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Vol. III.

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No. 30

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. 78. OCTOBER.

THIS number contains several articles of considerable spirit and ability. If the numbers of this periodical never equal its English prototypes, they are frequently very creditable to the enterprise and talent of the American continent. Being the produce of a neighbouring soil, they should possess an interest to readers in the British North American Provinces, beside that included in the abstract value of their articles. As a means of information or emulation, the work is worthy of regular regard; and we intend occasionally, to follow up our present attempt, by giving abstracts and specimens of its numbers.

The 1st. article in the October number, is on "Irving's Alhambra." Our readers generally know, that this work of the author of "The Sketch Book," is composed of Spanish tales and sketches connected with the Alhambra, an old Moorish palace of the city of Granada. The Reviewer says,

"The tone is throughout light and pleasant, and the tales are all, if we rightly recollect, of a comic cast. We are not sure that this tone is quite in keeping with the character of the subject; and if there be any defect in the general conception of the work, it consists in selecting the ruins of a celebrated ancient palace, which seem to lead more naturally to grave meditations on the fall of empires, and melancholy musings on the frailty of human greatness, as the scene of a series of sportive caricatures and comic stories. It is pleasant enough, on this view of the matter, that a patriotic citizen of the great and flourishing Republic of the Western world, while wandering through the splendid royal halls, whose present delapidated condition serves as a memorial of one of the political movements that have changed the face of society, instead of turning his thoughts upon the high concerns of Church and State, should be chiefly occupied with the personal characters and little domestic arrangements of the house-keeper's family, the humours of honest Mateo Ximenes, the Tertulias of aunt Antonia, and the truant pigeon of her attractive

noice, 'the merry-hearted little Dolores.' We are reminded of the simple exultation with which the Italian peasant prefers his own humble cottage to the magnificent, but to him incomprehensible structures, under the ruins of which it is erected.

"There in the ruins, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed,
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Faults and owns his cottage with a smile.

"A work, conceived and executed in a tone like that of M. de Chateaubriand's *Abeucerrages*, would undoubtedly have been more germane to the genius of the place where the scene is laid. But such is Mr. Irving. The high and deep things, whether of philosophy or feeling, are in a great measure foreign to him, and as he more than intimates in the present work by several sly innuendoes about metaphysics, are, in his opinion, secrets not worth knowing. In the midst of the scenes and objects that most naturally suggest them, he reverts instinctively to the lights and shadows that play upon the surface of social life. He returns from the 'strong hold of old Ali-Atar, the father-in-law of Boabdil, whence that fiery veteran sallied forth with his son-in-law on that disastrous inroad, that ended in the death of the chieftain and the capture of the monarch,' to tell us that the inn is kept by a young and handsome Andalusian widow with a trim *basquina*. When he thinks of the *Alhambra* hereafter, it will be 'to remember the lovely little Carmen, sporting in happy and innocent girlhood in its marble halls, dancing to the sound of the Moorish castanets, or mingling the silver warbling of her voice with the music of the fountains.' In all this, there is perhaps some little incongruity; but the spirit and beauty of the style render the work so agreeable, that, in reading it, we forget the defect, if such it can be called, of the plan, and would perhaps regret to have it any other than it is."

The Reviewer we see is lively and spirited in his sentiments, but not well practised or very careful as regards the accuracy and construction of his sentences. His style is decidedly bad, obscure, parenthetical, and harsh, without the writer being at all aware of the fact. The Review is very brief, and after furnishing a few short specimens of Irving's work, concludes with the following very pleasing passage:

"Mr. Irving has returned to us in the full vigour of life and health; younger, as his friends think, than when he left us seventeen years ago; but yet old enough not to be tempted from his chosen employments by any of those visions of success and glory to be obtained in others, that might cheat the fancy of a less experienced man. He has found in his literary pursuits a source of profit, that places him above the necessity of labouring with any motive, but that of promoting, as far as possible, his own reputation, and the public entertainment and instruction. His return, and the gratifying testimonials of respect and esteem which it has called forth from his countrymen, will give him new inspiration. His foot is now on his native heath. When he visits again the well remem-

bered scenes of his early adventures, associated in his mind with the delightful images of youthful love and fame,—when he sees the lofty Kaatskill putting on, as of old, his white ruff of ambient clouds, and the noble Hudson rushing with his world of waters to the ocean, between the busy streets of Manhattan on the one hand and the classic shades of Communipaw on the other,—he will find his powers refreshed and redoubled, and will feel himself encouraged, perhaps, to more successful efforts than any that he ever made before.”

Article 2d. is on the “*History of the Italian Language and Dialects.*” In this several theories are noticed, respecting the origin of the Italian Language. One maintains, that the Italian is co-eval with the Latin, the latter being the learned and polite, and the former the vulgar medium of communication. Another theory is, that the Italian was formed by the gradual corruption of the Latin, from a classic and grammatical, to an incorrect and vicious mode of speech. A third opinion is, that the Italian language was formed by the Northern invaders, who mixed with the Latin many of their own idioms and forms of speech, and introduced a vicious pronunciation. This latter seems the most general and favourite theory. The Reviewer gives several specimens of early Italian poetry, and makes ingenious observations on the progressive improvement of the language. A list is then afforded of no less than seventeen leading dialects of the Italian, such as the Sicilian, the Calabrian, the Neapolitan, and interesting specimens are furnished of each.

Article third is entitled *History of the Northmen, or Danes and Normans*; and contains many highly interesting notices of our rude forefathers, illustrations of their habits, and specimens of their literature. We copy the following vivid sketch, taken from the work reviewed, of the memorable battle of Hastings, by the results of which, William the Conqueror, gained the English throne.

“The spot which Harold had selected for this ever memorable contest was a high ground, then called Senlac, nine miles from Hastings, opening to the south, and covered in the rear by an extensive wood. He posted his troops on the declivity of the hill in one compact mass, covered with their shields, and wielding their enormous battle-axes. In the centre the royal standard, or gonfanon was fixed in the ground, with the figure of an armed warrior, worked in thread of gold, and ornamented with precious stones. Here stood Harold, and his brothers Gurth and Leofwin, and around them the rest of the Saxon army, every man on foot.

‘As the Normans approached the Saxon intrenchments, the monks and priests who accompanied their army retired to a neighbouring hill to pray, and observe the issue of the battle. A Norman warrior, named Taillefer, spurred his horse in front of the line, and, tossing up in the air his sword, which he caught again in his hand,

sang the national song of Charlemagne and Roland;—the Normans joined in the Chorus, and shouted, “*Dieu aide! Dieu aide!*” They were answered by the Saxons, with the adverse cry of ‘*Christ’s rood! the holy rood!*’

“The Norman archers let fly a shower of arrows into the Saxon ranks. Their infantry and cavalry advanced to the gates of the redoubts, which they vainly endeavoured to force. The Saxons thundered upon their armour, and broke their lances with the heavy battle-axe, and the Normans retreated to the division commanded by William. The Duke then caused his archers again to advance, and to direct their arrows obliquely in the air, so that they might fall beyond and over the enemy’s rampart. The Saxons were severely galled by the Norman missiles, and Haro’ himself was wounded in the eye. The attack of the infantry and men-at-arms again commenced with the cries of ‘*Notre-Dame! Dieu aide! Dieu aide!*’ But the Normans were repulsed, and pursued by the Saxons to a deep ravine, where the horses plunged and threw the riders. The *mêlée* was here dreadful, and a sudden panic seized the invaders, who fled from the field, exclaiming that their duke was slain. William rushed before the fugitives, with his helmet in hand, menacing and even striking them with his lance, and shouting with a loud voice:—‘*I am still alive, and with the help of God I still shall conquer!*’ The men-at-arms once more returned to attack the redoubts, but they were again repelled by the impregnable phalanx of the Saxons. The Duke now resorted to the stratagem of ordering a thousand horse to advance, and then suddenly retreat, in the hope of drawing the enemy from his entrenchments. The Saxons fell into the snare, and rushed out with their battle-axes slung about their necks, to pursue the flying foe. The Normans were joined by another body of their own army, and both turned upon the Saxons, who were assailed on every side with swords and lances, whilst their hands were employed in wielding their enormous battle-axes. The invaders now rushed through the broken ranks of their opponents into the intrenchments, pulled down the royal standard, and erected in its place the papal banner. Harold was slain, with his brothers Gurth and Leofwin. The sun declined in the western horizon, and with his retiring beams sunk the glory of the Saxon name.

‘The rest of the companions of Harold fled from the fatal field, where the Normans passed the night, exulting over their hard earned victory. The next morning, William ranged his troops under arms, and every man who passed the sea was called by name, according to the muster-roll drawn up before their embarkation at St. Valery. Many were deaf to that call. The invading army consisted originally of sixty thousand men, and of these one-fourth lay dead on the field. To the fortunate survivors was allotted the spoil of the vanquished Saxons, as the first fruits of their victory; and the bodies of the slain, after being stripped, were hastily buried by their trembling friends. According to one narrative, the body of Harold was begged by his mother as a boon from William, to whom she offered as a ransom its weight in gold. But the stern and pitiless conqueror ordered the corpse of the Saxon king to be buried on the beach, adding, with a sneer, ‘*He guarded the coast*

while he lived, let him continue to guard it now he is dead.' Another account represents that two monks of the monastery of Waltham, which had been founded by the son of Godwin, humbly approached the Norman, and offered him ten marks of gold for permission to bury their king and benefactor. They were unable to distinguish his body among the heaps of slain, and sent for Harold's mistress, Editha, surnamed 'the Fair' and the 'Swan's Neck,' to assist them in the search. The features of the Saxon monarch were recognized by her whom he had loved, and his body was interred at Waltham, with regal honors, in presence of several Norman earls and knights.

* * *

"For a long time after the eventful battle of the conquest, it is said that traces of blood might be seen upon the field, and, in particular, upon the hills to the south-west of Hastings, whenever a light rain moistened the soil. It is probable they were discolorations of the soil, where heaps of the slain had been buried. We have ourselves seen broad and dark patches on the hill side of Waterloo, where thousands of the dead lay mouldering in one common grave, and where, for several years after the battle, the rank green corn refused to ripen, though all the other part of the hill was covered with a golden harvest.

"William the conqueror, in fulfilment of a vow, caused a monastic pile to be erected on the field, which, in commemoration of the event, was called the 'Abbey of Battle.' The architects complained that there were no springs of water on the site. 'Work on! work on!' replied he, jovially; 'if God but grant me life, there shall flow more good wine among the holy friars of this convent, than there does clear water in the best monastery of Christendom.

"The abbey was richly endowed, and invested with archiepiscopal jurisdiction. In its archives was deposited a roll, bearing the names of the followers of William, among whom he had shared the conquered land. The grand altar was placed on the very spot where the banner of the hapless Harold had been unfurled, and here prayers were perpetually to be offered up for the repose of all who had fallen in the contest. 'All this pomp and solemnity,' adds Mr. Palgrave, 'has passed away like a dream! The perpetual prayer has ceased forever; the roll of battle is rent; the escutcheons of the Norman lineages are trodden in the dust. A dark and reedy pool marks where the Abbey once reared its stately towers, and nothing but the foundations of the choir remain for the gaze of the idle visiter, and the instruction of the moping antiquary."

Article 4th is founded on the "*Journal of the Landers*," and affords interesting extracts, and a pleasing synopsis of that important work. The Reviewer says—

"We shall certainly be justified in pronouncing this work one of the most deeply interesting, in its kind, which has appeared in modern times. Independently of the very spirited running style of travellers, quite as good-humoured and shrewd as they are energetic, and of the novelty attached to descriptions of new countries and people, and to a personal narrative of unusual vicissitude, it is sufficient to immortalize the Journal and its Authors alike, that it

records the discovery of the long-sought termination of the Niger, —the river of Herodotus, ‘full of crocodiles and flowing to the east,’—the Nile of Strabo,—the Arabian ‘Nile of the Negroes,’ pouring into the ‘Sea of Darkness,’—the object of more inquiry and the occasion of more effort, perhaps, than any other locality on the face of the globe.”

Making remarks on the capability of Africa, it is said—

“The palm-tree is too well known to require description. As Lander some where remarks, it seems peculiarly intended by Providence for the untutored and destitute savage. It affords him a pleasant drink, and indeed the common and favourite drink, especially along the coast. The wine, as the juice is called, is obtained precisely as the juice of the maple is in this country for a different purpose. A hole is bored in the trunk of a tree, a spout made of a leaf inserted, and through this the liquor flows into a calabash beneath, which, holding two or three gallons, will probably be filled during the day. It soon assumes a milky appearance, and is generally used in that state; if kept longer, it acquires rather a bitter flavor. The palm-tree also affords a valuable oil, of which immense quantities have been heretofore taken off by foreigners, particularly by Liverpool traders, from the coast and the lower part of the Niger and other rivers. The palm-wood is an excellent material in building the simple dwellings of the natives.

“This tree becomes scarce as you advance into the interior, but from the Journal, as well as from Park and Caillie, we learn that its place is well supplied with the *mi-cadania*, or butter-tree, which yields a very savoury and nutritious kind of vegetable marrow. The tree is said to resemble the oak. The nut is enveloped in an agreeable pulpy substance, and the kernel is about as large as our chestnut. This is exposed in the sun to dry, after which it is pounded very fine and boiled: the oily particles float; and when cool, they are skimmed off, and made into little cakes fit for immediate use.

Not to pursue the catalogue further, it would really appear that no country is furnished with greater capacities than the whole of Western Africa, on the banks and in the latitude of the Niger and its vast and various branches, for supporting a prodigious population. Already indeed the soil swarms with human inhabitants, in scarcely a less proportion than the streams with fish, or the forests with game. Immensely large, though not indeed elegant cities, are more frequent than, without so good evidence as we have, could possibly have been believed. Marts, fairs, festivals, and even horse-races, (and a most amusing picture is given in the Journal of one at Boossa) attended, some of them, by thousands of people, from all quarters, occur regularly, the year round; for no people on earth are more addicted to society, sport, hustle, or traffic.”

In concluding the Reviewer says:

“We cannot dismiss these exceedingly entertaining volumes, without a passing acknowledgment of that noble liberality which, for the last half century in particular, has distinguished the British Government, and not less the Association for promoting African

discovery, in their movements upon that continent. Some of them indeed have been attended with deplorable calamity, and many have ended in disappointment; but the more honour, for these very reasons, belongs to the perseverance which has at length triumphed over all obstacles. Hereafter the Niger will be as accessible a haunt of the steam-boat, as the Missouri has just been shown to be to the mouth of the Yellow Stone; and for some time to come, accessible to a much better purpose. An immense trade will be carried on with the Africans, opening a new and vast avenue for *foreign manufactures and foreign navigation*. Such, at least, should be the ultimate result; for where is there, on earth, a people more easily to be civilized, or a country filled with such inexhaustible materials for industry, wealth and commerce."

Article 5th, is entitled *American Forest Trees*, founded on *Sylva Americana*, by D. J. Browne. The review is written with much taste, and exhibits an affection for Trees, a zeal for their cultivation, and a pious anger at their destruction, which, partaking of the romantic, are very pleasing and praiseworthy. The reviewer says:

"Our climate is more favourable to this kind of vegetation; we need it to generate and preserve moisture, and to shelter us from our summer suns, which burn with fiercer heat; we have more room to allow them, and our forests are so crowded, that there is less temptation to hew it down for the fires. But all such considerations are less effectual, than the pride which every man feels in his own paternal acre. Even if he have but one, he desires to have it such as to attract the passing stranger's eye, and to bear a comparison with the estate of his richer neighbour in taste and beauty.

"We speak of the natural tendency to improvement; we do not mean to say that this taste is by any means universal, even in this portion of our land. The suggestion of Cicero, that every man thinks he can live a year, is true here as well as elsewhere. He is therefore willing to plant his field or garden, from which he can reap the fruit, while he feels less inducement to plant trees which he may never live to enjoy. We have inherited little taste of this kind from our fathers. Besides that their whole life was a warfare with the forest, and that land was not considered cleared till it was bare as the sea-shore, it was evidently no particular object for them to cultivate trees near their mansions, as a convenient stalking-horse for the Indian marksman. Their children, as a matter of course, followed their example, though the necessity for it no longer existed. Even now, the pioneer of civilization begins his improvements, as he calls them, by cutting down every tree within gunshot of his dwelling; and when, at length overpowered by the solicitations of his wife or daughter, he reluctantly proceeds to plant, the result of his labours appears in a few long leafless poles, standing in solemn uprightness waiting for the miracle of Aaron's rod. But it is sufficiently evident that a better taste is growing among us, owing partly to the exertions of individuals, and partly to the natural tendency of growing prosperity and ambition. * * *

"We have often thought that the mysterious feeling awakened in the Swiss soldiers by hearing the Ranz des Vaches, was owing to

the distinctness with which the strong features of their native scenery were impressed upon their minds: the frowning rock, the dashing river, the cloudy ridge were clear and visible forms in their memory, and the breath of a song was sufficient to touch the delicate spring, and make the whole vision start up into their souls. In the same way the memory of the absent fastens itself to the tree which shaded his father's door, which still retains all its greenness in his imagination, though the children who once played in careless happiness beneath it have long since been separated, both in place and heart, and the aged man who sat in his arm chair, looking thoughtfully upon them, has long ago rested in the grave. We may any where observe that natives of places which have any remarkable objects of this kind, feel a stronger local attachment,—more pleasure and pride in their home, and far more interest in public improvement, than those who have no such landmarks for the memory: for example, the elm that grows on the common of our city, which is said to have been carried there on a man's shoulders in 1721, is now not more deeply covered with foliage than with venerable and pleasing associations.

“The fact is that these must be the monuments of our country. Mrs. Trollope, disappointed at not meeting with Parisian manners in our western steam-boats, looked out for baronial castles upon the Alleghany mountains, and was indignant to find that no such vestiges of civilization appeared. Doubtless we should rejoice to have them; but since the privilege is denied us, we do as well as we can without them. But this defect, great and serious as we confess it is, cannot reasonably be charged upon popular institutions; and the pious thankfulness which she expresses at being delivered from republicanism, is like that of a soldier in our late war, who, when shot through his high military cap, remarked that he was devoutly grateful that he had not a low-crowned hat on, as in that case the ball would have gone directly through his head. These things are evidently chargeable to circumstances over which we have no controul. And yet had we such ornaments on every height, we fear that too many who regard comfort more than taste would remark, like her countryman at Rome, that ‘the ruins were much in need of repair.’ But we must endeavour to prepare ourselves against the coming of all future Trollopes, by providing such monuments as our forlorn condition admits,—not such as the elements of nature waste, but such as they strengthen and restore. Almost all other monuments leave us in doubt whether to regard them as memorials of glory, or of shame. The Chinese wall is a monument of the cowardice and weakness of those who raised it: they built walls, because they wanted hearts to defend their country. The Pyramids of Egypt are monuments certainly of the ignorance, and most probably of the superstition of their builders: the cathedrals are the monuments of a showy religion, and the same baronial castles, the want of which we never deplored till now, are monuments of a state of society in which every thing was barbarous, and are witnessess by their still existing, that the art of war, the only science thought worth regarding, was but wretchedly understood. To us it seems that Chaucer's oak and Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, the oak of Alfred at Oxford, and the one in Torwood

forest, under which Wallace first gathered his followers in arms, are as worthy and enduring memorials of great names and deeds, as any that can be hewn from the rock and built by the hands of men. The tower, as soon as it is completed, begins to decay; the tree, from the moment when it is planted, grows firmer and stronger for many an age to come."

After making valuable remarks on the transplanting of trees, the following eloquent passage occurs:

" Besides the importance of the study just alluded to, it is a delightful one: even for those who have no practical acquaintance with trees; it contains some of the most wonderful marks of design and preparation, of Divine creative skill and seemingly intelligent action, where there is no mind within to direct it, which can be found in any part of nature, eloquent and ample as it is in its testimony to Him who made it. We shall not enter into the comparison between the properties of plants and the instinct of animals, our knowledge of both being quite too imperfect; but to us, whether from accidental prejudice or not, we cannot say, none of the contrivances of the animal world seem so surprising, as the manner in which vegetables, confined as they are to a single spot, are able to gather food for their subsistence, to protect and restore themselves from injury, to prepare for all the changes of season and climate, and at the same time to exert a constant action for the benefit of man, and in fact of all nature. The root, for example,—nothing can be more surprising than the manner in which it forms itself and spreads, so as to give the tree precisely the support and subsistence which it requires. If the soil or season be dry, it increases its nourishment by throwing out more fibres. The fibres themselves turn and move in the direction where moisture is most readily found, so that in the well-known instance of the plane-tree mentioned by Lord Kaimes, the roots actually descended the wall from a considerable height, in order to find subsistence in the ground below. The fibres continually suck from the soil with their spongy mouths water impregnated with whatever substances the tree requires; and even after the stem is dead, they continue this action for a time, that the gathered moisture of the roots may accelerate their decay. The manner in which the stem rises and hardens itself to resist the elements, is equally striking. The new wood of the sapling is compressed by the new layer which covers it in each succeeding year, being thus compelled to shoot upwards, and at the same time to grow firm and strong. While the wood is thus formed by accessions from without, the bark increases by layers from within, which swell it till it bursts, and becomes the rough external garment of the tree. The new layers of wood contain the channels through which sap is conveyed to the leaves, like blood to the lungs of man. The leaves, formed of the fibres of the stem spread out and connected by a delicate net-work of green, are filled with veins and arteries, through which the life-blood flows. They are formed in the summer, to expand in the following year; packed up in their buds with wonderful neatness and precision, covered with brown scales to preserve them from the frosts of winter, and, if need be, coated with varnish, which excludes the air and moisture through the

season of danger, and melts in the warm sun of the next year's spring, allowing the verdure to break forth at once and cover the tree. The early sap steals up the moment the sweet influences of Pleiades loose the bands of nature. When this has opened the buds and nourished the young leaves, the maturer sap rises, holding the food of the tree in solution, and passes directly to the leaves. These retain what they want and dismiss the rest by evaporation, which, like the insensible perspiration of man, is necessary to the health of the sun. In the leaves, the sap is prepared to form part of the substance of the tree, and is then distributed by vessels passing principally through the bark and partly through the latest formation of wood. It is from this returning sap, that the various gums and similar substances drawn from trees are secreted, as tears and saliva in the human system are secreted from the blood. The manner and effect of respiration through the leaves, is not the least singular part of these operations. They absorb oxygen from the atmosphere during the night, to combine with the carbon in the sap and convert it into carbonic acid; the action of the light decomposes the acid, and, while the carbon is deposited in the returning sap, the oxygen is exhaled in the air. This is only returning what the leaves had borrowed from the air; it however would be sufficient to prevent injurious effects from: vegetation, similar to those which animals suffer from the air which they have breathed in a confined room for any length of time; and it shows that the presence of plants, though injurious in the hours of darkness, is perfectly harmless throughout the day.

“ So far from being deleterious in its effects, the respiration of plants, of the million trees herbs and flowers, is actually beneficial to the air; they are constantly purifying the atmosphere, tainted as it is with the breath of animals and the presence of decay. For the oxygen they give to the air is not merely what they borrowed; they repay the debt with interest. The oxygen, which was drawn from the soil in the sap, is exhaled at the same time with the other. It is matter of wonder to notice the effects produced both by its presence and departure. When it is exhaled in the sunshine, the carbon, deposited in the leaf and combining its dark blue with the yellow tissue, produces green, from the first pale tinge of spring to the rich deep summer shade; and when, as in the closing year, the leaves absorb oxygen by night, and lose the power of exhaling it by day, it destroys the green and produces the wild and fanciful wreaths by which autumn veils for a season the sad reality of its decay;—a splendid confusion of tints which is seen to more advantage in our country than in any other, and is not the least part of the beauty by which trees recommend themselves to man.

“ It is interesting to observe the manner in which trees, as the year declines, prepare themselves to resist the cold and to battle with the winter storms. They seem like vessels closing their ports, tightening their cordage, and taking in their sails, when only the veteran seaman would know that a tempest is on the way. They drop their leaves, bind close their trunks and suspend their vital movements, as soon as they hear the first whispers of the gale. The substance of the tree retains an even temperature throughout the year: it draws the sap from a depth, where it is colder in summer and warmer in winter than the external soil. The bark,

too, a slow conductor of heat, serves to retain its warmth; and the tree seems to make this preparation, as if it knew that, should the cold penetrate and burst its vessels, it would surely die. It gets rid of its superfluous moisture as soon as possible, the danger of frost being increased in proportion to the water which it contains; for, as our cultivators know from the sad experience of the last winter, a sudden cold after a wet season is very apt to be fatal; but, except in extraordinary times, they contrive to secure themselves so effectually, that the severest winter cannot destroy them. Meantime the fallen leaves, unlike all other vegetable decay, seem to aid in purifying the air. Any one who has walked through a forest after the fall of the leaf, must have observed the sharp peculiar smell of its decay. In short, every thing about these lords of the wood is striking to a thoughtful mind. Their graceful and majestic forms are pleasing to the eye; their construction and internal action excite the curiosity and worthily employ the mind; they breathe the health and fragrance upon the air, and in many, probably many yet undiscovered ways, declare themselves the friends of man."

'Towards the conclusion the following advice is given.

"We take the liberty to recommend to every man who has an inch of ground, to fill it up with a tree. There are many who will do nothing of the kind, because their territories are small. We can assure them that they will find the truth of what Hesiod said to agriculturists thousands of years ago, that half an estate is more than the whole. Within these limits, however small, they produce effects which will fill even themselves with surprise. If their enclosure be within the city, where the object is to make the most of their possessions, they should remember that if they cannot have verdure on the soil, they can have it in the air; and if in the country, that nothing gives a more unfavourable and at the same time correct impression of the character of a landholder, than the aspect of an estate which presents no trees along its borders, to shelter the traveller from the sun. Every cottage should have its elm, extending its mighty protecting arms above it. The associations and partialities of children will twine themselves like wild vines around it; and if any one doubt that he will be better and happier for such, he little knows the feeling with which the wayfarer in life returns from the wilderness of men to the shadow,

'Where once his careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.' "

There is much need of advice of this description; the first care of many improvers is, to remove trees—those refreshers of mental and bodily vision—from the fronts of cottages which are so unhappy as to become their property, and from the streets which fall under their gothic controul. This review is replete with interesting information, and would repay the attention, of either Poet, Gardener or Farmer.

Article 6th, is headed, *Sir James Mackintosh*, and gives some account of the opinions and acquirements of that lamented individual. We only quote from the concluding paragraph.

“ We dwell upon his life and writings with peculiar satisfaction, because we recognize in him one of the rare instances in which the highest endowments of intellect, graced and set off by every advantage of education and position in the world, are also associated with correct moral principles and generous sentiments. The contemplation of such characters is delightful, and the description of them tends to elevate the standard of conduct and feeling throughout the community. It is on such characters that we would earnestly exhort the ingenious and aspiring youth of our country to fix their eyes and fasten their affections. Let them learn from others a stricter prudence in private affairs, and a steadier industry,—the secrets of Fortune;—but let them study in Mackintosh the reverence for Religion and Virtue;—the generous but well-tempered zeal for improvement and liberty; the manly independence; the wide and various learning, and the amiable manners, which rendered his great natural gifts an honour and a blessing to mankind.”

Article 7th is founded on *Noyes's Translation of the Psalms*, and contains many excellent remarks, on the necessity of occasional new translations of portions of the Holy Scriptures, and on the guards and limits which should be applied to such works. The following is an extract:

“ We say, then, that every thing which tends to explain these writings should be encouraged, and especially such works, as give the results of labour without the detailed process; for they come with but little pretension; not many can be aware of the amount of exertion they must have cost; and the translator sacrifices the display of his learning, which some would consider a loss of one of its best rewards. The Psalms are cherished as a sacred treasure, by the simple and the wise,—by Christian, Mahometan, and Jew,—we may even say by infidels, for cultivated sceptics always profess to admire the lofty poetry of the Old Testament, while they neglect the practical wisdom of the New. These writings are delightful to the cold eye of taste, and passionately dear to the glowing soul of devotion. They are full of the inspiration of genius, which, like the divine inspiration of the prophets, is a glorious gift of God. In truth, genius partakes of the nature of prophecy; it has always something prophetic about it; it is not bound down to its own country and its own time; it is not formed and coloured by the events of the day and the hour. When it speaks, its audience is man, and the ‘heart universal’ listens with rapture to its voice. It is heard beyond the boundaries of mountains,—beyond the broad waste of oceans. Its sounds never die upon the air,—they echo far down the lapse of time. This is eminently seen in the history of these writings. The sound of their inspiration, not loud, but strangely sweet, comes down to us over ages, which are passing away like the waves of a retiring sea. Mighty vessels of state have gone down, leaving no trace in the waters. Cities and kingdoms have perished, leaving no stone rising above the tide to show where they stood;—but these poems, written by hands that have long been in the dust, are still heard, revered and loved, as fervently as in the palaces and halls of Jerusalem thousands of

years ago. They are heard in the rolling anthem and the whispered prayer,—they float on the harp's vibration and the organ's swell,—beneath the arches of the cathedral and the rafters of the strawbuilt shed; and they will be a monument to all future generations, showing what human power and heavenly inspiration can do."

As a specimen of Noye's translation, we copy the following:

TRANSLATION.

"Jehovah said to my Lord
 'Sit thou at my right hand,
 Until I make thy foes thy footstool.'
 Jehovah will extend the sceptre of thy power from Zion,
 'Thou shalt rule in the midst of thine enemies!

Thy people shall be ready, when thou musterest thy forces in
 holy splendour.

Thy youth shall come forward, like dew from the womb of the
 morning."

TEXT.

"The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit thou at my right hand, until
 I make thine enemies thy footstool.

"The Lord shall send the rod of thy Strength out of Zion: rule
 thou in the midst of thine enemies.

"Thy people *shall be* willing in the day of thy power, in the
 beauties of holiness from the womb of the morning: thou hast the
 dew of thy youth."

The last article in this number is on the Bank of the United States. The reviewer takes anti-Jackson views of the question; and indeed, the Periodical generally, exhibits a strong bias to opposition State politics.

VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.*

WRITTEN MAY, 1832.

ALL, as he left it!—even the pen,
 So lately at that mind's command,
 Carelessly lying, as if then
 Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
 A little hour, seems to have past,
 Since Life and Inspiration's power
 Around that relic breath'd their last.

Ah, powerless now—like talisman,
 Found in some vanished wizard's halls,
 Whose mighty charm with him began,
 Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

* Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of that gentleman did Mr. Moore the honour of presenting to him the inkstand, pencil, &c. which their distinguished father had been long in the habit of using.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone
 Around that pen's exploring track,
 Be now, with its great master, gone,
 Nor living hand can call them back;—

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
 Rest on th' enchanter's broken wand,
 Each miracle it work'd arise
 Before him, in succession grand?—

Grand, from the 'Truth that reigns o'er all;
 Th' unshrinking Truth, that lets her light
 Though Life's low, dark, interior fall,
 Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
 O'er scenes which angels weep to see.—
 Where truth herself half veils the wrong,
 In pity of the misery.

True bard!—and simple, as the race
 Of true-born poets ever are,
 When, stooping from their starry place,
 They're children, near, though gods afar.

How freshly doth my mind recal,
 'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
 One that, most buoyantly of all,
 Floats in the wake of memory;*

When he, the poet, doubly grac'd,
 In life, as in his perfect strain,
 With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
 Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
 Pregnant with genius though it be,
 But half the treasures of a mind,
 Where Sense o'er all holds mastery;—

Friend of long years, of friendship tried,
 Through many a bright and dark event;
 In doubts, my judge,—in taste, my guide,—
 In all, my stay and ornament!

He, too, was of our feast that day,
 And all were guests of one, whose hand
 Hath shed a new and deathless ray
 Around the lyre of this great land;

* The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses had the pleasure of dining with Mr Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.

In whose sea-odes,—as in those shells,
 Where Ocean's voice of Majesty
 Seems sounding still,—immortal dwells
 Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host; and though, since then,
 Slight clouds have ris'n twixt him and me,
 Who would not grasp such hand again,
 Stretch'd forth again in amity?

Who can, in this short life afford
 To let such mists a moment stay,
 When thus one frank atoning word,
 Like sunshine, melts them all away?

Bright was our board that day,—though *one*
 Unworthy brother there had place;
 As 'mong the horses of the Sun,
 One was, they say, of earthly race.

Yet, *next* to Genius is the power
 Of feeling where true Genius lies!
 And there was light around that hour
 Such as, in memory, never dies;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
 Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,
 Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
 Brightly, indeed,—but mournfully!

THOMAS MOORE.

THE LOST JAGER.

“I AM for the Gernsjagd this morning, Netty,” said young Fritz of the Black Alp, as he swaggered over the threshold of her grandmother's cottage: that is, he did not exactly swagger, but he stepped in with such an air, as became the handsomest bursch, and the stoutest wrestler, and the best shot in Grindewald, and who knew withall that he was beloved, deeply and dearly, by the prettiest fraulein of the valley. Darling Netty!—many an evening, as, by a sort of accident prepense, I happened to saunter by with my pipe, and lingered to gossip away half an hour of bad German, with Fritz and his intended; and her dear, drowsy, deaf, old grandmother, I have thought Fritz was a very happy man; and perhaps, to say the truth—perhaps—envied him—a little,—Heaven forgive me!

“I am for the Gernsjagd this morning,” said Fritz, as he flung his arm round the blushing maiden. Old Clausen marked some half dozen of them up by the Roseulani Gletscher yesterday; and I think we shall pull down some of the gallants, before we have done with them. He promised to meet me at the chalet at eleven; and, by the shadow of the Eiger, it must be close upon the hour: so come with me luck, and by to-morrow evening at farthest we

shall be back with a couple of noble gemsen 'Down, foolish fellow!—down, Blitz!' said he to his dog, that was yelping around him, in anticipation of the sport. "Why he is as fond of Chamois hunting as his master. Look at him, Netty."

But Netty did not look. Fritz knew well enough that she dreaded, on his account, even to terror, the perils of chamois hunting; but he was devoted to it, with an enthusiasm which is so common to those who practice that dreadful diversion. *Perhaps* this passion did not compete with his love for Netty; perhaps it did. He had never gone, it is true, without her consent; but it was as well for both, that the question had never been brought to an issue, whether he would have gone without it. Not but that he loved, really loved Netty; but he thought her fears very foolish, and laughed at them, as men are very apt to do on such occasions. Netty started when he mentioned the Gernsjagd, and bowed her head to his breast—perhaps to hide a tear—perhaps to examine the buckle of his belt, in which, at that moment, she seemed to find something particularly interesting. Fritz talked on laughingly, as he thought the best way to dispel her fears was not to notice them at all: so he talked as I said, until he had no apology for talking any more; and then he paused.

"Fritz! my dear Fritz!" said she, without looking up, and her fingers trembled in the buckle which she was still examining, "My dear Fritz!"—and then paused too.

"Why, my dear Netty," said he, answering her implied exposition, "I would'nt like to disappoint old Hans—after Wednesday, you know"—and he kissed her cheek, which glowed even deeper than before. "After Wednesday, I promised never to hunt chamois again; but I *must* go, once—just once—to drink a farewell to the Monck and the Aarhom, to their own grim faces—and then—why, I'll make cheese, and cut wood and be a very earth-clo'd of the valley, like our neighbour Jacob Biedermann, who trembles when he hears an avalanche, and cannot leap over an ice-cleft without shuddering. But once—just once—come with me luck, this time, and, for the future, the darlings may come and browse in the Wergisthal for me."

"I did not say I wished you not to go, Fritz." "No; but you looked it, love; I would not see a tear in those bright eyes, for all the gemsen between this and the Orteles; but you know, my dear, there is really no danger; and if I could persuade you to give me your hearty consent and your good wishes."—

"I'll try, Fritz"—

"What! with that sigh, and doleful look?—No, no, Netty; I will send an apology to old Hans. Here Blitz," as he put a small hunting horn into the dog's mouth, and pointed up the hills. "Off, boy! to the Adelboden. And now, have you any thing to employ my clumsy fingers, or shall we take a trip as far as Bolren's Charlet, to see if the cream and cheese of my old rival are as good as they're wont. I shall go and saddle old Kaiser, shall I?—he has not been out these two days."

Fritz, peasant as he was; knew something of the practical philosophy of a woman's heart, and had a good idea of the possibility of pursuing his own plan, by an opportune concession to her's. On the present occasion he succeeded completely

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, with unaffected good will, "you really must not disappoint Hans: he would never forgive me. So come," said she, as she unbuckled the wallet which hung over his right shoulder—"let me see what you have here. But"—and she looked tearfully and earnestly in his face—"you *will* be back to-morrow evening, will you, indeed?"

"By to-morrow evening, love, Hans—gömsen—and all. My wallet is pretty well stocked, you see; but I am going to beg a little of that delicious Oberhasli Kirchwasser, to fill my flaschen."

I need not relate how Fritz had his flask filled with the said Kirchwasser, or how his stock of eatables was increased by some delicious cheese, made by the pretty hands of Netty herself, or how sundry other little trifles were added to his portable commissariat, or how he paid for them all in ready kisses, or how Netty sat at the window and watched him with tearful eyes, as he strode up the hill towards the Scheidegg.

At the chalet he found that Hans had started alone, and proceeded towards the Wetterhorn. He drew his belt tighter, and began to ascend the steep and craggy path, which wound round the base of the ice heaped mass, along the face of which, half way to the summit, the clouds were lazily creeping. It was still, sunny day, and he gradually ascended far enough to get a view over the splendid glacier of Rosenlani. Its clear ice, here and there streaked with a line of bright crystal blue, that marked the edge of an ice-reft. Hans was not to be seen. All was still, except now and then the shrill piping of the marmot, or the reverberated roar of the summer lavenges, in the remote and snowy wilds above him. He had just reached the edge of the glacier, and was clambering over the debris, which a long succession of ages had carried down from the rocky peaks above, when the strange whistling sound emitted by the chamois caught his ear. On they dashed, a herd of nine, right across the glacier—bounding like winged things over the fathomless refts, with a foot as firm and confident as if it trod on the green sward. Fritz muttered a grim dormerwetter between his teeth, when the unerring measurement of his practised eye, told him they were out of shot; and dropping down between the huge blocks of stone among which he stood, so as to be out of sight of the game, he watched their course, and calculated his chance of reaching them. They crossed the glacier—sprung up the rocky barrier on the opposite side, leaping from crag to crag, and finding footing where an eagle scarce could perch, until they disappeared at the summit. A moment's calculation, with regard to their probable course, and Fritz was in pursuit. He crossed the glacier further down, and chose a route by which he knew, from experience, he would be most likely, without being perceived by the chamois, to reach the spot where he expected to meet with them.

Many hours had elapsed in the ascent, for he was obliged to make a long circuit, and the sun was getting low in the west when he arrived at the summit. His heart throbbed audibly as he approached the spot where he expected to get a view. All was in his favour. He was to leeward—the almost unceasing thunder of the avalanches drowned any slight noise which the chamois might otherwise have heard—and a little ridge of drifted snow on the

edge of the rock behind which he stood, gave him an opportunity of reconnoitring. Cautiously he made an aperture through the drift—they were there, and he could distinguish the bend of their horns—they were within the reach of his rifle. They were, however, evidently armed, and huddled together on the edge of the opposite precipice, snuffed the air, and gazed about anxiously, to see from what quarter they were menaced. There was no time to lose—he fired, and the victim he had selected, giving a convulsive spring, fell over the cliff, while its terrified companions, dashing past, fled to greater heights and retreats still more inaccessible.

The triumph of a conqueror for a battle won, cannot be superior to that of an Alpine huntsman for a chamois shot. The perils run, the exertions undergone, the many anxious hours which must elapse before he can have an opportunity even of trying his skill as a marksman—all contribute to enhance the intense delight of that moment when these perils and exertions are repaid. Fritz leaped from his lurking-place, and ran to the edge over which the animal had fallen. There it was, sure enough, but how was it to be recovered? In the front of the precipice, which was almost as steep and regular as a wall, a ledge projected at a considerable distance from the summit, on this lay the chamois, crushed by the fall. To descend without assistance was impossible, but there was a chalet within a couple of hours walk, at the foot of the Gauli Gletscher. The evening was fine, there was every promise of a brilliant moonlight night, and Fritz was too good a huntsman to fear being benighted, even with the snow for his bed, and the falling avalanche, for his lullaby.

Gaily, therefore, he slung his carbine, paid his respects to the contents of his wallet, not forgetting the Oberhasli Kirchwasser, and making the solitude around him ring with the whooping chorus, of the kuh-lied, commenced his descent towards the chalet.

On his arrival he found it empty. The inmates had probably descended to the lower valley, laden with the products of their dairy, and had not yet returned. He seized, however, as a treasure, on a piece of rope which he found thrown over a stake, in the end of the house appropriated to the cattle, and praying his stars that it might be long enough to reach the resting-place of the chamois, he once more turned his face towards the mountains.

It was deep night when he reached the spot. The moon from the reflection of the snow, seemed to be shining from out a sky of ebony, so dark and so beautiful, and the little stars were piercing through, with their light so clear and pure; they shine not so in the valleys, Fritz admired it, for the hearts of nature's sons are ever open to nature's beauties, and though he had not been taught to feel, and his admiration had no words, yet accustomed as he was to scenes like this, he often stopped to gaze. The kuh-lied was silent, and almost without being aware of it; the crisping of the frozen snow, beneath his footsteps was painful to his ear, as something not in accordance with the scene around him—'twas a peasant's unconscious worship at the shrine of the sublime. But to say the truth, he had no thought but one, as he approached the spot where the chamois lay. The ledge on which it had fallen ran a considerable way along the face of the cliff, and by descend-

ing at a point at some distance from that perpendicularly above it, where a piece of crag, projecting upwards, seemed to afford him the means of fastening securely his frail ladder, he hoped to be able to find his way along to the desired spot. Hastily casting a few knots on the rope, to assist him in his ascent, he committed himself to its support. He had arrived within a foot of the rocky platform, when the piece of crag to which the rope had been attached, slipped from the base in which it seemed so firmly rooted, struck in its fall the edge of his resting place, sprung out into vacancy, and went booming downwards to the abyss below.

Fritz was almost thrown over the edge of the precipice by the fall, but fortunately let go the rope, and almost without at all changing the position in which he fell, could trace the progress of the mass as it went whirling from rock to rock, striking fire wherever it touched in its passage, until it crashed amid the pine trees. With lips apart and eyes starting from their sockets, while his fingers clutched the sharp edges of the rock until they were wet with blood, he listened in the intense agony of terror to the sounds which after a long interval, rose like the voice of death, from the darkness and solitude below. Again all was silent—still he listened—he stirred not, moved not, he scarcely breathed—he felt that kind of trance which falls on the spirit under the stroke of some unexpected calamity, of a magnitude which the imagination cannot grasp. The evil stalks before our glassy eyes, dim, and misty, and, shapeless, yet terrible—terrible! He had just escaped one danger, but that escape in the alternative before him, scarcely seemed a blessing. Death! and to die now! by the slow, graduated torture of thirst and starvation, almost within sight of the cottage of his destined bride. Thoughts like these passed hurriedly and convulsively through his mind, and he lay in the sick apathy of despair, when we feel as if the movement of a limb would be recalling the numbed sense of pain, and adding acuteness to its pangs. At length, with a violent effort, he sprung upon his feet. He ran along the ledge, leaping many an intervening chasm, from which even he would at another moment have shrunk. His hurried and oppressed breathing approached almost to a scream, as he sought in vain for a projection in the smooth rock, by which at whatever risk, he might reach the summit. Alas! there was none. He stood where but the vulture and the eagle had ever been, and from which none but they could escape. He was now at the very extremity of his narrow resting place, and there was nothing before him but the empty air. How incredulous we are when utter hopelessness is the alternative.

Once more he returned—once more he examined every spot which presented the slightest trace of a practicable passage, once more in vain. He threw himself on the rock, his heart seemed ready to burst, but the crisis of his agony was come, and he wept like a child.

How often when madness is burning in the brain, have tears left the soul placid and resigned, like the calm twilight melancholy of a summer's eve, when the impending thunder cloud has dissolved into a shower. Fritz wept aloud, and long and deep were the sobs which shook every fibre of his strong frame; but they ceased, and he looked up in the face of the placid moon, *hopeless* and yet not in

despair, and his breathing was as even and gentle as when he gazed up towards her on yester-eve, from the rustic balcony of Netty's cottage. Aye, though he thought of that eve, when her cheek reclined on his bosom, they both sat in the still consciousness of happiness, gazing on the blue glaciers, and the everlasting and unchanging snow peaks. He had no hope—but he felt not despair—the burning fangs of the fiend no longer clutched his heart-strings. He sat and gazed over pine forest and grey crag, and the frozen and broken billows of the glaciers, and the snows of the Waterhom, with their unbroken wilderness of pure white, glistening in the moonlight, and far, far beneath him, the little dusky cloudlets dreaming across the valley, and he could trace in the misty horizon the dim outline of the Faulhorn, and he knew that at its base, was one heart that beat for him as woman's heart alone can beat, and yet he was calm.

The moon neared to her setting, but just before she went down a black scroll of cloud stretched across her disk. It rose higher and higher, and became darker and darker, until one half the little stars which were coming forth in their brightness, rejoicing in the absence of her, by whose splendour they were eclipsed, were wrapped as in a pall; and there came through the stillness and darkness a dim and mingled sound, the whisper of the coming hurricane. On it came, nearer and nearer, and louder and louder, and the pines swayed, and creaked, and crashed, as it took them by the tops, and now and then there passed a flash over the whole sky, until the very air seemed on flame, and laid open for one twinkling the ragged scene, so fitting for the theatre of the tempest's desolation; and then the darkness was so thick and palpable, that to him who sat there, thus alone with the storm, it seemed as if there were no world, and as if the universe were given up to the whirlwind and to him. And then the snow came down, small and sharp, and it became denser and denser, and the flakes seemed larger and larger, until the wings of the tempest were heavy with them; and as the broken currents met and jostled they whirled, and eddyed, and shot up into the dark heavens, in thick and stifling masses. Scarce able to breathe, numbed with cold, exhausted with fatigue, and weak from the mental agony he had undergone, Fritz was hardly able to keep his hold of a projecting edge of rock to which he had clung, when, waiting to gather strength, the gust came down with a violence which even the alpine eagle could not resist, for one which had been carried from its perch, swept by in the darkness, blindly struggling and screaming in the storm.

Oh, Night! On the wide sea, and on the wide moor, by the ocean strand and on mountain lake, and dell and dingle, and corn-field and cottage, O thou art beautiful! But amid the lavange, and the icefall, and the mighty masses of everlasting snow rising up into the heavens where the clouds scarce dare, amid *their* solitude and their majesty, there is an awe in thy beauty, which bows down the soul to the dust in dumb adoration.

The storm became gradually exhausted in its violence. The thunder grew faint, and the gusts came at longer intervals. As the immediate peril decreased, Fritz, whose senses, from the stimulus of danger, had hitherto borne up against the intense cold and his previous fatigue, began to feel creeping upon him, along with

a disinclination to move, a wild confusion of thought, such as one feels when sleep is struggling with pain. There was a dim sense of peril—a thought of falling rocks and cracking glaciers—and some times there was a distant screaming of discordant voices—and sometimes they seemed to mumble uncouth and harsh sounds into his ear—and then again would he rally back his recollection, and even find in his known peril a relief from the undefined and ghastly horrors of his wandering thoughts. But his trance at every relapse became deeper and deeper, and his returns of recollection were more and more partial. He had still enough to make an attempt at shaking off the numbing drowsiness which was creeping upon him, and twining round his heart with the slow and noiseless coil of a serpent. He endeavoured to struggle, but every limb was palsied. He seemed to himself to make the efforts of the wildest desperation to raise himself up; but no member moved. A gush of icy coldness passed through every vein, and he felt no more.

During that night there was no little bustle in Grindlewald. Poor, poor Netty. The storm had come down with a sudden violence which completely baffled the skill of the most sagacious storm-seers in the valley; and even Herr Kruger himself—even Herr Kruger, Old Long Shot, as they used to call him—had been taken by surprise. He was sitting opposite me, with the full red light of the wood fire in the kitchen of mine host of the Three Kings beaming on his wrinkled brow, and thin grey locks, which were twisted and staring in every imaginable direction, as if they had got a set in a whirlwind. The huge bowl of his meerschaum, was glowing and reeking, and the smoke was playing all sort of antics; sometimes popping out at one side of his mouth, sometimes at the other, in a succession of rapid and jerking puffs, whose frequency soon ran up a sum total of a cloud, which enveloped his head like a napkin. He had just given me the history of the said pipe, and of its presentation to him by the Baron——, who, by his assistance and direction, had succeeded in bringing down a gemsbock. The motto, *Wein and Lieb*, was still visible on its tarnished circlet of silver, and the old man pointed out its beauties with a rapture, not inferior, perhaps, to that of the connoisseur, who falls into extacies over some bright sunspot on the canvas of Rembrandt. As the low moaning which preceeded the storm, caught his ear, he drew in the fragrance of the bright Turkish with which I had just replenished his pipe, and, as he emitted the fumes in a slow cautious stream, turned inquisitively towards the range of casements which ran along one side of the neat wainscotted apartment. He was apparently satisfied, and turned again to the fire. But the growl of the thunder the instant after came down the valley, and disembarassing himself of his mouthful, with a haste which almost choked him, walked hastily to the window. One glance seemed enough. He closed the shutters, and returning slowly to his seat, muttered, as he habitually replaced his meerschaum in his mouth, God help the jagers to-night!

“A rough evening, Herr Kruger,” said Hans, who this moment entered the room, and clapped his carabine in the corner. He had evidently dipped deep in the kirchwasser.

“What Hans! is that you? *Beys: kimmel!* I was afraid you were

going to pass the night up yonder—and young Fritz? you and he were to have been at the jagd together?”

“True, so we were; but, heaven be praised. Fritz called to bid good bye to pretty Netty—and—and so—old Hans had to go alone.”

“And feeling lonely among the hills, had the good luck to come back to Grindlewald, instead of sleeping till doomsday in a dainty white snow-wreath.”

“I was just putting my German in order, when our hostess looking in at the door, said, in a voice of the greatest earnestness, ‘A word, Hans.’”

Hans was just in the middle of his goblet. He merely pulled his eyes in the direction of the speaker, with an expression which indicated “I’ll be there immediately.”

“Come once more, Hans,” said I, as I filled his cup, “I have a health to give, you will drink heartily I am sure. Here’s to our good friend Fritz and his little liebchen—a long life and a happy one.”

“Topp! mein bester manu!” said Hans, and the second goblet disappeared as quickly as the first.

Once more the head of our hostess appeared at the door, and her previous summons was repeated.

“I’ll be there immediately, my dear, pretty, agreeable, good-natured Wirthinn—there immediately—immediately;” hiccupped Hans. “I like you, my young Englishman, I like you, and I like you the better for liking Fritz; and if you have any fancy for bringing down a gemsbock, there’s my hand, junker! Hans Clausen knows every stone of the mountains as well as—”

Once more the door opened, and—not our hostess, but Netty herself entered the room.

It seemed to be with difficulty that she crossed the floor. Her face was pale, and her long Bernese tresses were wet with the rain.

She curtsied to me as I rose, and would almost have fallen, had she not rested one hand on the table, while the other passed with an irregular and quivering motion over her pale brow and throbbing temples. Hans had become perfectly quiet the instant of her entrance, and stood with an air of the most dogged and determined sobriety, though the tremulous manner in which the fingers of his left hand played among the skirts of his hunting jacket, bespoke a slight want of confidence in his own steadiness. Poor Netty! She had just strength to whisper, “Where is Fritz, Hans?” and unable to await his answer, sunk feebly on the bench, and covered her eyes with her trembling fingers.

Kruger laid down his pipe; Hans was thunderstruck. Every idea but that of Fritz’s danger, seemed blotted from his memory. He stared and gaped for a few seconds on me and Kruger; and then, utterly forgetful of Netty’s alarm, flung himself blubbering upon his knees. “Oh! for God’s sake, Madehan do not tell me, Fritz went to the hunting to-day. Oh, unglücklich! unglücklich! lost, lost, lost! My poor Fritz; my friend, my best beloved!” and he would have continued longer the maudlin incoherence of his lamentations; but the first words of his despair were too much for Netty, and she sunk down upon the table, helpless, and breathless.

She was conveyed to bed, and left under the care of her poor

old grandmother, who had followed her from the cottage. A consultation was immediately held, under the presidentship of old Kruger; and, notwithstanding the whole collective wisdom of Grindlewald was assembled in mine host's kitchen, nothing could be done. To wait till morning was the only course, and with no little impatience did many a young huntsman watch for the first break of day and the subsiding of the storm.

With the first dawn of morning, half a dozen of the stoutest huntsmen, under the guidance of Hans, started for the Rosenlain. They had made every provision for overcoming the difficulties they expected to meet with in their search. One of them had, from the cliffs of the Eiger, seen Fritz cross the glacier the day before, and commence the ascent which was previously described; a path well known to the hunters, but so perilous, as to be only practicable to those of the steadiest nerves, quickest eye and most unerring step. Their shoes were furnished with crampons, a light ladder formed part of their equipage, and several short coils of ropes slung over the right shoulder, and so made, that they could be easily connected together, were carried by the party. They had the blessings and the good wishes of all Grindlewald at their departure: I accompanied them to the edge of the Rosenlain, and watched the progress of their journey over its frozen waves. Slowly they ascended the giddy path; sometimes gathering into a little cluster of black atoms on the surface of the cliffs, sometimes scattered from ledge to ledge. Then, when obliged partially to descend, an individual of the party was slung by a rope from the upper platform, for the purpose of fixing the ladders and securing a safe passage to the rest. "Well! which way shall we turn now?" said young round-faced, light-haired, ruddy-checked, rattle-pated, Gottfried Basler, who had blubbered like a baby the night before, and, of course, like a baby, had exhausted his grief before morning. "Which way are we to turn now, Hans? I am afraid, after all, we have come out on a fool's errand. There have been wreaths thrown up here last night big enough to bury Grindlewald steeple; and if poor Fritz be really lost in them, we may look till Mont Blanc melts before we find him. It is, to be sure, a satisfaction to do all we can, though, heaven help us, I am afraid there is little use in it."

Hans, poor fellow, was nearly of the same opinion, but it was too much to have the fact thus uncompromisingly stated. He muttered a half audible curse as he turned impatiently away, and walked along the cliff; endeavouring to frame an answer, and make up his mind as to the point towards which the search ought to be directed. His companions followed without uttering a word.

Basler again broke silence.

"What a monster!" he exclaimed, and his carbine was cocked in a twinkling.

For below them, a huge lammer-geyer wassailing along the face of the cliff. He seemed not to perceive the group, to whom, notwithstanding the mournful search in which they were engaged, his appearance was so interesting, but came slowly dreaming on, merely giving now and then a single heavy flap with his huge sail-like wings, and then floating forward as before.

"Stay! stay," whispered Hans, as he himself cocked his cara-

bine, "There is no use throwing away your bullet. He will probably pass just below us, and then you may have a chance. Steadily yet a little. How odd he does not notice us. Nearer and nearer; be ready, Basler. Now—fire. A hit! beym himmel!"

Crack! crack! crack! went carbine after carbine, as the wounded bird fell screaming into the ravine, while its mate sprang out from the face of the rock on which the slayers were standing, and swept backwards and forwards, as if to brave their shot, uttering absolute yells of rage. Basler's skill, however, or his good fortune, reigned supreme, and though several of his companions fired from a much more advantageous distance, their bullets, unlike his, whizzed on and spent themselves in the empty air. The object of the practice still swept unhurt across their range, until his fury was somewhat exhausted, and then dropped down towards the dark pine trees, to seek for his unfortunate companion.

"A nest, I dare say," said Hans, as he threw himself on his face and stretched his neck over the cliff. Ha! a chamois they have managed to throw down—the kerls! You spoiled their feast, Basler. But—mein Gott! is it possible! Gottfried—Heinrich—look there.—Ja freilich! freilich! it is Fritz!" And he leaped up, screaming like a madman, nearly pushed Gottfried over the precipice to convince him of the reality of the discovery, and then, nearly did the same to Carl, and Frauz, and Jacobeber, and Heinrich.

"I am afraid he is dead," said Basler.

Hans again threw himself on his face, and gazed gaspingly down. Fritz did not move. Hans gazed, and gazed, but his eyes filled with tears, and he could see no more.

"Here Jacob," said he as he once more sprang up, and hastily began looping together the ropes which his companions carried. "Here Jacob, place your feet against the rock there. Now, Gottfried, behind Jacob; Heinrich—Carl—now, steady, all of you—or stay, Carl, you had better descend after me, and bring your flaschen along with you.

In a few seconds, Carl and he stood beside their friend. They raised him up. A little kirchwasser was administered to him—they used every measure which their mountain skill suggested to waken him from his trance, which was rapidly darkening down into the sleep of death. The sun which now began to beat strongly on the dark rocks where they stood, assisted their efforts. They succeeded—his life was saved.

That evening, Fritz sat on one side of the fire in the cottage of Netty's grandmother, while the good old dame herself played the knitting in her usual diligent silence on the other. He was pale, and leant back on the pillows by which he was supported, in the languid apathy of exhaustion. Netty sat at his knee, on a low oaken stool, with his hand pressed against her cheek, and many and many a tear, such as overflow from the heart in the fullness of its joy, trickled over his fingers.

THE PEASANT'S DESPAIR.

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

Oh Erin! harrowing it is to see
 What should be glory turned to grief and shame,
 Thy children's vigour swells their misery,
 And heroic daring earns the felon's name.

'Twas evening, lowering clouds in masses hung,
 The first big rain drops pattered on the moor,
 Where rose a cottage,—chill the night-wind sung,
 As the tall Peasant gained that lonely door.

A dreary hut—and doubtful roam'd his glance,
 As if to catch some half-expected woe.
 Home's bower has no glad meeting to intrance,
 When want and wrong like serpents through it go.

A haggard figure in its gloom is seen,—
 The sickly partner of the moody man;
 Once gay, and fair, the boast of hearth and green;
 Poor Norah!—thus, her falt'ring accents ran:

“ Robin have patience, and God's heavenly grace,
 And take as penance grief and worldly woe;
 Our last poor babby is at heavenly peace,—
 A silent corpse—and fair as driven snow.

“ Where are you turning?—Gossip none, nor light,
 Is here to wake the dead—I'm all alone,
 Come in, and may the Queen of Heaven to-night
 Look down in pity from her golden throne.

“ Your little supper's warm—come lannah in,
 Poor Jimmy call'd you as he breathed his last;
 He's well gone home from this wide world of sin,
 We'll meet him yet, when our hard lot is past.

“ There, sit you down a cushla,—faint! and pale!—
 You need'nt look dear at that little jar!
 I could'nt beg no wine or milk or meal,
 They wouldn't save him, he was gone too far.

“ Don't look so black—ah! what could Norry do?
 She's following fast her childer to the sod;—
 Tho' once our home had health, and plenty too;
 Yet welcome be the blessed will of God.”

“ Not His, not His, no Norry, not His will”—
 Cried Robin—“ ’tis from hell our woes arise,
 Proctors and middle-men devoured, until,
 Famine and fever filled their devilish eyes.

“ Whisht, whisht, I’ll stay to-night,—let me alone,
 Nor break my thoughts with ail your grief could say;
 My head is burning, and my heart like stone;—
 We’ll bury Jimmy at the dawn of day.”

He sat, and gentle views, and fear and hope,
 Seem’d snapt at once with that beloved tie:
 No object now on earth, no prospects ope,
 No lower fall, beneath that frowning sky.

So felt the Peasant stark. A ready soil
 For dangerous thoughts, his racking bosom gave.
 Ah! horrid state—when brave hard-handed toil
 Finds promise only in an outlaw’s grave.



’Tis midnight—brightly glows a million stars,
 Looking with joy upon the balmy earth;
 Which resting now, has sooth’d its vexing jars,
 Its noon-day toil, and boisterous evening mirth.

What trampling steps come up the stony glen?
 What murmuring voices break the lazy air?
 And star-light glints from steel!—the lawless men,
 Hold their ill-boding drill and council there.

And fearful threat and curse come muttered out,
 And sinful oath to new comrade is told,
 And well laid plan extorts a murmured shout;
 Their object, red revenge, not sordid gold.

And who’s that, tall, and active mid the crew,
 With reckless gloom upon his spacious brow,
 And fiery ire within his eye, which few
 Can gaze upon, and not cold shuddering bow?

’Tis Robin! leader bold of that bad band.
 They’re off on deadly mission; scarce the haze
 Conceals them, when o’er yonder woody land
 Loud shouts and shrieks ascend, in dread amaze.

And flaring flames rush up, and loud report
Of sharp shrill rifle, and the roof tree's fall,
Proclaim the Peasant-bandit at their sport,
Taking wild vengeance for domestic thrall.

His Cow was canted,* and for this a score
Are low'ring mournfully with several veins;
They coined his sweat and tears, he's paid in gore;
The cunning Proctor lacks his scattered brains.

He'll drink the wine denied his fainting boy,
He'll raise a high hot fire to light his wake,
For silent Hut, he'll spoil the palace joy,—
His only pleasure now, revenge to slake.

So the night passes—dewy morn beholds,
The outlaw, wolf-like skulking to his home;
What time the bleating sheep forsake the folds,
And early bees amid the herbage roam.

Fragments of spoil support the tedious day,
Seldom he labours in the sunny field;
But sleeps the golden hours, till evening grey,
Sees him again the rustic baton wield.

'Tis busy noon,—the Town's grey roofs and spires
Sleep in the sunbeam, while below the throng
Flows like a tide,—toil, care, and vain desires
With myriad voices raise a medley song.

The Court is met—the Judge in awful state,
With scarlet robe and mystic locks, presides;
Smart Counsel storm or jest; the wretch's fate
Hangs on a game, which sober truth derides.

'Tis o'er, the shackled culprit seeks his cell;
The crowds retire, the justice-hall is lone.
The dark dim chamber where the doomed must dwell,
Has nervous prayer, and plaint, and sleepless moan.

Another day, around the tree of death,
The bristling bay'nets form a fatal ring,
And crowds beyond suspend the lab'ring breath,
To hear "the speech," to see the horrid swing.

*Canted, is an Irishism for. sold by auction

A few lament, a few the outlaw laud,
 Who dies so manly, and who looks so fair;
 And some allude to fiery red maraud,
 And hint, such ruffians well the land may spare.

Alas! they saw not how his hopes were kill'd,
 How pined his lov'd ones 'neath oppression's frown;
 What petty wrong and rapine daily filled
 His bitter cup, until he dash'd it down.

They see not now, how far from that dread tree,
 His soul is wandering, and what tender thought
 Comes o'er the final hour; no felon he!
 His bleeding breast with patriot hopes are fraught.

A self-deem'd martyr, and a seer he dies.
 His clay-cold corse his gnashing comrades bear,
 Far from the city's atmosphere of lies,
 To lonely cottage mid the moorland's air.

Robin once more reposes in his cot!
 No child, or wife, or lord, his rest can break!
 Norry unconscious, waits him in the spot
 Where overhead the ivy'd ruins quake.

Past is his name from this capricious scene;
 His lone hut, haunted, crumbles on the heath;
 Gay wandering children from his grave-heap green,
 Pluck simple flow'rets for their May-day wreath. T.

SHAKESPEAR.—A CRITIQUE.

(Continued from page 208.)

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

(No. 2.)

As we proceed with our task, we intend noticing the quotations from Shakespear, which have become familiar as household words, and which are frequently used without the utterers understanding their original application or signification. The phrase, "*thereby hangs a tale*," which has been used ten thousand times to denote more than is expressed, occurs in a dialogue between Fenton, Ann's lover, and Mrs. Quickly. The latter, intimating that she and Ann had many private conversations respecting his suit, and wishing to raise his hopes and excite his curiosity, for her own pecuniary purposes, says,

“Have not your worship a wart above your eye?”

Fenton. Yes, marry, have I; what of that?

Quickly. Well, *thereby hangs a tail*;—good faith * * *
we had an hour’s talk of that wart.”

A few paragraphs farther on, we have a passage which contains a moral reflection of much importance.

Mrs. Ford is about acquainting Mrs. Page, with Falstaff’s overtures, and having excited her curiosity by several allusions, Mrs. Page says, “what is it—dispense with trifles—what is it?” Mrs. Ford answers in a half-grave, half-jesting mood,

“If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.”

We see that she does not treat crime as a matter of imprudence, of temporary danger, or conventional degradation; but as a soul-blasting and soul-destroying evil, from whose touch there is no return to health and purity. “If I would but go to hell for an eternal moment!” Are there not many professions followed, and steps taken, and dallyings indulged, which cannot be excused, but as temporary sacrifices to fortune or to pleasure, and which should rather be considered as “going to hell for an eternal moment,” as destroying the eternal soul’s purity, and, considering the uncertainty of life, as incurring unutterable hazard? In Mrs. Ford’s exclamation, we have the true “touch not, taste not, handle not,” feeling. She sees in crime irretrievable consequences, eternal degradation and moral suffering; and of course, she tampers not with the Devil, as many do, who insanely imagine that they can lend themselves to the old serpent for a season, and then outwit him whenever they think well of doing so. Mrs. Page, as we have before seen, entertains sentiments of virtue corresponding with those of her friend; vexed at the fat knight’s baseness, and fearing that her conduct, unknown to herself, has given him encouragement, she says—

“I’ll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal.”

A most wise resolve, which should be followed by those who would sit in judgment on their own actions. I will scrutinize myself, not as a partial interested advocate, but as I would a stranger whose actions and thoughts were revealed to me. This is the *giftie* eulogized by Burns, “To see ourselves as others see us,” which he says would eradicate many fooleries of life; and which is one great mean of following the celebrated advice “Know thyself.”

A couplet of Ann Page is worth repeating here, its truth is still so palpable, and so abundantly illustrated.

“O, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults,
Look handsome in three hundred pounds a-year!”

Shakespear seems fond of introducing little secondary dramas into his plays. Such as the play-scenes in *Hamlet*, *Midsummer's Nights Dream*, *Taming of the Shrew*, and, in the Play under consideration, the scene in the Forest, in which old traditions are illustrated by mock goblins and fairies. It is said that the “*Merry Wives of Windsor*,” was written on account of a command of Queen Elizabeth, who was so pleased with Falstaff as a rioter and a soldier, in the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, that she desired he might be exhibited in love also. Probably the Play was first performed before her Majesty at Windsor Castle; in which case, the following beautiful passage gets additional interest. It is spoken by one of the fairies in the forest, and is an elegant compliment, most eloquently and poetically expressed.

“About, about;
Search Windsor Castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphos, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit—
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour,
With juice of balm, and every precious flower;
Each fair instalment, coat, and several crest,
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow fairies, look, you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring!
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Hony soit qui mal y pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee,
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.”

Shakespear could play the Courtier exquisitely, as the above, and other passages prove; it is matter of wonder and of triumph, with his facilities that way, and with the patrons and audiences to which his plays were first submitted, that he did not become a cringer and a worshipper of great names; but, on the contrary, that his courtly scraps are very thinly strewn, mere rivulets among flowers, while his free manly sentiments flow in a broad bright stream, reflecting pine, and oak, peasants' cottage and citizens' mansion.

The pretended fairies discover Falstaff, and commence torturing him, by pinching, kicking, and burning him with their torches; during which he lies terrified on the ground. At the proper time, Ford, Page, and their wives enter, lay hold on Falstaff, and with

the late fairies, mock him for his evil intentions, his credulity, and his disappointments. The fat knight is here admirably managed, he seems to rise when lowest, our disgust is forgotten, while his conduct has a portion of dignity mixed with its rich humour. He makes few excuses, but submits in the best manner, loudest himself in self-reproaches. As they severally taunt him, he exclaims:—"I do begin to perceive that I am an ass. I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies: and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief in the despite of the teeth of rhyme and reason. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment. Have I laid my brain in the sun, and dried it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross overreaching as this? This is enough to be the decay of lust and late walking, through the realm. I am not able to answer the Welsh flannel; ignorance itself is a plummet o'er me; use me as you will." And when he finds that Ann Page, has baffled the designs of her Father and Mother, during the play at fairies, how poetically he expresses his satisfaction.

"I am glad, though you have ta'en a special stand to strike at me, that your arrow hath glanced."

Tho' you assailed me according to a plot, you have not secured yourselves; as hunters waylaying a deer, one of whose arrows hath glanced aside, and wounded some of the party.

To be continued.

THE LOST TRAVELLER.

The little poem we give below is by Byrant, in whose descriptive pieces nature is delineated with beauty and fidelity, and with this merit, that it is nature as she appears in the N. American wilds. To those who are acquainted with the woodland scenery of the northern portion of this continent, it is unnecessary to point out the truth with which its peculiar features are touched in the following beautiful lines.

When Spring to woods and wastes around
 Brought bloom and joy again,
 The murdered traveller's bones were found
 Far down a narrow glen.

The fragrant birch above him hung
 Her tassels in the sky,
 And many a vernal blossom sprang,
 And nodded carelessly.

The red bird warbled as he wrought
 His hanging nest o'er head,
 And, fearless, near the fatal spot,
 Her young the partridge led.

But there was weeping far away;
 And gentle eyes for him,
 With watching many an anxious day,
 Grew sorrowful and dim.

They little knew, who loved him so,
 The fearful death he met,
 When shouting o'er the desert snow,
 Unarmed, and hard beset;

Nor how, when round the frosty pole
 The northern dawn was red,
 The mountain wolf and wild cat stole
 To banquet on the dead:

Nor how, when strangers found his bones,
 They dressed the hasty bier,
 And marked his grave with nameless stones,
 Unmoistened by a tear.

But long they looked and feared and wept,
 Within his distant home;
 And dreamed, and started as they slept,
 For joy that he was come.

So, long they looked—but never spied
 His welcome step again,
 Nor knew the fearful death he died,
 Far down that narrow glen.

THOMAS ADDIS EMMET.

WE remember to have once heard this gifted advocate under very interesting and imposing circumstances. A pure hearted and excellent old man had been ruined in all his prospects by slander of the blackest die. His family were rendered wretched and degraded. He had been himself expelled from the Church with dishonor. His aged mother had actually died of grief and shame, and his own gray hairs were nearly brought down in sorrow to the grave. The inventor and circulator of all these calumnies was a powerfully formed immense dark-looking man, who had sworn his destruction, and came near accomplishing his oath. His victim had shrunk from a public exposure, as it involved family secrets of a sacred nature, and had gone to his persecutor with streaming eyes and tremulous voice, and besought him to recall the dreadful assertions, and spare him the necessity, the anguish, of appealing to a public tribunal of justice. These solicitations

were repulsed with bitter scorn, and the unhappy old man saw himself, although sinking into the very shadow of the grave, compelled to plunge into the whirl and clash of an exciting law suit. He was the more led on to this from the idea, that the defendant, when convinced of his resolution to resort to a legal examination of the affair, would yield him an apology. So far from doing so, however, was he, that he placed upon record, as the phrase is, all his charges, and announced his determination and power to prove their truth. The old man was struck with horror, and his friends with amazement and doubt. What might not be accomplished by so desperate a foe? What dark and fatal scheme must he not have engendered, that he thus confidently advanced to the conflict? What bad and licentious men, ever to be found in populous cities, might not have been summoned—for there are such who would commit perjury for hire, as carelessly as look in the face of the blue heaven? We were witness to the fear and agony of the plaintiff when the day of trial arrived. He was amiable and sensitive, and recoiled from the approaching development. He entreated that the action might be withdrawn. He said he was a wretched and a ruined man. He would fly to some distant country, and spend the brief remnant of his life in obscurity and shame. We heard also the calm, encouraging voice of his counsel, cheering up his drooping hopes, and breathing balm into his wounded soul. The testimony was a mass of chaos. At the close of it the court appeared embarrassed and the jury bewildered. Only a powerful, gigantic, and practical mind could grasp it in all its ramifications, separate the improbable and inconsistent from the rest, and so arrange it as to demonstrate the simple truth. It was twelve at night when, after several days' investigation, it became the duty of Mr. Emmet to sum up. The trial had excited a general sensation. The very hall before the court room was crowded, and in the apartment itself, such a throng had gained entrance that the long windows, the embrasures, the columns, and indeed every object where a human foot could brace itself or a hand cling, was occupied. It was a thrilling picture in the depth of that night within the walls of the high chamber. The judges on their benches—the jury—the lawyers ranged around in various attitudes, all expressive of interest and anxiety—the dense mass of beings among whom ran the murmur of anxious expectation, the despairing and half broken hearted form of the plaintiff, his care worn forehead and few white hairs, the calm figure of the orator rising in the midst, with his time stricken head, and, with his elbow leaning on the table and his chin upon his clenched fist; the defendant—his

mouth half curled into a triumphant and audacious smile—his eyes lighted up under their black brows—and his savage countenance turned boldly upon the face of that fine old man, as if striving to abash or intimidate him from the performance of his duty. The presumptuous traitor little dreamed of the thunders that slept in his peaceful breast, or thought how near was the moment when that mild voice, whose gentleness had made him bold, should fall on his ear and his soul like burning fire, and make him writhe as if beneath the lash of a fury.

After a moment's pause, during which the lowest breath seemed to have been nushed, so unbroken was the silence, the object of our remarks entered upon the examination of the evidence. It was his way to first review the testimony dispassionately and logically, without any appeal to the feelings of the jury, till, by an ingenious course of reasoning he had demonstrated his point. As he reached this crisis the scornful self possession of the defendant gradually deepened into a scowl of bitter and desperate hate and defiance—he fixed his eyes steadily on the being who was with the hand of a Titan hurling back upon his head the mountains of obloquy he had heaped on the plaintiff. When the speaker had made the innocence of his client—not only his innocence, but his benevolence and his virtue, shine out to the understanding of all present with a noonday clearness, he turned to the savage face which was fiercely glaring upon him, and, changing his course, like a hawk when he leaves the clouds to dart upon his prey, he seized upon his character and conduct, and held them up to the public deprecation in all the naked hideousness of cruelty, treachery, and guilt. We never have beheld the splendid triumph of intellect over physical ferocity so illustrated. The nerve appeared to desert the features of the conquered slanderer. He seemed struggling to escape from the lightnings that were falling upon him like “death shots thick and fast,” and, after a futile attempt to rise, as if to revenge himself by personal violence, he sank back into his seat, and, bending down his head, hid his abashed and blighted forehead in darkness and shame. The effect was tremendous. The damages of the jury were only limited by the pecuniary means of the defendant, and the plaintiff, who had entered the room in the evening a shunned being, sinking beneath a blackened fame, went forth with the halo of innocence beaming around his brow.—*From Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man.*

VEGETABLE LIFE IN THE CITY OF LONDON.

(See last No. page 196.)

DR. MITCHELL, in his lecture on the Botany of the city of London, delivered at the city of London Institution, Alders-gate-street, some account of which we gave in a former number, after having noticed all the species of trees and woody shrubs found within the city, most of which, he said, had probably been planted by the hand of man, proceeded to notice briefly the plants which annually die down to the root, or annually perish altogether; beginning with those which not only owe nothing to the care of man, but maintain themselves, in most instances, in defiance of all his efforts to extirpate them.

Coltsfoot maintains a fine hold of the soil, and early in spring appears in the churchyard of St Dunstan's in the East, and many other places. This plant has, without doubt, existed in London ever since it has been a city.—*The Jerusalem Artichoke* is to be found in Drapers' Gardens, St. Helen's churchyard, and many other grounds, both hallowed and common.—*The Daisy*, well described by Burns as the "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower," constantly recovering from the scythe of the mower, enlivens the turf in Drapers' Gardens, Finsbury-circus, and Brigewater-square.—*Dandelions*, in many places, show their yellow blossoms; and in due time, their seed are borne off by the downy wings with which nature has provided them, to reproduce their kind in different places on the following year.—*Thistles* of larger and smaller kinds are not uncommon.—*The white and the read dead Nettle* have established themselves in Barking churchyard, Tower-street.—Various species of *Dock* grow in the wall of the river bank above London-bridge, and in several of the City churchyards.—*The London Rocket* grows abundantly, on a fine remnant of the old London Wall, on the east side of Trinity-square, Tower-hill. It displays fine yellow blossoms in May and June. The same plant may be seen on the wall of the Charter-house Garden, and along the ledge on the east side of old London-bridge.

Chickweed, *Groundsell*, *Shepherd's Purse*, *Plaintains*, *Burdock*, and *Angelica*, are to be found in various City churchyards. *Knot grass Artemisia*, or *Wormwood*, is also to be found. Some seeds brought down the river by the stream, take root in the sides of the large wooden posts supporting the wharfs. A large *Onanthe* did so below London Bridge in 1830. A considerable variety of *mosses* and *lichens* grow on the old wall and in the lodges of the houses under the garret windows. A great variety of the *Fungi* grow in the wine cellars of gentlemen in the city, creeping over the floors, bottles, corks, and ceilings, and exhibiting beautiful forms and powerful vegetation. The plants above enumerated all maintain their ground in defiance of man: those that remain to be noticed are carefully cultivated, either within doors or in gardens. The spots of ground so denominated in London, are frequently very limited, even to a yard or two square, on the ground, the ledges of houses, or the balconies of windows. The most ingenious garden, however, is to be found in a well in the Court of Somerset House, and is so beautifully laid out as to attract the admiration of the pas-

sengers. Many plants, both native and foreign, may be seen in blossom in the City, which form no criterion of what will stand the air of the City: for, in the spring, innumerable plants in pots and boxes are introduced from the country, and they blossom the first season from the vigour they have acquired in a purer air; but few of them will blossom a second time, unless they be taken back to the country to be re-invigorated. A number of roots are likewise planted in the ground, which nourish for the first season; although but few of them will blossom the second, and still fewer the third.

The following plants may be found in the interior of Finsbury Circus:—*Blue-bottle*, *Campariclas Carnations*, *Comfrey*, *Cow-slip*, *Crocus*, *Crown Imperial*, *Day Lily*, *Daisy*, *Eupatoria*, *Feverfew*, *French Willow*, *Hollyhock*, *Horse-radish*, *Hyacinth*, *Iris*, *Lily of the Valley*, *London-Pride*, *Mint*, *Monks-hood*, *Orange Lily*, *Parsley Pinks*, *Primrose*, *Ranunculus*, *Rhubarb*, *Solomon's Seal*, *Tulips*, and *Wall-flowers*. Most of these may be found in the Temple-gardens, where also may be seen—*Bay Laurel*, *Daphne Mezereon*, *Rhododendron*, very splendid, and the *Mirabilis Peruvianu*, or *Marvel of Peru*. *Ivy* in a very healthy state, and a most magnificent *Acanth*, growing against the wall, may also be seen in the Temple-gardens; but from their great extent and constant exposure to the Thames, these gardens are hardly a criterion of what will thrive in the centre of a great city.—*Potatoes* will grow in any cellar where they may happen to be left, and some amateurs manage to grow new potatoes to decorate their tables and gratify the vanity of their wives at Christmas and New Year's Day.

HAVING given account of the vegetable productions of the City of London, Dr. Mitchell concluded his lectures by an investigation of the causes which totally prevent the growth of many plants and enfeeble that of all others. Among the most obvious of these, he classed the closeness of the air. "There are philosophers," said he, "who, in the affectation of their own wisdom will say, that this phrase, 'the closeness of the air,' has no meaning. But in this instance, I take my stand with the multitude, and assert that the phrase is correct, and goes a great way towards the explanation of the phenomenon. The idea of close air is not more difficult to conceive than that of stagnant water, and as stagnant water may imbibe many impurities from which running water is kept free, so may the confined air of a great city lose part of its oxygen, and receive more than its natural portion of carbon, and also become mixed up with various effluvia, from half a million of chimneys, from the breathing of human beings and inferior animals, and from the decomposition of masses of animal, and vegetable substances. But the argument of these philosophers is, that on analyzing the air taken from the centre of a city, they are not able to perceive any difference between it and the air taken from the country. The only just inference from this, is, that the art of analyzing is yet in a state of great imperfection, and that the human lungs are in many cases, a much more delicate test, than any yet invented by the chemists. Many persons who find no uneasiness in breathing in the country,

immediately feel pain on breathing the air of a great city. That analysis is very imperfect, even in the case of fluid and mineral substances, is sufficiently evident from the discordant results given by persons who have analyzed the same bodies, although in each case they have carried out their figures to three or four places of decimals; a piece of hypocrisy and affectation, parallel to that of a Chancellor of the Exchequer, laying before Parliament the estimates of the year, amounting to 50 or 60 millions, and professing to give the exact amount, even to the odd shillings, pence and *farthings*. But that all animals deteriorate the air they breathe, is acknowledged, and that combustion has a similar effect is equally certain. That the air in the centre of a city must thence be affected is abundantly obvious, where there are not currents of wind to produce a constant change; and though the deterioration may not produce much effect in a day or a week, yet the effect on the animal frame in months and years may be very considerable. What affects animals, affects also vegetables: for animals and vegetables very nearly resemble each other.

Although chemical analysis can detect nothing, the effect of city air is proved by certain chemical experiments. Muriate of silver tarnishes much more quickly in London than in the country; and water cannot be kept so long from putrefaction in London as in the country. In addition to the impurity of the air in London, physiologists assert, that the want of motion and violence in the air of a great city has an injurious effect on animal life. They allege, that in the organs of respiration, there is not only an apparatus for the reception of fresh air, but also such a construction as to cause the air to come with violence against the lungs, and that the motion and agitation of the external air powerfully aids the effect of this provision of nature. Now no where is there so little agitation of the air as in the City, and I have many times read in the newspapers of terrible gales of wind, of dreadful shipwrecks on the coast, and of the tearing up of trees by the roots in the country, and I never knew that such gales had occurred until I read these accounts. The effect of a large supply of air on vegetable production may be seen in the superior growth of plants on the banks of the Thames and in Temple Gardens. The throwing open wide streets like Regent-street, or like that in contemplation from Black-friars-bridge to Islington, is not only ornamental and convenient, but highly conducive to the salubrity of a great city. The smoke of a great city is also in a high degree hurtful to vegetation. All plants which have gum on their leaves, such as roses, laurels, and the gum cistus, soon perish in London, from the smoke and dust adhering to them. Evergreens suffer more than other plants because their leaves are exposed all the year to the smoke, soot, and foul air. This is the more readily accounted for when we consider that the leaves of plants perform the same functions as the lungs and stomach of animals. From the deleterious effect of smoke on animals and vegetables we may see the benefits which result from effecting a more perfect combustion, and thus diminishing the quantity of smoke; also the good effects of furnaces so constructed as to consume smoke. An oil gas company at Edinburgh began to erect their works in the immediate neighbourhood of the botanic garden, Mr. Ellis remonstrated with the company

on the destruction which must thus ensue to the more delicate plants, and on their refusal to select some other place for their operations laid such evidence before the committee which sat in Parliament on the bill, as had no doubt great weight in inducing them to reject it. The gardener of Finsbury Circus told me that when the London Institution made their own gas, considerable damage was done to the plants by the smoke and effluvia. Happily the loss sustained by the institution induced them to abandon their scheme, and to obtain their gas from the gas company, and thereby the garden was delivered from a destructive nuisance. The use of Sea Coal is supposed to be detrimental to plants. Mr. Fairchild, who wrote in 1722, says, "No other sort of rose (except the white and red Provence Rose) would stand in the City gardens since the use of sea coal; though he was informed that they grew very well in London when the Londoners burnt wood." The influence of the smoke must have increased since 1722, for no roses of any sort either white or red will now grow well, even in the wide and open space of Finsbury Circus. For out of about 400 planted there a few years ago, very few now remain, and those seldom or ever produce any roses.

The population was then about 675,000, half its present amount. St. James's park lay open on one side to the country, and wild ducks and geese bred in marshy ground within it.

Several more delicate plants, like the wealthier order of merchants, have now removed to the west end of the town, to Grosvenor or Bryanstone Squares; and in front of the houses of the suburbs along the roads leading from town, plants may be seen which could not exist in a healthy state within the city. A very influential cause of a feebler vegetation in London than in the country is, that there is a less degree of difference between the lowest temperature in the night, and the highest temperature in the day. The force of vegetation does not so much depend on the absolute degree of heat in the middle of the day as on its excess over that of the night; and it is this difference of temperature which excites the motion of the fluids of vegetables, and causes their growth. The following appear to be among the best means of obviating the obstacles to the growth of plants in London; they are simple, and it is matter of regret that they are not more effective:—

Where the plants grow in gardens out of doors, all that appears to be in our power is to select seeds and roots, shrubs and trees, which from experience, we know to be best suited to the purpose. Some benefit may be derived from watering their leaves, and thereby washing off the dust and soot. As to plants which grow in boxes and pots, we may get fresh earth every spring to replace the soil which has been injured by the smoke and soot. In the case of plants which continue for several years, we may take away as much of the earth as we can without disturbing the roots, and put fresh earth instead. When plants have been placed out of doors for the sake of the air, they may be sheltered in before evening, when the falling of the dew brings down soot and foul air. When the plants are of sufficient value, they may be sent, for a short while to the country, to be invigorated. In this respect there is a great analogy between vegetables and animals. We all experience the benefit of a short journey into the country, and still more

so of residence there for a few weeks. Children, like tender and delicate plants, are weakened by the air of a great city, and removal to the country, as in the case of plants, has a decidedly beneficial effect; and, allow me to say, that the mother who accompanies her children into the country, manifests an affectionate regard for her offspring, and a conscientious desire to qualify herself to undergo the duties which devolve upon her.

[The following lines by *Thomas Moore*, are in accordance with the "spirit of the times," and are curious in their way.]

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

By the Editor of Capt. Rock's Memoirs.

(From the *Metropolitan* for September.)

"The parting Genius is with sighing sent."—MILTON.

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, like that of yore,
Which over the earth its wailings spread,
Crying aloud, "Great Pan is dead!"—
Such Voice I hear, from shore to shore;
From Donfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
"Great Tithe—and Small,—are dead and gone!"

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things,
Which Adam first, as doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream, (1)
After the feast of fruit abhorr'd,—
First indigestion on record!—
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
Ye pigs which, even when Catholics,
Or of Calvin's most select depraved,
In the Church must have your bacon saved;—
Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
And, whatsoever himself believes,
Must bow to th' Established Church-belief,
That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf;—
Ye calves of which the Man of Heaven
Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven; (2)
Ye tenths of rope, hemp, barley, flax,
Eggs, (3) timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
All things, in short, since earth's creation,
Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
To suffer eternal decimation—
Leaving the whole *lay* world, since then,
Reduced to nine parts out of ten;
Or—as we calculate thefts and arsons—
Just *ten per cent*, the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—

The whole put down, in the simplest way.
 By the souls resolving *not* to pay!
 And even the Papists, thankless race,
 Who have had so much the easiest case—
 'To *pay* for our ferrous doom'd, 'tis true.
 But not condemn'd to *hear them*, too—
 (Our holy business being, 'tis known,
 With the ears of their barley, not their own)
 Even *they* object to let us pillage
 By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
 And horror of horrors, even decline,
 'To find us in sacramental wine! (4)

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
 Ah never shall rosy rectors more,
 Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
 And make of his flock "a prey and meat," (5)
 No more shall be his the pastoral sport
 Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
 Through various steps, Citation, Libel,—
 Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible.—
 Working the law's whole apparatus
 'To get at a few pre-doom'd potatoes,
 And summoning all the powers of wig,
 'To settle the fraction of a pig!—
 'Till, parson and all committed deep
 In the case of "Shepherd *versus* Sheep,"
 'The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
 And on Sundays, meeting face to face,
 While plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
 Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
 For *Tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
 Seeking what parsons love no less
 'Than tragic poets, a good *distress*.
 Instead of studying St. Augustin,
 Gregory Nyss, or old St. Justin,
 (Books fit only to board dust in,)
 His reverence stints, his evening readings
 'To learned Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
 Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
 Which forms his only *ancient* study;—
 Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
 Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
 And, had the Saint sipp'd such, no doubt
 His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

And is all then lost?—alas, too true,—
 Yet *Tenths* beloved, adieu! adieu!
 My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er,—
 Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

NOTES TO SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

(1.) A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to "some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

(2) "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right! and if there are seven, he shall have one."—Ree's Cyclopædia, art, "Tithes."

(3) Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that—
 "For the tithing of a duck,
 Or an apple, or an eye (egg),
 They make him swear upon a boke,
 Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

(4) Among the specimens laid before parliament of the sort of church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

(5) Ezekiel xxxiv. 8—"Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them.—v. 10.

HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

ON October 10th, Dr. Stirling delivered an interesting Lecture on Chemistry, illustrated by several experiments.

Oct. 17, Dr. Stirling continued on same subject; dwelling principally on some of the phenomena of heat. A simple and interesting experiment was shown in the course of this lecture. An egg-shaped glass vial, containing some water, was placed over the flame of a lamp, until the water boiled. After boiling for a few moments, the vial was carefully corked, and removed from the lamp. Some time was allowed to elapse, when the vial was put into a glass vessel containing cold water. The consequence of this immersion was, that the water in the vial was put into a state of ebullition, and appeared to boil more fiercely than when over the flame. This was repeated several times, with the same effect. The cause was explained as follows: When the water boiled over the flame, the air above it in the vial became rarified and exhausted by the heat and steam; stopping the vial and allowing it to cool, a partial vacuum was produced between the water and the upper part of the glass, by introducing it into the vessel of cold water; the steam was condensed and thrown down, and no pressure of air being on the surface of the warm water, the slight remaining heat was sufficient to produce the ebullition. (An article on Heat, is among *Varieties* in this number.)

Oct. 24. Dr. Grigor—President of the Institute—delivered a

Lecture on Pneumatics, or the doctrine of Air. This lecture was well adapted to impart pleasing and valuable information. After giving some account of the Baconian Philosophy, as contrasted with the blundering and nonsense of the Aristotlean school, the lecturer imagined a young man attracted by science and enquiring for himself concerning the wonders of the Atmosphere. Following the progress of this disciple of nature, the lecturer proceeded step by step, developing and proving his science, in an agreeable and most satisfactory manner.

Oct. 31. Dr. Grigor continued on Pneumatics.

The two last mentioned lectures were rendered peculiarly interesting by the exhibition of various experiments with the air pump. Among which were the following: a glass cylinder—or tumbler-shaped glass—one end of which was enclosed, by a piece of bladder being strained and firmly tied over it, was placed under the air-pump receiver and exhausted. The bladder was forced by the pressure of the air, into a cup-shaped form; the receiver was removed, and a small incision was suddenly made in the bladder; the rushing of the air into the vacuum, occasioned a very loud startling report.—A tumbler of warm water was placed under the receiver, and violent ebullition followed the removal of the air.—A bladder nearly emptied of air, was introduced under the receiver, when the surrounding air was exhausted, the air in the bladder expanded so as to entirely fill it.—Pieces of silver money and feathers were dropped from a high, exhausted glass, when it was found that the light and heavy articles fell with equal force. A piece of cork same weight as a piece of lead were placed in a small balance under the receiver; in the absence of air, the cork weighed down the lead, in consequence of its greater bulk, which bulk made it weigh less when surrounded by the atmosphere.

The apparatus imported by the Institute will give additional value to lectures on practical science; and will increase the interest, and help to ensure the stability of this growing Institution, which promises to be a source of utility and respectability to Halifax and the Province at large.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

NOTES ON THE ENGLISH PEERAGE.—Duke of Norfolk. Bernard Edward Howard, born in 1765.

The Duke of Norfolk of James the Second's time was a staunch *Protestant*. "One day," says Burnet, "the King gave the Duke

of Norfolk the Sword of State to carry before him to the Popish Chapel: and he stood at the door. Upon which the King said to him, 'My Lord, your father would have gone further:' to which the Duke answered, 'Your Majesty's father was the better man, and he would not have gone so far.'" It was owing to his nephew succeeding him that the title came again into the Roman Catholic line.

Ancestry is but a relative affair. In 1621, when Lord Spencer was talking about what their ancestors did in the House of Lords, Lord Arundel cut him short, saying, "My Lord, when these things you speak of were doing, your ancestors were keeping sheep." Spencer instantly replied, "When my ancestors, as you say, were keeping sheep, your ancestors were plotting treason!"

Lord Howard, the first Duke of Norfolk, commonly called Jockey of Norfolk, was a pensioner of France, and received, in addition to his pension from Louis the Eleventh, in less than two years, in money and plate, 24,000 crowns by way of direct bribe. —(*Phillip de Commines*.) He got all the honours of Earl Marshal from the Mowbrays, Dukes of Norfolk, just then extinct, in return for his favouring the usurpation of Richard Crookback. He was killed with his master, in Bosworth Field, August 22d, 1485. The first of this line was killed in battle, and the three next were all executed on Tower Hill; the fourth died in the Tower.

Thomas, Earl of Arundel, seventh in descent from Jockey of Norfolk, a man of proud and peculiar habits, introduced the Arundel marbles into England.

Duke of Richmond. Charles Lennox; born in 1791

Duke of Grafton. George Henry Fitzroy; born in 1760.

Duke of Beaufort. Henry Charles Somerset; born in 1766.

Duke of St. Albans. William Aubrey De Vere Beauclerk.

It is remarkable that so many of the highest rank of nobility, in so moral a country as England, should be the produce of concubinage.

Lennox, first Duke of Richmond, was the son of Charles the Second, by a French woman, who was made Duchess of Portsmouth, in England; and Louis the Fourteenth, who was always glad to ennoble a bastard or his mother, made her Duchess D' Aubign in France, with a large domain; and this was retained by the Dukes of Richmond till the French revolution.

Fitzroy, first Duke of Grafton, son of Charles the Second, by Barbara Villiers, afterwards Lady Castlemaine, created Duchess of Cleveland.

Beauclerk, first Duke of St. Albans, son of Charles the Second, by E'anor Gwyn, the actress.

The descent in the *Beaufort* line is doubly bastard. The first Beaufort was a natural son of John of Gaunt: his descendant became Duke of Somerset, who, being beheaded after the battle of Hexham, left only a natural son, Charles, who took the name of Somerset—he probably did not know that of his mother, and dared not take that of Beaufort. He married the Heiress of the Earl of Huntingdon, and was created Lord Herbert, and afterwards (1514) Earl of Worcester.

The Marquis of Worcester was of great service to Charles the First and his son, during and after the civil wars; after the

restoration he was made Duke of Beaufort. It was to this Marquis of Worcester that Charles the Second granted that extraordinary patent by which he was empowered to create peerages himself, without reference to the King, and which he was obliged to surrender at the demand of the House of Lords.

Duke and Earl of Bedford. John Russel: born in 1766. The rise of the Bedford family is curious, though undeserving the attack of Burke.—Philip, Archduke of Austria, bound for Spain, was obliged to put in from stress of weather, at Weymouth. He was here attended by Mr. John Russel, a gentleman who had travelled, and could converse with him. When the Archduke went to court at Windsor, (in 21 Henry VIII.) Mr. Russell accompanied him; was recommended to Henry by the Prince, for his attention and intelligence; and became a court favourite. He had part of the spoils of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham; and at the dissolution of religious houses, a very considerable share of valuable property, more especially the Abbey lands of Tavistock.

Duke of Devonshire. William Spencer Cavendish; born in 1790. The glory of this family is the having produced the Hon. Henry Cavendish (son of Lord Charles Cavendish, brother to the third Duke.) “Since the death of Newton,” said Sir Humphrey Davy, “England has sustained no scientific loss so great as that of Cavendish. His name will be an immortal honour to his house, his age, and his country.” His discoveries respecting the nature of air and water laid the foundation of modern chemistry. He died worth one million two hundred thousand pounds—accumulation.

Duke of Atholl. John Murray; born in 1755. “All antiquarians are agreed that the common ancestor of the Murrays is one Friskinus, a gentleman of note and figure in the reign of King David.” Such is the information we derive from heralds and antiquaries.

Marquis of Lansdowne. Henry F. Petty; born in 1780. The founder of his family was a physician and a man of science, Sir William Petty. He made a large fortune in Ireland, by purchasing land at a time when it was greatly depreciated. He was engaged in the survey of Ireland, and was secretary to Oliver Cromwell. Though the Lansdownes have assumed the name of Petty, Petty is only the maternal name: the male branch is that of Fitzmaurice, Earls of Kerry.

Marquis of Londonderry. C. W. Vane Stewart; born in 1775. A cavalry officer, who became an ambassador, because his brother was a minister. His motto ought to be the sentence pencilled by Lord Liverpool on the back of his application for a pension—“*this is too bad.*” He is a great proprietor of coal mines, through his wife, the heiress of Sir Harry Vane Tempest; a ward in Chancery, whom he carried by a *coup de main* in opposition to all her connexions.

Earl of Fitzwilliam. William Wentworth; born in 1748. The history of this family is very curious, and the documents of a nature scarcely to be doubted. It is descended from Sir William Godric, cousin to the Confessor; whose son and heir, Sir William Fitzwilliam, was ambassador at the court of William, Duke of Normandy, A.D. 1066; and came over with him as Marshal of his

army, and fought at the battle of Hastings; at which battle William gave him a scarf from his arm in honour of his bravery. From this man, in lineal descent of heirs male, comes the present venerable Earl.—*London Spectator*.

IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS, TRADERS, LAWYERS UNDERWRITERS AND SHIPOWNERS.—Numbers, even amongst the first lawyers and merchants, do not understand the language of insurance.—I have found many who had indeed paid for insurance, but who, from misconception, had not secured indemnity; and who, being maladvised by barristers equally as themselves unacquainted with the following technicalities, principles and customs, were ready to rush from trivial loss into certain and ruinous nonsuit.

Average—Means a loss or damage amounting to such a per centage on the sound value of the article insured, as will enable the assured, to claim from the assurers.

General Average—Is a contribution, by all property preserved, to reimburse, in the ratio of its value, all expences incurred for necessary assistance, or to make good the due proportion of the damage voluntarily done to any of the interests on board a ship, in order to preserve the whole concern from impending danger.

Salvage Charges—Are expences incurred in saving wreck or property from *absolute* peril.

Free from Particular Average.—When goods are thus insured “there are five cases in which the assured can claim—First, for amount of general average; second, for amount of salvage charges; third, in case of a total loss of the whole; fourth, in case of a total loss of part—and fifth, under a *specific abandonment*, which must be made when the goods are so deteriorated as to be worth very little; for, if there be not an abandonment, no matter how greatly damaged the goods may be, if they remain in *species* there is no claim.

Subject to separate Average.—When goods are thus insured the assured can claim for particular average on either the whole shipment or on any single box, parcel or package, individual piece or article. If the goods consist of more species than one, they should be insured “*subject to particular average, and without distinction of species*,” which confers the option of claiming on the whole, as otherwise, the assured cannot claim for *particular* average on the aggregate.

Custom.—Custom has the force of law; but *general practice* does not constitute custom.

Under this head it is worthy to remark:—

First, Goods carried on Deck.—Underwriters or assurers do not with one or two exceptions, recognise the custom, nor do they hold themselves liable for any loss or damage on goods so carried, unless their being shipped on deck be specifically mentioned in the policy.

Second—When goods carried on deck are so specifically insured, and they be *gellisoned* or thrown overboard, or otherwise damaged or destroyed to save the vessel and the remainder of the cargo, there is then *no* general average, and the assurers alone are liable for the amount lost or damaged.

Third.—When goods carried on deck are not insured, and they

be damaged or thrown overboard for the preservation of the ship and cargo, there is no general average; and the owner of such goods is the *sole loser*.

Fourth.—And yet, if damage be done to the ship, or any of the cargo, carried according to *custom* in the hold or *otherwise*, for the preservation or benefit of the whole concern, the deck loading, or any portion of it preserved thereby, must contribute, in the ratio of its value, to make good the sacrifice.

HEAT.—Heat is more common and more universally diffused, than any other substance connected with our earth. Every particle of air, water, earth, metals, every tree and leaf, every quadruped, fish or insect, contains more or less heat. And various bodies feel cold, not because they have no heat, but because they have less than our bodies, and therefore take it from them. Most bodies contain heat stored up within them, which is not perceptible to our senses, and may frequently be brought out and rendered sensible. Water which is even cold to the hand, when mixed with three times its quantity of sulphuric acid, is rendered more than boiling hot. The heat is thrown out of the water, because it becomes more solid than before, and cannot retain all the heat it had in store. If water be mixed with lime, and cause it to slack, a portion of it becomes as solid as the lime itself, and of course can retain but a small quantity of the heat it had when liquid, and consequently throws off, or renders sensible an intense heat, and sometimes sets on fire ships or other vessels which contain it.

A piece of iron, which does not feel hot to the hand, may be made red hot, by giving it upon an anvil a few quick and smart blows, which press out the insensible heat and render it sensible.

The air contained in a fire syringe, by a sudden compression, may be made to throw off heat enough to set fire to timber, or a piece of cotton prepared for the purpose.

The friction of machinery, and of the limbs of trees, sometimes brings out so much insensible or latent heat, and renders it sensible, as to throw a manufactory or forest into conflagration.

Although many bodies are not hot, but intensely cold, when tested by our senses, they may still be rendered more cold, or made to give up heat, which is proof that they contain it. And it is supposed that every particle of matter, from the highest point in the atmosphere, to the centre of the earth, and even every atom of matter in other worlds and other systems, contains a portion of heat, to whatever degree of cold it may be reduced.

Heat is not only common and almost universal in its existence, but is less so on its application. Being deprived during the winter of a portion of the heat which the suns sends us in rich abundance during the summer, chills our earth and locks it up in frost; and but for a seasonably returning spring, it would cease to afford sustenance either to the animal or vegetable creation. If he should withhold, even but a portion of his heat from our earth for a single year, it would present one vast and dismal gloom without a man an animal or a plant living upon its surface.—*Family Lyceum*.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS FROM MR. AUDUBON.—“ I have to announce you the discovery of a new wren, or as I must call it, a

Troglodyte. I would gladly come from Boston—nay, from Philadelphia itself, fifty-~~wo~~ times per annum into these parts, (Denysville) could I be sure of being thus each time rewarded. The little rogue was shot in the deepest recesses of the darkest woods, where beds of mosses full knee deep spread themselves by acres—where the sun seldom peeps and where man seldom walks—it breeds hereabouts, and I know a good deal of its tricks and actions. I have made a fine drawing (excuse my saying so, Heaven knows if by and bye it will be believed that I ever drew a bird) of the *Tetrao Canadiensis* of four figures, and some rare plants to me. These birds build in the State, and are found in it during all seasons. I have eight, some of which are in beautiful plumage.” —*Philadelphia Gazette*.

ANOTHER EXTRACT.—“ We remained here one week, but finding only a few birds and those well known, we removed eighteen miles into the interior, to a prettily situated village at the head of the Denys River, and of the same name—inhabitants kind, industrious, and temperate in every sense of the word. The country richly diversified by hills and dales, and the *Tetrao Canadensis*, accompanied by new *Troglodytes* enriching the deep forests around. Yes, my good friend, another new Wren—the Wood Wren I call it for the present. The streams abound with trout, and there are also some salmon. I made a drawing of the new Wren and of the *Tetrao Canadensis*, or Spruce Partridge, of four figures, which I will take great pleasure in shewing you when next we meet, and I hope it will be about the end of the present month. I have good news from England—my work is going on well. We intend ascending the St. John’s river 150 miles or so, and return.—We were sadly too late to go to the coast of Labrador with effect. The spring is the proper time.” *Sept. 12.*

RECORD

THE Elections continue to engross public attention in Great Britain. Tithe outrages make Irish items of fearful interest; obnoxious persons fall victims to the infuriated peasantry, tithe valuations and collections are opposed, and occasion military assaults in which several lives are lost. The Repeal has again come prominently forward and, if we may judge from former exertions, the “ Repealers” will probably be successful.

Sir Walter Scott, the celebrated Novel Writer, died at his seat, Abbotsford, on the 21st of September, in his 62 year.

Doctor Adam Clarke, Methodist Minister, author of a Commentary on the Bible and other works, died on the 26th of August, in his 72 year.

(Obituary notices of those eminent individuals have been omitted on account of want of space in this number; they will appear in our next.)

Last accounts from Portugal, report an assault made on Don Pedro at Oporto, which was successfully repulsed. Matters still seem very doubtful between the Rival Brothers.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Subscriber addresses a few words to his friends and the public, in appearing before them as the Proprietor of the HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

He purposes to increase the interest and usefulness of the MAGAZINE, by providing that it shall appear in the first week of each month *without exception*, and that additional care shall be taken in its arrangement, original papers and notices. The subscriber has been kindly promised literary assistance, and he takes this opportunity of soliciting contributions, and of pledging that every attention shall be paid such favours.

The Subscriber also purposes adding eight pages to each number, when the price will be one shilling sterling, for 56 pages. These alterations, respecting time of appearing, size and price, will take place in December next, the commencement of the half year of the volume, if present subscribers do not object, and if sufficient additional encouragement be received.

To be enabled to bring up the periodical under his care to the standard which he contemplates, it will be essential, that his list should be considerably increased. He now solicits additional signatures, thankful for former kindnesses, and for promises respecting the future. Subscription list will lie at Mr. Cunnabell's Printing Office.

With much respect,

J. S. THOMPSON.

MARRIED.—At Halifax, October 2d, Mr. John Wright, to Miss Mary Reid.—6th, Rev. A. M'Nut, to Miss Abigail Starr.—13th, Mr. John Adams, to Miss Charlotte M. Thompson.—16th, Mr. Edward Kenny, to Miss Ann Forestall.—22d, Mr. William Ross, to Miss Margaret Bissett.—24th, Mr. Richard Loures, to Miss Frances Leguire.—25th, Mr. James Walsh, to Miss E. Short.—Mr. Edward Falvey, to Miss Margaret Stewart.—30th, Mr. Wm. Knowles, to Miss Eliza Gohegan.—At Shelburne, Oct. 7th, Mr. J. D. A. White, to Miss Maria Rowland.—At Truro, Oct. 10th, Mr. John Johnston, to Miss Rebecca Dickson.—At Horton, Oct. 13th, Mr. E. Davidson, to Miss Olivia Dewolf.—At Pictou, Oct. 16th, Mr. Simon Cashon, to Miss Eliza Brown.—18th, Mr. John M'Intosh, to Miss Mary Berry.—23d, Mr. Charles Rogers, to Miss Margaret Cotter.—At Gulf Shore, Oct. 23d, Mr. Angus M'Eachran, to Miss J. Dwyre.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Oct. 1st, Miss Harriet Burket.—Mrs. Jane Wood, aged 75.—5th, Mrs. Eleanor M'Donald, aged 65.—11th, Mr. George Ormond, aged 42.—14th, Mrs. Mary Ridgway, aged 70.—17th, William Henry M'Farlen, aged 16.—18th, Mr. M'Donald.—29th, Mr. R. Clukes, aged 63.—At Liverpool, Oct. 6th, Mr. James M'Lennan, aged 66.—18th, Miss Ann Eleanor Cocken, aged 37.—At Sydney, Oct. 18th, Otto Schwartz, Esq. aged 72.—At Antigonish, Oct. 18th, David M'Queen, Esq.—At Pictou, Oct. 1st, Mrs. Isabella Logan, aged 28.—21st, Mrs. Christiana M'Kenzie, aged 28.

Drowned, during the night of 19th ult. from a boat in Halifax harbour, two soldiers of 96th Regt.

Printed by J. S. Cunnabell, Argyle-street, opposite the south-west corner of the Parade.

ADVERTISEMENT S.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the FREE PRESS Office, and at the Bookstore of A. & W. M'Kinlay; The *FARMER'S ALMANACK*. for the Year of Our Lord 1833,—containing, calculations of the Weather, Tides, Directions for entering Halifax and other principal Harbours, and a variety of Astronomical, Nautical, Agricultural and other useful and necessary information.

THE HALIFAX FREE PRESS,

Is printed every Tuesday, by Edmund Ward, and sent to the country free of postage for fifteen shillings per annum. It is chiefly devoted to literature and politics, contains as much reading as either of the other Halifax papers; and while it does not encourage a factious opposition to government, will always be found ranged on the side of rational freedom and opposed to misrule.

EDUCATION.

THE MISSES AYLWARD Beg leave to acquaint the respectable public, that they have opened a DAY SCHOOL for young Ladies, in Jacob-Street, opposite Poplar Grove; where they flatter themselves a good English Education will be inculcated, including writing, arithmetic, geography, needle work, &c. &c.—Terms moderate. The most unquestionable reference can be given if required.

Halifax, July, 1832,

W. & G. MAGY, TAILORS,

HAVING taken the Shop No. 39, Barrington Street, lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Sutton, Saddler, respectfully intimate that they have commenced the above business in all its branches, and are prepared to execute orders in their line in the neatest and most fashionable style.

May, 1832.

SIMEON A. SMITH. *Auctioneer and Commission Merchant*, OFFERS his services, and respectfully solicits the patronage of his friends and the public generally. He will attend to the disposal of Cargoes of vessels, articles of Merchandize, Furniture, &c. &c. in front of his store in Hollis Street; or at such places as are most convenient for those who may honour him with their patronage.

April, 1832.

SMITHERS & STUDLEY, *Decorative and General Painters.*

RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Halifax and its vicinity, that they have commenced business in the above line, in all its branches at No. 67, Barrington Street, opposite the residence of the Chief Justice, where orders will be received and executed with neatness and dispatch.

July.

ANDREW B. JENNINGS, *House, Ship and Sign Painter, and Glazier,*

BEGS leave to inform his friends and the public in general, that he has moved his Painting and Glazing Business to the shop in Hollis-Street, direct opposite the Store of Messrs Hunter & Chambers. All orders in his line will be carefully attended to.

April, 1832.

H. HAMILTON, *Cabinet-Maker, &c.*

RETURNS thanks for past favours, and respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has lately removed to the Shop in Granville-street, two doors north of the Chocolate Manufactory, where he continues to execute orders in the above business, on moderate terms; and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

* * Venetian Blinds neatly made.—Funerals carefully conducted. Nov.

LETTER-PRESS PRINTING.

J. S. CUNNABELL executes Plain and Ornamental Printing, at his Office, Argyle-street, opposite the south-west corner of the Parade, Halifax, N. S.