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THE
HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

AUGUST, 1, 1831.

No. 15.

THE RECESS.

“ Here in this calm RECESS, I'd sit, and muse
On the wide world beyond, and as the show
Of actual life pass'd by, t'would mend my wit.”

No. IV.

[For Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of Recess, see Magazine Nos. 1, 2, and 14.]

SCENE. The Recess room, tapers burning, and windows closed keep out the murky atmosphere of a foggy drizzly evening in July. Present—Placid, Meadows, and Turgid.

Placid. I want your opinion, Meadows, on these papers.

Meadows. What are they ?

Placid. Verses in Manuscript, by a Private Soldier of the 34th regiment ; a man so attached to the Muses that he composes voluminous rhymes, although he cannot indite a line ; he forms his verses in his mind, lays them up in the keeping of a strong memory, and when occasion offers, gets a comrade to write down as he dictates.

Meadows. An author out of the common line indeed, let us see his productions.

Turgid. Pshaw, the verses of an unlettered private soldier ! read nothing of poetry, but the best.

Meadows. And which is that Turgid ? That to which great names are attached I suppose ; if Byron lent his name to “ Cock Robin,” it would excel Gray's Elegy in your estimation. Pshaw ! I have been as much delighted with good lines and fugitive thoughts, which have been un-puffed and even un-fathered, as ever I have been with Lord or Lady Fustian's paid for communications to the Annuals. Allow me to tell you, that it is your want of acquaintance with such matters, and your adoption of vulgar common place ideas, which cause you to slight a stranger without examination, merely because his card is not formed of perfectionated pasteboard. The man most likely to sneer at attempts at excellence, is he, who unable to excel himself, and unable to appreciate simple beauty, gratifies his dull envy by invective, and calls it good taste. To a few indeed, whom it were madness to despise, he will bow down ; but he allows nothing to be gold which does not bear the impress of the mint.

Placid. Dont you know Meadows, that Turgid aped poetry himself at one time, and only produced doggrel which was sneered at in the notice "to Correspondents" of the Newspapers; ever since, he imagines that there are but two or three Poets in the world, therefore it is not a great disgrace to fail in becoming one of so small and select a company, and he is as good as the remainder of the common herd. But if he were to allow, that one out of every fifty of his fellows has a soul and an ear finely attuned for the muses music; and that one in a thousand, at least, is capable of creating instructive and entertaining ideas in harmonious language—delighting themselves and pleasing the little circle which each moves in—such an admission would be a reproach to his own failure, and a mortification to vanity which has mistaken its forte.

Turgid. You are blunt enough Gentlemen in all conscience still I contend that these pretenders neither please themselves nor others.

Placid. As to pleasing others you must wait until the articles are examined to judge of that; as to pleasing themselves, I can vouch that a miser never counted his money with more delight than honest Grahame recites his verses—the cadence of his voice the nervous play of his lip, and the sparkle and moisture of his eyes, tell you that he is a greater and a happier and a better man from the exercise of his gift of harmony.

Turgid. Enough, my cigar burns pleasantly, and you may enjoy your vapour while I enjoy my smoke.

Meadows. Unfold the soldiers effusions Placid, nothing but good eating and drinking goes down smoothly with our smoking companion.

Placid. I scarcely know which to take up first; here is "An Address to the Drill Horn"—"Observations on Beauty"—"A Dialogue between Team and Steam Boats"—"on the landing of the 8th Regiment"—"An Elegy on the late Duke of York"—"one Grenadier killing a Mouse"—"On being charged a penny for a half penny"—"Lines on the loss of the English Packet"—"The Prisoners address to his Looking Glass while in Georges' Island"—"On being refused the loan of a shilling"—and "The Soldiers address to his old Knapsack."

Meadows. A most appropriate and goodly collection of subjects. Take up any one and let us hear the rude strains of the warrior.

Placid. I have glanced my eye over one which seems to exhibit the friendly and patriotic feelings of the author very strongly. [reads.]

"On viewing the landing of the 8th Regiment at Halifax."

The dark-collared corps on our shore lately landed,
With complexions as ruddy as the clothing they wore;
All angled and caught by the bait they call money,
To wear warlike trappings, and face dangers roar.

Their march from the beach it was joyful tho' weary;
 With music before them harmonious and gay;
 The sun from above on their bright sabres glistened,
 As they filed to their Barracks in martial array.

Their silk in the breeze it serenely was waving,
 With honours upon it all woven in gold;
 Their diamond-squared colours were proudly unfolded,
 And fields of fam'd slaughter upon them were told.

The nankeen-tinged natives with wonder gazed at them;
 The rose of their nation on each cheek seemed pale;
 Many high rugged mountains they had travelled over,
 And the yards of their Barque never squared with a gale.

All anxious for news great numbers did meet them,
 A dark featured nation asked who they might be,
 The answer was given ' they are from the old world,
 Long tossed on the waves of a foaming rough sea.'

They told us such stories of dusky dark weather,
 Of huge finny monsters that snore through the deep,
 Of long restless nights, and cold early mornings,
 When their wet weary comrades would rouse them from sleep.

Long did we look for them, they've landed at last;
 With pleasure we hail them from Neptune's loud roar,
 May honour adorn and still wait upon them,
 ' You'r welcome from Britain ye dark-collared corps.'

Meadows. Very pleasing indeed—simple vivid and characteristic. A well drawn picture of a military scene, and feelings appropriate to the subject delicately touched. Just observe what new and judiciously applied compound epithets are introduced.—' Dark-collared corps,' "diamond-squared colours," "and nankeen-tinged natives." See also how like a soldier he paints the scene—the music, the flags with golden honours, and the allusion to former warlike services are all well introduced. But, as you intimated before commencing, the friendly national feelings of the piece are most to be admired: the author alludes to the personal beauty of the strangers; sets them in contrast with the Hallagonians; excuses the seeming pallidness of his national rose, by telling of hardships on the mountains, and of adverse winds on the deep, "the yards of their Barque never squared," he says; he then commiserates with them on the unpleasantness of their passage, wishes them additional honours, and welcomes them affectionately to the shores of the new world. It is a very interesting little specimen of the uneducated unsophisticated unpretending soldier-poet. Read another of these unpolished little gems; considering the educational deficiencies of the author, the first is admirable.

Placid. I am greatly gratified by your approval of the scraps. I hold in my hand "lines on a Grenadier killing a Mouse." In this the author perhaps shows more tender feeling than poetical

talent, he commiserates the mouse "whose nest was closed up with the snow," and who knew not where to look for comfort in such a predicament, he execrates the unmanliness of a Grenadier who bayoneted the "wee tim'rous beastie," and describes the convicted looks of the caitiff when he cried out, shame, on his cruelty.

Meadows. A brave soldier is ever tender-hearted; the ferocious, and those fond of ferocious sports, are the readiest to turn in the field of battle, and the least to be depended on in any situation: after the first fever heat of their fury is over, they are mere automations, kept in their place by fear and habit, not principle: while each conscientious and kind hearted warrior, is a living sword in the right hand of his Commander.

Placid. "The soldiers address to his Knapsack" dwells with pride on its once brilliant appearance, and laments its total ruin: it has also some sly hits of affectionate good humour; the author says:

"When filling thee up with costly stuff, I often gave thee a crack,
But you took your revenge with straps of buff, while riding on my back;
For seven long days I bore thee about, for a breach of Martial Law,
For pulling thy proper furniture out, and filling thy belly with straw.
Brilliant and black was thy once bonny face, my only chest and store;
We have lingered together for many a pace, but I never may carry thee
more."

The concluding lines have more pathos than could be expected on such a subject:

"He took the old Kit in his hands, his heart with grief was wrung,
He formed the graine to a pipe-clay dish, and the straps on a new one hung.
The soldier ha' been in foreign climes, he ne'er was much troubled with self,
But it turns 'is heart on long pastimes, as he views the old dish on the shelf."

Meadows. Touches of true feeling and genuine poetry rather coarsely expressed. I can well appreciate the pleasure which the soldier can receive from the formation of such professional verses, and his triumph in the Barrack room from their recital. How many sources of the humorous, the pathetic and the sublime are left unworked; your author gives a good hint—what for instance could be better subjects in the hands of a wit than—thoughts on the worn out pen of a poetaster—lines on the old wig of a superannuated Judge—on the faded bag of a briefless Lawyer.—an Elegy on a thumped-to-death pulpit cushion—an address to the once demure face of a retired Physician—and a multiplicity of such themes, formed of the odds and ends, the tails and top-knots of civilized life. What have you next.

Placid. A piece similar in subject to the last, but greatly superior I think, in its pleasing and pathetic flow of simple ideas.

The Prisoner's address to his Looking-glass, while on George's Island.

"I'll hold thee up my chrystal star,
Thy moon-shaped face shines calm and clear;
I'll place thee by this iron bar,
And view each scene that's passing here.

I'll muse on thee my mirror sweet,
 And stretch thee from my dreary cell,
 Thou'lt show to me the ocean deep,
 Where the lost stores of nations dwell.
 I turn thee right—I turn thee left—
 I turn thee up—I turn thee down—
 Thou picturest well the rocky cleft,
 The sky, and breakers' foaming crown:
 I often view where pleasures pass,
 O'er an expanse of heaving sea;—
 They're but a shadow in my glass!
 The originals are barred from me!
 While the gay forms across thee glide,
 My tearful eyes with anguish gleam;
 To view where pleasure spreads her tide—
 I cannot mingle in the stream!—

I had laid up my glass one night,
 In sleep I did reposing lie,
 And, in a dream, beheld a sight,
 As would ensnare a youthful eye.
 A female form in rich array,
 In spangles drest from top to toe,
 She seem'd an angel gone astray,
 To man a fascinating show.
 A golden chain hung round her neck,
 A splendid crown was worn before,
 But oh! behind, appeared a wreck!
 Which spoil'd the beauty of this flower.
 The figure fair to me drew up—
 WANT and FOLLY, was her name!—
 She cried, "I love a flowing cup,
 Here youngster take this flow'ry chain."
 O'erjoyed to seize the glittering prize,
 I starting, made an eager spring,
 And woke! when to my sad surprise,
 It was a cold, cold, iron ring
 Which round my arm she had entwined,
 And plucked me far from freedom's wing.

Oh! Folly, Folly, fair thy face,
 A gaudy artificial show!
 Thy arts have placed me in disgrace!
 To far Bermuda I must go!
 Whene'er I look into my glass
 Pale Want and Folly I can see!
 And through the world the same shall pass,
 When in the darksome grave I'll be."

Meadows. A simple, highly imaginative, and strikingly original specimen.—Let us review it—first the mirror is prettily apostrophized, and then the convict is vividly portrayed holding his glass beyond the bars of his cell, that he may behold in it, scenes hidden from his direct glance—a picturesque and natural thought, but one not likely to occur to a person who had not chanced on the experiment himself. We then have the pleasure which the convict feels in getting a free gaze at the sky and ocean—but immediately a damp falls on his heart, he recol-

lects that he only beholds shadows, the originals are barred from his possession : his eyes shed tears as the gay figures glide over the glass, for he is cut off from the enjoyments and from the society of his fellow men—" I cannot mingle in the stream" he pathetically exclaims. Then comes the night vision, the temptation of Folly or False Pleasure, and the consequent disappointment of her dupe ; the golden necklace turns to the captive's iron chain : How delicately and vividly the moral is implied, although—with a poet's perception—the author has not cumbered his lines with direct reflections. In the concluding paragraph he mournfully describes the appearance of his own image in the glass ; and laments—man is so dull at taking warning—that folly similar to his own will be perpetrated, when he lies in the darksome grave. A pleasing specimen indeed it is, of the uneducated Poet's abilities ; it bears the impress of a creative fancy ; and the germs of much excellence appear in its unpretending thoughts.

Placid. How would you advise the author to improve his talent.

Meadows. By learning to read and write on Jacotot's system, and then by making himself conversant with such authors as Goldsmith, Burns, and Bloomfield. Let him be confident that he can amuse himself and others, but not foolishly suppose that he is therefore to become a great poet. I would also advise him to aim at nattiness and sweetness as little as may be ; with improved judgment let him continue to pen the rough and graphic pictures, the peculiarities of which his mind seems to so strongly appreciate. Some persons, who unnoticed have thrown off valuable little verses, the strong transcript of their own vigorous minds—by being brought into notice, and by getting injudicious advice, and by imagining themselves of consequence, have entirely lost all command over their muse : they have copied thoughts, and borrowed epithets, and collected large words, and smoothed their rhymes, and gained a molasses-sweetness of expression and sentiment, but alas ! the spirit was departed from them ; they no longer looked with their former clear eyes, or thought with boldness or originality—the materials in their crucible were more glittering, but less substantial, and the result instead of being gems, was dross and vapour.

Turgid. As my Cigar is exhausted, I beg leave to slide in a word of approval. I acknowledge that I have been much more pleased with the soldiers verses than I expected to be. I think I will try and rub up my own Aladdins lamp and see what spirits will come at my bidding. A happy flight of one of your inferior poets, excites me, as the sound of the horn does an old hunter. I'll try one more touch at rhyme and reason.

Meadows. Do, do—and bring your effusion next evening for our perusal.

Turgid. I'll think about it.

Meadows. In opposition to his former opinion, Placid, we see that Turgid is pleased—I think that you and I may say that we

have been benefitted by the perusal of these humble lines. Are we not in some degree better and wiser men than we were before? we have gained new ideas, at least, on the landing of troops from Great Britain, and on the occupations of a prisoner on George's Island. We are reminded that we may sometimes see, carrying a musquet and a knapsack, "hands which the rod of empire might have swayed, or waked to ecstasy the living lyre." We are taught that the humble and the uneducated may have just and glowing thoughts, and we are induced by such examples to look with a poetie eye on common occurrences.

Placid. We are gainers—I will have more respect than I had here'fore, for the great lower pedestal of the pillar of human society; and will frequently endeavour to find out some of the many vivid inferences which a strong mind may draw from almost every object and incident.

Meadows. I hope that Turgid will never speak so slightly again, of all but the *best* poetry; affected doggerel in writing, is as an affected fool in society, the most nauseating of all nauseous inflictions; but *poetry* of every grade is of sterling value, blessing the giver and the receiver.

Turgid. What is the name of your soldier-poet?

Placid. Hear him tell it himself. One of his poetical scraps is entitled "an Elegy on the late Duke of York, including a remark on the present day." The concluding lines of this reads thus:

"Let music sweet, with solemn air, in mournful notes be tuned,
For our great armies bosom friend in darkness is entomb'd,
The willow now we must embrace, since the red rose is gone,
A nobler Prince ne'er wore a star before the British Throne.
Now speed my news through foreign climes, through distant lands
unknown,

A brighter gem from virtue's stem, death never did cut down.
Farewell our darling Duke of York, I'm far beneath thy fame,
The man that mus'd this for thy sake, was lowly ROBERT GRAHAME."

Meadows. Takes a note from the table and reads. "The majority of the Recess (members) being absent in the country, enjoying the pleasures of the season, Monsieur Forioso is requested to defer his exhibition until next evening."

Placid. I fear that we lose amusement and instruction by the delay, Monsieur Forioso had selected some good subjects for this evening's exhibition.

Turgid. Summer evenings are not best adapted for full meetings in-doors, the beauty of the moon, and the ocean, and the fields, and all that sort of thing, keep romancers among the high-ways and bye-ways during the twilights of this season.

Meadows. In the mean time, our meeting has not been altogether unproductive. Hail! Poetry, universal goddess of sensitive souls. The Monarch and the clown, the savage and the man of exquisite refinement, alike own thy sway, and are enriched and enlivened by thy influences, as the varied landscape of earth is by the beams of the all beneficent sun. When the Deity speaks

to man he uses thy words, and the prayer of the humblest sincere worshipper is full of thine eloquent thoughts. Thou givest a voice to the beauties and the peculiarities of the kingdoms of nature, and this voice will endure while the cataract thunders from its hill, while the south wind murmurs over its bed of violets, and while the heart of man exults in the glories around him. May I oftimes hear thy whispers, and sometimes essay to join in swelling thy sweet hymns.

MECHANICAL AGENCY OF THE ELEMENTS.

“The annual consumption of coal in London is estimated at 1,500,000 chaldrons. The effort of this quantity would suffice to raise a cubical block of marble, 2200 feet in the side, through a space equal to its own height, or to pile one such mountain upon another. The Monte Nuovo, near Pozzuoli, (which was erupted in a single night by volcanic fire,) might have been raised by such an effort from a depth of 40,000 feet, or about eight miles.—It will be observed, that, in the above statement, the inherent power of fuel is, of necessity, greatly under-rated. It is not pretended by engineers that the economy of fuel is yet pushed to its utmost limits, or that the whole effective power is obtained in any application of the fire yet devised.

The powers of wind and water, which we are constantly impressing into our service, can scarcely be called latent or hidden, yet it is not fully considered, in general, what they *do* effect for us.—Those who would judge of what advantage may be taken of the wind, for example, even on land (not to speak of navigation), may turn their eyes on Holland. A great portion of the most valuable and populous tract of this country lies much below the level of the sea, and is only preserved from inundation by the maintenance of embankments. Though these suffice to keep out the abrupt influx of the ocean, they cannot oppose that law of nature, by which fluids, in seeking their level, insinuate themselves through the pores and subterraneous channels of a loose sandy soil, and keep the country in a constant state of infiltration from below upwards.—To counteract this tendency, as well as to get rid of the rain water, which has no natural outlet, pumps worked by windmills are established in great numbers, on the dams and embankments, which pour out the water, as from a leaky ship, and in effect preserve the country from submersion, by taking advantage of every wind that blows. To drain the Haarlem lake would seem a hopeless project to any speculators but those who had the steam-engine at their command, or had learnt in Holland what might be accomplished by the constant agency of the desultory but unwearied powers of wind. But the Dutch engineer measures his surface, calculates the number of his pumps, and, trusting to time and his experience of the operation of the winds for the success of his undertaking, boldly forms his plans to lay dry the bed of an inland sea, of which those who stand on one shore cannot see the other.”

ANCIENT DRAMA.

THERE is, perhaps, no want of charity in suggesting, that the object of the frequenters of theatres among ourselves (and the attractions of the press and the musical instrument-maker have, we believe, considerably diminished their numbers) is as much to escape from the dull monotony of domestic life, as to supply any cravings of the intellect and the taste ; and hence the necessity of strong stimulants,—the stronger, the more attractive. The monotony of domestic life no more existed among the ancient Greeks, than its charms. Those judicial and legislative duties and investigations, which among us as are (*as yet*) confined exclusively to a few, and those few among the higher and more educated classes of society, and even with them occupying only a certain portion of the year, were among the Greeks the property, we might almost say the patrimony, of the great mass of the people. The displays of eloquence, and the strong appeals to the passions, which, even under the calmest forms, must necessarily enter into these exertions of the intellect, and which to us come so animating and spirit-stirring, even when filtered through journals, gazettes, and newspapers, were to them fresh, palpable, tangible enjoyments : the common, daily, hourly food of life. From the battle of words in the general assemblies and the courts of law, and from the conflicts of advocates and orators, rhetoricians and statesmen, now warmly contested, and with what ardour listened to, and amid what transports of every passion that can agitate the human mind, abundant testimony has been left us,—the common Greek was perpetually hurried to occupations of a more serious kind,—to handling the rudder and the oar,—to grasping the shield and the spear,—and to all those conflicts by land and sea, which made war a game, not merely of occasional occurrence between nation and nation, as among ourselves, but, as Plato assures us, of town against town, of village against village, and house against house. —The elements of excitement, it is clear, existed already more than enough in Athens, and it was not necessary for the stage to add to them. On the contrary, a noble repose, which, holding the already existing excitements in balance, should lead to a calm mental review of the causes and consequences of those excitements, thus purifying the sources of action, and leading to a course of action nobler in itself, and more properly adapted to the high functions which the customs and institutions of their country had laid upon the spectators,—such gentler exhibitions of the passions, lifting up the veil from the human bosom, should show the nest of vultures which it fostered, and which, on the least encouragement, were ready to spring and prey upon the very vitals—and, though into strains addressed to a people brave by nature,

and warriors by necessity, the clarion and the spirit-stirring trumpet necessarily entered, yet those tones, touched

“ to the sound
Of instrumental harmony, that breathed
Heroic ardour to advent'rous deeds,

rather than inspired a blind enthusiasm or savage ferocity ;—such it appears to us, are the elements of amusement, which a judicious mind would have selected for the hours of Greek relaxation ; and such was the form in which Greek tragedy, as conceived by its first great father and creator, if we are not mistaken in our judgment, did actually invest itself.

Throwing itself into a remote antiquity, it drew from thence a race of men,—kings, warriors, sages, prophets,—whom the Greek imagination had long been accustomed to consider as beings invested with higher powers of body and mind than themselves ; and invested them, by artificial means, with a corresponding loftiness of stature, a voice *non humana sonans* : it exhibited them under the power, but not under the weaknesses of human passion : it threw around them sometimes, indeed, the embellishments of valour so captivating and brilliant, that modern chivalry in its fairest form might have found its cradle therein, but more often and with greater propriety, solemn strains, which, like the Doric flutes of Milton,

‘ instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved.’

But above all, it was careful that in beings thus regarded with awe, and whose language and feelings were intended to keep up the highest moral tone in the public mind, no unguarded word or movement, no familiar household term or action should occur to break the spell, or tempt the spectators' minds to leap the eternal barriers which were meant to stand between themselves and those creatures of another and a nobler day. Their movements were grandeur ; their repose was dignity : how gracefully and consistently observed is evident from that style of Greek statuary (unquestionably deduced from that noble spectacle of the stage) on which the world has ever since been content to gaze, hopeless of competition even at the hands of a Canova, a Chantrey, or a Westmacott,—and to that statuary the mind of the reader must ever recur, if he wishes to have on his mind the best and most faithful impression of the Greek tragic stage.

But—

‘ From time's first records the diviner's voice
Gives the sad heart a sense of misery.’—ÆSCH. Agamem.

Though these beings might escape the weaknesses, common analogies told the spectator that they could not be exempt from the miseries and ills to which man is born, as surely and as inevitably ‘ as the sparks fly upwards.’ Hence the exhibitions of fallen greatness among the Greek dramatists, and the affecting spectacle of old and princely houses ‘ fallen from their high estate.

and plunged in misery, sometimes by their own weakness or guilt, but more frequently by the operation of causes over which they had no control. The inference was unavoidable ; it pointed to a still higher race of beings, in whose hands were the issues of things, and who dealt, as their pleasure led them, their several portions of good and ill to mankind. And if these inferences had failed to strike the spectators themselves, the *Chorus*, that great representative of the human race and of its higher state of feelings on all the great points of morality and religion, was ever at hand to point them out. In measured strains and slow, and in language which, in the odes of Æschylus at least, bears, for solemnity and dignity, no very distant resemblance to some of the finest parts of the inspired writings, they alluded to the mutability of human things ; they pointed to national blessings and calamities as the inevitable consequences of national crimes and virtues ; they justified the ways of God to man, and argued on the impotence of man to escape from His unerring laws ; they drew beautiful pictures of the happiness of upright men ; or, as representatives of the avenging Furies, they spoke in language almost as appalling as that which shook the Roman governor on his tribunal, when a mightier than Æschylus reasoned of 'righteousness, and temperance, and judgment to come.'—*Quarterly Review*.

THE SPELLS OF HOME.

By *Mrs. Hemans*.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,
 On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd,
 By the waving tree through which thine eye
 First looked in love to the summer sky ;
 By the dewy gleam, by the very breath
 Of the primrose tufts in the grass beneath,
 Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—
 Holy and precious—oh ! guard it well !

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,
 Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream ;
 By the shiver of the ivy-leaves,
 To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves ;
 By the Bees deep murmur in the limes,
 By the music of the Sabbath-chimes ;
 By every sound of thy native shade,
 Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,
 When twilight called in to household mirth ;
 By the fairy tale or the legend old
 In that ring of happy faces told ;

By the quiet hours when hearts unite
 In the parting prayer, and the kind "good night;"
 By the smiling eye and the loving tone,
 Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,
 A guardian power and a guiding light!
 It hath led the freemen forts to stand
 In the mountain battles of this land,
 It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,
 To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;
 And back to the gates of his father's hall,
 It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,
 From the loves of its guileless youth away;
 When the sullyng breath of the world would come
 O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;
 Think thou again of the woody glade,
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made,
 Think of the tree at thy parent's door,
 And the kindly spell shall have power once more.

THE WIFE OF THE POLISH PATRIOT.*

It was on the night of the memorable 14th September, 1812 that Aimee Ladoinski stood watching from her window the advancing troops of the great Emperor of the West, as they pushed their way through the silent and deserted streets of Moscow. The French were entering as victors; but it was not this circumstance—although Aimee was a native of France—which caused her bosom to throb high with expectation. Her husband had been a Polish settler at Moscow, but, on the first news of insurrection in his native land, had hastily, and in disguise, quitted the Russian capital, and repaired to what he deemed the scene of his country's political regeneration; and now, in the armed train of the conqueror, he was returning as a victor to the captured metropolis of his country's oppressor. To Aimee's inexperienced eye, it seemed as if those long files were interminable—as if Western Europe had poured her whole population into the drear and uninviting dominions of the Czars. It was almost nightfall ere the tread of arms in Aimee's dwelling, and the sound of a voice, commanding, in a stern tone of discipline, the orderly conduct of his military followers, announced the arrival of Captain Ladoinski. Night fell, and the boy sunk to sleep in his father's arms; while

* It is proper that the reader should be informed that this sketch is not a fictitious narrative of adventures, but that it is derived from a personal knowledge of the lady whose escape it records.

the soldier, as he sat by the expiring embers of the fire, conversing with his wife, sank his voice to a half-whisper, in order not to disturb the childish slumbers of his little son. The under-tone in which they spoke, the quiet of the chamber and even the partial obscurity in which it was enveloped, seemed to impart repose to the spirit of the soldier, and confidence to that of his wife.

Suddenly, the ceiling of the apartment glowed with a momentary and ruddy light. Aimee started. The light died away, and she resumed her gentle-toned discourse. Again that fierce and lurid glow shone into the chamber, broader and redder than before, and so as to show in ruddy and minute brightness every article of furniture in the apartment, and the features of its wondering occupants. It shone on the roused and determined visage of the soldier, shed a ruddy hue on the ashy countenance of his wife, and played, like an infernal light round the cheek of a cherub, on that innocent slumbering boy. Even the lance of the Pole, which stood in an angle of the apartment, glanced brightly in the sudden blaze. "Well said—well said!" exclaimed Ladoinski, dauntlessly, and even gaily, addressing his weapon—"thou hast not shone out thy appeal in vain; thy hint is kindly given." He was speedily armed, and preparing to sally forth, when an order from the French sovereign, commanding the troops in that direction to keep their quarters, relieved the fears of Aimee.

It is not necessary to inflict upon the reader a lengthened description of a scene so well known, and so often described as the famous conflagration of Moscow. The blazing streets and palaces of the proud Russian capital are only here glanced at, as an introduction to the character of the humble Aimee Ladoinski.

With no reckless or unwondering eye, it may easily be imagined, did she stand gazing (on the fearful night of the 15th) over that awful city, which wildly blazed, like one unbroken sheet of fire, only varied by the inequalities of the buildings which fed its flames. "Alas!" said Aimee, "alas! for the mad ambition of man, that can drag thousands of his fellow beings over weary Scythian wastes—like those you have traversed—to behold, as their reward, the destruction of this fair city. Oh! turn, my beloved Roman—turn, ere too late, from following the car of this heartless victor. Sheath the sword, which may serve indeed for the despot's aggrandizement, but can hardly accomplish the liberty of your country."—"Oh, believe me, Aimee," answered the soldier, "it is no light cause that has roused your husband to arms; no boyish transports at wielding a lance; no egotistical ambition, cowering beneath the cloak of patriotism. The height of my personal ambition is to behold the day when I need not blush, and hang my head to call myself a Pole. But mark, mark, how yon sea of fire rises and roars, covering, as to us it now seems, the face of the earth, and mingling with the clouds of heaven!"—"Merciful God!" ejaculated Aimee, "can even the judgment of the great and terrible day show more fearful than this portentous

night? Hark! the crackling and thundering come nearer and nearer, and the light waxes brighter and yet more bright. The whole atmosphere seems alive with lurid sparks and burning brands. See, see! they begin to fall, thick as snow flakes, on our quarter!"—"The fire has assuredly reached us," said the Pole calmly; "your safety, my Aimee must be thought of. For me, I leave not the post assigned me without military orders."—"Then I remain with you," said Aimee, in a steady and immovable voice.—"And the child," said the Pole, looking on his son—"shall I send him away, in this night of confusion, without a mother's protection?"—"Alas!" exclaimed the young mother, "he must not remain to perish—he must not go forth without a parent's guidance. God direct me!" She looked alternately at her husband and her boy, who was clinging to her garments, and screaming with terror—then said, in a tone from which there seemed no appeal, "We all remain!" Aimee's determination was happily only destined to prove to the Pole the strength of her conjugal devotion; for ere he could exercise a husband's authority over his gentle and delicate, but high-souled wife, an order for the evacuation of the city arrived from head-quarters.

With difficulty the party reached the suburbs through streets of flame, showers of burning brands, and an atmosphere which almost threatened suffocation. Ere they reached their destination, the Pole cast a farewell glance on the ruined and blazing capital. "Ah! proud Moscow," he said, "the hand of Heaven's vengeance hath slumbered long, but hath, at length found thee. Go to—thou art visited for thy sins. Remember captured Warsaw."

In the fearful month of November, 1812, the gentle and delicate Aimee found herself seated in a baggage-waggon, amidst stores, and spoil, and wounded men, carelessly huddled together, while the latter craved in vain either for death or professional assistance. It is well known that most of the French residents in Moscow, either from dread of the indiscriminating vengeance of the Russians, or from divers motives, accompanied the French army in its disastrous retreat on Poland. Among these was Aimee Ladoinski, who, in the situation we have described, supported on her knees the head of her wounded and half-senseless husband, while she still pressed to her bosom the child, whose feeble cry of cold and hunger often died away into a sleep, from which even his mother was sometimes fain to arouse him, lest the merciless rigour of the night should produce the frozen slumber of death. At length the vehicle which contained them suddenly stopped. Aimee heard others still crawling on their miserable journey, but theirs moved not. A strange misgiving almost crushed for a moment the heart of Aimee. She listened, and at length all seemed silence around them. It is a well-known fact, that many of the wretched sufferers, whose wounded bodies were placed in the wains, laden with military stores, or the spoils of Moscow, met an untimely fate from the hands of the sordid drivers.

These fiends, loitering behind in unfrequented places, relieved themselves, by murder, of the care of the helpless beings who only retarded their progress, and increased the weight of their waggons. Perhaps some faint report of those practices recurred to the mind of Aimee as the silence deepened around her. She listened yet more attentively. "Not yet," said a voice; "perhaps there be others behind us." Aimee's blood ran cold; she pressed her husband and child closer to her, and then solitly looked out from the solitary wain to see if any aid yet remained in view. The moon, shining sickly through a northern haze, showed one drear sheet of snow, broken into inequalities only by the fallen bodies of men and horses, which the descending flakes were fast covering. Nothing was to be seen but here and there (at a distance that forbade the reach of a voice) a dark spot or two which might indicate a crawling wain, or body of re-collecting stragglers; and nothing was to be heard save, from time to time, a faint and far-off yell of some descending cloud of Cossacks falling on the hapless, lagging remains of a French corps. The pitiless northern blast drove blinding storms of sleet and snow into the covered vehicle as Aimee looked forth. But her feelings of horror gradually sobered down. Aimee was surprised—at first almost startled—to find how little they affected her. She tried to rouse herself—to think of some appeal by which she might move the steel bosoms of the wain drivers; but a languid dislike to exertion stole over her. Her attention to her beloved Roman changed to a feeling of indifference; her hold on her boy loosened, and the devoted Aimee began to lapse into that cold and benumbing slumber which, in these frigid regions, so often precedes the deep and final repose of the sleeper.

Such might have proved the dreamless slumber of Aimee Ladoinski, but she was roused by the violent forcing of some cordial down her throat. Aimee once more opened her eyes. She was still seated in the wain; but the rising sun was reddening with his slanting and wintry beams the drear and unbroken sheets of snow which stretched behind her, while its rays tinged with a cold and sickly crimson the minarets and half-ruined buildings of a partially-dismantled city which lay before her. This city was Smolensk, a depot of the French army, and the longed-for object of its miserable and half-starved stragglers.

In a detachment which was sent out to reconnoitre the coming crowd of phantoms were several individuals who, with or without authority, visited the baggage-waggons of their newly-arrived compatriots.—"Why, here is a woman!" exclaimed a young French cornet, who, with companion or two, had entered the wain where Aimee was sitting stiff, erect, and senseless. "Here is a young woman; and a fair and delicate one. How came such commodity, I wonder, in this military wain; and a little boy—and alive too! How could so tender a thing weather out the last fearful night? But, soft—she breathes. 'Gad, I am Frenchman

enough not to leave such pretty stuff to perish for want of a taste of my pocket pistol." He tried to pour some brandy from a small bottle down her throat. "Gad, her white teeth are set as close as a French column, I am sorry to use force, Madam, but you shan't die for want of a little muscular exertion on my part. So --there's nothing like Cognac--she's coming to, I perceive."

There was something in Aimee's appearance and manner, which, combined with the circumstance of her being the wife of an officer in the same service as themselves, imposed a sort of respect on the Frenchmen. They were, moreover, affected by her beauty, her singular situation, and deep distress; and in order to institute an inquiry as to the fate of Ladoinski, they succeeded in obtaining for their fair protegee an interview with two of the most potential personages who conducted the celebrated retreat from Moscow. Aimee had now spent two days of fear and anguish at Smolensk, and she received this news with grateful joy, not unmingled with surprise. It was, however, at this period of affairs generally seen, that the special protection of the Poles, in whose country France could now alone hope for friendly shelter, was a necessary and prime act of policy on the part of the French commanders.

With a beating heart, and still holding her boy in her arms, the delicate and timid, but more courageous Aimee, was conducted to a palace, the exterior of which was still black with recent conflagration, and its once strong towers evidently nodding to a speedy downfall. Not without ceremony Aimee was ushered into an apartment whose walls were partially consumed at one end, while at the other it was occupied by splendid, but disorderly and half-scorched furniture. In this apartment two general officers were standing, engaged, as it seemed, in the very undignified task of tearing from time to time some pieces of black bread from a single loaf which lay on a bare table, and beside which stood a flask of brandy, whose contents, as no cup or glass was visible, could only have been obtained by a direct application of the lips of the princely quaffers.

These personages were Murat King of Naples, and Prince Eugene Beauharnois Viceroy of Italy, under Napoleon. Aimee was provided with the best conveyance the retreating army afforded, that of a baggage waggon.

The Grand French Army—or rather its miserable and ghastly phantom—was now traversing snow-clogged and dismal forests, in order to attempt the famous, but fatal passage of the Beresina. The Imperial order for the destruction of half the baggage-waggons, and the large demand for draught horses and oxen, destined to the higher task of bringing forward artillery, were so many obstructions to the progress of our young widow. But Eugene's protection still secured her a vehicle; and the knowledge that they were fast nearing the frontiers of Poland, where she hoped to find friends, and a home for her boy, shed a sickly gleam of

hope into a heart where earthly desires and expectations had one by one set in a night of the thickest dejection, yet the meekest resignation. Aimee sat erect in her heavy vehicle, listening to the shouts which hailed the arrival of the unexpected reinforcement of the army of Mareschal Victor. She administered a slight refreshment of black bread to her boy, whose sharp and lengthening features had lost the cherub roundness that formerly excited a mother's pride.

While they were thus engaged, the grand army continued to file in spectral procession along the ranks of the newly-arrived battalions of Mareschal Victor. As they passed, a voice said, *in Polish*, "Forward, lancers!" Aimee started—she looked from the wain—then reseating herself, murmured, "What a delusion!" But the sight of the child—his food dropped, his head thrown back, and his finger on his lips, in the attitude of a listener—was even more strangely startling to Aimee. She addressed the child, but he motioned silence, and with an ear still bent towards the passing troops, softly ejaculated, "Father!" The columns quickly marched on. The boy, with childish forgetfulness, resumed his food; and Aimee, after vainly essaying to question the drivers, or the passers, could only say, "Never did accents of the living sound so like the voice which is stilled in yon grave of snow-wreaths." She paused for a moment; then, answering her own thoughts, said again, "No—no—it is impossible. By what miracle could he have reached the army of Victor? The fortunate Mareschal had left Smolensk ere our straggling, wretched hosts entered it."

The French reached Studzianka, on the left bank of the Bere-sina. Aimee felt that the turning-point which must decide the fate of herself and her boy, was arrived. On the effecting of that passage depended all her hopes of freedom—of life; but still the thoughts of that voice haunted her mind. Unable to obtain any information from those wholly uninterested in her queries, she prepared her usual couch in the comfortless wain. All that night she could hear the noise of the workmen engaged in the fabrication of those bridges over which the troops were to effect their dangerous passage on the succeeding days. Aimee's dreams were naturally of terror and blood; and, as a shout of triumph at length aroused her senses, her arms were instinctively twined round her child. She eagerly looked from their vehicle. The sun had scarcely risen; but by the faint rays of a dawning, whose twilight was rendered stronger by drear sheets of snow which covered the ground, she could descry the dreaded forces of the enemy in full retreat from the opposite bank of the river. Aimee fell on her knees; she poured out her heart in thankfulness; and taking the little wan hands of that wasted child, clasped them between her own, and held them together towards heaven with a speechless fervency of gratitude, which averted the boy into innocent and won-

dering silence. She continued to gaze on the hosts of cavalry who were crowding towards the Beresina, and, without waiting for the completion of the bridges, were swimming their horses across the river, in order to obtain such a footing on the opposite bank as should enable them to protect the passage of their comrades. At length the bridges were completed; and ceaseless files of soldiers continued to pass over them. Aimee watched them with a beating heart, hoping that the safe transfer of each column rendered so much nearer the time of her own passage. About noon, a shout proclaimed that the Emperor and his guard had gained the right bank of the Beresina. News soon arrived that the Russians, aware of their error in abandoning the advantageous point of the Beresina they had so recently occupied, were advancing in full force on *both* sides of the river. Terror now overpowered every consideration, either of cupidity or humanity, in the bosoms of Aimee's protectors. Several drivers entered the wain, and forcibly dragged from it all those shivering beings who had so long found it a refuge. Aimee remonstrated, and spoke of Prince Eugene; but was told that he was with his imperial father on the other side of the river, and had other things to do than to look after those who only encumbered the march of the army.—Brutally forced from the refuge assigned her, Aimee joined that crowd of hapless and despairing stragglers of every age and sex, who thronged behind the forces of Victor, and, afraid either to remain on the fatal left bank, or attempt the crushed passage of the bridges, wandered, in shivering and desponding uncertainty, along the borders of the river. At this moment there was a peculiar and ominous movement in the French rear-guard. The yells of the approaching enemy were distinctly heard. Then came the heavy fire of the charging columns, returned in rolling thunder by the French lines of defence.—These lines, however, still formed a barrier between the fugitives and the advance guard of the Russians; and it was not until the former began evidently to give away, that Aimee deemed all lost. The Russian cannon became nearer, deeper, and more incessant. The balls which passed through the French host whistled by her, and the shrieks of falling wretches rang in her ears.

It was now that that fearful and fatal rush of passengers to the bridges took place. Aimee saw crowds of fugitives, abandoned by every feeling save that of wild personal terror, throng on those treacherous passages. Then came the well-remembered tempest, which—after slowly collecting its elementary fury in the early part of the day—at length burst from the indignant heavens, and held, as it seemed, a wild conflict for superiority with the rage of the battle-storm beneath. Each moment, when the hurricane, in its wild career, swept away the smoke of the contending armies, Aimee could see the feeble victims which choked the bridges gasping beneath the feet of the stronger passengers, crush-

ed among heavy wains and artillery, or—more fearful still—hurled into the waters by the half-cruel, half-madly despairing struggles of those whose physical strength enabled them to fling aside all obstacles to their own passage. With the resolution of one who held life forfeited, Aimee resolved to remain in her present awful situation, rather than venture amid that despairing throng. She laid the boy down to avoid the balls, which fell thicker, among the dispersing crowd, and threw herself almost upon the child. At this moment the same voice that had before made Aimee's heart leap within her bosom, again reached her ears:—"Stand, Lancers, stand! Let not yon wolf-dogs drive your horses over these miserable fugitives." Aimee looked up. Another fierce sweep of the tempest dispersed, as if in haughty scorn, the dense volumes of smoke which hung, like a black cloud, on the charging columns. God of mercy! Aimee beheld either the phantom or the living form of her husband! He was endeavouring to rally a regiment of his compatriots: and called on them, in the voice of military eloquence and high courage, to stand by their colours. His helm was up—his face warm with exertion; his eye shone—keen, bright, and stern, as if no gentler thoughts than those of war had ever animated that bosom.—The flush of military spirit and physical exertion had banished, for the moment, the traces of wounds, fatigue, and privation.—That eye alone was changed, and its stern, warrior glance almost inspired with fear the gentle and enduring being who now strove to make her voice heard through the din of the fight, and the wild uproar of the elements.—"O Ladoinski—my love—my husband!—turn—turn! It is I—it is Aimee—it is your wife who calls on you!" She called in vain. Roman turned not—gazed not. The spirit of the soldier seemed alone awake in the Pole. He looked, at that moment, as if no tender feeling—no thought of Aimee, occupied his bosom. For one instant, it almost seemed to the wife as if her husband would not hear. He rallied his broken forces, and called out gallantly, "Lancers! forward. For God and Poland! Remember her who now lies with a Cossack's pike in her breast beneath the snow-wreaths!"—and he disappeared in the rethickening smoke.

Day now waned: and the troops of Victor, after having nearly accomplished their unparalleled task of protecting the famous retreat across the Beresina, at length began to give ground. Aimee saw that she must now, at all hazards, attempt the perilous passage, or remain behind a prey to the lawless Russian victor. With trembling and uncertain step, she endeavoured to gain the largest bridge; but the banks of the river were here so crowded that she drew back in consternation; and, again throwing the child on the ground, watched beside it, rather with the instinct of maternal tenderness, than with any fixed hope of ultimately preserving its life. Suddenly, the largest bridge was seen to give a fearful swerve—then a portentous bend towards the waters. A noise of

rending, which made the ground tremble, succeeded : and Aimee beheld the fatal bridge, and all its living, shrieking burden, descend with crashing violence into the icy waters of the Beresina, while a stifled cry of wailing arose from those living descendants to a watery tomb—so wild, despairing, and fearful, that, for a moment, Aimee deemed the hour of man's final retribution at hand.

Night closed on the slayer and the slain—on the victor and vanquished ; but the thunder of the Russian artillery ceased not its dismal roll ; while the noise of the French troops, still pouring in restless files over the remaining bridge, shewed Aimee that the desperate passage was still continued. She began to fear that her senses were fast yielding to the horrors that surrounded her ;—and she now no longer prayed for preservation, but for death.

A streak or two of dawn at length began faintly to light upon the snow-covered margin of the river. The Russian forces were now so near the bridge that, perhaps, but a short half-hour's remaining opportunity of passage might be afforded her. Aimee once more endeavoured to gain the bridge ; the falling balls of the foe again arrested her progress. Still—aware that the hour of irrevocable decision was arrived—she pressed forward. And now mingled with the diminished fugitives, her foot was half on the bridge ; but a sudden cry of warning arose from the last column of French which had gained the opposite banks : “ Back—back ! Yield yourselves to the Russians ! Back—back ! ”—Perhaps aware of the fatal meaning of their compatriots, or easily subjected to every new terror, the wretched refugees, cut off from their last hope, fell back with mechanic simultaneousness on the enemy ; while a sound of grounding arms—voices imploring mercy—stifled moans of victims who found none—and the close yells of triumph, told Aimee that they were at length *among* the Cossacks. She gave a last, a despairing look, towards the bridge ; it was crackling and blazing in the flames, by which the French had endeavoured to cut off the pursuit of their enemy. In the unutterable hurley-burley which followed, Aimee, still pressing the child to her bosom, endeavoured to extricate herself from the shrieking victims and the ruthless conqueror ; and, rushing precipitately along the borders of the river, sought a vain refuge in flight. The Cossacks, instead of pressing on their enemy, dispersed in every direction, more anxious to obtain solid booty than honour. Aimee, scarcely knowing what she sought—what she hoped for—continued, with some other hapless fugitives, her panting and useless flight along the margin of the Beresina. They were naturally pursued by the Scythian victor. Aimee, with desperate resolution, tied the child to her, and made towards the waters. They were deep ;—no matter. The stoutest might scarce hope to gain the opposite bank ;—She recked not. Anything was better than becoming the prey of the victor—anything preferable to life and separation from her child. She had nearly

gained the fatal stream. Two other lives would that morning have been added to its fearful host of victims ; but, overpowered by her own exertions and the weight of her precious burden, Aimee sank to the earth. Her person was rudely seized. Words, which seemed more appallingly barbarous from their utterance in a foreign tongue, sounded in her ears. She shrieked with a wild agony of terror to which she had hitherto been comparatively a stranger. Perhaps her cries reached the chief of a small body of French cavalry, which had been the last in quitting the dangerous post of protecting the retreat, and were now plunging their horses into the Beresina, apparently preferring the danger of a swimming passage to the alternative of surrender and captivity.—“What, ho, comrades ! exclaimed the voice of their chief, as wheeling his charger, he forced it, with returning step, up the left bank of the river ;—“what, ho ! charge these scattered plunderers ! To the rescue ! They are women that cry to us ; our horses are strong enough to bear such light burdens. Back back, lawless bandits ! To the river, brave comrades—to the river !” Like one in a dream. Aimee heard the parting hoofs of the dispersed Cossack-chargers—found herself placed on a horse before the gallant captain—and discovered, by a heavy plunge in the water, that she was about to make that fearful passage of the Beresina from which she had all night recoiled with horror. Aimee’s cloak had half fallen from her shoulders. Her own countenance, and the face of the boy who was bound to her bosom, were revealed to her brave deliverer. She was deprived of speech—of motion. Shots rattled around her like hail-stones, and fell with ceaseless pattering into the waters ; while, from time to time, a heavier plash announced the sinking of some hapless being, the victim either of the enemy’s fire, or of his own steed’s exhaustion. The noble but half-worn-down charger of Aimee’s protector sometimes gallantly battled with the current ; sometimes so nearly sank beneath his burden, that the waters broke over his saddle-bow, and almost enveloped the persons of the mother and her boy. But Aimee—powerless, motionless—scarcely alive save to one absorbing emotion—felt that that swimming steed supported with its failing strength the *whole* family of Ladoinski ; she felt that she was pressed to the bosom of her husband, while the child of so much care and anxiety reclined against her own. A consciousness of more straining exertion on the part of the animal that bore her, at length convinced Aimee that he was pushing his way up the long-desired *right* bank of the Beresina ! The sound of plashing died away ; and she felt that they were quitting its fatal margin forever.

SKETCHES OF BRITISH POETS.

CROLEY.

English Poetry constitutes one of the most brilliant portions of the intellectual history of Modern Europe. The era of English Poetry commences with the Norman Invasion. Anglo-Saxon Poems had existed ; but their topics, their rudeness, or the decay of the language, extinguished them in the presence of a superior dialect and a more fortunate time. The few that remain, are merely memorials of some barbarian event, or harsh attempts to throw some superstitious fable into metre. The violence of the Norman Conquest, that shook the laws and institutions of England, also shook the language. But here the violence was more than compensated by the novelty, richness, and vigour of the results. The poetical soil was ploughed roughly ; but, in the act, its native fertility was put in motion—the old encumbrances were swept away, and a new and lovely vegetation was left free to spread and luxuriate. The transfer of the Norman Court to England, was the transfer of a warlike, romantic, and regal system, into a land of native generosity and courage, yet hitherto but little acquainted with the higher arts of nations. The Conqueror, and his descendants, brought with them many noble recollections, much spirit-stirring pomp and much picturesque ceremonial. Italy was then the golden fount from which the minor urns drew light ; and the intercourse of the Norman princes, the universal conquerors, with the finest regions of Europe, had raised their court to a comparative height of civilization. The Minstrel followed the Monarch, and was essential, not more to his indulgence than to his fame. The wild traditions of the North ; the French and Italian narrative of bold exploit, or idolatrous devotion to the sex ; and those oriental tales, whose high-coloured conceptions of supernatural agency, royal grandeur, and superb enjoyment, captivate us, even in our day of cold and chastised fancy, moved before the young mind of England like a new creation. If England had been left to the full exercise of her powers, thus awakened, probably no nation of Europe would have made a more rapid progress to the highest intellectual excellence. But war came across her, as the thunderbolt across the eagle's wing, and her natural vigour was bitterly expended in the struggles of rival usurpers, and in foreign wars, fruitless of all, but those apples of Sodom, the glories of the sword.

Yet poetry is a part of human nature, and exists wherever man exists. A succession of poets rose even in this tumultuous period. But their efforts perished either from defect of ability, or from the want of popular leisure, when life and possessions were in perpetual hazard. At length Chaucer* appeared, and established a fame, that forced its way through the difficulties of his age.

*Born in London, 1330--Died 1400.

It is a fine remark of Bacon, that "while Art perfects things by parts, Nature perfects altogether." The triumphant periods of nations have this excellence of Nature--opulence, arms, and intellect flourish at the same time; the vegetation of the imperial tree, is urged at once through all the extremities, and throws out its vigour alike in branch, leaf and bloom. The reign of Edward III. had placed England in a high European rank, and with her rank came intellectual honours.

Chaucer's mind was cast in the mould of poetry, and his genius was practised and enriched by the most singular diversity of knowledge and situation. He was a classical student, a lawyer, a soldier, a mathematician, and a theologian. His successive employments placed the whole round of life before his eye. He began by being a Member of both Universities; he then travelled on the Continent; returned to study law; became an officer of the palace; went to Italy as an envoy; was a comptroller of the customs; was an exile for the Reformation; was a prisoner; and closed his various and agitated career, by retiring from the world, to correct the Poems by which he was to live when the multitude of his glittering and haughty compeers were forgotten.

Chaucer was the earliest successful cultivator of the harmony of the English language. His quaintnesses and occasional irregularities of thought and diction, belong to his time: but he has passages of copious and honeyed sweetness that belong to the finest poetic perception alone.

Spenser* arose in the most memorable period of English history, the reign of Elizabeth. And his career, though less diversified than that of his great predecessor, yet had much of similar interest and change. He was early introduced into the stately court of Elizabeth, and was led there by Sydney, the very genius of romance and heroism. He next visited the Continent, then vivid with art and arms; and, as the envoy of Lord Leicester, visited it in a rank which gave him the most fortunate opportunities. In Ireland he next saw the contrast of a people naked of the arts and indulgencies of life, but exhibiting singular boldness and love of country; a rude magnificence of thought and habit; a stately superstition; and a spirit of proud and melancholy romance, cherished by the circumstances, climate, and landscape of their soil. To those influences on the poet's mind may be attributed some of the characteristics of his poetry, for in Ireland, and in the midst of its most delicious scenery, he completed the "Fairy Queen."

The faults of this celebrated poem are obvious, and must be traced to Spenser's admiration of the Italian poets. To attempt to personify the passions, and the prominent characters of his time, involves the story in confusion. Continued allegory exhausts and defeats the imagination. But his excellence is in his language; and few can think of the story, in the incomparable sweetness and

* Born in London, 1553--Died, 1599.

variegated beauty of his lines. To this hour Spenser is a spring of English inexhaustible, from which all the leading poets have drawn, and which is still fresh and sparkling as ever.

Panegyric sinks before the name of Shakspeare.* His dramatic fame has become proverbial, and is now beyond increase or diminution by posterity. If the conduct of his plays be sometimes dilatory, perplexed, and improbable; no man ever redeemed those errors by such triumphant power over the difficulties of character and poetry. His knowledge of the workings of the human breast in all its varieties of passion, gives us the idea that he had either felt and registered every emotion of our being, or had attained the knowledge by some faculty, restricted to himself. He is, above all poets, a poet of passion; not merely of the violent and gloomy distortion into which the greater trials of life may constrain the mind, but of the whole range of the simple, the lovely, and the sublime. His force and flow have the easy strength of the tide; and his lights and shadows are thrown with the rich negligence, yet with the intensity and grandeur of the colours of heaven on the ocean.

Shakspeare's fertility increases the surprise at this accumulation of poetic power. Within twenty-three years he produced thirty plays, indisputably genuine; and contributed largely to five more, if he did not altogether write them. Of the thirty, twelve are master-pieces; whose equals are not to be found in the whole compass of the living languages, nor perhaps of the dead. Yet susceptible as he must have been of the poet's delight in praise, he seems to have utterly disregarded fame. He left his writings to the false and garbled copies of the theatre. It is not known that he even cared whether they ever passed to posterity. He retired from active life; from the pleasures of general society, which he must have been eminently capable of enjoying; and from authorship, a still severer sacrifice; and gave himself up to the quiet obscurity of the country, without allowing us room for a suspicion that he ever regretted his abandonment of the world.

No man ever seems to have been so signally unconscious of what mighty things he was doing, or of the vast space that he must fill in the eyes of the future. And this unconsciousness, the rarest distinction, and clearest evidence of great minds, crowns his supremacy; for it must have proceeded from either the creative faculty that made all efforts trivial; or the still nobler faculty, that sense of excellence, which makes all that genius can do, feeble and dim, to the vivid and splendid form of perfection perpetually glowing before the mind.

Milton's† genius was equal to his theme, and his theme comprehended the loftiest, the loveliest, and most solemn subjects that touch the heart or elevate the understanding of man. We live at

* Born at Stratford upon Avon, 1564--Died, 1616.

† Born in London, 1603--Died, 1674.

to remote a period to discover how far his powers may have been excited or trained by his time. But the characteristic of the poetic mind is, to be impressed by all influences, to be laying up its treasure from every event and vicissitude, to be gathering its materials of future brilliancy and power from the highest and lowest sources, from the visible and the invisible, till it coerces those vaporous and unformed things into shape, and lifts them up for the admiration of the world, with the buoyancy and radiance of a cloud painted by the sun. The stern superstitions of the republicans, the military array of the land, the vast prayer-meetings, and the fierce and gloomy assemblages, whether for war, council, or worship, are to be traced in Milton; and the most unrivalled fragments of "Paradise Lost" may be due to his having lived in the midst of an age of public confusion, of sorrow and of slaughter.

Milton was the most learned of poets. Learning oppresses the nerveless mind, but invigorates the powerful one. The celestial armour of the Greek hero, which led in death to his feeble friend, only gave celestial speed and lightness to the limbs of the chosen champion. But the true wonder is, the faculty by which Milton assimilated his diversified knowledge, and makes the most remote subservient to his theme. His scholarship is gathered from all time and all languages; and he sits in the midst of this various and magnificent treasure from the thousand provinces of wisdom, with the majesty of a Persian King.

Dryden* revived poetry in England, after its anathema by the puritans, and its corruption by the French taste of Charles II. and his court. He was the first who tried the powers of the language in satire to any striking extent, and his knowledge of life, and his masculine and masterly use of English, placed him at the summit of political poets, a rank which has never been lowered. No English poet wrote more voluminously, and none retained a more uncontested superiority during life. By a singular fortune his vigour and fame increased to the verge of the grave.

A rapid succession of Poets followed, of whom Pope retains the pre-eminence. His animation and poignancy made him the favourite of the higher ranks; a favour which seldom embodies itself with the permanent feelings of a people. But the poetry of the "Essay on Man," however founded on an erroneous system, has the great preservative qualities that send down authorship to remote times. Its dignity, force, and grandeur fix it on the throne of didactic poetry. Pope's compliance with habits, then sanctioned by the first names of society, has humiliated his muse. But no man will desire to extinguish the good for the sake of the evil; and in the vast and various beauty, morality, and grace of Pope, we may wisely forget that he ever wrote an unworthy line.

* Born 1631--Died 1700.

It is not the purpose of this rapid sketch to more than allude to subsequent writers. Our own age has produced individuals whose ability will be honoured to the latest period of the language. But the genuine praise of the Poet rests with posterity; and of those noble ornaments of our country, and it can possess none nobler, happily all survive, with the exception of Keats, Wolf, and the mightier name of Byron.

Keats died at an early age, probably long before his powers were matured; but not till he had given promise of excellence in his peculiar style. His versification was chiefly formed on the model of Spenser; and few as his poems are, they exhibit a rich and delicate conception of the beauty of our language.

Wolf's fame chiefly rests on a fine poem to the memory of Sir John Moore.

THE MAIDEN'S EXPLANATION.

FROM meeting one she blushed to name,
With ruddy hand, the maiden came.

"Daughter," her widowed mother said,
"Daughter, why is thy hand so red?"

"I plucked a rose, unheeding, and
The angry thorns did wound my hand."

Again, with glowing lips she came,
From meeting him she feared to name.

"What gave thy lips so deep a red,
"Daughter?" the anxious mother said.

"My lips with berries juice are dyed,"
The maiden bashfully replied.

Once more, with pallid check she came:
From him her heart refused to name.

"O, why so lily pale thy cheek?
Speak, darling of my bosom, speak."

"O, mother, get my winding sheet,
And lay me at my father's feet;
A cross beside my head stone place,
And on that cross these dark words trace

"With ruddy hand she once returned
By fingers pressed that fondly burned.
Again, with glowing lips she came,
Crimsoned by passion's kiss of flame;—
Her death pale check revealed at last.
Hope, and false love's illusion past."

MILTON--WORDSWORTH--AND COWPER, COMPARED.

Tickler. The Excursion is full of fine poetry, but it is not what the author intended it to be, and believes that it is—a Great Poem. Mr. Wordsworth cannot conceive a mighty plan. His imagination is of the first order; but his intellect does not seem to me, who belong, you know, North, to the old school, commanding and comprehensive. His mind has many noble visions, but they come and go, each in its own glory; a phantasmagorial procession, beautiful, splendid, sublime, but not anywhere forming a Whole, on which the spectator can gaze, entranced by the power of unity.

Shepherd. Entranced by the power o' Unity! Havers—clavers!

Tickler. Considered as a work that is to hand down his name to future ages, among those of our great English poets, our Spensers and our Miltons, I must think it a failure, and that it will forever exclude him from that band of immortals. But you have taught me, sir, to see that it contains passages of such surpassing excellence, in the description of external nature, and in the delineation of feeling, passion, and thought, that I think they may be set by the side of the best passages of a similar kind to be found within the whole range of poetry.

Shepherd. That's praise aneuch to satisfy ony reasonable man.

North. We are not speaking for the satisfaction of Mr. Wordsworth, but of ourselves—

Shepherd. And the world.

North. My admiration of Mr. Wordsworth's genius is well known to the universe, and has often been expressed with more enthusiasm than has been accompanied by the sympathies even of the wisest. I hope it is nevertheless judicious; and I have always given reasons for my delight in his works. But the admiration of some of his critics has, of late years, been any thing but judicious; and the language in which it has been expressed, so outrageous, as to do greater injury to his just and fair fame, than all the attacks of his mightiest or meanest enemies. The Excursion has been often compared by the Cockneys with Paradise Lost; and that portion of the Reading Public who know something of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, but not much, have become indignant and disgusted at such foolery, and transferred, unconsciously, to the bard himself some of those ungenial feelings with which it was inevitable and right that they should regard the idiots who had set him up as their idol. His genius is indeed worthy of far other worship.

Tickler. With Milton! Shakspeare! forsooth! Why, Paradise Lost is, by the consent of all the civilized world, declared to be the grandest and most sublime poem that ever emanated from the mind of man, equally so in conception and in execution. It embraces all that human beings can feel or comprehend of themselves, their origin, and their destiny. The Excursion is an ele-

quent and poetical journal of a few days' walk among the mountains of the north of England, kept by one of the party, in which every syllable, good, bad, and indifferent, that was uttered by the three friends, was carefully recorded, and many connecting descriptions introduced by the journalist himself, who was the only one of the trio who had "the accomplishment of verse." I have said enough already to expose the frantic folly of those who speak in the same breath of *Paradise Lost* and the *Excursion*.

Shepherd. Quite aneuch.

North. I am delighted to find you so reasonable, Tickler.

Tickler. Nay, I am even an enthusiastic Wordsworthian.

North. Although the Plan of the *Excursion* is altogether artificial, and far from felicitous in any respect, yet it affords room for the display of Mr. Wordsworth's very original genius, which delights in description of all that is grand and beautiful on the earth, and in the heavens above the earth, and which is, on all such occasions, truly creative. The Three Friends wander wherever the wind wafts them, "poetizing and philosophizing in the solitudes." Sometimes the objects before them awaken their spirits—the rocks, or the houses, or the clouds—and not unfrequently they forget "the visible diurnal sphere," and, in the fine flights of imagination, visit the uttermost parts of the earth. The "impulses of deeper kind that come to them in solitude," they delightedly obey; and soon as those impulses cease, they are all equally willing, according to the finest feelings of humanity, to cross the thresholds of "huts where poor men lie," and to converse of, or with them, cheerfully and benignantly; or when more solemn thoughts again arise, to walk into the Churchyard among the Mountains, and muse and meditate among the stoneless turfs above the humble dead, or among the pillars of the sacred pile, on which hang the escutcheons, or are painted the armorial bearings of the high-born ancestry of hall and castle.

Shepherd. Ay, sir, these Books are delichtfu'—divine.

North. I love to hear you say so, my dear James. They are divine.

Tickler. Would that all those exquisite pictures had been by themselves, without the cumbrous machinery of the clumsy plan—if plan it may be called.

North. It is obvious that a parallel might be drawn, though I have no intention now of doing so, between the *Excursion* and the *Task*. Wordsworth, if not by nature, certainly by the influences of his life, has far higher enthusiasm of soul than Cowper. He has seen far more of the glories of creation than it was given that other great poet to see; and hence, when he speaks of external nature, his strains are generally of a loftier mood. But Cowper was not ambitious—and Wordsworth's chief fault is ambition.—The author of *The Task* loved nature for her own sake—the author of *The Excursion* loves her chiefly for the sake of the

power which she inspires within him—for the sake of the poetry that his gifted spirit flings over all her cliffs, and infuses into all her torrents. It often requires great effort to follow Wordsworth in his rhymes—nor can any reader do so who has not enjoyed some of the same privileges in youth that have all his life long been open to that poet—above all, the privileges of freedom from this world's carking cares, enjoyed to the uttermost among the steadfast spectacles, or sudden apparitions of nature. But almost all persons alike, who have ever lived in the country at all, can go along with Cowper. Fields, hedge-rows, groves, gardens, all common rural sights and sounds, and those too of all the seasons, are realized in *The Task*, so easily and naturally, that we see and hear as we read, with minds seldom, perhaps, greatly elevated above the every-day mood, but touched with gentle and purest pleasure, and filled with a thousand delightful memories. Wordsworth's finest strains can be felt or understood only when our imagination is ready to ascend to its highest sphere—and to the uninitiated they must be unintelligible, and that is indeed their very highest praise. But the finest things in *The Task* may be enjoyed at all times, and almost by every cultivated mind. That too is their highest praise. To which of the two kinds of poetry the palm should be given, it would be hard to say; but it is easy to know which of the two must be the more popular. Were it for nothing else than its rural descriptions, *The Task* would still be a favourite poem with almost all classes of readers. Noble as they are, and, in our opinion, frequently equal, if not superior to any thing of the kind in poetry, the rural descriptions of Wordsworth (rural is but a poor word here) can never be sympathized with by the million, for not ten in a thousand are, by constitution or custom, capable to understand their transcendent excellence.

Tickler. There must, I fear, be some wrong-headedness in the poet, who, from the whole range of human life, deliberately selected a pedlar for his highest philosophical character in a philosophical poem.

North. The first twenty pages of the *Excursion* enable the reader to know on what grounds, and for what reasons Mr. Wordsworth has chosen, in a moral work of the highest pretensions, to make his chief and most authoritative interlocutor, a pedlar.—Much small wit has been sported on the subject, about pieces of tape and riband, thimbles, penknives, knee-buckles, pincushions, and other pedlar-ware; and perhaps such associations, and others, essentially mean or paltry, must, to a certain extent, connect themselves in most, or all minds, with the idea of such a calling. There is neither difficulty nor absurdity, however, in believing that an individual, richly endowed with natural gifts, may be a pedlar—and certainly that mode of life not only furnishes, but offers the best opportunities to a man of a thoughtful and feeling mind, of becoming intimately and thoroughly acquainted with

all the on-goings of humble life. Robert Burns was an exciseman. Yet it does not follow from this, that there is wisdom in the choice of such a small retired merchant for the chief spokesman in a series of dialogues, in which one of the greatest poets of England is to take a part. Of many things spoken of in those dialogues, such a pedlar, in virtue of his profession, was an excellent judge; but of many more the knowledge is not only not peculiarly appropriate to a pedlar, but such knowledge as could only, I conceive, have been accumulated and mastered by a man of finished classical education. We fear, therefore, that there is something absurd in his language about Thebes, and “Palmyra central in the desert,” nor less so in the profound attention with which he listens to the “Poet’s” still more eloquent, most poetical, and philosophical disquisition on the origin of the heathen mythology. But admitting this, none but the shallowest and weakest minds will allow themselves to be overcome by a word. Blot out the word pedlar from the poem, substitute, as Charles Lamb well remarked, the word palmer, and the poem is then relieved from this puny and futile objection. Let his previous history be unknown—his birth and parentage—and let him be merely said to be a MAN of natural genius, great powers of reflection, a humane spirit, an understanding chiefly cultivated by self-education, though not unenlightened by knowledge of history, and especially of long and intimate experience of the habits, and occupations, and character of the poor, and we have a person before us, entitled to walk and talk even with Mr. Wordsworth, and if so, before all the world.—*Blackwood’s Magazine.*

TAKING DOWN MY ALMANACK.

[FOR THE P. M. M.]

“HAND me that Almanack” said I, to my little boy, just as the clock was about to strike the hour of *Twelve*, which closed the year 1830. The Almanack you must know was carefully hung up in a place allotted to it: for having lived a good share of my life a lonely Bachelor, I had contracted a habit of having a place for every thing:—and as I took it out of the little fellow’s hand, the hour was announced, which rendered it I may say, for ever useless. Ah! thought I, what changes have taken place since I first consulted thy pages, what mighty revolutions indeed has the world known, since I first looked into them for information in regard to ‘times and tides.’ From the Palace to the Cottage, of what vast importance has been the period noted on thy leaves!—a time full of circumstances of a varied character! How many from the

highest pitch of worldly grandeur have been flung down to the depth of poverty and even of contempt. How often has soaring ambition seen all its plans for future aggrandisement of power and influence, baffled. Thou hast been verily a time of sorrow and of woe to millions—of joy, uninterrupted and unmixed, perhaps to not one solitary individual of the still living human family. What contests have been beheld in the political world for pre-eminence.—Thrones have been made to tremble to their very centre, and those who sat on them, desiring to lord it unrightcously over their fellow clay, have had to flee from the expected vengeance of an injured people : and one too, a Monarch endeared to an intelligent and truly patriotic people, have we seen descend to the burying-place of his fathers, followed by the grateful recollections of his loving subjects : one who by a prudent regard to the march of true intellect, kept pace with an age famous for improvement, in the arts and sciences, as well as in the true end and design of all good government. How many sycophants who truckled to power, and ever willing to barter the best interests of man, for a mess of pottage, have been covered with shame, and writhing under the bitterest experience of disappointed elevation, have shrunk away from the broad public stare, retiring from the scene of their hopes into their own native nothingness. This period has witnessed in its course the end of thousands who have justly suffered for crimes committed against their God and the Country. Thousands die without perhaps one cheering hope of a peaceful resting place—while thousands have gone to partake of those promised glories which are eternal in the Paradise of God ; thousands who though they were counted to have no honour in their lives, nor any glory in their end, once the jest of the infidel—the scorn of the sceptic—the subject of the drunkards song, and the laughing-stock of the worldly wise : yet who knew in whom they confided—suffered in the cause of the “ man of sorrows,” and now rejoice in that Kingdom he had promised them. This period has brought up many as it were from the mouth of the grave, who at its commencement despaired of longer sojourning in this world of crime ; and has seen laid low those whose hearts and hopes beat high at the beginning,—O Earth ! Earth, how many are thy desolations ! with what throbbing anguish dost thou often fill the heart.—

Have not the elements been let loose, and have they not in their temporary unrestrained reign, buried beneath the waves the hopes of hundreds; how many have perished in the flames—have died of hunger, cold or heat; Indeed, who is there knows—or if he knows slightly, considers—how often the divine mercy has been interposed to keep alive for one year so frail a creature as man: What divine charity has been used,—how often the arm of Omnipotence, unseen, or perhaps unobserved, has been stretched out to preserve us: our thoughts might extend onward—but it is sufficient that goodness and mercy has followed us. While the rich and affluent have rolled away this period, in debauchery and wastefulness of time and property, how often has yonder poor widow trimmed her midnight lamp; its faint and twickering rays served to cast a melancholy shade across the features of her orphan charge, while she, poor, hapless thing, was labouring unremittingly for their support: and into what habitation have not the ravages of woe and distress entered?—If happiness, unalloyed, was allotted to man on earth, why mourns yon lonely creature, at the fresh stroke of Providence, which at a moment's notice, has crushed her all of earthly hope, beneath the tomb!—or why sits yon aged and distracted pair in silence, mourning the early fate of one in whom their highest and most elevated expectations had rested. Vain rest indeed!—No,—happiness is unquestionably reserved for another state.

In casting a transitory glance on my now antiquated almanack, I see names that I in vain look for in the New. Where are they? “Man dieth and giveth up the Ghost and where is he?”—I deposited the almanack with many others—some near half a century old—though not without reflecting how just an emblem it was of innumerable human beings, who after having had their day, and flourished for a while, were now doomed to lie neglected, to die and be for ever forgotten!—But may it not be well in conclusion, just to pause a little, and take some note of our departing hours?—Are there not mistakes in our conduct during the past year, that may be, if we are spared, rectified in the new? Have we sought sufficiently to regulate our lives by moral and virtuous principles? Have we been careful to husband up every hour, and

been industriously and honestly engaged in our several callings? Has no opportunity slipped by us, in which we have neglected to do good to the souls or bodies of our fellow creatures? Has any call of true charity or mercy been neglected? Have we grown wiser and better fitted for the eternal scene to which we are tending?—If we cannot answer with pleasure to any of these questions, may we not conclude that we have lived in vain hitherto, and if even so, let us be thankful we are the inhabitants of time, and earnestly endeavour for the future to follow the Royal Council, “What good thy hands findeth to do, do it with all thy might.”

January 1, 1831. H.

TO * * * * *

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

In virtue's robe array'd, and from false love,
 And hollow friendship, free, may thy light step,
 Along the checkered path of life advance;
 With sweet contentment, charity divine,
 And purest honour in thy glowing heart.
 And by grief's-iron finger,
 Ne'er furrow'd be thy ivory brow—clear,
 And lucid, as th' white clouds which sail around
 The pensive star of night.
 Nor o'er thy cheek—
 Soft as an op'ning rose—may tears descend;
 Save tears of sympathy for others woes!—
 Enamour'd with the smiles serene that play,
 Around thy soft and rubby lips, oh may
 The spir't of joy revel in the clear blue,
 Of thy ether'al eye—as vesper mild,
 When from her western home, she, smiling looks.
 And may thy silv'ry and mellow voice,
 As a clear streamlet, warble heavenly tones
 Making the list'ners heart to bound for joy.
 'Tis midnight! silence rules the solemn scene,
 The still and sacred shadowy hours throw,
 A veil o'er slumbering nature!
 In her bark,
 Of silvery beams the queen of night appears,
 Arrayed in beauty, with her starry train,
 Sailing the crystal deep above, and see
 Investing with her many spangled cloak
 The bosom of the heaving deep below.
 Oh! if on such a night, in after years,—
 When weary of this blighting, withering world—
 Alone, retired, you find a soothing calm;
 And wrapt in cogitations spacious cloak,
 Wild fancy calls with magic force around,
 Thy gay, and youthful years—the early friends,
 Of thy all flow'ry morn of happy life,
 Then dearest * * * * * forget not me,
 Halifax, 1831. F.

ZOOLOGICAL SKETCHES.

Of Animals Natives of Acadia.

[The following imperfect account of the habits of the larger Animals of our Forests is chiefly the result of the observations of the writer, and may give amusement to some of your readers, as erroneous descriptions of some of them have found their way into books which are in many people's hands, taken probably from the reports of hunters, who, like other travellers, are rather fond of dealing in the marvellous :--]

THE BEAR.

BEARS, (at present the most numerous race,) when they first awake in the Spring, are in the greater part of this Province compelled to live much upon Ants--till the Alewives or Gaspereaux enter the rivers. For this purpose they tear the rotten logs to pieces, dig up the Ant-hills, and turn over the loose stones which lie on the barren granite hills, that are covered with white reindeer moss, and frequently gnaw holes into the green trees of the balsam fir, which have the heart riddled by the large wood Ants; they also attend the Moose and Carribou, who are weak at this season; being able to kill the old ones as well as the young, if they can spring upon their backs by surprise. They likewise dig the frogs from their beds. These are generally in sheltered coves on the north sides of Lakes, where the long green moss rising from a muddy bottom to the surface, prevents the water from being moved by the wind, and causes it to acquire a degree of warmth in sunny days, far above the general temperature of the Lake.--The Alewives enter the rivers early in the month of May, ascend to the uppermost Lakes that they can reach, and after they have spawned, return, if they can, to the sea, early in June; (the young fry go down in October,) but as the water often falls at this season, the fish which spawned in the Lakes at the head of the stream, frequently find their passage to the sea obstructed by bars of rock, which they cannot pass till the water rises, and are sometimes obliged to remain several weeks in the brooks waiting for rain. These situations are the fishing grounds of the Bears; and as they usually assemble there a little earlier than the fish arrive they are taken in traps by the Indians, at this season more easily than at any other. If the weather proves dry and the water falls

in the latter part of May, the Bears get very fat by feeding on the Alewives ; but if the water is sufficient to enable them to return as soon as they have spawned, the Bears are employed by the middle of June, again in searching for Ants, and hunting the Moose and Carribou. They feed much upon the Blueberries at their first ripening, but prefer the Blackberry and Chokeberry. In those seasons in which the beech produces, they fatten on Beech-nuts. In the eastern parts of the Province they used to feed much upon the roots of Pignut and the Claytonia. The dens in which they sleep in winter are usually holes in rocks, into which they carry a considerable quantity of dry moss for a bed ; but they sometimes choose a shelter under the roots of large trees, which have been overthrown by wind, improving the cover by breaking and carrying to it a quantity of green boughs of fir. A single solitary instance has come to the writer's knowledge, of a Bear shot in a Moose yard, in very cold weather, as he was slowly and cautiously following a path, apparently hunting for the Moose ; but in general they are found in their dens in a very drowsy stupid state, and are not easily completely wakened.

They do considerable damage in the back settlements by destroying swine, sheep, calves, and some oxen and cows. They appear to have one invariable mode of attacking the larger Animals : springing upon their backs, they tear away the flesh in front of their shoulders, till they have loosened the strong ligament which runs along the back of the neck in quadrupeds, and serves to support the head. When this operation is performed, the animals, no longer able to support their heads, in attempting to run forward, stumble and fall, and are easily overpowered. It is generally believed that the Bear which has killed cattle will continue to haunt the farm ; but if the carcass is found by persons who are dexterous at setting guns, the Bear rarely escapes. For this purpose a lane about ten feet long is formed, (by two rows of stakes) about two feet broad in the middle, where the bait is laid, but four or five at each end. The gun, at the distance of thirty feet is lashed to two stakes or trees, and levelled about knee-high at the centre of the lane ; behind the gun a pair of small short stakes are driven within six inches of each other ; a slender

spring-pole is bent down so as to bring its top between these stakes, where it is secured by a stick passing over it from one to the other, and its end entering small notches on the inside of the stakes. A line from the trigger is fastened to the top of the spring-pole ;—another line fastened to the small stick which confines the spring-pole extends and is fastened to the bait, being near the bait carried round the outside of one of the stakes, for the purpose of compelling the bear to fire the gun if he should carry the bait *toward* it. Upon drawing the bait either way, the stick is removed and the gun discharged by the action of the spring-pole.

Although the Bears are rather dim-sighted by day, their sense of smelling is acute, and generally enables them to discover the approach of a man at a considerable distance, when they steal off, making very little noise.—If a man comes suddenly near to a Bear who is in open ground, he generally retires slowly in an oblique direction, as he should say “ I am not going for fear of you.” But as soon as he has covered himself by a hill or a thicket he starts off at full speed.—Tales of Bears attacking men may be classed with other bugbears. The hunter generally finds great caution necessary to get within gun-shot of them. Such of these tales as are not pure invention, have probably originated in the air of defiance which the Bear sometimes assumes, when a man (travelling in a sunny day with the wind in his face) is suddenly discovered within a few yards.

The writer has heard a Bear growl very fiercely which was roused at about five yards distance in a very close thicket of short black spruce, but was never able, after the lapse of a minute either to get sight of him, or to hear in what direction he was retiring.

It should always be remembered, that it is dangerous to attempt to strike a wounded Bear with any hand weapon, as they are remarkably dexterous in the use of their paws. When a Bear presents his side to the hunter he should be shot directly behind the shoulder, and fully two thirds the distance from his back to the bottom of the breast, as his vital parts lie lower than those of a deer. A strong dog who will attack a Bear behind, and retire when he turns about, will oblige him to ascend a tree : But one

of the bull-dog breed who faces him, is usually caught and crushed to death by the Bear.

It was formerly observed in New England, that the Bears migrated southward every seventh year. The exact period of seven years may have been partly fanciful ; for it was always observed that some Bears were passing in the years preceding and following the Bear year. In a *great bear year* between the years 1750 and 1760, it was supposed that one third of the Indian Corn in New England was destroyed by the Bears and the red squirrels which migrated in company with them. As a sample of their numbers, it may be observed, that in a small village on Connecticut River, not containing more than a hundred families, a hundred Bears were killed in the course of six weeks by the young men who watched the corn-fields by night.

The peninsular form of this province may have prevented the migrations of Bears from being observed here, but the squirrels, (which were then very numerous,) did migrate from Nova Scotia about thirty years ago ; and within three or four years we had an immigration of Squirrels distinguished as much by their uncommon habits as their numbers, as they robbed the nests of swallows and other small birds of their eggs, and devoured the young of every kind of domestic poultry. In a few weeks they disappeared and most of our own with them.

DARTMOUTH, No. 1.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

“We often foolishly seek acquaintance with persons and things at a distance, while richer materials remain at our very doors unknown.”

THE growing village of Dartmouth is delightfully situated on the banks of the Bay of Chebucto, and opposite the town of Halifax. This alone argues a site of much beauty and value. The Bay of Chebucto—as a noble harbour for ships, as a lovely expanse of most pellucid water, as a haunt for the fisherman, for the painter, or the poet, as distinguished for romantic and gaurding Islands, for very picturesque banks, and for salubrity of atmosphere,

is perhaps the most favoured inlet which old ocean has in all his wanderings around the earth. On the north-east bank of this Bay, Dartmouth is situated, thus possessing in winter a genial south-western aspect, which in summer is luxuriantly fanned by direct breezes from the Atlantic. But inviting situation, and favouring skies, cannot make amends for the evil acts of the creature man; a creature seemingly small insignificant and helpless among the animals of earth, yet who has over and over again proved himself the demon or the guardian angel of every scene which he looks on. Civilized or savage, the same moral traits are on his character, and he is every where capable of being the greatest friend or enemy below the skies. In the year 1750, some white men of Europe, impelled by their characteristic spirit of enterprise, found themselves on the borders of this noble Bay, and attracted by the natural advantages of the site of Dartmouth, finding the low ground protected by hills to the north and east, a copious stream fed by many lakes running from the interior to the harbour—observing the capabilities and the beauty of the spot, they settled on it, intending it as their city of refuge, the home of their children, and the resting place for their own remains. But the red men beheld those encroachments on their fishing and hunting grounds with jealousy, and collecting on the Basin of Mines like a black and portentous cloud, they traversed the rivers and lakes noiselessly, and descending by night on the hapless settlers at Dartmouth, they swept the spot like a tempest, and scalped or carried away captive, the greater portion of the strangers. Terrified by such a scourge, Dartmouth was neglected, and Halifax in consequence grew up rapidly. In 1784, a few families from Nantucket, removed to the deserted village, to establish there a depot for the south sea fishery. A commercial failure—which often does more evil than the incursions of savages—checked the new settlement in 1792; disgusted by disappointment, and encouraged elsewhere, the settlers moved their habitation once more, and Dartmouth lost its second chance of becoming a place noted among the cities of the new world. The natural beauty of its situation, and its proximity to Halifax has at length nursed up a pretty village on the spot; it goes on increasing and improving, and many think, that at no distant day it will be

a no mean rival to the neighbouring metropolis of the Province. But let us leave those general reflections, and view the place, as it appears in 1831, from the opposite shore.

It is a prettily balanced picture ; an abrupt woody hill, unsoftened by any traces of art, rises to the right—to the left, a gentler ascent has brushwood on its front, and spruce and pine along its rising outline, but on the summit, some green patches and white farm houses, remind us of the beloved homesteads of older countries. In the centre foreground, the brilliant surface of the harbour conducts the eye for a short mile, to the sloping bank on which the village lies. Wharves, and houses, and gardens, and pebbly beaches, and abrupt cliffs meet the water ; and behind, seemingly scattered in pleasing irregularity, the party coloured town rises up a gentle ascent. The gorge between the hills is rendered less abrupt, by the distant landscape of wood and clearings and settlements appearing through the opening, giving at once command and repose to the eye.

Looking again, the chief objects in the village present themselves. The Churches—those landmarks of civilization and order, if not of piety—are easily discerned ; the Scotch Church appears dark and grave looking under the hill to the left, the Catholic Chapel, white and clean as an old country parsonage stands more central, and the English Church between, sends its spire proudly, but not tauntingly, above all. All harmonize very pleasingly, and so they should do ; each of the buildings is a kind of representative of one of the three kingdoms famous in the old world. A partial representative, not an absolute one ; for England with its Catholic population, has tens of thousands who are members of the Scotch and English Churches ; and England and Scotland, are similiarly circumstanced. Animisities on account of country or creed are among the maddest freaks of human nature ; may the present religious peace all over the world long continue, for assuredly cursed is he, who lights the torch of discord, at the fire of the altar sacred to the great LOVER OF HARMONY. Some cottages picturesquely placed, appear on the side and summit, of a minor elevation to the left ; streets running from the harbour intersect the houses and gardens of the town, and in about a central situation,

a dense smoke rises from the Steam Boat, as an indication that useful science is not unknown amid the half rural scene. The eye naturally moves along the pleasingly undulated ground, until it rests on the clump of trees, and the snug looking dwelling at the Lower-Ferry. Findlay's is delightfully situated, but like many other fine situations no advantage is taken of its beauties. A little bay, which terminates in the Mill Cove, sweeps within thirty or forty yards of the House, a soft and verdant hillock rises in the rear, and before the front a fresh water stream comes babbling under the trees. A marquee or a summer house should be erected on the summit of the little hill, its sides would afford lovely situations for pleasure gardens and rural seats, a shaded walk might conduct to the pebbly beach, along which arbours, easily formed, would be delightful resting places for the visitors from the city. Some taste and a little expense, might make the retired situation of Findlay's almost unparaleled, for delicious scenery, and for balmy airs; the ocean, the woods, the cultivated hills, the opposite town, and its own charming receding position, all unite to offer peculiar opportunities to an enterprising proprietor. The thought of the Arcadian scenes which might be produced in this neighbourhood, induces a poetic temperament, and most opportunely, the eye catches the serpentine road which winds up the high ground in the rear, and which conducts to the cottage of the Poet of Ellen-Vale; he has somewhere sung,

" For me all nature has a voice,
The stars a hymn—the moon a lecture,
The sun delights me with the joys,
He gives to Earth's illusive picture;
And Heavens high arch vast and sublime,
Has blest my vision many a time."

And I imagine that for want of some share of this poetic feeling, the capabilities of our situation are not only often left unimproved, but remain altogether unseen.

We would still linger on Dartmouth, and noting some of its internal and neighbouring advantages, would indulge a day dream of *what it yet shall be*; but we recollect that this is a distant view of the village, and will leave its more particular and attendant features for a further sketch, at some other opportunity. Its walks, sweetly varied ground, views from the rear, lake, and canal, offer rich sources for a second picture.

ON READING DR. CURRIE'S LIFE OF BURNS.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

GENIUS from her exalted throne,
 Once cast an eye on earth ;
 And look'd on Europe's classic soil,
 For one of her own birth :
 Though mountain, hill and dale she tried,
 Yet few of her own sons' she spied.

Rivals for fame enough there were,
 Which throng'd her crowded gate ;
 In all the gaudy splendid show,
 That e'er on fortune wait :
 But the proud wreath by her entwin'd,
 Ne'er on the brow of dulness shin'd.

Genius beheld the sight and wept,
 As still towards earth she turns ;
 Prepar'd her lyre and let it fall,
 Before the feet of Burns :
 And cried still stooping from the skies,
 " Strike this and gain the Victor's prize.

" Go sound this lyre in nature's tones,
 " Through city and through plain ;
 " And 'mid life's humble vale 'till I,
 " Shall take it back again,
 " Ne'er let it strike one cruel strain,
 " To give a fellow creature pain."

Burns as he toil'd behind the plough,
 Beheld the vision bright ;
 And stooped to gaze upon the gem,
 That struck his wondering sight,
 Vowed as he raised it from the ground,
 Its notes in Scotia's praise should sound.

Full well he knew the high behest,
 And caught the enchanting strains ;
 And sung in Scotia's artless verse,
 The manners of her swains :
 He touched the chords with such a grace
 That held with magic power his race.

Nature soon saw her favourite son,
 Too feeble for the weight ;
 Of those rare talents she bestowed,
 And laid the blame on Fate :
 While Fate denied the charge, she drew
 A veil to hide his faults from view.

And Fame least any acts of his,
 Might leave a lasting strain ;
 Called on the unsparing stroke of death,
 Nor made the call in vain :
 And hid beneath the valley's sward
 The blighted but unrivalled bard.

Long at his grave shall Genius mourn,
 The muses weep his fate ;
 And future bards in sorrowing verse,
 His way-ward course relate :
 While proud on Scotia's splendid scroll,
 Shall history his lov'd name enroll !

A.

NOTICE.—We have to apologise for seeming neglect of communications received ; some are laid by as unfit for our miscellany, others will yet appear. We cannot avoid this opportunity of thanking our highly respected Correspondent for his communications on the animals of Nova-Scotia. The article on that subject which appears in this number, evidently comes from a mind which has amassed overflowing information, on many matters generally unknown. The natural history of a Country is of great interest and importance ; we hail with no common pleasure, any opportunity of presenting our readers with papers on the subject, which come from authority unexceptionable and first rate. Lines "To my Strawberry" are too *affected* and *inflated* for publication, the "Lily of the Lake" and other favours next month. Simplicity and strength cover a multitude of sins in poetry.

MONTHLY REVIEW.

London dates have been brought by an arrival at Boston, to June 2 ; but papers received by way of Newfoundland, and by His Majesty's Packet Mutine, had already put us in possession of most items of importance.

GREAT BRITAIN.—*Reform.* The return of members according to latest and safest accounts, show a majority of about 140 for the King's Bill. The New Parliament were to meet on June 14, but choosing a Speaker and other preliminary business, would probably prevent the introduction of actual business until the 21st.

Earl Grey the present Premier of England, has been invested with the order of the Garter—this act of royal favour is enhanced, by the Ribband with which the Earl is invested, being that worn by his Majesty while Duke of Clarence ; also, that according to the King's expression, the honour was imparted as a mark of his Majesty's opinion of the noble Earl's conduct.

Colonel Fitzclarence, the King's eldest son, has been created Earl of Munster, the younger branches of the King's family are to rank as the children of a Marquis.

Steam Carriages, on the Gloucester and Cheltenham turn-pike road, have reduced the fare of passengers from 4s. to 1s.

Canvassing at Elections.—Lord Nugent has declined, from principle, *Canvassing Electors for their votes*. He describes it as derogatory to the Canvassed and the Canvasser, provided each aim at doing their duty. An excellent example.

Catholic Members.—There were fourteen Catholic Gentlemen in last Parliament, the Elections give an addition of 5 ; the number now is 19.

The Course of the Niger, has been discovered, and the papers of Mungo Park have been found by Landers, the faithful servant of the lamented Captain Clapperton.

Ireland.—The Elections have terminated favourably to Reform. Mr. O'Connell is elected for Kerry. Religious animosities have most happily subsided, but disturbances among the peasantry continue.



FOREIGN.—*Poland.* The Poles have suffered some severe losses ; but by last accounts they seem excellently situated, brave and undaunted as ever. Skrynecki has taken Ostrolenka, destroyed the Russian guards at Tochosin, and triumphantly occupies the ground from the Bug to Narew. Diebitch was retreating towards Prussia, which territory it is said he will enter for refuge.

BELGIUM continues disturbed ; it is said that Prince Leopold has been offered the Crown, and that the future peace of the Country depends on his answer.

TURKEY.—An insurrection has occurred in Albania, at the head of which is the Pasha of Scutari. The Sultan has sent an army of 30,000 men, and a fleet against the insurgents.

BRAZIL.—Accounts since our last are rife of confusion and outrage.

HAYTI.—A serious dispute has arisen between Hayti and France, on account of a refusal of the President to ratify certain treaties. Boyer issued a spirited proclamation on June 12, and the French Consul had ordered French residents to leave the place.



UNITED STATES.—*New York.*—The *Book Trade* is on the increase, at a recent trade sale the amount of property sold was equal to 50,000 dollars.

Combustion.—A further proof of the extraordinary tendency of articles to ignite spontaneously has occurred. Cotton saturated with linseed oil, and placed in the shade, ignited in two hours. The experiment was repeated three times, with a similar result each time.

Industry.—The manufacture of Palm leaf hats has become a considerable means of the profitable employment of females. During this year it is supposed that two million hats, amounting to 500,000 dollars, will be made.

James Munroe, Ex-President of United States died on July 4, aged 73. This is the third instance which has occurred, of an ex-president dying on the anniversary of American Independence. Jefferson and Adams died July 4, 1826.

Whale Fishery.—The Americans commenced this fishery in 1690. From 1771 to 1775 Massachusetts employed annually 383 vessels, carrying 26,846 tons, in the Northern and Southern Whale Fisheries.

Fire.—A fire occurred at New York on the 4th, which destroyed 40 buildings; probable loss 60,000 dollars.

Fire.—The Capitol of N. Carolina, was destroyed by fire a few days since. The papers in the building were saved, but the State Library perished. The statue of Washington which cost 30,000 dollars, and which was considered matchless, was destroyed in the ruins. The house had been just covered with zinc as a preservative against fire, and from the furnaces used in finishing the work, the accident is supposed to have occurred.

Canals.—The New York Canal tolls for May amounted to 220,491 dollars.

Anthracite Coal, has been made available for steam boats, by introducing a small volume of steam to the furnace, which occasions the necessary flame and sudden heat.

Inventions.—A machine has been invented by a Swiss Mechanic which shapes 120 bricks in a minute, fit for the kiln. The following have been invented in the United States: one for rapidly drying paper; one for fully preparing boards for floors, &c. this will do the work of 60 men by the help of two boys; and one which makes 300 nails a minute. The last, as it is said, has been invented by a poor lad, and has been sold for 100,000 dollars.

Newspapers.—In Britain and Ireland there are 334; and of these 20 are daily. Three or four of these daily are printed in Dublin, but in Scotland there is no daily newspaper. The United Kingdom with a population of twenty-three or twenty-four millions have annually 27,827,000 copies.

The United States of America with a population of ten millions have 8000 newspapers; of which 50 are daily. Their annual consumption is 61 millions.

In the United States, no duty is charged on advertisements:—their annual amount is 10,000,000 advertisements. The annual amount in the United Kingdom is 963,000.

France has a daily circulation of 70,000 copies, while the United Kingdom has only 36,000. In Paris alone there are four papers that circulate from 50,000 to 60,000 daily.

Mudford and Roche were lately conductors of the London Courier. Galt succeeded Roche; but his reign was very short. Black is editor of the Morning Chronicle; Coulson of the Globe; Anderson of the Advertiser; Taylor of the Herald; Barnes of

the Times ; and all have been Reporters, as well as the following gentlemen : Mr. Dowling, the Chief Justice of New Holland, Horace Twiss, lately Under-Secretary of the Colonial Office, Sir James Macintosh and Allan Cunningham. The late Mr. Perry of the Morning Chronicle was also at one time a Reporter. Hence he rose to the enjoyment of six and sometimes eight thousand pounds a year ; and at his death left to his family a newspaper property which brought them two and forty thousand pounds.—The only veteran Reporter of the old school still alive is Mr. Forbes.

Western Literature.—About 85,000 volumes have been issued within three months from the presses of Cincinnati : and, within the same time, 8000 primers and pamphlets, sermons, &c. equal altogether to about 3000 duodecimo volumes more. Within the same time the daily and periodical presses have issued as follows : 3 daily papers, 700 copies daily ; 2 semi-weekly, 850 semi-weekly ; 6 weekly papers, 6800 per week ; 2 semi-monthly, 2700 ; 1 monthly, 2000 per month ; 1 quarterly, 1000 per quarter.

COLONIAL.—*Canada. African Colony.* A colony has been formed at Wilberforce, Upper Canada, by coloured people who were forced by a law of 1829 to leave Ohio ; they have been joined by persons from various parts of the United States. Wilberforce at present has a population of 2000 persons, they have cut timber off 500 acres of land, and have 350 acres under cultivation.

Emigration.—About 34,000 emigrants have arrived at Quebec from Great Britain this year. Many of these persons land entirely destitute of means, and debilitated by a miserably regulated sea-passage are unable to travel or work, great distress is the consequence ; and many heart rending scenes have occurred at Quebec and Montreal. Emigration Societies have been formed in each of those places, and large subscriptions made, for the purpose of affording attention to the sick, food to the destitute, and free passages to those wishing to go into the interior, not able to pay for themselves.

QUEBEC.—850,000 bushels of wheat, exclusive of flour, has been shipped this year to Great Britain and the West Indies.

Education.—Lower Canada disbursed from its Treasury in 1829, £13,785, for purposes of educating 18,000 scholars ; in 1830, £26,019 for 40,000 scholars ; and in this year about 80,000 will be aided in their education by the public funds.

Several Steam Boats, are in course of construction, and the Foundries are at full work in the manufactory of Engines.

Montreal Natural History Society.—At each monthly meeting of the Quebec and Montreal Literary Societies, the list of donations prove, the rapidly increasing value and interest of the Museums of these institutions. Specimens in natural History, literary curiosities, and rare artificial productions come from numerous corres-

pondents in a rich and regular stream. At a late monthly meeting a report of the condition of the Montreal Society, and of its proceedings during the past year was read. The report stated that at this fourth anniversary, the institution seems to have surmounted all the difficulties which stifled former attempts of a similar nature, and this result is attributed to the formation of a Museum and Library; new rooms eligible and extensive have been procured for the use of the Society; the report mentions with gratitude donations received from individuals not connected with the society, and from other societies, and strongly impresses the use which sea faring persons might be to such institutions, by their opportunities of collecting specimens in various parts of the world; the number of volumes in the Library is 403, the present number of resident members liable to pay a yearly subscription is 60; the prize essays are alluded to, and a confidence expressed of the utility of this mode of exciting emulation; the outlay of the last year for specimens, apparatus, and books, amounted to £442 5s. 11d. leaving a balance of £121 7s. 4 1-2d. in the treasurer's hands, a great part of which is appropriated; the report concludes by mentioning with gratitude the vote of £50 made by the Legislature to assist the society in procuring a suitable building, and states that the advancement of Natural History in particular, and of Science and Literature generally, are the objects the society are to keep steadily in view.

Upper Canada.—The Province is represented as rapidly improving, a number of thriving villages are appearing over the Country. Two new newspapers have been commenced within the last few months: The Hamilton Free Press, and the Halowell Free Press.

British Essayists.—The attention of editors in the provinces of British America, has been requested to a prospectus which was lately issued from the office of the Kingston Chronicle, U. C.—The issuer of the prospectus proposes to re-publish the British Essayists, in an order suggested by the opinions of the present times, and accompanied with biographical sketches, prefaces, notes, and commentaries. He requests literary assistance in this task, and dedicates his proposed work to the Princess Victoria; The price will be sixpence a number, or five dollars per annum. each number to contain from four to six numbers of the Essays.—The work will embrace the Spectator, Tatler, Rambler, Guardian, and the other volumes generally included under the term British Essayists.

New Brunswick.—Several Captains of vessels have been fined for infringements of the Passenger Law.

Steam Boats.—Mr. Whitney's new Steam Boat, which is to ply upon the Bay of Fundy was launched on the 14th July. She is 102 feet long, 32 wide, and admeasures 167 tons burthen. The machinery 50 horse power.

COAL.—A Company has been formed at Fredericton for the purpose of working Mines on the Grand Lake.

BERMUDA.—The Legislature of Bermuda have imposed the following duties—1s. per bushel on Potatoes imported between May 1 and July 5—1832 ;—6d. per gallon on whale and fish oil—with an exception in favour of sperm ; 3d. per gallon on Rum ; 9d. on Brandy, Gin, &c. 5 per cent on all Wines, 6s. 8d. on Horses, Mares, and Geldings, and £5 on Stallions.

Prince Edward Island.—An Act giving the local Government the power of laying out and opening new roads, has obtained the Royal Assent.

New Paper.—Mr. J. H. White, has issued proposals for publishing a new paper, to be called the British American.

The Newfoundland Sealing trade, is greatly on the increase. In 1829, the entire number taken was 280,613 ; In 1830—563,435 ; and 1831—743,735 seals were taken.

NOVA SCOTIA.—*Mineral Springs.* The reputation of the Wilmot Spring increases. Some buildings have been erected in the neighbourhood, and numbers resort thither. A valuable spring has also been discovered near Shubenacadie River: the water, mentioned in our last, as having been analyzed by Dr. M'Culloch, was from this spring, not that of Wilmot.

Coal Trade.—During the month of June, 7 brigs, 6 schooners and 23 coasters cleared from Sydney with cargoes of coal.

Commerce of Halifax.—The Commerce of this district for the year 1830, shows a most respectable amount of Imports and Exports. In 2085 vessels has been imported value to the amount of £1,320,228. In 2330 vessels has been exported value to the amount of £645,542. The Imports of New Brunswick during the same year amount to £525,401 and its Exports £408,406.

HALIFAX.—The Small Pox has disappeared, the persons afflicted, and removed from town, have all returned, recovered.

Dispensary.—745 persons have received benefit from this institution since Nov. 25,—of which—678 have been discharged, 4 died, and 63 remain on the list.

Acadian School.—A very satisfactory examination was held on July 22.—121 boys, and 93 girls receive instruction at the establishment.

St. George's Schools.—The Rev. Mr. Uniacke, according to his annual custom, entertained the children with dinner and amusements on Mr. Leppert's farm, July 28.—240 children belonging to the schools attended.

A Diving Bell, has been imported from United States for to be used on the wreck of the Rumulas.

THE TREASURER—The Hon. Michael Wallace resigned the charge of the Treasury department on July 16, to his son C. W. Wallace, Esq. It may be recollected that our legislature, in an address to his Majesty, requested that this succession should meet the royal pleasure; and the appointment came out accordingly.—The provincial funds were transferred to the present Treasurer, in the presence of William Lawson, Lawrence Hartshorne, and William B. Bliss, Esquires.

Ferry.—The Halifax and Dartmouth Steam Boat, which had been established, chartered and endowed, as a regular and rapid Ferry Boat, has greatly failed, and gives much dissatisfaction.—She sometimes occupies 10 minutes in her trip across, and sometimes 60; and works and rests at pretty regular intervals of 6 or 8 days.

Weather.—The season continues exceedingly fine; great heat and occasional heavy showers, occasion luxuriant vegetation.

MARRIAGES.

At Halifax, July 1, Mr. Charles Gray, to Miss Ann Perey. 2, Mr. James Spike, proprietor of the Acadian, to Mrs. Elizabeth Letson. 5, Mr. Midwood M' Rae, to Miss Mary Ann Grant. 8, Mr. Thomas W. Wood, to Miss Elizabeth Morris. 9, Mr. Peter W. Davis, to Miss Maria Magget.

At Dartmouth, June 27, Mr. Joseph Gammon, to Miss Mary Ann Bahie. July 20, Mr. Duncan M'Phie, to Miss Elizabeth O'Brien.

At Chester—June 28, Mr. Daniel Wambolt, to Miss Mary Frail; Mr. George Snail, to Miss Elizabeth Hume.

At Roger's Hill, Pictou—July 15, Mr. Alexander Forbes, to Miss Ann Sutherland.

At West River—Mr. David M'Kenzie, to Miss Jane Crichton.

At Canso—June 30, Mr. William Hart, to Miss Letitia Whitman.

At St. Johns, Newfoundland—June 15, Mr. James M. Hamilton, of Halifax, to Miss Elizabeth Mary Gill, of the former place.

DEATHS.

At Halifax—July 2, Miss Ann

M'Colla. 6, Mr. John Pendergrast, aged 47. 7, Captain Richard Habberlin, aged 65. 15, Mr. Thomas Harrison, aged 98. 18, Mrs. Mary Sullivan, aged 24. 27, Anna Martha Richards, aged 24. 31, Mr. James Hall Donaldson, aged 39.

At Sea—on board the Bainbridge, July 12, Elizabeth, widow of the late Mr. Justice Stewart.

At Mahone Bay, Lunenburg—June 29, Mr. Philip Ernst, aged 41.

At Windsor—July 8, Mr. John Killen, aged 50.

At Rawdon—July 25, Mr. William Wier, sen. aged 85.

At Stewiacke—July 9, Mr. William Putnam, aged 49.

At Truro—July 27, John Duncan Archibald, Esq. aged 28.

At West River, Pictou—Mr. Murdoch M'Kenzie, aged 83. July 20, Mrs. Jane Kitchen, aged 62.

At the Beeches—July 23, Mr. William Sharp, aged 85.

At the East River—July 24, Miss Elizabeth Fraser, aged 14.

At Merigomish—July 2, George Roy, Esq. aged 80.

At Bermuda—June 22, N. C. W. Thomas, Esq. 81st regt. a native of Nova-Scotia.