weed for several days successively. Our hunters killed a few mountain sheep, and I brought up a bag of flour, a bag of rice, plenty of tea and coffee, some arrow root, and fifteen gallons of prime rum. We spent a comparatively happy Christmas, and by the side of a blazing fire in a warm room, forgot the sufferings we endured in our dreary progress through the woods. There was however, in the midst of our festivities, a great drawback from the pleasure we should have otherwise enjoyed. I allude to the unfortunate Black-feet who had been captured by the Flat-heads. Having been informed that they were about putting one of their prisoners to death, I went to their camp to witness the spectacle. We remonstrated against the exercise of such horrible cruelties. They replied by saying the Black feet treated their relations in the same manner; that it was the course adopted by all red warriors: and that they could not think of giving up the gratification of their revenge to the foolish and womanish feelings of white men.

"While pride, policy, ambition, self-preservation, or the love of aggrandizement, often deluges the civilized world with Christian blood; the only cause assigned by the natives of whom I write, for their perpetual warfare, is their love of buffalo. There are extensive plains to the eastward of the mountain, frequented in the summer and autumnal months by numerous herds of buffaloes. Hither the rival tribes repair to hunt those animals, that they may procure as much of their meat as will supply them until the succeeding season. In these excursions they often meet, and the most sanguinary conflicts follow. The Black-feet lay claim to all that part of the country immediately at the foot of the mountains, which is most frequented by the buffalo: and allege that the Flat-heads, by resorting thither to hunt, are intruders whom they are bound to oppose on all occasions. The latter, on the contrary, assert that their forefathers had always claimed and exercised the right of hunting on these 'debatable lands;' and that

while one of their warriors remained alive the right should not be relinquished. The consequences of the continual wars are dreadful, particularly to the Flat-heads who being the weaker in numbers, were generally the greater sufferers."

"The Flat-heads believe in the existence of a good and evil spirit, and consequently in a future state of rewards and punishments. They hold, that after death the good Indian goes to a country in which there will be perpetual summer: that he will meet his wife and children: that the rivers will abound with fish, and the plains with the much-loved buffalo; and that he will spend his time in hunting and fishing, free from the terrors of war, or the apprehensions of cold or famine. The bad man, they believe, will go to a place covered with eternal snow; that he will always be shivering with cold, and will see fires at a distance which he cannot enjoy, water which he cannot procure to quench his thirst, and buffalo and deer which he cannot kill to appease his hunger. An impenetrable wood, full of wolves, panthers, and serpents, separates these shivering slaves of winter from their fortunate brethren in the meadows of ease.' Their punishment is not, however, eternal, and according to the different shades of their crimes, they are sooner or later emancipated and permitted to join their friends in the Elysian fields. Their code of morality, although short, is comprehensive. They say that honesty, bravery, love of truth, attention to parents, obedience to their chiefs, and affection for their wives and children, are the principal virtues which entitle them to the place of happiness; whilst the opposite vices condemn them to that of misery. They have a curious tradition with respect to beavers. They firmly believe that these animals are a fallen race of Indians, who, in consequence of their wickedness, vexed the Good Spirit, and were condemned by him to their present shape; but that in due time they will be restored to their humanity. They allege that the beavers have the powers of speech; and that they have heard them talk with each other, and seen them sitting in council on an offending member. The lovers of natural history are already acquainted with the sagacity of these wonderful animals; with their sagacity in cutting down trees, their skill in constructing their houses, and their foresight in collecting and storing provisions sufficient to last them during the winter months; but few are aware, I should imagine, of a remarkable custom among them, which, more than any other, confirms the Indians in believing them a fellow race. Towards the latter end of autumn, a certain number, varying from twenty to thirty, assemble for the purpose of building their winter habitations. They immediately commence cutting down trees; and nothing can be more wonderful than the skill and patience which they manifest in this laborious undertaking: to see them anxiously looking up, watching the leaning of the tree when the trunk is nearly severed, and, when its creaking announces its approach-

ing fall, to observe them scampering off in all directions, to avoid being crushed. When the tree is prostrate, they quickly strip it of its branches: after which, with their dental chisels, they divide the trunk into several pieces of equal lengths, which they roll to the rivulet across which they intend to erect their house. Two or three old ones generally superintend the others; and it is no unusual sight to see them beating those who exhibit any symptoms of laziness. Should, however, any fellow be incorrigible and persist in refusing to work, he is driven unanimously by the whole tribe to seek shelter and provisions elsewhere. The outlaws are therefore obliged to pass a miserable winter, half starved in a burrow on the banks of some stream, where they are easily trapped. The Indians call them 'lazy beaver,' and their fur is not half so valuable as that of the other animals, whose persevering industry and *prevoyance* secure them provisions and a comfortable shelter during the severity of winter.

"The Indian tribes differ little from each other in laws, manners, or customs; and were I to make a distinction, I would say the Cathlamahs are the most tranquil, the Killymucks the most roguish, the Clatsops the most honest, and the Chinooks the most incontinent. The Chilts, a small tribe who inhabit the coast to the northward of Cape Disappointment, partake in some degree of these various qualities. The abominable custom of flattening their heads prevails among them all. Immediately after birth the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle formed like a trough, with moss under it. One end, on which the head reposes, is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then placed on the forehead with a piece of cedar-bark over it, and by means of cords passed through small holes on each side of the cradle the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression, is frightful, and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in the trap. When released from this inhuman process, the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity. They deem this an essential point of beauty, and the most devoted adherent of our first Charles never entertained a stronger aversion to a *Round-head* than these savages. They allege, as an excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads: and accordingly, every child of a bondsman, who is not adopted by the tribe, inherits not only his father's degradation, but his parental rotundity of cranium. This deformity is unredeemed by any peculiar beauty, either in features or person. The height of the men varies from five feet to five feet six inches; that of the women is generally six or eight inches less. The nose is rather flat, with distended

nostrils ; and a mouth, seldom closed, expose to view an abominable set of short, dirty, irregular teeth. The limbs of the men are in general well-shaped ; but the women, owing to tight ligatures which they wear on the lower part of the legs, are quite bandy, with thick ankles, and broad flat feet. They have loose hanging breasts, slit ears, and perforated noses, which, added to greasy heads, and bodies saturated with fish oil, constitute the sum total of their personal attractions. The good qualities of these Indians are few : their vices many. Industry, patience, sobriety, and ingenuity, nearly comprise the former ; while in the latter may be classed, thieving, lying, incontinence, gambling, and cruelty. They are also perfect hypocrites."

MONTHLY RECORD.

FOREIGN.—*France* is tranquil, principally engaged in questions respecting the House of Peers ; the ascendant party seem resolved on denying hereditary privileges to the upper House.

Greece is much disturbed, violent factions distract the country, and produce most deplorable anarchy.

Holland and Belgium are resting after their late struggle. A conference held by the five Powers at London, has arranged several questions which were pending between the late belligerents, and has commanded acquiescence and docility.

Poland is subjugated ; Warsaw taken, and the remnants of the army of Patriots driven into Prussia, where they had to lay down their arms.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The loss of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords, has occasioned much excitement in England. At London, Bristol, Bath, Nottingham and other places riots occurred. Bristol was the scene of the chief disturbances ; at this place several buildings were set on fire, many lives were lost, and property to the amount £1,000,000 sterling, was destroyed.

The session of the Imperial Parliament was prorogued on October 20.

A London paper says that it has been ascertained that there is in England no less than 15,000 steam engines at work, some of them of almost incredible power. There is one in Cornwall of a thousand horse power. Taking it for granted that, on an average, these engines are only of 25 horse power each, it would be equal to 375, 000 horses.

Charitable Institutions in London, March, 1831.

- 15 General Hospitals and Infirmaries.
- 27 Infirmaries and Institutions for particular complaints.
- 47 Lying-in Charities.
- 14 District and other Visiting Societies.
- 9 Pension and Annuity Societies.
- 40 Professional and other Associations for the Relief of its Distressed Members.
- 18 Societies for General Relief.
- 11 Penitential and Correctional Institutions.
- 25 Miscellaneous Benevolent Institutions for General and Particular objects of humanity.
- 13 Societies for the Distribution of Bibles and Tracts.
- 21 For religious Objects in General.
- 18 Missionary Societies.
- 42 Education do.
- 23 Provincial and District do. and
- 12 Sunday School and Religious Instruction do.
- In all 336.

UNITED STATES.—A writer in the Connecticut Mirror, gives the following estimate of the numbers of the Indians, within the following States:—

Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Virginia	2,500
New York and Pennsylvania,	7,500
North and South Carolina,	3,400
Georgia,	7,800
Tennessee and Ohio,	3,000
Alabama,	20,000
Mississippi,	24,000
Louisiana, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri,	17,000
	85,000

Some of the number estimated for New York have removed to Green Bay : and great numbers located in the state of Mississippi have already, or are now about pulling up stakes and removing to the west side of the river Mississippi.

There are within the United States and Territories, east of the Rocky Mountains, 57 tribes containing	236,000
west of the Rocky Mountains,	80,000
	316,000

The American Sunday School Union, which has been little more than seven years in existence, has 500,000 scholars.

President Jackson's Message to the 22d congress, has appeared, and has given much pleasure by its amicable tone.

Manufactures.—Taunton, Mass, contained 4,200 inhabitants in 1828—and now has about 6,000. The first extensive iron works in America were erected in this town in 1652. At present it is famous for its manufactures. The nail factories make from eight to ten tons daily. It has 7 cotton factories—1 rolling and slitting mill—1 forge—1 shovel factory—1 copper and lead rolling mill—2 paper mills—1 carding and fulling mill—1 calico printing establishment, which furnishes from 4 to 6,000 pieces a week—2 breweries—1 large factory of Britannia Ware, and many other establishments of different kinds : besides 8 or 9,000,000 of brick are manufactured annually.

At the Chickopee cotten factory, near Springfield, Mass, there are about 15,000 spindles in operation, and from 10,000 to 12,000 yards of cloth are manufactured daily—20,000 spindles are soon to be at work. About 800 hands are employed—700 of these are females, who earn from \$12 to \$21 a month. They pay \$8 for board, washing, &c. The village contains 1400 souls—it is inhabited only by persons employed in the factories, or their families.

Temperance.—The number of Temperance Societies in the United States is supposed to be at least 3,000, embracing not less than 300,000 members. It is computed that 1,200,000 individuals have been brought under the immediate influence of the temperance reformation besides millions of others who have felt in a greater or less degree its salutary influence. It is estimated from good data, that, since the commencement of this movement, more than 1,000 distilleries have been discontinued in the U. S. and that more than 3,000 retailers have ceased to traffic in ardent spirits.

COLONIAL.—Trade with the Mother Country.—Parliamentary returns for the year ending January 5, 1830, state the official value of the imports from the British Colonies, at £19,863,810; exports to the Colonies, official value £15,534,882, declared value £19,996,254; exports of Foreign and Colonial merchandise from Great Britain to the Colonies £1,765,078.

UPPER CANADA.—The legislative session commenced on November 17.

Canada.—By late returns, it appears that the population of Lower Canada is about 505,000 and of Upper Canada, 234,865; total 739,865.

East India Company.—The Commercial profits of the East India Company, or the nett return yielded by their commercial capital, from 1814—15 to 1828—29 inclusive, was £20,126,001. Greatest profits in any one year during this period £2,157,203 viz : in 1814—5. Least profits £810,385, viz : in 1828—9. Tea duty collected by the company and paid over to the government in the fourteen years mentioned £53,573,416.

Lower Canada Legislature.—The session commenced on Nov. 15; the speech of the Governor in Chief on the occasion was marked by the most amicable sentiments. Mr. Christie was expelled for a fourth time; 32 to 18. A dispatch from the Colonial Office, in answer to petitions respecting grievances, was laid before the House, and gave much satisfaction on account of its justice and liberality.

Montreal.—The population of this city is stated at 27,297—country parishes 11,930, total on the island 39,280.

Gale.—A gale at Quebec, on Nov. 22, destroyed property to the amount of about £70,000.

Barbadoes.—Subscriptions, in aid of the sufferers by the hurricane of Aug. 10, have been commenced in Miramichi, Fredricton and St. John, N. B.; and in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The following table shews the relative proportion of the Whites, Slaves, and Free Blacks in British West India.

<i>Chartered Colonies.</i>	<i>Whites.</i>	<i>Slaves.</i>	<i>Free Blacks.</i>
Bermuda,	5,500	4,650	500
Bahamas,	4,600	9,500	2,800
Jamaica,	15,000	331,000	40,000
Virgin Isles,	860	5,400	607
St. Christophers,	1,809	19,590	2,500
Nevis,	800	9,000	1,800
Antigua,	2,000	30,000	4,500
Mont-Serra,	500	6,000	700
Dominica,	800	14,500	3,600
Barbadoes,	15,000	81,000	5,000
St. Vincent's,	1,300	22,500	2,000
Grenada,	800	24,500	3,700
Tobago,	360	12,700	1,200
<i>Crown Colonies.</i>			
St. Lucia,	1,100	13,500	4,000
Trinidad,	13,500	23,000	16,000
Honduras,	300	2,450	2,800
Demerara,	3,000	70,000	6,000
Berbice,	600	21,000	1,000
Cape Good Hope,	13,000	35,000	29,000
Mauritius,	8,000	76,000	15,100
Total,	108,150	812,700	143,707

HALIFAX.—Mechanics' Institute.—The Mechanics' Library, having been encouraged by signatures and subscriptions, in a greater degree than its warmest friends anticipated, the Committee thought that steps might be taken to form an Institute, by the members of the library association, and others. Resolutions to this effect passed the Committee, and discussion was had on the

subject. Not willing to appear too officious, or to take too much responsibility on themselves, or to assume too much, on 13th Dec. it was resolved, that each member of the committee should nominate one other member of the association, who should be invited to attend on next committee meeting, to consider the propriety of forming an Institute ; and to give their advice and support should such an attempt be deemed advisable. At this meeting several resolutions in favour of the establishment of a Mechanics' Institute were agreed to ; and a general meeting of the Library Association and others interested, was called for 27th Dec. At this general meeting, several resolutions, were proposed and agreed to after much discussion. They are as follows.

Resolved, That it is the opinion of this meeting, that a Mechanics' Institute, in connection with the Library, be forthwith formed.

That its attention shall be directed to two primary objects--The accumulation of models and the introduction of such mechanical improvements as have been discovered in other countries, or the diffusion of the knowledge of such as may be invented here ; and the procuring lectures upon scientific or other objects, either from Members of the Society or such other persons as may be competent to deliver them.

That the officers of the Mechanics' Institute be one President, two Vice Presidents, a Secretary and Treasurer, a Curator of models and apparatus, and a committee of management of nine persons.

That the Officers exert themselves to procure a place of sufficient convenience for the meetings of the Institution.

That the Society shall meet on every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

That a sum of 10s shall be subscribed by the members annually for the support of the Institution, who must be shareholders in or subscribers to the Halifax Mechanics' Library Association.

That the first paper read shall be upon the object of the Institution, and the advantages to be derived from the study of the arts and sciences.

That the members of the Institute be requested to present models and other apparatus to the Institution.

It was resolved unanimously, that Dr. Grigor be President of the Mechanics' Institute.

That J. Leander Starr, Esq. be first Vice President.

That Mr. Joseph Howe be second Vice President.

That Mr. Lawson be Curator of Models and Apparatus, &c.

That Wm. Deblois, Esq. be treasurer.

That Mr. J. S. Thompson be Secretary.

Committee—Messrs. B. Dawson, W. Valentine, J. Thompson, J. Thompson, Richardson, J. Malcolm, Smithers, P. J. Holland, R. Davidson.

Fifty two persons subscribed as members of the institute on this evening. On the following Saturday the committee met at the residence of the President; when it was resolved, That Dr. Grigor, J. L. Starr, Esq and Mr. R. Lawson be a committee to solicit donations for the purchase of a set of apparatus, and other matters wanted for the Institute. Other resolutions were agreed to, and the following advertisement appeared in the next Halifax newspaper.

Mechanics' Institute.—A Halifax Mechanics' Institute being organized, the Public are thus informed of its objects and condition.—The cultivation and circulation of scientific and general knowledge will be the chief objects of the society; and to this end, an apparatus for philosophical experiments and demonstration, models and specimens, will be procured; also, weekly meetings will be held for the delivery of Lectures and for conversation on the evening's subject.—Shareholders and Subscribers of the Halifax Mechanics' Library are eligible to become members of the Institute, on the payment of 2s. 6d. quarterly in advance. A Shareholder's interest in the library may be obtained by the payment of 10s. entrance, and 1s. 3d. quarterly; or a Subscriber's interest by paying 2s. 6d. quarterly. So that the privileges of the Library and Institute may be obtained by 10s. entrance, 15s. a year, or by 20s. a year, without an entrance deposit.

Mr. Aitkin having given the use of his school room for a few evenings to the Institute, the first meeting was to be held there, Mr Joseph Howe was appointed to deliver the inaugural address.

Several gentlemen have come forward as lecturers to the Institute, and a regular course is arranged, commencing with arithmetic or the nature and power of numbers, and proceeding through Mechanics, Chemistry, Astronomy, &c. in about fifteen lectures, to the fine arts and miscellaneous literature.

We cannot avoid giving our mite of praise and hearty good wishes, to this establishment, which promises so much for the happiness and respectability of Halifax.

NOVA-SCOTIA.—*Periodicals.*—A new paper, the Yarmouth Telegraph, has appeared. It makes the ninth newspaper published in Nova Scotia; as follows: in Halifax, the *Journal*, *Free Press*, *Royal Gazette*, *Novascotian*, *Acadian*, and *Acadian Recorder*, one for each working day of the week, published in the order in which they stand; in Pictou, the *Patriot* and the *Observer*; in Yarmouth the *Telegraph*. There are also published the *Halifax Monthly Magazine*, and the *Baptist Quarterly*; and a first number of the *Methodist Quarterly* is to appear in a few weeks.

The *Witch of the Westcot*, and other poems, by Andrew Shiels, has appeared.

Confirmation.—153 persons were confirmed at St. George's Church on Dec. 22.

A work descriptive of part of New Brunswick, by Mr. Cooney is in the press. It will no doubt be a very valuable acquisition to provincial literature.

Fire.—Several destructive fires have occurred since the approach of winter. Such casualties should be a loud warning, and a strong excitement to increased watchfulness. The best remedy for a chimney on fire, is to burn some brimstone in the grate: the noxious effluvia in the vent extinguishes the fire. In cases of fire in any open place, the application of brimstone, would of course be detrimental.

Weather.—On Dec. 4, snow fell unusually thick for the time of year, very cold weather followed, and several snow storms with little intermission, until January 10, when rain and a rapid thaw was experienced.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, Dec. 1, Mr. Henry Gray, to Miss Mary Wall. 6, Mr. William H. Davis, to Miss Harriet Liddell. 8, Mr. Edward Allison, to Miss Catharine Henry. 11, Mr. James Irwin, to Miss Maria Ridgway. 13, Mr. J. B. Comingo, to Miss M. A. E. Willes. 14, Mr. J. S. Clow, to Miss Agnes W. Redmond. 15, Mr. G. G. Gray, to Miss Margaret Mansfield. 17, Mr. Charles Blackadar, sen. to Mrs. Mary Neal. 19, Mr. William Ward, to Mrs. Mary Kenny. Mr. A. Nickerson, to Miss E. J. Smith. Mr. John Campbell, to Miss Margaret Fox. 22, Mr. A. Grieve, to Mrs. Jane O'Brien. Mr. William Donaldson, to Miss M. E. Goreham.—At Liverpool, Dec. 9, Mr. S. Freeman, to Miss Catharine Freeman.—At Sackville, Dec. 29, Mr. James Kennedy, to Miss Maria Fitzmaurice.—At Pictou, Mr. John Gray, to Miss Isabel Fraser. 15, Mr. K. Ross, to Miss C. M'Donald. Mr. Alexander M'Leod, to Miss C. M'Kay. Mr. David Poor, to Miss Mary Hickey. 20, Mr. James D. B. Fraser, to Miss Christiana M'Kay.—At New Glasgow, Dec. 1, Mr. Alexander Cameron, to Miss Margaret M'Kay. 9, Mr. R. M'Gregor, to Miss J. Chisholm.—At Fraser's Mountain, Dec. 1, Mr. D. M'Donald, to Miss Margaret Cameron. Mr. Alexander Sutherland, to Miss C. Baillie.—At Green Hill, Dec. 8, Mr. Robert Rae, to Miss Catharine Ried.—At Barney's River, Dec. 8, Mr. Alexander Sutherland, to Miss Elizabeth Sutherland.—At Earl Town, Dec. 8, Mr. Hugh M'Donald, to Miss C. M'Donald.—At Granville, Dec. 3, Mr. James Foster, to Mrs. Amelia Peck.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Dec. 2, Mrs. Mary Flemming, aged 72. 3, Mr. James Malowney, aged 40. 8, Mr. A. Cruikshanks, aged 58. 13, Mr. F. J. Mullock, aged 76. 17, Hon. Charles Morris, aged 72. 18, Mr. Robert Walker, aged 88. 19, Mrs. E. I. Dowson, aged 37. 20, Mrs. Isabella Smith, aged 76. 21, Mr. David Smilie, aged 63. 24, Mr. Thomas Akins, aged 69. Mrs. Mary Keighly, aged 81. 25, Mr. Timothy Sullivan, aged 53. 29, Mrs. Margaret Stuart, aged 57.—At Dartmouth, Dec. 7, J. L. Des Barres, Esq. aged 45.—At Lawrence Town, Dec. 28, J. D. Hawthorn, Esq. aged 53.—At Dutch Village, Dec. 29, Mrs. Catharine Lefler, aged 39.—Windsor Road, Dec. 8, Mr. W. Lacy, aged 30.—At Cornwallis, Dec. 26, Miss Ann Campbell.—At Annapolis, Dec. 15, Rose Dunmore, aged 112.—At Truro, Dec. 5, Mr. James Dunlap, aged 92.—At Pictou, Dec 14, Mr John Chisholm, aged 16.—At Antigonish, Dec 12, Mr Zeph. Williams, aged 72.—At Arichat, Dec 1, Mr John Manson, aged 24.—At Granville, Dec 2, Mr Joseph Bent, aged 62.—At Windsor, Dec 2, James Kempt M'dougal, aged 7.

THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Terms—Town twelve shillings annually, Country, fourteen shillings, (including postage) payable Half Yearly.

The following Gentlemen have kindly promised their services as Agents to the Halifax Monthly Magazine:—

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