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W. I. Sawyer Esq

Vol. 2. No. 6. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
Halifax Monthly
MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

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HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY J. S. CUNNABELL,

1831.

Monthly Advertiser.

NOVEMBER, 1831.

To Literary Persons.

—♦—

BELIEVING that there is a sufficiency of literary talent in Halifax, for the discussion of all ordinary topics, I take the liberty of proposing a subject for some such philanthropic person.

The conduct of the poorer classes of boys in Halifax on Sabbath days, has been noticed with much pain by several persons. If a tract be written, addressed to parents and children on this subject, and if it be left at the Halifax Monthly Magazine Office, the writer of this will undertake to get it printed and circulated at his own cost.

It may be said, that communications in the Newspapers would answer the purpose in a more ready and cheap manner; but many of those to whom I allude have no opportunity of perusing newspapers, and if they had, the articles intended for their use would be probably passed by without reading.

Hoping that some capable person will pursue the suggestion which I have here given, I subscribe myself,
A. B.

J. W. LORRY,

Tailor and Habit Maker, from London.

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

Halifax, November 1, 1831.

MATTHEW WALLS,

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

His terms are moderate—and from the long practice he has had on that instrument, he feels assured that his method of teaching will give ample satisfaction to his pupils.

He will attend at the houses of his patrons regularly three times a week, on such hours as they may severally appoint. Applications left at his residence, in the house of Mr. W. Hesson, Upper Water-street, will meet with prompt attention.

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

FREDERICK FREDERICKSON,

CONFECTIONER,

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

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

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

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

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

SMITHERS and STUDLEY,

Decorative and General Painters.

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

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

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

PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.

Andrew B. Jennings,

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

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

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

Just Published,

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

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

A. L. FLOHR, Tailor,
NO. 89, BARRINGTON-STREET,

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

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

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

JOHN FOX,

Hard and Soft Bread Baker,

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

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

GEORGE HAMILTON, Tailor,

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

Fine and Superfine Cloths and Cassimeres,

which he will make up in the most fashionable manner, for cash or short credit. November

TO BE PUBLISHED,

As soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers can be obtained, The

**“ Witch of the Westcot,” a Tale of Nova-
Scotia, and other Poems,**

BY ANDREW SHIELS,

The work will contain 226 pages, octavo, in a fine new type, and on good paper, the price to Subscribers 7s. 6d.

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

EDWARD HEFFERAN,

Chair Maker,

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

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

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

EDUCATION.

GEORGE THOMSON'S

English and Commercial Academy, upper side
the Parade,

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

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

September 1831.

H. Hamilton,

Cabinet Maker, &c.



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

Two doors north of the Chocolate
Manufactory;

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

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

THE HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

NOVEMBER 1, 1831.

No. 18.

THE REPOSING VILLAGE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE twilight, as a pilgrim grey, has long since passed by, and the summer night, like a dark complexion beauty, placidly exhibits its bold majestic features: unaccompanied by frown or passion gust, it has glided on to maturity, with a spirit's noiseless step. The unsoftened lines of a scene in the south of Ireland lies before me, and full willing to be delayed, I pause in my midnight walk, to hold spiritual communion with the objects around. Not much refinement is visible, but the want of minute attention to ornament or order, seems to make the little enclosures, the gardens, and the cottages more picturesque. To the left—above many dark masses which denote where the vales lie, and above the dim outlines of many hills—the master-height of Tory hill rises its cone into the grey arch: to the right, the broad Suir passes along with its eternal murmurings, the white cottages on its opposite bank are delicately visible in the moonlight, while on an eminence of its near shore, stands the ruined, but still haughty, pile of Granagh Castle.

Dark and huge, it is an imposing remnant of other days; and stands like a true knight, disdainingly to give place although all its fellows have long since bitten the dust. From the ruined casements of its huge square castle, spirits seem to peer forth in this uncertain light; and on its watch towers, unearthly sentinels—to my imagination—loiter amid the ivy and sweet wall-flowers. In many a small lower cranny the swallows and sparrows, rest all silently; their beds are downy soft, as once were those of the fair dwellers of the castle; they are the only living things which the old walls now defend, and here, in the granite chinks, they may bid even the soft-crawling weasel defiance. Where are the days fled in which warriors clad in armour sheltered themselves be-

neath the bristling ramparts ; when the arrows flew thickly from the long dark loop holes ; when the heavy rocks were precipitated from the towers on the invaders below ; and when the tender babe and its mother, and the fair trembling maiden, cowered in the stony heart of the old building, listing breathlessly to the warlike tempest without ? Where are those days gone, ere the wild weed grew in yonder court yard, or the ivy matted on the barbican, or the yellow flowers fringed the cold architrave ?—The busy fancy calls up the times of long-departed chivalry ; and gazing dimly on yonder dark mass, nor colour, nor life, nor spirit-stirring sounds are wanted to my perceptions.—But other features of the scene attract me—more mild, and less fallacious than the chaotic mazes of the crumbling towers.

Here a small bridge, spans, with unostentatious arch, a stream, which comes brawling down to meet the more placid river. An apt simile, and a moral, may be drawn from the contrasted waters : strength, beauty, and majesty is mutely unobtrusive, while the shallow and puerile forces itself into notice : during the light the stream was scarcely minded on the panorama of nature, but now, in the darkness, it seems eloquent and of much importance. It reminds one of genius and mediocrity ; of absolute and contingent goodness. The banks of the stream are scarcely visible in the pale light, although they often form favorite resting places for those who go angling “ up the brook.” Every sound but its own is now hushed, nothing but its continued tricklings disturb the surrounding repose. All day the ducks gabbled and sported in its little bath, washing their exquisite plumes, swimming and diving with infinite grace and gaiety. The young Paddies and Shelahs of the village, too, were noisy on its margin, skimming flat grey stones along the surface, mimicking the angler with worsted fishing lines and crooked pin-hooks ; and sailing boats also, for in this bright moon-beam I descry the deck-shaped sticks, with paper sails ; lying safely on the pebbly beach, waiting the return of the prattling ship-builders, at to-morrow’s sunny noon. The little embryo tars are now in maternal arms, dreaming of future play ; happy and beautiful in their innocence, as beatified creatures. Heaven guard their slumbers ! and it seems to do so ; the meridian moon looks from the centre of her blue arch, on the humble roofs of the

hamlet, as a guardian spirit would gaze on the lowly objects of its care.

Sweet scene—the village without its voice or motion, lies before me, as if some consummate artist had spread an exquisite mimicry on his canvass. But how totally would the artist fail in tinting that slowly drifting cloud, that moon walking in brightness, and the distant twinkling stars, which shrink back into the modest grey, instead of vying with the greater glory of their queen.

Along the village street, marks of the previous day's life are visible. The cart which returned from town too late to be put away, still lies at the stable door; the last load of hay is on the car, waiting for the morning, to be thrown into the neighbouring barn; the cage of the thrush remains suspended at the casement, forgotten by some young ploughboy who was too weary last evening to mind his sweet-singing pet; or neglected by some little milk maid, who had to steal quietly to bed, having tarried too long, loitering "up the road," with the squire's cow boy. And, behold the little gardens, what beauteous, almost unearthly repose, seems in their fragrant labyrinths! I can discover the gaily poppy, the wild briar rose, and the tall hollyhock, dim but lovely in the pale moonlight—like vestals bowing at their midnight devotions, beneath the richly tinted oriel of some lofty cathedral. The beehive occupies the sheltered nook, the buzz of its community is hushed; all rest, until the early beams shall produce happy sounds from the straw-built dome, as it once did from the mystic statue of Memnon; and calling the little inmates to delightful toil, distribute them over the flowery meads, beautiful examplers to a higher creation. But amid this repose, anticipation of morning's life and light only offends the picture; the quivering lines of silver on the river, the chimerical beauties of the cloud heaps, the murmurs of the river, the voice of the breeze in the white thorn hedge, the distant bark of the watch dog, are the colours and sounds which agree best with this solemn hour.

But a rumbling noise like a distant earthquake approaches! it is only a car which rattles along the rocky road, its owner, no doubt, belated by waiting for the price of his bonaveens and potatoes at the market, or by having staid too long at the Harp and Shamrock—half-way house. The latter is the most probable, for

as the car approaches, an Irish ditty sung with all the mellowness and moisture of the ale house, dissipates the former monotonous sobriety of sound. It is wild and rough but pleasing, and the strain is familiar to my ear; it represents an outlaw under the window of his mistress, complaining of the unhappiness of his lot, and requesting shelter from the rigours of a tempestuous night. The air has all the melting tenderness, the wild reckless energy, and the wailing pathos, for which many Irish melodies are remarkable. As the song waxes louder, it seems to attract some watcher in the village; a taper is lighted, and gleaming from the small lattice, contrasts its yellow ray with the pure beam of heaven; a door opens, and the boy who comes out to put up the horse, yawns loudly enough to be heard above the song and the rattling of the car. It tells me that the villagers are already "out of their first sleep," and reminds me of my own long delay, of my yet distant home, and of the cold bachelor's bed which there awaits my morning's slumbers.

A FRAGMENT--WRITTEN IN 1828.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Of all who leave for aye their native land,
 To seek their bread amid a stranger band,
 None keener feel the want of home's sweet smile,
 Than the sad sons of Erin's luckless isle.
 Land of my fathers! when shall peace return?
 Thy sons domestic bliss and quiet learn?
 When shall the land of song and dance be free,
 And thy lov'd valleys echo liberty?
 When shall a liberal, generous spirit breathe
 O'er the fair land of Shamrock and the heath?
 To attest thy virtues and their country's worth,
 When shall a well train'd peasantry come forth?
 Behold the children of you neighbouring isle,
 Where peace and plenty crown the labourer's toil;
 They, early train'd in virtue's paths to tread,
 Are taught religion as they toil for bread!
 Around their borders Free 'om's flag's unfurl'd;
 Nor will they yield her blessings to the world.
 Secured to them the privilege of choice,
 No bigot dares lift up his tyrant voice:
 Blest Albion! land of mountain and of song,
 E'er may those blessings to thy soil belong:
 That wheresoc'er thy sons may widely roam,
 O'er the 'green earth' they still may value home.

Tho' stranger lands may greet thy wanderers brave,
 And stranger hands may lay them in the grave,
 Still let the honours of their parent land,
 A proud, unyielding loyalty command.
 Those sacred precepts taught them in their youth,
 From the pure page of uncorrupted truth ;
 Shall teach them how to walk as did their sires,
 And learn them all that virtue it inspires :
 Thus may they spread abroad their country's fame,
 And lead the untaught mind to bless its name.
 Look round at nations of more favour'd climes,
 Low sunk by ignorance to the dregs of crimes,
 And say can any with thy cliffs compare,
 Land of the fearless brave, and smiling fair?
 Not even Gaul, that land of pomp and ease,
 ' Pleas'd with herself, whom all the world can please.'
 Awhile behold her struggling to be free,
 Then sink, ignobly, shorn of liberty;
 Crouch'd at each tyrant's feet, nor dare complain,
 Or if a *Louis*—or *Napoleon* reign.
 And tho' *Acadia's* wilds be bleak and cold,
 Nor tempt the sordid wretch whose gain is gold;
 Still, this the land that freedom deigns to bless,
 Unknown to want, and stranger to distress
 Her sons can boast of hearts and hands to give,
 To share with all the blessings they receive.
 Here may the strangers from whatever clime,
 All who have felt the cruel change of time ;
 Find in each face the ready welcome smile,
 To sooth their griefs and half beguile their toil.
 But chief those wanderers from yon sea-girt land,
 Shall find a greeting from each honest hand:
 With joy we'll listen to their harps' wild strain,
 No more to cross the ever boisterous main.
 Here shall they rest, from all oppression free,
 And share our homely joys and liberty !
 These fields acknowledge no hard-hearted lord,
 To hurl the houseless forth at his award ;
 Conscience unshackled, here asserts her sway,
 Equally free—who rule, and who obey.
 Thus while we proudly hail our parent earth,
 We prize the land that gave our fathers birth.

H.

 SOPHISTRY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

SOPHISTRY is a principle by which the mind pursues a system of false argument ; it is the reverse of right reason and common sense, and gets currency by a mimicry of those better qualities. It takes a part of several propositions, mixes them up, confounds, and forms a patch work of that, which should appear in distinct

and perfect chains. Right reason is a smooth lake reflecting justly the surrounding landscape—sophistry is the lake into which a rock has been thrown, its surface is broken and the picture is ridiculously or horribly distorted: Yet the sophist, silent respecting the confusion of surface, will demonstrate that the water and landscape are the same, and that the reflected picture must be beautiful and true. Right reason is sterling coin, sophistry is forged money, which passes current between sharpers and fools, but is despised and detested by the wise merchant. Sophistry disorders the mind—as far as it is successful—by rendering it unable to judge in questions of right and wrong, by depraving its taste, and rendering its vision dim and oblique.

Sophistry often appears in the management of domestic affairs, and the housewife becomes a waster and a harpy all for the good of her family. In controversial writings and discourses the plague is very frequently visible, and the parties at issue instead of endeavouring to draw Truth from the well, hide her in a multitude of unmeaning words, and rise a dust, blinding to all, that she may perish in the confusion. We might trace the workings of the pest in all the movements of the human mind, but let us attend here to a few practical illustrations of the malady.

A certain nation has a government of King Lords, and Commons—the latter professes to be the representative of the people of the country, and as such, an assembly which can act in all cases as if the people of the country were all present. By the decay of some places, and the growth of others, and the accumulation of wealth by individuals, this House of Commons becomes the actual representative and corrupt tool, of a handful of the aristocracy, instead of being the organ of the whole country. Common sense would call this ridiculously false; morality would call it criminal and corrupt; but sophistry roars out that it is christian and constitutional; that smooth lies are better than rugged truth; that poison is wholesome because antidotes prevent it from altogether killing the man; that speculation is just and right because the defrauded get back the parings of the spoil; that a carriage whose crazy wheels have not altogether stopt moving, works well, and cannot be improved; she calls black white and white black, and de-

clares that all who are radical enough to see things as they are, and to call them by their right names, are pestilent fellows and sowers of sedition.—Another nation has a tyrant which it hates, sitting on its throne, destroying its wholesome energies and resources. Common sense would cry out on the absurdity, and declare—with much simplicity—that governments were ordained, and only ordained, for the good of the governed, and that they who held the contrary doctrine, blasphemed God and insulted man. Sophistry smiles through a shower of blood, at such sentiments, and mumbling about hereditary claims, divine right, cause of monarchies, order, and antiquity, prosecutes the wholesale fraud and violence with a most saintly complacency.—The arbitrary director of an empire's armies, reduces by cunning and by the sword the resources of a weaker country, abolishes its institutions, and partitions its territory in shares, as banditti do their booty. In process of time, the enslaved people rise against the wrong, and demand the restitution of their rights and privileges. The tyrant pours his hands on the indignant country, and proceeds to retain by rapine and murder, the prey which he won by such horrible means. Common sense would start aghast at such open unprovoked crime, and would look, full of expectation, for the rising of all other people to check the monster, or for the destroying angel of a superior power to protect the injured by an omnipotent sword. But sophistry, her hair clogged with gore, and her hands filled with stolen treasure, also looks to heaven! and talks of rebels, of brave followers, of the Lord of Hosts fighting for the conservators, and of the heaven sent victories which await the arms of the invading monarch.—We have seen enough of this serpent, Sophistry, to enable us to judge of its character, and to enable us to account for the patience with which men endure intolerable inflictions—the reptile is cruel and cold blooded, and blinds its victims previous to their destruction: but let us take one more instance of her address and impudence.—One body of men living in a warmer climate than another, became dark coloured, credulous and inactive. Their pale neighbours, in a bad age of the world, fomented wars among the dark people, took advantage of their intestine commotions, and carried thousands of them away by force, as they would deer from the mountain

tops, or fishes from the depths of the sea. The sable captives were made wretched slaves to the more powerful whites, their rights as men were completely trampled on, family and domestic ties were disregarded, and in the Egyptian bondage, the black men, their wives and little ones, experienced all the unfeeling policy with which brute beasts are visited. In after years, a race of white men arose, who blushed at the degradation of their common nature, and feared the wrath of heaven on account of the abomination; by unwearied and god-like efforts they stop the progress of the infernal traffic, and endeavour to break the chains of those already in captivity. Common sense would exclaim 'well done' at such exertions, and would deem that no open advocates could be found for the sin, in an enlightened century. Sophistry, with uncommon assurance, affects to be indignant at the interposition, blinks the question of the original robbery altogether, pretends friendship for the writhing slave, and says, that he is better under his chains than without them, that he is unfit for liberty, and that, at all events, his master should be paid his value by the philanthropists. Thus, making the fruits of the wrong a reason for its continuance, and instead of allowing that the robber should refund and pay interest, demanding remuneration for the loss of the long used stolen treasure! She cites scripture in support of fraud and violence, and rests on the law while she breaks every precept of right and justice. We will here leave the harpy, and endeavour to prevent the subtlety of her poison affecting our own hearts, in any question of private or public import.

That we may be enabled to detect her insinuating contortions, when we look on the great political chart of the world, let us behold matters as they are, not as they appear to be; gaze on them as if for a first time to judge of their nature, and not with all the cobwebs of our habits blinding our perception. Let us examine communities as we would individuals, according to an eternal rule of equity; a rule which we will get to assist us if we only honestly look for it—it is inscribed on nature, is revealed by the Deity in His written will, and lies—too often inertly—in every rational bosom.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

BIOGRAPHY OF WILSON THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

Wilson was a weaver—a Paisley weaver—an useful occupational and a pleasant place, for which we entertain great regard. He was likewise a pedlar—and the hero of many an Excursion. But the plains and braes of Renfrewshire were not to him prolific—and in prime of life, after many difficulties and disappointments, he purchased with his “sair-won penny-fee” a passage to America. We say after many difficulties and disappointments, some of which he owed to his own imprudence, for it was not till the ruling passion of his genius found food ever fresh and fair in Ornithology, that his moral and intellectual character settled down into firm formation. In a Journal which he kept of an excursion made in 1789 along the east coast of Scotland with his miscellaneous pack on his shoulders,

“A vagrant merchant, bent beneath his load,”

and a prospectus of a volume of poems in his pocket, we find these sentences. “I have this day, I believe measured the height of an hundred stairs, and explored the recesses of twice that number of miserable habitations; and what have I gained by it?—only two shillings of worldly pelf! but an invaluable treasure of observation. In this elegant dome, wrapt up in glittering silks, and stretched on the downy sofa, recline the fair daughters of wealth and indolence—the ample mirror, flowery floor, and magnificent couch, their surrounding attendants; while, suspended in his wiry habitation above, the shrill-piped canary warbles to enchanting echoes. Within the confines of that sickly hovel, hung round with squadrons of his brother artists, the pale-faced weaver plies the resounding lay, or launches the melancholy murmuring shuttle. Lifting this simple latch, and stooping for entrance to the miserable hut, there sits poverty and ever-moaning disease, clothed in dunghill rags, and ever shivering over the fireless chimney. Ascending this stair, the voice of joy bursts on my ear,—the bridegroom and bride, surrounded by their jocund companions, circle the sparkling glass and humorous joke, or join in the raptures of the noisy dance—the speaking fiddle breaking through the general uproar in sudden intervals, while the sounding floor groans beneath its unruly load. Leaving these happy mortals, and ushering into this silent mansion, a more solemn—a striking object presents itself to my view. The windows, the furniture, and every thing that could lend one cheerful thought, are hung in solemn white; and there, stretched pale and lifeless, lies the awful corpse; while a few weeping friends sit, black and solitary, near the breathless clay. In this other place, the fearless sons of Bacchus extend their brazen throats, in shouts like bursting thunder, to the praise of their gorgeous chief. Opening this door, the lonely patron explores, for consolation, her Bible: and, in this house, the wife brawls, the children shriek, and the poor husband bids me depart, lest his termagant’s fury

should vent itself on me. In short, such an inconceivable variety daily occurs to my observation in real life, that would, were they moralized upon, convey more maxims of wisdom, and give a juster knowledge of mankind, than whole volumes of *Lives and Adventures*, that perhaps never had a being, except in the prolific brains of their fantastic authors."

'The writer of an excellent memoir of Wilson in Constable's *Miscellany* justly observes, "that this, it must be acknowledged, is a somewhat prolix and overstrained summing up of his observations: but it proves Wilson to have been, at the early age of twenty three, a man of great penetration, and strong native sense; and shews that his mental culture had been much greater than might have been expected from his limited opportunities." At a subsequent period, he retraced his steps, taking with him copies of his poems to distribute among subscribers, and endeavour to promote a more extensive circulation. Of this excursion also he has given an account in his journal, from which it appears that his success was far from encouraging. Among amusing incidents, sketches of character, occasional sound and intelligent remarks upon the manners and prospects of the common classes of society into which he found his way, there are not a few severe expressions indicative of deep disappointment, and some that merely bespeak the keener pangs of wounded pride founded on conscious merit.

Wilson, on the breaking out of the flames of the French Revolution, like many other ardent spirits, thought they were fires kindled by a light from heaven. He associated himself with the Friends of the People—most of whom soon proved themselves to be the Enemies of the Human Race. His biographer in Constable's *Miscellany*—unlike one or two others elsewhere—saw Wilson's conduct, in all things connected with "this passage in his life," in its true light. That gentleman does not calumniate the respectable townsmen of the misguided Poet—and a Poet he was—for bringing him to legal punishment for an unprincipled act (an attempt to extort money for the suppression of satire, or rather gross and false abuse of private character,) which he committed, at a time when his moral sense—in after time firm, clear, and pure—was weakened, disturbed, and darkened by dangerous dreams and delusions, which his own reason soon afterwards dispelled. "His conduct has given umbrage to those in bower, and he was marked as a dangerous character. In this condition, foiled in his efforts to acquire a poet's name; depressed by poverty; hated by those who had smarted beneath his lash; and suspected on account of his politics; it is not to be wondered at, that Wilson listened willingly to the flattering accounts regarding America, and speedily resolved to seek that abode of Utopian excellence." His determination was high-heated and heroic, for the means were so which enabled him to carry it into execution. "When he finally determined on emigration, he was not possessed of funds sufficient to pay his passage. In order to surmount that obstacle, he adopt-

ed a plan of extreme diligence at his loom, and rigid personal economy ; by which means he amassed the necessary sum. After living for a period of four months, at the rate of *one shilling per week*, he paid farewell visits to several of his most intimate friends, retraced some of his old favourite haunts, and bidding adieu to his native land, set out on foot for Port-Patrick,"—thence sailed to Belfast, and then embarked on board an American ship bound to Newcastle, in the State of Delaware, where he arrived on the 14th of July, 1794, "with no specific object, without a single letter of introduction, and with only a few shillings in his pocket." He had then just completed his twenty-eighth year.

For eight years, Wilson struggled on—now a copperplate-printer—now a weaver—now a pedlar—now a land-measurer—now a schoolmaster—and now of a composite occupation and nondescript. But he was never idle in mind nor body—always held fast his integrity ; and having some reason to think angrily—though we doubt not, lovingly—of Scotland—he persisted resolutely, if not in thinking, in speaking and writing highly of American life and character—also of "every kind of peaches, apples, walnuts, and wild grapes, not enclosed by high walls, nor guarded by traps and mastiffs." He adds. "When I see them sit down to a table, loaded with roasted and boiled, fruits of different kinds, and plenty of good cider, and this only the common fare of the common people, I think of my poor countrymen, and cannot help feeling so sorrowful at the contrast." These and other lamentations of his over the wretchedness of "cauld kail in Aberdeen and custocks in Strathbogie," have too much in them of bile and spleen ; nor does it appear that, with all his extraordinary talents, at the end of eight years, he was better off—or so well—in the New World as he would probably have been, with equally proper and prudent conduct, in the old. Philadelphia was not a kinder mother to him than Paisley had been—and in the land of liberty it appears that he had led the life of a slave. Man does not live by bread alone—and certainly not by peaches, apples, walnuts, and wild grapes—with plenty of good cider. There were enjoyments partaken of by the poor all over Scotland, during those eight years, which few or none knew better how to appreciate than this highly-gifted man, utterly unknown to the people of America ; nor, in the nature of things, could they have had existence. But Wilson in spite of his vainly-cherished dissatisfaction with the state of things in his native country, loved it tenderly, and tenderly did he love the friends there whom he never expected again to see ; for his heart, though it was not addicted to outward overflowings, was full of the holiest feelings and affections, and it was *deep*. Its depth sometimes seems sullen—but the time was near when it was to be revisited with sunshine, and to murmur music. In a letter to his father from Milestown, Philadelphia, August, 1798, he shews every disposition that best becomes a man. 'I should be very happy, dear parents, to hear from you, and how my brother

and sisters are. I hope David will be a good lad, and take his father's advice in every difficulty. If he does, I can tell him he will never repent it; if he does not, he may regret it bitterly with tears. This is the advice of a brother, with whom he has not yet had time to be much acquainted, but who loves him sincerely. I should wish, also, that he would endeavour to improve himself in some useful parts of learning, to read books of information and taste, without which a man, in any country, is but a cloot-pole; but, beyond every thing else, let him cherish the deepest gratitude to God, and affectionate respect for his parents. I have thought it my duty, David, to recommend these amiable virtues to you, because I am your brother, and very probably I may never see you. In the experience I have had among mankind, I can assure you that such conduct will secure you many friends, and support you under your misfortunes; for, if you live, you must meet with them—they are the lot of life."

During his residence at Milestown, it appears that he performed a journey on foot, in twenty-eight days, of nearly eight hundred miles, into the state of New York, for the purpose of visiting and assisting a family of relatives from Scotland.

In the year 1802, he became a teacher in a seminary in the township of Kingsep, near Gray's Ferry, on the river Schuylkill, a few miles from Philadelphia. Here he became acquainted with that excellent man and naturalist, William Bartram, and with Lawson the engraver, from whom he took lessons in drawing, and who afterwards greatly improved his delineations of his darling birds. Here, too, he became acquainted with the books on Natural History of Edwards and Catesby; nor do we believe that up to that time had he any knowledge of ornithological science. His poems, written before he left Scotland, do not, as far as we remember, discover any unusually strong symptoms of a passion for plumage; and probably he knew no more about the "Birds of Scotland," than what he had gathered from involuntary notices in his delight, when taking his evening walks on the Braes of Balwhidder, or among the woods of Crookstone, or when trudging with his pack among solitary places, where the linnet sang from the broom or brier thickets. It is true that he took a fowling-piece with him to America, and his very first act, as Mr. Hetherington says, on his arrival there, was shooting a red-headed woodpecker, on his way from Newcastle to Philadelphia. During an excursion, too, in the autumn of 1792, as a pedlar, through a considerable part of the state of New Jersey, he kept a Journal, in which there are notices of the principal natural productions, and sketches of the indigenous quadrupeds and birds. His passion for ornithology, soon as fairly awakened, rose up like a slumbering fire blown on by a strong wind; and, in 1802, when cheered and encouraged by Bartram, Lawson, and others, he began no doubt to indulge in day-dreams, which were soon nobly realized. At this period he appeared subject to deep despondency and depression; for his mind

was constantly working and brooding over dim and indefinite plans and systems for the future. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and he was wrestling with doubt, fear, and hope, and a strange host of phantoms, indicating to him the paths of his destined vocation.

Writing to a friend in Paisley, in June 1803, he says, "Close application to the duties of my profession, which I have followed since 1795, has deeply injured my constitution; the more so, that my rambling disposition was the worst calculated of any one's in the world for the austere regularity of a teacher's life. I have had many pursuits since I left Scotland—mathematics, the German language, music, drawing, and *I am now about making a collection of all our finest birds.*" And in a letter to Bartram, written about this time, he says finely, "I sometimes smile to think, that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandizement, in building towns and purchasing plantations, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money, without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works that are for ever pleasing. I have had live crows, hawks and owls; opossums, squirrels, snakes, lizards, &c. &c., so that my room has sometimes reminded me of Noah's ark; but Noah had a wife in one corner of it, and in this particular our parallel does not altogether tally. I receive every subject of natural history that is brought to me; and, thought they do not march into my ark from all quarters, as they did into that of our great ancestor, yet I find means, by the distribution of a few fivepenny *bits*, to make them find the way fast enough. A boy, not long ago, brought me a large basketful of crows. I expect his next load will be bull frogs, if I don't soon issue orders to the contrary. One of my boys caught a mouse in school, a few days ago, and directly marched up to me with his prisoner. I set about drawing it that same evening; and all the while the pantings of its little heart shewed it to be in the most extreme agonies of fear. I had intended to kill it, in order to fix it in the claws of a stuffed owl; but, happening to spill a few drops of water near where it was tied, it lapped it up with such eagerness, and looked in my face with such an eye of supplicating terror, as perfectly overcame me. I immediately untied it, and restored it to life and liberty. The agonies of a prisoner at the stake, while the fire and instruments of torment are preparing, could not be more severe than the sufferings of that poor mouse; and, insignificant as the object was, I felt at that moment the sweet sensations that mercy leaves on the mind when she triumphs over cruelty."

In 1804, accompanied by two friends, Wilson set out on a pedestrian journey to the Falls of Niagara; and having dropped them, (not the Falls,) after an absence of fifty-nine days, he returned

home, having with gun and baggage traversed nearly 1300 miles—to use his own words—“through trackless snows, and uninhabited forests—over stupendous mountains, and down dangerous rivers—passing over as great a variety of men and modes of living, as the same extent of country can exhibit in any part of North America. Though in this tour I have had every disadvantage of deep roads and rough weather—hurried marches and many other inconveniences to encounter,—yet so far am I from being satisfied with what I have seen, or discouraged by the fatigues which every traveller must submit to, that I feel more eager than ever to commence some more extensive expedition, where scenes and subjects, entirely new and generally unknown, might reward my curiosity; and where perhaps, my humble acquisitions might add something to the stores of knowledge. For all the hazards and privations incident to such an undertaking, I feel confident in my own spirit and resolution. With no family to enchain my affections; no ties but those of friendship; with the most ardent love to my adopted country; with a constitution which hardens amidst fatigues; and with a disposition sociable and open, which can find itself at home by an Indian fire in the depth of the woods, as well as in the best apartment of the civilized; for these, and some other reasons that invite me away, I am determined to become a traveller. But I am miserably deficient in many acquirements absolutely necessary for such a character. Botany, mineralogy, and drawing, I most ardently wish to be instructed in. Can I yet make any progress in botany, sufficient to enable me to be useful? and what would be the most proper way to proceed? I have many leisure moments that should be devoted to this pursuit, provided I could have hopes of succeeding. Your opinion on this subject will confer an additional obligation on your affectionate friend.”

In the spring of 1805, he had made many drawings of the birds to be found in Pennsylvania, and endeavoured to acquire the art of etching under the instructions of Mr. Lawson, but with no very distinguished success. He had planned his great work, “*American Ornithology* ;” and was anxious that Mr. Lawson should engage in it as a joint concern; but on his declining to do so, Wilson declared with solemn emphasis, his unalterable resolution to proceed alone in the undertaking, if it should cost him his life. “I shall at least leave a small beacon to point out where I perished.” He now became Editor of an edition of Rees’s *New Cyclopædia*, published by Mr. Bradford, bookseller in Philadelphia, and relinquished the life of a schoolmaster. He proceeded with vast energy in his great work—his fame had already waxed great—and now Wilson must have enjoyed happiness. In 1807, he made a pedestrian excursion through part of Pennsylvania, collecting new specimens, and procuring additional information. And in September 1803, the first volume of the *American Ornithology* made its appearance.

“When,” quoth his American biographer, “the superb volume

was presented to the public, their delight was equalled only by their astonishment, that America, as yet in its infancy, should produce an original work in science, which could vie in its essentials with the proudest productions of a similar nature of the European world." All that is very fine. But it appears that to a letter written by Wilson in 1806, about his proposed work, and other schemes, to Jefferson, the President, no answer was returned; and in giving existence to this great work, Wilson says, "I have expended all I have been saving since my arrival in America. Whether I shall be able to realize a fortune by this publication, or receive first costs, or suffer the sacrifice of my little all, is doubtful." He speaks with pride, in a letter to his father, "of the favourable reception he met with among many of the first characters in the United States;" but we cannot see on what ground his American biographer chuckles over the notion that his country, "yet in its infancy," produced a work which struck the Transatlantic public and republic with equal delight and astonishment. Wilson, a Scotch weaver and packman, produced the said work—America produced but the birds—and for having done so we give her all due credit. But we must not forget that Paisley, not Philadelphia, produced Wilson.

The first volume of the Ornithology having been produced by hook and crook, we leave you to judge whether by Wilson or by America, pray did the New World with a maternal eye regard her offspring? Did she crouch to behold the bantling, suckle it at her own breast, or nurse as bounteous as Cybele? We are sorry to say that she did not; she could in an honest underhand way to commit infanticide. She adopted starvation, cold, and neglect, as the means of murder—but the vigorous offspring of the heart and brain of a Paisley weaver outlived the withering treatment—and as it is only in infancy that such creatures ever die—she is now immortal. In Sept, 1808, Wilson journeyed eastward—and during winter he visited the southern states, exhibiting his book, and trying to procure subscribers. He was almost every where discountenanced, or sneered at, or frowned upon; but not

"Chill Penury repress'd his noble rage,
Nor froze the genial current of his soul."

The man who had lived so long in his native town on a shilling a-week, that he might raise the means of emigrating to America when without any specific purpose at all, was not likely to faint or fail now that he knew he was on the path of glory. "Whatever be the result of these matters," said he, "I will not sit down with folded hands, whilst any thing can be done to carry my point, since God helps them who help themselves." He more than suspected that he "had been mistaken in publishing a book too good for the country." But though we cannot but smile at the silly boast of Wilson's American biographer, we have no wish to blame America for her behaviour to her adopted citizen. It deserves neither praise nor blame. It was natural, and perhaps inevitable

behaviour, in such a personage as she who still rejoices in the strong name—United States. She had something else to do—we need not be more explicit—than to delight in Ornithology. It must have appeared to her very absurd, all this bustle about birds.

“I am fixing correspondents,” saith Wilson, “in every corner of these northern regions, like so many pickets and outposts; so that scarcely a wren or tit shall be able to pass along from York to Canada but I shall get intelligence of it.” The man must have seemed crazy; and then, *dollars were dollars*. Literary patronage depends entirely on the state of the currency. But let it depend on what it may, Europe is as bad as America, and worse, in her neglect of genius—and no country in Europe so bad as England. She has given stones to a greater number of men who asked for bread, than any other corn-growing country extant—and yet, with Bloomfield’s death at her door but yesterday, she blusters about Scotland’s usage of Burns, who has been dead half a century. That poor Scotland should strave her poets to death, is more her misfortune than her sin. For of a country “where half-starv’d spiders feed on half starv’d flies,” where nothing edible in the shape of animal food is to be found, but sheep’s heads singed in smithies, who but a big blustering Englishman, with his paunch with fat capon lined, and bacon, and all manner of grease, would abuse the Noblemen and Gentlemen for having allowed the Devil to run away with an Exciseman?

Wilson, walking with his book under his arm, was justly one of the proudest of men in New York, the Professors of Columbia college “expressed much esteem for his performance.” What could they do more? At Hartford, the publisher of a newspaper “expressed the highest admiration of it”—was not that nuts? Wilson crack’d them, and eat the kernels; but says, with a sly simplicity, “this is a species of currency that will neither purchase plates nor pay the printer; but, nevertheless, it is gratifying to the vanity of an author, when nothing better can be got.” Having gone as far east as Portland, in Maine, where he had an opportunity of seeing and conversing with people from the remotest boundaries of the United States, and received much information from them with regard to the birds that frequent those northern regions, he directed from Portland his way across the country, “among dreary savage glens, and mountains covered with pines and hemlocks, amid whose black and half-burnt trunks, and the everlasting rocks and stones, this country ‘grinned horribly’”—till 150 miles brought him to Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, on the Vermont line, where “he paid his addresses to the Fathers of Literature, and met with a kind and obliging reception. Dr Wheelock, the President, made him eat at his table; and the Professors vied with each other to oblige him”—as all Professors ought to do toward all good men and ornithologists. In Annapolis he passed his Book through both houses of the legislature; where, quoth he, “the wise men of Maryland stared and gaped, from bench to

bench ; but never having heard of such a thing as 120 dollars for a book ; the eyes for subscribing were none ; and so it was unanimously determined in the negative."

Through North Carolina Wilson pursued cheerily his unaccompanied way, and found multitudes of Birds that never winter in Pennsylvania. He speaks with a stern and sullen delight—as well he might—of its immense solitary pine savannahs—through which the road winds among stagnant ponds, swarming with alligators—dark, sluggish creeks, of the colour of brandy, over which are thrown high wooden bridges without railings, and so crazed and rotten as not only to alarm one's horse, but also the rider, and to make it a matter of thanksgiving to both when they get fairly over, without going through ; enormous cypress swamps, which, to a stranger, have a striking, desolate, and ruinous appearance. He desires the friend to whom he is writing to picture to himself a forest of prodigious trees, rising thick as they can grow from a vast, flat, and impenetrable morass, covered for ten feet from the ground with reeds. The leafless limbs of the cypresses are covered with an extraordinary kind of moss from two to ten feet long, in such quantities, that fifty men might conceal themselves in one tree. Nothing, he says, struck him with such surprise, as the prospect of several thousand acres of such timber, loaded, as it were, with many million tons of tow waving in the wind. Through solitary pine savannahs and cypress swamps, the enthusiastic Ornithologist thus journeyed on, sometimes thirty miles without seeing a hut or a human being ; but on one occasion he found himself all at once in not only civilized, but elegant society. "The company consisted of 237 carrion crowns (*vultur atratus*), five or six dogs, and myself, though I only kept order, and left the eating part entirely to others. I sat so near the dead horse, that my feet touched his ; and yet, at one time, I counted 39 vultures on and within him, so that hardly an inch of his flesh could be seen for them."

In January, 1810, was published his second volume, and Wilson immediately set out for Pittsburg, on his route to New Orleans. From Pittsburg he descended the Ohio by himself in a skiff—his stock of provisions consisting of some biscuit and cheese, and a bottle of cordial—his gun, trunk, and greatcoat, occupied one end of the boat—he had a small tin to bale her, and to take his beverage from the stream. "I launched into the stream, and soon winded away among the hills that everywhere enclose this noble river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror, except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface, and which required some care to steer clear of ; but these, to my surprise, in less than a day's sailing totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surrounded me ; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red bird on the banks as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery, as it receded, with

increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere doghouses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than three or four miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and enclosing a river half a mile wide, which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and leaves a rich, forest-clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio. The banks of these rich flats are from twenty to sixty and eighty feet high; and even these last were within a few feet of being overflowed in December, 1808. I now stripped with alacrity to my new avocation. The current went about two and a half miles an hour, and I added about three and a half miles more to the boat's way with my oars.

"I rowed twenty odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well. About an hour after night, I put up at a miserable cabin, fifty-two miles from Pittsburg, where I slept on what I supposed to be corn stalks, or something worse; so, preferring the smooth bosom of the Ohio to this brush heap, I got up long before day, and, being under no apprehension of losing my way, I again pushed out into the stream. The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade; but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, or lines, was charmingly reflected in the smooth glassy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing by the crowing of cocks, and now and then, in more solitary places, the big-horned owl made a most hideous hollowing, that echoed among the mountains. In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships all day, and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail, and snow—for it froze severely almost every night—I persevered, from the 24th of February to Sunday evening, March 17, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear Grass Creek, at the rapids of the Ohio, after a voyage of seven hundred and twenty miles. My hands suffered the most; and it will be some weeks yet before they recover their former feeling and flexibility. It would be the task of a month to detail all the particulars of my numerous excursions in every direction from the river." This is but a short specimen of this journal. Read the whole, if you would know Wilson.

Pass we on to the year 1812. He was, in it, elected a member of the American Philosophical Society; and in 1813 he had completed the literary materials of the eighth volume of his work. "He now enjoyed," Mr Hetherington says well, "the satisfaction of knowing that his labours had not been vain, and that the value of his work was generally appreciated; for although emanating from a republican country, there was at this period not a crowned head in Europe who had not become a subscriber to the

American Ornithology." But the end of his career was at hand. His constitution had been shook and undermined by much bodily fatigue and many mental anxieties. His genius had "o'er-informed its tenement of clay." The dysentery—which had attacked him on his skiff-voyage down the Ohio, and which he had then vanquished by a wild-strawberry diet, at the advice of a wild Indian physician—returned to the charge—and under the assault, Alexander Wilson, the Paisley Poet, and American Ornithologist having "given the world assurance of a man"—laid down his head and died—on the 23d of August, 1813, in the 48th year of his age.

Such is a slight sketch indeed of the life of this extraordinary and highly-gifted man—Wilson, the American Ornithologist, as he is, and will continue to be called, *par eminence*.

"To-morrow for fresh fields and pastures new,"

was the inspiring feeling with which, on all journeys, he lay down every night in the wilderness. For "fields and pastures" though they too abound in the New World—substitute swamps and forests. He was a man of genius—and Nature and Scotland had given him an undaunted heart. The Birdery of North America, it may be said, belonged to him who first in their native haunts devoted his prime of life to the study of all their kinds, and who died for Ornithology's sake."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

FAREWELL. BY A SOLDIER'S CHILD.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

MUST it be so? must I depart
 From thee and thine, lov'd Scotia's shore?
 The breathings of a grateful heart
 Will linger here—tho' they be poor.
 Ye kindly friends whom I must leave,
 Long will your cherished memory dwell
 Within this bosom, tho' it heave
 With sighs, while breathing forth farewell!

Earewell, each lovely scene, the gales—
 Ere this be read—will bear us far,
 From Scotia's verdant hills and vales,
 In mother Britain's wood-wall car.
 Yet long we linger o'er that flood,
 Nor wish to go, nor dare to stay,
 But we must part with mountain, wood,
 And thou belov'd Chebucto Bay!

Farewell ye happy summer bowers,
 In garden and in fragrant grove,
 Where days have sped as they were hours,
 Midst friends whom all that know must love.
 And Nova Scotia's winter sports
 I also leave with fond regret;

There every season has resorts—
And charms I never can forget.

The patrons of my muse ! kind men
Shall I pass by nor bid adieu ?—
Oh ! no—and thou who guid'st my pen,
Grant that their patrons be not few ;
Aid thou their honest hearts, and still
Their efforts to thy cause increase ;
To show to all that us thy will
That all should gain eternal peace !

Pain would I humbly ask thy aid
Still on their pages to appear ;
But—to thy will I bow my head,
Tho' mov'd from what I hold so dear.
With gratitude my heart doth swell
Kind patrons of my muse !—farewell !

SARAH.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S.

Those evening bells—those evening bells !”

THERE is a delight which those only can appreciate who have felt it, in recalling to one's mind when cast by fortune upon a strange soil and among strangers, the sights and sounds which were familiar to one's infant days. It is pleasant too, though perhaps, like the praise of one's own friend, rather obtusive, to snatch those memories from their rest and give them to other ears,—to tinge them with an interest, and bid them live again. When we perceive, likewise, that places and circumstances of real beauty and curiosity remain neglected and unknown for want of “some tongue to give their worthiness a voice,” there is a gratification to our human pride in the effort to procure them, even for a space,

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And rasure of oblivion.

The city of Limerick, though surrounded by some very tolerable demesnes, is sadly deficient in one respect, not an unimportant one in any large town. There is no public walk of any consequence immediately adjoining it. The canal which leads to Dublin is bleak, from its want of trees ; unhealthy, from the low marshy champaign which lies on either side its banks. This, however, for want of something better, was for a considerable time the fashionable *promenade*, until the formation of the Military Walk on the western side ; to which the beauties of Limerick—have given *among themselves*, the witty appellation of the *path to promotion*.

But at the head of this canal, where it divides itself into two branches, which, gradually widening and throwing off their artificial appearance, form a glittering circlet around a small is-

and which is covered with water shrubs—on this spot, I have delightedly reposed in many a sweet sunset,—when I loved to seek a glimpse of inspiration in such scenes—to imitate Moore's poetry—and throw rhymes together, about the rills and ill-streams and beams, and even and heaven, and fancy I was a genius!—" 'Tis gone—'tis gone!" as old Capulet says.

But let us recall it for a moment. Have the complaisance to indulge me in a day-dream, and fancy if you can, that you sit beside me on the bank. We are beyond the hearing of the turmoil and bustle of the town—"the city's voice itself is soft—like solitude's"—and there is a hush around us that is delightful—the beautiful repose of the evening. The sun, that but a few minutes since rushed down the west with the speed of the wandering star, pauses ere he shall set upon the very verge of the horizon, and smiles upon his own handiwork—the creation of his fostering fervour.—Hark! one sound alone reaches us here; and how grand and solemn and harmonious in its monotony! These are the great bells of St. Mary's. Their deep toned vibrations undulate so as to produce a sensible effect on the air around us. The peculiar fineness of the sound has been often remarked; but there is an old story connected with their history, which whenever I hear them ring out over the silent city, gives a something more than harmony to the peal. I shall merely say, that what I am about to relate is told as a real occurrence, and I consider it so touchingly poetical in itself,—that I shall not dare to supply a fictitious name and fictitious circumstances where I have been unable to procure the actual ones.

They were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name the tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years, and he prided himself upon his work. They were consequently purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent; and with the profits of this sale, the Young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness. This however was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent in which the bells, the chef-d'œuvre of his skill, were hung, was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land. The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed a resolution of seeking the place to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland—proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the Pool, near Limerick, and he hired a small boat

for the purpose of landing. The city was now before him ; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turretted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sat in the stern and looked fondly toward it. It was an evening so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year--the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition. On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the Cathedral--the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat ; home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family--all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned toward the Cathedral, but his eyes were closed, and when they landed--they found him cold !

Such are the associations which the ringing of St. Mary's bells bring to my recollection. I do not know how I can better conclude this letter than with the little Melody, of which I have given the line above. It is a good specimen of the peculiar tingling melody of the author's poetry--a quality in which he never has been equalled in his own language, nor exceeded in any other ; although, like a great many more of his productions, it has very little merit besides--Why ! you can almost fancy you hear them ringing !--

Those evening bells--those evening bells--
How many a tale their music tells !
Of youth and home and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime !

Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay--
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on--
When other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise--sweet evening bells :

LODGINGS IN THE STRAND.

WHAT a charming place this London is for high heads and low pockets, for a man whose pride and whose pence preserve an inverse ratio to each other ! Talk of the declension of the drama, the degeneracy of acting--it is all "*vox et præterea nihil*"--there are more livelihoods gained by histrionic representations at the present day in London than there ever were. It is not necessa-

ry for an actor of genius to confine his exertions within the walls, or to the boards of this or that edifice dedicated to scenic illusions ; it may not be polite for many to have their names exhibited in relation to their calling in a play-bill. that the world may recognize them as disciples of Thalia or Melpomene ; or never to follow their art, but in the sock or buskin, its types and badges, no ! be the world the great stage on which their " exits and their entrances" are made, and let their " little hour" be swelled to the duration of a life. There is then no manager, decked with a little brief authority, to come between them and the public—no partial critics to write down their merits—no capricious audience to conciliate ; no one sees the exertions they make, and therefore it is in no one's power to interfere with them. How many dislike the society of an actor, merely because he is an actor, although probably a very amiable man ! " We wish," say they, " for no collision with such characters—they are very well in their way—that is to hear and see ; but who would think of admitting, as intimates, professed dissimulators, and therefore dangerous associates ? Can we expect that there is one ingenuous sentiment remaining within those whose whole study is imitation, whose highest ambition is to be transformed into fac-similes of others ?" Should this poor wight profess a warm and generous friendship in real life, there are twenty to exclaim, " How natural—but recollect what an excellent Pierre or Antonio he makes !" Should he come as a sympathizer in misfortune—" Capital ! Iago to the life !" A lover—Romeo, Icilius, *et hoc genus omne* ;—in all, he only gains credit for playing a part, and his success is adequate to what it would be " in his proper sphere." How different is his case who preserves all the paraphernalia of stage trickery within himself, who is obliged to no sensible helps, and can, on occasion, alone " play many parts," or even press some of his audience into his dramatic corps, without their being privy to the capacity they fill. Such is the actor of real merit, and in London there are many such.

I am one of them—start not, reader, I am not going to act upon you, at least not to your disadvantage, I hope. I have an extensive circle of acquaintances : a large connexion being a primary requisite in all professions, but an indispensable one in mine. I have my breakfast acquaintances, my dinner acquaintances, and my supper acquaintances ; these compose my gallery, box, and pit audience. In the first class are young men in chambers and lodgings, literary persons, whose finances have not reached the matrimonial degree ; and even, in the session, some members of parliament, come to town without their wives. The ladies are seldom included in my matin speculations, however, they enter largely into the next class ; that is composed of mothers, who love shopping and a cicisbeo, misses whose sway at home extends to an invitation for dinner, brothers ditto, bon-vivants who need a boon companion, and authors aspiring only to fame, delighted to secure

an after-dinner victim to their lucubrations; this is by far the most numerous class, and, as is proper, is my staple resource. The third and last is more heterogeneous and undetermined; being made up, for the most part, of the other two, with a few stragglers, peculiarly its own—such as tavern friends, street acquaintances accidentally encountered, and three or four old maids, who, by a supper, reward the exertions of a novel-reader, when his throat refuses to squeak forth a line more after five or six hours' uninterrupted duty. This *tiers etat* completes the list.

But the reader, if he knows me, will say, "how did you contrive to get into so much, and such good company? You have no means of returning all those breakfasts, dinners, and suppers?" True, but there lies the secret; I have lodgings in one of the best houses in the *Strand*—witness my inviting ticket; and who knows that I *may* not one day entertain. Look at the mansion I inhabit; the first floor of it lets for four guineas a week, and *perhaps* I am the occupant. Is not my popularity accounted for? Add to these presumptive attractions, the evident ones of exterior and manners; my *outside* is unobjectionable, thanks also to my "creditable" residence; and, from my conversation, it is very evident that I am neighbour to King Charles, who bestrides the "high horse" at our end of "the Strand," and this, believe me, goes a great way. In these facts simply, lies the mystery.

But the course of good fortune never did, for a continuance, run smooth. A storm, some time ago, impended over me, that I foresaw not in proper time to avert; although appearances, for one entire fortnight loudly proclaimed it. These were attentions the most marked from all my friends, who seemed simultaneously affected with a violent attachment to my person and society. Among those of the first class, I became, *tout-a-coup*, a "clever good-hearted fellow," "my worthy friend," and "the best creature in the world." Half-a-dozen breakfasts a morning I usually had on my hands, and had eggs been chickens, Professor Malthus might have "grinned a ghastly smile" of satisfaction, to view the Saturnean feats I was compelled to perform. But it was in the second class that I had the most overpowering tokens of affection to encounter; nothing could be done without "dear Mr.—'s" advice and co-operation.—"Mamma was so angry that Mr.—did not dine with them yesterday."—"Emily, Fanny, Jane, and Polly were at *au desespoir* last evening, not to have their favourite Mr.—among them." "Major Bottleblossom vented his spleen upon the claret and Madeira, in the absence of his friend Mr.—." In fact, so warm had the young ladies become in their attentions, and so well-favoured did I appear in the sight of those in authority over them, that I began, for the first time in my life, to entertain serious notions of matrimony. It was evident that I had only to throw the handkerchief to secure my sultana among a hundred eager candidates for the distinction; there were the five Misses Bottleblossoms, daughters of the gallant Major before mentioned;

the three Misses Slashemall, an eminent surgeon's lovely brood ; the pretty Fanny Syllabub ; the four honourable Misses Rustaway ; the three extraordinary Misses Cockletip ; my literary friend Mademoiselle Aubiforn, who had about six months previous come

“ O'er the deep waters of the dark blue sea,”

on a visit to my two singing friends, the clear-throated Misses Huskison, Shall I forget the beautiful Sally Whimple ? when I do, I must forget excellence of all kinds. These do not form a sixth of my list, but they are the most prominent, as being most capable of supporting the dignity of my “ lodgings in the Strand.” And now the difficulty was to decide : the last-mentioned was my favourite, but the five first had each some thousands of arguments in her favour more than any of the others ; they had obtained ‘golden opinions’ from many persons, and, as a philosopher, I felt bound to distinguish sterling merit, even though it presented itself under an unfavourable aspect. Three nights, on my return to my lodgings, did I sit for four hours inwardly debating this knotty question. The competition now lay exclusively between Angelica Celestina Bottleblossom, the youngest of the five—for six years aged five-and-twenty—and the fascinating Sally, scarcely seventeen. On the fourth night I had something else to think of.

“ Well girls,” said Major Bottleblossom, entering the breakfast-room, where Mrs. B. and the five *buds* were assembled, with a newspaper in his hand, “ his Majesty has accepted the invitation to the civic dinner on the 9th.”

“ Gracious me, has he ?” ejaculated Mrs. B., Miss Dorothea Matilda, Miss Susanna Augusta, Miss Julia Honoria, Miss Georgiana Monimia, and Miss Angelica Celestina, in a breath. “ How delightful !” said Mrs. B. “ How charming !” followed Dorothea. “ How pleasant !” succeeded Susannah. “ How gratifying !” lisped Julia. “ How agreeable !” sighed Georgianna.

“ How fortunate we are,” exclaimed Angelica, “ in being acquainted with Mr.——, who ‘ has lodgings in the Strand !’ ”

How unfortunate was it for poor Mr.——, how unlucky for him, that the King had consented to dine in the City ! I was now beset on all sides ; not only the three classes co-operated in worrying me to death, to obtain accommodation at my “ lodgings” for themselves to view the show, but their relations’ and acquaintances’ sons and daughters, thrust their recognitions and familiarities upon me by dozens—invariably followed by a request to “ let them stand any where, just to have a peep at the procession.” Large as my acquaintance necessarily was, I had no idea that I possessed such an overwhelming assortment of friends ; they seemed to start up at every corner of the street, and the cards left at my “ lodgings in the Strand,” were incalculable. Of those who considered themselves entitled to precedence on this, to me melancholy, occasion, the number was somewhat above two hundred ; these I could not refuse. To each, individually, I was under obli-

gations, and they all expected a return now that, as they considered, I had it in my power to make one.

But what was the real state of the case? My "lodgings in the Strand" consisted of one miserable attic, ten feet by seven, illuminated only (when I was not there myself) by a single window, two feet wide; this latter looked out on the parapet, which indeed commanded a view of the Strand, but my share of which would scarcely accommodate ten persons, with all the ingenuity I could use in their behalf. Add to this, that the favoured ten, when they had succeeded in attaining their dizzy station, would find themselves in very unusual company—the friends of my next room neighbour, one of Warren's blacking-stirrers, who possessed similar advantages with me, and consequently was entitled to half the parapet. But, independent of this respectable collision, what was I to do with the remainder of the visitors that I calculated upon—between three and four hundred persons? There were but 146 thrust into the Black Hole at Calcutta, and 123 of them perished in a few hours; how then should I cram more than double that number into the still small space of my attic apartment?

Oh! the days and nights I spent revolving my desperate situation!—no courage had I to explain to a single individual the cause of the utter prostration of mental and bodily energy I exhibited, and which was becoming every day more apparent. I still moved among them, but my identity was scarcely discoverable; my cheeks grew lank and colourless, my eyes sunken and glazy, my figure attenuated, and my dress comparatively neglected—I strove to laugh, but the attempt was hysterical—I listened to the joyful anticipations of young and old, all directed towards the gratifications I was to afford them, I saw new dresses, shawls, caps, &c., arrive to each of my female acquaintances, and I was told they were intended to grace my windows. The prudent portion of my intended visitors requested me not to put myself to any extraordinary trouble for their reception; "a few cold fowls and some wine," said they, "laid in a back room, will be quite sufficient."—"How delightful a little dance would be after the show!" whispered pretty Fanny Syllabub, "if it was only to the piano; I dare say Mr.—has got one?" "Oh!" responded Angelica Celestina, "I know he has, for he told me he sometimes amuses himself, learning to play on it." Thus, another thorn was added by the thoughtless fair ones to those which were already stinging me to death; they determined on having a dance, and I—*cur non omnia?* assented. A miracle, thought I, can only save me now!

The first week of the awful month I passed in a sort of desperate resignation to the certain fate I saw gradually approaching. I made no preparations. All the under part of the house, I understood, was to be thronged—no hope, therefore, remained in that quarter; and, although to bribe my next-neighbour for a loan of his apartment I had every wish, alas! my coffers held my inclination in bondage. Sunday the 7th, dawned. "Well," said I

to myself, "if I can't show fair play, let me exhibit a 'clear stage,' at all events;" saying which I jumped from my sleepless couch, and immediately laid about me with a vigour which astonished myself. "In the twinkling of a bed-post" I knocked *four* of them from their perpendicular on the floor, and in a few minutes had thrust the whole sleeping paraphernalia from the room; then I seized hold of two crazy chairs, and excluded them likewise; a table shared the same fate, and in short, a complete vacuum was in half an hour obtained. The window was now wrenched from its moorings, and a strict survey made of the territory I could command: this, as I before stated, was certainly capable of accommodating about ten persons, and these I determined should be the Bottleblossoms and the Whimples, who would thus complete the number.—Fate might dispose of the rest. All that day I laboured intensely to render this eyrie tenable, and the entrance to it somewhat less hazardous. The apartment itself, too, by wheedling my gruff landlady, I got into some sort of receptionable order, and, by two or three personal sacrifices, I contrived to furnish my table with a pair of tolerable looking decanters of wine, and a cold roast goose. Altogether, towards evening, the thing did not present a very bad appearance, and I contemplated it with feelings much relieved. The subsequent day I determined to spend entirely among my friends, that it might not appear that I was obliged to be personally concerned in the arrangements for their reception at my "lodgings in the Strand;" besides that, I might afterwards throw much of the onus of the disappointment which awaited them, on my landlady and her servants, who, of course, were to take advantage of my absence, &c. &c. That night I spe... with the Bottleblossoms, and made desperate advances to Angelica Celestina. I thought her eyes betrayed a particular interest for me, as they rested on my haggard countenance; and I boldly asserted that love was consuming me, I hesitated not to assign it as the cause of my altered appearance: this made no little impression on her, and as, towards the close of our conference, her voice assumed a tone of tenderness, testifying that love's relative was pleading my suit, I scarcely two or three times restrained myself from making a frank avowal of my real circumstances, and throwing myself on her compassion and indulgence. I forbore, for the present, but resolving to reconsider the step against the morrow, and then act decisively one way or the other. At parting for the night, the Major made me promise to breakfast with them in the morning.

Monday the 8th.—"I will pour my sorrows," said I, as I strolled towards the Major's, "into the gentle bosom of my Angelica; this day is the last of my reign, unless by some bold stroke I secure a retreat from the ills that environ me; with Angelica's assistance I may brave them all—why should I hesitate?—nothing else now can save me." Musing thus, and thus determined to make the awful confession, I entered the Major's library: "Good morning, Mr. ——, sad news for us all," whispered he, laying

down the newspaper he had been reading, "the King won't join the procession to-morrow, after all." I felt my heart literally leap within me—I seized the blessed journal in a transport of delight—(I shall continue to take that paper as long as I live!) 'twas true! Oh! who would not envy me my feelings, if I could describe them!—I was emancipated from a living death. Grumble on, good citizens, I join you; but, pleased as your Englishman proverbially is with the privilege and enjoyment of grumbling, few there are, I ween, who feel more satisfaction in the performance of this national anthem than a certain "lodger in the Strand."

Regardless of the gloom that quickly overspread the sensitive Angelica Celestina's fair visage, reflected from half a dozen others round the breakfast table, I positively smiled—in my sleeve; while I never ceased all day, nor indeed have I yet ceased talking loudly of "provoking disappointment,"—"great preparations," "insufferable Sir Claudius"—and "unfeeling ministers," though as far as these last are concerned, I cannot help thinking them, in this particular instance, the wisest that ever took office; and out of pure gratitude, and upon the principle that flowers were strewed by some unknown hand upon the tomb of Nero, I shed several very watery-like looking tears when they resigned.

By the by, as I understand his Majesty will honour the "good citizens," although he has put it off, at least once, since the above occurrence, whenever the happy day is positively ascertained, I shall be delighted to give up the eligible apartment mentioned above, in favour of any lady or gentleman ambitious of obtaining "lodgings in the Strand."

DIRGE.

By Christopher North, Esq.

"THE moon was awaning,
The tempest was over;
Fair was the maiden,
And fond was the lover;
But the snow was so deep,
That his heart it grew weary,
And he sunk down to sleep,
In the moorland so dreary.

"Soft was the bed
She had made for her lover,
White were the sheets,
And embroidered the cover;
But his sheets are more white,
And his canopy graader,
And sounder he sleeps
Where the hill-foxes wander,

“ Alas, pretty maiden,
 What sorrows attend you !
 I see you sit shivering,
 With light at your window ;
 But long may you wait
 Ere your arms shall enclose him.
 For still, still he lies,
 With a wreath on his bosom !

“ How painful the task,
 The sad tidings to tell you !—
 An orphan you were,
 Ere this misery befel you ;
 And far in yon wild,
 Where the dead-tapers hover,
 So cold, cold and wan,
 Lies the corpse of your lover !”

CHANCELLOR BROUGHAM: A TORY SKETCH.

North. I remember the last time I met poor Canning, where he and I have spent so many happy days together, on the Queen of the Lakes, he spoke of Lord Palmerston in terms of considerable warmth. I think the expression was, “ If I could only shake this puppy’s luxurious habits, he might make a fair second-rater.” George was always fond of nautical allusions. I shall never forget the bitterness with which, talking of Brougham on the same occasion, he called him “ that d——d four-decker of theirs.”

Tickler. How little did he think in those days that four-decker should ever call himself Admiral !

North. Aye, or live to see so many of the old fleet following her, with the tricolour at the mast-head !

North. I think you said you were present the night of the Dissolution.

Tickler. I was, and Lord Mansfield, in his robes, thundering *aperto ore*, while this precious Premier and his colleagues sat quaking before him, presented, to my mind, a spectacle than which *Quousque tandem* could never have been more grand, imposing, sublime. The triumph of sincerity over craft, of patriotism over self-seeking, of pride over presumption, and, I will add, of genius over charlatanerie, was never more complete. The hand that drew Paul preaching at Athens might have found a study in that scene.

North. How did Brougham look ?

Tickler. As pale as death, and as sulky as the devil, to be sure. But we must not mix him up with the Shallows. Well, it did me good to hear his voice again—’tis at this hour the same that we remember—Auld Edimbræ in every tone, as perfect as “ Caller baddies !” —But, my eye ! he makes a rum-looking Lord Chancellor !

North. Did ye forgather in private ?

Tickler. Several times—once at Lord Eldon's, and another day a regular jollification, at the Beefsteaks, besides sundry routs and soires of all sorts. He was always delightful, quite the old man, full of mirth, and good-humour, quizzing Reform and Useful Knowledge, and Jeremy and Lord Johnny, and all the rest of the stuff of the day.

North. Aye, aye.—I always said he would come to something. It seems but yesterday that I was first introduced to him at old Davie Willison's, when he was trotting about the printing-office, with the first proof-sheets of the Edinburgh Review !

Tickler. Clever fellows had much reason to complain of the old system, no question.

North. We shall see what he makes of it—'tis a pretty mess ; and if somehow or other he do not help us after all, I don't very well see how we are ever to get out of it. Heaven only knows what his real feelings and views may be.

Tickler. Aae—but that he has either love, or respect for any of his present accomplices, is what I shall not be in a hurry to believe. He always disliked and despised Lambton—and Grey, down to the last hour of extremest unavoidable necessity, did every thing he could to merit his abhorrence—he must have known as well as I, how the pokerly old impostor talked of his speeches in Yorkshire only this time twelvemonth—but, indeed, the whole affair, first and last, was transparent. Lord “ Silver Po ” has been his butt these twenty years. Goderich, Palmerston, Grant, and Melbourne, were the old enemies of one who has too much sense to be of a forgiving disposition. Grahame is a blown bladder—Althorpe a dult unredeemed—and I don't suppose the scribe of Don Carlos can be considered with very reverential feelings by the reviewer of *The Excursion*.

North. He is playing, no doubt, his own game, and we shall see how it turns up.

Tickler. For my part, if we were to choose a President, he should have my vote sooner than any of the bunch.

North. Lord Harry has more brains, I admit, than all the others put together.

Tickler. And then he is the only one in the set that has none of the stiff, idiotic trash of official dignity about him. I can tolerate any thing rather than that sort of gammon, for my part—but 'tis one of the old vices of the Whigs—and perhaps not the least of them.

North. But how long, after all, will Brougham's new style of Jobation be tolerated among these goodnatured nobles of ours ? Surely, surely, the blacking-man in the Commons is a mere flea-bite to the effect of *him* in that china shop !

Tickler. No question of that—Plunkett did something to break the ice ; but he has indeed introduced to their lordships' personal consideration, in the most ample manner, a scope and capaci-

ty of rhetoric as unlike what they had ever been used to before, as the boundings of the bolero are to the skimmifications of the quadrille. The worst of it is, that after all, neither talent nor pluck of the very first order are requisite to enable a man to make a pretty fairish display in that line; if he can but once bring himself to try it—and example is catching, and some day or other the joke may really be taken up in earnest—and as my noble and *ci-devant* learned comptotator on the woolsack may perhaps be aware, his past life, and even some parts of his conduct and procedure in his present high capacity, might be turned to tolerable account, in hands neither quite so nervous as his own, nor quite so nimble as poor Canning's.

North. I agree with you in entertaining a sincere admiration for Brougham's abilities; and though I have never had much intercourse with him in private life, can well understand your having a sort of liking for him too, but somehow, "it does so happen," as Canning used to say,—it does so happen, that I never think of his history and position, without feeling a sort of cloud come over my mind's eye. Depend upon it, that's not a man destined to end smoothly. He can't stop where he is, and whether he's to soar or to sink the deponent knoweth not.

Tickler. Castlereagh went mad, and died miserably—Canning touched the verge of madness, and the cord snapped. He is tasking both intellect and temper to a pitch far beyond either of them.

North. It were time he should reflect!

Tickler. Yes, truly. Here he is administering, at an hour's notice, the highest judicial office in the world, with just as much knowledge of equity law as a very clever man may be expected to have picked up insensibly, fortuitously, indistinctly, and in short worthlessly, of the proper business of a most difficult profession *toto calo* different from his own.

North. As much, for example, as John Hope may know of lithotomy, or Dr Abercromby of Craig *De Feudis*.

Tickler. Even so, and this in the presence of a bar grown grey at the feet of time-honoured John of Newcastle.

North. Why, when one reflects on the hundred and forty millions of property actually depending on the knowledge, judgment, dilligence, and patience of the Chancellor of England, several things that have happened in our day are almost enough to make a poor simple body start.

Tickler. Then there is the cockpit, where the decisions of all the courts of Hindoo law, and Persian law, and Ciogalese, and Malay, and Dutch, and Spanish law, and the old French law, and Code Napoleon law, and the Danish law, established throughout our Eastern empire, the Cape, the Mauritius, the Canadas, the West Indian Islands, and Demerara, have to be overhauled. Then there is the overhauling of English, Irish, and Scotch appeals in the Lords—the latter part, however, being of all his business what he is most up to.

North. Aye, and then we have what few Chancellors, even of those that had not their own proper business to learn, were ever much used to dabble in—the actual tear and wear of party politics—the stroke-oar of vituperation—the near wheel of sarcasm—the burden intolerable of bolstering up his own blockheads at all times and seasons with one shoulder, while he has to shew the other a cold one rather, with equal promptitude and alacrity, whenever it is desirable to squabash their antagonists.

Tickler. If we add to this the severe duty of dining out and giving dinners to Ministers and diplomats; likewise, the imperious necessity of being visible at every levee, and drawing-room, and at every dancing dis-junc, ball, hop, rout, or assembly given or held by a great lord or lady of the right side—moreover, of being audible at every meeting about the abolishment of chimney-sweeps, and the emancipation of Blacky, and the persecution of Professor Pattison—*necnon*, the simplification of common law, and the rectification of equity procedure—*necnon*, the keeping of the Chancery lunatics—*necnon*, the keeping of the conscience of King William the Fourth—*necnon*, the newspapers—*necnon*, the editing of Paley's Natural Theology in company with Charles Bell—furthermore, the writing of Friendly Advice to the Peers in pamphlets, and eke reviewing said pamphlets in the Edinburgh; and finally, the building of a back-jam to Brougham-Hall—to say nothing of receiving and bawming all the deputations of all the congregations of confusion-mongers, and reading and answering all the communications of all the quacks that think they have hit upon inventions of momentous importance, whether in law or literature, or pneumatology, or geology, or astronomy, or ribbon-weaving, or timbercleaving, or brass, or gas, or codification, or church-reformation—when one takes all these concerns in at one comprehensive glance through space and matter, I think it must be obvious to the meanest capacity that Henry Lord Brougham and Vaux, has a deuced deal more to do than ever bothered the brains of the immortal Walter Shandy.

North. *Suave mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E tuto alterius sævum spectare laborem.*

I don't say that we are likely to look on quite *e tuto*—but at all events we may hope to see the upshot.

Tickler. Some accursed blowup?—some hideous irresistible, irremediable smash?—some fierce, horrid, simultaneous rush of a thousand insulted, trampled principles and practices, all bursting with volcanic violence into a sudden roar of ruin and destruction?—fear, indignation, anger, hatred, scorn, pride, contempt, terror, all concentrated into one awful avenging Niagara?—

North. Or what say you to something in the opposite way? The hot galloping pulse of diseased excitement suddenly, somehow, subsides to a walk—a piece of clear cold ice is clapped by some invisible hand upon the burning temples—the mist disperses—the open serene light of day falls on the landscape—the crazy heights—the fearful chasms—the wide black abysses yawning

here, there, and everywhere, are revealed in their nakedness—the bewildered somnambulist comes to himself—he pauses, trembles, and kneels——

Tickler. 'Tis all, perhaps, on the cards.

North. It is my fixed opinion, that unless Brougham, in some way or other, calls a halt, and Peel and he somehow or other come together, no human power can avert a revolution from Old England. I don't allude particularly to this Reform Bill—that's but one link in the chain—and by revolution I mean nothing short of a complete upset, not merely of bishops, and lords, and kings, but of all law, and all property and all social order—a chaos of dirt and blood—aye, and a more fearful one than even the French have waded through, if, indeed, their wading can yet be talked of as over.

Tickler. You look too gloomingly at every thing to-night. Pray, take three grains of blue pill at bedtime, and a Seidlitz in the morning. Do, that's a good fellow.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

CHANGE OF SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Time and tide

Have washed away, like weeds upon the sands,
Crowds of the olden life's memorials,
And mid the mountains you as well might seek
For the lone site of Fancy's filmy dreams,
Towers have decay'd, and moulder'd from the cliffs,
Or their green age or grey has help'd to build
New dwellings sending up their household smoke
From treeless places once inhabited
But by the secret sylvans. On the moors
The pillar-stone rear'd to perpetuate
The fame of some great battle, or the power
Of storied necromancer in the wilds,
Among the wide change on the heather-bloom
By power more wondrous wrought than his, its name
Has lost, or fallen itself has disappeared ;
No broken fragment suffer'd to impede
The glancing ploughshare. All the ancient woods
Are thinn'd, and let in floods of daylight now,
Then dark and dorn as when the Druids lived.
Narrow'd is now the red-deer's forest-reign ;
The royal race of eagles is extinct ;
But other changes than on moor and cliff
Have tamed the aspect of the wilderness.
The simple system of primeval life,
Simple but stately, hath been broken down ;
The Clans are scatter'd, and the Chieftain's power
Is dead, or dying—but a name—though yet
It sometimes stirs the desert. On the winds
The tall plumes wave no more—the tartan green
With fiery streaks among the heather-bells

Now glows unfrequent—and the echoes mourn
 The silence of the music that of old
 Kept war-thoughts stern amid the calm of peace.
 Yet to far battle-plains still Morven sends
 Her heroes, and still glittering in the sun,
 Or blood-dimm'd, her dread line of bayonets
 Marches with loud shouts straight to victory.
 A soften'd radiance now floats o'er her glens;
 No rare sight now upon her sea-arm lochs
 The Sail oft veering up the solitude;
 And from afar the noise of life is brought
 Within the thunder of her cataracts;
 These will flow on for ever; and the crests,
 Gold-tipt by rising and by setting suns,
 Of her old mountains inaccessible,
 Glance down their scorn for ever on the toils
 That load with harvests new the humbler hills,
 New shorn of all their heather-bloom, and green
 Or yellow as the gleam of Lowland field.
 And bold hearts in broad bosoms still are there
 Living and dying peacefully; the huts
 Abodes are still of high-soul'd poverty;
 And underneath their lintels Beauty stoops
 Her silken-snooded head, when singing goes
 The Maiden to her father at his work
 Among the woods, or joins the scanty line
 Of barley-reapers on their narrow ridge
 In some small field among the pastoral braes.
 Still fragments dim of ancient Poetry
 In melancholy music down the glens
 Go floating; and from shieling roof'd with boughs
 And turf-wail'd, high up in some lonely place
 Where flocks of sheep are nibbling the sweet grass
 Of midsummer, and browsing on the plants
 On the cliff-mosses a few goats are seen
 Among their kids, you hear sweet melodies
 Attuned to some traditionary tale
 By young wife sitting all alone, aware
 From shadow on the mountain-horologe
 Of the glad hour that brings her husband home,
 Before the gloaming, from the far-off moor
 Where the black cattle feed—there all alone
 She sits and sings, except that on her knees
 Sleeps the sweet offspring of their faithful loves.

Blackwood's Magazine.

DARTMOUTH. No. 2.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

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

In former remarks concerning the pleasant village of Dartmouth, we noticed its situation, its history, and its appearance from the opposite shore. Let us now devote an hour to wandering about itself, and its precincts, see what it is, and suppose what it shall be.

The tide lies on the ferry slip limped and bright, as though it were kissing a bank of fragrant turf; and Findley's forty-passenger boat, sits gracefully on the water, yet appears, along side the Indian's birch canoc, spacious enough for a Boston packet. Let us here remark, that the clearness of the waters of the harbour, is not an ordinary excellence. Few, if any, harbours, of the Old World can at all boast of similar beauty; and strangers are delightfully surprised, when instead of the muddy tide—which denies all speculation beyond the surface, or at best, shows a dim greeny transparency to a depth of two or three inches—they behold a pellucid flood, which exhibits the many coloured marine plants on its bed, at the very places where it supports the traffic of a populous city. But the sonorous and appropriate conch has ceased sounding, and the boat is out on the calm stream, bearing its very motley frieght to the rural shore opposite. There sit the chief Engineer and the Solicitor of the CanalCompany, and there a pair of coloured lasses from the black settlements at Preston; there is Shiels the Poet with his plaid cloak laid beside him, holding rather cold conversation with one of his Lawrencetown neighbours, and there are two grey headed negroes siring and mistering one another with infinite politeness; here are a group of cigar loveing dandies bent on a game of skittles at Warren's, and there some half dozen sun-burnt and weather-beaten labourers repairing to the public works; scattered amid the company, a beautiful sprinkling of ladies appear, passing over to their residences, or only intent on enjoying the benefits of a sail and a walk, while a nearly equal quantity of less fine females, are returning home with sundry household conveniences, purchased with the produce of their

gardens which they conveyed to town early this morning ; an Indian and his squaw sit silently in the bow of the boat, or only return answers to the ferry men, who take advantage of the gentle breeze by shipping their oars and resting their sinewy arms. But we have so followed Pope's maxim " the proper study of mankind is man," that we have gained the other side without giving any save a half vacant glance at the surpassingly beautiful scenery which the passage across presents.

We commence our walk from Findlay's snug farm-house looking Inn, and soon leave the cackling and quacking of its numerous poultry behind. The landscape at once appears exceedingly diversified and picturesque, it undulates into numerous small hills and vales, and possesses finely contrasted charms of cultivated and woodland scenery. This bold hill which rises to the right, has not been long reclaimed from a wilderness state. A few years ago, its sides and summit appeared cold and barren, and the ground at its base was a stony swamp. Cultivated fields now sweep over its breezy top, and along its declivity. Three parts down, a cottage stands delightfully situated in a little kitchen garden, a verdant labyrinth of many-shaped leaves surround it, the blossoms of the French-bean appear lovely amid the dark greens, and the magnificent looking squashes and water melons ripen luxuriantly on their banks; it seems the abode of humble plenty, and its rich, sunny slopes should be the haunt of the summer-loving bee. The late stony swamp, is formed into meadow, and grove, and corn field; and altogether, the scene is a pleasing proof that persevering industry can make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and can make the desert place to sing for joy.

Again admiring the wavy surface of the landscape we pass along, and again pause as an opening to the left exhibits a lovely situation for a cottage, or more proud building. A rural gorge—formed by a flat which meets the harbour, and a small eminence at each side—is the situation alluded to. The rising grounds are sufficient to enclose and to give a picturesque balance to the scene. The flat in the centre runs imperceptibly into the tide; a slight ripple breaks on its pebbly strand, and the bright sparkling waters, seem sheltered and secluded in a little romantic cove. Beyond, a noble scene is presented; the eye'

nearly level with the harbour, runs out rejoicing over the glorious surface, until lost in the distant watery horizon; and the shores at each side are seen bosoming out in romantic capes into the deep, until the last dim outline meets the Atlantic solitude. On this watery expanse, some vessels lie, appearing from this point of view, as unearthly and as graceful as the small cloud which specks the blue above; and more so, for the chrystal flood, its boundaries and accompaniments, with the deep shades and strong lights of the picture, seem at present more beautifully intense than any scenery of the clouds can be.

The next pause in our little tour, shall be on this soft-shaped hill, the property of L. Hartshorne, Esq. And what a noble site might this be for a mansion! equal, doubtless, to any other in America, particularly if its connection with one town, and its proximity to another, be considered. If you look southward from the summit of the hill, the magnificent ocean view, before mentioned, with many additional charms, presents itself. The many-caped shores run out in exceeding beauty, and the Island rises in the centre, a bulwark against impetuous waves, and relieving the eye, by romantically breaking the glittering monotony of the great waters. Looking westward, Halifax appears climbing its hill, rendered picturesque by a haze which rests over it, by its bold southern outline, by the citadel hill its fortifications and flag staffs, and by the belt of masts which seem to guard its margin. Northward, the town of Dartmouth is spread before you, and beyond some of the wooden walls of old England are seen lying at their sheltered anchorage. Eastward, is the undulating landscape, while the cove, the locks of the canal, and its junction with the harbour, lie just below. When the advantages here alluded to are imagined, and when the size which Dartmouth seems destined to attain is anticipated, then the value of this exquisite building site may be conjectured.

The new steamer lies in the cove beneath, and it is worth descending the hill to examine our *second* Dartmouth-built steam vessel. She is a pretty looking schooner-rigged boat, of about 60 tons measurement, and about 20 horse power. Small enough indeed, perhaps too small and too low a power, for any useful or profitable employ, for which schooner rigging and steam, could be

wanted. She has a handsome figure head, representing an Indian Chief; on her deck are several small apartments, a permanent awning shades her quarter deck, and shelters the helmsman's post; and below is a commodious cabin with numerous sleeping berths. What is her destination? Some say, that she *has been built for the purpose* of running to Yarmouth, so that her owners may draw a bounty offered by the Legislature, for the first packet propelled by steam, which shall ply between Halifax and that place; it is further said, that after she has drawn the bounty, and is found unfit for the proposed line, she is to be metamorphosed into a second Halifax and Dartmouth ferry steamer. But why *is she to be found* unfit for the proposed line? Because, first, it is thought that an engine of twenty horse power would be as nothing against a head wind, or on a lee shore. Secondly, that her numerous cottages on deck would retard her way, until they were carried off with the first rough weather; in which case, the remedy would be worse than the disease. Thirdly, that the Yankee trick of perching a broad deck on a narrow hull, like a fish basket on the head of its carrier, is evidently unfit for encountering any rough weather outside of a harbour; for imagine her running close to a gale, and would not the swells to windward go near ripping up the deck timbers, or pitching the incongruous heap over altogether? Fourthly, the wheels have no recess formed for them, where they might be in a great degree sheltered from the action of the waves, but are placed clean on each side, as if they should be acted on as the wheels of a water mill. It may be said that she can run into a harbour in case of bad weather, almost any 5 miles of her route; very good, but why then introduce steam, if the steamer will be less punctual, less expeditious, and less safe, than a mere sailing vessel—except in calms? If the legislature have not been more guarded in the Yarmouth offer than they have been in the Dartmouth Ferry charter, the bounty may be drawn, the project may be retarded by failure for 20 years longer, and No. 2, of the Halifax steam hoaxes may form matter of regret, and ridicule, and irritation. It may be wondered how any humbugs of the description alluded to, could pass our lower house of the legislature, while so universally clever a man is in it, as the learned member for Halifax. A man who, beside his legal erudition, seems to know as much, if not more, about Canals,

Bridges, and Steam Engines, as those who make such works their exclusive study. But it should be recollected, that a confident clever smatterer, is often more reckless than the ignorant. It should be also considered, that there is no character which so delights a cunning projector, as one of those know-every-thing professors; he has only to get a few hints and to be excited, and on he goes like a locomotive machine, and the projector, need only keep in the rear, picking up the seeds which his clever principal scatters. If the project succeeds at double the proper cost--well; if cost and all be forfeited, why the operator only followed the orders of those who thought they knew better than he did, therefore blame does not attach to him.

Sometimes both leader and follower become gleaners; then indeed, rapid work is made of the concern. But enough of steam boats, let us get to our walk, first noting on our tablets, that, "the man who cannot, or will not, distinguish between superficial and thorough knowledge of subjects, as far as himself is concerned, is likely to be often deceived; self sufficient he does not make use of the guards against evil which others would; and when duped, he is laughed at, and must be silent, for himself appeared the champion of the deception."

From the first or Dartmouth lake, the canal is intended to descend to the harbour, in four falls, as it were; the banks of the canal on the level above and below those falls, will form admirable promenades. From the lower level, you enjoy the busy shore scene, and behold above you the various locks, with vessels ascending and descending; from the upper level the eye looks proudly down on the narrow watery maze, and on its boats and lower promenades, and on the opposite city, and the beautiful expanse of ocean; while on the intermediate levels each extreme is softened, and the loiterer finds himself placed in a commanding station in the centre of a picturesque and extensive valley, with lake-like reservoirs at either side, and the canal lines above and below. We will dwell no longer on the promises held forth by the present time, respecting the delightful and very picturesque variety which art may be expected to produce between the entrance cove and first lake; enough already appears, to warrant many anticipations which we have no room here to make;

and if the canal comes into profitable existence, a short time will suffice, to create the scenes of extreme interest, alluded to.

The increase of population which the canal work produced at the Dartmouth side of the harbour, has occasioned a new settlement about a quarter of a mile from the water. This consists of about forty huts and houses, raised for the greater part, by the labourers employed at the canal; and called by some Canal town, and by other Irish town. It gets the first name from the public work which produced it, and the second, because the majority of the persons who erected and own the little buildings are natives of Ireland: emigrants, who have been driven by most unnatural circumstances, from a lovely and beloved soil, to earn a scanty pittance among any wilds or wildernesses which offer employ. Irish town affords a curious specimen of the first steps of civilization in a new country; the log houses and little enclosures are very rude, the stumps of the trees which form them, stand all around, and in small openings in the brush, garden scraps appear. The settlement, also, exhibits many primitive features of Irish rural life; on summer evenings the groupes reclining about the doors, show their proper quota of flaxen-headed chubby-cheeked youngsters, while from one or two *taverns* of the village, the scrapings of a fiddle, the squealings of a bag-pipe, and the shuffling of feet, announce that the labours of the day were not sufficient to bow the ever-elastic mind, or to prevent a zest for the evening's exercise and pleasure. The Irish peasantry have been frequently compared to the French; certainly, they are in an extreme degree fond of recreation and easily amused, compared with their brother Islanders of England or Scotland. A hurley match, a game at ball or bowls, throwing the sledge, leaping, or a jig, are commonly resorted to, as amusements after the labours of the week day, or the devotions of the Sabbath. The last houses of Irish town, are within about a stone's throw of the "Church with the steeple," and the first houses of Dartmouth are within about a stone's throw at the other side of the church, so that a junction may soon be formed, and Irish town become a suburb of its older neighbour.

The town of Dartmouth has a loose scattered appearance, and consists of about one hundred houses, many of them of respecta-

ble dimensions : beside those, a number of houses are in course of erection, and considerable promise is exhibited of a rapid increase and improvement. The water lots of Dartmouth are lessened in value by the shelving nature of its shore ; the water is shoal in most places a considerable distance from the beach, which of course renders it unfit as a harbour for vessels of large burden. This summer, preparations were made to do mercantile business at its north extremity. Several sealers unloaded there, and vats have been erected for the purpose of making oil. An extensive wharf and timber dock have been built by Mr. Stairs, a large West India store is building by Messrs Tobins, and several other improvements appear along the base of the hill which encloses Dartmouth in that direction. Those buildings are delightfully situated, and the rising ground above them offers splendid sites for cottages. Halifax harbour is of a curved figure, of which Halifax shore forms the irregular convex, and Dartmouth shore the concave boundaries. This may account for the different depths of water, and it also gives a reason for the fine scenery at the point mentioned. This hill is the extremity of the concave line, and by running into the harbour occasions a contraction of its waters, and forms what is called "the narrows ;"—a strait which connects the harbour with Bedford Basin. Standing on the hill above the improvements alluded to, a magnificent bay appears before you ; on your right hand is the town and shipping of Halifax, and the several capes which end at Sambro, on the left, is the town of Dartmouth, and some most rural and beautiful scenery which terminates in the cape of the Eastern Battery ;—in front, the eye is pleasingly relieved, and the bay gets exquisite symmetry, by the fine position of George's Island, while a passage to the glorious deep beyond, appears at either side of it. We could expatiate for an hour on the scenery at this point, and on what use this hill would be turned to were it near an old country town of eminence, but we must conclude : First advising all lovers of the picturesque who visit Dartmouth, to look at the hills in its rear, from the water a little to the southward of Findlay's ; they appear bold picturesque and varied, and remind strongly of the hills near Bath, in merry England ; also, to glance at the pretty

alpine scenery which presents itself from the road leading to Warren's Tavern ; and to examine the peerless and perfect cottage sites alluded to in this paper. They may see as much more as they have inclination or leisure for, but—if they are indeed lovers of the picturesque—let not these points be unvisited.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Halifax Monthly Magazine.

SIR,—Agreeably to Mr. Howe's remark, I take the liberty of handing you a copy of the article alluded to in the *Novascotian* of October 20.

“ Never promise, what you do not intend to perform.”

It has often been remarked that in this place monthly publications seldom attain to maturity. Periodicals are brought forth, and are reared beyond creeping, to that age termed boyhood, when from several causes, only one of which we shall at this time notice, they sicken and die, leaving the community void of all their anticipated good.

“ Never promise what you do not intend to perform, and never omit giving a reason for your non-performance,” are maxims that are most incumbent on editors. Now sir, I would not have any of your readers suppose, for a moment, that the writer of this is one of your whining scribblers whose senseless effusions have been made light of, after a partial promise of appearance. He informs them, he does not feel himself any other than what he subscribes himself, and from an humble desire to serve (if such it may be deemed) his fellows, he is tempted to take up the pen. The present very creditable, and in many cases truly instructive little work, the *Halifax Monthly Magazine*, started with the intention of being entirely original ; and I am happy to say, has in a great measure “ kept its first estate.” That it has not done so entirely is owing, from what I can judge, to the following reasons :—first, the apparent assurance of its editor in not requesting communications, held and still holds many back, only a few seeing the princi-

ple on which he acted, ventured in the cause :—second the increase of subscribers and *their* whims made an addition to the number of its pages, and the introduction of select pieces ;—and third, the desire to make such selections as will “ suit purchasers,” or the public, prevents in a great measure the regular insertion of such original articles as are worthy of publication. But surely such pieces as one month are worth a *promise*, are not unfit for the next, or succeeding Nos. or at least a notice of the cause why they are so. I am not friendly to regular notices, particularly *in* the work, but must say, I like occasionally to see the remark on the cover, for this reason—it often happens before a number is a month old, one or both covers are gone or defaced, and with them the promise or refusal ; whereas when *in* the work, they remain until bound, and on a reference to the volume your eye is attracted and your curiosity naturally excited to see promised articles, and if you are disappointed, it seems an annoyance which you can not easily forget. If this cannot be termed one of the causes why monthly publications do not long exist, it is at all events, evident, that it does not tend much to strengthen the bonds of affection between writers and editors ; and to many writers in this place, who have unfortunately not very strong nerves, and but a small stock of charity, such things tend to cast a damp on any exertions they may have intended to put forth ; (be it remembered I am speaking for others) nor are these the only persons whose observation is attracted, does it not give the enemies of the work (for it has them) a greater clue to stigmatize the exertions of the proprietors, and is it all likely they will lie dormant, when an opportunity offers to open their malignant ports ? no sir, their wills and eyes are ever on the alert. With this knowledge, and a sincere desire to have this periodical “had in lasting remembrance” as the best and most persevering ever commenced here, I have been prompted to make these remarks as a friendly hint to the person at its head, who is apparently too much engaged to observe such seeming trifles.

Yours, with respect,

A CONSTANT READER.

We take the above remarks as they profess to be offered—in good part. “ Never promise what you do not intend to per-

form," is a maxim which we assure "A Constant Reader," we have religiously attended to. We have *intended* to perform all that we have promised, but sometimes a screw gets loose, and the *ability to do* is not present.

The Halifax Monthly Magazine started with the intention to be entirely filled with original articles—as "A Constant Reader" says—but, alas! the Editor was too confident of receiving support in divers ways—he reckoned on correspondents, who would contribute regularly to a native monthly miscellany, he reckoned on readers who would prefer home manufacture to more specious articles imported—and he was disappointed: writers were offended because they were not singled out for flattery, or they were careless of supporting an attempt of such humble pretensions; some readers also sneered at *every thing* original because it was original, and professed themselves ready to swallow *any thing* that had the words "Blackwood," "New Monthly Magazine," "Quarterly" or "Edinburgh" attached to it. With all the gasses thus escaping from his too hastily inflated balloon, what remained for the poor aeronaut, but to fall as gracefully as he could? he therefore rested from some of his thankless labours, drew on the offered stores of others, explained his conduct, and the publisher gave his subscribers an additional sheet without any additional expense to them. We doubt that "A Constant Reader" would have done better himself; and we hope that on second view of the matter, he will be inclined to pardon unavoidable deviations from plans.

We should be sorry that our neglect of making particular application for literary contributions, should have kept back any valuable correspondent. We uniformly requested help, but deemed that a selection might be invidious and shackling. We have offended some by rejecting articles sent voluntarily—how much more would we offend, were we *beggars and choosers* at the one time. If we have made lee-ways by our tactics, we would now make it up did we know the best method to do so: at all events correspondents may rest assured, that future favours will be received most gratefully, and attended to with strict punctuality; and will get ready precedence—if deemed worthy--of all "selected articles."

“A Constant Reader” complains of unfulfilled promises respecting communications on hand. He will find some of them answered in this number, others were made too hastily on appearance rather than realities, and others remain unnoticed on account of subsequent communications from the authors of the articles. As we have thus made a clear conscience by confessing, we hope to keep from future faults by being more careful, and punctual, and explicit, in our intercourse with all contributors.

We are grateful to “Constant Reader” for his good wishes, and are satisfied that—as he says—our little miscellany has its enemies. There is nothing humble enough or good enough to escape the malicious. The cedar of Lebanon is sneered at by some, the daisy of the plain by others; and we had a worthy friend, who in his disregard of delicacy and fine essences, declared that *assa-fœtida* was his favourite perfume, and acted up to his assertions. So that it is no wonder if the little H. M. Magazine should not please all. We know that it has, or had, one or two enemies at least. And every literary attempt made in Nova Scotia for some years to come, will find enemies in those who can do nothing but quibble and growl, and who find a comfort for their own imbecility, in depreciating the productions of others, and in affecting a jargon of literary acumen which sometimes passes for true taste. We are aware of defects in our infant publication—but weakness in an infant should not occasion enmity—and we hope to be enabled as experience and circumstances advance, to make our humble periodical more worthy of Halifax, and more in accordance with our own views of excellence.

We gratefully thank our friends, they are happily on the increase; we ask *fair open play* from enemies; and trust that many who are yet neutral, will take the more amiable side, and foster a work to maturity which is devoted to the entertainment and improvement of the community of Nova Scotia.

FROST.—By MISS GOULD.

From "The Token," for 1832.

THE Frost looked forth, one still clear night,
 And he said, ' Now I shall be out of sight
 So through the valley and over the height,
 In silence I'll take my way ;
 I will not go like that blustering train,
 The wind and the snow—the hail and the rain,
 Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
 But I'll be as lusy as they !'

Then he went to the mountain and powdered its crest,
 He climbed the trees, and their boughs he dressed
 With diamonds and pearls, and over the breast
 Of the quivering lake he spread
 A coat of mail, that it need not fear
 The downward point of many a spear,
 That he hung ou its margin far and near,
 Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
 And over each pane like a fairy crept,
 Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
 By the light of the moon, were seen
 Most beautiful things. There were flowers and trees,
 There were be vies of birds, and swarms of bees—
 There were cities, thrones, temples and towers ! and these
 All pictured in silver sheen !

But he did one thing that was hardly fair ;
 He went to the cupboard, and finding there,
 That all had forgotten for him to prepare,
 ' Now, just to set them a thinking,
 I'll bite this basket of fruit,' said he ;
 ' This bloated pitcher I'll burst in three !
 And the glass of water they've left for me
 Shall " tchick" to tell them I'm drinking !"

MONTHLY RECORD.

FOREIGN.—*Poland.*—London, Sept. 27. Accounts by way of Paris, have brought the melancholy intelligence that Warsaw has been taken, and to a certain degree, sacked, by the Russians. The news has created great excitement in France.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Brougham.—The Lord Chancellor is rapidly enhancing his already splendid character, by his indefatigable exertions in the mazes of Chancery suits, and by his efforts to reform the practices of the court. All parties seem to concur in acknowledging Henry Brougham as the man of most ability and influence in England.

Coronation.—King William the Fourth and Queen Adelaide the First, were crowned on Sept. 8, in Westminster Abbey. The ceremony though unusually simple, was marked with an extraordinary degree of "the people's love."

London, Sept. 27. The Reform Bill has passed the Commons by a majority of 109, and has been read for a first time in the House of Lords.

His Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, the Most Rev. Doctor William Magee, died at Redesdale House.

UNITED STATES.—Sept. 20.—A Riot occurred at Providence, Rhode Island, by the populace and some sailors endeavouring to demolish several houses of ill fame; the riot was not suppressed until the intervention of an armed force, by which several persons lost their lives.

Many exertions are making to abolish imprisonment for debt.

Philadelphia.—About 5000 buildings have been erected in this city during the last two years.

Commerce—Exports and Imports for the year ending Sept. 30. Imports nearly 71 million dollars, of which upwards of 66 million dollars were imported in American vessels, and near five million in foreign. Exports, near 74 million of which near 59½ million were domestic, and 14½ foreign articles. 967,227 tons of American shipping entered, and 971,760 cleared from the ports of the United States.—131,900 tons of Foreign shipping entered, and 133,436 cleared. Total United States registered tonnage up to Dec. 1829—1,260,797.

COLONIAL.—Lower Canada.—The Provincial Parliament is summoned to meet on the 15th of November.

Montreal.—Money raised by subscription to erect a monument to the late Hon. J. Richardson, has been appropriated, to the erection of a wing to the Montreal Hospital, to be called the Richardson Wing. The corner stone of this building, intended as a memorial of a good man, was laid with Masonic honours on Sept. 18. Contributions to the work amount to £1994 18s. 7d.

HALIFAX.—The Royal William, has been put to a severe trial, in a gale of the 29th Sept. She rode it out in fine style, and has fully established her character for first rate qualities.

Died, Oct. 2, after having been declining for the last two months, the HONOURABLE MICHAEL WALLACE.

Produce.—The papers of October give many specimens of the fruitfulness of Nova Scotia, and of the influence of our fine fall weather, they are as follow: 4 onions weighing 4 lbs 7 ozs. Wheat raised on potatoe ground without manure, 68 lbs to the bushel. A radish weighing 3½ lbs. An apple weighing 19½ ozs. ripe strawberries and raspberries in the last of October. Immense Beets, heads of Indian Corn, &c.

Launch.—A schooner rigged steamer, about 60 tons burden, and 20 horse power, was launched from Mr. Lyle's yard Dartmouth on October 17.

Mechanic's Library.—An Institution of this title, has had a spirited commencement this month.

WEST INDIES.—*The Hurricane* which devastated Barbadoes on the 10th August was felt at Martinique, Porto Rico, Hayti, Jamaica, Cuba, Havana, and had reached the shores of the Gulf of Mexico on the 17th; a distance from Barbadoes of 2000 statute miles.

Newfoundland, August 30.—Capt. T. Burnett, barque Nelson, Whitby, was tried for a breach of the Passenger law; and was fined £350, for taking more passengers on board than the tonnage of his vessel entitled him to do, and for clearing out the vessel with an insufficiency of water and provision.



MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, Oct. 3, Mr. A. S. Gore, to Miss Margaret Holwell. 16, Mr. Nicholas Lester, to Mrs. Ann Blackadar. 18, Mr. Edward Lawson, to Miss Isabella Best. 19, Capt. Asa Bears, to Miss Hannah Potts. Mr. James Graham, to Miss Eleanor Crouch. Mr. Jeremiah Conway, to Miss Susan Whebb. 29, Mr. J. W. Burket, to Miss Catharine Dailey. 30, Mr. Andrew B. Jennings, to Miss Margaret Douglas Irving.—At Dartmouth, Mr. Daniel Nicholson, to Miss Mary Gillere. 20, Mr. Robert Fisher, to Miss Alice Russel. At the Eastern Passage, Sept. 25, Mr. Edward Bowen, to Miss Mary Ann Shears. 28, Mr. Joseph Bisset, to Miss Elizabeth Conrad.—At Cow Bay, Oct. 13, Mr. Samuel Creed, to Miss Sophia Major.—At Lunenburg, Sept. 19, Capt. Martin Ernst, to Miss Eleanor H. McRae.—Windsor, Oct. 4, Capt. W. S. Moorson, 52d Eight Infantry to Isabella, eldest daughter of the Hon. Judge Wilkins. 31, Mr. J. Hague, to Miss Lucinda Wilcox.—At Horton, Oct. 13, William Dewolf, Esq. to Miss Sarah Millet.—At Chester, Oct. 23, Mr. Cornelius Lordley, to Miss Elizabeth Crandale.—At Wolfville, Oct. 31, Mr. James Lester Armstrong, to Irene Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. T. S. Harding.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Sept. 29, Mrs. Charity Saunders, aged 26. Oct. 5, Mrs. Ann Cleveland, aged 43. 5, Mrs. Elizabeth Green, aged 29. 8, Catharine Moser, aged 23. 14, Mr. Michael Howard, aged 40. 15, Mr. John Willoughby, aged 31. 18, Mrs. Barbara Fultz, aged 52. 24, Elizabeth Archibald, eldest daughter of his Majesty's Attorney General, aged 19. 27, Mr. Michael Tobin, son of the late Mr. Thomas Tobin. Mrs. Catharine D. Brewer, aged 22. 31, Miss Elizabeth Stewart Hodges, aged 13.—At Windsor, Sept. 29, Mrs. Mary Ann Caldwell. Oct. 20, Mrs. Mary Fielding, aged 6.—At Newport, Oct. 1, Mrs. Mary Ann Stewart, aged 36.—At Granville, Sept. 27, Capt. Moses Hall, aged 36. Oct. 7, Miss Maria Troop, aged 22. On Truro Road, Richard S. Redman, Esq. aged 61.—At Liverpool, N. S. Sept. 29, Mrs. Margaret Dignum, aged 24.—At Shelburne, Sept. 12, Mr. Matthew H. Weiser, aged 23. 26, Mrs. Isabella Fraser, aged 36.—At Barbadoes, July 29, Mr. Edward W. Jones, on his return to Halifax, aged 31.