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NEPTUNE *versus* BLACKWOOD.

“THE SEA,—’Tis not easy even to look at him without falling asleep. Live for a month on the sea shore and you will be stupid for life.”

We met these lines a few months ago, in Blackwood’s Magazine, and they have occasionally since haunted our imagination, like the remembrance of insult given to ourselves, or the recollection of wrong done to a friend. Did we extend our ramble to Fort Mercy, and glance out on the glorious deep like a seamew from mid air—all boyant and exulting as though we could fly away and rest mid the distant glittering waters—the recollection of the libel which heads this chapter damped our emotions, we wondered at the impudence which penned and published it—and felt a desire to wipe away the stain, which—like the breath of an old debauchee—seemed to soil the path of the ocean sirens. Did we visit the delightful beach of Point Pleasant, and see the wood nymph hand in hand with the mermaid, the light chrystal of ocean waving and murmuring about the deep shades of the grove ; the sporting breakers now slowly and grandly rising into a long living ridge, and now tumbling headmost, and as if laughing in ecstasy, running in among the weeds and shells at our feet—the arms of the sea spreading sublimely at either side, while beyond toying with its romantic islands, the smiling giant reposed in its Atlantic bed ; we could not—as we are wont, and as we delight to do—so luxuriate, without recollecting Kit North’s “sleepy” “stupid” charge, and getting courage from our imaginations, longing for a wordy encounter with the Edinburgh veteran.

When we read the passage to which we allude, we said internally, this is a further addition to the many paragraphs, in which this peerless contributor, despises the truth of nature, and the general feeling of the human breast, for the sake of giving expression to the spleen of the moment. The ability of the leading papers in this noble periodical, generally carries the mind of the reader at their will, as an uncontrolled bark would be borne by a broad tide; but at times a rock peers above the surface, the roar of a rapid is heard—then the sails of the bark are handled, her helm is put hard up, and she snores across the current, and seeks shelter from deception in one of the calm bays along the indented banks.

But we think a reader says “Break a lance with Blackwood? the Halifax pigmy enter the lists with the Edinburgh Mammoth? Preposterous!”—unlikely indeed—we answer—but nevertheless true. And never trust the little provincial periodical, but it would prefer being run down with all standing, then strike colours and canvass, and sneak into port while a friend outside, demanded a word or a blow. Also, be it recollected, that he who has his quarrel just, is doubly armed—away then with compliment, the terrier can die nobly as the lion—and if a good will and good cause can ennoble small means, though defeated, we may not be disgraced. We are mighty in our theme—we back sublime old Neptune!—and his thunders shall raise our feeble voice above derision. Ungrateful indeed should we be if this duty were not delightful, we have been in some measure nursed by the ocean god; the pettishness of youth, and the cares of manhood, have been alike sung to rest by his everlasting hymns.

Yes multitudinous sea, thine unruffled yet heaving bosom, thy sunrise glory, thy moonlight repose, and the rampant chidings of thy waves when they all lift up their heads together, have been among the first objects of nature, which created in a small degree a poetic soul under our ribs of earth. To be able to handle thy mane was one of our earliest aspirations—and the unearthly joy with which we were wont to cry ha! ha! to the tossing of thy billows shall resound to our latest sensitive feelings. Shall we be mute then, weak squire as we are—when a powerful knight, from

his orgies in grottos and taverns, comes forth all maudlin, to attack thine eternal purity? Forbid it, all the principles, which by touching secret springs, controul the energies of the human soul.

Beautiful ocean—" 'tis not easy to look on thee without falling asleep"—says thy traducer—but the drowsiness which rises from thy translucent plain, and which gives delightful tranquility to the gazer—is as the feeling of the lover, who, gazing on his mistress' portrait from eve to moonlight noon, falls into a delightful slumber—and dreams of paradise and of immortal beauties: or it is as the drowsiness which a long continued but soothing and sweet strain of music, conveys—until the still delighted auditor hears in soul, the music of the spheres, and the echoes of heavenly harps. Constituted as we are, there is no pleasure piquant enough, to retard "nature's sweet restorer," beyond given bounds—and perhaps there is no rest more delightful than that which he experiences, who, fanned all day by ocean zephyrs, and delightedly satisfied with ocean scenery, rests in his cottage on the cliff, lulled to deep deep repose, by ocean murmurs. But to aver that the sea excites sleep as a dull book, or a talkative blockhead does, is not more reasonable than to traduce the sun, because the rush light sends forth murky effluvia,—and each occasions dimness of sight; or to turn from a bed of violets, because a mouldering weed heap was offensive—and exhalations from both entered the "palace of the soul" through the one organ of communication.

"Live for a month by the sea shore, and you will be stupid for life!" says the man, who gains inspiration amid the fumes of Auld Reekie.—He, that has known intimately what coast scenery is, feels a void amid the inland landscape, not to be satisfied by all the muddy streams and pigmy banks of his neighbourhood: Tell him that the ever rolling and ever graceful smells, which burst on the sanded walks or marble floors of his former haunts, excites stupidity! he sets you down as one ignorant of the beauties which you slander, or unable to enjoy, and malignant enough to damp the delights of others. Is there any walk of earth more delightful than that along the grey strand? it is levelled with more than mathematical exactness by the retreating tide: at one side is the

beach, the sand heaps, the sedgy meadows, the village, and the landscape in the distance,—at the other, is the snow wreaths of the breakers, the romantic cape, the majestic heaving of the swells, and the level glistening line of the horizon—while along your path shells beautiful enough for the Naturalist's Cabinet are strewn, and every rock which breaks the level of the strand, is surrounded by a little pond of water pelucid as crystal, and ornamented with delicately tinted and exquisitely formed marine plants. Or, he who dwells for a month on the sea shore, may well avoid stupidity, on a very different and more retired route. Let him wander under the majestic cliffs which are the barriers of earth and ocean, and which have established along the disputed boundary a path, fitting indeed for the lover of nature: the awful precipices which close the path from all interruption on the one side, are noble as the battlements of earth should be, when so sublime an enemy as that outside is continually sapping the walls; each curve forms a little bay, and, according to position, almost each miniature strand is of a different material and appearance,—one is of impalpable sand, one is a collection of the small "cuckoo" shell, another is formed of pebbles which glisten like so many topaz gems, and another exhibits the bare rock worn by the waves of ages until it now has the smooth appearance of molten lead. Here, the softer strata has yielded to ocean's eternal importunities, and has disappeared, leaving the superstructure which was formed of more stern materials, erect like a mighty arch, through which each high tide, flows rejoicing as a conqueror: look up as you pass beneath the grand portal, and ask yourself what perceptions could the man have, who would call this the region of stupidity. There, an immense block has withstood ten thousand storms and floods, and rises abruptly, a romantic island amid the breakers: the swells course each other around its base, or break into milk white spray and foam, on the sharp ledges which are the peaks of inferior islets: a thousand gulls settle on the brow of the island, and diversify the murmurs of ocean by their wild shrieking notes,—others, float on their snowy wings, in graceful circles,—and some still sit the swells, seeming to be rocked by the undulations into a pleasing repose: but despite Kit North, there is not a vestige of stupidity in the whole scene: all is thrillingly

clear, animated and exciting. Sit for a moment on that marble bench, formed for you by a million tides—above you are the everlasting precipices, rude yet picturesque as nature made them; before you is the ever murmuring ever restless ocean, unsullied, free and beautiful as it was at creation; not a vestige of art appears, except the distant bird-like vessels,—all is unadorned, most beautiful nature; man, and his pomp and cares are, as if they were not,—and the musér here, gets sublime yet soothing converse with the spirits of the elements, and with that better spirit which seems to smile from every bright spot above; converse, which is powerfully felt, but cannot be defined even in imagination. He is involuntarily a better, a more exalted, and more pure being by this momentary escape from the common herd, and the common scenes, which surround him on other paths—and by the communion which he here finds passing between the immortal powers of his own nature, and the great works of creation, which bear yet visibly the impress of the Creator's finger. Yet glorious North tells you this is the region of stupidity!

But here is the entrance of a little winding glen or cove, a brawling stream rings gaily through its mazes, and runs with all its inland freshness to the great repository of rivers—it reminds one of a simple rustic, who, bidding farewell to his green wood haunts, enters thoughtlessly into the mighty world of which he knows nothing. The sides of the glen are romantically varied, brushwood, crags, gardens and heather scraps severally appear; many picturesque looking cottages enliven its paths; and snatches of the distant landscape are obtained through its opening. You may now strike up this semi-rural road, and return along the summit of the cliffs: it will give you an opportunity of looking more boldly and broadly on ocean, and of enjoying the softer inland scene. The village also appears, from this high path, the houses clustered together under the brow of the hill, like a group of sea birds; see, as the windows glisten in the evening sun beam, how each cottage seem to look out exultingly on the boundless prospect; they appear to have a kind of sensitive existence, and are not at all the dull looking sheds, which in less romantic situations afford a mere shelter from the elements. All is animated, and unshackled. How poetic are such situations! from the little in-

door comforts, you raise your glance to the lattice, and ocean's majesty meets your delighted gaze, and expands your breast as a whisper of inspiration : in your evening chamber, you pause an hour, feasting on the scene abroad, where Luna and her twinkling attendants look down more joyously into the answering deep, and the cheered vessel glides like a mystery through the pale rays; your dreams will be of the noblest earthly delights, or haply of eternity which the neighbouring deep so beautifully prefigures. Who may describe the thousand calls which a resident here, has, to call him away in the morning to taste the bracing air of the shore, to watch the sunbeams on the billow, the seamew taking his outward flight, and the thousand incidents of nature which give the coast continual freshness?—Yet, we are told that if you live a month amid these best airs and scenes of nature it will make you stupid for life! Surely great Christopher there is sometimes a gross misapplication of thine inimitable powers.

But alas, we have undertaken too mighty a project, our tiny space is nearly exhausted, and we have not touched one of a thousand of the charms of sea-side life. We have not asked glorious Kit, to point out the stupidity of noon day sea-side scenery, when all is sunny, calm, and bright, and the gorgeous arch above is reflected more beautifully in the burnished plain below—the vessels lie on the delicately tinged expanse, listlessly, their white wings useless, and all reflected with exquisite truth in the glassy element : a want of shade would be felt, but for that group of small craft, some of which intercepting the rays from others, give a depth and boldness of shade with a purity of light and whiteness, which remind strongly of the Petrell's plumage ; the horizon is too glorious, too sublimated to be descried, and the distant vessels seem gliding into the bowing clouds. We did not enquire where the stupidity was in a fresh breeze, when amid a thousand swells the gallant ship all life and energy, bends to the gale, and with straining wings flies where she lists : the dweller on the coast, gazes with no less interest, on some seeming cloud specks which dot the horizon—they are but as bubbles on the lake—but he knows that they are some of the “ sea girt citadels ”—that the seeming specks are the scenes of gallant exertion—and that several of his fellows, animate and direct the misty spots which from this seem

as unearthly as the drifting scud of heaven. We did not mention one of a thousand of your apologies lovely ocean, and beloved sea-side life,—but apologies were unnecessary; the lily and the fine gold need not be painted for exhibition; the mention of our subject, will cause a flood of endearing and beautiful thought, to the minds of those who have been early conversant with the “sleepiness” imparted by ocean scenery,—with the “stupidity”—for less noble and pure delights—which a month on the sea shore imparts to the lover of simple beauty. Nature wants not a tongue to vindicate her rights, she only seeks an auditory: we would gladly direct attention to her own still small voice. It is passing eloquent, and is sure to confound those who rebel against her rules, and who slander her institutions.

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#### REMARKS ON MUSIC.

WHERE music is judiciously taught, all attempts at scientific investigations are abandoned. It is taught, like grammar and rhetoric, by stating and exemplifying a series of rules, which are merely general expressions of the practice of the greatest masters. For the rules of musical *grammar*, no reason can be given, but that an observance of them has been found necessary, by experience, in order to please the ear; and for some of them, probably, all that can be said is, that such is the general practice of composers. The laws of harmony are far from being so fixed as those of the Medes and Persians; and the code of to-day differs enormously from that of a century ago. The works of Beethoven and Weber contain sounds that would have made every hair of Handel's wig stand upright with horror, and probably would have been the death of the gentle and sensitive Corelli. The harmony of Mozart is now felt, and universally admitted, to be exquisitely pure and delicate; and yet, when his Quartetts first appeared, a copy, sent by the publisher to Italy, was returned on his hands, as being full of mistakes of the engraver! The rules of musical *rhetoric*, however, are of a higher class. They are founded on the unchangeable principles of human nature, and are, therefore, permanent and universal in their application. If music is considered in reference to the inventive power, the imagination, judgment, and profundity displayed in its composition,—in regard to its power of awakening the fancy and touching the heart,—to the truth of its dramatic expression,—to the purity of its style, and the symmetry of its structure,—a great variety of general consi-

derations present themselves, from which canons of criticism may be deduced, according to which the merit of musical productions may be estimated, in every age and country, whatever differences there may be in the rules of musical grammar, and in the conventional forms of musical language. This is what we consider to be musical literature.

The "Essays on Poetry and Music," by Dr. Beattie, are, we think, by far the best prose work of that elegant writer. His "Essay on Truth," though it produced a great sensation when it appeared, and was hailed as a complete antidote to the sceptical poison of Hume, is now acknowledged to be a shallow work. The author did not appreciate either the depth or the subtility of the arguments he controverted, and eked out his superficial answer with a good deal of clamorous invective, which pleased mightily the dispensers of good things, of which, accordingly, the Doctor came in for his share. Though no very profound metaphysician, however, he was an elegant poet, scholar, and critic, and a most excellent and amiable man. He was, besides, a good practical musician, and was thus well qualified to write upon the subject of music. In these Essays, his criticisms are deduced from broad general principles, and are ingenious and happy; as in his instances of the use and abuse of musical *imitation* in the works of Handel. In his remarks on the pleasures derived from association, we find the following beautiful reflections on the love of national music:—

"It is an amiable prejudice that people generally entertain in favour of their national music. This lowest degree of patriotism is not without its merit; and that man must have a hard heart, or dull imagination, in whom, though endowed with musical sensibility, no sweet emotions would arise on hearing, in his riper years, or in a foreign land, those strains that were the delight of his childhood. What though they be inferior to the Italian? What though they be even irregular and rude? It is not their merit which, in the case supposed, would interest a native, but the charming ideas they would recall to his mind;—ideas of innocence, simplicity, and leisure—of romantic enterprise and enthusiastic attachment; and of scenes which, on recollection, we are inclined to think, that a brighter sun illuminated, a fresher verdure crowned, and purer skies and happier climes conspired to beautify, than are now to be seen in the dreary paths of care and disappointment, into which men, yielding to the passions peculiar to more advanced years, are tempted to wander. There are couplets in Ogilvie's translation of Virgil which I could never read without emotions far more ardent than the merit of the numbers could justify. But it was that book which first taught me the 'tale of Troy divine,' and first made me acquainted with poetical sentiments; and though I read it when almost an infant, it conveyed to my heart some pleasing impressions, that remain there unimpaired to this day."

This passage, worthy of the author of *The Minstrel*, should convey a lesson to many of our highly refined and fashionable *dilettanti*, who think themselves bound to shut their ears, and harden their hearts, against the strains of their native land; who, to their own great misfortune, have divested themselves of the delightful associations so beautifully described by the poet and musician whose words we have quoted; and who, in their rage for every thing foreign, listen with counterfeited rapture not to the national melodies of Italy only, but of France, Spain, Portugal, Russia, nay, in short, but those of our own islands; though these, putting association out of the question, are not greatly surpassed even by those of Italy, and are superior to those of any other country. That such is the case may be concluded from the fact, that every foreigner of taste, after putting the Italian airs first, and those of his own country next, gives the third place to the melodies of Scotland and Ireland. In regard to the music of England, though that country has not a body of *traditional* national music of the same magnitude and antiquity as those of the sister kingdoms, yet it does possess a very great quantity of music which may be called national; as it consists of melodies, which, though by known composers, having become popular from their great beauty, are now as generally diffused, and as closely interwoven with our earliest associations, as any national music can be. And yet this music is still more despised by the fashionable *dilettanti*, than even the Scotch and Irish, which meets with some small favour from them, because it is in some degree foreign, and is, to them, comparatively free from the vulgar quality of being capable of exciting, by association, some of the finest and most exquisite feelings of which human nature is capable.

The principles which ought to regulate musical imitation and description are now seldom departed from. Music, being sound, cannot *directly* imitate any thing but sound. Thus, the song of birds, the murmur of a rivulet, the roar of a torrent, the howling of a storm, the sound of thunder, of bells, &c. may produce pleasing effects, particularly if the imitations are produced by the orchestra. If given to the voice, they have the disagreeable appearance of mimicry. The cries of the noble and more formidable animals, such as the roaring of the lion, may be admitted, though very sparingly, even into serious music; but, except in music expressly meant to be ludicrous, imitations of the ordinary sounds of animals are in bad taste. In the *Creation*, Haydn, in the accompaniment to the recitatives which describe the creation of animals, imitates the snorting as well as the prancing of the horse—a conceit which is sadly out of place in so majestic a composition. There is, besides, a kind of *indirect* imitation, by which musical sounds are made to convey ideas of objects of the other senses. This is done by sounds which produce sensations or feelings analogous to those produced by the object meant to be suggested. Of this nature is Haydn's celebrated passage, "and God said, Let there be light, and there was light!" in which the in-

stant blaze of new-born light is represented by a sudden burst of sound;—a passage which certainly has a most magnificent effect, but which, without the explanation given by the words, never would have been understood to have conveyed any representation of light. In the same manner, Haydn's representation of the rising of the sun is effected merely by making one or two of the instruments commence as softly as possible, and gradually increase in number and loudness till the moment of the appearance of the luminary is announced by a *fortissimo* from the whole orchestra. The composer, in these instances, endeavours to produce impressions on the hearing similar to those which the appearance of light (sudden or gradual) produces on the sight, and thus to affect the mind in a similar way; and on this principle all music of this kind is composed. Where attempts are thus made to describe the grand, or beautiful phenomena of nature, the effect will generally be good; because, even if the composer fail in being able to suggest the precise object in view, the images with which his fancy is occupied will impart a picturesque character, notwithstanding its vagueness, to the music. But it is dangerous to indulge in such imitations of ordinary objects. We cannot help thinking, that Haydn, in thus describing the leaping of the tyger, the galloping of the horse, the creeping of the worm, and the tumbling of the whale, in such a work as the Creation, gives a grotesque air to his music, which is inconsistent with the dignity of the subject. In the Seasons of the same great author, the imitative or descriptive passages which occur have a much better effect, as they are more in accordance with the nature of the subject. The celebrated *Sinfonia Pastorale* of Beethoven is an exquisite specimen of descriptive music. It requires a key to understand all the intentions of the author, though some of them cannot be mistaken; but, when the whole design of the piece is understood, how delightfully it fills the mind with rural images.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

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## SYSTEMS OF EDUCATION.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

“ Such youths of spirit, and that spirit too,  
 Ye nurseries of our boys, we owe to you:  
 Tho' from ourselves the mischief more proceeds,  
 For public schools 'tis public folly feeds,  
 The slaves of custom and established mode,  
 With pack-horse constancy we keep the road,  
 Crooked or straight, through quags or thorny dells,  
 True to the jangling of our leaders' bells,  
 To follow foolish precedents, and wink  
 With both our eyes, is easier than to think:  
 Else sure notorious fact, and proof so plain,  
 Would turn our steps into a wiser train.”

COWPER.

THE importance of education none will deny; yet the conduct of

many, in regard to providing it for their offspring, seems to contradict their better judgment. The united wisdom of our provincial legislature also, has as yet been inadequate to the task of devising a scheme, which would operate as a stimulus to parents, an encouragement to teachers, and supply the wants of the rising generation. It is for these reasons—though we are not destitute of a few good schools, and many indifferent ones—that education is in a languishing state throughout this province. The small bounty which the existing school act offers to teachers in the country, gives them no encouragement to follow that line of life for a livelihood; and consequently almost none will engage in the business, but such as can find no other employment: and many who were allured by the bait, upon the passing of the act, having found their mistake, are now retiring to more lucrative avocations. It is indeed surprising that our provincial funds can afford such salaries to most of our rulers—some of whose services are scarcely known—that they can afford thousands to roads and bridges, and tens of thousands to wild speculations, while a few hundreds is all they can spare to some hundreds of teachers in common schools. This corresponds exactly with what Locke says of the nobility in Britain—“That they were far more particular in providing a jockey for their horses, than a tutor for their children; and therefore providence granted their desire, for they had tractable horses, but unruly children.” Our legislators need not be surprised if they are served in a similar manner. They may have haughty rulers, fine roads, beautiful canals, and splendid empty colleges—but stubborn constituents. We here only allude to some of our rulers, and it is scarcely proper to class our roads along with our canals and colleges; but it does appear that, if it were necessary, even a portion of the road money might be more usefully expended in the instruction of our rapidly increasing population. Were the state of our funds at a low ebb, it would be right to be economical in every part of our expenditure; but they have always been sufficient for all the important services of the country: it is only necessary therefore, to give the subject of common education its proper place in the scale of importance, that it may be sufficiently encouraged; and surely

nothing but a little reflection is necessary, to show that it ought to have a permanent place in that scale. New Brunswick, though a smaller province, appears to be more alive to its importance ; for she is more liberal to her teachers than Nova-Scotia. Our neighbours in the States are making rapid strides in the march of intellect ; and if we do not keep pace with them at the commencement of the journey, they will soon leave us in the distance. It may appear ridiculous to recommend common education on this account, but the connexion between that and general improvement is inseparable. Our common schools are the nurseries for our academies, and these again for our colleges ; and without the first, the last would be unnecessary.

But notwithstanding the coolness of our legislators, and the indifference of parents to the subject, it will be the endeavour of every conscientious teacher to make the best that he can of a bad system ; and leaving to the wisdom of our lawgivers, the promotion of a system more calculated to encourage the teachers and supply the wants of the people, let us enquire, maugre every discouragement, what system of practice is most calculated to accomplish the desired object of general improvement ? Various methods have been tried in this department, each having doubtless its advantages and defects, its opponents and advocates. To the old system, there have lately been added, the Madras, the Lancasterian, the New and the Intellectual Systems ; but of all these, the last seems to be the most deserving of attention. The Old System, which has been generally used in the established schools in Scotland—and which has been too obsequiously followed in this province, to which our motto may be applied—is confessedly imperfect. The Madras system is principally adapted to towns, where regular attendance and other regulations are practicable. The Lancasterian System is absolutely necessary in schools which are very large, where few teachers are to be found ; but it is not calculated for general use, in a new country in particular. The New System (at least Mr. Jacotot's) may be adapted to the sphere of the Netherlands, but it does not appear to be calculated for the meridian of Nova-Scotia. The Intellectual System seems to be the right system, because it is calculated for any meridian, adapt-

ed to every scale, and may be suited to all circumstances in every situation—the explanation of which we reserve for another opportunity.

PHILANDER.

## YORK HOUSE,

*Residence of the Marquis of Stafford.*

[In an article, on the death of George the Fourth, in our September number, allusion is made to York House; the ideas there expressed, are well illustrated by the following description, from the Court Journal.]

In enjoying the social and intellectual hospitality of this almost regal residence, the mind is forced to travel from the dazzling splendours of the surrounding objects to reflections upon the sad uncertainty of human possessions. He for whom these glories of art, were created, sunk into his dark, eternal resting cell, ere were completed those gorgeous roofs, and vistas of halls and chambers, in which he anticipated long enjoyment. It is almost unnecessary to state, that the late Duke of York expired at the Duke of Rutland's house in Arlington-street, whilst the grandeurs of the princely mansion we are about to describe were in progress, under the direction of his taste and judgment.

Lord Kaimes, in his "Essay upon the Philosophy of Taste in Architecture," very justly observes, that no entrance hall of a building should be large, for it challenges a comparison with the larger space of the open air; and whilst (whatever its dimensions) it looks contemptible by such comparison, it makes all the other parts of the house look petty when compared to itself. For these reasons the transition from the court-yard, square or park, in the first instance should be into a space small in relation to the principal compartments of the house.

The entrance to the mansion we are about to describe is by the double portico in the centre of the north facade. The visiter is first ushered into a small neat hall, oblong, and having two doors at each extremity to the right and left, leading into small ante or rather side rooms. Here, immediately on entering the hall from the portico, the eye catches a faint and distant view of the great staircase, seen through a vestibule of marble pillars, and glowing in a profusion of gold, and bronze, and marble, until the strongest desire is excited to behold that, the imperfect part of which appears so superb when thus seen at a distance and through a vista. The manner in which expectation is thus excited and hope raised, is ingenious and judicious, particularly as every anticipation is afterwards fully gratified.

The entrance is from the outer to a second hall: another oblong,

with circular ends to the right and left, each side having three compartments or recesses, the two centre ones being door-ways leading to very long corridors, whilst each of the other recesses is filled by a full-length bronze figure.

As the visiter passes across this second hall, the great staircase, with its massive pillars and lofty gilded roof, gradually opens upon him, and he hastens through the vestibule, until he stands in its spacious area, delighted and struck by its profuse magnificence.

The vestibule itself is supported by sienna marble pillars, with delicate white or statuary marble plinths and capitals. The contrast of the delicate white and sienna marbles is extremely simple and pretty, and it is here judiciously introduced in relief to the gold and richer marbles forming the ornaments of the great staircase to which the vestibule leads.

It must be confessed that the roofs of the two halls and vestibule are unnecessarily low, and the halls themselves are darker than is requisite for the producing of the principal effect to which they are meant to contribute. These are unnecessary sacrifices; but the first glimpse of the superb staircase, caught almost from the carriage steps of the visiter, and seen through the halls and vestibules as through a vista, until it gradually opens in its magnitude, and glowing streams of golden lights and coloured shadows, is a contrivance of exquisite skill, which redounds much to the honour of the architect.

In the staircase now to be described, the dimensions are very large, the roof is exceedingly lofty, but not out of proportion to the square of the base; and whilst every detail is grand and appropriate, the ornaments are of a character to create a unity of expression. It is this which enables an unexampled profusion of gorgeous magnificence to contribute to a character of classic taste and simple grandeur.

The marble galleries of the staircase are supported by gigantic bronze cariatides; whilst underneath the two lateral flights of stairs are very large white marble tables, supported by bronze dragons with scaly sides, and innumerable folds.

The ascent of the stairs commences in the centre of the area, and directly opposite to the middle of the vestibule and halls, and consequently of the great entrance door from the portico. Passing between two beautiful dwarf pillars of marble and gold, forming pedestals to tripods of *ormolu* supporting lamps, the visiter ascends the short central flight of stairs, which leads to the right and left, at right angles, to lateral branches conducting to the galleries. These galleries are three in number, and consequently run round three sides of the space, whilst the other side is occupied by the stairs just mentioned.

Having reached the landing place or first gallery, the *coup d'oeil* is remarkably grand. The balusters of the staircase are of iron, cased with a blue colour resembling enamel, and wrought elaborately with devices in gold. The three galleries have balustrades

of a yellowish red porphyry, each balustre of a vase-like shape, finely carved, and bearing a resplendent polish. At equal distances round the galleries are verd-antique pedestals of the finest specimens of marble, from which arise fluted pillars of verd-antique, to support the roof, and the plinths, tori, scotiæ, capitals, and entablatures of which are of burnished gold. The basement part of the walls is of a full coloured sienna marble; but all above the basement story, or from the galleries to the roof, consist of large panels of porphyry, in frame work or borders of a greenish gray marble. It would be impossible to convey an adequate idea of the roof without drawings. It is supported by cariatides in bronze, and the pillars just described; whilst the light is introduced in arched windows between the cariatides, and bending in arches from the upright walls to the top surface. The roof is of a white ground, with gold divisions and rosettes, the corners having circular medallions of the family arms in gold, whilst the frieze is ornamented with similar circles containing devices, such as of St. George and the Dragon, &c. in gold on a white ground.

From the galleries open seven folding doors, with pannels of plate looking-glasses, enclosed in gold upon a white ground. The furniture of the locks is of diamond cut glass. These doors lead, three on one side, and two on each of the other sides, to the rooms on what is usually called the drawing-room floor.

These rooms are now totally unfinished; or, in plain terms, in a state of brick and mortar; nor is it the intention of the Marquis to have them finished at present, the numerous spacious apartments on the basement story being adequate to even the most splendid style of living. Of these unfinished rooms, the two principal consist of a spacious dining room about sixty feet long, with circular ends and recesses, leading into a gallery occupying one entire side of the house.

Entering the house, instead of proceeding up the splendid staircase just described, the visiter may turn to the right or left, into one or other of the two corridors. If he turn to the left, the corridor is parallel to the house built for his present Majesty when Duke of Clarence.

At the extremity of the corridor is the state dining room, (the large one upstairs not being finished) and it is at the corner of the building, having one side facing the canal, and the other looking to the left towards St. James's Palace. This dining room is large, and the walls, of a very light drab, are ornamented with paintings, of which the Marquis of Stafford has been almost the first collector in Europe.

From the dining-room the visiter is ushered into the red ante-room. The walls are of richly wrought crimson silk in gold frames, in the style of, or rather in imitation of, the King's grandest drawing-room at Windsor, but inferior to it. The ceiling of Drury lane Theatre is said to have been purposely made comparatively poor in deference to a principle of his late Majesty, to keep the ceiling

humble, in order to give better effect to the side walls. This is like telling a gentleman to wear a shabby hat in order to set off his good coat. His Majesty never entertained any such idea; for not only was it too absurd for his acknowledged superiority of taste; but his own ceilings were rich in the extreme, even to heaviness. It is owing to the poverty of the ceiling that this red room at the Marquis of Stafford's fails to produce so splendid an effect as that most beautiful of rooms, the great crimson drawing-room of Windsor Castle. The whole character of the ceilings at the Marquis's is too plain for the apartments. The gold borders and cornices are bold, and in good taste; but the whole surface of the ceilings is left plain—of a mellow yellow—but wanting gold ornaments.

But at this crimson room, all inferiority to Windsor Castle ceases. The two next apartments, the yellow drawing-rooms, are beyond imagination superb. There is an idea that "yellow kills the gold;" but yellow becomes pale by candle light, and it harmonizes with the gold till it makes a flood of mellow light, suffusing every thing with a richness which realize enchantment. When these two rooms are lighted up, the effects upon the feelings and imagination are astonishing. Splendour is carried to its acme, but it does not overwhelm you to a point bordering upon pain, it is so bland and harmonious as to create feelings intense, but sustained in their intensity, without satiety or exhaustion. Perhaps the tone of these rooms are a little trespassed upon by the too deep ground of the draperies and furniture.

The walls are of a rich saffron coloured silk, with raised flowers, rather broad, but the dead flat colour of which is a necessary relief to the brilliancy of the ground-work. The saffron pannels are in golden frames, and the five windows are surmounted with circular gold cornices, not continuous, but individual to each window, and from which hang full draperies of a deep blue satin, wrought in yellow leaves to match the devices of the satin upon the walls. The chairs are of a light mahogany, with cushions and backs to match the curtains. They are highly varnished and elaborately gilded; but the outlines are upon Hogarth's principle of a flowing line, and which applied to furniture, is preposterous. The Greek forms for furniture, introduced into the present race of fashionables by Mr. Hope, are infinitely superior.

It would occupy more than a whole number of our publication to attempt to describe the vases and the exquisite paintings which adorn these splendid rooms. There are two paintings by Carro, in the style of Murillo, hanging at angles with the mantle piece, of exquisite beauty. By the door of the next room is a fine head by Guido; and there are several cabinet pictures of Poussin, with all his classical severity without his crudeness, or rather asperity; but paintings are not, at present, within our scope. Suffice it to say, that West, in his cold, harsh, stoneyness—Howard, in his earthly beatitudes, and several of our best living artists, have their works among the mighty dead.

The next room to the great saffron drawing-room, is one of similar designs and fittings. It has only three windows in front, and they have square gold cornices, instead of curved; and this, perhaps, is the principal distinction.

The next room is the library—and like all libraries, in what are called the *show* rooms of a mansion, it lacks but one thing—books; but *nemporte*, the library is a very beautiful room, call it by any other name. It is hung in fluted silk, of a very deep green, in gold frame work.

This terminates the facade of the house facing the canal; and it would be difficult to match, in Europe, an equally superb suite of five rooms.

From the angle to the library, by a side or corner door, runs a set of rooms facing the Green Park. These are plain and simple—the private rooms of the Marquis and Marchioness—they are hung in a greyish green silk, with sage coloured leaves, and the furniture is of a useful character: “to this complexion we must come at last;” for after all the “*show*,” we must descend or ascend to *utilities*.

The first of these rooms is the *tete-a-tete* dining room of the Marquis, then follows his sitting-room; and then succeed two rooms of the Marchioness. Beyond this we may not venture.

## THE LANDSMAN.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

'Tis very well to prose and rhyme about

The “white sail'd ships” which dove-like speck the view;

And ocean freedom, when the breeze is out;

And skilful captain, and undaunted crew;

And all the beautifuls each poet lout

Writes of when he has nothing else to do.

A little real knowledge is of use

And spoils the theory of many a goose.

Small freedom has the wretch who grasps the helm,

When to the billow bows the straining mast;

He glances vainly to cerulean realm,

And sighs for respite from the hunter blast.

Small freedom has the traveller when whelm

Of fiery thought conveys his spirit fast;

While the dead calm has lull'd his ship asleep;

He's spell-bound there—upon the mocking deep.

Of all the works of nature which imply

Man's crawling weakness—'tis this boasted sea;

There is he cooped beneath the lowering sky,—

Trusting for life to tiny planks,—for way

To wind and tide—the merest cobweb'd fly  
 Is not more helpless : writhing struggles may  
 Escape the death-pang—but there's little room  
 For boast of either incest we presume.

Give me the flower bracs of the bonny land,  
 The fragrant heath knolls, and the green-wood glade ;  
 Where I may go as fancy becks her wand,  
 And seek the hill's breeze, or the valley's shade ;  
 As our forefather Adam did—no band  
 Of rugged bulwarks round me as a braid  
 Of witch-work for to coop me in a ring—  
 But gay, and fawn-like free my wandering.

And if at all I'd trust the glistening flood,  
 I'd go a laking in a painted boat ;  
 To yonder islet from this placid wood,  
 Calmly—and gently—as the rose leaves float.  
 And then at eve—when turns the rookery's brood,  
 I'd seek my oot—while all the stars of note  
 Mix on my chrystal road with rocks and trees,  
 Quivering with joy, as sighs each balmy breeze.

FIRMA.

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### FUNGI. INDIGENOUS PLANTS OF NOVA-SCOTIA.

WE have much pleasure in presenting to our readers the two following articles ; the one, an interesting disquisition on the agency of Fungi in operating the disintegration of vegetable substances, and in the resolution of them to first elements ;—the other, a valuable list of the principal indigenous plants of Nova Scotia. They both proceed from the pen of a gentleman, whose original and native powers of mind, and various acquired information would do credit even to one cradled on the silken cushions of affluence, and nursed in the lap of science ; but which, considering the peculiarly unfavourable circumstances he has had to contend with, while dedicating a scanty leisure\* to literary and scientific pursuits, do him double honour ; an honour which derives a greater lustre from the entire modesty which he maintains in his manner and

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\*We cannot resist the opportunity of recommending to the perusal of our readers "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." We mistake not if they will not find it one of the most interesting parts of the Library of Entertaining Knowledge, publishing under the auspices of a Society in England, of which the present Lord Chancellor was one of the most active originators, and effective members, and is now head. The book contains many instances of extensive attainments in literature and science being made by persons of a humble rank in life, which may be held up as examples worthy of imitation ; and one important truth if it requires, derives a forcible elucidation from the facts cited in it—that in a British community scarcely any situation is inaccessible to industry and good conduct.

bearing while in the conscious possession of stores of learning in number as well as value far transcending the slender attainments of the herd of sciolists, self styled *literati*; a modesty that almost leads him to conceal such acquirements, excepting from his more intimate friends; and that is equalled alone by the ready kindness he shews, in imparting to the diligent inquirer, knowledge, which has cost him valuable time and hard labour to obtain.

MR. TITUS SMITH of the Dutch Village, the gentleman to whom we allude, has been for many years an acute and most accurate observer of nature's mode of working in her several kingdoms; but has principally devoted his attention to Botany. His acquaintance has been sought and courted by more than one scientific name of high standing at home; and he has on several occasions contributed scientific information of the most valuable description in answer to such applications. Information, which we do not hazard too much in asserting, was perfectly unattainable from any other source in the Province. While acknowledging our deficiency of acquirements in such pursuits, knowing this gentleman's habits of patient industry, and accuracy of personal observation, guided and directed by his sagacious intelligence, we can only express our opinion, that one of these papers is highly entertaining,—both useful.

#### ON THE OPERATIONS OF FUNGI IN DISINTEGRATING VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES.

THIS family of Vegetables appears to be the principal agent in reducing the more solid parts of *dead* vegetables to that elementary state in which they will serve to form new substances. If a tree is overthrown by the wind in the winter, the small twigs will usually by the following November be in a state of decay, a yellow gelatinous fungus (*Tremella*) will be found attached to the bark, and the wood will have a whitish appearance, which is partly caused by the roots of the fungi spreading through it in every direction; the next year the bark of many kinds of wood is half consumed, partly by the Larvæ of insects, but more, by the Jews' ears and other species of *Tremella*. The sap (*Alburnum*), next becomes what is called *rotten wood*, which will be found filled with the roots of the fungi, the appearance of which varies greatly in different species. The young observer should first examine the "Dry rot;" this is the fungus which almost invariably attacks the heart of Spruce, and frequently the black Birch and Oak. Upon splitting and examining a large spruce spar which is completely dry-rotten, it will be found that a large proportion of the space is oc-

cupied by a substance resembling white glove-leather, and that the greater part of the wood has disappeared. As a cart load of this substance might sometimes be taken from a tree which has not yet produced a single touchwood, it is manifest that the term "root," applied to it, is improper, and that it should be considered as the plant of which the touchwood is the flower.—The reddish brown fungus on Hemlock changes the tree into a substance as soft as a sponge and holding nearly as much water.

The Mushrooms generally consume the leaves of trees and herbaceous plants: The Beech leaves which have fallen this autumn may now (in December) be found with threads resembling fine cotton attached to them, which often penetrate through several leaves in the hollow places where they lie thick. If a heap of horsedung and straw is thrown up in the spring for a hot bed, by the time it has been warm for four days, the white roots of a kind of mushroom, will be found penetrating the heap in every direction, and rapidly consuming the straw. A large yellow mushroom consumes the fallen leaves of the spruce. Wherever dead vegetables appear the fungi may be found at their work; and it is believed, that any one who will attend to their operations will be convinced, that putrefaction has less to do in the decomposition of vegetables than is commonly imagined; and that the fungi, notwithstanding the contempt with which they are treated, are of considerable consequence in the economy of nature. The yellow Tremella attacks the living Juniper; and I have sometimes thought that the rust upon wheat is a species of it; as it certainly has the smell of a mushroom, which may be perceived the first morning that it appears, if a small quantity is collected by scraping it off while it is in a gelatinous state. The roots of fungi appear generally to lack the outer bark (Epidermis) that is common to all other vegetables, but there is a species, (which may sometimes be found upon rotten beech logs covered with a blanket of moss,) that takes the form of long slender roots of trees, and is covered with a strong black Epidermis. The Touchwood (Boletus) appears to grow in one night. I have seen one about thirteen inches diameter attached to a beech stump on the edge of a foot path which I had passed the preceding evening; the woody part was not quite as hard as it afterwards became, and several green stems of Tim-

othy grass passed through it which did not appear to have been moved from their perpendicular position. The woody fungi sometimes form in small cavities which strangely alter their shape; I once saw one of the common caterpillars, which are covered with black and brown hairs, that appeared to be rooted to the ground; upon examination it appeared that a hard woody fungus completely filled the skin of the caterpillar, from which were extended fibrous roots passing through the legs into the ground.

The Epidermis or outer bark of trees, is not affected by the fungi, and appears to be the most durable part of vegetables; it forms a considerable proportion of the soil of boggy swamps, in which, when dried, the naked eye can distinguish the thin paper, like outer bark of the Alder and other shrubs, and the lumps of the "ross" of the hemlock, spruce and birch. When I consider the structure of the fungi, and the work they perform, I feel inclined to conjecture that they are akin to the Lithophytea, and formed and inhabited by Animalculi,—upon this supposition it would be easy to account for the Phosphorescence of rotten wood, and for the likeness to animal substances in the taste and smell of several kinds of fungi.

Having never seen the works of any of the Naturalists who have written treatises upon the fungi, I do not know that what is advanced above is new; but it is a branch of botanical knowledge to which any one whose taste leads him that way, may apply himself without the tiresome drudgery of acquiring a large stock of elementary knowledge before he can learn any thing worth knowing.

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As the *Dry Rot* appears to do more injury to buildings than any other fungus, it may not be amiss to observe that the wood which contains the most mucilage is most injured by it: for this reason timber that has been deprived of a great part of its mucilage by lying in water, has its durability greatly increased—fencing poles may have their durability more than doubled by keeping them a year in a lake. The cause of the contradictions in the evidence brought before the House of Commons upon the subject of American Timber may be easily conceived; upon reflecting that the timber from the north of Europe is always water-seasoned previ-

ous to exportation ; while of the American, a portion had been accidentally seasoned in consequence of the rafts having lain long in the rivers ; part had dried in the woods ; and some cargoes had been put on board almost immediately after hewing ; these last must have soon decayed, the dry would have proved more durable, and the water-seasoned would probably have been about as durable as the European.

### A LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL INDIGENOUS PLANTS OF NOVA SCOTIA.

<i>Circaea</i>	<i>Verbascum Thapsus</i> (Mullein)
<i>Utricularia vulgaris</i>	— — <i>Lyratum</i>
<i>Lycopus Europæus</i>	<i>Pontederia</i>
— — <i>Virginicus</i>	<i>Salsola Kali</i>
<i>Sisyrinchium anceps</i>	<i>Drosera rotundifolia</i> (sundew)
<i>Eriophorum alpinum</i>	— — — <i>longifolia</i>
— — several other species	<i>Arenaria</i> , several species
<i>Briza media</i>	<i>Alsine media</i> (chickweed)
— — — other species	— — — other species
<i>Panicum brevifolium</i>	<i>Mentha</i> , one species [royal]
<i>Bromus</i> . . . . . [cies	<i>Hedeoma pulegioides</i> (peppery)
<i>Carex</i> (sedge grass) many spe-	<i>Mitchella repens</i>
<i>Scirpus</i> (rush) several species	<i>Cornus canadensis</i> (pigeon berry)
<i>Anthoxanthum odoratum</i>	— — <i>Sanguinea</i>
<i>Avena spicata</i>	<i>Solanum nigrum</i> (night shade)
<i>Agrostis arundinacea</i> (blue joint)	<i>Cephalanthus occidentalis</i>
— — <i>vulgaris</i>	<i>Hamamelis virginiana</i>
— — <i>stolonifera</i> (Fiorin)	<i>Ribes Uva crispa</i> (gooseberry)
— — <i>capillaris</i>	— <i>Rubrum</i> (upright red and
— — other species	— trailing red [white]
<i>Elymus</i> , four species	— prickly stem black currant.
<i>Cynosurus</i> (Flat grass)	<i>Vilurnum Opulus</i> (tree cran-
<i>Arundo phragmitis</i> (Reed)	— — <i>Acerifolium</i> [berry
<i>Poa annua</i>	— — <i>Lantanoides</i> (moosebush.
<i>Triticum</i> (Couchgrass)	— — <i>Lentago</i> (withrod)
<i>Veronica officinalis</i>	<i>Apocynum frutescens</i> , flycatcher
— — <i>serpyllifol</i>	— — other species
— — <i>Beccabunga</i>	<i>Asclepias</i> , several species, some
— — <i>scutellata</i>	of which appear to be equal to
— — <i>arocisis</i>	flax for making strong thread.
— — other species	<i>Bunium bulbocastanum</i> (pignut)
<i>Iris foetida</i>	<i>Claytonia virginica</i> . The
<i>Cuscuta Americana</i>	plant, consisting of two grass

leaves, and a short stem between them supporting a little white flower, often covers the ground over considerable tracts of hardwood land in the month of May, while the sun can reach it.—Its leaves ripen and decay early in June when the trees leaf out, and it is seen no more till next spring. The roots, of the size of a kidney bean, in form and taste resemble potatoes, and together with those of the buniun, which are of the size and form of a musket ball, serve to support the pigs of new settlers, and are also eaten by bears. [elder

*Sambucus racemosa*, redberried  
— swamp elder

*Ligusticum scoticum*

*Heracleum sphondylium*

*Sium*

*Cicuta*

*Scandix odorata*. Sweet Cicely

— another species

*Aralia nudicaulis* (sassaaparilla)

— *hispida*

— *racemosa*. spignet. The

balsamic root is useful for tedious coughs. It is highly valued by the Indians, and is generally believed by the country people in New England to be of use in the beginning of consumption.

*Lysimachia stricta*

*Convolvulus arvensis*

*Lilium canadense*

*Uvularia amplexifolia* [seal

*Convallaria racemosa*, Solomon's

— *bifolia*

— *trifolia*

— four other species

*Medeola virginica*

*Pulmonaria maritima*

*Trillium erectum*

— *cernuum*

*Menyanthis trifoliata*

*Alisma plantago*

*Hydrocotyle Americana*

*Acorus Calamus*

*Ilex prinoides* [terberry

*Prinos verticillatus*, scarlet win-

— *glaber*

*Statice Limonina*

*Tricentalis Europæa*

*Leontice Thalictroides*

*Oenothera biennis*

— *perennis*

*Epilobium angustifolium*

— *tetragonum*

— *pauciflorum*

— other species

*Rumex Britannica*

— *crispus*

— *persicarioides*

— *maritimus*

*Plantago Lugopus*

— *media*

— *maritima*

*Vaccinium buxifolium*. Foxberry

— *Oxycoccus*. Marshberry

— *macrocarpon*. Cranberry

— *hispidulum*. Maidenhair

— *frondosum*

— — black whortle

— — blue berry

*Cistus*

*Melanpyrum lineare*

*Prunella vulgaris*

*Mitella diphylla*

*Polygonum scandens*

— *Hydropiper*

— *Convolvulus*

— *Sagittatum*

— *perfoliatum*

— *amphibium*

— several other species

*Ledum latifolium*. Indian tea

*Gaultheria procumbens*. mountain

*Oxalis acetosella* [tain tea

— *corniculata*

*Pyrola rotundifolia*

— *secunda*

— *umbellata*. Pan-ye. U-

sed for rheumatism, dropsy

and for a kind of ulcers which

attack children and continue for

- years, never healing till a piece of bone is cast off.
- Andromeda calyculata*  
 — *Polifolia*
- Kulmia angustifolia*  
 — *Rosmarinifolia*
- Epigæa repens*, Mayflower  
*Arenaria*, several species  
*Stellaria*, several species  
*Lythrum*  
*Arbutus Uva Ursi*  
*Mespilus canadensis*, Indian pear  
*Aronia arbutifolia*, chokeberry  
*Fragaria virginiana*, strawberry  
*Rubus fruticosus*, blackberry  
 — *Idæus*, raspberry  
 — *cæsius*, creeping blackberry  
 — *Chamæmorus*, Bake apple }  
 ple. Bog apple }  
 — *Saxatilis americana*, dew-  
 — *Hispidus* [berry]
- Dalibarda repens*  
*Prunus Cerasus Avium*, wild }  
 red cherry }  
 — *Virginiana*, choke cherry  
 — *Serotina*, pigeon cherry
- Cratægus cordata*, thorn  
*Sorbus aucuporia Americana*  
*Potentilla tridentata*  
 — *reptans*  
 — *fruticosa*  
 — *Anserina*  
 — *Norvegica*
- Agrimonia parviflora*  
*Actæa rubra*  
*Actæa alba*, Cohash, Indian medicine for sterility in females, and for palsy.  
*Sarracena purpurea*  
*Spiræa alba*  
 — *tomentosa*  
*Sanguinaria canadensis*, blood root. The root, bruised with an equal quantity of the leaves of *Datura stramonium* is one of the cancer-curer's remedies.  
*Geum virginianum*  
 — *canadense*  
 — *rivale*, chocolate root.
- Useful in stopping Hemorrhages, and believed by many to have cured beginning consumptions.  
*Helleborus trifol.* snakeroot  
*Caltha palustris*  
*Scutallaria galericulata*  
 — *Lateriflora*, said to have }  
 cured hydrophobia }  
*Lathræa clandestina*  
*Phelipea*  
*Monotropa uniflora*  
 — *Hypopithis*  
*Ranunculus falcatus*  
 — *hederuceus*  
 — *acris*  
*Cardamine trifolia*  
*Linnea borealis*  
*Chelone glabra*  
*Hypericum perforatum*, St. }  
 John's wort }  
 Three other species  
*Arum triphyllum*, Indian turnip  
*Ulmus Americana*  
*Ulmus* . . .  
*Carpinus virginiana*, hornbeam  
*Fumaria cuculata*  
 — *sempervirens*  
 — *claviculata* [birch  
*Betula nigra*, black or yellow  
 — *papyracea* white birch  
 — *nana*  
*Alnus serrulata*, alder  
*Fagus sylvatica Americana*  
*Acer rubrum*. White Maple  
 — *Saccharinum*. Rock or sugar  
 — *Pensylvanicum*. Moose wood  
 — *montanum*, shrub  
*Corylus rostrata*. Hazel  
*Pinus Strobus*. White pine  
 — *Sylvestris* ? Red  
 — *Banksiana*. Dwarf mountain  
 — *Americana*. Hemlock  
 — *Balsamea*. Fir  
 — *alba* }  
 — *rubra* } Spruce  
 — *nigra* }  
 — *microcarpa*, hachmetac, larch.  
*Thuja occidentalis*, white Cedar

Juniperus communis (nana)	— luteo-album. Everlasting
— prostrata. Savin [lock	— several other species
Taxus canadensis. Ground hem-	Sonchus canadensis
Fraxinus Americana. White ash.	— maritimus
— nigra	— other species
Salix, several shrubby species	Lactuca
Populus tremula. Aspen	Prenanthes alba
— trepida	Antirrhinum . .
Viola canadensis. Yellow violet	Ophrys cordata
— lanceolata	— corallorhiza
— palustris	— other species
— other species	Neottia Spiralis
Lobelia inflata	Cymbidium, three species
— Dortmanna	Cypripedium humile
Sinecio aureus	Orchis fimbriata
— vulgaris [um	— many other species
Chrysanthemum Leucanthem-	Satyrum maculatum
— scrotinum	Smilax rotundifolia
Hieracium Kalmii	Geranium robertianum
— paniculatum	— another species
— Scabrum	Myrica gale
Serratula arvensis	— cerifera. Candleberry
Carduus arvensis	Comptonia Asplenifolia. Sweet
Eupatorium purpureum, the bal-	Empetrum nigrum? [fern
samic root is an Indian medi-	— another species
cine for gravelly complaints: it	Thalictrum cornuti
is a powerful Diuretic.	Polygala sanguinea?
Eupatorium perfoliatum. Tho-	Clematis virginiana [lily
roughwort. This is much val-	Nymphaea odorata. white pond
ued by the Americans, and	— sagittata. yellow
really appears to be preferable	Campanula uniflora
to most purging medicines in	Sagittaria sagittifolia
dangerous cholics; but is of no	Anthericum . .
use in those that are caused by	Xanthium . .
lead.	Vicia, several species
Leontodon Taraxacum	Rosa carolina
Aparyia autumnalis	— another species
Solidago canadensis	Impatiens noli me tangere
— Lanceolata	Galium, several species
— cæsia	Tussilago frigida
— Mexicaulis	Pisum maritimum
— other species	Glycine Apios. Ground nut
Aster lævis	Quercus . . Sink oak. Grey oak
— Radula	Euphorbia . .
— Solidaginoides	Cacalia . . the most trouble-
— cordifolia	some weed of newly cleared
— many other species	land—suffocating the thresher
Onophalium margaritaceum	with the down of its seeds.

## POLITICAL CHANGES.—ENGLAND.

THE business of Parliament has assumed a decisive and important character, and the Lower House has vindicated itself in the eyes of the Country from the charges of apathy, indifference and incapacity, which were brought against it in the last parliament so universally and so justly. From the very commencement, it seems to have been felt by the leading members of the House of Commons that the public were no longer to be trifled with—that a spirit was abroad without the walls, which would only be satisfied by the manifestation of a corresponding spirit within; and that the time and the circumstances of the country demanded a bold and energetic discharge of the duties of the people's representatives. It had been well for the late Ministry if they had meditated a little upon this state of public feeling, and determined to act more in accordance with it, before they ventured to meet the Parliament. It had been well for them if they had recollected that some little addition of intellectual force; some habits of plain dealing and plain speaking; some recollection of, and commiseration for, the common people and their distresses; some use of argument in debate, and some skill to grapple with the arguments of others, were become abundantly necessary for those who would conduct the affairs of Government, and meet the assembled Parliament at such a time as this. But all these things they seemed to have forgotten; and they came before Parliament and the Country in the old fashion, wherein they had struggled through the two preceding sessions; or, if there were any change, it was, strange to say, an additional appearance of obstinate perseverance in those very things about which the public decision for a beneficial reform was equally distinct and notorious. The speech which Ministers put into the mouth of the King was, taking it for all in all, a better speech than that of February last, which opened the preceding session: but this is only saying, that it was better than what was extremely bad; for what sentiment did the speech of last session create but that of indignation? It should have been remembered that there was vast cause, as well as vast room, for a great improvement in the speech from the Throne, and that the character both of the King, whose sentiments it should purport to convey, and of the political events which it was necessary to notice, required an infusion of popular sentiment, very different from the lofty air and vague generality by which it was—not distinguished, but made like unto the many that had gone before it. Unless men wilfully shut their eyes to the events which are taking place in the world around them; unless they are determined, obstinately and blindly, to continue steering on in the same course, though breakers are evidently ahead, giving palpable warning of the danger; unless they had rather lose all through indolent pride, than bestir themselves, and earn a continuance of their tenure of respect and influence by endeavouring to deserve them in active

service ; they must adapt themselves to the new form of circumstances, and perceiving the enquiring habits upon political matters which have grown up among the people, they must take more care in the political documents they bring forward, and the principles they advocate, where the interests of the people are concerned.

Now, with regard to the King's Speech it should have been composed with special reference to the feverish state of men's minds respecting Reform all over Europe ; to the distresses and discontents of the common people at home, and to the expediency of proving to the people, at the present moment, that Government is a careful guardian of their interests, and necessary to their well-being. But what do we---what did the people find in the speech ? After the usual compliments from the Sovereign to the Parliament, the Government, in its first communication with the public since the French Revolution of July, states, that " the elder branch of the House of Bourbon no longer reigns in France : and the Duke of Orleans has been called to the throne by the title of the King of the French." What a piece of pompous affectation was this ! How ridiculous to refrain from acknowledging the fact, that the people of a neighbouring country had accomplished a great revolution, because their Sovereign, that was, had dared to venture upon insupportable tyranny. Had the knowledge of the events in France been confined to the members of the cabinet, this method of announcing them, however wrong, might have had an intelligible purpose, and would not have been absurd ; but known as it was, and while the hearts of all the English people were beating with warm feelings of admiration, for the courage and moderation which had been displayed by the French, it was in the highest degree foolish, as well as wrong, to speak as if the Government were not of the people, nor with the people, and as if it were ashamed even to name them, while it acknowledged what they had accomplished, and the consent which had been given to the changes which they had made. The language used seemed borrowed from the phraseology of Bonaparte, when he overturned dynasties and set up some branch of his military tyranny in their stead : but a British Government, in announcing such an event to the British Commons should have plainly told the whole truth---that the French people had dethroned their King for attempting to impose rules upon them, by his absolute authority, supported by military force, and that they had chosen another King in his place. But the mistaken Ministry, like Pope's Dean---

" Who never mentioned Hell to ears polite,"

seem to have been afraid to introduce any thing so vulgar and malignant as the power of the people. There was a time when all this might have done very well ; but that time has gone by, and we can tell those whose lofty task induces them to turn away " *naso adunco*" from the name and the thought of the common peo-

ple. that even on their own principles they act most erroneously ; for the only way now to keep the people at a civil distance, is to treat them civilly.

Again, mere attention to political prudence, setting aside motive, should have prevented the Government from making the King say, that " he lamented that the *enlightened* administration of the King of the Netherlands should not have preserved his dominions from *revolt*." " *Enlightened administration*," by the way, is a vile phrase, but let that pass, and let us ask, why should we call that administration " *enlightened*," against which the people that lived under it have revolted ? Do we know better than they ? And, granting that we do, and that the people of the Low Countries were wrong in opposing their King, to what purpose do we, in a state paper, which pledges the Government of the country to particular sentiments, make use of the offensive term " *revolt* " ? When a king outraging the law, attempts to establish despotism, and is beaten and dethroned in the attempt, after many of his subjects have been slaughtered, then we are merely told, as in the child's play of Queen Anne's dead, that " the elder branch of the House of Bourbon no longer reigns." When the people, dissatisfied with the government, attack the power of the King, and place themselves in a position to treat for another government more suited to their desires, then we are told of a " *revolt* " against an " *enlightened administration*." This is a strange distinction to be made in a country which invented the phrase " the majesty of the people."

We must refrain from noticing all the topics suggested by the King's speech, lest we should leave ourselves without room for subsequent matters of more interest and equal importance ; but, adverting to this document as the foundation of the Parliamentary union which overthrew the late administration, it may be well to observe that all mention of, or allusion to, the distressed condition of the people, is carefully omitted, while the threat of punishment for disorder is angrily put forth ; and, in the paragraph respecting the *Civil List*, there was, whatever anger Sir Robert Peel may have felt at the suggestion, something which, if it was not intended to deceive, was very ill expressed.

But the King's speech, however objectionable, or at least inadequate to the occasion, was harmless when compared with other acts of the late Ministry which followed close upon it. The reply of the Duke of Wellington to Earl Grey, upon the question of Reform, on the first night of the Session, displayed a spirit of determined hostility to the full current of popular opinion, which is not a little marvellous in a person of his Grace's usually cautious habits. It is not his wont to state more of his views and opinions in public than is absolutely necessary for the occasion, and, unless we suppose that to " go out " was his object, it is almost impossible to account for such a headlong declaration of resistance to any, and every measure of reform, however moderate, or however

warded. An honest minister may entertain opinions of that which is the best policy for the country very different from those which find approval in the popular voice; but a cautious minister will not place himself by an avowal, which it is possible to avoid, in direct hostility to an almost universally expressed opinion of the public. It will hardly be thought, however, by any one who examines the language used by the Duke, that it was inconsiderately uttered, or without a full sense of the impression which his words were calculated to convey. Without meaning any imputation upon his general manner of conveying his sentiments, we must avow that we have seldom found in his speeches any thing so vehemently expressive, so clear, and so vigorous as his declaration against Reform; he said, "the noble Earl (Grey) has stated that he is not prepared himself to come forward with any measure of the kind, (Reform of Parliament,) and I will tell him that neither is the Government. Nay, I will go further, and say, that I have not heard of any measure up to this moment which would, in any degree, satisfy my mind, or by which the state of the representation could be improved, or placed on a footing more satisfactory to the people of this country than it now is."

This pointed declaration, in which there could be "no mistake" gave a blow to the Wellington administration, from which it reeled to its fall, accelerated no doubt in its downward progress by the feeling of contempt which arose out of the exaggerated alarm respecting the King's visit to the City.

After this time, it was evident that the country was weary of the Administration, and it was fully expected that the division on Mr. Brougham's Reform question would have sealed its fate:—the amendment to the Civil List resolution, moved by Sir Henry Parnell, accelerated this conclusion by a day, the Wellington Ministry fell, and a change in the Government, the most decisive in its character, and the most sweeping in its extent, that has taken place for many years, has been the consequence. The most superficial observer of the state of political feeling in this country can hardly have failed to notice how much the general mode of judging of public affairs has in our days altered. The changes and chances of political life have so affected parties, and so broken up old coalitions.—have brought the exercise of individual judgment so much more into fashion, and given such an equality of mediocrity to public men, that leadership in politics is no longer of the vast practical consequence that it used to be. Added to this, a great number of the common people have been induced by improved education, and many have been driven by the hardness of their lot, to serious examination of the real effects of what is done by the Legislature and the Government, and instead of being led away, as they used to be, by personal feelings towards some favorite political champion, they look to what acts are likely to be passed for their benefit, and according to these they measure the portion of their censure or their praise. We feel inclined to

follow a similar course, and however disposed to admit the high mental capabilities and various accomplishments of those now placed at the head of affairs, we want to see what practical good is to follow to the people from their government. It often happens that, in situations where diligence, steadiness, and habits of exactness and dispatch are requisite, (and in what branch of public or private business are they not requisite?) that highly accomplished minds are not the most useful; and while we are far from implying that we shall not find those important requisites in the new Ministry, yet we are warranted in not taking it for granted that we shall find them, merely because the new men are men of undoubted talent, so far as it has been displayed in the occasional matters of a public nature which they have voluntarily taken up.

We have heard it observed in the political circles, and we think with much truth, that the distribution of the places in the new Ministry does not seem to be the most happy that might have been devised, and that in the number of which the Ministerial body is composed, some transpositions might be made which would greatly improve the working of the whole. Amongst the Aristocracy of England, Earl Grey stands conspicuous for political knowledge, and parliamentary eloquence of the highest order—he must obtain respect even from those whose political principles are most at variance with his; and whether at home or on the Continent; His name at the head of the Government, will give it a lofty character, unless his deeds shall prove unequal to the reputation which he possesses.

The promotion of Mr. Brougham to the Chancellorship is one of those astonishing events, which upon their first occurrence we feel it necessary to speak of with much caution, lest the novelty and surprise of the matter should betray us into saying too much or too little. Hitherto, neither his peculiar abilities, nor his habits, have been such as would have been considered most valuable in a judge who must patiently listen and deliberately decide; but perhaps we do not know of what new discipline his mind may be capable—we shall not prejudge him, but be ready at a future time to acknowledge his honest fame as a Chancellor, if he shall acquire reputation as an Equity Judge at all answering to his celebrity as an advocate. He has reached the topmost pinnacle of an English lawyer's ambition, and however arduous may have been his struggle, and long the period of his exclusion from official reward, Fortune has now, by one splendid gift, repaid him for all former neglect.

We refrain from the task—more curious and delicate than useful,—of tracing the characters and capabilities of the other Ministers—by the bye we shall know them better by their fruits. Certainly no Ministry has, for many years, taken office under circumstances more calculated to try them and call forth their best exertions; the country is in a state which renders the task of Government extremely difficult, and makes the utmost vigilance in every department absolutely necessary. The situation of foreign affairs

is sufficiently delicate and embarrassing, and the system of non-intervention, consistently with the honour and independence of this country, may be found much more difficult to maintain than to talk about; but foreign affairs seem to be of little account when compared with the alarming condition of the country at home. The dreadful system of burning agricultural produce in order to produce such a state of terror as shall enable the lawless multitude to demand, with success, whatever they please to ask from those who possess property, is rapidly spreading: the framework of society seems breaking up, and the Government have before them the task not only of crushing the present tendency to insurrectionary outrage, but of devising such means as will take away or mitigate the causes of it, and make the common people attached, as they once were, to their various occupations, and to those who are placed over them as landlords, and magistrates, and clergy, through a conviction that even their superiors were their friends, and desired nothing more than to see them happy and comfortable in the stations to which their condition of life had fixed them. A mere sentimental desire of this kind, however, amounts to nothing; exertion, strenuous exertion, must be put forth; the truth must be sifted out: the evil, whatever it is, must be boldly looked in the face, and whatever sacrifices are absolutely necessary to avert the evil must be made. If men will shut their eyes and fold their arms, and let the fearful work of destruction go on, or if they will never interfere except to punish, and always neglect to look into the cause of the crime, then will these frightful outrages proceed until they assume the shape of open and general insurrection. If, on the contrary, the evil be examined into—the claims of the people considered, and the actual violators of the law be speedily and severely dealt with, as far as the law justifies, we have reason to expect returning tranquillity, and patient industry, and internal strength once more.

The circumstances of the times have caused a suspension of Parliamentary business, but future proceedings cannot fail to be fraught with a particular interest, both political and personal. We shall look to them carefully and closely, hoping the best from Government influence and exertion, but trying them impartially, by this simple test, "what good do they effect for the people at large, and for the permanent welfare of the national interests?"—*New Monthly Mag.*

[We have copied the above article—on the late Ministerial Change in England—for two reasons: first, because it recounts with spirit, events, in which—as subjects of Great Britain—all our readers must feel a deep interest; next, because the political sentiments of the article, appear to us to be excellent, and applicable to every free community.]

## THE BUTTERFLY AT SEA.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE beauteous insect leaves the lea  
 To wander o'er the summer sea ;  
 And flutters gaily mid the swells  
 As erst ~~it~~ in flowery dells.  
 Ah ! all unfitted for such path,  
 How may the fool brave ocean's wrath ?  
 A gem in summer's fragrant dale ;  
 But bolder pinions here should sail.  
 'Tis as if maids of humble life  
 Should mix in scenes of empty state ;  
 Rapturous, no doubt while joys are rife,  
 But ah ! when conscience seeks retreat—  
 Where is the wanderer ?—blank despair  
 Is portion of the erring fair.  
 Small heed is paid to wisdom's voice ;  
 The deeps above, below, rejoice :  
 The gaily flutterer seems to say  
 In laughing tones, this foolish lay :  
 Oh lovely plain !—how glad I find  
 This sphere transcends, that left behind ;  
 No muddy pools, no dust is here,  
 To taint the fragrance of the air.  
 No brambles grow, no truant's chase,  
 No wasp, no bee, each vulgar race  
 Each vulgar scene, is far away ;  
 'Tis sweet to wander o'er the sea.

Oh ! who would spend a life of leisure  
 Mid vulgar joys, which some call pleasure ?  
 The bower and brae ! and daisied mead !  
 And thymy knoll by spring arrayed ?  
 Born mid such sweets, I long'd to change ;  
 And now I find romantic range.  
 Be light my heart, be bright my wings,  
 I'll taste the bliss each moment brings ;  
 Farewell dull earth—with joy we part,  
 Thy woodbines droop, thy rose buds smart,  
 Thy lilac dower has shapeless plume,  
 Vulgar indeed thy scented Broom ;  
 What are thy jes'mine stars to me ?  
 I speed exulting o'er the sea.

And in my present glassy plain  
 How true ~~my form~~ is given again ;  
 My taper limbs in downy fold,  
 And purple wings be-drop'd with gold :  
 Earth, what ~~thy~~ dewy lawn to this,  
 Which murmuring heaves with conscious bliss ?  
 Thy bubbling brook too soon is dry ;  
 Here, I ~~may~~ drink eternally.  
 Thy envious cliffs enclose one round ;  
 To ocean joys appear no bound.  
 Farewell dull earth !—bright sea and sky  
 Alone surround me as I fly ;  
 I'm queen of all above, below,  
 Where shall the happy wanderer go ?

No rival here disputes my charms,  
 No foe intrudes with rude alarms ;  
 Where shall I go? each path is free :  
 The Butterfly is far at sea.

Dubious I flutter round awhile,  
 The sunbeams on the waters smile,  
 And ocean dances in the ray ;  
 Life here is one vast holiday.  
 But sport wants pause—and thirst assails  
 As oft it did mid dusty vales ;  
 But not as there—I nere may sip,  
 Whene'er I wish to bow the lip.  
 Now for a draught, and then away,  
 Still farther—farther, o'er the sea.

Ha ! draught indeed !—tis brine, tis brine !  
 Oh ! for the streamlets silver line.  
 All, bitter, bitter—might I fly  
 To where the small dark lakelets lie.  
 Salt, salt,—oh ! could I speed away  
 To where the garden fountains play.  
 I fear to think,—but flight is vain,  
 No bound is to this treach'rous plain.  
 My wings decline, my spirits droop,  
 I'd fain upon a tulip stoop ;  
 But I'm afar from flowery lea,  
 And nought but swells are on the sea.

And, hark, I hear the moaning wind ;  
 This laughing sea can frown I find ;  
 Each swell is crown'd with hissing foam ;  
 The sunbeams fade,—I long for home.  
 Oh ! for the happy jes'mine bower,  
 My couch within the woodbine's flower,  
 Where shall I rest? I'm faint and sad,  
 Riot no longer makes me glad ;  
 Come narrow stream, come dusty lea,  
 Gladly I'd leave this brawling sea,

So sighed the wanderer—but the peace,  
 Of home was far,—and pangs increase ;  
 And stoop she must, for rest and food,  
 She flutters weakly o'er the flood ;  
 Near, and more near,—the spray at last  
 Dabbles her silken wings, the blast  
 Crushes her tender plumes, she falls !  
 The altered scene her heart appals.  
 Alas ! she gets unwonted rest,  
 Upon the wild swells chilly breast.  
 Like a crushed flower, the coquet gay  
 Dies all unpitied, far at sea.

Is youth more happy, when they roam  
 From duty's path, and peaceful home ?  
 Alas ! tho' richer joys invite  
 They pall the sickly appetite ;  
 The wanderer wakes too late, and finds  
 His best hopes scattered to the winds ;  
 His trust, an empty treacherous shade ;  
 His raptures dead—his pangs array'd  
 Each with a barb'd undying sting  
 And he a scorn'd forgotten thing.

Rest ! heavenly word, but not for him,  
 He laughed at joys so cold and dim ;  
 And now they seem forever fled,  
 Rest, here, is only for the dead.  
 The dead ! in death beyond the grave  
 Appears, the trembling wretch, to crave.  
 He might have scorned a common care ;  
 A wounded spirit who can bear ?  
 He drops the last slight hold on bliss  
 And sinks into the dread abyss :  
 Or, haply quits that poisonous plain  
 And finds his sunny home again !

T.

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 ROBIN HARTREY.—A TALE.—(CONCLUDED.)

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

*Chapter 5.—The Catastrophe.*

On such an evening, as often repays the British Isles for their long intervals of fog and rain, the group of convicts arrived at Cove ; where a transport vessel awaited them. The heaven was clear, as if a heavy vapour had never soiled its coping ; and the earth seemed to rejoice in the tempered beam, as tho' there were not one guilty or broken heart amid its balmy scenes. The little town of Cove—romantically seated on the high beach of the harbour—sent out its sympathizing gazers as the band of convicts moved to the shore. The beauties of the season, and of the scene, were forgotten by the spectators and the sufferers ; the first lost their little joys in their commiseration, and the second, saw the magnificent theatre of nature, to be but their splendid prison house. The convicts soon gained the strand, the transport's long boat had put off and was approaching the shore, and a guard of soldiers came winding down the cliffs from their guard house, to relieve the party which had the prisoners in charge, and to convey the latter on board their floating dungeons.

In a few minutes the boat had received its freight, and was proceeding towards the vessel. The playfulness of the sailors, and the boisterous mirth of the military party, were evidently checked by the melancholy nature of their charge. The unfortunate convicts seemed, as if manacles were on their hearts, as well as their hands ; and they sat sullenly silent, as if hating themselves and all around. One of the soldiers—a young man—sat for some time stedfastly eyeing the prisoners, and at length he exclaimed aloud—in a tone of agony—“ Father, father is that you ? ” Robin Hartrey raised his sunken eyes,—and in a moment he was in the embrace of his son Bill ! The athletic proportions, and florid com-

plexion of the soldier, strongly contrasted the wasted and pale—but venerable—form of the old Peasant. The situation in which they met, was for awhile forgotten in the extacy of the meeting; but the countenances of both soon fell, and the soldier exclaimed “Oh! father why are you here? and what brings them curred chains on your hands?” “Don’t be ashamed of me Bill”—replied the old man—“there’s no disgrace or dishonour on your father’s soul,—a scuffle with a police man after sunset is the cause of all.” Bill readily comprehended the nature of his father’s crime and punishment, and after venting a fervent anathema on Peel, the Peelers, the insurrection act, and the lawyers, he sat down overwhelmed with mental agony. “And Kitty!” said he, “where is she and her ould uncle going to transportation?” His eyes reverted to the shore as if to enquire whether she was among the groupe which watched the progress of the boat. “Oh merciful heaven!” exclaimed the old man, “my poor boy your cruelly deceived,—Kitty is the cause of all our misery! She’s lost Bill,—she left her ould uncle and you.—and ran off with Cavanagh the shopkeeper! I was follyen her to Carrick, when I got into the row with the Peelers. Heaven pity and support my poor boy—as for meself it ill soon be over, it ill very soon be all over with me.” Sobs here unmanned the rough peasant; and Bill sat silent and scowling, as if despair and revenge were struggling for the mastery in his breast. The shipping of the oars aroused both, they had arrived at the transport,—the convicts and soldiers began to ascend her side, and the sailors handed up the oars and followed. At this time, the old man—as if in a last embrace—had grasped his son’s hands between his, and the tear drops—wringing unwillingly from his exhausted feelings—fell rapidly on them: these hands had often met long years before, innocently and happily,—they were long cruelly parted,—they were clasped now in utter misery,—and were about to be separated never to meet again! A multitude of thoughts rushed in that brief time across the breast of father and son,—and there passed between them that bitter communion of souls which wanted not words. All others of the boat’s crew were now on board,—Bill and his father were allowed to remain for awhile out of commiseration to their wretchedness. “It is hard too,” said the serjeant of the party, as he leaned over the vessel’s bulwarks—“It’s hard too, poor Bill’s time was just expired, and we often laughed at him for his joy at getting home to the ould man, and the potatoe garden; and now, poor devil, he finds his father going to Botany Bay, and hears that his sweetheart proved false.—Tis hard too,—but poor men are fools to expect any pleasure in this world—every day is “fatigue” to them.” Then raising his voice, he addressed himself to the miserable pair below—“Bill, send the ould man up before you, and come on deck yourself.” Bill withdrew his hands hurriedly from his father’s grasp, and looked bewildered for a moment—his father was his prisoner! and was he to conduct the beloved old man to his fate?—he gave

a glance of defiance at the party on deck, drew a jack knife from his pocket with the rapidity of lightning, severed the boat's painter, and shoving her off violently, gave a yell of 'liberty or death!' as the tide rapidly swept them under the stern of the vessel. Astonishment and some confusion were visible among the persons on deck,—a light boat was quickly hove over the side, and lowered, and a few sailors and soldiers clambered down the side, to man her, and pursue the fugitives.

Bill and his father were already some way ahead, the shore opposite Cove afforded ready facilities for escape—could the unfortunates reach it, but too late the impetuous deserter found, that the oars being removed, the boat was bereft of all means of motion except that given by a rapid tide and light wind: these equally favoured the pursuers, who, it was quite evident, would be up with the drifting boat in a moment or two. An imprecation on his madness and folly escaped the pale lips of the soldier, and grasping his musket on which the bayonet was fixed—he seemed to prepare for deadly fight against any odds. "Stop stop Bill, my brave bohul"—said the frenzied father, as he again grasped his son's arm—"dout let me be the means of your destruction, as well as my own, for the sake of your poor mother, who is looking on our misery to day, be quiet, and leave your father to his hard fortune!" Bill dropped his musket as his comrades approached, and returning the old man's grasp, exclaimed, "good bye! good bye father! may be we'll meet again, may heaven protect you, I can't—good bye!" and flinging off his accoutrements, he shook himself free of the old man, and immediately plunged over the boat's side. He rose at once, and striking boldly out for the shore, beckoned his astonished parent to keep the boat in an opposite direction. Robin sprung to the task, and as well as his manacles would permit him, paddled the boat towards Cove with the butt end of his son's firelock. By this little manoeuvre, he was soon widely separated from the swimmer, and so giving the pursuers two objects, gave the greater chance to one to escape. Sad alternative produced by a few days,—Robin now strained every nerve to separate himself from that son, whose anticipated return was often his chief pleasure; a week ago, and the delight of his sleeping and waking dreams was, that his son and he might meet, never again to part in this world,—now, he is agonizing with exertion, to widen the distance between himself and Bill, conscious that it is a final separation. The transport's boat sprung lightly forward, but the old man was rejoiced at observing, that he was selected as the object of pursuit; and that his son seemed yet strong, and was making good way towards the opposite shore. Robin felt for a moment his pulse beat, as it once would have done in such a case, and some remains of his youthful blood rushed to his heart. As the pursuing boat ran alongside him, he seemed resolved to sell his life dearly and at once, and still brandishing the gun—which, from belonging to his son, seemed to impart new

feror to his arms—he settled his feet firmly on the thwarts of the boat, and gave a faint huzza of defiance,—“Come on,” said he, “and try the old man, some ov ye’ll find that he has a stir in him yet.” So saying, and as the boat came within reach, he shoved her off again, with the butt of the firelock, with force almost sufficient to stove her side; she rebounded to some little distance, and Robin again prepared for a more close encounter. As the boat again approached, Robin heard a shout in the direction of his son, and throwing the musket from him, he gazed intently after the poor deserter, all anxiety as to his fate, and careless at the moment of his own. Taking advantage of this abstraction, the boat again ran along side, a couple of soldiers leaped aboard the long boat, and easily retook their prisoner. All now looked after the deserter, his head was still visible at a distance, and seemed a dot on the glassy surface of the harbour, as though it was but a wild duck which glided there. “Well done my brave bohul!” exclaimed Robin, “the Suir need’nt be ashamed of you, whatever river your in.” A small boat was now observed pushing from the other side, and pulling towards the swimmer, and this accounted for the shouts so lately heard. A couple of oars were thrown into the long boat,—and the gig was again impelled rapidly through the water. Robin and his guard paused to watch the chase. They perceived that the small boat which put from the shore, ceased its progress towards them, it had come up with the swimmer, and the movements of the figures on board told that they were assisting him from the water; the next moment the little boat’s bow was pulled round, and was impelled rapidly towards the shore. The pursuing boat was gaining rapidly in the chase; each dark little hull sprang on gaily, and with their long glistening wakes which contrasted with the smooth expanse around, looked like sporting flies on a summer lake; but alas! what fierce and unhappy passions animated each of these seeming specks. They were but a few rods from the shore, and the exertions of each were redoubled. The smaller boat was no longer distinguishable from the land, it had neared if not entirely gained the beach. A shout was now heard, and the water around the larger boat was disturbed by a number of splashes. Robin—who was bending anxiously forward—now exclaimed, “Bill is safe! thank heaven, and the boys are helpen him, and are pelten the sogers; huzza! huzza!” he continued, and forgetting all but the triumph of the moment, he laughed wildly, and waved his shackled hands in token of victory.

After some delay, the transport’s boat was observed returning slowly; and by the time the long boat had arrived at the vessel, the other was so near that there was no longer any doubt of Bill Hartrey’s escape; his pursuers returned without him. Robin again thanked the source from which alone he now hoped for any help; and felt that there are few situations in life which do not admit of some consolation. He descended to his miserable birth

with a proud smile on his worn countenance, and looking more like a conqueror than a captive. He was placed in heavier chains than the others, on account of his attempted escape, but this he heeded not; he sat down silently, still smiling, and absorbed in thoughts of Bill's gallantry; his soul was far away from his prison house, and—for the moment—asserting its own dignity, forgot or despised the pains and degradation of the body.

The transport was delayed in the harbour, by calms and contrary winds for six or eight days; at the expiration of that time a light breeze sprung up off the land, and every preparation was made for sailing. The last thing done by the captain previous to weighing anchor, was to procure some late news journals; all was ready, every one on board, the vessel got under weigh, and soon lost sight of the romantic and very beautiful harbour of Cork. In turning over his latest papers, the captain observed a paragraph relating to Bill Hartrey, the deserter; it was as follows:—

“An extraordinary scene occurred in Carrick on the evening of the 10th. It appears that a convivial party had assembled at Delany's Tavern—a recent wedding being the cause: a young man dressed in shabby regimentals enquired for the principal person of the party—the bridegroom—and saying that “they wanted him to complete the sport,” forcibly entered the room along with the attendant. On seeing him, the bride shrieked and fainted; and the bridegroom, a Mr. Cavanagh, rushed towards the intruder. The latter paused for a moment, and with fearful vehemence charged Cavanagh with being the cause of his own and his father's destruction, he then grappled his antagonist with insane ferocity, and before the lookers on could effectually interfere, he inflicted serious injury on him. He was eventually arrested, and, venting imprecations on bride and bridegroom, was dragged to prison. Cavanagh is slowly recovering, but his wife has received a shock which has occasioned a delirious fever. The unhappy intruder is named William Hartrey—he is a deserter from the — Regiment; and was, we understand, a lover of the young woman, to whom he has occasioned so much misery. He will no doubt speedily receive the punishment due to his high offences.”

After reading this, the Captain felt a desire to speak with the old man, and told him to be brought on deck. Anguish was making sad havock in Robin's mind, and its effect was too visible on his haggard countenance. “It is hard for an old man like you to be banished his home”—said the Captain. Robin looked at him inquiringly for a moment, and answered “Faith that's no news to us your honour.” I do not mean to insult you!—continued the Captain—“but is it not a pity that you should forfeit your little house and enjoyments, for the sake of useless turbulence and disaffection.” “That's mighty fine your honour”—said Hartrey—“but it's like Paddy Dean's horse, better to speak of nor to look at; my little home was miserable enough before I left it, and as to being refractory, I had no more notion of it than the Priest of the

Parish ; I'm as innocent of bein a ' ribbon man ' as your honour is, but its all over now, and sorrow a use in talken about it " " Would you like to hear of your son "—asked the Captain. Hartrey turned a most imploring glance towards him, and exclaimed, oh ! Captain durin for the love of Heaven, let me know all you hear about him. Day and night his image haunts my poor soul, and if I knew good or bad ov him, I think I could be content. " The Captain read the paragraph. Robin looked deadly pale—and exclaimed, when the Captain paused—" well they can't hang him any how ! they'll shoot him tho', sure enough, —my poor poor Bill : many a good man was killed wrongfully before him :—and then we'll all meet once more,—Robin an Alice an Bill, whether ill be no foul play, and the poor won't be hunted down like beasts of the field. " The Captain essayed to console and advise the old man, but he smiled pitifully, and only answered by ejaculating mournfully and loudly, " my poor boy, were ail crushed at one blow, but welcome be the will of heaven. " He descended once more to his dreary abode, heedless of occurrences around him, as if he already belonged to another world.

Robin declined rapidly, and—as himself often remarked—" the sooner he went the better,—his time was past in this world ; they were tired of each other,—his friends were all gone, and seemed every moment of his life—sleeping or waking—to be calling him away from misery and wrong, to the happy mansions above. This long voyage was a fine rest for his harassed spirits, and why should he ever land in that cursed place of banishment ? better to die and be committed to the deep ; it would be an escape of half the punishment to which he was doomed ; it would seem less of a division from his native land ; and less degradation to his name, than if he died a convict in a far country ; it would sooner rid him of feelings which yet burned within him, and bring him to those whom he dearly loved. " His wishes seemed about to be gratified, he was no longer able to sit up,—he applied himself assiduously to his simple devotions, and as his body grew more faint and faint, his mind exulted at the approaching and much-longed for change. He soon got his desire,—after a night of some pain and great weakness, the old man was found lifeless in his bed. Few preparations were necessary for his burial—the rich make a pageant of death's doings, but Hartrey was a poor convict, friendless and forlorn. Prayers were read over his attenuated remains, the plank was raised, and the wasted body went down, far far away from the world's scorn or oppression. It was a spirit escaped from the thralldom of circumstances ; and it doubtless ascended that morning from the broad ocean, to the Father of Spirits, rejoicing, and ardent as the lightning's flash. The vessel pursued her course over the beautiful deep, gaily, as if nothing had happened to mar her course. The poor man's death was as a drop from a mighty cistern—which still seemed full to overflowing. The great world moved on, as tho' but a sparrow had fallen to the ground.

## THE SESSION.—NOVA-SCOTIA.

We lose much valuable knowledge by the want of consideration; events of importance come under our observation, pass away, and leave little remembrance behind, because we dislike the labour of reflection; whereas could we conquer our idleness, the result would be a valuable and pleasing addition to our stock of ideas. The Session of our Legislative Assembly has been concluded for some weeks, and we now propose a brief review of its most striking features.

The Bills which were under discussion, naturally attract our attention in the first instance; and of those, the Revenue Bill—on which dispute and loss occurred in the preceding session—is most prominent. The House renewed this Bill, making many judicious alterations, but firmly retaining the amount of duty disputed before. Much sophistry was used to induce the House to give up the disputed pass, it was represented of little consequence, and as of easy desertion, but the country to which it was the key, was adroitly winked out of sight. Members were told to step to the right or the left, to make the duty higher or lower, but not to retain the sum which would determine their right,—else “a night darker than that of nature would fall on the Province.” This was only a stale repetition of Lord Uniack’s vision of rebellion, and it made little impression. The House saved itself from political degradation, and at all hazards clung to the right of the country to tax itself by its representatives,—and denied any other body such privilege. By so doing they have, in a degree, kept the Judges, Collectors, the Bishop, and other Members of his Majesty’s Council, in their proper place—allowing the Council Board to be their proper place—and have prevented them from becoming an absolute Junta, who would govern Nova Scotia by the mockery of a House of Representatives.

After the Revenue Bill, perhaps, the bill for reducing Costs of Suits at Law, excited most discussion. The bill contemplated, that suits at law for sums from £20 to £100, might be sued for in the summary and cheap manner, which sums under £20

may be now sued for. Most of the suits in the country are for sums between £20 and £100 ; to reduce the costs of those, would be to seriously interfere with lawyers fees ; hence the opposition to the measure. It was urged by learned gentlemen with much *modesty and liberality*, that the education and acquisitions of lawyers made them an honour to the province, and that their means of support should not be intruded on. Perhaps it might have been fairer to have stated, that “the members of the legal profession in the Province, are three or four times more numerous than they should be ; that the regular common place business of their offices must be therefore trifling, and only by getting three or four times more than is necessary for common services can they exist. Many of the profession are persons who have no chances of getting respectable fees for the exercise of their erudition or eloquence ; many of them are employed at nothing above the brains or smartness of an initiated schoolboy, but they are all of a genteel corporation, and must be supported accordingly. The public purse is only sufficient for a few of these barnacles, but the private purses of the public must be tapped for to supply their wants. Creditors and Debtors may not appeal to the tribunals of their country, without being well fleeced that the legal profession may be clothed in fine linen. True, other professions are not bolstered up, by mock services and double payments, but that the legal profession may be supported—not remunerated—bars must be placed to the doors of justice, to remove which levers of gold are necessary.” It will be readily conceded, that gentlemen who have made British law their study, have been pre-eminent for public spirit and independence : but it is a poor continuation to say, that they must therefore be supported by unnecessary and forced contributions, wrung from those who are most unfortunate in circumstances. Better that the state should provide for a sufficient number of so valuable a body, than that justice should be hampered, and unfortunates harrassed for their maintenance.

It was argued with much force, that a lessening of fees, would *introduce* the horrible race of pettifoggers into the profession. Are there no pettifoggers at present in it ? Is the man who gets wages which he does not earn, always the most honourable and honest ? To answer the questions would be an insult to any man of common

knowledge of the world. The usual legislative language of some persons is—"The Judges hold important situations, you must *pay* them well that they may be upright!" "How can you expect your Speaker to be independent if he does not get a *salary* sufficient to make him so!" "If the lawyers are not allowed exorbitant fees they will degenerate into pettifoggers!" But happily for our race, the history of man, affords splendid and numerous exceptions to the rules implied by those sentiments; and such expressions are apt to induce unfavourable opinions of either the sagacity or honesty of the persons who make use of them.

The blank for £100 was ultimately filled with £30, and the Bill passed, evidently on account of the nature of the opposition given to it. One species of opposition endeavours to reduce opponents by conciliatory arguments—another species would castigate its adversaries into submission. The learned gentlemen, in this debate, choose the latter course, and it is seldom effectual. The bill passed, but was lost by amendments made by His Majesty's Council. One learned gentleman supported the bill in the House—Mr. Blanchard—and he did so at the price of much unpleasantness to himself. It was a merging of the lawyer in the legislator, a forgetfulness of professional partialities, and of pecuniary interests, which came very ungraciously to the corps in general. Mr. Roach was the introducer—the father—of the bill, and parent never fought more stoutly for his bantling. When some legal gentlemen alluded coarsely and senselessly to Mr. Roach's former situation in life—as if that had anything to do with the question—he expressed his opinion of the unfairness of such arguments, and declared himself simply a son of Adam, and demanded to be treated accordingly. There was much dignity in this answer,—the proudest aristocrat could go no farther. Trace the genealogical tree a little way back, and some branches are high, others low,—go farther, and some of the highest branches are found to have the lowest stem,—still descend, and all blend in the parent trunk. A pun was ventured on the remark of Mr. Roach, and it was said, that as he was particularly a child of Adam, no wonder he was so kind to Abel—an absconding debtor to whom the Hon. Member was supposed over friendly. Mr. Roach's triumph at

the passing of his bill, was equalled by the indignation with which he met the amendments made to it by His Majesty's Council : and he averred, what many are inclined to echo, that a change in the constitution of that branch is necessary for the prosperity and peace of the Province.

The poor debtor relief bill, and the Goal limit Bill, next demand our attention. The first contemplated that no arrests should be made for sums under £6, nor actions be taken for sums less than 10s. The seeming effect of this bill would be, to injure small dealers, and to ruin the credit of the poor man. Those who know most of society will admit that poor debtors suffer much more than they should be liable to suffer for the crime of, inability to pay,—but, that there are ten dishonest debtors for one hard hearted creditor. If some plan then could be devised to serve both parties, or to serve one without injuring the other, it would be well ; but the bill in question seemed calculated to injure both. Why should £6 be the limit below which a creditor could not have certain redress ? Six pounds is a much more valuable sum to one man than £600 is to another. The bill also would enable a swindler to contract 500—£5 debts, and be a privileged defaulter. Abolish imprisonment for debt, and some equal good will be obtained, but half measures are generally odious from their partial operation. The Goal limit bill empowered Judges on application from Magistrates at Session, to grant certain limits around Jails, to which limits, debtors should have free access on giving security ; the security to be liable for the sums due, if the debtor went beyond the limits. This was another half measure—it might do some good, but its natural effect would be objectionable. The man who could not obtain security might justly say,—your goal limits are for those who have means whereby they can indemnify their friends who go security,—or, they are for those who tho' without means, have influential friends who would not let them feel many of the privations consequent on imprisonment were goal limits denied ; but the poor man who has no remnant of property, no influential friends to interfere in his behalf—he, to whom confinement for debt would come with all its horrors—to him your goal limits are but a mockery ; he feels doubly oppres-

and, because he seems singled out from his class, as being the most unfortunate, and therefore the most fit for the rigours of the law. Let us imagine a case : suppose that the goal limits for Halifax were extended to the entire peninsula—suppose two persons arrested for debt, the place of residence and the occupation of one being in the town of Halifax, and of the other at Dartmouth or otherwise beyond the limits ; what is the consequence ? one is served by the enactment, and is in effect let go as completely at large as he need desire—the other is not served at all, he is poor and cannot remove his establishment, and finds it impossible to live with his family, or to follow his regular occupation. Were we to take the creditor's interest into account, we might find, that, for the most common and worst class of debtors he had no redress, while for another he was unshackled. These half measures—as we before said—are odious ; men do not like, nor should they like, to be dealt partially with ; if there is to be a new law, let it be omnipotent and general as the air, else it takes the shape of oppression. Abolish imprisonment for debt, and perhaps you remove a great mass of degradation and suffering, at a small cost ; the creditor will be aware of his narrowed redress and will suit his method of dealing accordingly : but half measures are of dubious, unsatisfactory, and unequal application. The first of these bills was lost in the House—and as neither appear in the list to which the Governor gave his assent, we suppose the other to be lost in another branch.

The act for raising an additional duty on persons keeping public houses—was only a measure of revenue, not intended for a healing purpose. It raised licences on the peninsula of Halifax from £6 annually to £10. If the licence were raised to £25 or £30 a year, the effect would be, that those who keep the present fry of grog shops would seek other more respectable and profitable employments ; and a few efficient houses of entertainment would soon be established. At present there is scarcely one of the latter class in Halifax ; while there are more houses for retail of spiritual liquors than perhaps in any town of a similar size in all the old country. The number of the one species prevents the growth of the other, and perhaps only on the removal of the one can the other be erected. Such a change would have good

effect on the morals and health of the labouring classes, it would add to the respectability of the town, and might increase the comfort of travellers, and others.

The act to repeal the act, which was intended to promote the security of Halifax against Fire, by limiting the size of Wooden Buildings, we may next notice. The act repealed, provided that wooden buildings should not be erected beyond a certain height—20 feet from foundation to top of roof. This operated in two ways—each lessening the evil consequent on conflagrations. It induced the erection of stone or brick buildings, from which, there is not one twentieth of the danger to be apprehended in cases of fire; or if the small wooden buildings were erected, the facility with which they could be pulled down, and the ease with which Engines could command them, lessened in a great degree the horrors of fire, compared with high buildings of the same material. Members of Assembly generally felt the necessity of the act which they repealed, but the difficulties in prosecuting those who had transgressed, the expressed wishes of others interested, and the encouragement of trade, induced them to pass the repealing act. A few spoke on principle for the repeal—they said—how often do we hear of the destruction of stone and brick buildings by fire, look at the conflagrations in London, New York, and other places, where buildings are not of wood. This was a very fallacious line of argument—in the crowded cities alluded to, many old ill constructed houses, in close neighbourhoods, are at times consumed by one fire; but if such and surrounding buildings were of wood, the intensity and extension of the evil would be increased to an awful degree. In London, regulations direct, that between every two houses of stone or brick, there shall be a party wall erected; that is, that a wall, a brick in thickness, independent of either house, shall divide one from the other, by being built all the way between the walls which would else meet. The consequence of this is, that there may be three houses together, of several stories in height, the centre house may be gutted by fire, its walls shook and weakened by the destroying element may fall toppling, exhibiting nothing but a shapeless heap of ruins, and yet the house at each side remain unscathed, except the scorching of the paint of their window frames and doors. Imagine three wooden buildings of

same height, and one of them on fire,—the contrast needs not a word in illustration. Mr. Lawson, altho' he gave little opposition to the repeal of the act, expressed in strong terms the fearful liability of a town composed of wooden buildings. If during a storm of wind, such as we sometimes experience, a house were to take fire to windward of the town—human force and ingenuity would be quite unavailable to stop its onward progress. In such a case the amount of suffering would be incalculable, and half the town might in a few hours be reduced to ashes. Next to an overruling Providence, the intervention of good stone or brick buildings, would be then the only dependence for staying the scourge, before it had consumed all on which it could feed. The probable result of a fire in such circumstances is too painfully appalling to be dwelt on; the size of Halifax seems to warrant some intervention of law, to induce the introduction of a safer material than wood into buildings; but the repealing act has passed,—with the increase of large wooden houses, there should be, at least, increased care in the prevention of fires, and increased zeal in the systems which are intended to combat with the fierce element.

We will next glance at an act concerning the poor house in Halifax. The feature worth notice in this bill is, a provision for the erection of an Orphan house. It contemplates that the ground shall be given by government, and money be obtained by grant from the public funds, by assessments on the town, and by voluntary contributions. In this provision there is abundant to give much joy to the philanthropist. Orphan children, who are now suffering from bad air, narrow boundaries, improper company, and noxious sounds and sights in the Poor House asylum; or, who—still more destitute—run at large, subsisted by a scanty charity, and initiated in all the crimes of the town,—may then be removed to a place where health and morals, education of body and mind will be attended to. The thoughts inspired by such regulation, are not to be expressed in a short paper—they are similar to those excited, when a person turns from contemplating a scene where rock, and morass, and sterile barren are the features—and beholds the meadow, the corn field, the blossoming orchard and the blooming garden. Mr. Fairbanks was the proposer and indefatigable supporter of this amiable enactment. We would

merely mention a suggestion on this subject, which has been applied to a similar institution in another place. The boys in an orphan house, may with much propriety be continued there until they are old enough to be apprenticed; masters can easily be procured for them on account of their orderly, clean, and moral habits; and such boys frequently become respectable and valuable members of the community to which they owe so much. The girls of the orphan house require more care in the management; it is a melancholy fact, that girls retained in such asylums until the age of thirteen or fourteen, are not found best fitted to take their proper station in society, and too frequently they become victims of temptation, and the hopes of their best friends are fearfully disappointed. A reason seems easily given. A great portion of the education of men and women can only be obtained in the great school, of general society. Abstract rules, and moral maxims are helps, but they are vague, and in a degree like weapons formed to beat the air, when unassisted by the experience only to be gained amid the sympathies and collisions of artificial life. The girl reared to a mature age, in an orphan house, enters the world as it were for a first time; the thousand charities of life which are only to be seen in a family, are unknown to her—the decorum and guards necessary for her sex and age, and which can only be understood from incessant and imperceptible observation, she is ignorant of, although lessons of which she is tired, and which she could not comprehend, endeavoured to warn her of their importance. Such an one, without the powerful controul of parents, and set loose from her guardians, innocent, engaging and ignorant of the world—what fearful odds are against her! Supposing her to escape degradation and crime—she is less likely to be useful and conciliating where she resides, than the girl who has been from her infancy initiated into the little attentions and duties of life. The remedy also seems plain; when girls are reared to the age of 10 or 11 in the Assylum, and are taught reading, writing and first rules of arithmetic, let them be placed out, in such poor or other proper families as may offer. In this community such children might be taken free of expense, or if not, for a sum smaller then would be necessary for their maintenance in the assylum. An affection between them and their new guardians would soon arise; peculiarities in their dispositions would be

seen soon enough to be checked, they would become acquainted with the many nameless rules and ties of society, and would be, both in experience and in protectors, much better fitted for farther advances in life, than they possibly could be if retained three or four years longer, insulated from that school—the world—where all must learn, who have to buffet with it. Strong mutual attachment is frequently visible between young girls put out in this way, and those who take them in charge; they might still be under the surveillance of the Orphan House committee, and necessary interpositions might be made. With boys, as we before said, less care and less tenderness need be observed; but it were poor charity to rear a tender plant to maturity in a hot house, and then expose it unpropped, unprovided against the storms of the season. Boys are hardy shrubs; taken from their nursery they soon accommodate themselves to the strange soil, they struggle against the weeds, they are in no danger of parasite plants, and the roaring of the worst storm can seldom annihilate their native elasticity: but girls are much, much more delicate; the soil must be fitted to their peculiarities, weeds may easily destroy their proper nutriment, parasites insidious and baneful as the serpent may assail them, and the storm may pass by, leaving them prostrate, soiled and broken, never to be restored as ornaments of the garden. These thoughts—perhaps of no weight—are ventured on a benevolent design, which we hope soon to see heartily carried into operation.

[We have occupied more space in noticing a few of the Bills of the Session than we intended; and must postpone some observations on the Committee of Supply, and on other matters, to next number.]

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**LITERARY NOTICE.**—Our advertizing list contains a Prospectus of a new work by A. Shields. We hail with pleasure such indications of literary spirit and industry; particularly when the author's name, gives assurance of the requisite ability.

The Provinces seem about entering on a new era of literary respectability. Prospectus's have been issued for a Monthly Magazine, and for a Provincial History in New Brunswick; for Judicial Reports of Lower Canada, and for a Montreal Magazine: Two volumes of Poems have lately appeared from the Canada Press, and a volume entitled "Scraps and Sketches" by J. H. Willis, published by Cunningham, Montreal. The publisher has purchased the copy right from the Author; it is the first instance of such a speculation in Lower Canada: may it succeed, "the trade" have long been the best Patrons to Old Country literature.