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The Power

Vol. 2. No. 7. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
Halifax Monthly
MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1831.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY J. S. CURNABE.

1831.

Removal.

GEORGE PHILLIPS,

BOOK-BINDER, &c.

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

Corner of Duke and Argyle-street ;

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

☞ Blank paper bound to order.

July.

TO BE PUBLISHED,

As soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers can be obtained, The
“Witch of the Westcot,” a Tale of Nova-
Scotia, and other Poems,

BY ANDREW SHIELS,

The work will contain 220 pages, octavo, in a fine new type, and on good paper, the price to Subscribers 7s. 6d.

☞ Subscriptions will be received at the book Stores of Mr. C. H. Belcher, and Mr. MacKinlay, and at this office. Feb.

JOHN FOX,

Hard and Soft Bread Baker,

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

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

PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.

Andrew B. Jennings,

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

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

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

EDWARD HEFFERAN;

Chair Maker,

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

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

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

EDUCATION.

GEORGE THOMSON'S

**English and Commercial Academy, upper side
the Parade,**

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

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

September 1831.

H. Hamilton,

Cabinet Maker, &c.

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

**Two doors north of the Chocolate
Manufactory;**

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

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



SMITHERS and STUDLEY,
Decorative and General Painters.

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

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

where orders will be received and executed with neatness and dispatch.
July, 1831.

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

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

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

Dutch-Village, 20th July, 1831.

* * * A reference will be given at this office.

FREDERICK FREDERICKSON,
CONFECTIONER,

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

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

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

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

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

Monthly Advertiser.

DECEMBER, 1831.

J. W. LORRY,
Tailor and Habit Maker, from London.

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

Halifax, November 1, 1831.

Just Published,

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

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

A. L. FLOHR, Tailor,
NO. 39, BARRINGTON STREET,

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

**Black, blue and other fashionable coloured
Cloths and Cassimeres ;**

which he will make up in the most fashionable manner, on moderate terms. November 1.

GEORGE HAMILTON, Tailor,

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

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

THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

DECEMBER 1, 1831.

No. 10.

THE MOORS.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

At a very early period in the history of Islamism, a tribe, one of the rudest among the Arabs, and to whom their neighbours, had given the name of *Saracens*, from an Arabic word signifying "desert,"* thus decisively designating at once their origin and their habits, appears to have adopted, and zealously propagated the law and religion of Mahomet.

At a much earlier time, and one anterior to all History, at any rate authentic History, the whole of those fertile and delicious regions which stretch across the north of Africa from the western borders of the Syrtis to the shores of the Atlantic, appears to have been occupied by various savage tribes, who seem to have borne the common name of *Moors*; a term, whose extreme antiquity is proved by the obscurity in which its meaning is involved.† The western part of the countries inhabited by these people was called Mauritania;—towards the east was situated the kingdom of the famous Jugurtha; and here, if any where, we may search for and expect to find the remains of the ancient Numidians.

The Saracens, who appear not after their adoption of the creed of Mahomet, and though they were otherwise making rapid advances in civilization and refinement, in any degree to have divested themselves of their pristine character of ferocious valour, speedily over-ran Syria; extended themselves over the north of Africa; and subsequently made descents upon, and conquered, several large portions of the South of Europe.

On their conquering the ancient Moors and settling those countries, where their power was afterwards consolidated, and their descendants now remain, in the several states of Tunis, (anciently the seat of the ever-celebrated *Carthage*), Tripoli, Algiers, and Morocco; they seem like the Tartar conquerors of Ancient China, to have adopted the name of the people they vanquished; and styled themselves by the designation they had borne, Moors: and by this name in European, and particularly Spanish, history they are best known; the terms Arabs and Saracens being of much less frequent occurrence.

Unlike however the Tartars, who appear to have been a savage horde overwhelming and subduing an effeminate people, but one

*An etymology from a word signifying "Eastern" has also been advanced.

†Sometimes referred to a term implying "West" or "from the West."

far more civilized than themselves, and who not only adopted the name, but at the same time, the manners, customs and habits of the conquered; the Saracens, who were much more polished than the barbarians they subjected, were the means of introducing and establishing a more elevated style of manners and learning, and widely spreading an elegant and polished dialect, over a large extent of country. For, while Europe tho' christianized, was immersed in barbarism, and comparatively ignorant of the arts of policy and government, the Saracens were already collected into several states despotic in principle, yet flourishing in circumstances; and were as far superior to the *then* inhabitants of Europe in the arts of social life, as the nations of the East are now inferior to *their* descendants.

They were the leading scholars of the age; particularly in Alchemy, the lofty aim of which science, it is scarcely requisite to observe was neither more nor less than the universal transmutation or change of all metals into gold, and the discovery of an elixir that should confer immortality; and which though vain in its object and fruitless in its pursuit, led them while prosecuting its chimerical attainment, to make those numerous and varied experiments which were highly instrumental in promoting the study and discoveries of true chemistry. In mathematics and astronomy they were also, considering their opportunities and means, proficient; and in short they were the masters of all that was then known, of what are called the Exact Sciences, and the grand depositories of all that belonged to the arts and sciences most conducive not only to the useful, but ornamental, in civilized life.

They had, as has just been observed, conquered a considerable portion of Africa, where they had been for some time settled; when one of those apparently purely scrupulous circumstances, and which though based on the worst intentions and passions of mankind, affords one more additional proof, if more were needed; how an ever-over-ruling Providence, out of evil produces good; and entirely moulds mankind as instruments in working out its grandest designs, when they believe they are, and even appear to be most implicitly and unrestrainedly following their own imaginations and impulses; occurred, and was the means of introducing them into Europe.

The Goths, one of those barbarous nations which during the latter ages of the Empire over-ran Europe, and assisted in finally subverting the dominion of luxurious Rome, had invaded and founded a kingdom in Spain, and also extended their settlements along the northern coast of Africa.

At the period of which we are about to speak, Roderic, the last of the Gothic kings, reigned in Spain.

The Moors, vigorously pushing their conquests, at length besieged the fortress of Ceuta, in Africa.

Count Julian, the lieutenant of king Roderic, was absent, defending this important fortress against them; their aim in subjecting which, it may be reasonably inferred, from its geographical po-

sition, was with an eye to some future and extensive invasion of Europe ; when Roderic unmindful of his duties as a king and a man, availed himself of Julian's absence to offer one of the vilest of insults, to his daughter Florinda, (who is called Cava by the Moors.) Julian, incensed at this outrage, and blind to every consideration, but the indulgence of his revenge, invited the Moors to invade Spain. They did so, and landed at, and gave a name to, the celebrated rock, which is now called Gibraltar;—from two Arabic words Gebel, a rock, and Tarek, leader.

The Moors having thus, thro' the blind agency of Count Julian, succeeded in obtaining a footing in Spain, which they speedily over-ran and where they remained settled for several centuries, were undoubtedly an intermediate means in the hands of Providence, by introducing superior civilization and manners into Europe, of preparing its inhabitants for a purer form of christianity.

The country that the Moors longest and last possessed in Spain was the kingdom of Grenada. Spain at an earlier period, was situated precisely as England was during the times of the Heptarchy, and until its various kingdoms were reduced, under Egbert, into a monarchy; and was not entirely divested of this character until Ferdinand and Isabella, by the conquest of Grenada, brought the whole country under one dominion.

This event happened in 1492, at the time of the discovery of America by Columbus; and it is said that at this period their numbers amounted to 3,000,000. On the fall of Grenada great numbers immediately withdrew from Spain, but many continued to reside in that and the adjacent provinces; till in 1609 from 4 to 600,000 were summarily driven away by Philip the third to Africa.*

This has been by many, and truly, if the correctness of the principle, that population is the real riches of a country, be admitted; deemed an act highly unjustifiable and impolitic, and must,—together with the previous expulsion, by Ferdinand and Isabella, of 800,000 Jews, with all their property,—have tended materially and lastingly to affect the numbers, industry and wealth of that kingdom.

In an earlier period of their annals, which was not noticed in its regular chronological order, that the history of their descent on Spain might not be interrupted; they succeeded in penetrating into France: but after having extended their inroad as far as the northern parts of Poictou, were defeated by Charles Martel, the grand-father of the celebrated Emperor Charlemagne, with an immense slaughter of 300,000 men, in a tremendous battle which was fought for seven days between Poitiers and Tours. This event deciding whether the religion of Christ or Mahomet was to be that of Europe; and shewing that the purposes of Pro-

*The Moors when expelled from Spain, on their arrival in Africa, took the name of "Moriscoes, which name they bear there to this day; the derivation from this term of the Sur-name of "Morriscy," is not improbable.

vidence had been sufficiently answered by their settlement and continuance in Spain : that the Saracen power had, for certain ends, been allowed to reach its acme, and that thenceforward it was to decline, and make way for the operation of other, and still more efficient means of change. And thus they, like the Amalekites and Philistines of old in Palestine, (which very country the Saracens in fact in after ages possessed) ; and who tho' they were permitted to hold Canaan only preparatory to the settlement of the Jews, were not expelled till the measure of their iniquities was filled ; contributed the natural means of preparing and introducing a change, tending to the general benefit and improvement of mankind. In Spain the Moors left many magnificent structures, which still remain to testify their superior civilization. And it may be remarked that it is to them we are indebted, through the introduction by the Crusaders, for the Cathedral style of architecture in Europe.

The reflection here naturally suggests itself, that the revenge of Count Julian tho' productive of good, was not yet the less evil in itself ;—that any good that did result from the invasion of the Moors, was not intended or foreseen by him : and that evil, tho' the means of good, and evidently so, in the hands of Providence, does not, in consequence of its possessing in such hands, such a quality, confer a right on mortals to its use. As its mode of working is incalculable, unforeseen and inappreciable by us, our use or employment of it, just the same as that of any other means of whose principles we are ignorant, is illicit and unallowable.

The conquest of Ireland, by the English, in its circumstances, referred as well to causes as consequences, though apparently productive of less important changes, bears a close resemblance to that of Spain by the Moors. The Irish, in the reign of Henry II. were much behind the English in point of civilization ; being divided into several clans, commanded by petty chieftains ; and were in short little better than savages ; though they appear, or at least some tribes of them, to have possessed at an earlier period, a greater degree of polish and learning, which, in latter times they had lost. Roderic O'Connor one of their kings, having suffered a wrong from another king, very similar in character to that recounted in the history of Count Julian, invited an English Nobleman to bring his forces, and assist him in revenging himself on his enemy. The English came and conquered his adversary ; but he had unwittingly and unintentionally invoked a force which he was at once unable to restrain or direct : the English, as the Moors in Spain, and the Saxons of old in England, first assisted in overwhelming his foes, and then applied themselves to conquer the whole Island in detail ; in which finally they were successful, and it has never since been able to free itself from the British dominion.

On further considering the condition of Spain in particular and Europe in general, previous to the arrival of the Moors, we may perceive that in their conquest of that country, and the results

produced by it, a great similarity exists between it and the successive invasions and conquests of England by the Romans, Saxons and Normans; and which if they do not present the same identity of circumstances in their achievement, as that of Ireland, just referred to, holds with regard to the Moorish conquest of Spain, were yet more momentous in their operation.

This comparison more particularly applies to the invasion of the Saxons, who being also invited by the weaker party to assist in wreaking vengeance on the stronger, conquered both; and continued to hold the Island in subjection for several centuries.

They were superior in arts to the Britons; who though somewhat polished by those great masters and pioneers of civilization, the Romans; had at the same time been kept purposely ignorant of the use of arms, in order that they might the more easily be retained under their dominion; the effects of which policy were apparent in the speedy loss, on the retreat of their foreign masters, of what tincture of refinement they had acquired during their sojourn.

The Saxons, appear to a certain point, to have performed their part in urging on the march of civilization; but at last, at the time of the Norman invasion, from their insular position, to have fallen behind the rest of Europe in this respect; and by a curious and similar fatality to have suffered their expertness in arms to become impaired.

The Normans then stepped in, and infused a new portion of superior refinement.

The Crusades then immediately followed, at which period the inhabitants of Syria and Palestine, the field of their transaction, were of the same race, religion and language as the conquerors of Spain.

These expeditions undertaken and executed on the most absurd principles, and in as great an ignorance of their final tendencies and results, as the invasions of Europe by the Saracens; were probably permitted for the same purposes, and at any rate visibly contributed to produce the same results. For being undertaken by a greater and more general confederacy of European nations, than had perhaps ever been witnessed, they,—together with the diffusion over Europe of the inhabitants of Constantinople, which followed the capture of this city by the Turks, at a somewhat subsequent period;—were the means of bringing Europe acquainted with the learning and manners of the east; and of producing a proportionately greater interchange of knowledge of character and thought, and consequently invention and improvement than any thing that had ever occurred in the history of mankind.

The Crusades were directly introductive to a knowledge of India—and eventually of the enterprise which led to the adventure and discovery of Columbus.

Thus do events so incalculably overwhelming and operating, flow from sources so remote and apparently inadequate to produce their final results.

ANSWER OF PRAYER.

WRITING of an alledged miraculous cure, a periodical called the *Morning Watch*, avers :

‘ So far from thinking the cure of ‘ Miss Fancourt extraordinary, whether miraculous or not, we believe that hundreds and thousands of similar cases have occurred in our own times, among the poor in spirit who are rich in faith.’ (P. 213.) ‘ It is a mere mockery of God to pray without expecting an answer ; and that such answers to prayer, such *miracles*, have experienced by every believer ; ‘ that the life of faith cannot subsist without them ; and that, so far from wondering at the occurrence of miracles, we wonder at their apparent rarity, and could adduce from our own experience, and that of intimate friends, fact of daily occurrence as supernatural as the sudden cure of Miss Fancourt.’ (p. 150.) ‘ Every miracle is an answer to prayer, and the prayer of faith is omnipotent.’ (P. 149.)

A statement of this description cannot be made so much in utter ignorance, as in complete defiance of every thing which pious, yet reasonable men (Christian and even heathen) have ever thought or written upon that most difficult subject—prayer. It is false philosophically, if we consider the duty of prayer on principles of reason and natural religion. It must be false, as a matter of scriptural interpretation, if we find the whole evidence of history and of our own experience, in contradiction with the meaning which these declarations affix to particular passages in the Bible. It must be false also morally, from the mischievousness which such language often has produced, and must produce again, by misleading honest, but dreaming and fuming spirits.

A pleasure in religious considerations, is a necessary mark and consequence of a devotional spirit. Such considerations will also, from a consciousness of our weakness, probably generally end by assuming more or less the character of prayer. Instead of criticising the tendency, or checking it in himself or others, a pious mind must delight in the privilege of almost personal intercourse, which this form of address implies. It is only when the privilege is misunderstood, and abused to the caprices of extravagant delusion, that reason is called on to interpose a few moderating suggestions. There are certain prayers which, as is said of certain prophecies, do their own work, and fulfil themselves. In Praying to be holier and better, there can be no mistake either in the propriety of the object, or in the certainty of the result. But prayer, in the strict and limited sense of a direct petition for some specific and tangible favour—for visible and outward things—is the lowest and most doubtful expression in which religious feeling can indulge. What is called *saying our prayers* ought to be a far wiser and nobler exercise—an adoration of the divine perfections, a deep gratitude for the blessings of this

life, and for the expectation of a better—an awful sense of the divine presence, (at once the most inspiring of all encouragements, and the most efficient of all controls for our degenerate nature,) an intense acknowledgment of entire dependence, a throwing ourselves into the arms, or rather at the feet of one ‘who knoweth our infirmities before we ask, and our ignorance in asking.’ So considered and practised, prayer is a religious instinct which in some shape or other can never be long dormant in the hearts of those who believe in God as in a friend and father. In proportion as we were to arrive at more perfect views of God, and become less and less imperfect in our own characters, we should probably be less disposed to abandon these heights of religious aspiration, and descend to lower ground. It need not be questioned, however, but that in our present state the sphere of celestial vision may often be reduced, and definite subjects selected, with unmixed benefit. Most of us would naturally, and many do habitually, proceed much further towards the using prayer as a catalogue of earthly wants. It has even been made an objection to public service, that it is not capable of being rendered sufficiently individual. Now, in this respect, as far as the effect upon ourselves is concerned, nothing, it may be allowed, can be more salutary or purifying, than to bring the particulars and details of our interests, and thoughts, and feelings, at once into the presence-chamber of God. Superstition can rarely have so corrupted its conceptions of the divine character, that our conduct and motives will not change their nature for the better by the sanctity of the place. This advantage is so valuable, and the difficulty of discovering any successful method of refreshing, and, as it were, ventilating our impure moral atmosphere by the breath of life, is so great, that a man might well shrink from the thought of disturbing a single inducement to prayer on the part of any of his fellow-creatures, merely because the inducement in its actual condition would not stand the test of philosophical analysis. But no error can, on the long run, really serve God or man. And it is the nature of this particular error to be exposed to hourly risks of heated exaggeration, such as shall speedily overbalance any good purpose to be served by it in more cautious hands. We are, it is true, permitted to ask, but we are not permitted to see or understand the nature and quality of the answer. ‘We are sure,’ says Taylor, ‘of a blessing, but in what instance we are not yet assured. We must hope for such things which He hath permitted us to ask, and our hope shall not be vain, though we miss what is not absolutely promised : because we shall at least have an equal blessing in the denial as in the grant.’ On the other hand, to choose not only our prayer, but the way in which it shall be answered—with a view not to the beneficial effect to be produced upon our own hearts, not in order that we may show in prayer the blossom, as in good works the fruit of holiness ; but with a view to the direct effect to be produced on the divine will,

is surely to mistake our situation and capacity. We are, by such a course, attributing too little to our heavenly Father, and too much, a great deal, to ourselves. To talk of the omnipotence of prayer, and of mocking or being mocked, unless we expect an answer to our prayers, is changing places, and putting God into the hands of man, instead of leaving ourselves, with pious confidence, in the hands of God. It might be expected of the Christian, that he should feel at least as solemnly as the Roman satirist, *Carior est illis homo quam sibi*. Indeed, the danger of praying amiss, and of being 'cursed with a granted prayer,' is so imminent, that the boldest man might decline to accept the terrible responsibility conveyed under the blind alternative condition of prayer being either omnipotent or a mockery. Christ has left us a prayer. They who in their presumption object to it as too general, are not likely persons to improve it by adapting it more individually to their own wants or wishes.—*Edin. Review*.

MRS. SIDDONS.

"*Implora pace!*"—She, who upon earth ruled the souls and senses of men, as the moon rules the surge of waters; the acknowledged and liege Empress of all the realms of illusion; the crowned queen; the throned muse; the sceptred shadow of departed genius, majesty and beauty,—supplicates—*Peace!*

What unhallowed work has been going forward to some of the daily papers since this illustrious creature has been laid in her quiet unostentatious grave! ay, even before her poor remains were cold! What pains have been taken to cater trifling scandal for the blind, heartless, gossip-loving vulgor! and to throw round the memory of a woman, whose private life was as irreproachable, as her public career was glorious, some ridiculous or unamiable association which should tend to unsphere her from her throne in our imaginations, and degrade from her towering pride of place, the heroine of Shakspeare, and the Muse of Tragedy!

That stupid malignity which revels in the martyrdom of fame—which rejoices when, by some approximation of the mean and ludicrous with the beautiful and sublime, it can for a moment bring down the rainbow-like glory in which the fancy invests genius, to the drab-coloured level of mediocrity—is always hateful and contemptible; but in the present case it is something worse; it has a peculiar degree of cowardly injustice. If some elegant biographer inform us that the same hand which painted the infant Hercules, or Ugolino, or Mrs. Sheridan, half seraph and half saint—could clutch a guinea with satisfaction, or drive a bargain with a footman; if some discreet friend, from the mere

love of truth, no doubt, reveal to us the puerile, lamentable frailties of that bright spirit, which poured itself forth in torrents of song and passion : what then ? 'tis pitiful, certainly, wondrous pitiful ; but there is no great harm done,—no irremediable injury inflicted ; for there stand their works : the poet's immortal page, the painter's breathing canvass witness for them. “ Death hath had no power yet upon *their beauty*”—over them scandal cannot draw her cold slimy finger ;—on *them* calumny cannot breathe her mildew ; nor envy wither them with a blast from hell. There they stand for ever to confute injustice, to rectify error, to defy malice ; to silence, and long outlive the sneer, the lie, the jest, the reproach. But she—who was of painters the model, the wonder, the despair ;—she, who realised in her own presence and person the poet's divinest dreams and noblest creations ;—she, who has enriched our language with a new epithet, and made the word *Siddonian* synonymous with all we can imagine of feminine grace and grandeur : she has left nothing behind her, but the memory of a great name : she has bequeathed it to our reverence, our gratitude, our charity, and our sympathy ; and if it is not to be sacred, I know not what is—or ever will be.

Mrs. Siddons, as an artist, presented a singular example of the union of all the faculties, mental and physical, which constitute excellence in her art, directed to the end for which they seemed created. In any other situation or profession, some one or other of her splendid gifts would have been misplaced or dormant. It was her especial good fortune, and not less that of the time in which she lived, that this wonderful combination of mental powers and external graces, was fully and completely developed by the circumstances in which she was placed. “ With the most commanding beauty of face and form, and varied grace of action ; with the most noble combination of features, and extensive capability of expression in each of them ; with an unequalled genius for her art, the utmost patience in study, and the strongest ardour of feeling ; there was not a passion which she could not delineate ; not the nicest shade, not the most delicate modification of passion, which she could not seize with philosophical accuracy, and render with such immediate force of Nature and truth, as well as precision, that what was the result of profound study and unwearied practice, appeared like sudden inspiration. There was not a height of grandeur to which she could not soar, nor a darkness of misery to which she could not descend ; not a chord of feeling, from the sternest to the most delicate, which she could not cause to vibrate at her will. She had reached that point of perfection in art, where it ceases to be art, and becomes a second nature. She had studied most profoundly the powers and capabilities of language ; so that the most critical sagacity could not have suggested a delicacy of emphasis, by which the meaning of the author might be more distinctly conveyed, or a shade of intonation by which the sentiment could be more faithfully express-

ed." While other performers of the past or present time, have made approaches to excellence, or attained it now and then, Mrs. Siddons alone was pronounced faultless; and, in her, the last generation witnessed what we shall not see in ours;—no, nor our children after us;—that amazing union of "splendid intellectual powers, with unequalled charms of person, which, in the tragic department of her art, realised the idea of perfection."

Such was the magnificent portrait drawn of Mrs. Siddons twenty years ago; and it will be admitted by those who remember her, and must be believed by those who do not, that in this case, eulogy could not wander into exaggeration, nor enthusiasm be exalted beyond the bounds of truth.

It has been disputed, whether Mrs. Siddons possessed genius. If genius be exclusively defined as the creative and inventive faculty of the soul, I do not think she did. If it be taken, in its usual acceptation (*Vide* Johnson.) as "a mind of large general powers, accidentally determined to some particular direction," then she undoubtedly possessed it. It appears to have been slowly developed. She did not, like her niece, "spring at once into the chair of the tragic muse;" but toiled her way up to glory and excellence in her profession, through length of time, difficulties, and obstacles innumerable. She was exclusively professional; and all her attainments, and all her powers seem to have been directed to one end and aim. Yet I suppose no one would have said of Mrs. Siddons, that she was a "mere actress," as it was usually said of Garrick, that he was a "mere player;"—the most admirable and versatile actor that ever existed; but still the mere player;—nothing more—nothing better. He does not appear to have had a tincture of that high gentlemanly feeling, that native elevation of character, and general literary taste which strike us in John Kemble and his brother; nor any thing of the splendid imagination, the enthusiasm of art, the personal grace and grandeur, which threw such a glory around Mrs. Siddons. Of John Kemble it might be said, as Dryden said of Harle in his time, that "kings and princes might have come to him, and taken lessons how to comport themselves with dignity." And with the noble presence of Mrs. Siddons, we associated in public and in private, something absolutely awful. Who was it?—who said he had seen a group of young ladies of rank, Lady Fanny's and Lady Mary's, peeping through the half open door of a room where Mrs. Siddons was sitting, with the same timidity and curiosity as if it had been some preternatural being,—much more than if it had been the Queen: which I can easily believe. I remember that the first time I found myself in the same room with Mrs. Siddons, I was struck with a sensation which made my heart pause, and rendered me dumb for some minutes; and when I was led into conversation with her, my first words came faltering and thick,—which never certainly would have been the case in presence of the autocratrix of all the Russias: nor was this feeling of

her power, which was derived from her association with all that was grand, poetical, terrible, confined to those who had felt and could appreciate the full measure of her endowments. Every member of that public, whose idol she was, from the greatest down to the meanest, felt it more or less. I know a poor woman who once went to the house of Mrs. Siddons to be paid by her daughter for some embroidery. Mrs. Siddons happened to be in the room, and the woman perceiving who it was, was so overpowered, that she could not count her money, and scarcely dared to draw her breath. "And when I went away, Ma'am," added she, in describing her own sensations, "I walked all the way down the street, feeling myself a great deal bigger." This was the same unconscious feeling of the sublime, which made Bouchardon say that, after reading the *Iliad*, he fancied himself seven feet high. It reminds one also of the poor musician, who, when introduced to Mozart, was so overcome by the presence of that greatness which had so long filled his imagination, that he could not even lift his eyes from the ground! but stood bowing, and stammering out "Imperial majesty!—Ah!—Imperial majesty!"

Mrs. Siddons was born in 1755. She was in her twenty-first year when she made her first attempt in London, (for it was but an attempt,) in the character of Portia. She also appeared as Lady Anne in *Richard III.* and in comedy as Mrs. Strickland to Garrick's *Ranger*. She was not successful: the public did not discover in her the future tragic muse; and for herself—"She felt that she was greater than she knew." She returned to her provincial career; she spent seven years in patient study, in reflection, in contemplation, and in mastering the practical part of her profession, and then she returned at the age of twenty-eight, and burst upon the world in the prime of her beauty and transcendent powers, with all the attributes of confirmed and acknowledged excellence.

I am not old enough to remember Mrs. Siddons in her best days but, judging from my own recollections, I should say that, to hear her read one of Shakespeare's plays, was a higher, a more complete gratification, and a more astonishing display of her powers than her performance of any single character. On the stage she was the perfect actress; when she was reading Shakespeare her profound enthusiastic admiration of the poet, and deep insight into his most hidden beauties, made her almost a poetess, or at least like a priestess full of the god of her idolatry. Her whole soul looked out from her regal brow and effulgent eyes; and then her countenance!—the inconceivable flexibility and musical intonations of her voice! there was no got-up illusion here: no scenes—no trickery of the stage; there needed no sceptred pall—no sweeping train, nor any of the gorgeous accompaniments of tragedy:—SHE was tragedy.

She continued to exercise her power of reading and reciting to

a late period, even till within a few weeks of her death, although her health had long been in a declining state. She died at length on the 8th of June last, after a few hours of acute suffering. She had lived nearly seventy-six years, of which forty-six were spent in the constant presence and service of the public. She was an honour to her profession, which was more honoured and honourable in her person and family than it ever was before, or will be hereafter, till the stage becomes something very different from what it now is.

And, since it has pleased the newspapers to lament over the misfortune of this celebrated woman, in having survived all her children, &c. &c. it may be interesting to add that, a short time before her death, she was seated in a room in her own house, when about thirty of her young relatives, children, grand-children, nephews and nieces were assembled, and looked on while they were dancing, with great and evident pleasure: and that her surviving daughter, Cecilia Siddons, who has been, for many years, the inseparable friend and companion of her mother, attended upon her with truly filial devotion and reverence to the last moment of existence. Her admirers may, therefore, console themselves with the idea that in "love, obedience, troops of friends," as well as affluence and fame, she had "all that should accompany old age." She died full of years and honours; having enjoyed, in her long life, as much glory and prosperity as any mortal could expect: having imparted more intense and general pleasure than ever mortal did; and having paid the tribute of mortality in such suffering and sorrow as wait on the widowed wife and the bereaved mother. If, in the course of a professional career of unexampled continuance and splendour, the love of praise ever degenerated into the appetite for applause;—if the habit of exciting and being excited became a mode of existence which wore away at last some of that simplicity of feeling and character which Dr. Johnson acknowledged and admired in her young days;—if the worshipped actress languished out of her atmosphere of incense, is this to be made matter of wonder or of ill-natured comment? Did ever any human being escape more *intacte* in person and mind from the fiery furnace of popular admiration? Let us remember the severity of the ordeal to which she was exposed; the hard lot of those who pass their lives in the full-noon glare of public observation, where every speck is noted! what a difference too, between the aspiration after immortality and the pursuit of celebrity!—The noise and future fame is like the sound of the far-off sea, and the mingled roll of its multitudinous waves, which, as it swells on the ear, elevates the soul with a sublime emotion; but present and loud applause, flung continually in one's face, is like the noisy dash of the surf upon the rock,—and it requires the firmness of the rock to bear it.—
New Monthly Magazine.

LINES

*On the death of the writer's Father, which happened in 1812.
Written at that time.*

[FOR THE M. M. M.]

THOUGH no pale marble shall record thy worth,
Nor proud historian e'er transmit thy fame;
An orphan's pen shall feebly strive to pour,
A heartfelt tribute to domestic fame.

Tho' not half valued thy paternal love,
By youth regarded, as a task severe;
Thy precepts warn'd us of each snaring vice,
Whilst disobedience urg'd the falling tear.

Receive dear shade! thy offspring's frail attempt,
To paint the sorrows of his wounded breast;
Nor let his grief, the natural fruits of woe,
Disturb the place of thy appointed rest.

How gladly would the man recall to life,
The sire, neglected by the "giddy boy;"
And aided by experience fondly pay,
A due obedience, with a heartfelt joy.

Forgive dear shade! the errors of my youth,
My heedless moments, and my thoughtless days;
Receive contrition's deep unfeigned truth,
In the imperfect tribute of these lays. H.

THE LAMENT OF XARIFA,

Over her husband, who had fallen in fight.

(BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.)

' My early and my only love, why silent dost thou lie?
When heavy grief is in my heart, and tear-drops in mine eye,
I call thee, but thou answerest not, all lonely though I be,
Wilt thou not burst the bonds of sleep, and rise to comfort me?

' O wake thee, wake thee from thy rest, upon the tented field,
This faithful breast shall be at once thy pillow and thy shield;
If thou hast doubted of its truth and constancy before,
O wake thee now, and it will strive to love thee even more.

' If ever we have parted, and I wept the not as now—
If ever I have seen thee come, and worn a cloudy brow—
If ever harsh and careless words have caused thee pain and woe—
Then sleep—in silence sleep—and I will bow my head and go.

' But if through all the vanish'd years whose shadowy joys are gone,
Through all the changing scenes of life I thought of thee alone;
If I have mourn'd for thee when far, and worshipp'd thee when near,
Then wake thee up, my early love, this weary heart to cheer!

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS.

A KNOWLEDGE of the various phenomena presented by the different groups of animals and plants, in accordance with the latitude, the longitude, and the latitude of their position, constitutes the science of physical geography, as applied to organized beings, and forms one of the most interesting and important branches of natural history. When we take an extended survey of the geographical distribution of animals and plants, we find that they are generally disposed over the earth's surface in bands or parallel zones, corresponding, in a great measure, with the peculiarities of temperature and climate which are appropriate to the nature of each. When the temperature of a particular latitude becomes colder, as on mountains or highly elevated plains, or warmer, as on plains, by the sea-shore or in low lying sheltered valleys, we find, in the former case, that the species approximate in their nature and characters to those of a more southern, in the latter, to those of a more northern parallel. In regard to the vegetable kingdom, this intimate relation between the species and the temperature was long since ably illustrated by Tournefort, in his observations on Mount Lebanon. At the base of that mountain, he gathered the productions peculiar to Asia; after these occurred species characteristic of the Italian fields; as he continued to ascend, those of France presented themselves; at a still greater elevation, a Flora, analogous to that of Sweden, was observable; and, among the cold and barren peaks, a botanist might have supposed himself on the summits of the Dophrian Alps. Each zone of the mountain had, in fact, a temperature corresponding to that of the country in which its race of plants most naturally flourished, or where they had what may be called their centre of dominion.

Viewed under a similar aspect, each hemisphere of the earth has been regarded as an immense mountain, of which the equator forms the basis, and the north and south poles the respective summits; and if the general surface were less unequal,—that is to say, presented scarcely any highly elevated plains, or lofty alpine chains, which necessarily derange or alter the direction of the isothermal lines,—then the temperature of countries would bear a much more exact relation to their distance from the equator, and the geographical distribution of plants and animals might be illustrated simply by parallel lines of greater or less extent.

In the study of zoological geography, there are, however, many minor circumstances to be taken into consideration, which frequently change or counterbalance the more usual results, and consequently derange such calculations as might not unreasonably be formed upon a knowledge of latitudinal and longitudinal position, and of the height of a country above the level of the sea. The nature of the soil and surface, the different degrees of dryness and

humidity, and the consequent character of the climate and vegetation, the comparative extent of land and water, the extent and continuity of forests, marshes, and sandy deserts, the direction of mountain ranges, the courses of rivers, the existence of waterfalls, and the form and position of lakes ;—these and several other circumstances must be taken into consideration, and will be found materially to affect the distribution of animal life over the surface of the earth. The insular position of a country also greatly influences its zoological features, more especially if that country is in the course of rapid improvement or alteration under the hand of man. The draining of fens and marshes, the reclaiming and fencing of commons and other wastes, the clearing of forest lands, the banking of rivers, and the general progress of commerce, agriculture, and inland navigation, consequent on a great increase of population, become by degrees so influential on the local character and physical constitution of a country, that all the larger, and especially the fiercer wild animals are, in the first place, hemmed in and restricted within narrow bounds, and finally altogether extirpated. It is thus that the beaver no longer establishes its republican dwellings on the banks of the Rhone or the Danube,—that the bear, the wild boar, and the wolf, cannot now be numbered among the denizens of the British forests,—and that even the hart and hind have scarcely wherewithal to screen themselves from the sultry noontide, amid the scanty remnants of ‘our old ancestral woods.’ Indeed, the lion himself, the king of beasts, which in ancient times as an inhabitant of Thrace and Macedonia, must have shaken the hoar-frost from his shaggy mane, has now withdrawn to the distant countries of the East, or the burning deserts of Africa.

The geographical distribution of animals presents a wide field for speculation, although the modes by which that distribution has been effected will probably remain for ever concealed from human knowledge. Their gradual extension by natural means, from a single centre of creation, scarcely falls within the sphere of credibility ; and thus the creation of various groups of species over different points of the earth’s surface, and in accordance with the climate and physical character of different countries ; or the removal and dispersion, by supernatural agency, of the greater proportion of existing species from an original centre, seem the two points, one or other of which remains to be illustrated by whoever is curious in such bewildering speculations. Many legitimate sources, however, of the highest interest, spring on the nearer side of that mysterious bourne which separates our probable knowledge of things, as they exist in their now established relations, from our possible knowledge of the same, or analogous things, as they existed in former times, and in a different order of relation. It is for the naturalist and the physical geographer assiduously to collect an ample, accurate, and extended series of

facts, with a view to exemplify the real and characteristic localities of the species which constitute the animal kingdom—not established upon vague and superficial resemblances, but on the actual knowledge of identical forms—and, by comparing and combining these determinate observations, to deduce the laws in accordance with which species and genera are now disposed over the surface of the earth.

How does it happen that the tiger has never travelled beyond the continent and islands of Asia, while the sloth has reached South America, and the ornithorhynchus New Holland? Why are the pampas of the New World inhabited by quadrupeds entirely different from the species which occur in the plains of Tartary and the Karoos of Africa? Did the mountains of Armenia offer no proper resting-places to the llamas and vicuñas which now dwell among the passes of the Andes? Were the Peaks of Ararat unfit for the condor of Peru, or the shores of the Caspian Sea for the great Washingtonian eagle, which has been found only in the United States?

The fleet and fiery onager, 'whose home I have made the wilderness, and the barren land his dwelling,' knows not how to pass beyond certain determinate, though to us invisible boundaries, within which he is doomed to dwell, in spite of his never-tiring strength, and long endurance of thirst and hunger. For thousands of years before the birth of Columbus, the llamas of the New World (as it is called by the inhabitants of not more ancient countries) had tracked the mountain passes of the Andes, and gazed with their dusky masters at once on the Atlantic ocean and the far Pacific,' across neither of which the audacious genius of man had as yet aspired to venture. For countless generations has the Polar bear,

'With dangling ice all horrid, stalk'd forlorn,'

along the frost-bound shores of Greenland, and would now be sought for in vain under a less inclement sky. The tiger, with his fevered blood and all-subduing strength, lurks like a pestilence among the most beautiful of the Asiatic islands, or glares with cruel and unsated eye from the jungle grass of India. The cunning panther couches among the branches of the African forests, or with noiseless footsteps winds his insidious way through the 'silvan colonnade' of over-arching groves, presenting a striking contrast in the silent celerity of his movements to the restless clamour of the wily monkeys, the 'mimic men,' whose fantastic tricks he so often seeks in vain to terminate. His congener of the New World, the fiercer and more powerful jaguar, prowls along the wooded shores of the Orinooka, or, reclined beneath a magnificent palm-tree, forms a picture such as that which so often delighted the eyes of Humboldt and his brave companion. The

wary moos-deer of the northern continent, roaming amid the gloom of primeval forests, reposes during the sultry noontide with his magnificent antlers beneath the refreshing shade of a gigantic tulip-tree, or, starting at the far cry of wolves or other wild animals, alike unknown in kind to every other region of the earth, he plunges for safety across some sealike river, threatening with 'armed front' the upraised jaws of huge and fire-eyed reptiles reposing on its sunny banks. The sandy and desert plains of Africa alone produce of birds and quadrupeds the tallest of their kind—the swift footed ostrich, and the gentle cameleopard, neither of which are elsewhere known.

A glance at the innumerable and far-spread legions which compose the busy world of insect life, renders the subject still more complex and confounding. A discovery ship, under the guidance of brave men, surmounts with difficulty the terrors of the ocean, and after being months on the trackless main, and some thousand miles from any of the great continents of the earth, she arrives at last, and accidentally, at some hitherto unknown island of small dimensions, a mere speck in the vast world of waters by which it is surrounded. She probably finds the 'Lord of the Creation' there unknown, but though untrod by human footsteps, how busy is that lonely spot with all the other forms of active life! Even man himself is represented not unaptly by the sagacious and imitative monkeys, which eagerly employ so many vain expedients to drive from their shores what they no doubt regard as merely a stronger species of their race. 'Birds of gayest plume' stand fearlessly before the unsympathizing naturalist, and at every step of the botanical collector the most gorgeous butterflies are wafted from the blossoms of unknown flowers, and beautify the 'living air' with their many splendid hues. Yet how frail are such gaudy wings, and how vainly would they now serve as the means of transport from that solitary spot, where all the present generations have had their birth! In what manner, then, did they become its denizens, or by what means were they transported to a point almost imperceptible, in comparison with the immeasurable extent of the circumjacent ocean?

An ingenious French writer, M. Bory de St Vincent, selects, as an illustration of his sentiments on this subject, Mascareigne, or the Isle of Bourbon, situated a hundred and fifty leagues from the nearest point of Madagascar, from which it might, on a casual survey, be supposed to have derived its plants and animals. This remarkable island does not contain a particle of earth or stone which has not been originally submitted to the violent action of submarine volcanic fire. All its characters indicate a much more recent origin than that of the ancient continent. It bears about it an aspect of youth and novelty which recalls what the poets have felt or feigned of a nascent world, and which is only observable in certain other islands, also admitted among the formations

of later ages. Mascareigne was at first one of those 'soupiraux brulans' on the bosom of the ocean, similar to such as have since been seen to arise, almost in our own times, at Santorin and the Azores. Repeated eruptions of this submarine and fiery furnace, heaping up bed upon bed of burning lava, formed at last a mountain, or rocky island, which the shocks of earthquakes rent in pieces, and on the heated surface of which the rains of heaven, speedily transformed into vapour, watered not

· the flowery lap
Of some irriguous valley,'

nor shed their refreshing influence over any possible form of vegetation. The fabled salamander alone might have become a denizen of that lurid rock,

' Dark, sultry, dead, unmeasured ; without herb,
Insect, or beast, or shape or sound of life.'

Now, by what means did a rich and beautiful verdure at last adorn it, and how have certain animals chosen for their peculiar abode an insulated spot, rendered by the nature of its origin uninhabitable for a long period after its first appearance, and during its progressive formation and increase ?—*Edinburgh Review*.

THE FREED BIRD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
Thou art come and gone !

As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left here, alone !
Shelley.

RETURN, return, my Bird !
I have dress'd thy cage with flowers,
'Tis lovely as a violet bank
In the heart of forest bowers.

" I am free, I am free, I return no more !
The weary time of the cage is o'er !
Through the rolling clouds I can soar on high,
The sky is around me, the blue bright sky !

“ The hills lie beneath me, spread far and clear,
With their glowing heath-flowers and bounding deer,
I see the waves flash on the sunny shore—
I am free, I am free—I return no more !”

Alas, alas, my Bird !

Why seek'st thou to be free ?

Wer't thou not blest in thy little bower,

When thy song breathed nought but glee ?

“ Did my song of the summer breathe nought but glee ?
Did the voice of the captive seem sweet to thee ?
--Oh ! had'st thou known its deep meaning well !
It had tales of a burning heart to tell !

“ From a dream of the forest that music sprang,
Through its notes the peal of a torrent rang ;
And its dying fall, when it sooth'd thee best,
Sigh'd for wild flowers and a leafy nest.”

Was it with thee thus, my Bird ?

Yet thine eye flash'd clear and bright !

I have seen the glance of sudden joy

In its quick and dewy light.

“ It flash'd with the fire of a tameless race,
With the soul of the wild wood, my native place !
With the spirit that panted through heaven to soar—
Woo me not back—I return no more.”

“ My home is high, amidst rocking trees,
My kindred things are the star and breeze,
And the fount uncheck'd in its lonely play,
And the odours that wander afar, away !”

Farewell, farewell, then, Bird !

I have call'd on spirits gone,

And it may be they joy'd like thee to part,

Like thee, that wert all my own !

“ If they were captives, and pined like me,
Though Love might guard them, they joy'd to be free !
They sprang from the earth with a burst of power,
To the strength of their wings, to their triumph's hour.

“ Call them not back when the chain is riven,
When the way of the pinion is all through heaven !
Farewell !—With my song through the clouds I soar,
I pierce the blue skies—I am Earth's no more !”

THE RECESS.

*“Here in this calm RECESS, I’d sit, and muse
On the wide world beyond, and as the show
Of actual life pass’d by, I would mend my wit.”*

No. VI.

News—Old Country influence—Domestic concerns—Mechanics’
Library—Institute—Lecture—Commerce.

SCENE. The Recess, fire blazing curtains drawn, and all made snug to resist the vehemence of a stormy evening in November.—Present, Tickle, Crank and Turgid.

Tickle. Any News this evening?

Turgid. There has been no arrival of consequence to day; and we must wait, patiently as we can, on the pleasure of the winds and tides.

Crank. We must wait, you say, why wait, cannot we go on as well as the rest of the world? what a fuss is kept about what passes three thousand miles from our doors. Domestic concerns are neglected in the indulgence of an idle thirst to know, not what is passing, but, what has passed, some months since in a distant land.

Turgid. Why sir, Great Britain, you know is the centre of the world for information.

Crank. Is that any reason that the circumference should not have an individual existence, and should not have engrossing topics of its own to attend to?

Tickle. You know Crank, that—assuming *mother land* to be the centre—it is natural we should be interested in all its motions. The centrifugal power of accident, oppression, ambition, distress and curiosity, has thrown off thousands to people these American wilds; but the centripetal power of ‘old familiar faces,’ habits, ancestral pride, patriotism, and fifty other influences, draw these fugitives strongly back again, to a point which all respect and many love.

Turgid. You have exactly expressed my thoughts on the subject.

Crank. It is well that your modesty has found so convenient an Aaron, to be a mouth for you.

Turgid. You are still as crooked, crabbed and cranky as ever—we thought that your tour in the country would have engrafted some fruit of a better flavour on your contrary stump.

Tickle. Turgid has a mouth of his own you find, and it is not to be played with.

Crank. Not by eatables or drinkables I warrant. However, we have the satisfaction of knowing that the crisis—which has been long working up—is past, and we may expect a rest, a calm, to follow. “The Bill” has been reformed and refused, and Poland has been knocked on the pole by the successful tyrant.

Turgid. Do you get satisfaction by such knowledge as this?

Crank. The satisfaction of seeing persons attend to their own concerns, and of observing the news-mania evaporate in vapid yawns.

Turgid. Something will follow hard upon, I expect, which will call up our attention more thoroughly than preceding events. Last London New Monthly says—in anticipation of the cowardice of the Whigs—“if they intimate that they will pusillanimously acquiesce in any lofty negative from the oligarchs which they have to encounter, other and bolder men will step forward, and snatching the reins out of their hands, will throw them loose, and apply such a spur to the passions of the people, that they will overleap every barrier, and plunge into ruin with a single bound.” This may be going too far, and was no doubt uttered as a stimulus to the Whigs, rather than as calm truth; yet I have no thought that the great body of British reformers, supported as they now are, will allow themselves to be beaten by a handful of aristocrats who have a direct personal interest in combating the national will. On the topic of Poland, the same authority says, “mediation—vigorous and efficient mediation—between the Poles and Russians was dictated, by sound policy and the most important interests, to the Ministers of this country—Ministers had not only good grounds, but were under positive obligations to interfere, and the fall of Poland threatens the most alarming consequences to the continental influence and naval supremacy of England.”—From these germs then—the failure of Reform, and the fall of Warsaw—we may expect as important a crisis, and as great an abundance of news to spring, as from former circumstances.

Crank. You are a miserable comforter.

[*Enter Meadows.*]

Tickle. Well Meadows here we have been rejoicing over the decline of the news mania, yet exhibiting its influence by talking of nothing else during the last half hour.

Meadows. A very probable occurrence.

Tickle. Have you remarked the strange moral power which Europe still holds over America?

Meadows. It has frequently been the subject of my reflections. Here is a vast continent, and there is a small Island, between, a great gulph is placed. What community of feeling would be supposed to exist between the divided and very dissimilar shores; yet the greater seems to lose its individuality by the respect which it pays the smaller. The white-sailed connecting links between the two places, are here looked for with extreme eagerness, the intelligence which they furnish supercedes every other subject, and one would suppose, that instead of being out of the road of all European trouble and turmoil, we were on the high way which should be most effected by every movement there. In the United States, with all their pride and nationality, it is little better; and almost as palpable and as willing a homage is paid the Queen of

Ocean under the stripes and stars as in those her dependencies. There they *do not wait* for the arrival of news, but go out from land looking for the first droppings of intelligence which may glide westward over the Atlantic. News boats, of 60 and 70 tons burthen, and of first rate workmanship, owned by newspaper proprietors, are continually employed at a heavy expense, in boarding vessels seeking latest intelligence, and in bearing it speedily as possible to their respective offices. No such anxiety is exhibited in Great Britain; they there feel their own importance, and are interested in their own concerns, and allow other matters to force themselves on their notice as they best may. Some time ago I was amused on reading a grave disquisition, in a New York periodical—the *Euterpiad*, I think—concerning this involuntary homage, and this transatlantic longing and gazing. The enquiry was prettily conducted, until near the conclusion of the article, when a silly republican solution was given of the problem; and it was supposed, that it was a desire to see how others combated for political liberty, which drew the Yankees' attention so far from home. Whereas the fact simply is, that, as the land of Canaan from whence these Goshams and Sinai's have been peopled; as the fountain of grandeur, of literature, and of the fine arts; and as the citadel which could shake at will all the surrounding buildings to their centre; the old country is beloved, or respected, or feared, or hated, but always strictly scrutinized by every other political establishment. This is flattering to natives of the deep-rooted Island, but I must think that it is not altogether beneficial to the inhabitants of these counties. Being thus engrossed by distant objects prevents proper attention being paid to domestic concerns; and naturally produces a kind of fascination which excites a desire to mingle personally in that parent vortex, in a vain and undefined search after dignity, knowledge or happiness. We certainly retain more of the childishness of our school days, than the philosophy of manhood can counteract.

Crank. What a bore! my unfortunate endeavour to throw up a dam against the mania, has only swelled it into a torrent, which foams in a thousand directions, and overleaps every boundary.

[*Enter Placid.*]

Crank. Let us change the subject now at least. We have been twisting and tangling about foreign topics Placid, I hope that your thoughts are engrossed on more becoming matters.

Placid. If you mean domestic affairs, the newest and most important in my estimation—altho' it may appear very humble to many—is the successful formation of the

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.

Meadows. A matter of much promise, which was long wanted in Halifax, and which has made astonishing progress considering all circumstances.

Placid. I think its success is owing to the simple unpretending

manner, in which it was commenced. There were no preparatory meetings to discuss the propriety of that which all were satisfied on ; no speech-making, and florid prospects, and great sudden improvements, indulged in ; a few persons fond of reading and wishing to form a cheap library, met, subscribed, drew up rules for their government, invited others to join them, and the thing was done at once.

Meadows. Yes, and by so doing, a strong *foundation* is laid for a Mechanic's Institute, instead of endeavouring to form the building perfect at once ; a thing which cannot be done effectively in any small community. Few are fit to rear such an establishment in a place like Halifax, fewer are willing to give the time and exertion necessary to the undertaking ; the majority of persons would be mere lookers-on, expecting much of some vague good, and demanding continually new stimulants from their leaders, disappointment and vapidity would ensue, and a disheartening melting away from the work would be experienced. But now every thing promised and expected, is obtained at once, and a placid enjoyment is the fruit of the exertion made ; the members of the Library have gained one step firmly and quietly towards an Institute, and by that step are improving themselves preparatory to further progress. Let other steps be taken as quietly and unostentatiously, with a due care against exciting great expectations, and a firm establishment will be the result, creditable and beneficial to the town ; and which will descend, a valuable legacy from this, to other generations.

Turgid. Why would you advise so much caution in proceeding with a good work ?

Meadows. Because it would be thus accomplished surely, and would be better comprehended ; the members would understand each step taken, and would grow up in intimacy with their own work ; and therefore would be rendered more efficient themselves, and more ready to receive good from others ; their expectations would be limited, the glare of novelty would be escaped ; and in the end they would be pleasingly disappointed in the amount of good obtained from such simple exertions, and at the regular development of excellencies which would seem as valuable and delightful as numerous. Accomplishing such matters in Halifax by one great stride, and by a succession of small steps, are as different—in my opinion—as ascending to the clouds in a gaudy balloon the wonder of yourself and others, and climbing a mountain by slow but sure steps ; from the one height you must speedily fall, much frightened and but little improved, on the other you may pitch your tent, and enjoy at leisure the expansive scene below.

Placid. I agree with you, but would guard against too much caution, against that “ seeing about it” which defeats so many purposes.

Meadows. Procrastination is the very reverse of my plan, I would keep going on uniformly but firmly.

Tickle. You think an institution should slowly develop its peculiarities, growing, like the flower, from a small green bud unnoticed by the passing bee, to the large open beauty which fills the air with sweetness, and attracts the admiration of the proudest and the fairest—rather than that it should spring up like Minerva suddenly mature?

Meadows. You have poetically expressed my opinion, as far as regards places where large means and many efficient persons cannot be procured for such an establishment.

Crank. I expect all your logic is only an endeavour to make necessity appear a virtue.

Placid. Something—at least—has been done to rouse the Mechanics of Halifax from their lethargy, and to afford means of improvement and intellectual recreation to all who desire such opportunities. The Library is a most cheap and efficient mode of education, and a powerful auxiliary to Temperance Societies. But Mechanics in other towns have not been satisfied with libraries alone, and I see no reason why they should stop short of their privileges here.

Meadows. Certainly not.

Placid. What then, is your idea of such establishments, and of future progressive steps fit to be taken here?

Meadows. Mechanics' Institutes are excellent modes of mutual instruction; and are called *mechanics'* institutes, because they have to do with practical and scientific knowledge in a greater degree than with speculative or literary, and because the labouring classes are admitted and encouraged to become members; but persons of the higher walks of life may belong to them, and may be greatly benefited by such opportunities of informing their own minds, of conveying information to others and so reducing their own studies to practice, and of testing many principles by bringing greatly diversified judgment and knowledge to bear on them. The materials which form a Mechanics' Institute, according to my ideas of such establishments, are as follow: There must—in the first place—be appropriate funds, raised by subscriptions and donations; there must be a room or rooms for the meeting of members; next a library, as the most essential and easiest means of informing and improving the mind, and as a source for reference on any difficulties which may be met with; then a museum or repository, for the purpose of laying up models of inventions or improvements, scientific drawings, manuscripts, instruments and apparatus, this branch of the institute comes naturally as a kind of practical illustration of the knowledge of the Library; lastly, as I would imagine, is the lecturer—or lecturers—who explains and illustrates orally, important or curious subjects in literature, science or art. The importance of this latter means of in-

struction must be apparent, when we consider what close study is requisite to attain a thorough knowledge of any of the innumerable subjects to which man may direct his intellectual powers; what a sealed book much of written instruction is without a teacher; and also how much valuable information remains, from the nature of circumstances, unpublished and unwritten. In Halifax there has been an advance made towards such an establishment; a Mechanics' Library, that essential part of an Institute, has been formed by a few simple unpretending efforts. As a next step, a room should be obtained, where the books might be deposited, and to which members might resort for the purpose of reference, reading or conversation. After thus feeling their way, a cabinet might be placed in the room, for the reception of models, drawings and such matters as could be collected fit for such a repository. If these steps were taken, much time would not elapse, before lecturers, fit for an infant establishment, would arise among the members of the Institute; and professional persons, not members, might be expected occasionally to volunteer their services, as in other places, or might be paid for delivering a course of lectures, according to circumstances. I am not very conversant in these matters, but this is my opinion of an institute, and of the further progressive steps which the members of the Halifax Mechanics' Library, might at once enter upon.

Crank. The Library I allow to be a cheap and excellent mode of information and entertainment; but the man who builds a cottage, should not think because he has done so, that he can build a castle also. As I understand the terms of the Mechanics' Library, its income argues little in favour of future prospects. A dollar a year! five pence a month for the privileges of a Library!! Mechanics should be ashamed of so paltry a contribution; and if an Institute were commenced in a similar spirit you would have a miserable list of rarities or conveniences.

Placid. They do enough who perform as much as is demanded of them. The terms of the Library, it seems to me, were wisely made low, to induce a commencement, and to procure a sufficient number of subscribers; beside it leaves the greater opportunity for further subscriptions for the purposes of an Institute. The Mechanics of Halifax, and their friends, would no doubt, be as liberal as they should be, and as their own interests demanded. In other places the privileges of these popular Academies, cost about five shillings monthly to each of the members, and cheaply indeed is the respectability, entertainment and improvement which they impart purchased; but here, I imagine, according to our limited intentions, less than half that sum would be found adequate. A greater number of members, in proportion, should be expected here, than in towns where other opportunities of instruction are afforded, and where public amusements distract the attention and the funds of artisans. Many valuable donations, I imagine, would also be realized, from the wealthier ranks in

town, who would find it a first appeal on such a subject, who would have no second similiar establishment as a rival for their patronage, and who would be impelled by motives of interest, philanthropy and patriotism, to forward a project so extremely beneficial to the community in which they reside. I feel confident that adequate funds would be by no means wanted.

Crank. That is your Ludget of ways and means. Now answer me, seriously, how should your museum be furnished ?

“ An Alligator stuff'd, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about the shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes.”—Eh ?

Meadows. Not so. You speak, Crank, of the resources of others, from a knowledge of your own vacuity on subjects connected with the useful or agreeable. You are as acidity in punch, and seem not willing to appreciate the spirit and sweetness of the other materials.

I doubt not, that a very interesting collection could be formed for a Mechanics' Museum even in Halifax. There are many models of curious or useful works, lying in obscurity, thinly scattered among the more ingenious of our fellow citizens, which might thus be brought to light and collected in one place. The same remark applies with much more force to drawings, manuscripts, and specimens of natural history—and an experimental apparatus could be readily procured when means would admit of such an addition. I expect that much more could be done in this department than seems at all probable to a hasty observer. All know the materials of which a library may be formed, and where and how those materials may be procured ; but scarcely any data appears, whereby to calculate the patient workings of intellect, which creates for its own delight palpable likenesses of imagined excellencies, or which hoards together “ shreds and patches” of the uncommon productions of nature ; and from ignorance on these matters, arises the supposed improbability of being able to collect materials for a museum. See what a stimulus there would be to such a department, in the knowledge, that it would afford excellent opportunities to ingenious and industrious men, for the exhibition of the produce of their talents.

Crank. You answer my questions most philosophically, if not metaphysically. You will by and by become as logical and systematic as Agricola in the House of Assembly ; commencing every subject with an exordium on first principles and rules of action, branching out into divisions one, two and three, and studding your peroration with the profound sugar plums of political science. Placid has found an imaginary exchequer, and you a museum in the clouds, can you give as plausible a theory for the sure and safe delivery of lectures ?

Meadows. I think that success in this department may be also safely anticipated ; but recollect, that many other matters might fill up the insterstices between the library and museum, and the lecture rooms, were lecturers found few and coy as you expect.

Perhaps—for I would not speak dogmatically—beside a news room, conversation meetings, or other approaches to a literary society might be beneficially introduced, and might tend to inform some, and to bring forward others who have hidden talents for such very improving recreations. As to the lectures, I have not much fear; the subjects are innumerable; natural history, natural and moral philosophy, political science, the fine and useful arts, construction and philosophy of language, the arts and sciences commonly so called, these and other general heads present an interminable line of interesting themes, suited to the various capacities and opportunities of students; and without anticipating too much, several persons efficient to compose and deliver lectures, creditable to themselves and beneficial to a young establishment, might be expected to appear in the lecture room of even an Halifax Mechanics' Institute. I consider the entire matter practicable; and teeming with many excellent results to all concerned.

Crank. You are an advocate rather than an expounder, I should like some specimens, by way of proof, of these hidden capabilities before I become a convert to your new light.

Meadows. Sceptics can damp and depress any good endeavour by their cold sneering taunts. The open arguments of the infidel occasion not half the harm to worthy enthusiasm, that the unmeaning apathetic inuendo and gibe can accomplish.

Tickle. Do not let *your* enthusiasm carry you too far; it should be like the enchanter's horse, capable of bearing you through the air, and of exhibiting the wonders of a lower world to you in a moment of time, but like it, enthusiasm also should be under complete controul, should turn to the right or the left or stand still, by the rider touching the index on its head; else, the results may be disastrous: pardon my advice. Now Crank a word with you—I do not think your test one which all persons should shrink from.

Crank. A second Daniel? A second Daniel come to judgment! Perhaps Sir Oracle would favour us with a specimen, in his own person, of what the lecture room might expect.

Tickle. Perhaps I—

Crank. Exactly so, now for the oration, I thought as much, and could see that you were chewing the cud of genius while we were engaged in vain disputes. Silence, silence for the would-be lecturer.

Tickle. If agreeable to all in company, I may, just to annoy *you*, deliver an outline which might be worked up to a more elaborate discourse, as a proof that lecturers—fit for an audience who would not expect too much, and who were willing to be benefited and entertained in an unostentatious manner—would be more numerous than might seem probable at first glance.

All. Proceed! proceed!

AN OUTLINE OF A LECTURE ON COMMERCE.

Agriculture and Commerce seem the great divisions of the la-

bour of civilized man. By agriculture food is obtained from the bosom of the greatly diversified earth, and by Commerce the people of one clime or country exchange their productions with the people of another; thus easily and simply multiplying the comforts and conveniences of life, and making a kind of common property of the peculiarities of various lands. If we take an individual of those two classes, we shall find their pursuits, habits and pleasures very different: the farmer ploughs and sows the unchanging surface of the land, the merchant mariner drives his keel along the never-resting ocean; the farmer thrives by paying undivided attention to the few fields which surround his cottage, the mariner prospers by making rapid and daring journeys between greatly separated islands and continents; the farmer employs physical force, in his operations, faintly assisted by science, the mariner by delicate manœuvres directs his sea-girt home about the world, and consults his books and the planets with the skill and success of a magician. We might enlarge on this subject, but will rest satisfied by exhibiting a pictorial illustration of the co-operators.

[Here the lecturer exhibits a bold drawing of a farmer turning up the glebe patiently, assisted by his team of clumsy oxen, and of a vessel in full sail placidly guided by the solitary helmsman; and he should point out the contrasted features of each.]

We have to do in this discourse with the trader of the white-sailed ship, and leaving the farmer beautifying his grounds, let us glance at the origin, the education and the present importance of the merchant class.

Commerce in its simplest forms, is no doubt coeval with the first extension of the human family. The Hunter and the Shepherd trafficked with the gardener, and exchanged skins and flesh for the fruits and herbs and flowers of the field. If we leave those pleasing speculations on the earliest ages, and come to the time which attracted the attention of the Historian and the Poet, we will find Commerce gradually assuming a distinct and not undignified existence. Arabia, washed by three seas, and enjoying many advantages of climate, was early noted for commercial habits, and probably was the first country from which long voyages were hazarded. A party of its merchants, travelling to Egypt with precious spices, purchased Joseph from his brethren; and it is evident from the wealth and luxury of those nations at that time, that they had long enjoyed a successful and peaceable system of traffic. The Phœnicians also, inhabiting a slip on the coast of Asia, became early renowned for shipping and commerce, and it is asserted that thirteen centuries before the Christian Era, they passed the straits of Gibraltar and founded Cadiz. The name of Tyre, has come down to us, as a place whose merchants were princes, and which sat in the midst of the seas, as the mart of surrounding nations. We may continue our glance, and see the Ptolemies of Egypt, honoured as patrons of arts and maritime commerce; we may behold the destruction of magnifi-

cent and commercial Carthage, and see the vast Roman Power, becoming involuntarily the protectress of trade, and waving her boasted sword in defence of free and safe navigation. This review only brings us down to the time when He who gave a name to our era was born; so that commerce was an "end and an attainment" worthy the ambition of warriors and monarchs nine or twenty centuries since.

[Here should be exhibited and explained, representations of the caravans, rafts, galleys and ships which successively appeared as conveyances for merchandize; and of the costume of sailors, camel drivers and merchants of the first Anno Domino.]

At the commencement of the Christian era, we find Britain the home of a tribe or tribes of brave barbarians, poor, partially civilized, unacquainted with art or science or luxury, and almost unknown to their near neighbours of the continent of Europe. Since then, what has commerce wrought, for the now Empress of the sea? What has it wrought since then for the old and what for the new world? The contrast is over-powering; and —

Crank. (Vociferates) "I'll hear no more of it."

[Tickle ceases speaking and looks aghast. Placid, Turgid and Meadows cry order! order!]

Crank. I beg a thousand pardons, but the hour for separating has arrived, I was getting deucedly drowsy, and did not wish to lose Tickle's brilliant oration. Let us adjourn, and allow the lecture "to be continued" for next evening: Tickle can read it over again in the mean time, for he appeared getting into a quandary, when I charitably interfered.

All. Agreed.

Crank. Beside my other excuses, recollect gentlemen that this is St. Andrew's evening; *Old Scotia* claims a particular attention to night, and it was therefore too bad, to be banded between the Old and New World, without having hold of either, by Tickle's eloquence.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An days o' auld lang syne?"

Halifax, Nov 30.

THE FIRE AT PERA.—BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE district called Pera is a peninsular promontory, which stands on the side of the harbour opposite to Constantinople. It is formed by the Bosphorus, and the harbour, that wash its base, from whence it rises to a high ridge. Along the spine or summit of this ridge runs the great leading avenue, called by way of eminence "Pera Street." From this descend, at each side, sundry very steep and narrow lanes formed in many places into shallow steps or stairs, impassable for any kind of carriage, but frequently ascended by horses and every day by hummals or porters, bearing heavy burdens which have landed from ships or boats on the shores below. These steep narrow avenues, which resemble the "Wynds" in Edinburgh, lead to Tophana, Galata, Tersanha, or the Arsenal, and many other important and populous places, either on the waters of the Bosphorus or of the harbour. At one extremity of the Peninsula is the valley of Dolma Bactche, through which the Turks dragged their ships at the siege of Constantinople, and above it are the great burying-grounds of different nations, where people of all countries and opinions at length repose together in peace: these occupy the broad Isthmus which connects the Peninsula with the country. At the other extremity is the Genoese city of Galata, still surrounded by a battlemented wall, enclosing a narrow semicircular town on the sea-shore, the convex part of the arch turned towards the sea. From the burying-ground to Galata is a continued town of about three miles in length, through the heart of which runs the Pera Street, with little deviation from a right line. As the view from this elevated street is very beautiful and extensive, all the Franks of opulence have here their town residences, and all the Ambassadors their palaces. It was therefore adorned with more extensive and goodly edifices than are to be found in any other part of the Turkish empire; the rest of the town, however, is mean and dirty, consisting of wooden houses crammed into lanes and alleys and crowded with people. The whole population of the Peninsula has been estimated at 200,000. and the number of houses at 30,000.

Of all the edifices which distinguished Pera, the most conspicuous and delightful was the British Palace, and the circumstances connected with it must have endeared it to the minds of Englishmen. The first residence of the Embassy at Pera was a small building which had been a private house near the Galata Seræ. But when we had rendered such essential service to the Turks by expelling the French from Egypt, they evinced their gratitude in a conspicuous manner, by providing a princely residence for the representative of his Britannic Majesty in the Turkish capital. There stood, in the most elevated part of the town, an open space with a number of small wooden houses scattered over it. These the Turks cleared away, surrounded the area with a substantial wall, and, while Lord Elgin was Ambassador, laid the

foundation of a large palace in the centre, and when it was raised a few yards with solid stone, conferred it on the English, to finish it on the plan in which it was begun. The late Levant Company gave 10,000*l.* and the British Government contributed the remainder, so as to complete it in a style of correspondent magnificence. But the circumstance which rendered it particularly interesting was, the delicate compliment paid by the Turks to British feeling and opinion. When it was ready, they sent, on the day on which it was opened for the reception of the Embassy, a number of their slaves, who were emancipated on the spot, and given to understand they owed their freedom to English philanthropy; and it was particularly affecting to see many of these poor people, who had been thirty years in chains, bending in gratitude to their benefactors. Never perhaps was a higher compliment paid by one nation to the sentiments of another, or the opening of an edifice hallowed by a more impressive ceremony.

The edifice stood nearly in the centre of a demesne, including a lawn and garden of about four acres, enclosed from the streets by a high and substantial wall. It was an oblong quadrangular building of three stories, surmounted on the roof by a lofty kiosk or square cupola, which commanded most extensive views of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmora, Constantinople, and the surrounding countries—and lighted a large hall within, round which were the apartments. One of these was the grand hall or reception room; at one end stood the throne, as the representative of Majesty, on the steps of which the unfortunate Caroline was often seen sitting and weeping when she made Constantinople her short sojourn. This room was lighted by very splendid lustres, and the floor was formed of inlaid mosaic of different woods, and, whether considering its size or its decoration, was certainly the finest in the Turkish empire. The others were in a style of corresponding grandeur: every Ambassador added something to the ornaments and decoration; and Mr. Canning, it is said, expended 10,000*l.* in alterations and improvements while he remained at Pera. The garden, however, was the favourite object of care. Lady Liston caused exotics to be brought from every country; the woods about the Black Sea were searched for the most beautiful shrubs and trees, to form walks and plantations; and it became not only the most ornamental, but the most delightful retreat in the centre of a dense and crowded city.

Pera, in common with other Turkish towns, has been always subject to fires. The inflammable Moslem houses, the exceeding carelessness of the people, their impressions of predestination, an arid climate, and strong winds, produce more frequent and more extensive conflagrations at Constantinople, than in any other country in the world. Within ten years Pera has been ravaged by five dreadful fires, which have in succession burned down every house on the Peninsula. It frequently happens that the flame bursts out in places very remote from the burning houses. The

Turks attribute this to red-hot nails, which they say spirt out from the burning wood, and sticking in some inflammable substance, which they happen to light on, communicate the fire at a considerable distance.

Hitherto the district, properly called Pera, on the summit of the hill, had escaped, and there was a general feeling of security, that its stone houses would resist the fire which destroyed those of wood ; but the time was now come when that delusion was to be at an end. On the 2nd of August, 1831, a gentleman, looking into the English palace garden, at about ten o'clock in the morning, saw some dry grass smoking, and on pointing it out to the people, they ran to extinguish it with the greatest anxiety, and then informed him, that there was a fire somewhere, which had set the grass smoking by the adhesion of a red-hot nail. He immediately went in search of the fire, and found a few houses in flames at a place called Sakiz Aghatz, in a deep valley between the Great Burying Ground, and the village of S. Demetri. The situation of the place was so remote, and the fire at the time so trifling, that he thought there could be no possible danger to the town ; but he was probably struck by the distance to which fire may be communicated. The palace garden, in which the grass was on fire, stood on the summit of a hill, more than half a mile from the burning houses.

The wind which prevailed, periodically returns at this time of the year. It comes very strong from the N. E. and continues for three weeks or a month, drying up every substance capable of combustion, and rendering it highly inflammable, and then spreading the flames the moment they begin. The interval between the fire and the palace was a steep hill, which presented a face of wooden houses, almost like a pile of dry timber. Against this the flame was driven, and it ascended with incredible activity. Several persons who stood on the brow of the hill over the fire, seeing it travelling so fast towards Pera, where they lived, now hastened home ; but on their return, the streets were so obstructed by crowds hurrying away with their effects, that they were delayed, and they found the fire had travelled as fast as they did, and was actually at the walls of the English palace garden, and entering the Pera Street as soon as themselves.

It was generally supposed that the English palace, insulated in the middle of an open area, could not be reached by the fire ; but in a short time the flames spread all round ; the houses on all sides of the garden wall were in a blaze, and the whole area of the garden was canopied by sheets of flame and smoke. Several persons had brought their furniture and effects there, as to a place of security ; but the air became so heated, and loaded with fiery particles, that every thing laid there began to burn. The trees now took fire, and the wind, which had never ceased, suddenly increased to a furious gale, and drove the whole column of flame full against the deserted building. The noise it made was like

the roaring of a vast furnace, and it seemed to envelope the whole palace. In a few minutes after, it was observed to smoke violently; flames then burst out of the windows, and in about twenty minutes the roof fell in, and nothing remained of this fine edifice and all it contained, but scorched walls and smoking ashes.

From hence the fire took the direction of Pera, consuming every thing before it with irresistible force; the fire proof stone houses opposed no more delay to it than the wooden sheds. All the residences of the French, Dutch, Sardeian, Russian, and Prussian Ambassadors, and the merchants' houses, were prostrated before it, and in about six hours all the European missions were destroyed, except the Austrian and Swedish, which were out of the direct line of the fire. The fire continued to extend through different directions, particularly down Casim Pasha till eight or nine in the evening, when the wind subsided, and its progress was stopped, after extending over an area about three miles in circumference, and consuming all that part of the peninsula that former fires had spared. The next morning presented a dismal spectacle. The people, driven from their houses, had no place of retreat but the burying-ground: here they were seen in thousands stretched on the earth, with no covering but the sky, and no bed but the graves. The Sultan immediately directed that barracks and other large edifices should be appropriated for their shelter, and he distributed among them 100,000 piastres. A return was made to him of the number burnt out, and they amounted to 80,000. As the population was very dense, and averaged at least eight persons to a house, it is supposed that 10,000 houses were destroyed, if the return of the persons be correct.

But the circumstance which marks this fire above all others is the loss of property. On all former occasions the strong stone houses had escaped; and a person who had one interposed between the direction of the fire and his wooden edifice, thought himself secure under such a shield. Hence it was, that when the fire began no one who occupied a stone house thought of removing his effects. There were, besides, attached to each of them, in general, a fire-proof vaulted magazine, below the foundation, and whenever from any extraordinary alarm, the inhabitants left the house above, they placed all their property in this magazine below, and retired. But such was the intensity of this fire, that neither iron nor stone walls could oppose it, and all the property laid up in places of security was destroyed. A M. Calatro, one of the Dragomen of the English mission, had a magazine of this kind, to which he descended by seventeen stone steps. Here he deposited all the effects not only of himself but of his brother dragomen. The next day he found the iron-door melted, and every thing in his vault reduced to ashes, leaving to the whole corps nothing but the Benichas or long gowns they happened to have on their backs. It so happened also, that the families of all the Ambassadors were at Therapea or Boyukdere for the sum-

mer, and no one remained in the palaces to remove any of the property, which was all destroyed.

The only house that effectually resisted the fire was the British Chancery. It has an arched cell, of brick and stone alternately, with iron windows, which the people in the office hastily plastered up with mud, when the fire came on them, and then they ran off. The next day it was standing, but as it was red hot, they were afraid all the papers within were calcined like the MSS. of Herculaneum. For several days they were afraid to open the doors, lest the air rushing in, as had been the case in several instances, should inflame the highly combustible materials within; but at length they did so, and found all safe.

So complete has been the obliteration of all that marked the former streets of Pera, and so sudden has been the change, that people cannot find their way through them. It is not like a fire in England, where the roofs fall in and leave the walls standing, to mark the direction of the street: here every thing is prostrate, and the open space presents no more direction than a rugged common.

You will ask, are there no firemen or engines in a place where there is such an awful loss of life and property almost every year? I answer, that there is a numerous corps of Trombadgis, the most active and efficient firemen in the world. They are naked to the waist, and wear on their heads inverted copper basins as their only protection; you see them in the streets rushing to the fires with their engines, and, in intrepidity, skill, and muscular vigour, they are unequalled. I one day saw a number of them on a burning wall, directing their pipes against a house they were determined to save; and, while they played on the fire, another set below were wholly employed in playing on them, to keep them cool and wet in the midst of the flames. If these fellows were under proper regulations, they would be the most efficient body in the world, but they have no law but their own will and cupidity. They sit idly on their engines before the burning houses, with their naked arms folded on their breasts, and the tubes of their implements decorated with flowers; and, if no one offers them money, they will continue there inactive in the midst of the fire. I one day saw a man who was exceedingly anxious about his property, earnestly entreat them to play upon his house, that was just opposite. They continued insensible and inflexible, till one of them whispered in the man's ear; his whisper was returned; they immediately started and with a fierce and frightful energy, rushed into the fire and soon subdued it. The man had promised them 10,000 piastres. It is supposed that, if similar offers had been made by the respective missions, all the palaces would have been saved; but there was no one in Pera to make the offer, and the Trombadgis did not, and would not, expend a spoonful of water to put them out. Indeed it is generally considered that the Turks were really well pleased at this conflagration of the Franks'

property. They did not seem disposed to give the slightest aid to extinguish it. The Seraskier and the Galata Effendi, as official persons, were riding tranquilly about. They went into several Frank houses in Pera Street, where they sat smoking and drinking coffee till the fire drove them out, and no entreaty of the owners could induce them to direct the Trombadgis to exercise their engines.

It is impossible to see any thing more dismal and dreary than the aspect that once gay Pera now presents. The Turks are already beginning to run up their wooden houses, which they are projecting farther, and making the streets narrower than ever; but all the stone edifices remain, and will remain, in ruins. It is very doubtful if any of the natives can, or will, incur the expence of rebuilding their palaces; and merchants will hardly hazard their property again on such expensive edifices as they formerly occupied. Pera, therefore, is likely to consist, in future, of wooden houses, among stone rubbish.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

THE OULD MAN AT THE ALTAR.*

By John Banim.

An ould man he knelt at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take—
And at first his faint voice did falter,
And his feeble hands did shake :
For his only brave boy—his glory—
Had been stretched at the ould man's feet,
A corpse, all so pale and gory,
By the hand that he now must greet.

The ould man he soon stopt speaking,
And rage that had not gone by
From under his brows came breaking
Up into his enemy's eye :
And now his hands were not shaking,
But clenched o'er his heart were crossed,
And he looked a fierce look, to be taking
Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the ould man he looked around him,
And thought of the place he was in—
And thought of the vow that bound him,—
And thought that revenge was a sin :
And then—crying tears like a woman—
“Your hand!” he said—“aye, that hand!—
And I do forgive you, soeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land!”

*Some time ago it was proposed to put an end to the petty disputes between rival factions in Ireland, by getting the leaders of them to meet and embrace in their chapels, and promise to forgive and forget; the occurrence that suggested the foregoing lines took place at the altar of a little mountain chapel in Clare.

A CONDEMNED SERMON IN NEWGATE.

The following is an extract from Mr. E. G. Wakefield's *Book on Punishment in the Metropolis* (London). Mr. Wakefield, it may be recollected, was sentenced to a long imprisonment for the abduction of Miss Turner; this book has been the result of his prison observations and reflections.

"THE condemned service is conducted with peculiar solemnity, being attended by the Sheriffs in their great gold chains, and is in other ways calculated to make a strong impression on the minds of the congregation, who may be considered as representing the criminals of the Metropolis. Whether the impression be a good or a bad one, I leave the reader to decide; but in order that he may have the necessary materials for deciding justly I lay before him the following description of a condemned service, premising only this—that not a circumstance is stated which I have not witnessed.

"The Sheriffs are already seated at their own pew, accompanied by their under Sheriffs, and two friends drawn thither by curiosity. Not far from them appear two tall footmen, swelling with pride at their state liveries. The ordinary is in the desk; his surplice is evidently fresh from the mangle, and those who see him every day observe an air of peculiar solemnity, and perhaps of importance in his face and manner. The Clerk is busied, in searching out the Psalms proper for the occasion. The tragedy begins. Enter first the schoolmaster and his pupils—then the prisoners for trial; next the transports, amongst whom are the late companions of the condemned men; and then the women. Lastly come the condemned. They are four in number. The first is a youth, about eighteen apparently. He is to die for stealing in a dwelling house goods valued at more than £5. His features have no felonious cast; on the contrary, they are handsome, intelligent, and even pleasing. Craft, and fear, and debauchery have not yet had time to put decided marks on him. He steps boldly with his head upright, looks to the women's gallery and smiles. His intention is to pass for a brave fellow with those who have brought him to his ultimate end; but the attempt fails; fear is stronger in him than vanity.—Suddenly his head droops, and he sits down, his bent knees tremble and knock together. The second is an old criminal, on whose countenance villainy is distinctly written. He has been sentenced to death before, but reprieved and transported for life. Having incurred the penalty of death by the act, in itself innocent of returning to England, he is now about to die for a burglary committed since his return. His glance at the Sheriffs and at the Ordinary tells of scorn and defiance. The third is a sheep stealer, a poor ignorant creature, in whose case are mitigating points, but who is to be hanged in con-

sequence of some report having reached the ear of the Secretary of State that this is not his first offence, and secondly, because lately a good many sheep had been stolen by other people. He is quite content to die; indeed the exertions of the chaplain and others have brought him firmly to believe that his situation is envious, and that the gates of heaven are open to receive him. Now observe the fourth—that miserable man in a tattered suit of black. He is already half dead. He is said to be a clergyman of the Church of England, (the Rev. Peter Fenn) and has been convicted of forgery. The great efforts made to save his life, not only by his friends, but by many utter strangers, fed him with hope until his doom was sealed. He is now under the influence of despair. He staggers towards the pew, reels into it, stumbles forward, flings himself on the ground, and by a curious twist of the spine buries his head under his body. The Sheriffs shudder, the inquisitive friends creep forward, the keeper frowns on the excited congregation; the lately smirking footmen close their eyes and forget their liveries; the Ordinary clasps his hands, the turnkeys cry ‘hush!’ and the old clerk lifts up his cracked voice saying, ‘Let us sing to the praise and glory of God.’ People of London! is there any scene in any play so striking as the tragedy of real life which is acted eight times a year in the midst of your serene homes? They sing the Morning Hymn, which of course reminds the condemned of their prospect for to-morrow morning. Eight o’clock to-morrow morning is to be their last moment. They come to the burial service. The youth, who, alone of those for whom it is intended, is both able and willing to read, is, from want of practice at a loss to find the place in his prayer book. The ordinary observes him, looks to the Sheriffs, and says aloud, ‘the service of the Dead!’ The youth’s hands tremble as they hold the book upside down. The burglar is heard to mutter an angry oath. The sheep stealer smiles, and extending his arms upwards, looks with a glad expression to the roof of the chapel. The forger has never moved.

“Let us pass on. All have sung ‘the lamentation of a sinner,’ and have seemed to pray, especially for those now awaiting the awful execution of the law.” We come to the sermon. The ordinary of Newgate is an orthodox unaffected Church of England divine, who preaches plain homely discourses, as fit as any religious discourse can be fit for the irritated audience. The sermon of this day, whether eloquent or plain, useful or useless, must produce a striking effect at the moment of its delivery.—The text, without another word, is enough to raise the wildest passions of the audience, already fretted by an exhibition of gross injustice, and by the contradiction involved in the conjunction of religion with the taking away of lives. ‘The sacrifices of God are a broken heart; a broken and contrite heart, O God! thou wilt not despise,’ (Psalm, li. v. 17.) For a while the preacher addresses himself to the congregation at large, who listen attentively—ex-

cepting the clergyman and the burglar, of whom the former is still rolled up at the bottom of the condemned pew, whilst the eyes of the latter are wandering round the chapel, and one of them is occasionally winked, impudently, at some acquaintance amongst the prisoners for trial. At length the Ordinary pauses : and then, in a deep tone, which though hardly above a whisper, is audible to all, says—‘ Now to you, my poor fellow mortals, who are about to suffer the awful penalty of the law.’ But why should I repeat the whole ? it is enough to say, that in the same solemn tone he talks for about ten minutes, of crimes, punishments, bonds, shame, ignominy, sorrow, sufferings, wretchedness, pangs, childless parents, widows, and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death to-morrow morning for the benefit of society. What happiness ? The dying men are dreadfully agitated. The young stealer in a dwelling house no longer has the least pretence to bravery. He grasps the back of the pew ; his legs give way ; he utters a faint groan, and sinks on the floor. Why does not one stir to help him ? Where would be the use ? The hardened burglar moves not, nor does he speak ; but his face is of ashy paleness ; and, if you look carefully, you may see blood trickling from his lip, which he has bitten unconsciously, from rage, or to rouse his fainting courage. The poor sheep-stealer is in a phrensy. He throws his hands far from him and shouts aloud, ‘ Mercy, good Lord ! mercy is all I ask. The Lord in his mercy come ! There ! there ! I see the Lamb of God ! Oh ! how happy ! Oh ! this is happy ’—Meanwhile, the clergyman, still bent into the form of a sleeping dog, struggles violently—his feet, legs, hands, and arms even the muscles of his back, move with quick jerking motion, not naturally, but, as it were, like the affected part of a galvanized corpse. Suddenly he utters a short sharp scream, and all is still. The silence is short. As the Ordinary proceeds ‘ to conclude,’ the women set up a yell, which is mixed with a rustling noise, occasioned by the removal of those whose hysterics have ended in fainting. The keeper tries to appear unmoved ; but his eyes, wander anxiously over the combustible assembly. The children round the communion table stare and gape with childish wonder.—The two masses of prisoners for trial undulate and slightly murmur ; while the capital convicts, who were lately in that black pew, appear faint with emotion. This exhibition lasts for some minutes, and then the congregation disperses ; the condemned returning to the cells ; the forger carried by turnkeys ; the youth sobbing aloud convulsively, as a passionate child ; the burglar muttering curses and savage expressions of defiance ; whilst the poor sheep-stealer shakes hands with the turnkeys, whistles merrily, and points upwards with madness in his look.”

THE SONG OF OUR FATHERS.

—————Sing aloud
 Old songs, the precious Music of the Heart.

Wordsworth.

SING them upon the sunny hills,¹
 When days are long and bright,
 And the blue gleam of shining rills
 Is loveliest to the sight !
 Sing them along the misty moor,
 Where ancient hunters rov'd,
 And swell them through the torrent's roar,
 The songs our fathers lov'd.

The songs their soul rejoiced to hear,
 When harps were in the hall,
 And each proud note made lance and spear
 Thrill on the banner'd wall ;
 The songs that through our vallies green,
 Sent on from age to age,
 Like his own river's voice, have been
 The peasant's heritage.

The reaper sings them when the vale
 Is fill'd with plummy sheaves ;
 The woodman by the starlight pale,
 Cheered homeward through the leaves ;
 And unto them the glancing oars
 A joyous measure keep,
 Where the dark rocks that crest our shores,
 Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be ! a light they shed
 O'er each old fount and grove ;
 A memory of the gentle dead,
 A lingering spell of love.
 Murmuring the names of mighty men,
 They bid our streams roll on,
 And link high thoughts to every glen
 Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
 When evening fires burn clear ;
 And in the fields of harvest mirth,
 And on the hills of deer ;
 So shall each unforgotten word,
 When far those lov'd ones roam,
 Call back the hearts which once it stir'd
 To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
 Shall whisper in the strain,
 The voices of their household band,
 Shall breathe their names again ;
 The heathery heights in vision rise
 Where, like the stag, they rov'd—
 Sing to your sons those melodies,
 The songs your fathers lov'd.

DOMESTIC BLISS.

' There's a bliss beyond all that the Minstrel has told,
 When two that are linked in a heavenly tie,
 With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die.

' One hour of passion so sacred, is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss ;
 And, oh ! if there be an Elysium on earth,
 It is this, it is this.'

ONE window opening down to the ground, showed the interior of a very small parlour, plainly and modestly furnished, but panelled all round with well-filled book cases. A lady's harp, stood in one corner, and in another two fine globes and an orrery. Some small flower-baskets, filled with roses, were dispersed about the room ; and at a table, near the windows, sat a gentleman writing, or rather leaning over a writing desk, with a pen in his hand, for his eyes were directed towards the gravel walk before the window, where a lady (an elegant looking woman, whose plain white robe and dark uncovered hair well became the sweet, matronly expression of her face and figure) was anxiously stretching out her encouraging arms to her little daughter, who came laughing and tottering towards her on the soft green turf ; her tiny feet, as they essayed their first independent steps, in the eventful walks of life, twisting and turning with graceful awkwardness, and unsteady pressure, under the disproportionate weight of her chubby person. It was a sweet, heart-thrilling sound, the joyous, crowning laugh of that creature, when with one last, bold, mighty effort she reached the maternal arms, and was caught up to the maternal bosom, and was covered with kisses, in an ecstasy of unspeakable love. As if provoked to emulous loudness by that mirthful outcry, and impatient to mingle its clear notes with that young innocent voice, a blackbird, embowered in a tall neighbouring bay-tree, poured out forthwith such a flood of full, rich melody, as stilled the baby's laugh, and for a moment arrested its observant ear. But for a moment. The kindred nature burst out into full chorus : the baby clasped her hands, and laughed aloud : and, after her fashion, mocked the unseen songstress. The bird redoubled her tuneful efforts, and still the baby laughed, and still the bird rejoined ; and both together raised such a melodious din, that the echoes of the old church rang again ; and never since the contest of the nightingale with her human rival, was heard such an emulous conflict of human skill. I could have laughed for company, from my unseen lurking-place within the dark shadow of the church buttresses. It was altogether such a scene as I shall never forget, one from which I could hardly tear myself away. Nay, I did not ; I stood motionless as a statue in my dark grey nich, till the objects be-

fore me became indistinct in twilight, till the last slanting sunbeams had withdrawn from the highest panes of the church window, till the blackbird's song was hushed, and the baby's voice was still, and the mother and her nursing had retreated into their quiet dwelling, and the evening taper gleamed through the fallen white curtain and still open window.

But yet before the curtain fell, another act of the beautiful pantomime had passed in view before me. The mother with her infant in her arms had seated herself in a low chair, within the little parlour. She untied the frock strings, drew off that, and the second upper garments, dexterously and at intervals, as the restless frolics of the still unwearied babe afforded opportunity; and then it was in its little under coat, the plump white shoulders shrugged up in antic merriment, far above the slackened shoulder straps. Then the mother's hand slipped off one shoe, and having done so, her lips were pressed, almost as it seemed involuntarily, to the little naked foot she still held. The other, as if in proud love of liberty, had spurned off to a distance the fellow shoe; and now the darling, disarrayed for its innocent slumbers, was hushed and quieted, but not yet to rest: the night dress was still to be put on, and the little crib was not there; not yet to rest, but to the nightly duty already required of young christians. And in a moment it was hushed, and in a moment the small hands were pressed together between the mother's hands, and the sweet serious eye was raised and fixed on the mother's eye (there beamed, as yet the infant's heaven;) and one saw that it was lisping out its unconscious prayers; unconscious, surely not unaccepted. A kiss from maternal lips was the token of God's approval; and then she rose, and gathered up the scattered garments in the same clasp with the half naked babe, she held it smiling to its father; and one saw in the expression of his face, as he upraised it after having imprinted a kiss on that of his child, one saw in it all the holy fervour of a father's blessing.

Then the mother withdrew her little one, and then the curtain fell, and I still lingered, for after the interval of a few minutes, sweet sounds arrested my departing footsteps; a few notes of the harp, a low prelude stole sweetly out, a voice still sweeter, mingling its tones, with a soft quiet accompaniment, swollen out gradually into a strain of sacred harmony, and the words of the evening hymn came wafted towards the house of prayer. Then all was still in the cottage and around it; and the perfect silence, and the deepening shadows, brought to my mind more forcibly the lateness of the hour, and warned me to turn my face homewards. So I moved a few steps, and yet again I lingered, lingered still, for the moon was rising, and the stars were shining out in the clear cloudless heaven; and the bright reflection of one danced and glittered like a liquid fire-fly on the ripple of the stream, just where it glided into a dark deeper pool beneath a little rustic footbridge which led from where I stood into a shady green lane, communicating with the neighbouring hamlet.

MONTHLY RECORD.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE PREMIER

MR. GREY the son of Sir Charles afterwards Earl Grey, entered Parliament, on coming of age, under the especial auspices of Mr. Fox. His brilliant *debut* and the prediction of Mr. Pitt, marked him out as the rising hope of the Whigs. The fashionable *eclat* of his youth, rank, and personal accomplishments, made him one of the private as well as political friends of the Prince of Wales. But there was that even in his youth which rendered him unfit to be the courtier even of a popular heir apparent, the avowed patron of a Whig Opposition. His relations with the Prince of Wales, after dwindling to politics and party, ended at last in ill-disguised alienation at Carlton-house.

From 1792 to 1800, has been the most brilliant in the political life of Lord Grey. He stood by the side of Mr. Fox, the most active and eminent member of the Whig party, and the recognized chief and organ of the Reformers. It was in 1792 that, in concert with Lord Lauderdale, Erskine, Whitbread, Sheridan, and several other men distinguished for public spirit and political talents, both in and out of parliament, he formed the society called "The Friends of the People." The existence of that society, though brief, is, next to the present, the most important era in the history of Reform. Without making any impression upon the divisions of the House of Commons, it gave an incurable blow to borough oligarchy, by the individual character and authority of the leading members, and by the palpable manner in which it placed the vices of the representation before the public eye.

Mr. Fox supported in parliament the principles of the society, but did not enrol himself a member. He thought by this compromise to avert the convulsion which then threatened the Whigs. Mr. Grey was its constituted and avowed organ. The society made a brief public declaration of its principles in 1792, but restricted itself in Parliament to a notice by Mr. Grey of a motion for Parliamentary Reform to be made in the following year. Mr. Pitt attacked "The Friends of the People" by a side wind, in a proclamation and in Parliament. He was answered by Mr. Grey, with an exposure of his bad faith and apostacy so severe and overwhelming, that the Minister, with all his arrogance and ability, quailed under it.

Mr. Grey, upon the elevation of his father to an earldom in 1806, became Lord Howick, and was a cabinet minister, first at the head of the Admiralty, then at the head of the Foreign Department, as successor of Mr. Fox, during the short Whig administration of 1806,7. In the latter year, on the death of his father, he became Earl Grey, and a member of the Upper House.

A proud man soon becomes disgusted with a cause in which he is supported only by a small, and not very reputable, minority--and Lord Grey, before he yet left the House of Commons, abandoned the field of Reform, rather than divide or dispute empire with Sir F. Burdett. His junction with the Grenvilles, and his translation to the House of Lords, completed, and sealed for a time, his dissociation from the Reformers.

Lord Grey, from the period of his junction with Lord Grenville, no longer identified himself with any great popular cause. The enlightened support of the question of religious liberty, it is true, does honour to both ; but on this subject they were in advance of public opinion, and alienated, at the same time, both the people and the Crown. It broke up the Administration of 1807, without exciting public regret.

The long reign and Tory principles of George III, the political apostacy and personal alienation of the Prince of Wales, should have convinced Lord Grey that the only hope of a Whig Ministry was in the support of the nation ; yet did he look to the aristocracy and the Crown as the dispensers of office. But though Lord Grey was attached to " his order," he could not crouch to the borough oligarchs, like Lord Liverpool, Mr. Perceval, the Duke of Portland, and even Pitt himself, and, therefore, was not the man to be promoted to the State-helm, by what is called in England " the aristocracy." The elements of repulsion between him and the Court, during the latter part of the reign of George III. and the whole Regency and reign of George IV. was still more active and envenomed. He not only disdained to capitulate with them, but gave fresh provocation. He not only merely refused to give George III. in 1807, the secret pledge against the Catholics, demanded by that Sovereign, but recorded his opposition by a minute of council, and brought death to the Administration of which he was a member.

In 1809, when the deplorable expedition to Walcheren, the duel and resignations of Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, and the death of the Duke of Portland, left the country without a Government ; Mr. Perceval, with the express authority of the King, addressed a duplicate letter to Lords Grey and Grenville, desiring their immediate presence in London, for the purpose of forming, as the letter expressed it, " an extended and combined Administration." Lords Grey and Grenville were at the time, the former in Northumberland, the latter in Cornwall. Lord Grenville came to town, conferred with Mr. Perceval and Lord Liverpool, and after an interchange of compliments, rejected their overtures. Lord Grey declined at once, not only the proposed coalition, but the invitation to a personal conference in town. Both Lords, doubtless, saw the hollowness of the overture, but Lord Grey's pride took the alarm, lest his sagacity should be for a moment suspected, and he marked his sense of a mere Court manœuvre by his stately, if not contemptuous, rejection. This contrast of Lord Grey's intractable pride with the more accommo-

dating and courtly character of Lord Grenville, was taken advantage of by Mr. Perceval, and not lost upon the Prince of Wales, when he soon after became Regent of the Kingdom.

The enlightened and active portion of the Tory Administration had been for some time disengaging itself from the mere inveterate and incompetent of the party. The schism became complete on the illness and incapacity of Lord Liverpool, and the succession of Mr. Canning as Prime Minister.

It was not to be expected that Lord Grey should take office under Mr. Canning ; but a disinterested unofficial support of that Minister, when his genius had at last emancipated itself from thralldom, instead of detracting from the superior station of Lord Grey, would have been regarded as a proof of political magnanimity.

Had Lord Grey's ambition, been less personal, and his pride less jealous ; had he been more just to himself ; had he reflected that the man who was a first-rate figure by the side, not only of Lord Grenville, but of Fox, and opposed to Pitt, could not suffer by being seen in juxtaposition with Burdett or Canning ; had he assumed the chieftaincy in the war of Reform, which has been long and honourably waged by Lords John Russel and Durham (Mr. Lambton ;) had he gone with his party, and the most enlightened and liberal portion of the public, both Whigs and Reformers, in supporting Mr. Canning, he would, in the former case have hastened the triumph of Reform ; in the latter, the downfall of Toryism ; and in both consulted his own ambition and renown.

Events have done for Lord Grey that which he seems to have almost perversely laboured to prevent. The death of the late King removed two obstacles between him and public office—that King's strong personal alinaction, and a system of secret influence, against which Lord Grey had expressly pledged himself. The new King entered upon the Royal functions without idle phantasies or personal antipathies, ungoverned by any secret or sinister influence, with a spirit of frankness, directness, and, it may be said, Royal probity, to which the Court and Government of this country had been strangers, not merely for generations but for centuries. All this would not have been sufficient for opening the path of office to Lord Grey, without the infatuated spirit of contemptuous despotism with which the military Premier affected to govern. In the intoxication of his success, he proclaimed his intention of dragging public opinion into the worship of borough-corruption. The public reason of the country, insulted by this arrogant pretension, and by the flagrant East Retford job, was too strong, even acting indirectly, through the enfeebling and unfaithful medium of the House of Commons ; and the Duke of Wellington descended from the Premiership to be regarded as an incapable shrivelled politician instead of a successful soldier.

By a most singular occurrence of circumstances, advocacy of Reform and hostility to borough oligarchy became recommendations for the Ministry. This alone would not have tempted Lord

Grey to relapse into a Reformer. But the nation now rallied round the cause, and Lord Grey condescended once more to patronize it.

Lord Grey has the advantage of political study and experience, generous principles and grand views of policy, enlightened knowledge of the laws and constitution, a sincere love of liberty, an exalted integrity of character, upon which calumny has never even attempted to breathe; eloquence of the highest order and rarest stamp, instinct with deliberative wisdom and classic fire, set off by a personal delivery at once popular and noble. Yet with all these qualifications, his tenure of office is precarious. The early sympathy between him and the people has been long suspended, and he has not yet wholly revived it. Lord Grey should not forget that he is the Minister of the people. If he wishes to continue so, he must condescend to exercise the necessary and not unbecoming arts which secure popular support. Instead of economising his eloquence and standing aloof, he must throw himself implicitly upon the tide of popular feeling, and rally opinion round him in great masses.

GREAT BRITAIN.—*The Reform Bill* was lost on its second reading Oct. 8, in the House of Lords, by a majority of 41. Several disturbances occurred from the disappointment of the people, but none of much consequence.

The Thunderer, 84 gun ship, built of African and English oak, was launched in Sept. She is considered a perfect model of naval architecture.

The Phoenix, steamer, has been laid down at Chatham; her engine is to be of 250 horse power, and she is to throw shells 10 inches in diameter.

Mr. Calcraft, M. P. terminated his existence by suicide. Political events are said to have preyed on his mind, and to have occasioned temporary insanity.

Bank of England.—The amount of notes in circulation is about £17,600,000.

Press.—The duty on newspapers in 1830 amounted to 18,172,675 francs, a sum equal to the entire revenue of several continental kingdoms.

Sunday Schools.—There are in the United Kingdom 10,169 Sunday Schools, 107,540 teachers, and 1,062,600 scholars.

Population of Scotland, by the late census is 2,365,700, being an increase since 1832 of 272,244.

Savings Banks.—According to a parliamentary return just printed, the gross amount of sums received on account of savings banks is, since their establishment in 1817. £20,760,228; amount of sums paid. £5,648,338; the balance, therefore, is £15,111,990. It also states the gross amount of interest paid and credited to savings banks by the commissioners for the reduction of the national debt as £5,141,410 8s. 7d. This is astonishing,—and we should vainly demand credence for it on less authority than the

parliamentary documents. Here is a sum of twenty millions gathered, in shillings and pence, from the humblest ranks, in about a dozen years,—or upwards of a million and a half a year, saved out of the superfluity of the labouring people and lower order of shopkeepers! The secret in this instance, was practical economy; individual abstinence from those gross excesses which make the fortunes of the dram distillers and the ale brewer,—virtue and decency, which are at once the cheapest and surest way to wealth. The nonsense that private vices may be public benefits, has been long exploded. But the success of the savings' banks offers an irresistible proof that the true source of the national wealth is the national practice of integrity, manly self denial, and quiet virtue.

UNITED STATES.—*Steam.*—100 Steam Engines have been manufactured during 1831 at Pittsburg on the Ohio.

Mr. Audubon, the celebrated ornithologist, has undertaken a journey for scientific purposes, from Washington through the southern States to Florida, along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, up the Arkansas, over the Rocky mountains, and down the Columbia river.

American Methodists.—By the minutes of this church, it appears that it has 513,114 members: of whom 437,024 are white persons, 71,589 coloured, and 1510 Indians. This shows an increase since last year of 37,114 members. Number of travelling Preachers 2,010.

Coal, The demand for Nova Scotia coal is increasing rapidly, 20,000 tons are stated as the import for 1831, and 30,000 tons are said to be the quantity wanted.

An Explosion occurred at Savannah Oct. 26, in a powder magazine, by which 7 persons lost their lives.

Premium.—The Publishing committee of the Sunday School Union, offer 150 dollars, and other suitable compensation, to the writer of the best book on popular superstitions, to be presented by January 1, 1832.

Schools. In the State of New York there are, in the common and other schools, 550,000 scholars; being as 1 to 3½ of the whole population.

LOWER CANADA.—*Emigration.*—It is stated that 55,000 emigrants, arrived in the St. Lawrence since the opening of the navigation this year. It is generally allowed that the country has been benefitted by the increase, altho' the charity of some portions has been hardly taxed, and many individuals among the emigrants have suffered much, from sickness and want.

Wreck—The Lady Digby was wrecked on the Magdalen Islands, and of 40 steerage passengers 37, it is said, were drowned.

Quebec; Trade.—Exports of 1831 to Oct. 25—wheat 1,326,670 bushels; flour 72,777 barrels; ashes 32,287 barrels. Arrivals, 962 vessels, of 249,145 tons, bringing 49,062 Emigrants.

Montreal; Trade.—Duties collected on imported goods for the quarter ending Oct 10, exceed the duties of same quarter last year by £3777.

UPPER CANADA.—*Rideau Canal.*—Complaints have been made against the manner in which this public work has been conducted, and a board of officers have assembled to deliberate on the subject, at By-town.

A Steam Ship *William IV*, was launched at Gananoque; length 135 feet, beam 25 feet, hold 10 feet, engine 100 horse power.

The Welland Canal, promises to answer the expectations of its friends, large quantities of produce have passed through during the past summer.

Several *Young Mens Societies*, have been established in Canada, for the purpose of promoting moral and intellectual improvement, of providing young men strangers with well conducted boarding houses, and of introducing them to proper companions.

NEW BRUNSWICK.—*The Boundary.*—Some little vapouring is all that remains of the late warlike rumours.

Bay of Fundy Steamer.—The *Henrietta* of 50 horse power has commenced running between St. John, N. B. and Annapolis. She is said to answer well in every respect.

Legislature.—The legislative session is to commence on January 19th.

November 21.—A meeting was held for the purpose of commencing a subscription for to relieve the distress in Barbadoes, occasioned by the late hurricane. First day's subscription amounted to £415.

HALIFAX.—The *General Assembly* have been called to meet for despatch of business on the 25th January.

Mechanics' Library.—A General Meeting was held on Nov. 19; Dr. Grigor in the Chair. The Report of the Committee was read, which stated that all the shares were taken up, that 238 books were in the Library, and £29 10s in the Treasurer's hands. The Report recommended that the shareholders' list be opened for an additional number of names, that a donation list be opened, and that a petition be prepared to be presented to the House of Assembly for pecuniary aid to the library. The following resolutions passed the meeting.

Moved by J. Leander Starr, Esquire: That the words "not exceeding one hundred" in Rule 2nd be struck out.

Moved by Mr. Thomas Brady: That the Shareholders' list of the Halifax Mechanics' Library, be left open until the next annual general meeting.

Moved by William Sutherland, Esq. That a list be prepared for the reception of the names of those persons, who may wish to contribute to the funds of the institution or add to its stock; and that each member will exert his best ability to procure donations.

Moved by Mr. Joseph Howe; That a petition to the House of Assembly be prepared for a pecuniary grant to the Association, and that Stephen Deblois, Esq. be requested to present the petition to the House, and that he and Charles R. Fairbanks, Esq. be requested to give it their support.

The two following resolutions, which the Committee had formed for their own guidance, were submitted to the Meeting and approved of:--

That any person wishing to become a shareholder, shall leave his name with the secretary, to be laid before the committee, at their next meeting.

That twenty-five shareholders may procure a general meeting, by forwarding to the President a written requisition with their names attached to it, and that the meeting shall not be held until six days after such notice.

Also, moved by Mr. James Dechman, sen. That the thanks of the meeting be given to those persons who exerted themselves in the formation of this Institution.

Moved by Mr. J. S. Thompson; That the thanks of the meeting be given to Dr. Grigor, for his attention to the business of the evening.

In conformity with the first of those resolutions, the list has been opened, and several names in addition to the first 100 added.

In conformity to the third, a Donation List has been opened, and lies at the Secretary's residence—where the books of the Library are kept—for names.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, Nov. 2, Lieut. John Urquhart, royal marines, to Miss Jane Roberts. 5, Mr. G. W. Sherlock, to Mrs. Eliza Holland. 12, Mr. John Sargent, to Miss Mary Ann Pyke. Mr. George A. Hall, to Miss Mary Owens. 13, Mr. Thomas Cassidy, to Miss Martha Roast. 18, Mr. R. Elliot, to Miss Margaret Robinson. 20, Mr. Abram Oliver, to Mrs. Mary Burke. Mr. John W. C. Brown, jun. to Miss Sarah Ann Richardson.—At Greenfield, Nov. 3, Mr. Nathaniel Russel, to Miss Susanna Cummins.—At Musquodoboit, Oct. 25, George Harvey, Esq. to Miss Mary H. Archibald.—At Lahave, Nov. 8, Rev. J. W. Weeks, to Miss Elizabeth Kock.—At Lunenburg, Nov. 19, Mr. John Hunt, to Miss Elizabeth Brown.—At Windsor, Nov. 3, Harry King, Esq. to Miss Margaret Haliburton Fraser.—At Londonderry, Nov. 17, Mr. William Bond, to Miss Sarah Church. Mr. Simeon Urquhart, to Miss Susannah Church.—At Pictou, Nov. 15, Mr. Andrew McGregor, to Miss Mary Gray. 16, Mr. Alexander Fraser, to Miss Jannet Gray. 19, Mr. James Fraser, to Miss Harriet Hamilton. At M'Lennan's Mountain, Nov. 24, Mr. Donald Ross, to Miss Catherine Fraser.—At New Glasgow, Nov. 24, Mr. Alexander Cameron, to Miss Margaret McKay.—At Antigonish, Nov. 1, Rev. Thomas H. White, to Miss Cornelia Ogden.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Nov. 2, Mary Elizabeth Vickers, aged 42. Ensign Henry Smith, late 4th Royal Veteran Battalion, aged 60. 5, Captain Cox, paymaster of the 8th regt. 9, Mr. Richard Scott, aged 20. 17, Mrs. Elizabeth Mathews, aged 68.—At Dartmouth, Nov. 21, Mrs. Mary Ann Smith, aged 34.—At Shelburne, Oct. 29, Mrs. Rachael White, —At Gay's River, Nov. 5, Mrs. Eleanor Corbet.—At Cornwallis, Oct. 29, Mr. David Starr, sen. aged 89.—At Pictou, Nov. 30, William Patterson, aged 14.—At New Laig, Nov. 19, Mrs. Mary McKenzie, aged 32.—At Fisher's Grant, Nov. 25, Mrs. Ross, wife of Mr. Hugh Ross.

THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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

MATTHEW WALLS,

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

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