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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62.)

Cooney's History of Part of New Brunswick.

We have been much more tedious in our last notice than was intended, and yet we have passed over many opportunities for instructive and amusing remark.

In it we glanced hastily at the Introduction, and four other chapters of Mr. Cooney's History, giving an epitome of their contents, and venturing a few opinions as regards sentiments and style. In doing this we passed unheeded one or two seeming typographical inaccuracies; we have reason to be pleased for so acting, for since then, we have received evidence how easily such slips are made. In looking over our brief review, we find the words "histrionic muse," instead of *historic* muse. If there were any such muse as the first mentioned, her province would be, stage representations; and however this might suit Mr. Cooney's "stage effect," chastity and dignity could not be supposed her peculiar attributes. On our 60th page also, we have "worded" for *worked*; but we are in doubt whether or not, the error is an improvement.

The Miramichi Fire concluded chapter four, and to our dismay commences chapter five, for we have not space to pursue its flickering any farther. This is a mortification, for paragraph after paragraph as we advance, affords as exquisite gems as any which we have already noticed. Such as—the sun getting up in the morning reluctantly, jaundiced and livid like a weary watchman,—trees reclining in a *supplicating* posture—chimnies like tomb stones—a stranger so *extremely imaginative* as to suppose that succeeding armies of Goths, Huns and Vandals had wreaked their vengeance on the poor settlements of the Miramichi lumberer—and a morning which would be like the eve of the *General Assize*, only that all were not dead, and all were not alive!—we must do despite to our feelings, and leave this chapter, recommending it to the literary florist; but lest it might fall into the hands of some Tyro,

will warn against one little defect. The second paragraph commences as follows: "Notwithstanding *its* having rained heavily during the night." Whatever veterans may do—and those who have received the polish of a classical education—let not smatterets in composition use the little possessive pronoun, so vaguely as they see it used here; and as the agent of an action, without having any Noun whatever as its antecedent. Translate the *its* of this phrase, and what will it amount to?—*Its*, is either an abbreviation of *it is*, or denotes the possessive case of some understood substantive. Either way is it used correctly here? We hate mere pedantry, but if purity of style be not necessary in a history, where should it be expected.

By this calamitous Fire, we are told, that, 160 persons lost their lives; 875 head of cattle, and 594 buildings were destroyed. Estimated loss of property £204,323—of which, was insured £12,050. Amount of relief furnished in cash, clothing and provisions—by Nova Scotia £4,364 16s.—by New Brunswick £5,713 9s. 4d.—by the Canadas £5,334—Newfoundland £700—P. E. Island £170—Great Britain £4604 1s. 5d.—United States and other places £13,472 16s. 6d.—Total £39,659 2s. 10d.

Towards the conclusion of this chapter we have the following judicious remarks.

"Let us now relieve the mind, by turning from the consideration of past misfortunes, to the contemplation of present enjoyments. The only lingering traces of the ruin now visible, are the leafless trees, and they at once serve for an admonition and a memorial, while, by contrast, they highten the natural beauties of increasing cultivation. A great deal of the scorched and burnt land, saved by the timely application of grass seeds, and other seminal reclaimants, is re-invested with a smiling sward. Newcastle, like a Phenix, has risen from its ashes, and now blossoms over its original site with renewed beauty. A larger, as well as handsomer Douglastown, has emerged from the ruins of the old one; and Moorfields, Bartibog, Nappan, &c. also display an equal share of the general renovation. The zeal and perseverance of the people have triumphed over the influence of debilitating casualties; and under the guidance of prudence, a resuscitated enterprize has sprung from the late depression of trade."

Chapter six—Northumberland, value of Imports in 1828 amounted to £120,648—Exports £118,306.—1829 Imports, £116,077—Exports £113,138—1830—Imports £119,190.—Exports £123,676. Total Provincial Revenue for three years £19,126 6 8. Imperial ditto £4, 982 17 10. In 1830—32 vessels of 2,709 tons belonged to the Port of Miramichi; and within the last ten years 36 were built there, of 9,747 tons, supposed value £97,470.

Of Lumbering we get the following remarks; written with pene-

tration and judgment, which unfortunately do not extend to all other parts of this history.

“Could he (the lumberer) unblushingly tell a plausible story, assuring the Merchant that he had found ‘A CAPITAL CHANCE, OR A FINE GROVE,’ taking care at the same time, minutely to calculate the number of large trees either contained, extensive credit was obtained without further ceremony. But this is not all; so exceedingly fascinating had lumbering become, that I have known some instances, where the report of a discovered *chance or grove*, created so brisk a canvass among the merchants, that it placed the fortunate discoverer, in the same situation as a voter at a contested election.”

“It being thus easy to obtain not only all the necessaries of life, but even some of its luxuries, ‘*Master Lumberers*’ multiplied with astonishing fecundity; and hence the woods became swarmed with a variety of men, whose habits and professions essentially disqualified them for the pursuit in which they engaged.

“What was the result of this combination of deception and enthusiasm? In many instances, ‘*The capital chances and fine Groves*’ turned out to have the same ideal existence as Mermaids and Unicorns; while in other cases, the timber was often so inferior, and so badly manufactured, that the merchant could not ship it, except on his own account, a proceeding which only increased his original loss, and injured his character.

“Since the fire, however, things have been better managed. That calamity, associated with other incidents, forced a reformation upon us; and the general stagnation which prevailed in Great Britain during the years 1826, and 1827, communicating itself to us, it became both unavoidable and necessary that credit should be restricted. This of course, was followed by a diminution of business, which effectually cut off the superabundant Lumberers, as well as many other excrescences that had so long disfigured and incumbered our industry.

“The manufacturing department is now conducted by men, who being thoroughly conversant with their business, and holders of property besides, are as deeply interested as either the shipper, or importer. For these reasons, although our timber trade is rather limited at present, (comparatively speaking,) it is less fluctuating and more profitable, because the market is supplied with an article of better quality, while the quantity rarely exceeds the demand.”

The Exports of Fish from this country for 1824, is calculated at £658, and for 1830, at £5,440.

Chapter seventh—Mr. Cooney proceeds to describe “the present appearance, state and condition,” of Northumberland, and says that on these three heads he will speak from a knowledge acquired by close observation during a residence of seven years. Are these heads sufficiently distinguished, one from the other?—appearance, state, condition, applied to a country, seem nearly synonymous terms, particularly the two latter.

This chapter, generally speaking, though not most interesting to the general reader, may be perhaps one of the most useful and pleasing

to an inhabitant or a visitor of the country. It describes the Miramichi River, its Towns, Settlements and Religious Institutions. It yields some gleanings as regards style, but we are not in a capacious mood, and pass on.

Chapter eighth, is of similar character but very brief, and treats of the different rivers which discharge into the Miramichi, and also of the Tabouintac. Writing of the Bartibog, we get the following graphic sketch, and if such scraps were not rare exceptions to his usual style, we would be inclined to assert that our author could paint cleverly as well as daub.

“Before the fire, this river was well timbered with groves of pine, and parallel ridges of hardwood; but now the whole interior exhibits a frightful and desolate appearance, commemorative of the event that occasioned the transformation. What was formerly liveried in green, and attired in foliage, is now a barren and miserable heath. The stately pine, the tall birch, and the graceful elm, are no longer visible, for the poplar, the wild cherry, and a variety of degenerate scrubs occupy their place. Where such a succession has not occurred, the intrusion of this dwarfish growth, is either opposed or retarded, by large entangled groups of *dead, and fallen, and discoloured trees.*”

At the commencement of the next chapter, we get a specimen of the effect of what we consider the bad outline by which this history has been prepared. After chapter seven, County of Northumberland, commences chapter one, *County of Kent*. All through the work, instead of the continued calm flow of well concocted, well sustained composition, to our apprehension, the doublings and windings and undigested scraps of a mere note book appear.

“The County of Kent formerly a part of Northumberland, is seated in the gulf of St. Lawrence, and comprehends a sea board of about fifty miles, extending from Point Escuminac, the southern extremity of Miramichi Bay, and thence on to Shediac Island. The coast is thinly covered with small pine, spruce, and fir; and is so exceedingly low, that none of the harbours indenting it, can be descried at ten miles distance.”

Our author now goes back to the French, Indians, and Acadians of the earliest settlements, which we thought all disposed of in chapter one, and which should be grouped somewhere, if order and effect, not confusion were intended.

“In the year 1723, or 1724, a very general war was commenced against the English, by several divisions of the Micmac, or Eastern Nation, of which the most violent, as also the most sanguinary, were the Richibuctos. This tribe, assisted by a party of the Penobscots, and commanded by a formidable and stalwart fellow, called Argimoosh, or the Great Witch, attacked Canso, and other harbours in its vicinity, whence they took 16 or 17 sail of fishing vessels belonging to Massachusetts.—Governor Phillips happening to be

in Canoe, at the time, ordered two sloops to be manned, and sent them under the direction of a Mr. Elliott, of Boston, and a Mr. Robinson, of Cape Anne. Elliott, while cruising along the coast, perceived seven vessels lying in a harbour, called Winnepaug. As he approached them, he observed the decks to be crowded with Indians, who, when he came within hearing, hoisted their pennants, and cried out, "strike English Dogs, and come aboard, for you are all prisoners." As they had caught a Tartar, an engagement immediately ensued, in which, with desperate bravery, did the Indians maintain their ground, for nearly an hour. Being at length, overpowered, they jumped into the hold, and when driven thence, by the hand grenades, Elliott flung amongst them, they plunged into the sea, where nearly all of them, were either drowned or shot."

We copy this, principally, to point out a difficulty which we met with. In Mr. Sheil's notes to the *Witch of the West Cot*, we have this passage slightly altered. So close is the parallel, that the phrase "caught a Tartar," and similar peculiarities, occur in both. Did Mr. Sheil borrow from Mr. Cooney, or Mr. Cooney from Mr. Sheil? or both from some other author, without acknowledging the debt?

"A few years after these affairs, the Richibuctos condemned one of their tribe, convicted of some treasonable correspondence, with the Mohawks, to be stoned to death. After a regular and formal trial, the criminal was conveyed with a great deal of solemnity, from Snider's Point at the entrance of the harbour, to Platt's Point, about three miles further up, and there, being previously bound hand and foot, and fastened upon a rock, still visible at low water, was the sentence executed. This mode of execution, so analogous to the Jewish custom, affords some illustration of Penn's theory, wherein he contends that the aborigines of America, are descended from the Jews. Did an enquiry of this kind correspond with our views, we might, without much difficulty, advance some arguments to sustain it."

The closing sentence above seems miserably colloquial for an historical work.

"Although it is but four years since this county was detached from Northumberland, even in that short time it has decidedly advanced. The advantages of local jurisdiction—a resident magistracy—and domestic representation, have already strikingly manifested themselves, in the improved condition of both the country and the people. Population has increased, roads have been opened; bridges erected; and schools founded.—Agriculture has also been extended; an improved breed of cattle has been introduced; and the fisheries have improved under an enlarged cultivation of them."

Chapter second, county of Kent *returns*, so unpleasantly, in the middle of a work, to matters of general trade and revenue, and furnishes those details in so sprawling a manner, that we are strongly inclined to save ourselves the penance of *reading its figures*. In

1830, this county's imports are stated at £15,769, exports, £33,955. Within the last eight years, were built, nineteen vessels, of 5,723 tons, valued at £57,230.

“ All the vessels built in this county, as well as those in Northumberland, are eminently distinguished for a durability of materials and an elegance of construction. Many of them sustain a respectable character in the South American Trade, and others have, by sale, been raised to the dignity of East India men; nor does it afford us less pleasure to add, that the same remarks may, with equal justice, be applied to the vessels built in Gloucester.”

Chapter third, C. K. describes rivers, towns, settlements, and population.

“ No part of the Province is better watered than this county. Numerous rivers, streams, and creeks, converging at their heads, and mingling in their courses, gambol through it in every direction. They rise generally out of large swamps and barrens, called by the Indians KOUHAWAAK or the Carriboo Plains; are fed by different tributaries, either rising in the interior of the country, or straying from the circumjacent ones; and discharge into the gulf, at various points, between the entrance of the Miramichi and Shediac Harbour.”

The word “gambol” in the above passage, is very indicative of Mr. Cooney's style. A jig, to all appearance, would be as appropriate with him as an Indian dance, previous to a solemn expedition.

“ Kent provides, 1,000 militia men, comprised in one battalion, commanded by Major M'Kean;—sends one member to the General Assembly, and contains a population of about 4,860, whereof 2,620 are Acadian French, the remainder consisting chiefly of Irish and Scotch emigrants, sparingly mixed with English ones, and some natives of the Province.”

Chapter fourth, C. K. is on harbours, a kind of direction to Pilots; and if brevity be the soul of wit, it should be the most witty of all chapters of history.

Chapter first, *County of Gloucester*, commences with the following excellent sketch of the *Baie des Chaleur*.

“ Before we enter upon the history of this County, it would be well to describe the *Baie des Chaleurs*, of which it forms the south side.

“ LA BAIE DES CHALEURS, OR BAY OF HEATS, was originally called by the Micmacs, Ecketaan Nemaachi, or the Sea of Fish. It is a large gulf, or rather Mediterranean Sea which with the River Restigouche, falling in at its head, divides Lower Canada and New Brunswick. The entrance of this Bay lies in latitude 47° 58', N. in longitude 64° 30', W. and is formed by point Mackarel, on the North side, and Point Miscou on the South. Here it is twenty two miles wide, its computed length being eighty-five miles; and

its breadth, within the entrance, varying from thirty, to twenty-six, and sixteen miles.

“On the Canadian, or North side, the land is exceedingly bold and prominent; distorted by projections; fissured by cavities, and swelling into a range of lofty mountains, whose elevated and extended summits resemble, when viewed at a distance, a long chain of rolling and agitated clouds. This tract of country, extending from Point Mackarel to the source of the Restigouche; and from the same Point, along the Gulf Shore to Cape Chapt, at the entrance of the river St. Lawrence, constitutes the District of *Gaspe*; and is divided into two Counties, the inland one being called Bonaventure, the other *Gaspe*. On the South side, except within twenty miles of the head of the Bay, the interior of the country is rather low, although the immediate shore is, in some places, considerably elevated, iron-bound, and inter-pointed by perpendicular cliffs.

“The whole of this Bay may be considered one immense harbour, containing several capacious ones. It is well sheltered from the most prevailing winds; is abundantly supplied with all varieties of fish; is the outlet of several large Rivers; has neither rocks nor shoals, and is encompassed by extensive tracts of fertile land, well wooded, and abounding with Lime Stone, Granite, Coal, Gypsum, Ochreous Earths, and different kinds of Metals.

“The County of Gloucester commences near Tracadie a river falling into the Gulf, about 30 miles north of Miramichi. From thence it extends along the shore, up the south side of, *la Baie des Chaleurs*; and on to the sources of the Restigouche.

This “county is subdivided into five Parishes, viz.:—*Saumarez, Bathurst, Beresford, Addington* and *Eldon*, is watered by several large rivers; contains many good harbours, and comprehends an extensive tract of well timbered country.”

Chapter second, C. G. again returns to early history, but as its authority, in these matters, rests on “it is said,” “this is, I think, entitled to credibility,” “it is also affirmed,” “it is confidently asserted,” and similar references; we have not much compunction in giving it the “go by” altogether; beside colonial topics, this chapter affords some *new lights*, not particularly appropriate, in English and French history, and personal memoirs of early settlers.

Chapter third, C. G. description of coast, villages, &c. It contains local information in very narrow compass, and is no doubt one of those chapters which will be found most useful, though not interesting or scarcely readable to a stranger at a distance.

“Having passed Taboointac gully, on our way towards Miscou Point, the first rivers we met in the County of Gloucester are Great and Little Tracadie; both of which after running parallel courses of nearly 40 miles, discharge into the Gulf through a spacious lagoon.

“This Lagoon is nearly 12 miles in length; and in some places 3 miles wide. The entrance of each river is a small outlet or bar, formed by estuation, and over which at the highest spring tides, there is seldom more than 7 or 8 feet of water. These channels, though

shallow, would, had they a permanent locality, be of considerable service to the settlers; but as they are continually oscillating, their navigation is both limited and intricate.

On a rather important topic, the American fishery on the coast of these Provinces, we get the following information:

Miscou Island "is now resorted to, as a favorite fishing station, by both Americans and British; and it is an incontrovertible fact, that here, do the former frequently cure the fish, that they take upon neutral ground.

"The Americans also resort to Shippegan harbour, where, under cover of an ambiguous law, do they often defraud the revenue, by illicit commerce. Indeed, I have heard it alleged, that they often directly barter with the inhabitants, giving them in lieu for green fish, brandy, rum, tobacco, tea, &c. brought in their own bottoms, either from some port in the United States or from St. Pierre.

"The Americans are also accused of wilfully injuring the fishery, by throwing the offal overboard in shoal water. This is rather an invidious proceeding, for the New Brunswick boats, are, from circumstances, often unable to fish in deep water, while by the above conduct, they are precluded from deriving any advantage from the shore fishery. These injuries are committed under the specious sanction of a treaty, that allows the Americans to fish within three miles of land; a provision, than which, a more foolish one never was enacted. Restricting them to this distance is a senseless condition, for our own fishermen rarely take any thing, within the same extent beyond the line of demarcation."

Of the vicinity of Caraquette settlement, we get the following picture:

"At the upper end of the village, is the scite of the old Chapel, a spot, than which, a more delightful cannot be easily conceived. It is the immediate brow of a maidenly eminence that spreads into a fine parterre, covered with a rich carpet of green sward, elegantly diapered with mosses and wild flowers. Round this delightful little plain, a luxuriant forest of Birch and Maple, festooned by two small Beech groves, fling a gorgeous halo of sylvan drapey; while the mellow cadences of a little stream, issuing from the crevices of a rock at a short distance, mingle their accents with the floating melody of a balmy wind.

"The soft and pastoral beauties of this sweet retreat, acquire additional charms, from contrast. Its mild and serene loveliness forms an amiable and pleasing relief, to the rude and precipitous appearance of the opposite shore; while its graceful and modest scenery receives dignity and elegance from the arrogant and frowning aspect of the Canadian mountains. It also commands a fine view of the harbour of Caraquette; of the ports of Miscou and Shippegan; of the vessels in the Bay; and of the principle settlements in the district of Gaspé. In fine, it is a vivid picture of moral, as well as natural beauty; every thing about it seems to be hallowed, and although not a vestige of the church is visible, religion appears to linger round its former precincts, as if unwilling to depart."

This is in Mr. Cooney's *fine* style, and his touches are worth noticing. Observe the, "maidenly eminence," "diapered with mosses," "festooned by beech groves," "gorgeous halo of sylvan drapery," "mellow cadences" and "floating melody," of the first paragraph. If Mr. Cooney were yet in his teens the "superfluousness" of his pen might denote rankness of soil, which maturer years would reduce to richness; but being somewhere about the zenith of life, the case is much more doubtful. The "moral beauty" in the second paragraph, seems to us anything but "vivid"; and our author must have had a keen eye, to see religion lingering around the site of a church, of which not a vestige remained.

Of New Bandon we are told, that its inhabitants consist chiefly of Irish Emigrants, many of whom are Methodists, and that, "they did not, as too many do, *abjure their religion, when they left Cape Clear.*" The intelligence conveyed here is as mortifying as it is new to us. We never were aware, that Irishmen, particularly, of any sect, were apt to abjure their religion on leaving home. We do not believe that they are, and never will credit so foul a stain on the national character, without proof, very different from a mysterious insinuation, in any loosely written book, even though it be called History. We have a native's right to be somewhat acquainted with Mr. Cooney's country, but he certainly must know much more of the base calculations changeling of the soil, than we do, if his charge is correct. To examine and choose opinions for himself, is the prerogative of every rational creature; and change, even in religion, if made in sincerity, should incur no disgrace or reprehension; but the systematic and vile abjuration alluded to above, would be abominable indeed.

Chapter fourth, C. G. Description of Bathurst.

"The Basin of Bathurst, and the largest of the rivers that discharge into it, were originally distinguished by the *Micmacs*, under the general and expressive appellation of *Winkapiguwick*, or the troubled and foaming waters. In the course of time, this name degenerated into the corrupt and unmeaning soubriquet of *Nipisiguit*; that was subsequently changed into *St. Peters*, by the French; and for its present one, it is indebted to a township, lately erected on the N. side of it, which was, in compliment to the then Colonial Secretary, called *Bathurst.*"

We now come to a view on the river Big Nipisiguit, and as we are very fond of landscape painting, whether done with the pencil or the pen, we copy it.

"About sixty miles from its source, the land, though high, becomes smooth and level; and appears, as far as the eye can reach, to be thickly covered with a mixed growth, of white, and red pine, birch, and maple. From here to where the narrows commence, pro-

bably 8 or 10 miles, the country presents a delightful prospect. A few very remote mountains, peering like the turrets of an ancient capital, elegantly define the shadows of the picture; while the stately growth and splendid attire of the forest, coupled with a number of small Islands, sprinkled over the river, form a rich and animated foreground. Ere the sensations inspired by this view, have time to subside, another, but more magnificent one, bursts upon the vision, and buoys the feelings into extacy. Having glided through the narrows, a straight gut of 5 miles long, and embanked by very high and steep rocks of blue stone or slate, we arrive at the *Grand Falls.*”

A painter might get some hints here—perhaps few before knew, that peaks of remote mountains defined the shadows of a picture; and that the splendid attire of a forest, which appears “*far as the eye can reach,*” coupled with *several* Islands, could form an animated foreground.

But we come to the Grand Falls:

“This is a large cascade, stretching nearly across the whole river. It consists of an extensive bed of coarse granite, commencing a little above the narrows, and extending to the end of them. Here, its surface, all the way gradually approaching towards the top of the water, pierces through it to a considerable height, presenting in its front, an abrupt and tremendous precipice of one hundred and forty feet above the bed of the river. This descent consists of four distinct falls, resembling a rude flight of steps, over which, an immense body of water, breaking from the trammels that fettered it, rushes with indescribable velocity; dashing its sparkling foam all around it; and celebrating the triumph of its freedom by appalling and deafening roars. At the bottom of the precipice all is noise and tumult, resulting as it were, from a violent conflict of some hidden agencies, struggling to force their way through a yawning whirlpool.—Upon a second view, the mind still clinging to analogy, will liken it to some huge cauldron, maddened into more than boiling rage, by the application of intolerable heat.

“From this pit, gulf, or whatsoever else you please to call it, issues a thick sheet of curled and crested foam, which spreading over the river for two or three miles, furiously lashes both sides of it.”

What beautiful metaphors and imaginings! and how well it is that Niagara has escaped Mr Cooney's poetic pen. Does not the *Foam, furiously lashing* the *coarse granite* banks, furnish a strong simile to certain literary attempts?

Chapter fifth, C. G. Describes the country from Bathurst to Dalhousie.

Of a poor settlement, *Petit Roche*, our author has the following paragraph, in which but little philosophy or philanthropy appears; and which exhibits, where the seat of the picturesque and the humane feelings is, in some constitutions;—“the only varieties I could procure were potatoes and herrings”—there has been quite as benevolent and clever a book composed on as bad fare.

“The people appear to content themselves with raising a little Grain and Potatoes, upon which, with whatever Fish can be procured at the shore, do they endeavour to prolong a miserable existence. All the houses, with one exception, retain their primitive purity. They are not like the painted Sepulchres of the Pharisees, for they are as dirty and dingy without, as they are filthy and polluted within. Paint has never sullied their exterior; nor has the inside been often honoured with the application of water. The furniture of each house, consists of a large stove, flanked by a couple of cradles, and embraced by a crescent of stools. Nor is the equipage a whit more distinguished for its simplicity, than the larder is for its poverty; at least, so I found it; for during an unavoidable sojourn of two days, the only delicate varieties I could procure, were potatoes and herrings; and herrings and potatoes.”

“A large stove embraced by a crescent of stools.” Our author should have sat on one of these stools, and eaten potatoes and herrings a few days longer, until he had studied and attained a better descriptive style.

Mr. Cooney must have met with snabby treatment at *Petit Roche*—not one subscriber?—for he thus continues:

“The painted exception to which I have alluded, is a tavern, pompously called the *King's Arms*, from a comical daub of Royal Heraldry, vauntingly blazoned over the front door. A sort of piebald pattern embellishing the exterior, and superadded to the broken chairs, crippled tables, cracked tumblers, and headless decanters that ornament the inside, considerably dignify the Sign Board; and confer a sort of solitary grandeur upon the splendid establishment of Mr. Charles Commeaux.”

Our Historian had better keep beyond Charley Commeaux's reach, should the poor Boniface see how his little “Public” has been gibbeted in print.

Belledune is spoken of more favourably than *Petit Roche*, and we get the following specimen of what its first settlers had to encounter:

“A man named Patrick Doolan, now in comfortable circumstances, went, the first year he settled at Belledune, to *Petit Roche*, in order to get a barrel of potatoes. By the disbursement of the last shilling was the purchase made; but how to get it home, was even more difficult than to pay for it. He was twelve miles from home, and the road was bad. The load, too, was rather heavy to be shouldered; to hire a sleigh equally impossible and impolitic; and to borrow one, was a favour no stranger could expect. Reduced to this extremity, poor Doolan had no other alternative, than that of submitting to chop firewood for the Frenchman, from whom he bought the potatoes, as an equivalent for the miserable privilege of being allowed to eat them in his cabin. These people, once so poor, now enjoy comparative affluence. They not only raise their own Stock, Grain, Cattle &c. but often supply with their surplus produce, the inhabitants of *Bonaventure*, and elsewhere.”

Patrick must have been imposing on Mr. Cooney, just trying how far his honour, the hishtorian, would swallow his bulls:—he went from home to buy a barrel of potatoes, which he knew he could not carry, and could not get carried, and than he stops to *eat his load*, and chops firewood for the privilege! Oh! no, this is not a specimen of Irish blunder and sagacity; and Patrick would have rather eat another load of good murphies than tell such a crammer, if he dreamt that it was to be given as gospel in a printed book.

A curious medley of characters is found in an American wilderness; after Doolan we have the following:

“Near the head of Belledune, there lives a French veteran, named Francis Guitar. This man was born in the Fauxbourgh Saint Antoine, in Paris; and was, when Louis XVI. was beheaded, about 19 years of age. Guitar witnessed many of the sanguinary executions of that period; and while the world was still blushing at the atrocities of Republican France, had he the happiness to be one of a troop of Dragoons, that conducted Robespierre to the guillotine. He subsequently served under Buonaparte, at *Marengo* and *Lodi*; and after the evacuation of Italy by the Austrians, followed him into Egypt, and fought at the battle of the Pyramids.”

Chapter sixth, C. G.—Description of Dalhousie harbour and Restigouche River—affords some interesting local information, and *fine* sketches of scenery, but we have given several samples already in this line.

Chapter seventh, C. G. contains localities of the Restigouche. Of the remains of other days, at Pointau Bourdo, we are told:

“Near this are also a set of launch ways, which must have been used by the French, in the construction of a tolerably large vessel. Several pieces of cannon have also been found here; and one of them, a 12 pounder, I think, Mr. Busted has lately inserted in the back of a new fire place. Mr. Man. of Point Pleasant, has also an elegant parlour stove, made from a carronade of the same calibre. This conversion of instruments of death, into means of promoting human comfort, is analogous to O’Leary’s description of the beneficent fruits of religious toleration. ‘The stake,’ says that eloquent writer, ‘which formerly burned the heretic, now cooks a dinner for him.’”

Notwithstanding Mr. Cooney’s eulogium, we doubt the eloquence of his quotation, although we own its *point* had something attractive for one inclined that way. The heretic must have been only burnt, as the Irishman is *often* “kilt,” or he could not have eaten a dinner cooked by the stake which formerly consumed him. This chapter contains considerable information, spiritedly written; at its conclusion we get a glance at Mr. Cooney’s fount of inspiration, as we before did in the case of Petit Roche:

“ While pursuing my enquiries on this delightful river, for me every door was open, and every table spread; nor can I close my feeble description of it, without assuring its inhabitants, that of the kindness and favour I received from them, I shall always retain a lively and grateful recollection.”

“ Gloucester provides two Battalions of Militia, and one Rifle Company; sends one member to the Provincial Assembly, and contains a population of upwards of 6,500 souls, whereof nearly 4,000 are Acadian French.”

We have, unawares, just quoted the last paragraph of the statistics of New Brunswick; and now open on an appendix which treats of its Natural History.

Here we are half inclined to use Mr. Cooney's artifice, and tell our readers to pause, while we dust our glasses and nib our pen, before attempting the opening paragraph, of Chapter first, Natural History. Here it is:

“ What an immense and mysterious volume is nature. It is a polyglot history of innumerable worlds, each abounding with incomprehensible wonders. Glory is its title page; the elements are its preface; harmony is in its arrangement; and divinity in its style. It is a book of impenetrable secrets, lettered with prodigies, bound in immensity, and sealed with perfection. Every page is redolent of wisdom; every paragraph breathes a homily; and every sentence enforces a precept.”

Why—with all respect for the subject—what a nest egg of composition is here; spotted, soiled, addled, no doubt by long hatching, until that which should contain most potent and mysterious principles becomes foul and rotten. The vast, ever varied, and ever beautiful, realms of nature, become in our Author's hands, a book, a mere book, the work of the Printer and Bookbinder; it has *title page* and *preface*; is *lettered*—on its back—with prodigies; bound in immensity, and *sealed* or clasped with perfection. What poor rhodomontade this is. Yet the book of *secrets* is redolent of *wisdom*, every *paragraph*—what paragraph?—breaths a homily, and every *sentence*, a *precept*. What excess of conceit, barren and low, on a subject whose simple sublimity would form its best ornament. Darkening counsel by words without knowledge, is surely still a crying evil under the sun.

Mr. Cooney then proceeds to tell what Zoologists, Botanists, and Geologists *might do*, if they were in New Brunswick; but as science has been “jostled off the road by pampered ignorance” he merely gives a catalogue, and brief notices, beginning with the Moose and Cariboo, and ending with the Rat and Mouse. Some of the descriptive paragraphs are amusing, and would form not very inappropriate lessons in a Provincial Primer. Fishes come next, and are very rapidly disposed of, but to make amends for the

brevity, a *fine* description of *spring* is attached! The *Birds* are similarly served, and *they* get as a make-weight, a paragraph on *Insects*. In this latter, after enumerating several little creatures, whose habits and beauties would well occupy a large volume, Mr. Cooney says:

“All that can be said of these is, that they annoy us a little; but that the brevity of their existence so qualifies the inconvenience we experience from their intrusion, that we are almost ashamed to complain of it.”

Oh for a good hearty Musquito feast, the next time our author exhibits his rotund visage among the green haunts of the slandered pigmies. We have paused in this part of our task for a moment, to examine the exquisite shells of a couple of Beetles, which this summer we picked up from beside an ant hill. We found them lying with other vestiges of minute destruction, around the tower of the wise man's favorite, as the bones of giants were wont to be exhibited on the castles of chivalry: even these remains, would put to irretrievable shame, Mr. Cooney's cavalier treatment of this part of creation.

Trees get two leaves of the history, and *shrubs, roots &c.* three pages. The opening of this latter chapter is excellently indicative of the penetration and philosophy of this appendix:

“WITCH HAZEL OR MINERAL ROD.—This, though the largest description of hazel, produces no nut; but it is said that a detached branch of it, has the singular property of pointing to where minerals are deposited.”

This is the only description given of the Witch Hazel!

The chapter on *mineral* productions &c. is of more pretension, and in it, the Andes, Alps, Appenines, Asia and Africa, Scotland, Russia, Ireland and America, are introduced to combat the sceptic! while the springs, mines &c. of the different counties of New-Brunswick, are briefly reviewed.

After minerals, we have a chapter on climate and the Aurora Borealis! we have merely space and inclination to remark, that Shakespear and the Musical Glasses might also have been introduced, without any thing very new or beautiful being the result.

Of *resources* we have chapter one, which stands alone in its glory, and treats of fish, lumber, and agriculture, at the rate of a page to each; and a last chapter is devoted to Gaspe.

“The District of Gaspe, or the north side of *La Baie des Chaleurs*, forms a Peninsula, stretching down the western shore of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence, from Cape Chat to Cape Rosier, in a south easterly direction; and thence westerly to Matcpediac Lake, where it is connected with the Continent, by an Isthmus of sixteen or seventeen miles. It comprehends a sea board of 490

miles, commencing at Cape Chat, the entrance of the River St. Lawrence; and thence down the western shore, about 136 miles, into Gaspe Bay, a deep inlet of twenty-one miles in length, and twelve in breadth, the entrance whereof, is formed by a promontory called the Old Woman, on the East, and a high beach, denominated Point Saint Peters, on the West. From this it extends about 55 miles, to Point Mackarel, at the mouth of *La Baie des Chaleurs*; and thence along the north shore of that Bay, for 290 miles, to the head of the Restigouche.

The space allotted to the *geographical description* of Gaspe, occupies about *two* pages, and of these, about *one* is devoted to the question of Mr. Christie's election!!! What should we think of a *Geography* of Nova Scotia, in which just fifty pages were devoted to a description of the country, and fifty to Mr. Barry's expulsion and re-election?

The last paragraph in the book we copy; it must be a pleasing and not useless labour of a pioneer of history, to trace the scenes of important actions in a new country; and preserve data concerning them, from the oblivion which so soon settles on the unrecorded history of our race.

“The Restigouche, *therefore*, however imperfectly known, is entitled to the pre-eminent distinction, of having presented the closing scene of that war, which quenched the glory, and destroyed the western dominions of France. After the destruction of this armament, all Canada, as well as the country bordering on the gulf, and along the Bay of Fundy, peaceably submitted to the British arms. In the immediate vicinity of where this action occurred, there are the most indubitable evidences of the fact; but as I have noticed most of these particulars in my description of Restigouche, I shall only mention here, a trifling circumstance I omitted there; namely—Several trees perforated by balls of different *Calibre*, are still to be seen, on both sides of the river.”

In our former notice of this work, we made a few remarks on the trashy phrases about the *salvation* of Russia, Prussia &c. and the world's Forlorn Hope! We then stated that these baby politics, were in opposition to the sentiments of Charles Phillips, and we quoted this orator as authority in the question, because it was very evident, that he was Mr. Cooney's model as regards style and language. We could not then refer particularly to a passage of Phillips' which would prove our assertion, but since then we have met with a speech of that gentleman, made on a late occasion, and in which a paragraph appears, so apposite to our purpose, that we are induced to copy it here. Speaking of the national debt, which causes such oppressive taxation, Mr. Phillips says:

“This debt has been the creature of the system, and to attain what objects? Why, to maintain through Europe an oligarch ascendancy; to uphold a few at the expence of the many; to crush infant

freedom; to recruit feudal oppression; and at all hazard, and all cost, re-elect the Moloch of continental legitimacy. We waged the war of the scalping knife against America, because she would not submit to be taxed without being represented: the very principle of our contention now.

We refused to France a free will in her own interests, and redress in her own rules. We sought out and subsidised the whole brood of despotism, from the rapacious vulture of the north to the kite that cowered within Germany; and all for what? To force the Bourbons upon France—to restore an outcast aristocracy, whom experience could not teach nor adversity harmonize; to recognize a political priesthood, which made heaven its gain and earth its victim; but above all, to insulate the French blood, and force with foreign bayonets, a gloomy refuge to the bandit principle of divine right and regal infallibility.”

A comparison between these sentiments, and those of Mr. Cooney's first chapters, concerning Great Britain's continental policy, may be amusing to our readers, if not instructive.

In concluding, we may be allowed to take a general glance at this History of three counties, and our little review of the same. The bulk and actual information of the book, would certainly fully warrant the epithet *compendious*, which appears on its title page;—but if we look to its typographical consistence, to its extraneous matter, and loose florid tautological style, we feel inclined to believe it the most *diffuse* historical treatise which the present age has produced. Every particle of information connected with New-Brunswick, given by Mr. Cooney, might be easily and fully placed on eighty octavo pages, without materially interfering with the printer's department. Is this well or was it necessary? could not interesting matter be obtained respecting three counties of a new country, to fill a book of two hundred and eighty pages? And if not, why make such a one, and call it a compendium; while it was actually stuffed and blown out to the desired dimensions? We would also say, in brief, that its outline seems badly drawn, and consequently its parts do not harmonize and support each other, as the details of a more perfect building would. Its style as we have before hinted, seems too often to vary between bombast and drivel; and this appears to be the produce of an effort, caused as we think by mistaken taste; for in parts of inferior pretension, a graphic firm and manly strain occasionally peeps forth. Beside these faults, there appears another, which to many would be less bearable than either rant or bathos; that is, a sprinkling of *vulgarity*,—such “fine vulgarity” we fear, as that which Byron eloquently anathemizes in his letters on Pope. As one striking instance of this, look at the unfeeling, undignified, tone indulged in, while exposing the poverty of *Petit Roche*, and the

gratuitous and very improper ridicule of a poor tavern keeper's establishment of the same settlement. These, to us, are blots, which we felt bound to notice, for the sake of public taste; far as our humble attempt may be supposed to have influence on provincial literature: and, however the case may appear, we disclaim the presence of another motive for our remarks. The absence of personal allusion, of harsh epithets, and of all matter extraneous to our task, may corroborate our declaration.

We have made remarks on this work with a tone which is actually painful, but which we felt impelled to adopt from a sense of duty. It would be our pride, and a most delightful task, to review colonial literary productions of excellence; but it is necessary to review fearlessly, attending to justice and propriety, unbiassed by any secondary considerations, when such tasks are undertaken. Indiscriminate puff and panegyric, are as injurious and criminal, as disgusting.

The Montreal Gazette of June 26, in speaking of American poetry, says,

“We never receive the productions of our friends in the UNITED STATES, without regretting the perfect barrenness of literature which characterises the press of LOWER CANADA. The most violent *cacoethes scribendi* which exists among us, seems to expand itself in filling a column of a newspaper upon some topic of a local or ephemeral nature, exhibiting a singular moderation, when we consider that the present age is distinguished beyond all others for its ambition of literary distinction; and when the Press, in other parts of the world, is teeming with literary productions upon every imaginable subject, and drawn from minds of almost every variety of calibre. Whether is it that we alone in the world are destitute of the talent for making books, or that we want the necessary spur to exert this talent? To the former proposition we would not willingly accede; the latter furnishes, at once, a more agreeable and correct solution of our difficulty; and we have, in fact, no hesitation in asserting that, if we had more readers, there would be no want of writers, and of good writers too. If we had taste or patronage enough to offer the slightest reward, either of fame or profit, to the intellectual effort, we should soon find that there is a sufficiency of the commodity in the country to remove the just reproach to which we are now exposed. It is time that, amid the bustle of professional and mercantile activity, some encouragement should be extended to a profession hitherto neglected among us,—that of letters.

“We have not made the above remarks in any spirit of captious

reproach, but merely to present a state of things we deplore, and would willingly contribute all in our power to improve.”

We imagine that one cause of want of readers for colonial works, is want of good works to read; and one cause of the latter, is, that there is little to excite effort in the better writers, while they see the paltriest productions go smoothly off, puffed, praised, and extracted from, as though they were first rate. In what profession would this produce eminence? Where is the spur to ambition if the merest drone is placed on the summit of the hill? Two Lower Canada publications appeared within a few months past; and if we may judge by specimens, their authors certainly should not grumble at want of readers. Yet both were duly ushered in, puffed into a moment's life, and then allowed quietly to evaporate. Is it by such a course that the higher intellects of Canada will be induced to seek literary fame in their own country? In accordance with our opinion on those subjects, is an article which we lately met with, in the *Christian Guardian* of Upper Canada. It is a critique on one of the publications before mentioned; its first paragraph is as follows:

“I have lately observed with pleasure, the forwardness with which the public step forth to encourage the dawning efforts of literature in these provinces,—by liberal patronage and support. And, I am of opinion, that for the satisfaction of that public, it were well, if men of talent would offer their remarks and opinions, by noticing the little works that from time to time, make their appearance amongst us, in order that we might be the better enabled to judge of their merits or defects.—There is now circulating through this town and neighbourhood a work entitled ‘*The Unknown; or the Lays of the Forest*’ by W. F. H——, Montreal.—My object in noticing this publication is to expose the *impositions* that have of late been practised upon the people, which if oft repeated will prove too much for *public patience*, and may hereafter prevent men of talents and erudition from receiving that encouragement, they might feel so justly entitled to.”

The writer then proceeds to remark on several defects of the “*Lays of the Forest.*” The author of that work, not satisfied with resting his defence on it, answered the critic; and in his answer certainly gives abundant additional evidence, of his deficiency in judgment, taste, and good sense.

Since taking up this *History of Part of New Brunswick*, we have met with an opinion of Dr. Johnson respecting critiques in general; and copy it, as affording a rule by which our readers may judge of us and the work under consideration. The Doctor says:

“Some seem always to read with the microscope of criticism, and employ their whole attention on minute inelegancies, or faults scarcely visible to common observation. The slightest defects swell before their eyes into enormities. As they discern with great exactness, they comprehend but a narrow compass; and know nothing of the justness of the design, the spirit of the performance, or the harmony of the parts. They never conceive how small a proportion that which they are busy in contemplating bears to the whole; or how the trivial inaccuracies with which they are offended, are absorbed and lost in general excellence.”

Our readers are to decide, and to them we freely leave the matter, whether we have used the microscope for the detection of *minute* inelegancies, and neglected the design and *spirit* of the performance; whether the faulty parts of this work bear but a small proportion to the whole, and whether its *inaccuracies* are absorbed by its *general excellence*; or whether the design and spirit of the book are faulty, while its general style is inelegant and inaccurate?

We willingly admit, that literary attempts should be encouraged, that the historian, particularly, has many difficulties to contend with in a young country; that his task is arduous and labour severe, and that his effort, if at all respectable, should be rewarded. But should indiscriminate praise also be given? and is not even the Tyro in composition served by wholesome rebuke? while none but the pusillanimous and imbecile need be discouraged from future attempts, by correction, which actually affords them a light to their own weaknesses and abilities, and in so doing, materially assists their future progress.

We doubt not at all, that if Mr. Cooney should again appear in print, he will give evidence that our remarks have not been thrown away; and his judgment must be much wrore than we believe it to be, if he despises advice on account of the quarter from whence it comes. He has a fund of words, a strong perception of geographical and domestic features, and a moral tone—which, if backed by discretion and taste, might be turned to good account.

We again remark, that we think all fair literary inquiry does good, however humble; and if humble, while captious, it will have the less effect, and be the easier rebutted.

HUNTER'S SERENADE.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THY bower is finished, fairest!
 Fit bower for Hunter's bride—
 Where old woods overshadow
 The green savannah's side.
 I've wandered long and wandered fur,
 And never have I met.
 In all this lovely western land,
 A spot so lovely yet.
 But I shall think it fairer
 When thou art come to bless,
 With thy sweet eyes and silver voice,
 Its silent loveliness.

For thee the wild grapes glisten
 On sunny knoll and tree,
 And stoops the slim papaya
 With yellow fruit for thee;
 For thee the duck on glassy stream,
 The prairie-fowl, shall die,
 My rifle for thy feast shall bring
 The wild swan from the sky;
 The forest's leaping panther,
 Fierce, beautiful, and fleet,
 Shall yield his spotted hide to be
 A carpet for thy feet.

I know, for thou hast told me
 Thy maiden love of flowers:
 Ah! those that deck thy gardens
 Are pale compared with ours.
 When our wide woods and mighty lawns
 Bloom to the April skies,
 The earth has no more gorgeous sight
 To show to human eyes.
 In meadows red with blossoms,
 All summer long, the bee
 Murmurs, and loads his yellow thighs,
 For thee, my love, and me.

Or, wouldst thou gaze at tokens
 Of ages long ago?
 Our old oaks stream with mosses,
 And sprout with misletoe:
 And mighty vines, like serpents, climb
 The giant sycamore;
 And trunks, o'erthrown for centuries,
 Cumber the forest floor;
 And in the great savannah
 The solitary mound
 Built by the elder world, o'erlooks
 The loneliness around.

Come, thou hast not forgotten
 Thy pledge and promise quite,
 With many blushes murmured,
 Beneath the evening light.
 Come, the young violets crowd my door,
 Thy earliest look to win,
 And at my silent window-sill
 The jessamine peeps in;
 All day the rodbreast warbles
 Upon the mulberry near,
 And the night-sparrow trills her song
 All night, with none to hear.

DETAILS OF THE METROPOLIS.

Geographical and Statistical Details of the Metropolis, shewing the Population, as returned to Parliament, by J. Marshall, 12mo. Cochrane & Co.

A Statistical View of the Number of Persons reported to have Died, of each of more than 100 kinds of Disease and Casualties, within the Bills of Mortality, in each of the two hundred and four years, 1629 and 1831, accompanied with a variety of Statistical accounts, illustrative of the progress and extent of the amount expended for the Poor in each County of England and Wales, and in each Parish in the Metropolis. By John Marshall, Esq. 4to. J. Marshall, 7, Northampton Terrace, City Road.

BOTH these publications contain a great mass of information, important and interesting to the inhabitants of the metropolis generally, the second contains information of great value and interest to the medical profession, and to insurance companies especially. Mr. Marshall's statistical works are in several respects the most valuable of any. Their first recommendation is their real economy, which consists in the greater number of columns figures packed in each page. Some pages of the second work contain upwards of forty columns of figures in each, and when the two opposite pages form part of one table, eighty or ninety columns are brought under the view at once. The comprehensiveness of the tables is of itself a very great superiority. A King's printer would spread the matter over ten times the space, and would render it necessary to consult as many pages unnecessarily to obtain the required information, and would make the work to the public and casual purchasers proportionately dear. As regards our unpaid legislators and public men, to whom declamation and metaphors come more readily, and are managed more pleasantly, than facts and arguments, these circumstances are of much greater importance than might at first sight appear. "For want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost," says the old saw. The like sequence of increasing mischiefs from ap-

parently unimportant causes, is constantly exemplified on the nation's affairs. For want of a work of commodious reference, facts are lost to legislators, who will not give themselves the trouble to search for them; for want of facts, good measures are often lost to the public, as bad measures are carried. But the charge for obtaining information in a commodious shape has much the same appearance in the government accounts, as the charge for bread in Falstaff's Tavern bill; a halfpenny worth of bread to 16s. worth of sack. Some time ago, at the instance of Mr. Hume, government, in some fit of prodigality, granted to Mr. Marshall £500, in aid of a stupendous work called the statistics of the British Empire, and possessing according to the specimens the advantages above adverted to. Works of this description are especially deserving of such assistance; because whilst they are often of the greatest service, the number of persons who may be expected to make use of them is generally so small, as to preclude the idea of any adequate remuneration for the labour bestowed upon them being derivable from the sale. When, however, the grant came before the house, a Tory member boldly denounced it as a job of Mr. Hume to obtain information "for his own use at the public expence;" which according to the Tory ex-minister's reasoning, it clearly was; for, as Mr. Hume was almost the only one who would bestow the labour requisite to master the facts contained in the works, he would be the only person who would turn the work to account; for the use of the public, Mr. Dawson forgot to add. On referring to some returns of the expenditure for Carlton Palace, we find some items, which neither Whig nor Tory members objected to, which serve as curious exemplifications, of our monarchical system of government, and of the value set upon matters contributing to factitious display as compared with those which are really useful to the people. The following are specimens.

A brilliant star . . .	£3,155	A pair of bronze satyrs . . .	£ 525
Do. do badge . . .	1,045	Two pair of candelabras . . .	1 575
Do. do star . . .	690	Cabinets for ditto . . .	1,000
A brilliant George . . .	1,517	A platenu	1,876
A brilliant badge . . .	3,355	A sabre	596

Very true, it may be said; but this was under the Tory government! Yet how far have the same habits been altered under the present government? A short time ago we noticed the circumstance that when Dr. Henry, of Manchester, one of the most distinguished chemists in Europe, suggested to the government that a high temperature had the power of disinfecting substances, and that, provided the expense were defrayed by the government, he would undertake the experiments to ascertain the fact, which would be of the greatest

national importance during the establishment of the quarantine against the cholera. This expense was about £4 or £5 for apparatus, but our present government refused to allow it. The defence of the government was, that it would be bad as a precedent, or in other words, that it would be a bad precedent to expend any money whatever, however moderate, in obtaining useful information for the people. The grant of £500 for enormous labour in obtaining a national system of accounts, was thought by our government a prodigious exertion, and denounced as extravagant by the Tories. At this time our government is expending thousands annually on a commission for the investigation of the public records; an expensive commission has for a long time been engaged in the examination of the Stuart papers; for what immediate use we cannot conceive, whilst both the records and these papers, might with advantage, be now transferred to the British Museum, and placed upon the same footing as all the rest of the books and manuscripts in that establishment: antiquarians and *literati* would be glad to have the opportunity of there examining them gratuitously, and would give to the public all the useful or entertaining information which could be extracted from them. Presuming that Mr. Babbage's calculating machine attains the objects expected from it, the grant made to him for his completion of it was niggardly in amount and in the mode of application, and contrasts oddly with some such items of royal expenditure as those we have quoted. In the Parliamentary Paper, No. 17, of the Sessions 1830, we find unobjected to in the expenditure in the department of the Lord Steward of his Majesty's household, such items as these:—

Wax candles	£3,813	Grocery	£3,222
Tallow candles	720	Milk and Cream	1,246
Lamps	6,758	Oilery	29,264

Here we have for luxuries in the last item of Oilery, a sum which is nearly equal to the six years' salary of the President of America; or a year's education for 29,264 children at infant schools. This, however, is at present, what Parliamentary reform once was, mere Utopian speculation.

Whilst we give our approbation to Mr. Marshall's labours in the tabular arrangement of the Parliamentary Returns; we think they would be improved in value by keeping them free from his speculations, which may impair confidence in them, and induce the suspicion that they are made up with particular objects. Some of these speculations are egregiously erroneous. To be conversant with figures, or with heaps of facts of any sort, no more implies soundness of reasoning or pre-eminence in their useful application, than does the possession of bricks or stones imply that the possessor has

the skill of the architect or the engineer. An antiquarian is to the historian or the philosopher,—a statist (as Mr. Marshall calls himself) is to the political economist or the legislator, what the quarryman, or the brick-maker, or the hod-carrier, is to the builder or architect. When we read Mr. Marshall's speculations about the mischiefs of savings' banks, as taking money out of productive industry; and his statements about the injurious effect of the metropolis, we feel much regret that he does not confine himself to his statistics.

BATTLE SONG.

*Written on the resignation of Earl Grey, by the Author of
"Corn Law Rhymes."*

DAY, like our souls, is fiercely dark;
 What then? 'tis day;
 We sleep no more—the cock crows—hark!
 'To arms! away!
 They come, they come! The knell is rung
 Of us or them.
 Wide o'er their march the pomp is flung
 Of gold and gem;
 What collar'd hound of lawless sway,
 To famine dear—
 What pension'd slave of Atilla
 Leads in the rear?
 Come they from Scythian wilds afar
 Our blood to spill?
 Wear they the livery of the Czar?
 They do his will.
 Nor tassel'd silk, nor epaulet,
 Nor plume, nor torce—
 Nor splendour gilds.—all sternly met
 Our foot and horse;
 But dark and still, we inly glow,
 Condens'd in ire;
 Strike, tawdry slaves! and ye shall know
 Our gloom is fire.
 In vain your pomp, ye evil powers,
 Insults the land;
 Wrongs, vengeance, and the cause are ours,
 And God's right hand.
 Madmen! ye trample into snakes
 The wormy clod;
 Like fire, beneath your feet awakes
 The sword of God.
 Behind, before, above, below,
 Ye rouse the brave;
 Wherever ye go ye make a fee,
 Or find a grave.

MAGNETISM.

(Mr. G. R. Young's Lecture concluded from page 77.)

If I were inclined to pursue this subject further, I might show how the commerce of the East embraced and nourished these sciences and arts when banished from Europe, during the long reign of the dark ages, and how she again, like a guardian angel, when it had taken firm footing in the rising republics of Italy, charmed them back to the kindred climates, which gave them birth, and from which they had been exiled so long. The whole range of modern history is full of instructive and lively illustration. I might expatiate upon the history of the Italian States—Florence and Venice and Genoa—where the aspirations of freedom first breathed, and literature again was heard with its own peculiar and captivating eloquence after the darkness of a middle age. I might turn to the records of Spain in the illustrious days of Ferdinand and Isabella, and of Charles the Fifth, when the people bore the reputation of being Europe's nobility—to the convulsive state of the German confederation, at the close of the fifteenth century—to the golden age of France, in the days of Louis the Fourteenth,—to the archives of Holland and of Flanders, when they embraced nearly the trade of the eastern seas, or in the next age, under the brave William of Orange, when they fought against the assumption of the cruel and bigotted Philip,—and to the history of Britain, our own Mother Isle, from the days of Magna Charta, (one of whose leading provisions was for the protection of the foreign merchant), up to the present hour—and from all these I could maintain this—from the mass of testimony—impregnable position, that commerce, if not the fruitful mother, has ever been the active and powerful champion of free institutions, of letters and of arts,—that they have grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, that as she languished they decayed, and if she perished that they sank along with her into a common grave!

If I have been successful by this brief and imperfect illustration of a subject where the field of facts is almost boundless, in shadowing out some of the advantages of commerce, let me now enquire if the subject I have been pursuing has any connection with the designs of this Institute, and the ends which we are here met together to promote. What I ask is commerce?—I answer the interchange of productions, whether of nature or of art. The fruitful bosom of the earth, with the exception of what is drawn from the deep, is the source from whence all the materials of trade, fo-

reign or domestic, are derived, either by the cultivation of the soil, or by the developement of its mines and other internal treasures. In the scale of importance, the farmer, by furnishing the essential necessaries of life, and the means of supporting productive labour, claims perhaps the first rank. He supplies food to all; the wool, the cotton, the flax, the hides which cover and clothe the forester, who furnishes timber to the carpenter and shipbuilder,—the quarrier who prepares to the mason his stone and lime—the miner who brings to the iron manufacturer his ores and coal. But though he supports the first link in the chain of national wealth and grandeur, it belongs to others to raise the pedestal, and to adorn it with its richest ornaments. The pastoral ages have never exhibited those striking aspects which dignify and ennoble our race. They present a state of society, simple, peaceful, beautiful; but there is no evidence of much grandeur, of overflowing opulence, or brilliant cultivation of the intellect. It is the mechanic and manufacturer, who, by applying their skill and mastery to the rude and shapeless productions of nature and of cultivation, supply the materials of commerce, and fill up the channels of national wealth. They give to wool, to cotton, to flax, to silk, to the metals, their thousand varied and multiplied forms, which minister to the necessities, and supply the demands of society, whether of convenience or luxury. To give some idea of the effect produced by the skill of the artist, aided by machinery, I would mention a few facts with which many who now hear me must be familiar—that a pound of cotton, which in its natural state in Carolina, costs 1s. 6d. has been wrought into fabrics which have been sold in the London markets at £50—that a knife was lately manufactured in Birmingham, weighing an ounce, and sent as a present to His late Majesty King George the Fourth, the value of which was estimated at £75,—a shawl, weighing 13 ounces of silk, has been sold at 200 guineas; and the manufacturing machinery of England is supposed to be equal to the labour of 200 millions, so that calculating the population at 20 millions, the effective industry of the nation, by means of her mechanics and machinery, is multiplied tenfold. Ten working hands for every individual the soil is called upon to support, and if we calculate one-fifth of the population as employed in manual labour every single operative summons fifty to his aid, which are the joint offspring of science and of art.

When we think of these results—when we reflect that commerce, in all ages, has been, if not the source, at least the protector of national wealth and of national happiness, of art, of science, and of literature, and that it is the productions of the farmer, mo-

dished and perfected by the skill of the mechanic, which gives her the materials with which she prosecutes her gainful and magnificent designs, ought it not to inspire each and all of us, in the various circles of our influence, to promote the objects and exalt the respectability of an Institution of this kind? I have endeavoured to point out the changes wrought on human society, and upon the political aspect of the world, by the discovery of one individual in the science which I have this evening illustrated. Bell or Fulton applied first the power of steam to useful purposes, and I would appeal only to the Liverpool railway, as an evidence of the incalculable benefits which their ingenuity has conferred upon this and future generations. Arkwright applied his discovery to a new branch of industry, and the cotton manufactures of England have increased and improved beyond the most sanguine hope. Watt has followed in the same path of improvement, and the steam engine has acquired new powers and capacities. Davy's discovery of the safety-lamp would alone dignify an age. When we thus see what has been accomplished and think upon what there is yet to achieve—for I am satisfied many of our arts are but yet in their infancy—we ought to be animated and cheered on in the good work we have begun. Nay, the highest motives of human conduct—duty—love of country—self interest—call upon us for activity. Rely upon it, we live in an age which will be distinguished in future times, as the æra of vast improvements. When the spirit of discovery is alive—nay, breathing with an inexpressible excitement in the old world—when, as Brougham says, with the terse and masculine vigour of language for which he is distinguished; “the schoolmaster with his primer is abroad;” when the “march of intellect” has grown into a bye-word—are we to sit with folded hands, tread supinely in the cautious footsteps of our fathers, and be unaffected by the animating spirit of the age. Recollect and cherish the sentiment of the great Lord Bacon, that every man owes a debt of gratitude to his profession, and ought to devote his best energies to improve its pursuits and designs. We have already achieved much in this our infant Province. Our Provincial Building is avowedly the most chaste specimen of classic architecture on this Continent, and infinitely superior either to the Capitol of Washington, or the Bank of Philadelphia, built in imitation of the Parthenon of Athens—a young native of Nova-Scotia has invented a pump, which Sir Charles Ogle acknowledged had powers far superior to any he had seen, and for which I have no doubt he will yet claim a patent—chronometers of remarkable accuracy can be manufactured in this town—for our almanacks we are indebted

to a self-taught astronomer—an application for an Observatory is now before our Legislature, at the instance of a respectable artist in Halifax—we have here mechanics, whose knowledge of their various pursuits, whether it be in upholstery, carpentry, ship-building, painting, turnery, surveying and its kindred art of drafting, the manufacture of carriages and iron and others of the handicraft arts, whose reputation would stand high in any country—the Steam Boat is now moving with her majestic course on our waters; but still we must not be idle or remain content with our present reputation. The Province has arrived at that stage of improvement where the surplus labour will justify the introduction of new classes of manufacture. Our mines have opened up a new scope of enterprize, and the latent energies of the Province will spring forth and expand to every new exigency, if they are only called forth.*

Let us then persevere. We are now upon the right road. Many of these our opening lectures may appear abstruse, dry, unentertaining to some of the audience. I am conscious myself of my imperfect execution of the task which has devolved upon me, —but let us recollect that these passages, condemned by some, whether written by myself or those who have preceded me may inform the views, fire the ambition and kindle up the latent genius of some individual amongst us, who may yet achieve discoveries which may gain his name and this Institute reputation by the signal benefits they will confer upon mankind. Let us then labour to subdue the obstacles which occur in every new undertaking of this kind—for be assured these efforts if steadily pursued, will eventually contribute to the expansion of general knowledge—enlarge the sources of provincial wealth—and by improving the character and elevating the tastes of our mechanics spread wider the foundations of private worth and public morality.

But a part from these views of general policy are there no personal considerations which ought to incite the members of this Institute in the cultivation of their powers and in the pursuit of general knowledge? Let no one imagine that I intend to flatter the

* Allow me here to pay a tribute of respect to the talents and acquirements of a native of Nova Scotia of whom any country might be proud. I allude to Titus Smith the simple philosopher of the Dutch Village—a man who tho' fortune has doomed him to daily toil, has by the masculine vigour of his intellect, without the aid of scholastic training, acquired a knowledge of some of the dead and modern languages—of many of the sciences and arts—and whose knowledge of the natural history of the Province, is, I believe, unrivalled. His biography if ever written, will add one to the number of those who "die in honour."

feelings of this audience or to offer a servile devotion to popular passions and prejudices. I attend the meetings of this Institution, I have been induced to prepare and deliver this lecture, with the same humble desire as animate many of those around me—to add to the limited stock of my own knowledge—and in the discussions which arise to lend that little aid which reading or observation may have conferred to elucidate the subject under consideration. I attend here because I know that the human mind—that mysterious, invisible intelligent power which we all feel—but whose divine genius is at fault to account for its existence and faculties—becomes enlarged in its power and capacities by its diversified acquisitions in the field of knowledge. Every new idea gleaned here, may not be applied to practical use in our different pursuits and professions; but it will open new sources of enquiry, and conduct to stretches of original thought, which, if they do not increase our fortune, will at least add to our dignity as intelligent beings. But to the class whom I now address motives of a peculiar character call upon them to toil with eager and impatient assiduity in the cultivation of their minds. In this happy Province industry joined to perseverance will conduct every Mechanic or individual, it matters not what be his trade, or profession, to comfort, independence and perhaps to honour. Thank God we live under a constitution whose vital and immortal principle is the liberty of the subject—where the most elevated stations and the loftiest honour it confers are prizes to integrity and talent to which the progeny of the poorest, as well as the richest man, may aspire—under whose free genius the ordinances of the Roman Emperor Constantine, that Mechanics and Shopkeepers were unfit to succeed to any dignity in the State would be alike rejected and despised; and where the “powers” which are incident to and necessary to its existence and well being receive homage and enforce obedience, because they have won the affections and inspired the respect of the people, from the conviction familiar to us all that they are the creation of our own free gift—subject to our own controul—and invested in those hands to whom we have confided them. Look back upon the history of this country and to the rise of many of those whose talents and character have elevated them to first rank and to the highest station. Some of them have won their honours they have deserved and all should glory in seeing them enjoying them. But trace the history of their forefathers, and it will be found that they spring from no noble or aristocratic race, and derived their origin, to their honour but to our excitement be it spoken, from the lineage of the Mechanic. The same pathway is open now as was to

them. Some of you, at least your children, may reach the dignities which they enjoy—but recollect this, that riches, though they may command influence, never can inspire respect—and that it is intelligence joined to integrity, which gives every man true weight or dignity in society. Let not your zeal then expire in promoting the designs or increasing the usefulness of this Institute—while to some of you it will give practical science which may be applied immediately to the benefit of your respective arts—to all, by attention to its lectures—by reading and informing the mind in private on the subject of which the Lecturer has treated, it will confer that general information which will increase your respectability, and add to your dignity and influence, if, at any subsequent period, you are called upon to fill those high situations, which the free constitution of our land extends, and the circumstances of this province will secure to the enterprising and industrious.

In the course of the lecture Mr. Young read the following passage:—

Permit me, however, to pause and to offer my public acknowledgements to the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, upon whose kindness I have laid contribution for a large part of the philosophical apparatus spread upon the table. To his instruction I am indebted for the little knowledge I possess of Natural Philosophy, as my attention was first directed to its cultivation while I was a student, and under his charge at the Pictou Academy. As a public lecturer he possesses peculiar force and power. In simple but graphic language he reduces the most abstruse theory to the comprehension of the plainest understanding, and none listen to his illustrations without being gratified and improved. I have attended with much delight the Chemical Lectures he is now delivering at the College, and I gladly avail myself of this public opportunity of recommending them to the notice of this audience. Chemistry is perhaps the most attractive and seducing of all the natural sciences, and opens up the most extensive field of profound enquiry. To the Mechanic an acquaintance with its principles is peculiarly useful; and in Britain the lecture room of the Chemist is chiefly filled with artisans. I am sorry to perceive that a similar spirit of enquiry has not extended to the same classes in Halifax—but I attribute this, not to any want of becoming zeal in the pursuit of science, but because many are not aware of the benefits they would receive. Allow me, however, to assure those whom I address, that if any artizan will attend the course of lectures in the progress of delivery by the Rev. Dr. McCulloch—whose talent and acquirements are so universally acknowledged—he will be amply compensated by the new intelligence he may apply, and the improvements he will be enabled to introduce, into his own peculiar art.

IRISH CHRONICLES.

THE Evening Mail says.—Placards, of which the following is a copy, are generally posted and distributed in the towns and villages in the county of Cork; and we have heard that a copy was handed to the Rev. Richard Deane Freeman, in the town of Midleton, a few days since, in the open day; and with the most insolent manner. It will be remembered that this is the gentleman to whose spirited and determined conduct we are all so much indebted for the recent exhibition in Cork. Comment upon the atrocious document which we subjoin would be superfluous. It is evidently the production of no ordinary hand; and if it be not from the same pen that indites “pastorals to the dearly beloved whitefeet,” the author of these celebrated and “*excellent*” rescripts had better look to his laurels, for verily they are in danger, as the writer of “*Irish Chronicles*” is likely to become a formidable rival.

“TITHES”

“CHAPTER OF IRISH CHRONICLES.”

“Now the Sheperds which were not of Ireland ate the fat, and were clothed with the wool of the sheep of another’s fold. And they were strangers among the people, and the people were strangers unto them; neither did they worship together, nor any manner of thing save only strive for the tenths. They gathered in the tenths, and sat in the midst of abundance, and did drink and make merry, for their ease was exceeding great; and when they stretched forth their hands it was to take, and when they spake, the word was that of the horse-leech, give! and their footsteps were heavy on the land with Mammon. And the people murmured and said, ‘why should these things be? we know not these men, neither their temples; they help us not, and they vex us exceeding much, taking of little things with large and mighty hands.’

“And the self-righteous of that day said, ‘those things are right and just, and they must continue that the people be ground with the tax, and be brought to the knowledge of the gospel of peace by oppression.’ And the people with one acclaim cried unto their rulers—unto the Sanhedrin, to change these things; but their rulers would not heed the voice of the people, for the rulers were those who received the tenths, and did eat and drink and make merry on the labour of the people. And the rulers said—‘it is the law, and we stand on our right.’ And the saying was as the hissing of the serpent in the ears of the people. And the people saw that the hearts of their rulers were hardened as the nether mill-stone and

their ears were deaf as the adder, and their eyes were as the eyes of the blind, for the wilfulness of the doomed was in their words.

“ So it came to pass that the people, all as one man, would not render—but they said, ‘ come and take what is yours, and strip the poor and starve the hungry, and gather the apples of Sodom, and make your thrift of their rottenness as you may.’ And the men of Tithes, when they heard these words, were wroth, and they said, ‘ the church is in danger!!!’ which signified the tenths could not be got in, and they could not sit in the midst of abundance as of yore, and feast on the fat of the land. So they cried out unto the men of war, ‘ brethren, help us with your swords, and make these people know the law.’—And so the preachers of peace went forth with the captains of tens, and captains of hundreds, with their chariots and horses, spearmen and footmen, a great number, and did drive the cattle, and take the garment of the poor and the food of the hungry; but when they had them, lo there was no man who would buy or touch these things, which were looked on as an abomination !!! And they sat in the midst of abundance and had no use of it, for it mocked them. And the men of peace and the men of war went up and down as brothers; the men of peace showing the way, and the men of war walking in it with the sword; and blood was in the footsteps of those who preach the gospel of peace!!!

TO ANDREW SHEILS.

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

Son of the North—Acadia’s peaceful swains,
 With ardour wait thy artless verse to hear;
 And listen gladly to thy Harp’s wild strains,
 In soothing sounds on th’ attentive ear.
 Oft near the bank of some meand’ring stream,
 Shall youthful labour quite forget his toil,
 Whilst bending anxious o’er thy modest verse,
 That paints the wild flowers of his native soil.
 This to thy worth—the un aspiring lay—
 From one who knows thee only by thy fame;
 But who, if such his envied lot might be,
 Would gladly hail thee with a worthier strain.
 Go on, chaste bard, nor let thy muse e’er tire,
 ’Till this the country thou hast made thy own,
 Shall echo with the music of thy lyre,
 And claim with triumph her adopted son.
 And where alone the savage foot hath trod,
 Since time’s unnumber’d ages on have roll’d;
 Shall then be heard the busy hum of trade,
 And civil life shall all its bliss unfold.

II.

MRS. FOX.

A Tale from "German Popular Stories." Translated from the Kinder and Haus Marchen of M.M. De Grismri.

THERE was once a sly old fox with nine tails, who was very curious to know whether his wife was true to him; so he stretched himself out under a bench, and pretended to be as dead as a mouse.

Then Mrs. Fox went up into her own room, and locked the door; but her maid the cat, sat at the kitchen fire cooking; and soon after it became known that the old fox was dead, some one knocked at the door, saying

"Miss Pussy! Miss Pussy! how fare you to-day?
Are you sleeping, or watching the time away?"

Then the cat went and opened the door, and there stood a young fox; so she said to him

"No, no, Master Fox. I don't sleep in the day,
I'm making some capital white wine whey.
Will your honour be pleased to dinner to stay?"

"No, thank you," said the fox; "but how is poor Mrs. Fox?" Then the cat answered,—

"She sits all alone in her chamber up stairs,
And bewails her misfortune with floods of tears
She weeps till her beautiful eyes are red,
For, alas! alas! Mr. Fox is dead."

"Go to her," said the other, "and say that there is a young fox come, who wishes to marry her."

Then up went the cat,—trippety trap,
And knocked at the door,—tippety tap:
"Is good Mrs. Fox within?" said she.
"Alas! my dear, what want you with me?"
"There waits a suitor below at the gate."

Then said Mrs. Fox—

"How looks he, my dear? is he tall and straight?
Has he nine good tails? There must be nine,
Or he never shall be a suitor of mine."
"Ah" said the cat, "he has but one."

"Then I will never have him," answered Mrs. Fox.

So the cat went down, and sent this suitor about his buisness. Soon after some one else knocked at the door; it was another fox that had two tails, but he was not better welcomed than the first. After this came several others, till at last one came that had really nine tails just like the old fox. When the widow heard this, she jumped up and said—

"Now, Pussy, my dear, open windows and doors,
And bid all our friends at our wedding to meet;
And as for that nasty old master of ours,
Throw him out of the window, Puss, into the street."

But when the wedding feast was all ready, up sprung the old gentleman, on a sudden, and taking a club drove the whole company together with Mrs. Fox, out of doors.

After some time, however the old fox really died; and soon afterwards a wolf came to pay his respects, and knocked at the door.

Wolf. "Good day, Mrs. Cat, with your whiskers so trim;
How comes it you're sitting alone so prim?
What's that you are cooking so nicely, I pray?"

Cat. "O, that's bread and milk for my dinner to day,
Will your worship be pleased to stay and dine?
Or shall I fetch you a glass of wine?"—

"No, I thank you, Mrs. Fox is not at home I suppose?"

Cat. She sits all alone.
Her griefs to bemoan;
For, alas! alas! Mr. Fox is gone.

Wolf. "Oh! dear Mrs. Puss! that's a loss indeed:
D'ye think she'd take me for a husband instead?"

Cat. "Indeed, Mr. Wolf, I don't know but she may;
If you'll sit down a moment I'll step up and see."
So she gave him a chair, and shaking her ears,
She very obligingly tripped it up stairs.
She knocked at the door with the rings on her toes,
And said "Mrs Fox you're within I suppose?"
"O yes," said the widow, "pray come in, my dear,
And tell me whose voice in the kitchen I hear."
"It's a wolf," said the cat, "with a nice smooth skin,
Who was passing this way, and just stepped in
So see (as old Mr. Fox is dead)
If you like to have him for a husband instead."

"But," said Mrs Fox, "has he red feet and a sharp snout?"
"No," said the cat. "Then he wont do for me." Soon after the wolf was sent about his business, there came a dog, then a goat, and after that a bear, a lion, and all the beasts one after another. But they all wanted something that Mr. Fox had, and the Cat was ordered to send them all away. At last came a young fox, and Mrs. Fox said, "Has he four red feet and a sharp snout?" "Yes" said the cat.

"Then, Puss, make the parlour look clean and neat,
And throw the old gentleman into the street:
A stupid old rascal! I'm glad he is dead,
Now I've got such a charming young fox instead."
And the friends and relations they danced and they sung,
And feasted and drank I can't tell how long.

I think when old Mr. Fox dismissed the first bridal party so very unceremoniously, he should have refrained from turning Mrs. Fox out of doors; as it is evident from her so pertinaciously requiring the full compliment of *nine* tails in all her suitors, that she had a true and sincere regard for his *memory* at least. QUIZ.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING being known to the literary world, perhaps you may think the paper I now send worthy of a place in your Magazine. G.—

[We publish the subjoined speech according to the wish of our correspondent.

Our readers may recollect, that Mr. Irving is the author of *The Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, *Knickerbrocker's History of New York*, *Life of Columbus*, *Tales of the Alhambra*, and other works. He has resided for several years past in Europe, principally in England, where he became a general favourite. The speech below, was delivered at a public dinner, in New York, which was in honour of Mr. Irving, and to celebrate his return to his native land. It is remarkable—particularly among American speeches—for brevity, modesty, good sense, and good feeling.]—ED.

Reply of Mr. Irving to the following toast of Chancellor Kent.

Our Illustrious Guest—thrice welcome to his native land.

Mr. Irving on rising was greatly agitated by the warm cheers with which he was hailed. He observed, that he believed most of his hearers were sensible of his being wholly unused to public speaking; but he should be wanting in the feelings of human nature if he were not roused and excited by the present scene. After renewed cheering he proceeded, as nearly as can be recollected, in the following words:—"I find myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration—by others, who though personally new to me, I recognize as the sons of the patriarchs of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them, has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I had been led, at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumours and suggestions had reached me (here Mr. I. betrayed much emotion,) that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country.

Gentleman, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were groundless. (Cheers and clapping here interrupted the speaker for a few moments.) Never, certainly, did a man return to his native place after so long an absence under happier auspices. On my side I see changes it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen, have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, tho' perhaps it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome burning from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all description, gleamed along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighbourhood of a vast commerical emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightning with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights I had left covered with green forests [alluding, probably, to Brooklyn and Gowanus.] But how shall I describe my emotions, when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of a watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent; when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbour, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me:

“ This is my own, my native land”.

MR IRVING was here interrupted by immense applause; when the cheering had subsided he went on as follows: “ It has been asked, ‘ Can I be content to live in this country?’ Whoever asks that question must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyment have I to reconcile myself to? I come from gloomier climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles and the poor man frowns—where

all repine at the present and dread the future.—I come from these, to a country where all is life and animation; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation;—where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as a son? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny, and ambition—if possible to found a name?” (A burst of applause, when Mr. Irving quickly resumed.)—“I am asked how long I mean to remain here? They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer, as long as I live.” The roof now rung with bravoes, handkerchiefs waved on every side, “three cheers” again and again, and plaudit upon plaudit following in such quick succession, begun, ended, and begun again, that it was some time before the toast with which Mr. Irving concluded, could be heard. It was as follows—

“*Our City—May God continue to prosper it.*”

OBITUARY OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

“All go unto one place: all are of the dust, and turn to dust again.”

GOETHE.

GOETHE was born at Frankfort on the Maine, August 23, 1749. Died March 22, 1832. Like his illustrious coeval, Bentham, he was a sickly child, and, consequently, participated but little in children's pastimes. Habits of reflection, and an independence on others for amusement or formation of opinions, were thus generated, which, operating on his exquisite organization, contributed to make him the master-spirit of his age.

Goethe's father was a man of easy circumstances, and of some literary merit. He had travelled in Italy; had a great love for the fine arts; and had made a small collection of what Italians call objects of virtue. All this worked on the young poet, and at eight or nine years old he wrote a short description of 12 pictures, portraying the history of Joseph. At fifteen years of age he went to the University of Leipsic, where the lectures of Ernesti and Oellert offered him more attraction than the dry philosophy of the pedant Gottsched.

In 1768, he left Leipsic, and after a short tour, settled for some little time in Alsace, where the beautiful Gretchen won his heart, and obtained for herself, in Faust and Egmont, a more lasting monument than brass. On leaving Alsace, he returned home; but soon left it again, on a visit to Wezlar, where another love affair gave birth to his romance of Werther, in which he incorporated

the Suicide of Young Jerusalem. In 1775, he went to Weimar, on an invitation from the Grand Duke, whom he had met travelling, and there remained till the end of his life, loaded with all the honours a German Sovereign could bestow, ennobled, a privy councillor, and for many years of his life prime minister, a treatment of genius hitherto unknown in the annals of literature, or of Macæ-nasship; and a splendid exception to the indifference with which rulers generally regard intellectual excellence.

Goethe's first appearance in print was in short articles in the annuals and literary journals. But his *Gotz of the Iron Hand*, published with his name in 1773, and his *Werther*, in the year after, called at once the attention of his countrymen to the young master-mind. Such a production as the first indeed, by a young man 23 years of age, at once placed Goethe at the head of his country's literature, a place which he preserved undisputed, undisputable to the hour of his death. His mind never seems to have grown old, but to have presented a new phasis at each stage of his existence. Having breathed forth his feelings in every species of poetry, he loved to measure his gigantic mind with the abstrusest problems in science, with the same pleasure no doubt (as Hume remarks) that men of great muscular powers seek occasions for exertion. Comparative anatomy, geology, botany, the theory of colours, &c., were all studied by him most unweariedly, and most of them written on.

Only one thing in Goethe we may regret,—that he was no politician; but this the character of his mind forbade. A chilling scepticism, as to the progressive improvement of man, runs through all his writings, and of course prevented all attempts to make human institutions more productive of human happiness.

His muse was neither that of devotion, philosophy, nor patriotism, though flowers from each and all these fields have been culled to grace his poetical wreath; and a future age will edify or amuse itself with the spectacle of one who was an intellectual giant in his generation, yet indulged himself in a sort of semisceptical "aloofness" from all the mystic influences which have given prophets and poets their empire.

His spirit was essentially that of an artist—not entranced in dreams of more than earthly grandeur or beauty, but one content to take from common life his forms and materials, and privileged to find in all things some poetical side or aspect. He has sometimes been charged with temporising and courtier-like propensities, for keeping the even tenor of his intercourse and writings, acquiescing alike in the Holy Roman Empire, that of Napoleon, or the "thoroughly illustrious Deutsche Bund." But a painter might as well be accused of similar propensities, for fixing his camp-stool and desk at a picturesque and prudent distance from the seat of conflagration, or battle, and studying the *effect* of the scene, instead of its results.

BARON CUVIER.

BARON CUVIER died at Paris on Tuesday the 15th of May. This illustrious naturalist, during a long and laborious career, has sur-

passed all who have preceded him, from the days of Aristotle, in the reform which he has effected in the sciences of observation. His religion (being brought up in the Protestant faith) put early difficulties in the way of his education; and at a subsequent period his active mind gave him, in the German University of Heidelberg, such an unenviable polemical superiority, that he was led, by the persecutions which it entailed, to abandon the profession of the church, his original destination.

The characteristic of Cuvier's mind was rather accurate observation than grasping idealty; and though all his researches exhibit a most comprehensive scope of thought, yet this was so well disciplined by his habits of actual investigation, that he cannot be said ever to have committed an extravagance in theoretical deduction; and the same admirable perfection of the contemplative faculties which makes genius merely the application of common sense to new ideas, prevented him from ever erring so far as to enter the domains of hypothesis. His lectures on Comparative Anatomy have been preserved by two of his pupils. They exhibited an unequalled assiduity of research, and were the bases of the natural arrangement of the animal kingdom which he presented to the world in the *Règne Animal*.

The constancy of form and structure, which in the course of his researches this able naturalist had perceived to characterize those separate creations which nature appeared to mark out as distinct species, led him to conceive that the lost forms of the earth, the animals of former worlds, might be grouped, and their affinities to living tribes be established by an inspection of fragments, however small, which might be collected from its rocky strata. There was no occasion to travel to test the truth of this deduction; the basin of the French metropolis contained within itself all the materials necessary for the investigation, and, to assist him in the mineralogical part of the inquiry, he associated M. Brogniart with himself; and the establishment of a new order of formations in the geological series, was one of the first results. Thus, in prosecuting one branch of science, the giant mind of Cuvier was led to effect an improvement in another, as vast as it was unanticipated. The anatomical part of this inquiry, as it stands incorporated in the museum of the Garden of Plants, and in the great work on Fossil Remains, will ever be one of the most lasting monuments to the author's genius. As Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, Cuvier was called upon by the Emperor Napoleon to write the history of the modern progress of the sciences of observation—a task which he accomplished with equal ability and modesty; and the annual report of a similar nature, which it was a part of his duty to present to the same learned body, brings down that history to the present time. The biographical memoirs of learned naturalists, foreigners or countrymen, written during the same period, are also so numerous as to fill several volumes. His last course at the College of France—and latterly he has not lectured much at the Garden of Plants—was on the ancient history of the natural science, and evidenced all that erudition and learning which had obtained for him, what, we believe, is without precedent, a seat in three academies of the Institute of France. The reunions at Cuvier's house were held on the Saturday evenings, and were a centering

point for naturalists of all nations, who, having been once admitted, required only to make their appearance, that their arrival in Paris should be generally known.

Cuvier founded the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, and was extremely liberal in giving strangers access to its treasures, until some gentleman thought proper to remove those parts which were preserved of the celebrated Hottentot Venus; and after that he became distrustful of students from this country. In visiting him strangers were shown through a series of from six to seven small apartments, which were so many separate libraries, each having a chair or a table loaded with periodicals or prints. The last but one was the room for the preparations immediately wanted, or making under his eye, and was kept at a high temperature. The next room was his study, in which he walked about behind a desk that nearly traversed the room, and was covered with separate folios of paper; so that when examining one animal, he could put the results of the examination of the different systems down in their appropriate places: and the same method was applied to other subjects of inquiry or of composition. Cuvier, on account of the many ungrateful offices which he filled in turn, had many enemies; but the most inveterate of these could never cease to admire the simplicity and honesty which characterised his truly great mind.

Among other situations which the Baron filled, we find him a member of the council of public instruction, a counsellor of state, a minister of foreign worships, a censor of public writings, and a Peer of France.

His great work on Fishes which has always been a favourite undertaking with him, and which has proceeded as far as the sixth volume, will no doubt be terminated by his coadjutor, M. Valenciennes. He was born at Montheliard, in 1769.

The last illness of M. Cuvier was only of four days' duration. On Tuesday week he delivered his usual lecture at the College of France, and on Wednesday occupied the Chair of the Committee of the Council of State; in the afternoon of the latter day a pain which he had for some time felt in the right shoulder increased, and developed itself into a complete paralysis of the œsophagus, which resisted all the efforts of art, and pursued its fatal course until the power of respiration was wholly destroyed, and he expired on Sunday afternoon. He retained his faculties to the last, and was fully aware of his approaching end, as, in reply to an encouraging remark of one of his physicians on Sunday morning, he said, "I am too good an anatomist not to be aware of my situation; the spinal marrow is attacked, and I cannot live twenty-four hours." On dissection, however, no alteration in the spinal marrow could be discovered—a fact so irreconcilable with the character of the disease, that the anatomists are led to believe that the alteration must have disappeared after death. The most remarkable peculiarity was the prodigious development of the cerebral mass, and the immense number of circumvolutions it presented, which was so extraordinary as to induce them immediately to take a plaster cast of the brain. This is the more observable as it will be recollected that Dr. Gall, in his *Cranialogical System*, considers the development of the intellectual faculties as in direct contradiction to the number of these circumvolutions.

Although M. Cuvier was in possession of several lucrative appointments he has left no fortune, save his collections and library, as what he gained by science he restored to science, employing nearly his whole income in the purchase, at any price, of all rarities which could illustrate or be useful in his scientific pursuits. The Government however, has come forward with a promptitude deserving the highest commendation. The *Moniteur*, a Paris paper, contains a report from the Minister of the Interior, praying the King to order a Bill to be presented to the Chamber of Deputies, as soon as they are assembled, for granting the *maximum* pension of 6,000 fr. to the widow, and in the meantime, to authorise the provisional payment of that pension from the funds set apart for unforeseen expenses. The same journal announces that Madame Cuvier is to retain the apartments for life occupied by the late Baron in the Jardin des Plantes; and that a committee has been appointed by the King to examine the library of M. Cuvier, with a view of being purchased for the State.

JEREMY BENTHAM.

DIED, at his residence, in Queen-square-place, Westminster, Jeremy Bentham, in his 85th year. During the late unhealthy season, he had been subject to repeated attacks of bronchitis; but he had recovered from the first severe attacks with so much vigour, that it was considered by many that he would return to his former state of health, and he again received the visits of distinguished foreigners, and of public men, with whom he was in the habit of friendly intercourse; and it was believed that he would have been able to continue his labours for several years to come. Several days ago he had taken up the portion of his manuscripts for the third volume of his unpublished *Constitutional Code*, which is reputed by jurists who are acquainted with its progress, to be one of the most valuable of his productions, as it contains the principle for the formation of a judicial establishment, and a code of procedure. Another attack of his disorder, however, arrested his labours for ever. His death was singularly tranquil. Only a portion of his works have been printed, and of those printed, some which have been spoken of by eminent men as the most valuable, such as the 'Essay on Judicial Establishments' have never in reality been published. Repeated proposals have been made to publish a complete edition of his works. A few weeks ago Prince Talleyrand, who at all times, in common with the leading spirits of the age, has professed his high admiration of the author, made proposals to get a complete edition of all his works, in French, published at Paris. A short time before his death he had projected a new work on language, and one on Mathematics. Amongst the unpublished works is one on the use of language, with a view to the giving certainty to the expression of the will of the legislature. Some, if not all, of these works, will, it is expected, be edited by gentlemen well conversant with the branches of science and art to which the works relate, and will at some future period be made public in a complete and uniform shape. Besides those which were translated by the late M. Dumont, others of his

works, which are little known in England, have great reputation on the continent of Europe and in North and South America. Mr. Bentham was a bencher of Lincoln's-inn, and was the father of the bar. In conformity with the desire of his father, he practised for a short time in equity, and was immediately remarked for the ability he displayed; but the death of his father left him with a moderate fortune and the free choice of his course of life, when he at once abandoned all prospects of professional emoluments and honours, and devoted the whole of his subsequent life to those labours which he believed would produce the greatest happiness to his fellow-creatures. His extreme benevolence and cheerfulness of disposition are highly spoken of by all who had the honour to be admitted to his society, which was much sought after, and also by his domestics and by his neighbours who were acquainted with his habits. The news of the Reform Bill having been carried greatly cheered his last hours. He has, we are informed, bequeathed his body to his medical friend, Dr. Southwood Smith, with a charge that he shall use it in an anatomical school for dissection, in illustration of a course of lectures.

REV. C. C. COLTON.

THIS gentleman, the celebrated author of "*Lacon*," recently committed suicide at Fontainebleau, France, by shooting himself with a pistol. He took away his own life as it is stated, in order to avoid a horrible surgical operation which had become necessary to sustain his existence.

Perhaps no man ever possessed a better tact at writing than the Rev. Mr. Colton; and perhaps no man ever more abused his faculties, or departed more essentially in his practice from his preaching. His *Lacon* has been considered a master piece both in style and sentiment, and has been a model of imitation for more authors than perhaps any other work extant.

As the Rev. Mr. Colton has gone beyond the reach of either praise or detraction, an impartial sketch of the leading incidents of his life may not be uninteresting. He was a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and afterwards minister at Kew. He wrote several small works of little note, but in 1820 he published his celebrated *Lacon*, which commanded universal admiration. Perhaps no book extant contains more moral truisms in fewer words. For a while he was quite successful in his ministry; but he soon took to gambling and other extravagancies and became involved in debt so that he was obliged to leave England. He came to the United States, where he continued some time and then went to France. He there soon became a well known frequenter of the gaming saloons of the Palais Royal, and at one time acquired an immense fortune. But the reverse which so frequently befalls gamblers, overtook him and he afterwards became miserably poor. He has been for about seven years living at Paris in the most pitiable circumstances, among what are denominated the hells, a living monument of the vice of gambling, and he has at last finished his unhappy career, and given verity in his dying moments to the following sentiment which we find in his *Lacon*:

“The gamester, if he die a martyr to his profession, is doubly ruined. He adds his soul to every other loss, and by the act of suicide renounces earth to forfeit heaven.”

Miscellaneous, Scientific, &c.

INTERNAL COMMUNICATION IN BRITISH AMERICA.—The British Provinces in North America may, also, be raised into great and immediate prosperity by a judicious formation of railways.

Here I propose first, to form a railway for waggons from Quebec to the harbour of St. Andrews, upon the Bay of Fundy, a distance of one hundred and ninety five miles, a work which will convey the whole trade of the St. Lawrence in a single day to the Atlantic waters,—cutting off a navigation of one thousand two hundred miles down the river St. Lawrence and round the shores of Nova Scotia. Thus the timber and provisions may be brought to the Atlantic, not only with more speed, regularity, and security than by the River Saint Lawrence, but with the grand additional advantage of a navigation open at all seasons of the year; the harbour of St. Andrews being capacious, deep and never closed in the winter season, whilst the St. Lawrence is unnavigable from ice from the month of November to May. The rout of this work will lie through the government lands, opening out fresh fields for the timber now rapidly disappearing from the banks of the navigable rivers; and by means of this railway great bodies of land which for ages would remain inaccessible in the absence of inland navigation may thus be converted into a splendid source of revenue. The mode of construction may be copied from the railways now in progress of formation in the United States, which are laid down upon timber, and though that material will not possess the durability of stone, still the ground work may be renewed at little cost: and when the clearing of roads in the vicinity of the railway shall have rendered timber less accessible, the whole may be permanently re-constructed from stone, which then may be brought upon the railway at a small expense. The construction of this work will furnish immediate employment for a great body of emigrants, whilst being undertaken by the government, the cost for land and the labour may be estimated at £500 per mile, or 93,000 for a distance of one hundred and ninety five miles from Quebec to St. Andrews, a sum which may be realised in a single month by the sale of the public lands, which then will be purchased with avidity in the vicinity of the rail way.

Another great line of railways may be formed from Halifax, through Nova Scotia to St. John, in the province of New Brunswick and thence into the United States, joining the railways which are fast spreading through that country, and which will soon reach from New York to Boston, and through the whole New England States. This railway will not only bring to the Atlantic the lumber, provisions, metal, and other exports of the provinces; but from the situation of the harbour of Halifax, a thousand miles nearer than the United States to Europe, it will doubtless command the whole stream of passengers, mails and light articles of commerce passing into the British possessions, and to the United States, and every part of the continent of America. A line of Packets has long been projected from the harbour of Valentia, upon the western coast of Ireland, to Halifax, by which the passage across the Atlantic may be performed by steam shipping in about ten days in the summer months; and when passengers may be afterwards conveyed from Halifax by railways to all intermediate distances, and even to the extremity of the provinces in a single day, saving to emigrants the time, fatigue, and expences of travelling in a new country, it is obvious how rapidly those works will facilitate the population of the colonies."—*U. S. Journal.*

INTERNAL COMMUNICATION.—Knowing as we do the facility with which Wooden Railroads could be constructed in this country, we do not only think the project of Mr. Fairburn a feasible one, but one that might be carried into effect, without a difficulty of any magnitude to impede its progress. The sum stated by Mr. Fairburn is £500 per mile,—in this we cannot agree with him, we have made a close calculation, and find half that sum would be more than sufficient for the construction of a *Tram* or *Wooden Rail-road* through the forest, where the Timber would cost nothing but the price of manufacturing. We have seen both Rail-roads and *Tram-roads*, and are acquainted with their construction and price, and can speak with confidence on the subject; however, there is one circumstance we have not taken into consideration when we say half the sum estimated by the projector is sufficient,—that is the unevenness of the ground over which the road would necessarily pass; the erection of bridges, &c. for the preservation of the level of the road, would of course have to be added to our estimate. And when we are on this subject, we cannot refrain from adverting to the long projected canal for connecting the waters of the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. It has been asserted on

all hands, that such an undertaking would be of vital interest to this Province, but that the vast expense with which it would be attended, places it beyond the reach of our limited Provincial Funds. From this circumstance, and some natural difficulties which have presented themselves, the project has been abandoned. Rail or Tram-roads having recently superseded the more expensive, and less speedy method of transmission of heavy bodies, we see no possible barrier to our Legislative Body granting a sufficient sum of money next session to carry the same into effect, the distance being so short, the expense would not exceed the price of building an ordinary sized timber vessel, say £3000, and should the provincial government not notice this important measure, we should strongly recommend it to the notice of private individuals, to form a Joint Stock Company for its execution—we feel convinced the *spec* would be lucrative to its undertakers, as well as a general benefit to the province. It would cause a great portion of the Quebec trade to flow through that channel—create two new towns, one at each end of the line of road, and become the general travelling rout to and from the Canadas. Linking a steam boat to each end, would make the hitherto broken chain of communication complete, from the westernmost navigable lakes of Canada, down through the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Fundy, and coastwise along the American shore, to the source of the Mississippi and Missouri, presenting a line of communication hitherto unrivalled in the history of the world, and exhibiting the ingenuity and enterprise of the mind of man, in a light truly astonishing.—*British Colonist, N. B.*

SURVEYING INSTRUMENTS.—We unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly advance, that *one half* of all the surveying instruments, and *the like proportion* of those for plotting, used in this country, are inaccurate in some essential degree. We scarcely know of one Theodolite, the lowest price for which is twenty pounds of our currency, which deserves entire dependence. In some the needle is not poised on the same centre on which revolves the graduated limb; and consequently the needle forms no check on the angular observations. The line of collimation of the telescope sometimes is not to the same plane with the meridian, or the line of Zero, of the instruments; and the line of sight through the telescope, which is governed by the position of the eye-glass and object glass, not agreeing with the line of collimation. The graduations of the horizontal and vertical limbs are often inaccurate, as well as those of the verniers annexed; and those in the compass box attached, seldom coincide with those on the horizontal limb. The level glasses are frequently untrue, and very badly adjusted; and the spindle on which the instrument revolves when fixed in a level position ready for observation, not accurately turned. The brass of a very large proportion of the circumferentors, and; commoner kinds of in-

struments, has contracted magnetism; and which counteracts in a most pernicious manner the needle which it encloses. The inside of the agate cap is frequently a portion of a large sphere, instead of being a small reversed cone; by which the needle is prevented from always pointing in an accurate manner. The needle is seldom well centered—not pointing to the same degree on each side. The graduations on the circle inside the box, are frequently incorrect. The line of sight sometimes differs considerably from the meridian line on the line of Zero of the instrument. All these kinds of inaccuracy, as well as others with instruments are liable to contract by violence and exposure to atmospheric changes, it is the duty of a skilful officer to detect; and knowing the defect, to provide against error by removing the cause, or wholly to cast it aside. A proper regard for his reputation, will also forbid him from using erroneous protracting instruments, which—let his work in the field be ever so carefully and accurately performed—will infallibly give incorrect results.—*Miramichi Gleaner.*

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

PRESIDENT'S CLOSING ADDRESS.—On June 13, after John Young, Esq. had delivered a Lecture on Agriculture, Dr. Grigor, the President of the Institute, closed the first session with the following Address.

I cannot allow the Institute to close without the gratification of expressing the pleasure and satisfaction I feel in concluding the course with so much unanimity, good order and decorum. The success which has followed the Institute, I may safely say, has been equal to, if it has not surpassed the expectations of its most zealous friends. That we possess the means of supporting it with credit and usefulness, I think we have fairly proved: and the various subjects which have been treated here, afford striking proofs of the diversified talents which have been at our command, and which but for this institution, might have remained unknown, and useless to the public. And if any thing can repay the exertions of the gentlemen to whom we are indebted, it will be the reflection that they have dedicated their time and labour to promote the diffusion of knowledge; to better the situation of an invaluable portion of the community; and to have addressed themselves to as respectable a body, as ever composed, in any country, the audience of a Mechanics' Institute. Nor can their labours have passed without shedding a new and beneficial light over the minds of us all—without opening fields of interesting reflection hitherto neglected—without increasing our knowledge and admiration of the wonders both of Nature and Art—and filling us with a deeper sense than ever, of that Divine and Incomprehensible Existence which contrived and perfected the whole. Nor can there be any individual among us who will not look back with self congratulation at the progress which we have thus made, and who

will not, this night, on leaving the Institute, feel himself a more rational, better, and perhaps a happier member of society than he was before.

Though our Course of Lectures have not been fully completed, owing to the late period of their commencement; yet, you will now be able to judge for yourselves of the propriety of the system on which they were arranged. And the younger members will perceive the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of success, in any of the arts and sciences, without a previous knowledge of Arithmetic and the Mathematics. For what are called the pure sciences, including arithmetic, geometry and algebra, are the first steps towards the mixed sciences, and are as necessary to be understood by those who follow the latter, as arithmetic and book-keeping are to those who are engaged in the ordinary speculations of mercantile business. No discoveries can be made without them; nor, can the descriptions which are given in the works devoted to them, be intelligible without a knowledge of their nature and properties. In fact, they are the fundamental sciences upon which rest the basis of the most accurate and demonstrable evidences of human discovery. Some of the most exalted genius' would have been nothing without them. Being deprived of his knowledge of the pure sciences, what would the genius of Newton have been—or that of Davy—or of Watt—or of any other philosophic benefactor of his race? They would never have had existence—nor could they have comprehended even the evidence of mathematical truths when laid before them in the simplest forms of calculation. Never, therefore, let us lose sight of these invaluable sciences, because they may be trite and dry. If they require a little labour to acquire them, it will be amply repaid by the relish which they afterwards impart for the splendid discoveries to which they have led, and which will be for ever the renown and glory of the present age. For myself I feel no hesitation in declaring the pride which I feel in the rising character of the Institute; and as its President, I only regret that I am not better acquainted with the broad field of Science, that I might accelerate its advancement, and in a more satisfactory manner fulfil the profound duties of my office. By and by however, by continuing the course which we now pursue, there will arise men better able to lead you through the deep and intricate paths of modern knowledge—who will demonstrate to you in a more regular form the results of philosophic research—spread around them a finer taste and warmer zeal for the arts and sciences—and who will guide you to experience more fully than now, that there are no pleasures like those that flow from the mind, and no gratification so lasting and durable as that which emanates from the cultivation of sound and useful knowledge.

And in closing this address permit me to say, that the respectable footing upon which you have placed the character of the Institute, entitles you to the aid of the best talents which the town can afford;—for no conduct on your part could better merit their assistance. The able powers of the gentleman who has this night devoted himself to our instruction, are, I hope an earnest of what will follow—and that his example will lead others,

competent as he is, to come forward in so good a cause—to disseminate, like him, the stores with which a liberal education has supplied them.

To our next meeting therefore I look forward with all the confidence of one who looks for success; who has witnessed the love of order and harmony which has prevailed among us—and who is convinced that such a disposition as is to be found here, will always be a sure recommendation to those who are able to promote our instruction, and secure the future prosperity of the Institute.

MONTHLY RECORD.

The English Reform Bill has passed both houses of Parliament, and received the Royal assent. The Scotch and Irish Bills were making progress. A dissolution and new election of the House of Commons will follow.

A riot, in which many lives were lost, occurred in Paris on the 6th June. It was a struggle between the Republican party helped by the adherents of Charles the tenth, and the National Guards backed by those who wish to preserve the nation from anarchy, by supporting the present order of things. The rioters were suppressed.

Many signs of war are visible on the Continent of Europe; a collision, in which England, France, Poland, Turkey and others, will oppose Russia, Austria, Prussia and other states, is thought probable.

CHOLERA still exists in Great Britain, but declining, and not obtaining many victims. The United States are also afflicted with the disease, it has appeared in New York, Philadelphia and several towns and villages. It is not yet extinct in Canada. New Brunswick and Nova-Scotia remain free.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, July 3, Mr. George Hilchey, to Miss Mary Ann Foley.—10th, Mr. George Laurilliard, to Miss Mary Ann Heckman.—17th, Hon. Peter M'Nab, to Mrs. Martha Hopkins.—19th, Mr. Samuel Adamson, to Miss Ann Nichols.—28th, Mr. Archibald M'Donald, to Miss Margaret Evans.—At Lake Porter, July 1, Mr. Silas Falconer, to Miss Esther M'Innes.—At Chisencook, July 29th, Mr. E. W. Waterman, to Miss Margaret Evans.—At Sackville, July 29th, Mr. William T. Woodill, to Miss Margaret Brown.—At Toney River, Pictou, July 5th, Mr. Charles Melville, to Miss A. M'Nab Falconer.—7th, Mr. Dennis Morrisoy, to Miss Bridget O'Shea.—Mr. M. M'Charles, to Miss Mary M'Kay.—Mr. Neil M'Kay, to Miss Mary M'Lean.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, July 3, Mrs. Mary Pemberton, aged 44.—10th, Mrs. Mary Dougan.—22d, Mr. Nathaniel Fulcher.—Mr. J. H. Dewolf, aged 23.—24th, Mr. George Thompson, aged 27.—26th, Capt. Jas. Clephin, aged 77.—27th Capt. William M'Alpine, aged 43.—At Falmouth, July 4, Mr. Jonathan Wilson, aged 83.—8th, Mrs. Allison.—At Horton, July 14th, Mr. Jacob Benjamin, aged 65.—26th, Mrs. M. Bishop, aged 89.—At Douglas, July 6, Mrs. Janet M'Phee, aged 72.—At Onslow, July 8, John Henderson, Esq. aged 62.—17th, Mr. Robert Linton, aged 25.—At Carriboo, July 7, Mrs. Margaret Ross, aged 59.