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# THE HALIFAX Monthly Magazine.

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## THE SHIPWRECKED COASTER.

“Who can stand before his cold?”

PSALM, cxlvii. 17.

THERE are few classes of men more exposed to hardship and disaster, than those employed in the coasting trade of New England, particularly in the winter season. So great are their risks of property and life, at that time of the year, that it is the custom of many to dismantle their vessels and relinquish their employment till the spring; although they can poorly afford this period of secession from labour, and consequent loss of income.—Among those engaged in conveying fuel from the forests of Plymouth and Sandwich to the Boston market, there are some who continue their business through the winter. But they incur great hazard, and sometimes meet with disastrous issues. One of these events it is my present purpose to relate. The particulars I have ascertained from an eye witness of a part of the same; and from one who was a personal partaker of the whole.

In the winter of 1826-7 the weather was uncommonly severe for some weeks, during which the land was covered with snow, and the shores were covered in ice. It was a boisterous, cold and gloomy season. From my dwelling there was a plain view of the little harbour of Sandwich, in which the few vessels employed in the business before named, shelter themselves, and receive their lading of wood to be conveyed to Boston.—Some of these were already dismantled for the winter; others were laden, and had been waiting a relaxation of the weather, in order to effect a passage. In that region, a period of severe cold is commonly succeeded by rain. The north west wind which brings the cold out of the north, gives place to a wind from a southerly point, which comes loaded with a copious vapor, and pours it down like a deluge. It so took place on the occasion to which I refer. Rain from the south-east, had continued for two or three days, accompanied with tempestuous wind and occasional thunder and lightning. It had dissolved much of the snow, but had filled the roads and low and level places with water. The ground being half frozen, retained the water on its surface, and this, with the remaining snow half dissolved, rendered the aspect of nature cheerless, and the moving from place to place uncomfortable. About noon, on the sixteenth of January, the rain ceased, and, the weather being comparatively warmer than it had been, gave some prospect of a few days in which business might be done.

In the afternoon of that day, perceiving that there were some dry places on which the foot might be safely set, I embraced the opportunity to walk forth: glad to inhale the fresh air and meet the faces of men, after having been so long confined by the weather. The wind was comparatively soft, but gusty: the air was loaded with vapours, and in the higher regions, clouds of all shape, and varying densities, were seen rolling over each other in different directions, as if obeying no guidance of the wind, but pursuing each an inward impulse of its own. While doubting, for a moment, which way to walk, I beheld, on an eminence, not far distant, a solitary individual, with his face towards the harbour, seemingly to be deeply intent on something then taking place. An impulse of curiosity moved me to approach him, when I discovered him to be an old experienced master in the coasting trade.

I accosted him in the customary style of salutation, but he answered me not a word. His eye was intently following the motions of a small schooner, loaded with wood, which was slowly moving towards the mouth of the harbour. My own eye pursued the motion of his, till the *Almira*, (the schooner's name,) had rounded the point, forming the west side of the harbour, and hoisting her sails, stood towards the north. As soon as he saw this, he lifted his hands and exclaimed, "He has gone out of this harbour, and he will never come into it again!" I remarked that the wind was southerly, and of course fair. But he paid no attention to the remark. He again lifted up his hands, repeated his exclamation, and, with a sorrowful countenance, departed.

I stood awhile observing the progress of the schooner. It was not very rapid. The wind was vascillating, and shifting round about her, as if uncertain in what direction to establish itself.—And the vessel seemed as if conscious of the uncertainty of the wind, and therefore, undecided as to the position of her sails and rudder.

The master of the *Almira* was Josiah Ellis, a man of between fifty and sixty years of age. He was one whose gigantic frame seemed to abide the fiercest 'pelting of the pitiless storm.' He had so often encountered the violence of the elements, and had so often conquered them by the simple energy of a vigorous constitution, that he took little care to guard himself against them. Reckless of what was to come, if he were sufficiently clad and armed for the present state of winds and seas, he thought not of what might be their condition, or his necessities for meeting them to-morrow.—When, therefore, he felt a southerly wind and a favouring tide, he launched out for his voyage, with no crew but himself, his son Josiah, and Josiah Smith, a seaman; little regardful that winter was still in its depth, and that an hour might produce the most perilous changes.

Thus prepared and manned, the *Almira* held on her way with a slow progress for several hours. The wind was changeful, but continued to blow from the southerly quarter, till they had passed Monument point, a jutting headland about twelve miles from Sandwich harbour, which makes out from the south-easterly side of Plymouth some miles into the sea. It is a high rocky promontory, dangerous to approach; and interferes so much with the passage of vessels from Sandwich to Boston, that while compelled to avoid

it, they yet go as near to it as safety will admit. Beyond this, on its north-westerly side, is a bay, at the bottom of which is Plymouth harbour; a safe place when you are once within it; but so guarded with narrow isthmuses on the north and south as to render the entrance difficult, and in tempestuous weather dangerous. They passed Monument point about ten o'clock, and having Plymouth light for a landmark, were working slowly across the outer part of the bay, but under the discouragements of a dark night, a musky atmosphere, 'a sky foul with clouds,' and a wind so varying that no dependence could be placed on it for a moment.—For some hours they seemed to make no progress; and were rather waiting in hope for some change, than fearing one. The master himself was at the helm, Smith was walking to and fro upon the deck, occasionally adjusting a rope, or altering the position of a sail, and the younger Ellis had lain down on a bench in the cabin. Suddenly the master's voice was heard, calling all hands in haste. His little crew hurried towards him, and looking towards the north-west they saw a clear, bright, and cold sky, about half up from the horizon; the clouds were hastening away towards the S. E. as if to avoid some fearful enemy, and new stars were appearing at each successive moment in the northern and western region of the heavens.

Beautiful as this sight was, in the present circumstances it was only appalling. It indicated a rapid change to severe cold, the consequences of which must be terrible. All was immediately bustle and agitation with her scanty crew. The first impulse was to run into Plymouth for shelter. But unfortunately that harbor lay directly in the eye of the wind, and there was little encouragement that they could make their way into it.—They tacked once or twice, in hopes to obtain the entrance, but having little sea room, and the wind becoming every moment more violent, and the cold more severe, they were constantly foiled, till in one of the sudden motions of the vessel, coming with disadvantage to the wind, the main boom was wrenched from the mast. The halyards were immediately let go, and the mainsail came down, crashing and crackling as it fell, for it had already been converted to a sheet of ice. To furl it, or even to gather it up, was impossible. It lay a cumbrous ruin on the deck and partly in the sea; a burden and a hindrance on all their subsequent operations.

Their next recourse was to lay the vessel to the wind. This they effected by bracing their frozen foresail fore and aft, and loosing the jib. It was not in their power to haul it down. Its motion in the wind soon cracked its covering of ice, and in so doing, rent the substance of the sail itself. It was subsequently torn in pieces. The vessel now obeyed her helm, came up to the wind, and so remained.

While engaged in these operations, the anxious seamen had but little opportunity to observe the heavens. But when they now looked up, behold the whole sky was swept clear of clouds as if by magic. The stars shone with unusual brilliancy. The moon had risen before the change of the wind, but had been invisible on account of the density of the clouds. She now appeared in nearly full-orbed lustre. But moon and stars seemed to unite in shedding that stern brightness which silvers an ice rock, and appears to in-

crease its coldness. The brightness of the heavens was like the light of the countenance of a hard philosopher's ungracious Deity—clear, serene, and chilling cold. They turned towards the wind, and it breathed upon their faces cuttingly severe, charged not only with the coldness of the region whence it came, but also with the frozen moisture of the atmosphere, already converted into needles of ice. From the care of their vessel they began to look to that of their persons. They had been wet with the moisture of the air in the early part of the night, and drenched with the spray which the waves had dashed over them during their various labours. This was now congealed upon them. Their hair and garments were hung with icicles, or stiffened with frost, and they felt the nearer approach of that stern power which chills and freezes the heart. But in looking for proper defence against this adversary of life, it was ascertained that the master had taken with him no garments, but such as were suited to the softer weather in which he had sailed. The outer garments of the son had been laid on the deck, and in the confusion of the night, had gone overboard. Smith, likewise, had forgotten precaution, and was wholly unprovided against a time like this. So that here were three men, in a small schooner, with most of their sails useless encumbrances, spars and rigging covered with ice, themselves half frozen, exposed to the severest rigors of a winter's sky, and winter's sea, and void of all clothing, save such as was suited for moderate weather or the land.

In this emergency they sought the cabin, and with much difficulty succeeded in lighting a fire, over which they hovered till vital warmth was in some measure restored. On returning to the deck, they found their perils fearfully increasing. The dampness and the spray which had stiffened and loaded their hair and garments, had in like manner congealed in great quantities about the rigging, and on the deck, and over sails. The spray as it dashed over the vessel froze wherever it struck; several inches of ice had gathered on deck, small ropes had assumed the appearance of cables, and the folds of the shattered mainsail were nearly filled. The danger was imminent, that the accumulating weight of ice would sink the schooner, yet all means of relieving her from the increasing load were utterly out of their power.

It being now impossible either to proceed on the voyage or to gain a shelter in Plymouth, there was no alternative but to endeavour to get back to their own harbor. It was difficult to make the heavy and encumbered vessel yield to her helm. As to starting a rope, the accumulated ice rendered it impossible. Nevertheless, by persevering effort they got her about, and as wind and tide act together that way, they cleared Monument point and came round into Barnstable Bay once more.—They were now but a few miles from their own homes. Even in the moonlight, as they floated along, they could discern the land adjacent to the master's dwelling house; and they earnestly longed for the day, in the hopes that some of their friends might discover their condition, and send them relief. It was a long, perilous and wearisome night. The cold continued increasing every hour. The men were so chilled by it and so overcome with exertion, that after they had rounded the last named point, they could make but little effort for preserving their

ship. They beheld the ice accumulate upon the deck, the rigging and sails; they felt the vessel becoming more and more unmanageable, and their own danger growing more imminent every moment, yet were wholly unable to avert the peril, or hinder the increase of its course. It was with them,

“As if the dead should feel  
The icy worm around them streat,  
And sudden as the reptiles creep,  
To revel o'er their rotting sleep;  
Without the power to scare away  
The cold consumers of their clay.”

Morning at length began to dawn. But in its first grey twilight they could only perceive that they had been swept by the land they desired, the home they loved. Yet not so far but that in the dim distance they could see the smoke of their chimney top, reminding them of the dear objects of their affections, from whom they were thus fearfully separated, and between whose condition and their own, so dreadful a contrast was exhibited. They looked between themselves and the shore, saw the impossibility of receiving assistance from their friends; and abandoning their vessel to fate, sought only to save themselves from perishing of cold.

Their last remaining sail had now yielded to the violence of the blast, and its accumulating burden of ice. It hung in shattered and heavy remnants from the mast. The vessel left to its own guidance, turned nearly broadside to the wind, and floated rapidly along as if seeking the spot on which it might be wrecked. They passed the three harbors of Sandwich, that of Barstable and Yarmouth, either of which would have afforded them safe shelter could they have entered it. But to direct their course was impossible. With hearts more and more chilled as they drifted by these places of refuge, which they could see but could not reach, they floated onward to their fate.

From a portion of the town of Dennis, there makes out into the sea, a reef of rocks. On the westerly side of this there is a sandy beach, on which a vessel of tolerable strength might be cast without being destroyed; on the westerly there is a cove, having a similar shore, which is a safe harbor from a northwest wind. But the reef itself is dangerous.

In the early part of the day, January seventeenth, an inhabitant of Dennis beheld from an eminence this illfated schooner floating down the bay, broadside towards the wind; her sails dismantled, covered with ice, gleaming like a spectre, in the cold beams of a winter's morning. He raised an alarm and hastened to the shore, where he was shortly joined by such of the inhabitants as the sudden emergency allowed to collect.—Many were seamen themselves; they knew the dangers and the hearts of seamen, and were desirous to render such assistance as they might.

The strange vessel was seen rapidly approaching the reef of rocks above named. She was so near, that those on land could look on board, but they saw no men. They could perceive nothing but the frozen mass of the disordered sails; the ropes encrusted with ice, to thrice their proper size, and objects so mingled in confusion, and so heaped over with ice, that even experienced eyes

could not distinguish whether these were frozen human beings, or the common fixtures of a vessel's deck. Thinking, however, that there might be living men on board, who, if they were roused might change the direction of the schooner, so as to avoid the approaching death shock, they raised a shout clear and shrill, and alarming.—Whether it was heard they knew not. But very soon three men emerged from the cabin, and exhibited themselves on deck, shivering, half clad, meeting at every step a dashing spray, frozen ere it fell, and exposed to a cutting wind, as if they were

‘—all naked feeling and raw life,’

‘Put up your helm.’ exclaimed an aged master, make sail round the rocks; there's a safe harbour on the leeward side.’ Lest his words might not be heard, he addressed himself to the eyes; and by repeated motions, wavings, signs, and signals well known to seamen, warned them of the instant danger, and pointed the direction in which they might avoid it. No movement on board was seen in consequence of this direction and those signals. Ellis and his two men felt that such effort would be unavailing, and did not even attempt it.

It was a moment of thrilling interest to both spectators and sufferers. The difference of a few rods, on either side, would have carried the vessel to safety and preserved the lives of the men. The straight forward course led to instant destruction. Yet the straight forward course the schooner, with seeming obstinacy, pursued, as if drawn by mysterious fascination; and hurried towards the rocks by a kind of invincible desire. Near and more near she came, with her encumbered bulk, till she was lifted as a dead mass on a powerful wave, and thrown at full length upon the fatal ledge.

The men on board when they felt the rising of their vessel for the last fatal plunge, clung instinctively to such fixtures as they could grasp, and in solemn silence waited the event. In silence they endured the shock of her striking; felt themselves covered not now with spray, but with the partially frozen substance of the waves themselves, which made a highway across the deck, filled the cabin, and left them no place of retreat but the small portion of the greater deck abaft the binnacle, and a little space forward near the windlass. To the former place they retreated, as soon as they recovered from the shock, and there they stood, drenched, shivering, and ready to perish; expecting at every moment the fabric under their feet to dissolve; and feeling their powers of life becoming less and less adequate to sustain the increasing intensity of cold.

We will make an effort to save them, said the agonising spectators of the scene. A boat was procured and manned by a hardy crew, resolved to risk their lives for the salvation of their imperiled, although unknown fellow men. The surf ran heavy, and was composed of that kind of ice thickened substance called technically *sludge*; a substance much like floating snow.

Through this she was shoved with great effort, by men who waded deep into the semi-fluid mass for the purpose. But barely had she reached the outer edge of the surf, when a reflux sea conquered and filled her. Fortunately she had not gone so far but that a long and slender warp cast from the shore reached one of

the men. He caught it and attached it to the boat, which was drawn back to the land by their friends, and no lives were lost.

They on the wreck had gazed with soul absorbing interest, on this attempt at their rescue.—They witnessed its failure, and their hearts died within them. One of them was soon after seen to go forward and sit down on the windlass.—“Rise, rise, and stir yourself,” exclaimed many voices at once. They had not read the maxim of Dr. Solander, concerning people exposed to severe cold. “He that sits down will sleep, and he that sleeps will wake no more.” They knew this truth by the sterner teachings of the experience of associates of their own, and by the saying of their fathers, whose wisdom they revered. Hence their exclamation to him who had taken his seat. It was Smith. He rose not, however, at their call, and they said mournfully, one to another, “he will never rise again.” He did not. In truth, in a little he was so encrusted with ice, that they could not distinguish the human form from other equally disguised objects that lay around it; and when afterwards they got on board, the body was gone. It had been washed away, no one knew when, nor has it ever been known that the sea has given up the dead.

The father and son stood alone. The only shelter they could obtain from icy wind and drenching sea, was by occasionally screening themselves on the lee side of the low binnacle.—But there they experienced so soon the commencement of the deadly torpor, that they ceased making use of this refuge, and only sought to keep themselves in motion. But this resolution struggling against a disposition of nature, fails at last. The father was seen to go forward and seat himself as Smith had done before. Again the warning cry was raised, and again it was disregarded. “We will save him yet,” it was exclaimed by the sympathising spectators. The boat was again manned, and again launched, and reached beyond the surf in safety. But to go on board the wreck was utterly impossible. They came so near that they could speak to the younger Ellis, and hear his voice in reply. But such was the violence of winds and waves dashing on the rocks and over the wreck, that they could approach no nearer.—They were compelled to turn about, leaving the father to sleep the sleep of death, with scarce a hope that the son could be saved. But they encouraged him to persevere in his efforts to keep from falling asleep. They told him that the rising tide would probably lift the vessel from her present position, and bring her where they could come on board: that they would keep a constant watch and embrace the first practicable means for his deliverance. He heard them, saw them depart, and with a sad heart took his station on the cabin stairs, where standing knee deep in the half frozen water that filled the cabin, he could in some measure screen his thin clad form from the cold wind. But here he twice detected himself in falling sleep, and left the dangerous post; preferring to expose himself to the bleak wind on the quarter rather than sit down beneath a shelter and die. There he made it his object to keep himself in motion, and the people, when they saw him in danger of relinquishing this last means of preservation, shouted, and moved, and stirred him to a new effort.

It took place as the seamen had predicted.—The rising tide lif-

ted the vessel from her dangerous position, and brought her on to a sand, where the people with much effort got on board, about four o'clock in the afternoon. They found young Ellis on the quarter deck holding on to the tiller ropes. He had become too much exhausted to continue his life-preserving movements, and the stillness of an apparently last sleep had been for some time stealing over him. His hands were frozen to the ropes which they grasped, his feet and ankles were encrusted with ice, and he was so far gone that he was scarcely conscious of the presence of his deliverers.

Their moving him roused him a little. Yet he said nothing, till, as they bore him by his father's body he muttered 'there lies my father,' and relapsed into a stupor, from which he only awaked after he had been conveyed on shore, and customary means had been employed for his restoration. Through the humane attention of the inhabitants, he was restored, but with ultimate loss of the extremities of his hands, and his feet. He still survives, a useful citizen, notwithstanding these mutilations. But the memory of that fearful night and day is in his mind. It taught him, in truth, the inefficiency of human strength, when matched against the elements of nature; and made manifest, likewise, the value of that kindness of man to man, which leads him to watch and labour, and expose even his life for the shipwrecked stranger: to minister to his wants, and nurse his weakness and safely restore him to his family and friends. A child of their own could not have been more kindly or carefully attended than he was, nor more liberally provided for, by the humane people among whom he was cast, I doubt not there is a recompense for them, with him who hath said, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Reader, I know not what interest you may take in my simple narrative, but I have given you a *true* account of the SHIPWRECKED COASTER.

Sandwich, June, 1832.

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## AUTUMN.

*Written after a Ride by the Schuylkill, in October.*

BY MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

Thou comest not in sober guise,  
 In mellow cloak of russet clad—  
 Thine are no melancholy skies,  
 Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;  
 But, like an emperor, triumphing,  
 With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,  
 Full flush of fragrant blossoms,  
 And glowing purple canopies

How call ye this the season's fall,  
 That seems the pageant of the year?  
 Richer and brighter far than all  
 The pomp that spring and summer wear.  
 Red falls the westerling light of day,  
 On rock and stream and winding shore;  
 Soft woody banks and granite tray  
 With amber clouds are curtained o'er;  
 The wide clear waters sleeping lie  
 Beneath the evening's wings of gold,  
 And on their glassy breast the sky  
 And banks their mingled hues unfold.  
 Far in the tangled woods, the ground  
 Is strewn with fallen leaves, that lie  
 Like crimson carpets all around  
 Beneath a crimson canopy.  
 The sloping sun with arrows bright  
 Pierces the forest's waving maze;  
 The universe seems wrapt in light,  
 A floating robe of rosy haze.  
 Oh Autumn! thou art here a king—  
 And round thy throne the smiling hours  
 A thousand fragrant tributes bring,  
 Of golden fruits and blushing flowers.

Oh! not upon thy fading fields and fells  
 In such rich garb doth Autumn come to thee,  
 My home!—but o'er thy mountains and thy dells  
 His footsteps fall slowly and solemnly.  
 No flower nor bud remaineth there to him,  
 Save the faint breathing rose, that, round the year,  
 Its crimson buds and pale soft blossoms dim,  
 In lowly beauty constantly doth wear.  
 O'er yellow stubble lands in mantle brown  
 He wanders through the wan October light,  
 Still as he goeth, slowly stripping down  
 The garlands green that were the spring's delight.  
 At morn and eve thin silver vapors rise  
 Arround his path: but sometimes at mid-day  
 He looks along the hills with gentle eyes,  
 That make the fallow woods and fields seem gay.  
 Yet something of sad sovereignty he hath—  
 A sceptic crown'd with berries ruby red,  
 And the cold sobbing wind bestrews his path  
 With wither'd leaves, that rustle neath his tread;

And round him still, in melancholy state,  
 Sweet solemn thoughts of death and of decay,  
 In slow and hush'd attendance, ever wait,  
 Telling how all things fair must pass away.

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### BEAUTIES OF THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

THE characteristic peculiarity of the Pilgrim's Progress is, that it is the only work of its kind which possesses a strong human interest. Other allegories only amuse the fancy. The Allegory of Bunyan has been read by many thousands with tears. There are some good allegories in Johnson's works, and some of still higher merit by Addison. In these performances there is, perhaps, as much wit and ingenuity as in the Pilgrim's Progress. But the pleasure which is produced by the Vision of Mirza, or the Vision of Theodore, the genealogy of Wit, or the contest between Rest and Labour, is exactly similar to the pleasure which we derive from one of Cowley's Odes, or from a Canto of Hudibras. It is a pleasure which belongs wholly to the understanding, and in which the feelings have no part whatever. Nay, even Spencer himself, though assuredly one of the greatest poets that ever lived, could not succeed in the attempt to make allegory interesting. It was in vain that he lavished the riches of his mind on the House of Pride, and the House of Temperance. One unpardonable fault, the fault of tediousness, pervades the whole of the Fairy Queen. We become sick of Cardinal Virtues and Deadly Sins, and long for the society of plain men and women. Of the persons who read the first Canto, not one in ten reaches the end of the first book, and not one in a hundred perseveres to the end of the poem. Very few and very weary are those who are in at the death of the Blatant Beast. If the last six books, which are said to have been destroyed in Ireland, had been preserved, we doubt whether any heart less stout than that of a commentator would have held out to the end.

It is not so with the Pilgrim's Progress. That wonderful book, while it obtains admiration from the most fastidious critics, is loved by those who are too simple to admire it. Doctor Johnson, all whose studies were desultory, and who hated, as he said, to read books through, made an exception in favour of the Pilgrim's Progress. That work, he said, was one of the two or three works which he wished longer. It was by no common merit that the illiterate sectary extracted praise like this from the most pedantic of critics, and the most bigoted of Tories. In the wildest parts of Scotland, the Pilgrim's Progress is the delight of the peasantry. In every nursery, the Pilgrim's Progress is a greater favourite than Jack the Giant-Killer. Every reader knows the straight and narrow path as well as he knows a road in which he has gone backward and forward a hundred times. This is the highest miracle of genius,—that things which are not, should be as though they were,—that the imaginations of one mind should become the

personal recollections of another. And this miracle, the tinker has wrought. There is no ascent, no declivity, no resting-place, no turn-stile, with which we are not perfectly acquainted. The wicket gate, and the desolate swamp which separates it from the City of Destruction,—the long line of road, as straight as a rule can make it,—the Interpreter's house, and all its fair shows,—the prisoner in the the iron cage,—the palace, at the doors of which armed men kept guard, and on the battlements of which walked persons clothed all in gold,—the cross and the sepulchre,—the steep hill and the pleasant arbour,—the stately front of the House Beautiful by the wayside,—the low green valley of Humiliation, rich with grass, and covered with flocks,—all are as well known to us as the sights of our own street. Then we come to the narrow place where Apollyon strode right across the whole breadth of the way, to stop the Journey of Christian, and where afterwards the pillar was set up to testify how bravely the pilgrim had fought the good fight. As we advance, the valley becomes deeper and deeper. The shade of the precipice on both sides falls blacker and blacker. The clouds gather overhead. Doleful voices, the clanking of chains, and the rushing of many feet to and fro, are heard through the darkness. The way, hardly discernible in gloom, runs close by the mouth of the burning pit, which sends forth its flames, its noisome smoke, and its hideous shapes, to terrify the adventurer. Thence he goes on, amidst the snares and pitfalls, with the mangled bodies of those who have perished lying in the ditch by his side. At the end of the long dark valley, he passes the dens in which the old giant dwelt, amidst the bones and ashes of those whom they had slain.

Then the road passes straight on through a moor, till at length the towers of a distant city appear before the traveller; and soon he is in the midst of the innumerable multitudes of Vanity Fair. There are the jugglers and the apes, the shops and the puppet-shows. There are Italian Row, and French Row, and Spanish Row, and Britain Row, with their crowds of buyers, sellers, and loungers, jabbering all the languages of the earth.

Thence we go on by the little hill of the silver mine, and through the meadow of lilies, along the bank of that pleasant river which is bordered on both sides by fruit-trees. On the left side, branches off the path leading to that horrible castle, the court-yard of which is paved with the skulls of pilgrims; and right onwards, are the sheep-folds and orchards of the Delectable Mountains.

From the Delectable Mountains, the way lies through the fogs and briers of the enchanted ground, with here and there a bed of soft cushions spread under a green arbour. And beyond is the land of Beulah, where the flowers, the grapes, and the songs of birds never cease, and where the sun shines night and day. Thence are plainly seen the golden pavements and streets of pearl, on the other side of that black and cold river over which there is no bridge.

All the stages of the journey,—all the forms which cross or overtake the pilgrims,—giants and hobgoblins,—ill-favoured ones, and shining ones,—the

tall, comely, swaithy Madam Bubble, with her great purse by her side, and her fingers playing with the money,—the black man in the bright vesture,—Mr. Worldly-Wiseman, and my Lord Hate-good,—Mr. Talkative, and Mrs. Timorous,—all are actually existing beings to us. We follow the travellers through their allegorical progress with interest not inferior to that with which we follow Elizabeth from Siberia to Moscow, or Jeanie Deans from Edinburgh to London. Bunyan is almost the only writer that ever gave to the abstract, the interest of the concrete. In the works of many celebrated authors, men are mere personifications. We have not an Othello, but jealousy; not an Iago, but perfidy; not a Brutus, but patriotism. The mind of Bunyan, on the contrary, was so imaginative, that personifications, when he dealt with them, became men. A dialogue between two qualities, in his dream, has a more dramatic effect than a dialogue between two human being in most plays.

The *Pilgrim's Progress* undoubtedly is not a perfect Allegory. The types are often inconsistent with each other; and sometimes the allegorical disguise is altogether thrown off. The river, for example, is emblematic of death; and we are told that every human being must pass through the river. But Faithful does not pass through it. He is martyred, not in shadow, but in reality at Vanity Fair. Hopeful talks to Christian about Isau's birthright, and about his own convictions of sin, as Bunyan might have talked with one of his own congregation. The damsel at the House Beautiful, catechise Christiana's boys, as any good ladies might catechise any boys at a Sunday School. But we do not believe that any man, whatever might be his genius, and whatever his good luck, could long continue a figurative history without falling into many inconsistencies.

The passages which it is the most difficult to defend, are those in which he altogether drops the allegory, and puts into the mouth of his pilgrims religious ejaculations and disquisitions, better suited to his own pulpit at Bedford or Reading, than to the Enchanted Ground or the Interpreter's Garden. Yet even these passages, though we will not undertake to defend them against the objection of critics, we feel that we could ill spare. We feel that the story owes much of its charm to these occasional glimpses of solemn and affecting subjects, which will not be hidden, which force themselves through the veil, and appear before us in their native aspect. The effect is not unlike that which is said to have been produced on the ancient stage, when the eyes of the actor were seen flaming through his mask, and giving life and expression to what would else have been an inanimate and uninteresting disguise.

The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. There is not an expression, if we except a few technical terms of theology, which would puzzle the rudest peasant. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said

more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect—the dialect of plain working men—was perfectly sufficient. There is no book in our literature on which we would so readily stake the fame of the old unpolluted English language—no book which shows so well how rich that language is in its own proper wealth, and how little it has been improved by all that it has borrowed.

Cowper said, forty or fifty years ago, that he dared not name John Bunyan in his verse, for fear of moving a sneer. To our refined forefathers, we suppose, Lord Roscommon's *Essay on Translated Verse*, and the Duke of Buckinghamshire's *Essay on Poetry*, appeared to be compositions infinitely superior to the allegory of the preaching tinker. We live in better times; and we are not afraid to say, that, though there were many clever men in England during the latter half of the seventeenth century, there were only two great creative minds. One of those minds produced the *Paradise Lost*, the other the *Pilgrim's Progress*.—*Edinburgh Review*.

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#### ADMIRAL COLLINGWOOD.

*A living Description of Naval Feeling, and a splendid portraiture  
of a British hero,*

“Methinks it is a glorious thing  
To sail upon the deep;  
A thousand sailors under you,  
Their watch and ward to keep:

To see your gallant battle-flag  
So scornfully unrolled,  
As scarcely did the wild wind dare  
To stir one crimson fold:

To watch the frigates scattered round,  
Like birds upon the wing;  
Yet know they only wait your will—  
It is a glorious thing.

Our admiral stood on the deck,  
And looked upon the sea;  
He held the glass in his right hand,  
And far and near looked he:

He could not see one hostile ship  
Abroad upon the main;  
From east to west, from north to south,  
It was his own domain.

‘Good news is this for Old England,’  
Forth may her merchants fare;  
Thick o’er the sea, no enemy  
Will cross the pathway there.

A paleness came upon his cheek,  
 A shadow to his brow;  
 Alas! our good Lord Collingwood,  
 What is it ails him now?

Tears stand within the brave man's eyes,  
 Each softer pulse is stirred;  
 It is the sickness of the heart,  
 Of hope too long deferred.

He's pining for his native seas,  
 And for his native shore:  
 All but his honour he would give,  
 To be at home once more.

He does not know his children's face;  
 His wife might pass him by,  
 He is so altered, did they meet,  
 With an unconscious eye:

He has been many years at sea,  
 He's worn with wind and wave;  
 He asks a little breathing space  
 Between it and his grave:

He feels his breath come heavily,  
 His keen eye faint and dim;  
 It was a weary sacrifice  
 That England asked of him.

He never saw his home again—  
 The deep voice of the gun,  
 The lowering of his battle-flag,  
 Told when his life was done.

His sailors walked the deck and wept;  
 Around them howled the gale;  
 And far away two orphans knelt—  
 A widow's cheek grew pale.

Amid the many names that light  
 Our history's blazoned line,  
 I know not one, brave Collingwood,  
 That touches me like thine.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEA LIFE.

(From a London Magazine.)

WE were coming across the Atlantic in a 74 alone; it had been blowing a gale all night from the N. W. We were under a reefed foresail and close-reefed main-topsail, top-gallant yards on deck, and top-gallant-masts struck. During the morning watch, the gale increased so much that it was thought

right to send the top-gallant-masts on deck. I was first-lieutenant of the ship, and at seven bells (half-past seven) I took charge of the ship, and permitted the officer of the watch to go below to perform his toilet, and prepare for breakfast. When the masts were sent down, one of the fore-castle men, who had gone into the lee-fore-chains, to gather in the slack of the top-gallant back-stays, was washed out by a violent lurch of the ship; and the "flying cords," torn from his grasp by the weather-roll, left him at the mercy of the "tumbling billows of the deep." He swam well, however, and buletted them with lusty sinews. The main-hatchway-gratings happened to have been got up on the poop, for the purpose of stowing the hammocks upon them, which could not be kept in their accustomed place by reason of the roughness of the sea. On the impulse of the moment, one of those gratings was thrown overboard to the man. "Down with the helm!"—"Man the fore-clew-garnets!"—"Clear away the lee-quarter boat!" were orders soon given; and while the fore-sail was hauling up, and the boat being cleared away, I jumped into the cabin, to ask the Captain whether she should be lowered.

There are times in the open ocean when the attempt to despatch a boat from the ship would be attended with instant and certain death to all who should be sent in her. Short of this, there are times also when the prospect of such a result may make the question of, whether a boat shall be despatched, one of anxious consideration for the officer who is to give the answer; particularly if he himself is not to partake of the risk. Our Captain was placed in this situation; when, looking from the cabin windows, he saw the man reach the grating, and secure his floating by a good hold of it. This determined him. He answered, "Yes." When I got to the deck again, the boat was ready for lowering; but, as yet, there was nobody in her. In ordinary cases a four-oared boat would have been despatched from a seventy-four with a midshipman, or some officer of less consideration than a first-lieutenant; who, indeed, is never sent on business detached from the ship, except it be to attack an enemy. Here there was no time to be lost, and I felt that the onus rested on me to order men into the boat, or to shew them the example by going myself. The last was the shortest mode, and the "come along" which accompanied my spring from the mizen rigging, was answered by men crowding to follow. We did not want a crowd; and when the first four had got in, I ordered the rest back, and directed the men at the tackles to lower away.

The boat was a small one of four oars, built of very light wood, and had taken the place of a large heavy one, which had been damaged; so that the tackles were too large for her; and her weight was hardly sufficient to draw the rope through the pullics. The stern tackle was lowered more freely than the other; and the moment the stern of the boat went down, the more the rope of the foremost tackle was jammed in the pullics by lying obliquely to their direction, so that it stuck fast. The roaring of the wind and sea made the orders given from the outside of the ship, not easily heard: and our calling

out to "hold fast the stern tackle," was not attended to until the stern of the boat came bang down, upon the sea with a heavy lee-lurch, while her bow was still suspended by the foremost tackle, which could not be unhooked; and again, with the weather roll, we took a flying leap into the air, of twenty or thirty feet. We were retained in the performance of these involuntary vaultings until they had been several times repeated. I had hung the rudder, and held by the after tackle, in order to be in readiness to unhook it and throw it clear of the boat; but when it slackened, by her stern coming on the water, I had luckily presence of mind enough, before I did so, to look forward, in order to see if the fore tackle was ready to be unhooked at the same time; and as the boat was hung by it, to hold fast. Had I suffered the after tackle to be unhooked, we should have been swung into the air by the one tackle alone, and coming down with the lee-lurch right on end, we should have been dashed, not on the water, but into it. The remedy was at length perceived: a man was sent out on the davit to overhaul the foremost tackle; we unhooked and got clear of the ship.

We had nothing now but fair play, and a rough sea to encounter. To pull to windward was the least dangerous part of our task; and we rose over the precipitous waves that met us like a sea-gull. When we had worked at this for about a quarter of an hour, we began to fear that our labour was in vain. We had as yet seen nothing of the man; and now we supposed that we had passed over the place where he had fallen, and that he had gone down. The men looked wistfully at the ship, which was driving fast to leeward. "Let us give way, and try to find the grating, and then we shall be sure." They again plied their oars. In a high sea it is not easy for a person seated in a little boat to see any thing floating which does not rise much above the surface; in fact, it is physically impossible, except at such time as the boat and the object looked for happen to be each on the top of a wave at the same instant. From the top of one wave the surface of the water can only be seen between it and the next; the heads of the more remote, only show themselves on a level with the nearest ones. Thus we had as yet seen nothing of him, and had nearly given up the endeavour, when the happy coincidence of our rising to the top of a wave at the same time with him occurred. I fancied that I saw for an instant an erected arm, and called out to encourage the men. The next wave on which we rose removed all doubt, and showed us the man still boldly floating nearly breast high, supported by the grating, and not far from us. A little more rowing enabled us to reach him: the bowman laid in his oar, and pulled him on board. Having accomplished this, he laid hold of the grating to pull it in also. This operation appeared to add to the dangerous situation of the boat by pressing her bows down into waves over which she already seemed to rise as if by a miracle. I therefore called out to the bowman to quit it and resume his oar; but the man, with more coolness and more foresight than myself, remonstrated by saying, "It may be useful to us, sir." He was allowed to proceed, and followed up his precaution by putting the grating carefully under the thwarts, or seats of the boat.

It was lucky he did so ; for the buoyant power of the grating thus placed, added to the lightness of the boat, made her a complete life-boat, and saved our lives.

Lord Byron observes, that a "tight boat will live in a rough sea ;" and so she will, particularly when going with her bow to it. But it may prove too much for her, and is more likely to do so if following upon her quarter, as we now had it upon our way back to the ship. The appearance of the waves as they curled over her, could hardly justify the hope of her surmounting them, as a black squall came on. After rising over many that appeared ready to swallow us, one fellow came, whose curving crest projected his head over us with all the gracefulness of a swan's neck. As the boat's stern rose erect on this wave, her head was pressed under the surface, and the wave impelling her forward, launched us under water while it rose over us. At this moment several thoughts passed fleetly through my mind ; the chief of which was, that the chance of meeting my friends again in this world was now up. We held instinctively to the boat, which came out on the other side of the wave, not keel up, as I should have expected ; indeed, I cannot now understand how it was that the impelling power of the wave did not turn her over when it launched her under water head foremost. Out she came, however, on the other side of the wave, waddling like a duck. When we found that she was not to go down with us, we caught three out of the four oars ; the other went astern with our hats and every loose thing in the boat. The lightness of the wood she was built of, and the buoyant principle of the grating, which now floated and pressed upwards against the thwarts, bore her up with her rollocks well out of the water ; while, as she waddled from side to side, more of the water which was in her was thrown out. When I perceived this, I made the man whom we had saved, sit down in the bottom of the boat with his head only above water, in order to his displacing his own bulk of it. He was a heavy man, and not now capable of much exertion. Two of the men whose hats were saved by being fastened with rope-yarns, were employed to bale with them. The other two got their oars out, while I resumed my place at the helm, and steered for the ship no longer, but directly before the sea, across her wake. For some time it seemed labour in vain ; and once, when we had got the boat half baled out, another sea, without the ceremony of lifting us, as the former had done, rolled over us ; but we had learned by this time, that all is not lost that is in danger ; so we baled away again, and steered before the wind until we got to leeward of the ship ; watched an opportunity to round to ; and being now able to pull for her with the sea on our bow, we ultimately got safe on board.

## THE WESTERN MINER,

OR, HISTORY OF DR. STEPHEN AYRES.

I WAS standing upon my little piazza, a few miles from Philadelphia, just after breakfast, one cold morning in January, debating in my mind about the changes of the weather, when I saw a strange, uncouth looking man, accompanied by two lean, rough, switch-tailed horses, one of which was followed by a ragged colt, entering my gate. Over each horse's back were slung panniers, covering rude packsaddles, and supporting large bundles or bags curiously wound round by a variety of fastenings. The animals were led by plain bridle halters, made of ropes, which their owner cast from his hand as he approached me, leaving his stiff jointed tired horses gazing out at the prospect—the whole appearance of the group was travel worn and original. As the stranger advanced slowly towards me, the cattle began nipping some dry stalks of grass, which protruded through a slight crisped snow, with which the ground was covered. The man wore one of those slouched, broad-brimmed, shallow-crowned hats, which we now and then see upon the heads of some of the Western wagoners, that seemed to have endured much service. I remarked that his coat was of a plain cut, but evidently not made for him; his nether garments hung loosely about his limbs, and were tied at the bottom by different envelopes; his feet were bandaged, and he walked lame. There was something peculiar and striking in the composed and calm countenance and demeanor of this individual, as he came near to me, which I could not comprehend, as belonging to one travelling about for alms. His outward person and general look betokened extreme poverty;—his lameness was a plea for charitable aid—but, in our country, people do not beg on horseback, as travellers tell us they do in some parts of South America. Without any salutation, the man inquired in pleasing and gentle voice the route to Philadelphia, from which he was distant about twelve miles. I entered into the details of the roads, which are somewhat intricate; but noticed, while doing so, that his eyes were constantly wandering; occasionally his head depressed, as if trying to pry through the bushes; and I thought him so little interested in the information I was giving, that I hesitated to continue, when he made some remark, which persuaded me he had imbibed the substance of the explanations.

He then inquired if I had any corn that his horses might have some; noticing at the same time with a manner of perfect unconcern, though not daringly or rudely, that he “could not pay for

any, but he did not like the horses to go without. He said he had slept at a farm house in the neighbourhood, where they had hay, but no grain, and that he wished to get corn from some one who could afford to give it." He spoke this with so natural an independence, with an air so reckless of his own poverty, and so completely unconscious of peculiarity, that I at first supposed he was a well trained mendicant, whose habits were accommodated to refusal and his feelings indifferent to usage. In consequence of which, I remarked to him, that I had corn, certainly—the crib was conspicuous and well filled; but that in our thickly settled district, in the neighbourhood of a large city, where there were so many public conveniences for travellers, we were not in the habit of entertaining strangers; and that in fact the great number constantly passing between two large sea ports obliged us sometimes to refuse.—He at once observed, coolly, but decidedly, and with the same calm voice, that "he did not know why the proximity of a large city should absolve us from the ordinary duties of hospitality!"—There was so much contrast between his manner and phrase, and his general appearance, that my objections were at once silenced. He told me, in answer to an inquiry, his horses were loaded with ores and minerals which he had brought from Illinois, and the shores of the Northern Lakes, and was taking to Philadelphia, for the purpose of having them analyzed by a professor of chemistry there. I directed corn to be given to his horses, which he desired might be laid upon the hard snow before them; and then asked him if he would have some breakfast, which he told me he had already taken, but that if I had any cider he would drink. I had not, and he refused every thing else, composedly saying, "he never drank any thing stronger when he had business of importance to attend to." Before entering the house, he looked to see that the grain was given to the animals. As the black man approached them for that purpose, he very kindly passed his hand, covered with a woollen mitten over the back of the colt, when the traveller in his usual tone reproved him, declaring "he never let woollen come near their skin, which indeed was prejudicial to man, as well as other animals, and that he did not think rubbing the horses with the hand was at all proper." I smiled at his grave demeanor upon such an occasion, and the negro, of course, laughed outright.

To my inquiry into the cause of his objections, he said, "they might be explained upon the principles of sympathy and electricity." He walked into the house very much with the gait and composure of an Indian—sat himself by the fire—untied his laced boots—and exposed his feet freely to the heat. He wore two pair woollen socks besides stockings drawn over his boots, and told me he had

lost *all* the toes of *both* feet from exposure to severe cold when obliged to lie out in a snow storm. The servants afterwards, from the sight of them, authenticated the fact, with pity and distress for his sufferings; but the stranger mentioned it with the same calmness with which he spoke of his horses' tails. As he pulled off an old pair of socks, which served him as mittens, I remarked that he was also deprived of the three middle fingers of his right hand, which were crushed by a cider mill, as he stated, when he was two years of age. The colour of his skin was nearly that of an Indian, smoke dried and brown—his lank, black hair, slightly grizzled, fell long over his shoulders—was cut roughly across his forehead, and carelessly tied behind in a queue with a leathern string. His countenance was mild—his black eyes were quick and searching, with heavy brows. His age appeared about 50. His plain cut coat was somewhat tattered, and much too large for him. He wore two good waiscoats, two pair trowsers, and three pair of socks. The arrangement of his dress rendered their peculiarities very obvious. The weather was extremely cold, being only a few days previous to the very heavy and severe snow storm of 1831, which will be long remembered.

He answered all questions in an easy, quiet, gentle manner, sometimes with an unconcern as if his mind was pre-occupied, but not deranged. Occasionally he looked eagerly about, and examined the books in the room; in his conversation he exhibited information, character and intelligence. He told me he had traversed every portion of the United States, except the state of Maine which he had been in sight of, and East Florida. He had been in the gold mines of Georgia, the lead mines of Illinois, and among the copper and iron deposits of the Lake country. He informed me that he had corresponded with some of the literati upon different subjects, and particularly mineralogy and geology, to which he had given much attention. He made an attempts many years ago, to visit New Spain, and showed me a letter addressed to him by Dr. M. of New York, upon the subject, encouraging him in his pursuits. As he frankly mentioned his intentions of visiting the mines, the Spainards poisoned his horses the second day after he had passed the lines between Mexico and the United States, and he was obliged in consequence to return.

He stated that he was particularly fond of agriculture, and had written a treatise upon the subject of the injury done to peach trees by insects, which he presented to the Agricultural Society of Philadelphia in 1798, for a gold medal offered for the most successful essay—but the prize was not awarded to him. He mentioned the name of the person who had received it. He, however, published his

own opinions, and my friend Mr. D. has since told me, he recollected both the man and the work, which his father had printed for him. He thought if straws were wrapped round the bottom of the trunk of peach trees in the beginning of June, it would prevent the penetration of the insects, the fly would deposit her eggs in the straw. He also proposed that straw or litter should be spread over the ground as far out from the root of the tree as the limbs reached, about the close of winter, while the earth was hard frozen, "to keep the frost in the ground about the trees late, to prevent the sap from rising too early." He mentioned that in the flat grounds of Illinois, the peach tree bore fruit only once in two years, but in the high grounds every year. His attention was called to the effect of straw about the roots of the trees in winter, by observing, that in a peach orchard, one severe season, all the trees were injured except a few, near which some wheat had been trodden out by horses, and the straw piled about them. He thought grass seeds should never be sown among trees in an orchard,—considered a bushel and a half of salt sown about the first of April upon wheat ground very advantageously, or half a bushel in the fall and a bushel in the spring. I wished to see some of his minerals, and he produced from the pockets of his coat a variety of samples of different ores—iron, copper, lead, silver, &c. mingled with bundles of papers, stones, raw potatoes, buttons and seeds—a very multifarious collection. He desired to have his specimens examined and analyzed, being of opinion that the copper which he discovered upon the shores of Lake Superior, would be worth attending to, if an association could be formed to mine it—he was disposed to superintend the processes, to which he expressed himself practically used, and well instructed in. He told me he was a native of one of the upper counties of New Jersey, and had received a medical education, but he never liked the practice of his profession. His letters were addressed to Dr. S—A—, and the character of his discourse caused me at the time to credit the assertion. He had left his home in Illinois about a year ago, and wished to return to it again as soon as he could effect his purposes in the city. He inquired something about the society of friends—if the people still frequented the churches—and asked me how he should manage in Philadelphia when he arrived there, and which he supposed would be on a Sunday. I told him I thought his horses would expose him to some difficulty. Since, however inclined persons might be to assist him, the expenses of his establishment would be found too great, where he was entirely unknown. Corn was then six or eight times the price here that it was in Illinois, where he told me 12½ cents per bushel was high.

His appearance also disconcerted me, for I feared that, before he could make himself known, he would be shunned. However, I gave him the name of a few men of science and kindness—offered him the best advice I could think of—directed him to a tavern near the university—and mentioned that he must necessarily want some money, at any rate to pay for his horse feed in the city, for he had observed with great unconcern, though with modesty, as a natural fact for my consideration, that he had none. I offered my mite to assist him. I do not recollect whether he thanked me, but I think not, although there was nothing offensive in the neglect; but the money was left upon the table near us, and I believe would have remained there at his departure, if I had not reminded him of it, when he placed it in his pocket with less care than he seemed to have for some garden seeds I also gave him, which he said he would “like to carry back to distribute among the friendly Indians in his vicinity.” His philosophy was indeed very apparent, with respect to what he considered superfluities. I offered him a work upon mineralogy, which I took from my collection—he had read it, and said he had had no convenience for carrying any thing more upon his horses. He spoke of diet, and I proposed he should take one of Dr. Kitchen’s amusing treatises with him, but this was also left. I presented him a pair of large gum elastic overshoes, which I thought would protect his feet better than his own; he regarded them with momentary interest, but declined taking them. The only thing he wanted was a recent work upon mechanics, of which I now forget the title. He remained with me until near dinner-time but refused that meal, “as he only ate twice a day;” a practice he considered “best adapted to his habits” I gave him a note to a medical gentleman in my neighbourhood, who has an extensive collection of minerals, and is well versed in and fond of the study of mineralogy. The stranger departed, leading his mares by the halters, for he assured me he never rode them, notwithstanding his deficiencies.

One of my children took a fancy to the colt, and begged me to ask if he would sell it. Supposing he might be inconvenienced, both by getting rid of it and having some money in exchange, I made the inquiry; he immediately entered upon the subject of horses with zest—said that he himself had raised the sire of that colt, who had suckled the dam till he was two years old—he refused to sell this one, as it was only in its fourth month, and he thought “no colt should leave the dam before two years old—he intended it should not.”

About 8 o’clock in the evening of the same day, I was sitting

quietly by the fire with my wife, busily occupied with papers of importance to me, and had just become seriously involved in them, when the servant opened the door, and my late guest again entered. I was interrupted, disconcerted and vexed—I was annoyed, because my comfort and occupation were interfered with.—I was embarrassed because I now doubted the man whom in the morning I had confided in, as he had told me he was *anxious* to reach Philadelphia. How easily can we sometimes change the character of an individual when he finds us in a mood *different* from that in which we formerly conversed with him! I was vexed, because I thought I had not the means, or room, or convenience for his entertainment. But such feelings should not be encouraged to the injury of the destitute! Are they, not, however, sometimes difficult to overcome?

The traveller entered slowly, and I must say it, was *not* greeted kindly. He was not abashed, but calmly placed himself in a chair by me near the fire place, and very deliberately began to unloose the fastenings of his boots. This was too much. I told him peremptorily, he could not be accommodated. I had neither place nor disposition to receive him—I had kindly treated him in the morning—and advised and instructed him about his affairs in the city, which he expressed himself eager to reach—had, I thought, done my part by him; I could not be imposed upon by his further claim of hospitality. He answered in explanation, in the unmoved, but mild tone he had previously used, that he had been disappointed in seeing the gentleman I sent him to—that he was detained late in looking over his minerals, which were shown to him by the doctor's brothers, and in exhibiting his own—that he had mistaken his road—was refused admittance where he had asked it within a mile of my house—and, finally, and most naturally, had returned for shelter to my roof. But I was still obstinate—I had no place to put him. "Any place would suffice him; on the kitchen floor he would be perfectly comfortable; he had been accustomed to sleep hard; in his country wood was cheap, and bed clothes dear; all he wanted was a good fire to his back!" His horses I had no room for; and I feared to let them among my sheep in the cattle yard. "They would do very well by the barrack, (of fine timothy hay) with a little litter under them, and the addition of corn!"

It appeared to be getting wore and worse. I was really in a very bad humour; could reconcile it in no way to myself to receive him. I stated it was utterly out of the question; I would pay for his lodging at the tavern; he would interfere with my household; I

could not possibly entertain him; my house was small, my family large; he must positively depart; I could not harbour strangers, of whom I was entirely ignorant. For I began even to suspect his former statements, because I knew not how to satisfy myself with his remaining.

He had continued during this conversation warming himself with very apparent satisfaction by the fire—calmly, but fixedly, meeting my objections, and certainly much more at his ease, than in the irritation of the moment I felt myself to be. It is well to study ourselves. Did not this very coolness exasperate my determination?—I could not refrain from saying, decidedly—“You shall not stay!” rising at the same time suddenly from my chair, as a man will do, when his blood runs smartly through his veins. He did not rise, but gradually drawing one foot towards him, which he had put aside upon the carpet, he only replied “I have been out as cold a night, and I suppose I can bear it again.” My heart smote me, I looked to my wife, “we can make him a bed upon the kitchen floor,” said she.

The old man never changed look or manner—there was only a light alteration in the tone of his voice—nothing imploring—nothing harsh. He spoke his opinion or argument with perfect equanimity. “I could do no harm,” said he, looking at his shortened feet, “if I was so disposed.” I have been received into respectable houses in Virginia, and I want no waiting on. I have always served myself even when the house was full of negroes. It would take me two hours to walk to H— (a small village two miles distant,) the tavern would be shut up before I could reach there, and probably they would not receive me.”

A man is generally out of temper with *himself*, when, he feels he is in the wrong. Self-reproach is somewhat hard to bear. I could not, upon reflection, reconcile myself to the harshness of my refusal to permit this aged and crippled stranger the meagre benefit of a place by the fire and a little food—not indeed because I grudged him either of them; but, because he interfered with my arrangements, and interrupted my pursuits.

One of quick disposition may be somewhat reconciled by the observation of the moralist, Dr. Johnson, in the idler; “Whatever is violent will be short.” I trust it may be suited in extenuation of the hasty, that they will sometimes promptly change their anger to repentance.

The old man *was* made comfortable; had his supper; his horses were attended to as he desired; and he slept soundly by a good fire in the kitchen—having previously unloaded his packs and carried

them himself into the house. But he put an end to my occupation for the evening. I could not write—I was completely deranged by my own discomfiture and irritation.

The stranger spoke of departing early, but was solicited to remain in the morning till after breakfast; with which proposition he seemed perfectly contented. The children gazed at him with much interest, and reported that he had taken *his hat full of apples* (which were at that season a great rarity) from a wallet; placed them before him on his lap, and cutting the skin off them, declared he "was very fond of fruit before breakfast," and offered some to them. They afterwards remarked "how much he wasted, he cut the peelings so *thick!*" One little fellow, more curious than the rest, said he saw dough-nuts also in the wallet.

After discussing the regular breakfast in addition, but declining coffee, as he thought all warm liquids injurious to the teeth—he had lost many of his own—he entered my room, and sat conversing with me for some hours. He showed me a receipt received from the patent office at Washington, for depositing there the model of a machine, a kind of plough, for making *fences of earth*, which he thinks will be of value in the western country, and considers himself called upon to attend to. His only objection to visit the Capital was that he could not bear the name of Gen. J——, and did not like the Secretary of State, Mr. V. B——! He mentioned to me his name and birth place; described himself without family; single in the world, and a complete wanderer. He gave me a careful description of the State of Illinois in which he last resided, and designed to return to, and wrote for me, in a good character, a little sketch of the country, holding the pen between the thumb and little finger of his right hand.

While looking over my books, he observed a copy of "Johnston's Caricatures," and immediately remarked, very properly, "that he thought such pictures did much harm, as they gave children very false notions of things." He spoke of some of his agricultural speculations, and lauded the influence of *buckwheat cakes* and *bean soup*—the use of which he considered a preventive *against fevers*, on account of the carbonic acid which they contain." He also said something about settling, for an experiment, in some unhealthy district, in order to test the efficacy of the articles. The buckwheat cake system took very well with the children, who often afterwards quoted his authority—for, on leaving us, he very impressively mentioned his faith in them to my wife.

He sat with me, talking of all kinds of topics, until about eleven o'clock in the day, when he began to prepare for departure—and promised voluntarily to call and see me if he should ever again

come my way. This was done with a manner of kindness and self respect which was agreeable, and at the same time a little amusing here. But when we reflect how easily in the remote west, hospitality is exercised—that it is in retired districts universal—and that the host often considers himself as much favoured as the guest—we must not rigidly enforce conclusions, when circumstances so greatly differ. I expressed myself, I hope, to his satisfaction in return—and the mineralogist left us with his train of horses after him, slowly treading the narrow track in the snow.

A few days afterwards, the deep and severe snow storm of 1831 came on—we were all much concerned for his fate, and regretted we had not done more for his service. I enquired at different taverns as soon as I could get to the city, but could hear nothing of him. A friend who took an interest in the account I gave him, discovered afterwards, that he was refused admittance at several public houses where he had offered himself—and finally departed for Lancaster, without being able to effect what appeared the business of his long and tiresome journey.

Since that time we have never heard of the *Western Miner*.

*Note.*—While the cholera raged in the Canadas, during the early part of the summer of 1832, the individual whom I have described, appeared there—and with the same feelings which he seemed to expect from others, voluntarily and without compensation, proffered his services to the poor who were afflicted by the pestilence. His success is described to have been very great, as his practice was original. We have seen a letter, in which the thanks of a number of the inhabitants of that country, were offered for the humanity and benevolent devotion of *Dr. Stephen Syres*.

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## MIDNIGHT IN NEW YORK.

HE beholds strange sights whose avocation habitually calls him forth into the highways of a great city in the late watches of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon every man—save the laborious editor of a morning paper, and his coadjutors. When the cares of the day are over with the rest of mankind, and the busy head that during the day has been the theatre of so many schemes, and buoyant hopes, and fluctuating resolves, at length is permitted to visit the welcome pillow which is to bring peace to its restless inmate for a few blessed hours; when slumber enwraps alike with her dark mantle the form that reposes upon down, and that which courts her benign influence within the cold walls of a dungeon; when slippers are called for, and

good nights interchanged; when the drowsy citizen finishes with a deliberate gusto the cheerful glass with which it is his invariable custom to conclude the enjoyments of the evening, and congratulates himself upon the magnificent sleep that lies in prospect before him, as he listens to the ominous voice of the rising storm, just commencing its fierce but impotent assaults upon the outside of the snug tenement that shelters him from its fury: when the owls (if there were any) would begin their music, and none but lovers and watchmen ought to be waking,—just then the unfortunate wight whose province it is to provide the intellectual breakfast of some thousands of his snoring compatriots, with a reluctant spirit induces the worst of his two surtouts, and armed with an umbrella that has defied the rage of a thousand tempests, repairs to the scene of his midnight labours. In the course of his long, and for the most part, solitary journey, he finds both time and materials for reflection; there are few to exchange with him the customary salutation of meeting, or interrupt the current of his meditations. As he hastily wends his way through the palpable obscure of the noiseless streets, no longer resonant with the rattling of swift carriages, and the ceaseless clamour of tongues, and the quick trampling of many feet, his thoughts are busy within him, and the rough sketch of many an article, is elaborated into shape long before it is ready for the fingers of the compositor. Whole squares are passed, along which no sound greets his ear, save the echo of his own footsteps; no living form is to be seen except now and then the motionless figure of some watchman who conscientiously makes it his rule to do his slumbers standing. The reverie of the Editor is occasionally broken by the rapid sound of approaching feet, betraying by their anxious and headlong speed, the strength of their owner's inclination for the horizontal refreshment, to the want of which at such an hour he is so little accustomed. As the wanderers meet, each makes a vain effort to discover the lineaments of the other, by the dim rays of some almost exanimate gas light; each casts a quick searching glance, as he wonders if the comer is within the circle of his acquaintance, but the gloom forbids recognition, and in a moment they pass, perhaps never to meet again—anon the sound of voices strikes faintly upon the ear, from afar; soon to be traced to their origin in the tap-room of some obscure drinking house in a cross street, where three or four veteran toppers emulously contend in making night hideous with their unmusical voices, shouting forth some unknown madrigal in praise of their liquor, amid the fumes of reeking tobacco.

Distance soon restores silence, and the train of reflection, broken for a moment by the unhallowed din of the revellers, is once more resumed. On a sudden the clouds are in motion, and the sickly rays of the cold watery-looking moon, struggling through the fleecy masses of vapour, shed for a brief space a dubious light on the path of the thoughtful night-walker—a dark, shapeless object upon the pavement attracts his attention; it is a human being, coiled up in a most incomprehensible fashion, with his head tucked into his bosom, and his legs doubled up so that his nose seems wedged into his knees, and apparently making a fair, dispassionate trial of the relative hard-

ness of his own bones and the freestone upon which they are recumbent. He has been very drunk, and is heavily sleeping away the stupor of his debauch. A fine Newfoundland dog, of magnificent size and proportions, motionless beside him, is patiently watching the besotted slumbers of his far less rational master. As the student approaches, the noble hound raises his head, and fixes his eye upon him; but nothing can withdraw him for a moment from the side of the degraded animal to whom he has given his devoted service. Still farther on, a forlorn and most wretched female is overtaken, slowly pacing along the deserted street; her steps are feeble, and her habiliments too scanty for so rude a night. Perhaps she has not a shelter for her misery, or even the means of satisfying the hunger of which her wasted frame gives token. She speaks; and her petition is for brandy!—The Editor has nearly reached his place of destination; but the list of his adventures is not yet complete. The clouds have again drawn their mantle of intense darkness over the face of the now high-carreering queen of night, and the wayfarer is once more under obligations to nothing but the corporation. At the side of one of the iron posts which bear aloft their luminaries, he espies a gentleman apparently holding with himself a colloquy of the most interesting nature; his arms embrace the upright pillar, but even with that support his body manifests a decided aversion to the perpendicular, and sways from side to side, like a balloon, before the cords which restrain its upward flight are severed. He has been dining out, and the wine that he has swallowed converts, to his bewildered senses, the motionless object around which his arms are locked, into the friend whom he has probably left safe and asleep under the table. With an affectionate anxiety he is endeavoring to persuade his inflexible companion to his home; and in his vague discourse there is much earnest entreaty, mingled with expressions of surprise, and an occasional explosion of anger at the obstinate silence with which his remonstrances are received. The Editor passes on and ponders, with mixed feelings of sadness and amusement, upon the varied scenes which they encounter who go forth at MIDNIGHT.

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### THE ISTHMUS.

*From an unpublished Poem descriptive of Halifax Peninsula.*

Now winding down this broad hill's sunny side,  
 Which, like a shield, some ancient Hero's pride,  
 Studded, embossed, and rough with quaint device  
 Bears scathless all the battery of the skies;  
 We seek the Pleasant vale, whose lonely shade,  
 With pastoral quiet ends the Isthmus' glade.  
 Pleasant, but all unlike the vales "at home,"  
 Where on smooth shaven banks the children roam,

Or in the streamlet, where pale lily's wreath,  
Playful and loud their snowy figures bathe:  
Where wide the meadows spread; and clumps of trees  
Turn the mild ray, and woo the cooling breeze,  
Scant shade for resting cattle; and beside  
The fragrant hedge-rows, rise, the Farmer's pride,  
The straw-roof'd cottages, along whose wall  
The starry Jess'mine, and sweet woodbine crawl;  
Where sunny slope, has hive, and garden flower,  
And yellow stack, the cotter's richest bower.  
Here, different scenes invite, more grand and rude,  
A denser shade, and deeper solitude.

Adown this slant, and through yon swampy dell,  
And up yon hill, unnumbered branches swell—  
A wild primeval; thence, full many a bell  
Comes sweetly tinkling out, to tell where graze  
The patient kine among the green-wood maze,  
Which else would mock the herd-boy. Rapid here  
The settler's axe has plied, the glades appear  
Like battle field when morning sunbeams show,  
Mute warriors, prostrate tents, and sights of woe,  
Where late was spear and pennon's seried row.  
And worse, along this slope the fire has been,  
Scathing and charring all the cheerful green;  
The moss and heath are filthy ashes now,  
Black shrivelled trees all melancholy bow,  
Mocking the blessed beam; the distant file  
Whose branches 'scaped the flames, but faintly smile,  
Embrowned and languid, from the fatal glare,  
Which sent consumption on the quivering air.

Too "few, and far between," as down we pass,  
Are open sunny lawns, whose cultured grass  
Waves, richly specked with yellow cups, and balls  
Snowy and sanguine, where the wild bee falls  
Gladly to banquet;—these sequestered spots,  
Are placid sites of rude and lonely cots,  
Which slowly rise amid those silent glades,  
As social life the Indian's wild invades.  
No hawthorn hedge, whose snowy blossom yields  
Spring's sweetest breath, here part the smiling fields;  
But stones instead, which gathered from the soil,  
And piled as boundaries pay two-fold for toil;  
Yet all unsightly, to the eye which seeks  
In humblest trenches or in proudest peaks

Accordant beauty. And with fragrant thorn,  
And sweeter furze, whose golden bells adorn  
The wildest bank with richest summer air,  
With graceful cowslip, primrose chastely fair—  
Are absent, many rural joys, which please,  
In other lands, on eves of gentler days.  
The game of ball or bandy on the green,  
The rustic dance—the Patriarchal scene,  
When, grouping round the tree, the old inspire  
The village youth to feats of gen'rous fire.  
Instead of those, here peace and freedom smile,  
Afar from tyrants chain or factions wile;  
Contentment fearless rears her humble bower,  
And independence scorns to blanch or cower:  
These, tho' alloy'd by manners stern and rude,  
By aspect dull, mute thoughts, and mopish mood,  
Are blessings worth the ills of solitude.  
Nor want those glades romantic pleasing scenes,  
Where giant blocks are streaked with trailing greens,  
While from the interstices, flinty, dark,  
Rise herbs and graceful shrubs, and fir-trees stark,  
As if rich nature wished to show her might  
In bringing proud effect from causes slight;—  
They rise like human shoots, who tempest tried,  
Beset by flinty boundaries, and denied  
A native soil or shade, yet holdly spring  
To strength, unhelped, upon their own bold wing;  
While others need a favouring sun, and hand  
Of careful culturer and breezes bland  
For mere existence. Here decline lone dells,  
While rising far above the forest swells,  
Stretching unnumbered boughs across the sky,  
Whose waving plumes display the cheerful dye  
Of lighted emerald; a double glow  
Is theirs, contrasted with the gloom below.  
The whole a beauteous maze, whose narrow floor  
Has velvet moss, and heath, and streamlet pure;  
Where bloom the broad bright lily, gorgeous queen  
Of flowers wild, which grow untended, peerless sheen  
And shape is hers, while blent with luscious air  
Is fragrant breath and texture chastely fair;  
And near, the "Indian's Cup," whose taper vase,  
Veined richer than the antique gems which grace

The board of Kings, presents at lone iest slip  
A pilgrim's scallop for the wild man's lip.  
And other bulbous roots with names unknown,  
To naturalists precise, which bloom as lone  
And fair as woodland maid, who shrinks within  
Her native shades, at tales of City sin.  
Here also snowy star, and crimson ball,  
Group'd 'mid the glossy foliage graceful fall;  
And pale pink bugles, pendant on slight stems,  
Like curious arts, not careless nature's gems.  
These wilds are peopled with accordant lives,  
Wild bees, all reckless of the garden hives;  
Birds of brief pleasing lay, and some whose call  
Ne'er swells to song, but round their verdant wall  
Rings, oft repeated; seldom seen are these  
Amid the labyrinth of rocks and trees,  
But frequent pause the lonely stroller makes  
To hear their varied music from the brakes,  
And breathless listens, while far distant wakes  
The watching mate's reply, the call of love,  
Soft, faint and true, like echo of the grove.

Here climb the crag, and musing sit serene,  
Gazing, half listless, on the soothing scene.  
Yonder, like vein upon the polished stone,  
The blue Arm sleeps amid its woodlands lone.  
Sublimely vague, the parent Deep beyond,  
Stretches, despising boundary and bond;  
With level horizon, where Vastness sits,  
While tameless beauty round the giant flits,  
Mocking the shackled earth; a snowy sail,  
Distant, slow moving in the gentle gale,  
And shade of floating clouds which stop the ray,  
And grotesque little Islands, moor'd for aye,  
Vary its Bosom. While its gentler son,  
Rejoiced in narrower calmer bounds to run,  
Comes dallying in with many sylvan loves,  
Bright green promontaries, and sandy coves,  
Grey rocks, and gardens, and primeval groves;  
Forgetting mountain cliff, and solemn cave,  
And argosies, its parent loves to lave.  
One bank, has varied outline, peak and swell  
Clothed with solitary woods, where dwell  
The unscathed birds,—the other gentler falls  
Specked by an hundred gay and rural halls;.

In, in it creeps, until a little bay,  
 'Mid broken beauteous highlands ends its play.

Glancing from this, how bold the outline heaves,  
 Here flinty peak, and here a tower of leaves;  
 A swell of liquid softness there declines,  
 And here vulcanic features mark the lines;  
 Yonder is varied green, from light to shade,  
 And o'er this ridge a purple hue, display'd,  
 Reminds of Arcady; the scattered cots  
 Bosomed in meads, the nearer village lots,  
 Where falls the mill-stream, and where masts arise,  
 Streaking with lines of commerce, rural skies

What site were here, for homestead's flowery maze,  
 From which the resting wanderer could gaze  
 Along this valley, stream and green wood's ways;  
 Northward, a broader scene, for circling wide,  
 Blue in the distance gleams the Basin's pride.  
 Not site for rural home, but palace proud,  
 Where sages might unbend, and warriors, bow'd  
 By iron toil, might pause from high controul,  
 'Mid fitting scenes to sooth the haughtiest soul;  
 Or better, where a temples marble wall  
 Might stand, as in old times, from worldly thrall  
 To raise the mind, assisting heavenly thought  
 By scenes with purest earthly beauty fraught.

## ON THE ALLEGED DECLINE OF SCIENCE IN ENGLAND.

*By A Foreigner.*

OUR readers are doubtless aware of the sharp controversy that has for some time past been maintained upon the above question between Mr. Herschel, Mr Babbage, and his friends, and the Quarterly Review. We shall proceed to extract a few passages from an animated and liberal spirited pamphlet written by "an eminent scientific foreigner."

In answer to Mr. Herschel's partialities in favour of the continental, and more particularly the French works upon science, the author of the pamphlet is at once decisive and consolatory.

"The praise given by Mr. Herschel to the '*Annales de Chimie et de Physique*,' is undoubtedly well deserved, and many of the reports on scientific matters coming before the French Institute are certainly master pieces in their kind. Still it may be justly doubted, whether even-handed justice always presides at the reduction of French journals. Those who resided long in Paris, and know how scientific matters are managed there, cannot doubt for a second, that if persons like Sir James South and Mr Herschel were to arise

from the seats of the French Institute, but that matters would be brought to light scarcely less unpleasant than those which now so unfortunately divide the Royal Society of London.

“Mr. Herschel deals harshly with the scientific publications of his own country. It must not be forgotten that France, with her thirty-two millions of inhabitants, has but readers for one single philosophic journal, which of course has the choice of all the papers which are offered. The twenty-three millions of inhabitants in England furnish a sufficient quantity of readers for a far greater number of philosophic quarterly and monthly publications: and I will venture to affirm, against Mr. Herschel that many of the numbers of the Quarterly and Edinburgh Journals, the Political Magazine, and Professor Jameson’s Journal, contain articles as well written and as interesting as those which fill the pages of Messrs. Arago’s and Gay Lussac’s publication. If Mr. Herschel and some of his friends have such a poor opinion of the English scientific Journals, a different judgment is entertained abroad, as is well proved by the eagerness with which the German journalists seize upon every article issuing from the presses of their British colleagues. The value which is set in Germany upon the scientific pursuits of the English, the rapidity with which translations are made in Germany of whatever English philosophers of some reputation publish, shows abundantly that in that country at least, *in doctâ Germania*, a far greater value is set upon the productions of English science than is done by Mr. Herschel and his friends.”

“But it is said, ‘England is backward in some branches of science; it may be so: it is as difficult for a nation as for an individual to be equally pre-eminent in every department. Mathematics are more particularly pointed out as that part of science in which Mr. Herschel says that ‘England has given over a hopeless race.’ But has not England a right to ask Mr. Herschel and Mr. Babbage, Why do you both give over the race?—You, with Mr. Ivory and a few others, are the men who ought not to give over the race, and Englishmen will not consider a race hopeless in which persons of your age and abilities are engaged. Is the race to be given up whilst La Place himself proclaimed Mr. Ivory one of the first mathematicians of Europe; whilst another Frenchman (I believe it was M. Arago) said, that of all philosophers, the late Dr. Young was one who excelled most in the application of sublime mathematics to physical and astronomical questions. But whilst Messrs. Herschel and Babbage thus think of “giving over the race,” let us look at those against whom they are likely to be matched, in order to ascertain whether there is just cause for such despondency.

“La Grange and La Place, the greatest geometricians of their time, exist no more. The sceptre of geometry was wielded by both with equal power, like two Roman emperors, occupying the throne of the world at the same time. That sceptre descended into their hands from those of Huyghens, Newton, Leibnitz, the Bernouillis, and Euler; and thus Holland, England, Germany, Switzerland, each in its turn possessed the greatest geometrician of the age. Was it too much that France and Italy should have their turn? But, unfortunately for the latter country, M. de la Grange spent one-half of his life in Berlin and the other in France.

At present, since the celebrated author of the 'Disquisitiones Arithmeticæ' rose in such fame, the sceptre of geometry would seem to belong again to Germany; and indeed, as matters now stand, there does not appear to exist the slightest reason for giving over the race as "hopeless," whilst such men as Mr. Ivory, Mr. Herschel, and Mr. Babbage are in the full force of their talent. In France, M. Legendre is very old; the venerable Lacroix has done more than any other living man for the diffusion of analytical science: we see no one at present in France but M. Poisson who could enter the lists of the race. I do not perceive, I repeat it, the least necessity for giving it over.

After some detail upon the "manner" of studying the mathematics in France, the author proceeds to the following illustration of the practical power of the two people in turning the science to advantage.

"As an illustration of what I have said of the manner in which mathematics are studied in France, let us compare a French and an English author on mechanics—let us select for that purpose the treatise of M. Poisson and that of Dr. Olinthus Gregory. The former is certainly written in a masterly manner; nothing can be more elegant, more mathematically concise and correct, than the method by which proposition after proposition is disposed, deduced from each other, and demonstrated with great strictness; but nothing practical is to be found there, nothing of what may occur to-day or to-morrow, no allowance whatever for that numerous class of readers who are doomed to perpetual ignorance of sublime analysis, nothing of what may guide the practical man, no description of any machine, any engine—even the theory of what are called the mechanical powers is rejected in the appendix. Perhaps it may be said, that the knowledge of these more elementary parts may be acquired by the study of other books, but what French books are calculated to suit the purpose? Are we to take Monge's Statics?—a capital little book, indeed, but in which the same want of every thing which is practical prevails throughout. Besides, Monge treats only of statics; and thus, for all subjects in which motion is concerned, we should be obliged again to refer to some other work.

"Dr. Olinthus Gregory's work, though it should not be taken up by one unacquainted with mathematics, is far more accessible and far more useful to the greatest class of readers. The subject is treated not in so purely a scientific manner, but more calculated to afford that information which is most wanted. A man after studying Poisson may scarcely know a wheel-barrow from a steam-engine; but any one who has gone through Dr. Gregory's book may have acquired as much of mechanical information as will enable him to understand most subjects connected with that most important department of science. Another English work to which it would be difficult to find an equal in French literature, is Professor Robinson's 'Mechanical Philosophy.' This capital book can certainly not pretend to be a complete treatise of science, being compounded from various articles of an encyclopædia; but for close reasoning and an able exposition of the subject in all its bearing, it may confidently challenge competition.

"Professor Leslie's 'Natural Philosophy' contains also that

useful elementary mechanical information for which you look in vain in French books. Let Professor Leslie's first volume be compared to what M. Biot has in his '*Precis Elementaire de Physique*,' and it will appear at once how far superior the mechanical part is treated by the former.

"Another circumstance connected with the manner in which science is treated in France and in England, comes in for its share in the explanation, why such works as the '*Mechanique Analytique*,' &c. were written in France and not in England. It is this—that the principle of the division of labour is more acted upon in France than in England. In France, a mathematician understands mathematics and nothing else; a mineralogist may be very ignorant of every other branch of science; and they actually had an astronomer of great renown, whose mathematical knowledge did not extend beyond the rules of arithmetic. Chemists, botanists, naturalists, are generally exceedingly ignorant of mathematics and natural philosophy. Burckhardt, the astronomer, when he first came to Paris, wrote to Baron de Zach, how much he was astonished, on a visit to the observatory, to hear La Grange ask from Lalande an explanation of the use of the zenith sector with the mural quadrant. A German professor of mathematics would have considered it disgraceful to be utterly ignorant of the use of astronomical instruments; but in France, a mathematician does not think himself more concerned about the implements of the astronomer, than the schoolmaster thinks of the tools of the carpenter or the joiner. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that there are many and honourable exceptions, but in general this rule holds good, and every one in France looks exclusively to his own department.

"In England the case is totally different, and men of science take a more general interest in branches unconnected with the object of their immediate research. In France it would be impossible to find a chemist who had a particular turn for astronomy, or who applied himself to the improvement of nautical instruments. Dr. Wollaston was alike familiar with the use of his admirable minute laboratory and with the telescope and the transit, *and even on his deathbed, he took care that the rate of his chronometer was duly ascertained.* No French civil engineer thinks of constructing, for his own use and amusement, an equatorial like that which was made by the celebrated Smeaton. Even both the highly gifted individuals who gave rise to these observations, both Mr. Herschel and Mr. Babbage, furnish an incontrovertible proof of the powers of a mighty mind to apply itself successively and successfully to different branches of science. In France, Mr. Herschel or Mr. Babbage would have selected some particular department in which they would have concentrated all their powers, but they never would have thought of ranging, as chance or opportunity directed, through the fields of optics, mineralogy, mathematics, mechanics, and astronomy. Mr. Babbage, had he been a Frenchman, might have written a standard book on mechanics, but he could never have thought of inventing that wonderful calculating engine which it must be the wish of every lover of science to see him bring into use and perfection."

"Mr. Babbage appears to hint at some connexion between the genius of Napoleon and the state of science in France. He says

that during the reign of that extraordinary man, the triumphs of France were not less eminent in science than they were splendid in arms.' Now it unfortunately so turns out that the 'principal triumphs of France in science were achieved all before the reign of Napoleon. However, we are not disposed to underrate what was done in Napoleon's time; we had the discoveries of the polarisation of light, the immortal 'Calcul des Probabilities,' the 'Astronomy' of Delambre, the 'History of Astronomy' by the same, and many more respectable productions. But, nevertheless, we flatly deny that science flourished more under that sway of the Emperor or Consul than before or afterwards. In practical mechanics, whilst such rapid strides were making in England, the state of things in France was miserable and ridiculous. When the decennial prizes were to be distributed, they were awarded to the miserable steam-engines of Perier; and the *belier hydraulique*, which even the genius of a Watt could not turn to account, was precognized as a splendid discovery.

"It appears to be Mr. Babbage's wish that scientific men might now and then be appointed to high offices, and he gives a list of persons who attained, what he thinks the favours of fortune. It has been the almost invariable custom in all countries, that persons filling high offices are taken from a certain rank in society; whenever another principle was adopted, it was in times of revolution, or in very extraordinary cases. Now if it so happened that amongst the men of that class from which public functionaries are usually taken, some applied themselves to science, and were otherwise qualified for official and honourable situations, certainly acquirements could offer no impediment to their being so appointed. It is the count, the marquess, the baron, the minister who is a philosopher; but it is not the philosopher who, on account of his philosophy, is raised to the rank of an ambassador, or a count, or a baron, or a minister. Baron Wilhelm von Humboldt, for instance, notwithstanding his station in life, and although he is an ambassador, and was a member of the Congress of Vienna, cultivated philology, but certainly no man in his sober senses, will contend that he was appointed one of the contrivers of the Holy Alliance because he was a philologist. Alexander von Humboldt is baron by birth, and certainly it is highly creditable for the German nobility to have such an illustrious individual amongst its ranks; but for all that, we cannot agree with Mr. Babbage, that the situation of chamberlain to any king is a *high public office*. It is certainly commendable in the king of Prussia to surround his person with men like Humboldt, but the times are gone by in which the functions of a chamberlain could be really honourable. In the country in which I was born, it was formerly held that the function of a valet, be it to a king or to any other gentleman, are those of a menial, and therefore cannot be held honourable in themselves, although the office is often filled by very respectable persons. The thought, indeed, of Alexander von Humboldt performing the duty of a chamberlain, which with the Roman emperors was done by slaves, is sickening to our feelings, and in my opinion 'they are sheep and calves that seek out assurance in that.'

"With the Marquess La Place, the Counts Carnot and Chaptal, and the Baron Cuvier, the case is widely different. When Napo-

leon abolished the republic, he endeavoured to strengthen his new government by the co-operation of all the men of talent whom he could bring over to his party. With this view La Place was created a minister of the interior: but proved quite inadequate to the task, and after a few months trial, it became absolutely necessary to give him a successor. He was then made, not President as Mr. Babbage erroneously states, but Chancellor to that senate whose duty it was to watch the conversation of the liberties of the French people. That the office of keeping the liberties of France, under the reign of Napoleon, was a sinecure, need scarcely be told; it required only in the chancellor the necessary abnegation to put his signature indiscriminately under any decree, however unjust or oppressive. Indeed, the chancellor of the senate was in fact its secretary. How these functions can be accounted honourable I am at a loss to conceive—profitable they certainly were; for the salary of the chancellor was, I believe, 36,000 francs, exclusive of the donations on foreign and conquered countries, with which the Emperor used to reward his followers. Wealth and dignity acquired at such a price, cannot be objects of envy in the eyes of a philosopher. In this case, they are the price of shame and degradation, and they ought not to have excited jealousy of a man like Mr. Babbage. In our opinion, the humble dwelling where Mr. Ivory resides, and where he enjoys what Galileo's friend named *la monarchia di se stesso*, is a place far more deserving of our respect than the splendid residence of La Place in the palace of that senate whose baseness and servility taught Napoleon to despise the human race.

But if we come to *emolument* merely *scientific*, it will be found far less in France than in England. A professor of the College de France had, I believe, 5,000 francs, or £200. Mr. Babbage would call this 'to exercise the talents of a philosopher for the paltry remuneration of a clerk;' and I will add that this shews that a man's honour, supposing it worth buying, fetches a higher price in the market than his talents. If we wish to know what *the emolument of science* is in France, let us recollect the instance of Legendre, certainly a real, deserving, and meritorious man of science. By an arbitrary act of ministers, he was deprived of a scanty pension, his all—and for what? Because he did not choose to vote for a ministerial candidate for member of the Institute. The pension upon which Mr. Ivory has retired, is certainly not very high, but it is *his own*, and cannot be taken from him by any minister. If Mr. Babbage had thought proper to refuse his vote to the Duke of Sussex, on a late contested election, would he have deemed it a happy circumstance if Government had it in its power to deprive him of his chair at Cambridge? Still such is the situation of all the French savans: they hold their places during pleasure."

"In order to ascertain the emoluments of science in both countries, Mr. Babbage requested a foreigner to write down the names of six Englishmen best known in France for their scientific reputation. Mr. Babbage wrote down the names of six Frenchmen, and these notes having been interchanged, the probable annual income of each individual was added to his name.

In conclusion, we beg to thank our foreign champion for his animated pamphlet, and to remind Messrs. Herschel, Babbage, and partisans, that so long as half a dozen scientific men, worthy

to hold commune with themselves, are to be found in England, it will be in her power to maintain her high reputation in the world, and that its decline will lie at their door; for their predecessors were moved by no inducements to fulfil the task, which do not affect them also, and they have the added stimulus to preserve unbroken the long trail of light that has illuminated our hemisphere. We leave with each of them at parting our *unfeigned admiration*, with the following precautionary recommendation of the wise man: "Say not thou, what is the cause that the former days were better than these, for thou dost not enquire wisely concerning this."

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EVENING.

How subtly Nature mingles in the heart  
 The past, the future, in this lovely time!  
 How home and heaven together on us start!  
 England! 'tis now thy autumn-sky sublime  
 Reminds us of the parted spirit's clime,  
 The hamlet clock strikes solemn as a knell,  
 The breezy sounds that from the forest swim,  
 The heavy harvest-team's returning bell,  
 The Gleaner's homeward call, seems life's sad, sweet farewell.

But thousands, tens of thousands in thy fields  
 Are counting every shade that dims this hour,  
 With frequent sunward look till day-light yields,  
 And each can turn him to the humble bower,  
 Where his own hand has planted every flower;  
 Time out of mind his father's quiet home;  
 Where waits him one, whose virtue was her dower,  
 Cheering her infants, as the deepening gloom,  
 Shed from the poplars, tells, he sure and soon will come.

He comes, the moon has lit him home at last,  
 And he has thrown his harvest hook away,  
 And kissed the nut-brown babes that round him haste,  
 Each with the little wonder of its day.  
 The lowly meal is spread, the moon-beams play  
 Thro' panes that bushy rose and wild-flower veil;  
 And soon to make them music, on her spray,  
 Her wonted neighbour spray, the nightingale  
 Pours on the holy hour, her thrilling, endless tale.

*Croly's "Paris."*

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## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

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I REQUEST that the following remarks will be inserted in the Halifax Magazine, under the title, Monthly Commentary.

*Arichat.*

CAPE BRETON ELECTION.—In the December number of the Halifax Magazine, were remarks under the annexed title. I do not mean to object to the ridicule cast on collections of people, for giving unmerited honour, and for working themselves into enthusiasm, respecting common-place objects; but I would remove personal impressions which that article is likely to make. Public men, I know, must submit to public remark, but it is due to the public and their official servants, that remarks should be true in spirit and in word. I find no fault with the terms of the paragraph signed Sydney; the first person named in it—who is now a public man—may not be over industrious, neither may all his habits be strictly exemplary; there are but few young men of whom as much could not be said. I do not quarrel about his being called a good companion, and his being described, as one inclined to crack a harmless jest;—but I object to those terms being taken for more than their apparent value, and I object to unfair unreasonable deductions.

The particular share of attention which a man gives his profession, is his own business, and if he have no worse habits than those caused by a social disposition, I do not exactly see what the public have to do with them. He may yet be a good representative and a good lawyer nevertheless; and I am not aware of any other bars in the path of the gentleman alluded to. As to the other gentleman, if his “cunning,” his desire to get “briefs,” can be resolved into the proper and honourable *ambition* of a “rising young man,”—and I know nothing to the contrary—they should not be made matters of even indirect crimination. After removing what may be called unfair impressions from the paragraph signed “Sydney” I agree with it, that Representatives of known sterling and solid characters are to be desired, and that young adventuring lawyers are not best calculated to give dignity and weight to legislative proceedings. But what is, is, let us hope for the best. A.

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LITERARY PROTECTION.—It appears that Lady Blessington, and the publisher of the New Monthly Magazine, applied to the Lord Chancellor for an injunction against a piratical publisher, who had printed Lady Blessington’s ‘Journal of Conversations with Lord Byron.’ The Lord Chancellor—  
‘Is the work of such a nature as to entitle it to the protection of this Court?’

Mr. Kindersley said he had looked through it, and did not see any thing in it which could deprive it of the protection of the Court. The Lord Chancellor said that the works of Lord Byron had been more than once refused the protection of the Court, from the matter contained in them, and he, therefore, wished to be sure that he was not extending the protection of this Court to any work of a libellous or immoral tendency."

Is not the weakness of human laws illustrated in the sage proceedings mentioned in the above extract? A book, faultless in morals, is protected by the Court;—that is, none but the holders of the copy-right are allowed to publish it: Accordingly it sells at a higher price than would otherwise be obtained, is in fewer hands, and consequently less read. But a book of an immoral or libellous character is *not* protected,—the consequence is, that any person may publish it; it is printed cheaply in large quantities by numerous hungry competitors, and is scattered through the community at the lowest possible rate. One would be almost inclined to imagine, that if the *good of the people* were the great end of all law, rather the contrary of our above position would be the case; but that would be unjust as regards the property of the article, so the greatest evil, almost unavoidably, is chosen. Under any view how imperfect the application of the rule is, and how humbling to solemn tribunals and sage heads, We have supervisors of Meat-Markets, who take care that unwholesome food for the body shall not be distributed; but the supervisors of the Book Market limit the venders of wholesome, intellectual food, and publish liberty to every ruffian to disseminate the bad. This we allow is done indirectly, still it is not the less done. It may be said, It discourages improper works by discouraging the gain to be derived from them. How does it accomplish this? A bad article is exhibited for sale, and immediately the law loosens the hands of the thievishly inclined; speculator, prig and swindler, are halloo'd to the scramble, and though the profit of a *few* is lessened, the gain of the *many* is increased with the circulation of the *unprotected* stolen goods—or rather Bads. A precious mode of discouraging immorality truly. The fact at least proves—in our estimation—how imperfect law and lawgivers are; but we forget that we are speaking of the Chancery Court, that noted temple of confusion and doubt; of absurd regulations and monstrous results; where hopes die of promises, and equity punishes in heavy penalties those who seek for justice.

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FIGURATIVE LANGUAGE.—Cobbett, we believe, says in his grammar, that figures of speech, are edged tools, and not to be played with; intimating, no doubt, that a clumsy artificer may cut himself

with the implements of his profession. We have an example of this in the following scrap, from an American paper, in allusion to the death of our great Novelist.

“Scott has carved and erected a monument in his works, that will emblazon his fame and embalm his memory, till time shall be no more.”

In this we have two figures, one of Scott, the other of his monument. To speak pedantically—the metonymy in the first, is far fetched, harsh, and unintentionally ludicrous; the personification in the second, is heterogenous, and affords a caricature daub instead of a serious historical picture. In the phrase “carved and erected,” we see Scott cutting and chipping a monument to himself, and labouring to place his obelisk on its end; and immediately the marble becomes indued with life, turns painter, and emblazons fame—however that can be done—and, acting the apothecary, is quite busy, disembowelling and embalming the memory which created it; as one good turn deserves another. Just think how the pictures would look—Scott, instead of pouring out *Waverleys* and *Ivanhoes*, working with the mallet and chissel on his own marble column; and said column, stepping from its position, to handle the paint brush, dissecting knife and perfumery, in honour of its departed Lord!

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DESTINY.—“*Grecians your destiny is fulfilled. The Courts of France, England, and Russia, at the instance of the Greek nation, have chosen you a sovereign.*”

These are the opening words of a Manifesto, addressed by the Allied Courts, to the Greeks; and they strongly remind of “Jack the Giant Killer” or “Arabian Nights,” phraseology. A King ascends the throne, and the destiny—forsooth—of the nation is fulfilled. As if the strange man in the strange seat, was not of flesh and blood, like the thousands whose destinies he fulfils, as a pail of water fulfils the destinies of the ocean. The Greek Crown we know went a begging for some time, no man of the required respectability being found, willing to take a toy which would involve much trouble and some danger, with little compensation. At length Germany was thought of, that place prolific in ready made potentates of every description, in “noble houses” with needy branches; and a King was there manufactured, for the renovated nation, out of an unknown Prince. By this occurrence the world is gravely told that her destinies are fulfilled. Men are progressing in many matters, we wonder how long it will be, before the language of Courts and Cabinets will be reduced to common sense; before sounding trash will give place to simple truth. It is very well for a people to be ruled in an orderly manner; to get a chief Magistrate, call

him what you will, who is recognized as a fit cotemporary by other chief magistrates, and whose family connections, may be some little countenance or support to the state which he governs; —all this is well, and people might be told the fact, instead of being spouted to, as if they were babies or idiots, and of being told that their “destinies are fulfilled.” This pompous quibbling doubtless, does evil to rulers and ruled; by it both are placed in a false position, to support which, much subsequent painful and expensive bolstering is necessary.

**MARCH OF INTELLECT.**—Allusions to this March, annoy all those who are conscious that they are laggards, and envious to see others outstrip them; all those who have travelled a short way on the road, and vain of their paltry pre-eminence, would retain it by retarding others; all those who hold that the March is only for the rich and powerful, that the mass of men are made merely to serve the few, and that a slave is spoiled by making him acquainted with himself, his fellows, and the works of his Creator. This march had some open opposers a few years since, but they were swept from the road by the logic and numbers of the “intellect people;” and opposition now has dwindled to a few who stand by the way side, and who gratify themselves by mowing and moping, chattering and snapping like so many unminded monkeys. The following scrap seems to have been thrown out by one, more sage and contemplative than the rest, who patted his frosty pow, and stroked his chin, as he delivered the oracle:

“Has the boasted March of Intellect made us better; or only more clever than we were; and if not the former, to what good end do we arrive by our improvement.”

Setting aside the solecism which makes improvement not to be good in itself, let us see how the question can be answered. It is admitted that society is made more clever by the March, and this surely is a clear gain, but is it made *better*, in the best sense of the word? How shall we get a satisfactory answer to the question? If the advocates of Intellect, say, the people are more moral and more comfortable where this March has been effected than elsewhere; the advocate of Ignorance may reply, many accidental causes have tended to this, and similar results would be experienced if there were no “March.” If Ignorance say, the commission of crime, want and its effects, go on as before; Intellect will say, only for me they would be greatly increased, the influence which I have exerted has been in many cases a negative one, and does not appear in calculation. The churches are not more crowded says Ignorance; those who go pay more attention and understand better

replies Intellect. Places of riot and debauchery are still in existence and Ignorance; I have lessened their victims, have gleaned many of every class from their orgies, and better order is more widely extended, says Intellect. The result of accidents of circumstances, which would be all the same if there were no March, rejoins Ignorance; and so the enquiry ends.—It is difficult if not impossible to get a precise and all-satisfactory answer, on subjects connected with human nature. Society, is like a wide sea, seeming accidents, circumstances, are the winds which fan its bosom, altering its appearance every moment. It is at one time clear and placid, at another rippling and deeply shaded, at another boisterous, tossing and howling; yet continually obeying certain unseen currents and principles. The best mode of treating the question would be, to see what the *probable results* of the “March” are, and to be governed in our opinion accordingly. The “March of Intellect,” is, simply, a cant phrase, expressing, the advance of the mass of the people in practical information; including science, morals, politics.—If this March is calculated to let in a little light where all was dark, and to make the grossly ignorant something like a rational creature; if it induces the maudlin babbler to hold his peace by showing how despicable his conversation has been, and enables the reflecting man to speak, by giving him distinct ideas and proper terms; if its province is to exhibit to the proud man how little above his fellows he is, and to the diffident man how nearly on a par the generality of minds are in every rank; if its effects are to teach the rich man the legitimate use of riches, to save him from lassitude, and open delightful fields for his enquiry and influence; if it proves to the poor man, that there are treasures which he can have in common with the highest, and that the best enjoyments are those which are without money and without price; if it weans the drunkard from his cup to the Institute and Library, destroys the point of the profane man’s oaths and the debauchees jests; if it inclines to raise man in the moral scale, by leading him, by ever such slow degrees, to know himself, and to know his Creator in his works; if it convinces the despot that there is a growing energy which will break his rod, and an eye which like the sun peers through his pretensions; if it informs the subject, that “order is heavens first law,” but that there are inalienable rights of man which it is his duty to maintain: if, in short, and to avoid a multiplication of crowding ideas, if its tendency is to give light for darkness, information for gross ignorance, innocent intellectual recreation for brutal debauching riot, morality for superstition, and pure religion for fanaticism, *then* it should be expected, that, all, except the base, the malignant and the obstinately prejudiced, would follow and forward “the March”

delightedly: *then*, we can answer the question of the cold cynic in our quotation, and say, *The march of Intellect has made us better*,—increased cleverness is a national as well as an individual benefit,—our improvement leads *directly* to many good ends, and *indirectly* to all imaginable good.—Success to the March, it has done much, and is doing more, for *England*; it has saved her from revolution and cleansed her from national plague spots; it is making her peerless for general science and information, thus giving *great minds* the only safe foundation for their labours. Success to the March, and it will succeed, despite of the moping and mowing, the jibbering and chattering, of those who are too obstinate malicious to rest silent, and too imbecile, or confident of defeat, to argue.

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### MECHANICS INSTITUTE.

Dec. 12. Mr. John S. Thompson, read a paper on English History.

26. Mr. Joseph Howe, read a paper on Commerce.

31. The Annual Meeting was held; when the following Officers were chosen for the ensuing year.

PRESIDENT—Dr. Grigor.

VICE PRESIDENTS—1st. Mr. Joseph Howe—2d. Mr. G. Young.

TREASURER—Mr. James Foreman.

CURATOR—Mr. James Malcolm.

SECRETARY—Mr. John S. Thompson.

COMMITTEE. Messrs. Morrow, Garland, James Thomson, Gossp, George L. O'Brien, Dawson, Mann, Valentine, and Dr. Stirling.

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### VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

SOUNDS DURING THE NIGHT.—The great audibility of sounds during the night is a phenomenon of considerable interest, and one which had been observed even by the ancients. In crowded cities or in their vicinity, the effect was generally ascribed to the rest of animated beings, while in localities where such an explanation is inapplicable, it was supposed to arise from a favorable direction of the prevailing wind.—Baron Humboldt was particularly struck with this phenomenon when he first heard the rushing of the great cataracts of Orinoco in the plain which surrounds the mission of the Apures. These he regarded as three times louder during the night than during the day. Some authors ascribed this fact to the cessation of the humming of insects, the singing of birds, and the action of the wind on the leaves of the trees, but M. Humboldt justly maintains that this cannot be the cause of it on the Orinoco, where the buzz of insects is much louder in the night than in the day, and where the breeze never rises till after sunset. Hence he was led to ascribe the phenomenon to the perfect trans-

parency and uniform density of the air, which can exist only at night after the heat of the ground has been uniformly diffused through the atmosphere. When the rays of the sun have been beating on the ground during the day, currents of hot air of different temperatures, and consequently of different densities, are constantly ascending from the ground and mixing with the cold air above. The air thus ceases to be a homogeneous medium, and every person must have observed the effects of it upon objects seen through it, which are very distinctly visible, and have a tremulous motion, as if they were "dancing in the air." The very same effect is perceived if we look at objects through spirits and water that are not perfectly mixed, or when we view distant objects over a red hot poker or over a flame. In all these cases the light suffers refraction in passing from a medium of one density into a medium of a different density, and the refracted rays are constantly changing their direction as the different currents rise in succession. Analogous effects are produced when sound passes through a mixed medium, whether it consists of two different mediums or of one medium where portions of it have different densities. As sound moves with different velocities through media of different densities, the wave which produces the sound will be partly reflected in passing from one medium to the other, and the direction of the transmitted wave changed; and hence in passing through such media different portions of the wave will reach the ear at different times, and thus destroy the sharpness and distinctness of the sound. This may be proved by many striking facts. If we put a bell in a receiver containing a mixture of hydrogen gas and atmospheric air, the sound of the bell can scarcely be heard. During a shower of rain or of snow, noises are greatly deadened, and when sound is transmitted along an iron wire or an iron pipe of sufficient length, we actually hear two sounds, one transmitted more rapidly through the solid, and the other more slowly through the air. The same property is well illustrated by an elegant and easily repeated experiment of Chladni's. When sparkling champagne is poured into a tall glass till it is half full, the glass loses its power of ringing by a stroke upon its edge, and emits only a disagreeable and a puffy sound. This effect will continue while the wine is filled with bubbles of air, or as long as the effervescence lasts; but when the effervescence begins to subside the sound becomes clearer and clearer, and the glass rings as usual, when the air bubbles have vanished. If we reproduce the effervescence by stirring the champagne with a piece of bread, the glass will again cease to ring. The same experiment will succeed with other effervescing-fluids.—  
*Sir David Brewster.*

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**THE HAGUE.**—The Hague is the residence of the Dutch court. It was the birth-place of our William the third. The population may be about forty thousand. It is a handsome and well built town, more in the German than in the Dutch style; more like Brussels than Rotterdam. The happy union it exhibits of town and country is that which forms its chief interest. The Voorhour, or principal street, has several rows of trees in the centre, with a carriage-way on either side, while walks in the middle covered with

shells are assigned to pedestrians. A beautiful park, well wooded and drained, affords a variety of pleasant promenades to the inhabitants, a great portion of whom are men of property, retired from business. At the extremity of this park, which is two miles long, stands the summer residence of the princes of Orange, called the 'palace in the wood.' The approach to it is through a forest of oaks, which are regarded with superstitious veneration, and never submitted to the pruning hand of the woodman. The chambers of Lords and deputies are fine structures, but inferior to those in Paris. The royal museum has been transferred to a house built in 1640, by Prince Maurice. It contains some remarkable pictures by Rembrandt, Paul Potter, Teniers, Wouvermans, Rubens, and other painters of the Flemish school. Among the choicest of this collection, are the celebrated bull by Potter, and Simeon and the infant Jesus by Rembrandt; which justly merit the high place they hold in the estimation of Europe. Under the museum is a cabinet devoted to Chinese curiosities; the most remarkable of which is a model of the interior of a Dutch town, made for Peter the Great of Russia, but refused on account of the high price fixed on it. In another room is a model of the Japanese island Tesima, representing the inhabitants in characteristic costumes, either engaged in the various duties of life on land, or dimpling the surface of the water in their Eastern junks. In the king's palace is an elegant jasper vase, of the size and shape of a large baptismal font. It is exhibited as a present from the King of Prussia, and the most superb specimen of its kind in this part of Europe.—*Elliot's North of Europe.*

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PARIS ACADEMY OF ARTS AND SCIENCES.—M Geoffrey presented the first fasciculus of his "Zoological studies," in which, among other recently discovered animals, he describes three birds, natives of Patagonia, which were killed in that country by W. M Dessalines d'Orbigny. The latter has collected some extremely interesting details of their habits, of which the following is an instance:—"On the 20th of March, 1819, being then in the midst of the *Salina de Andres Paz*, I observed a small superstructure, which looked like a little Island of earthenware, and rose apparently about a foot above the surface of the Salina. Upon asking my peon what this might be, he replied, that it was a group of flamingo's nests. Being anxious to examine them, I walked across the sultry expanse, and as I advanced, could not refrain from admiring its immense extent, which covered a space of more than five miles square; the whole of this lake of salt presented a surface of dense crystalized crust, six inches in thickness. At length I came to a halt; and here I found three thousand nests, so disposed as to form a small Island in the centre of the lake. Each of them is a cone, about a foot and a half high, truncated and concave at the upper end, like a common nest, but without any plants in its structure. Every nest stands at twelve inches distance from those around it; nor can a more singular sight exist than this myriad of cones all of similar form and height. I found several eggs still in their nests. My peon told me, that a large flight of flamingos alights on the spot every year for the purpose of building their nests; that the female sits across the nest to lay and hatch her

eggs; and that those who dig the salt collect and eat a great many of the eggs, as well as take away the young birds, the flesh of which, he said, was of exquisite flavour. The eggs are of a greenish hue, spotted with brown, and they are somewhat more than four inches in diameter."

**ICE.**—Nothing so materially affects the climate of Iceland as the arrival of the floating ice from the opposite coast of Greenland. Generally towards the end of winter, and sometimes in the beginning of summer, it is seen moving towards the coast in immense masses, which are not unfrequently piled above one another, and more resemble islands with mountains, castles, and spires, than bodies of ice. They are so thick that they have been known to run aground in eighty fathoms' water. Their motion is not so much accelerated by the wind as by the current; but their rapidity, when impelled by these two causes conjointly, is so great, that no six-oared boat is able to keep up with them. When the sea is agitated by a storm, the ice-islands, are dashed against each other in the most tremendous manner. The noise arising from the crash is heard at a great distance; and, as often happens, the drift timber jammed in between masses takes fire from the friction, presenting to the eye of the spectator a scene the most incongruous that can possibly be imagined. The quantity of floating ice is commonly so great, that it not only chokes up all the friths and bays, but extends to such a distance in the ocean that its termination cannot be discovered from the summit of the highest mountain; and in the year 1766, the whole of the vast strait between Iceland and Greenland was entirely closed up with it. It principally infests the northern, and part of the eastern coasts, as likewise the western friths, but it is seldom that it surrounds the whole island.

**TEAK SHIPS.**—We understand that, in pursuance of orders from the superintendant of the Indian navy, a complete survey of the hull of the *Caroline* frigate was lately made. This vessel, which is now in the upper dock for repairs, is pierced for twenty guns on her gun deck, and was built here, we believe, in 1818, for the Imam of Muscat. She is iron-fastened throughout, with the exception of two copper bolts in each plank at the butts and wooden ends; is carvel built, with six planks on each side, which next the keel are rabbeted. The seams and bolt heads are covered with putty, over which there is chunam and a one inch teak sheathing fastened with both copper and iron nails. The planks next the keel are paid with dammer tempered with oil, which has been applied hot and covered with cotton wool, over which the vessel was coppered. The fastenings are almost entirely composed of nails, which have been turned up on the lining inside. The examination proved that the bottom was perfectly dry and the sheathing sound while the iron work, from the keel to light water mark, above which it was somewhat corroded, was in nearly as good a state as when first put on; thus affording another striking proof of the very superior qualities of the teak timber with which the vessel, now eighteen years afloat, was entirely built, and par-

ticularly of the peculiar property which it possesses of preserving iron from corrosion.—*Asiatic Journal*.

DR. ADAM CLARKE'S OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS COMMENTARY LABOURS.—“In this arduous labor I have had no assistants; not even a week's help from an *amanuensis*; no person to look for common-places, or refer to an ancient author; to find out the place, and transcribe a passage of Greek, Latin, or any other language, which my memory had generally recalled, or to verify a quotation; the help excepted which I received in the chronological department from my own nephew. I have laboured alone for nearly twenty-five years previously to the work being sent to press; and fifteen years have been employed in bringing it through the press to the public; and thus about forty years of my life have been consumed.”

Dr. Clarke was engaged in revising the commentary for a second edition at the time of his death.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

TO THE PUBLIC.—The Publisher of this periodical, feels very grateful for several indications of increasing patronage; and uses this opportunity to thank those who have long supported his list, and those who have lately honoured him with their names. Still he does not feel authorised to make alterations alluded to, and now intends to let two months elapse, without publishing a Number: during this period, he purposes to canvas for names to his list, and, if the result enables him, to publish the first Number of a new Volume, somewhat altered and improved, in April. The work is in its infancy, and has had to struggle with numerous disadvantages; it is for the Public to say whether it shall decline, or increase in interest and usefulness.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, December 12th, Mr. John Mills, to Miss Margaret F. Coleman.—13th, Mr. Alexander Burkett, junr. to Miss Louisa C. Rhodes.—14th, Mr. John Carmichael, to Miss Elizabeth Drysdale.—18th, James B. Uniacke, Esq. to Miss Rosina J. Black.—20th, Mr. Andrew Myars, to Miss Eliza Webber.—21st, Mr. William Booth, to Miss Margaret Leonard.—24th, Mr. Daniel Taylor, to Mrs. A. Meagher.—25th, Mr. Alexander Troop, to Mrs. Elizabeth Allen.—26th, Mr. Henry G. Hill, to Miss Hester Ives.—27th, Rev. William Cogswell, to Miss Eleanor Belcher.—At Cow Bay, Dec. 12th, Mr. William A. Gammen, to Miss Anna B. Himmelman.—At Cornwallis, Dec. 12th, Mr. Elijah Rhand, to Miss Adriandia Skinner.—At Broad Cove, Dec. 13th, Mr. Christian Smith, to Miss Regind Volger.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Dec. 2d, Mr. Patrick Curren.—6th, Mrs. Caroline Nordbeck, aged 36.—10th, Mrs Mary Watkey, aged 94.—Mrs. Susannah Shafiroth, aged 74.—11th Mrs. Sarah J. More, aged 28.—13th, Miss Eleanor McGrath.—10th, Mr. Thomas Power.—17th, Mrs. Ann Bridge, aged 49.—20th, Mrs. Francis Worrall, aged 24.—Mr. John Wilson, aged 11.—21st, Mr. Lewis McLaughlan, aged 22.—28th, Mrs Grizel Dechman, aged 83.—At Beaver Bank, Dec. 10th, Mr. Henry Olives, aged 37.—At New Dublin, Dec. 13th, Mr. Joshua Feimer.