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ELECTIONS.

A LATE No. of Blackwood's Magazine has some excellent thoughts in an article on the then approaching general election. It commences with pointing out the immense powers of the House which the people were about to elect. It states the overwhelming authority of the House of Commons in matters of the most gigantic and minute description—its privileges—and its general principles and character. The article reviews the conduct of the late house—and from many reasons, and the most convincing logic, proves, that it might be expected of the people to treat the coming Election as a thing of the very highest solemnity and moment. A review is then taken of the common current of events at Elections, and of the base and shameful motives which too often influence electors. Of People in trade, it says "with them the issue of the next election in regard to the public weal, is a matter not to be thought of; for a few extra orders they would fill the House of Commons with lunatics and pick pockets." Others not in business sell their votes for expectations of petty places and favours, the highest bidder is the man of their choice, "and," as far as they are concerned, "the new House of Commons may do what it pleases with the Empire." Then the numerous tribes of Partizans are treated of, men who sacrifice gain to prejudices, revenge, friendship, and to the many shades of party madness. With these a Candidate is supported or opposed, not as he may be considered fit or unfit, but as he agrees or disagrees with their hateful irrational passions and pre-possessions.

The Candidates are next examined, and the following characters are reviewed with much acuteness and truth. The Dolt, who cannot compose his own advertisements, and who does not pretend to speech-making: and with whom expressions of attachment to "the institutions of the Empire in Church and State," simply mean that he is a ready made servile tool. The Slave of the Whig party, who with the cant words of liberty may be in effect a deliberate traitor. The Radical, whose constant aim is to attack Government whether right or wrong. The man of talent and political party leader, who makes the public interests a stalking horse for the benefit of himself or his party. The depraved polluted Swindler, who wants a seat that he may sell himself and his Constituents, for the means of indulging his vices. The young Lordling, the tool of his father who is the tool of the Minister. The Capitalist, who seeks a seat to benefit the interests of some commercial corporation, and to the interests of which he regularly sacrifices those of the public. The double faced wretch, who has already made a compact with one of the state parties and gets their money and interest. The sober long headed Stock-Jobber, or Merchant, who does not profess to be an Orator, to understand public affairs, or to care for any party—and "who will vote on a certain side, because it will do good to trade," to which he makes *morals, religion, laws* and institutions, subservient. The Lawyer, who regards Constituents and Country as things only to be given in barter for the means of gratifying his avarice and ambition. These, as it is said, are a few of the mass of candidates who are incompetent, and who seek seats on party and personal interests, which are at variance with those of the empire. Attention is then directed to what is of the most importance—the cause, and cure of this evil. There is no lack of men properly qualified, but they do not offer themselves on account of the obstacles which bad forms, and corrupt electors throw in their way. To prove this, the elections by Boroughmongers are alluded to, and counties and free Boroughs are more largely examined. The details under those heads are disgustingly graphic and too true. The ten thousand influences which support and oppose candidates to the entire neglect of public interests,

are pointed out and lamented. Scotland is described as the extreme of subserviency and corruption at elections, and Ireland as the extreme of fearless freedom, yet both from unfortunate causes and universal blindness of electors, return members alike unfit, incapable or dishonest. Looking at a House of Commons so elected, and thinly sprinkled with able and patriotic men, who are powerless in divisions, it is said—

“No one can feel surprised if such a House do not work well; on the contrary, sensible people may exclaim, ‘how can it be prevented from destroying the Empire?’ \* \* \* Now comes an admirable part of the matter. The House of Commons assembles, and lo! the worthy electors are horror-struck at its conduct; they cannot sufficiently marvel at its ignorance and incapacity, its corruption and profligacy, its destitution of sympathy with public feeling, and its abandoned scorn of the public voice. They complain, and it laughs at them; they petition, and it covers them with insult. They get mightily angered, and make a display of virtuous, patriotic words, quite enchanting. The men who will not make the smallest effort to obtain proper representatives—those who will support none but servile tools of party—those who compel their dependants to vote for such tools—those who support the brainless, profligate candidate against the wise and virtuous one—the knave who uses the franchise only to extract the greatest portion of criminal gain from it—and the traitors who sell themselves in the lump, like a drove of cattle, to the highest bidder—all join in vituperating the House, and calling for its Reform.”

“Let Parliament be dissolved and these free independent patriotic electors will all act precisely in the same manner at the election. Remedy! yes, for the sake of human nature, let it be granted! Reform—radical reform!—yes, for the salvation of our beloved country, let it be no longer delayed. But what radical reform? *That of the Electors.* Without this, the House of Commons, however it may be changed, will not be reformed. \* \* Give us intelligent, virtuous, independent, patriotic electors; and we shall find in them a House of Commons of a similar character. They will reform the House, not only in effect but in construction; they will work the miracle of compelling it to reform itself. If this be denied us we must make the best of a bad matter, and exclaim in the delirious merriment of a General Election—*Hurrah! for a House of Commons incapable and corrupt; severed from the feelings of the community, and contemptuously hostile to its prayers! Hurrah for the fall of the British Empire!*”

This satire is just, and perhaps nothing gives a man of correct feeling more pain of mind, than to find noble institutions render-

ed nugatory, by the perverseness of those, who are most concerned. What can be more splendid in theory, than for the population of a nation to have a voice in their own government? to have the high privilege attached to their citizenship of choosing deputies or delegates, who are to represent their opinions and interests—to have the great honour done their feelings and judgments, of being consulted thro' their representatives in all the weighty and minute acts of an immense empire? All this, undoubtedly, is very gratifying to national pride, but alas national pride is too easily satisfied with shadows, and national honour often finds a bubble in its grasp when it catches at beautiful theories. The election of representatives instead of being a solemn, deliberative national act—is a disgusting game in which generally the greatest knaves are winners. Members are returned—and what are they?—the free chosen of the people, culled as the choicest of the multitudes of the country, and sent freely and calmly to act as the sanctified Aaron's of the Empire?—not at all—they are a collection of men who have just come out of much expense, corruption, immorality, and prostration of principle. Degraded, and the sources of degradation, they have obtained the distinguishing badge of national Representatives. They despise the tools which have been just used; and the tools look with much jealousy and diffidence, on those whom they consider half dupes, and half rogues. What can be expected of such an Assembly? May it not with much truth say, “our own right arm, our wealth our cunning, or our subserviency has placed us here—what is the brawling corrupt nation to us, be true to your own interests and prejudices, you House of Commons, who owe not a tithe of a tithe to public spirit or independence.”<sup>3</sup> This state of things is as undeniable, as it is lamentable—and it naturally impels a glance at its causes. First then it has falsehood for its broad characteristic; the House of Commons, theoretically, is a collection of men sent by public opinion and consent to act for the nation—the fact is, many of this body of men are not sent by the influence of public opinion, and the few who represent public consent, are too generally bribed or cajoled into acquiescence. The largest constituent parts into which we may divide the causes of

this abomination are the absence of just sentiments in electors, and the too narrow limitation of the Elective franchise. On these seem to depend, the entire constitution of a House of Commons--and according as the one is reformed, is release from the other desirable. For, except just thoughts and integrity of action are gained by electors--it does but little good to add to their number. But with this best of education, that of thinking correctly, extended franchise would be extremely desirable, as adding to the virtuous power of the people, and removing them farther from temptation.

We perceive the deplorable "absence of just sentiments" at elections--when we see the beastly orgies, and hear the bachanial clamour, from houses where *frecmen* gorge and guttle out of pure love to the Candidate and his principles. When we see factions formed for the sole purpose of supporting a cats-paw-candidate, regardless of his morals or political principles--and among whom the mention of integrity or public virtue, would only argue vulgarity and antiquated notions. When we see argument, and reason, set aside as unfit weapons to support a favorite, or to annoy an adversary--and clamour, abuse, cunning, dishonorable and degrading acts resorted to, as effective and proper weapons. When we see able and upright men, shrinking from the ordeal of expense and immorality, to which Candidates are subject,--and willingly giving place to imbecile adventurers. When we see religion and morals and intellect, treated as improper judges in a matter--and party spirit, and prejudice, allowed to become sole arbiters. When in short, we see the insanity, the debauchery, the ignorance, and the viciousness of most modern elections--we see a saturnalia--amid which just sentiments appear, few and far between, like spots of verdure on a wide unwholesome swamp. To get at the former, as to get at the latter, requires such a wading through impure infectious matter, that those who are most fitted for activity, are deterred from the attempt, and turn lamenting and nauseating from what they cannot remedy. The cure for all this, although visible to those who run as they read, would require more space to point out than we can spare--unfortunately,

it is not information as to remedy, or consciousness of disease, that is most wanted.

The limitation of the Elective franchise, and the various anomalous methods by which the right of voting is obtained, seems a chaos unaccountable as to its production, or only made for the purpose of deception and confusion. In one part of the Empire, a person voting may say, with a large sum purchased I buy freedom, while another may exclaim, I was free born. In one city a few who pay a certain sum for the privilege belong to a Society or Corporation, who choose a Representative for the multitudes who surround them. In another the right has been handed down from Father to Son, and the being born of a freeman, being his son by marriage, or being his indented servant or apprentice confers the title of freeman—and freemen so made, without reference to education or any kind of appropriateness, have the power of choosing a Representative for all other classes. In another place the man who has 40s. annually of one kind of property, may vote, while the man who has £400 annually of another kind may not. In one place the Lord of the Manor and his servants, send a member to the House—while in a contiguous town, 100,000 persons are altogether denied the privilege. It were vain to endeavor to follow the senseless varieties and restrictions of the Elective franchise, but a glance at them will convince, that general elections, but rarely express general opinion. What is the intent or utility of thus canvassing this subject? it may be asked. The answer is, that it is well to point public attention to such important topics; and to suggest, that if the elective franchise may not be re-moddled or extended, may not those who have the privilege of voting be so re-formed, and informed, that the other part of the nation may confidently repose its interests in their hands?

## CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETIES.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

UNDER the head, Co operative Societies, may be classed all associations in which many join, that each may receive more benefit and strength than he could have if standing singly. Such are—literary institutions, library companies, societies of arts and sciences, of natural history, and many others—such also, only applied to pecuniary concerns, are savings banks, benefit societies, and insurance institutions. It is of those three latter, that I would here make a few observations. Perhaps nothing is a stronger and more pleasing indication of civilized society, than those associations for mutual good and safety. Look for instance, at the effects of the Insurance Office—without it, a man might lay his head down at night, like a patriarch amid his family, and with his abundant household stuff about him—and awake at midnight just in time to snatch his loved ones like brands from the burning; and turn from the morning sun, a houseless beggar, although its last setting left him like a little king amid his possessions. Suppose the Insurance office in being, and the man wise—his house burns—his family is removed to the luxury of an hotel, he lights a cigar from the embers of his property, and whistling for want of thought, he calls at “the Office” in the morning, to give notice of his loss, and to receive information at what time he may expect his smouldering house and chattles, to be converted into fine gold. Can a Merchant have rest and his stately argosies poised on the treacherous deep? Trusting to the underwriters, the merchant hopes for the safety of his mariners, but as for the gallant ship, and her rich cargo, let “the Office” look to it. Thoughts of the yawning sea, and the howling tempest, may break the slumber of the directors of the company, but he snores in peace, a trifle has shifted the responsibility from his shoulders to those of others, and, whether his ship lies a wreck on some wild howling coast, or comes trim and happily into the sheltering harbour, his property is safe. The method of insuring life, has its happy effects, as well as the fire and water insurances; and is altogether similar in its provisions. The Insurance office cannot prevent the insidious spark which lets loose the fire fiend; nor can it bid the howling deep, be still—but it can, and does, make good the pecuniary loss which either element occasions insurers. So by life insurance, it pretends not to deny the right of the grave, but to give survivors a certain compensation, for the loss of their friend or protector. The man who without estate or fortune, finds a beloved family springing around his table like beautiful olive plants—each one depending on him for support, as the vine depends on the neighbouring oak—he trembles to anticipate the time, when he, the centre of the house, may be cut down,



and they, who rest upon him, may fall in destitution and ruin. But he insures his life, and then if his peace is made on high, death is robbed of its twofold terror—for himself, eternity is pleasing—for his family, which remains after him in time, a provision is made; and by a little forethought here—though dead, he can yet support them. Another pleasing feature of life insurances, is, that it is a sure and certain method of making sincere well wishers. None who insure, are destitute of friends, who watch for their well being, and who grieve most sincerely at every sign of pain or sickness. While you pay your premium, the directors of the company, most devoutly wish you life and health—and rejoice in thinking that they will have the laugh against your economy, by beholding you in a happy old age, strong and vigorous with the snows of a century on your head. This is their delight, and you could not annoy them more than by looking pale and drooping, and threatening death before the extreme evening of life. Insuring is the best method of making several sincere friends to your well being, each one of whom has a direct interest in wishing you long life. If it then gives peace of mind, creates friends for life, and provides for friends in death, is it not an amiable specimen of co-operative societies, and of the mutual good which congregated men do to each other.

Benefit Societies, generally so called, take a lower range. They are for those who have no buildings to insure from fire, or ships to insure from tempest and wreck, and who are too poor and unpretending to make any, except a momentary provision, for those who come after them. Those societies are for a valuable and interesting portion of society: those who rise early and late take rest, earning their bread by the sweat of their brow. Benefit Societies enable them, by putting away a trifle periodically, to insure an humble support for the "rainy day." In sickness or old age, a small stipend which they can claim without degradation, places them just above the reach of want or dependence; and at death an additional trifle prevents mendicity from at all attaching to their mortal race. And is not this a most exhilarating thought to the stern toiler of humble life? tho' poor, independent—in health, in sickness, or in death, fearing no frown, and seeking no favour, and trusting only to his own brave endeavours, and the kindness of an all governing providence. Pleasing and not visionary consumption. A more humble kind still, of Benefit Societies are in being in large towns. For instance, twenty working men of good character, agree to lay down five shillings weekly. This makes five pounds. Lots are then drawn for the precedence of taking up the twenty dollars; but whoever procures an early turn, all are sure of having five pounds on some one of the twenty weeks, during which the club revolves. The utility of this to poor men, in the purchase of provisions, clothing, furniture and so forth, is apparent; and makes the little association worthy of mention, as one of the thousand co-operative societies of civilized life.

As another, and well known method, by which the poor endeavour to evade destitution, and to scheme themselves, as it were, into the honest possession of a few pounds, we have Saving Banks. These are, simply, banks for the reception, safe keeping, and return with interest, of small sums of money. In the old country Savings Banks, so low a sum as ten pence is received at a time, the person lodging the money bears a pass book, in which a regular account is kept of sums deposited, and interest due thereon. The Banks are generally open one day in the week, and one week's notice is all that is required for the withdrawal of the money deposited, or any part of it, with the interest due. Any sum from 10d to £50 might be deposited at one time, and £100 was the limit of yearly deposits from any one person. A change occurred in the year 1828, by which the deposits of any one person were limited to £30 in the year—and to £200 in the entire—after the latter sum, no more is received from the same party, except on his withdrawing his money, and commencing a new account. To prevent deceptions, a breach of the rules involves the forfeiture of the sum deposited, by the person offending. These limitations were perhaps meant to confine the institution to those for whom it was established—that is—the humble and industrious classes. As it was, Merchants, and others conversant in small money accounts, availed themselves of its advantages, and engrossed too much of its business—the narrowness of the limitation now, may shut those classes out. Alluding to this regulation, and to the state of the labouring classes in England, Mr. Peel lately said in the House of Commons, that in the year 1829, depositors, of sums not exceeding £20 in one year, had increased by 4000 persons—making the total number of this class of depositors, to be, 70,150. When sums deposited arrive to a certain amount, they are, if not drawn, vested in the government funds—at present it appears that some millions of saving banks capital, is so secured. The policy of the scheme seems as striking as its utility, for by this latter arrangement, the industrious labouring classes of Great Britain have a direct interest in the stability and preservation of their government. The good effects of these banks, need to be witnessed to be understood. People of both sexes, who without such institutions, would be living dependent on the moment for bread, and so open to many temptations—who would have the reckless, wavering character, too often consequent on “living from hand to mouth”—such classes, are changed by savings banks, into persons who have a little pecuniary stake and stay in society; who have some little character of consequence to support; and who see a certain degree of independence and respectability as not altogether out of their reach—and value themselves accordingly. It is not uncommon for boys to commence putting their shillings into the bank, and so at the conclusion of an apprenticeship, many have had some little, wherewith to begin the

world. What noble checks to juvenile dishonesty, and to vice, and vicious indulgence are such banks—and what noble stimulants to industry and stability of character. The young woman who lays by a shilling of her earnings in this manner, is often induced to deny herself this ribbon, or the other tawdry finery, that she may increase the sum in her pass book; and in return for her self denial, and her want of frippery, she finds a little fortune to begin life with—or to solace old age. Similiar feelings will induce the working man to deny himself many unnecessary and hurtful indulgencies, that he may add to the little fund which he finds growing as it were beneath his eye. The advantages of such a state of things, if pointed out, would fill a volume, but a glance at them is every way pleasing. If the societies to which I alluded at the commencement of this hurried notice, add to the protection of the peace and property of the middle and higher ranks—surely this latter, adds to the comfort, respectability and morals of the humbler walks of life. As such, it is worthy of most honourable mention among co-operative societies—it is an institution easily reared in any populous town or district, and it certainly is one well deserving of persevering trial, and fostering care.

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### THE FIRE FLY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Tis Eve—a haze dims all the summer sky,  
 And on the cottage and its grove doth lie :  
 Hiding the shrubs erst cull'd from hill and dale—  
 Laburnum beautiful, and Jess'mine pale,  
 The fragrant Woodbine, flaunting hollyhock,  
 The Streamlets willow, pine tree of the rock—  
 Veil'd by the dusk, these rivals lose their bloom,  
 But gain from dew and zephyr rich perfume.

What time the *Bee* sends home the laden *Bee*,  
 Far to its shelter'd hive on southern lee :  
 What time the Red Breast seeks its forest nest,  
 And chattering sinks upon its brood to rest :  
 Then wanders forth the Fire Fly—insect beau,  
 Like wit and beauty, bearing innate glow.

Where the Atlantic waves its murmuring tide  
 Beneath the well known bridge, the lover's pride,  
 There, up the gurgling stream which meets the sea,  
 Frequent the Fire Fly holds its revelry :

Glass'd in the pool its star like speck is seen,  
Luring the Cricket from the neighboring green ;  
Attracting eyes which o'er that streamlet bend,  
While thoughts are far wherever love may wend.  
Still gleams the Fire Fly, and its silver ray,  
Is all those dreamy lovers wish of day.

'Tis the Fay's Will-O-Wisp, with diamonds light,  
It shows the plum trees blossom to the night ;  
Again all dark—like some revolving lamp  
On tiny tower, which gleams on sea and swamp.  
So it goes twinkling, twinkling, on in play,  
And o'er the broad leaf's floor sheds mimic day.  
Amid the peopled labyrinths of the air,  
A light in incests hall, it sends its glare,  
Rejoicing all—or in caprice—anon  
A masqued reveller there—it danceth on.  
Invisible or seen as whims dictate,  
Now seeking gloom, and now the pomp of state.

The student from his lonely casement sees,  
The golden streaks amid the silent trees ;  
And thinks of mundane joys ! and life's delights !  
And youthful gambols on long summer nights !  
Lured forth to walk awhile, amid the calm,  
His thoughtful sighs depress the briers balm.  
Ah ! all unlike the glad illumned fly,  
His creeping form, attracts no laughing eye.  
He has no golden beams for drowsy night,  
No dance for masquers, and for hall no light.  
Yet kindly still the evening shadows hide,  
His pallid cheek from those who care deride.  
He mopes unheeded, gazing on the stars,  
Till the deep bell his meditation mars ;  
Then soon retired, he gets in humble bower  
Visions which make him glad at midnight hour.  
Then is he like the fire Fly ; roving free,  
Above the sparkling lake—through balmy tree.  
Unchained, unpitied, all forgotten, lone,  
He laughs in sleep—and speeds to either zone,  
A glad empyrean greets his throbbing eye,  
An eagle now, he scorns the sparkling fly—  
And blest with prophet's glance, his inward sight  
Basks, and rejoiceth mid a flood of light.

## THE COVERED DISH.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

A STIFF jointed fellow of about 40 years of age was at work in an elegant, and rather extensive garden. The time was noon, and the sun glancing with all its summer vigor, rendered working in the broad glare very laborious. Martin had quitted the pruning and arranging of some fruit trees, for as he said, the wall they were trained against, smoked like a hot potatoe. He was now less laboriously busied, arranging some flower pots on a small terrace, and on a number of stands, where the growing-beauties were perched one above the other, splendid as so many birds of paradise. Geraniums of every shade, sent a delicate fragrance around, and their vivid star like blossoms, pleased with a seeming endless variety. Auriculus soft and rich as velvet, exhibited a mellowness in colouring and material, which was exceedingly attractive. The double stock Jilly flower, delicate in leaf and blossom, reminded of a pale but very perfect and prudish beauty; while the flowery balm threw out its variagated bunches,—rich as the rose, but more soft and silky in its outline and leaves—bulbous mellow and glowing to the eye, it was a ruddy laughing beauty, easiest nipped by the frosts of affliction—and quite dead, when her less showy sisters but begin to fade. Martin was engaged arranging those fair ones of the parterre, careless as ever an eastern slave attended a harem of beauties, not less frail. A few paces from where he was labouring, were some root and store cottages, one of which, was fitted up as a gardener's residence, and outside its door, singing while she spun her yarn, sat the mistress of the little tenement. It was Martin's better half, and he instinctively drew near her as he pursued his work. At length lifting his head, as if he were afraid his neck would crack, and straightening his back slowly, as if it were made of a crab stick, he rested one hand on his spade, and with the other raised his hat to allow the breeze to visit his head-of-cabbage, as he techincally called his pericranium, or his cabbage-head, as Peggy more tersely denominated it. "I wish to my heart that I was a gentleman" said he. "Your not far from it agrah," said Peggy,

still continuing her spinning, "your not far from it, playen with them bits of flowers, while I'm labourin in the house like a mouse in a cage—what more do you want?" "What more do I want?" ejaculated Martin—"that's not bad either—look at me standin here taken a breath of air like a galley slave!—I'd want to lie under a tree all day smoken a doodeen, or riden a fine horse goin to races and fairs, like the Master." "Your ould woman wouldnt be fine enough then for you at all, and you'd make a purty handful for a lady," said Peggy, raising her eyes and glancing carefully over the rough exterior of her beloved. "A purty handful I'd make!" said Martin, "haith then you may say so when I let the like of you catch me. But dont you know that but for the wimen there id be no gardeners wanted to labor." "Then Martin dear," said Peggy, "your only a poor excuse for one as it is, if your bet out that a way, but what on earth would you turn your hand to if no gardeners were wanted?" "Well be the pipers" returned Martin, "your as stupid as all your sort—dont you know that only for the wimen we'd be all gentlemen in spite of the world?" Peggy laughed contemptuously, "ye might be tigers or wild cats, but the sorrow a bit o' ye'd be men at all, let alone gentlemen, only for the wimen. A world of half bile'd left handed ould things like you, id be a beautiful sight sure enough." Martin looked a thousand harsh things at this repartee, after replacing his hat on his head, and feeling his chin for a moment, he replied—"You'd better not get on your high horse about it any how—but waiving all jokes—you cant deny that if Eve didnt eat the apple, potatoes would grow without any plantin, and we'd all be gentlemen and as rich as Jews"—"wasnt it an ould sarpent," replied Peggy "one of your own sort, that teaz'd and tormented the women until she didnt know what she was doin, and she et the apple just not to be onpolite. But barring every thing, twas a pity she lest us all for the sake of a dirty crab."—"Aye," said Martin "just to be tould not to eat one apple an all her childer would be gentlemen and ladies—well be dad, twas a dirty trick, if I had the chance I'd be long sorry to throw it away that way—when I think what we lost for a napple it makes me as mad as a march hare." "I feel vex'd

meself," said Peggy, "and I wonder how any woman could be such a fool—I cant take her part at all in troth I cant." "Dickens trust you" replied Martin "dont you steal every bit of baccy that I happen to leave for a minute out of my pocket. Youd eat the napple just as soon as Eve, I think, and without any one axen you" "Hut you fool," said Peggy, "sure I know you dont begrudge me a smoke of the pipe to comfort me when your out, but as to eaten the apple, if any thing depended on it, its totally out of the question—and you: a poor shabroon of a Miser to throw the bit of baccy up to me any how"—"Dont let me hear you call any names out of that potaty trap of yours," said Martin—or—"Whisht, you ould goose and do your work," ejaculated Peggy, smartly, "here's the master as sure as a gun, comin on you—work away you ould boohy, and shut your domino box this minute." Martin had no opportunity to answer this running fire, for he espied "the Master" coming towards them from a hedge of sweet briar, which separated the fruit garden from the flower beds. Martin was soon as busy as a bee, and the Master after a few enquiries departed, telling them to follow him over to the house, as he wanted to speak to them there. Martin and Peggy tired themselves guessing at the meaning of this order; in the mean time they had arrived at the house, and were directed to wait in a small room off the servants' hall.

The Master soon appeared and addressed the obsequious couple as follows. "You are a faithful servant Martin, and Peggy you are a good wife. I wish to do you some service, and if you do not forfeit it, this shall be your fortune—the porter's cottage at the park entrance, £50 a year, and nothing to do, except to amuse yourselves looking after the hired labourers.—As it is already your dinner hour, I have ordered refreshment for you here—after taking which, we will talk more about your new situation"—Courtesies and bows in profusion, followed this king-ly speech; and the old couple had not time to congratulate each other when dinner came in. The Master made his appearance a second time—and pointing to the table remarked, "you see your dinner, sit down and refresh yourselves, and eat of all,

or what you will, except—except—of that one dish which you see is covered—touch it not, nor look what it contains—if you do, the new situation which I told you of is forfeited, and you go back to labour as usual, in an half hour we will speak more about the matter,” so saying he departed, and shutting the door left the old couple to themselves, “good fortune at last,” said Peggy, “yes” said Martin, “I often thought the Master, heaven bless him, was too good to let me labor all my life, without given me somethin else to do.” “Well Martin dear, how happy we’ll be at the lodge, and £50 a year think o’ that.” “And to be over the labourers,” said Martin, “we’ll get a couple of cows at once,” cried Peggy, “and a little horse to bring me to chaple on Sundays,” said Martin, “but let us fall to—this is a dinner fit for his Majesty, help yourself, Peggy and make haste, but don’t hurry yourself ma yourneen.”

The good couple employed their first quarter of an hour to much advantage, and most religiously abstained from touching the mysterious, *covered dish*. Martin gaye up an excellent slice of ham, because to obtain it, he should have to reach over the forbidden cover. Peggy longed for a slice of cold pudding, but it was one of the articles arranged around the unknown viand, and she feared to intrude at all, on its magic circle. Each caught the other eyeing it intensely and inquiringly, but it stood amid the general havoc like an invulnerable banner in a field of battle. At length having feasted richly of the fat things, a cessation of knives and forks took place, and simultaneously each ejaculated, “what on earth can be under that cover?” “Its something better than any yet I’ll engage” said Peggy. “Its somethin either very good or very bad, I’ll be bound, heaven protect us,” said Martin. Each moved back from the table: “I don’t-half like to stop in the one room with it,” continued he. “Not without taken a peep to see what it is,” said Peggy. “Don’t you know what the master said,” repued Martin, “that we’d lose the sitiuation if we touched it.” “Then he must be a very wise man that could tell, and nothin lookin at us but these four walls,” said Peggy.

Their discourse introduced many hints and suppositions as to



the oddness of the Master giving them leave to eat of all but that, the impossibility of his discovering whether they looked at it or not, the improbability of his punishing a peep with loss of situation, and the great gratification it would be to them ever after, if they could only find out now what was under the cover. "I'll rise the least taste of it in life," said Peggy, "after I bless myself, and we'll have a peep, Martin dear"—"wait a cooshla," said he, "till I stop the key hole, that no one may have any chance of seein us."—They now approached the mysterious dish, and and after some little nervishness, as Peggy said, she placed her fore-finger and thumb on the ring of the cover, Martin stooped almost breathless, to gaze on the sacred food, as its shrine should be raised; and Peggy, also intensely gazing, raised one side of it at the rate of an inch an hour. A small vacancy appeared between dish and cover, and a close observation was made—nothing appeared—no perfume by which they might judge of its contents—all was silent and gloomy within—both moved their eyes still nearer, and another eighth inch was added to the opening, when, ha! out sprang, like lightning, and almost on the electrified phizes of Martin and Peggy, a sleek full grown mouse, in perfect racing order!—bang down went the cover; Martin gave a jump as if a tiger crossed him, and Peggy uttering a shriek, leaped backwards, and meeting with a chair, tumbled over, making a glorious confusion and uproar, in "the Master's" house. Immediately the lock of the door moved, it opened, and the Master himself glared on the scene like Jupiter on the antics of mortals. He said nothing, Martin drew back to the wall, Peggy raised herself from the floor, but drooped her eyes as if she wished to escape through it. The Master advanced silently, and raised the mysterious cover—the dish was empty—he looked on his convicts, and his look was too eloquent for them to make any return, they were silent. "I heard you this morning," said he, "complaining of your situation in life, blaming Eve, the mother of mankind, and wishing you had such an opportunity of benefiting yourselves, and of proving your obedience. I gave you a trial, and ye have eaten the forbidden apple—unsatisfied with profusion, ye have encroached on what was not yours, by

right—go home, be more contented, seek not temptation, and rather pity those who may have fallen under it, than condemn them, and declare your own excellence. Man's trial, is during the whole of his day of life—he will meet with many covered dishes, which it were happy for him to shun, rather than to become initiated at the expense of innocence, peace and prosperity." So saying he opened the door of the hall, and they departed to the cottage in the garden—humbled and instructed. J.

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[According to the wish of our correspondent, we insert the extract which he recommends; it interferes with the plan of the Magazine, only, as it is an extract unelucidated by original remarks. The plan of this small periodical being, by avoiding the reprinting of the produce of others, to cause the creation of literary articles among ourselves—and so to add to the taste, and literary pleasures of the community in which it appears.]

*To the Editor of the Halifax Monthly Magazine.*

SIR,—If it is not against the plan of your Magazine, I will thank you to insert in one of its future numbers, the following remarkable sentences, written by Sir William Jones, on a blank leaf in his Bible.

I am, yours, &c.

M.

### THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"I have regularly and attentively read the Holy Scriptures; and am of opinion that the Sacred Volume, independent of its Divine origin, contains *more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains both of Poetry and Eloquence*, than can be collected from all other Books, in whatever age or language they may have been composed. The two parts of which the Scriptures consist, are connected by a chain of compositions, which bear no resemblance in form or style, to any thing that can be produced from the stores of Grecian, Persian, or even Arabian learning. The antiquity of these compositions, no man doubts: and the unrestrained application of them to events long subsequent to their publication, is a solid ground of belief, that they are genuine productions and consequently inspired."

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After reading the above, a thought arose to what part of the Sacred Volume should we turn for examples of the sublimity, beauty, and eloquence here spoken of? If Sir William Jones were requested to furnish specimens of what he eulogises, to what

passages would he refer? After a little consideration, and on opening the sacred book, it appeared that to select would be more difficult than to find; and that the ignorance and apathy which too generally prevails respecting such a literary store as the Bible, proceeds from that idleness and folly which neglects the good at hand, stretching for that which is less good; but which gets fictitious beauty and interest from being at a distance, and of difficult attainment. A writer, in a late number of a periodical, well expresses in the following lines, the passion to which we allude:—

“As gems deep buried bear a costlier price,  
 Forbidden joys the spirit most entice.  
 Vex'd that one bliss should be beyond her grasp,  
 Pride drops all else, the coy delight to clasp.  
 Of flowers beneath our feet we take no heed,  
 But climb sin's precipice to snatch a weed;  
 And Disobedience, perilously sweet,  
 To stolen waters lures the wandering feet.  
 E'en in small things the same caprice enchains,  
 The spot that's near us, still unseen remains;  
 The book, we scnt for with such eager haste,  
 Rests on the shelf, and vainly courts our taste.  
 What we possess appears of homelier cost;  
 But how we prize it when the thing is lost.

\* \* \* \*

E'en power itself grows worthless when possess'd;  
 Could boundless empire calm the Persian's breast?  
 He weeps for other Kingdoms to subdue,  
 And cannot rest with all the stars in view.”

The curiosity or covetousness here spoken of, is more excusable in literary matters, where there is so much food for it, and where it does some good, than in other concerns; but it is cause of deep regret when it is allowed to run riot, and when as in the case of the sacred scriptures, refined gold is neglected that shells may be gathered. The gold, undoubtedly should be stored carefully, nor need the shells be lost; all are for pleasure and profit, but the more valuable should never be neglected for the love of novelty. In the present case, we are not left to choose; for the study of the sacred book is a duty, as well as a delight.

But being led by the note of our correspondent, to open the sacred volume for examples of the beauty mentioned, we found, as we before said, that the difficulty lay in selection. Still we are induced to mention one or two passages which almost opened to our hand, and which abundantly show to what Sir William Jones alludes, when he writes of poetry and eloquence. In chap. 24 of Job, where the patient man describes the omnipresence and omnipotence of the Deity, after describing Hell as uncovered before Him; Heaven trembling, and astonished at his reproof; and earth and sea as the fruits of his hand; the chapter concludes with those sublime and sententious words—"Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him? but the thunder of his power who can understand?" Instead of being satisfied with his beautiful description of the Almighty's power, the inspired penman concludes as we have shewn, by appealing to his hearers that only a little portion is heard of the Deity, and that the thunder of his power is inexplicable—by this, we are led to imagine of what remains unknown of the wonders of the Almighty, by what is known! and the highest strain in his praise, is only used to direct us to ponder on that which cannot be uttered—the thunder of his power who can understand? After this example of the sublimity of the sacred volume, we turned over leaves, perusing which, the soul might say "my root was spread out by the waters, and the dew lay all night upon my branch," when we lighted on an example of the second epithet, "exquisite beauty." In chap. 11 of Isaiah, the Idolators are ridiculed for likening God to Graven images—and turning from sarcasm, the Prophet warms and rises with his subject, and asks, Have they not known whom they thus offend? "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers—that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain and maketh them a tent to dwell in." What a beautiful picture, do those lines present of the Deity sitting within our orbit, veiled in glory, and looking in majesty on our weak grasshopper tribes: and how triumphant the appeal to the Idol Makers—to whom then will ye liken this awful being? If in those passages—and ten thousand others, of which those are but sample pearls taken

at random from a large casket—if in those, sublimity and beauty appear ; surely the “ pure morality ” of the Gospel shines evident as the Sun at noon day. The most self denying, disinterested, abstractedly pure code, which pen ever immortalised, commences with those words of the humble Saviour, “ thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.” As to Scripture History, its importance must be apparent when we consider its various subjects. “ In the beginning God created the Heavens and the earth, and all that in them is ”—and Moses beautifully narrates the early progress of our earth, and the history of its first ages. “ In thee shall all nations of the earth be blessed ” introduces the history of the chosen people. “ Forty years long was I grieved with this generation.” said the blessed spirit, and the errings and wanderings of the tribes in the wilderness are graphically delineated. “ Go ye up and possess the land ” opens the History of their wars under their Judges and their Kings. “ My people have committed two evils ; they have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water,” cried the prophet, and the defection of Israel is described and lamented with all the poetry of history. And, “ when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea ” is the simple phrase which introduces the most simple, sublime and beautiful of all histories, that of Him, and of his time, through whom life and immortality came to light. Scripture history is important indeed, and surely “ Fine strains of Poetry and Eloquence ” come musical as the singing spheres from almost every passage— independent of where it came from, and what it leads to, independent of the duties which it inculcates, of the all important advice which it gives, and the inspiring promises which it displays— independent of divine origin, and human application, the Sacred Volume is truly a noble and an attracting study.

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## THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

In watches of night, when the village is still,  
 Save murmurs from sheep fold, and night wind, and rill :  
 When the spirit in dreams drops life's wearisome chain,  
 And roves like an Angel o'er mountain and main :  
 Like Dove brood, the family honored 'bove all,  
 Ate lonely and happy. But plotting of thrall,  
 The Tyrant in purple, is victim of fear,  
 And points for the innocent, sabre and spear.

" Arise from thy slumber !—the Warrior will seek  
 On the infant of promise, his vengeance to wreak !  
 Rise, flee into Egypt, and peaceful remain,  
 Till homeward thou'rt beckoned by visions again.  
 The Tyrant is busy—arise and away !  
 For Herod will seek thee by dawning of day.  
 Arise from thy slumber !—the foemen are near !  
 Flee, flee with the infant from sabre and spear,"

So whispered the Angel in visions of night :  
 And Joseph obedient, arose for his flight.  
 He sigh'd to disturb the fond Mother whose rest  
 Was pillowed in bliss, with her babe on her breast.  
 He sigh'd to disturb the sweet infant who lay  
 Like a beam on a cloud—but, the summons " away !"  
 Still rung on his soul, and all sternly with fear,  
 He rous'd them to fly from the sabre and spear.

They flee from the hamlet, they welcome the sward,  
 And poor is their pomp, tho' the babe is a Lord.  
 Their guard is the lone hour—their torch the pale star ;  
 The humblest of beasts bears its burthen afar.  
 The virgin is timid as eagle-scared dove ;  
 The infant is smiling—a vision of love ;  
 While Joseph assiduous to help and to cheer,  
 Guides his loves ones in haste, from the sabre and spear.

Tho' weary—nor resting, nor shelter, have they,  
 'Till the day star is seen in Egyptia's red sea :  
 And past o'er the confines, soft Africa's wind  
 Whispers peace—for the Tyrant must linger behind.

And then will they tarry, refreshed, till a blow,  
 From an arrow which turns not, shall humble the foe ;  
 And a vision again, at calm midnight declare,  
 " Come home, for all broken is sabre and spear." T.

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LINES,

*On hearing the Ordnance Bell ringing at 6 o'clock, on a delightfully  
 pleasant morning of the last month.*

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

HARK! the merry Ordnance bell,  
 Bids us from our slumbers rise ;  
 Breaks each bright or gloomy spell,  
 Which lately danc'd before our eyes,  
 While we on our couches lay,  
 Resting us from yesterday.

Now the busy groups appear  
 (And the street's alive again,)  
 Looking tho' they never were  
 Counted with the sleeping train ;  
 Lightly they all trip along,  
 To this merry morning song.

Those two objects seem to lead  
 Ev'ry group, if judge we can—  
 Toil—induces some to speed ;  
 Pleasure—leads the other van.  
 Toil's, a duty that will last,  
 Pleasure is a toil, soon past.

On my mind a thought doth bear—  
 While O bell I list thy tone,  
 Could we enter homes, we'd hear,  
 While thou'rt merry, many a moan.  
 Many wishing it was night,  
 Many hoping much with light.

Many strangers—newly born,  
 Fortune's, and misfortune's heirs ;  
 Many hear thee glad this morn,  
 That will hear thee next, 'mid tears ;  
 Many ne'er again will hear,  
 Thy clear tones float upon the air.

SARAH.

## ROBIN HARTREY.—A TALE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

*Chapter 2.—The Ale-House.*

THE little Ale-house, with the sign of the ship, mentioned before, had, as most rural ale-houses in Ireland have, a large room for "the dance." The finish and furniture of this simple room, were rude enough. In the centre of the earthen floor, plank-ing of about six feet square was inserted, and formed a stage, on which a jig, or even a four handed reel might be danced; benches for spectators, and white deal tables to support the juice of the barley, surrounded the room; while some very rough wood-cuts, painted in red and yellow ochre, decorated the walls, and completed the ornaments of the little well known theatre. The pictures just mentioned were generally, such as, the Holy Family, Bonaparte on his White Horse, St. Peter with the Keys, St. Paul with the Sword, the Irish Hero Sir Dan Donnelly, and the Duke of Wellington. Those accommodations procured the sign of the ship, the title of the jig house—and here Cathleen often danced with Mr. Cavanagh, on Sunday, and other holiday evenings; at those periods, when the religious and domestic concerns of the day were considered past, and recreation was supposed allowable; although at the jig house, it too often became riot and intemperance, among the male portion of the visitors.

On the Sunday in which we have opened our scene, the Priest at Faithlegg, exhorted his congregation to abstain from such irregularities. Such exhortations were not unfrequent; and although the Catholic Clergy of Ireland are proverbially cheerful, and even gay in society, yet they do not spare constant, and sometimes very rough endeavours to put down irregular and vicious recreations among their flock. But perhaps few topics come with less effect from the rural altar, than denunciations of amusement. Simple and pathetic but powerful addresses, which the rural clergy know so well how to make, might induce the most unruly factions, to wash the thirst of blood from their hearts, and to embrace as brethren. They might induce the cottier of ten or twelve acres, one who seemed to hold the very breath of his nostrils from his aristocratical landlord, to beard that landlord—to brave every chance of utter poverty for himself and family; and by his stern resolve, and scorn of bartering soul and sentiment for lucre, to blast all the proud schemes of his Master, and to give the civic wreath, accompanied with political power, to the man of the people's choice. Addresses from the altar, could easily make the widow share her cruse with much less than a prophet; and induce the father of an humble family, to share the children's bread with every destitute wanderer; but they were in a great degree powerless, to check the weekly recreations of those sons and daughters of labour. Bound to unremitting toil for six days,



they rose elastic on the seventh, to go to mass, to see their friends, and make merry. A hurling match, a game of ball, or a step at the jig house, on Sunday afternoons were considered very appropriate amusements. Such, perhaps were declining slowly; but the peasantry thought that the Priests legislated, out of their province, when they meddled with such things; to worship the deity, and to wrong no man, appeared to them the sum of the Christian's duty, and the proper objects of the priest's exertions; but to forbid them treating the boys, and dancing with the girls, when they met once a week, was too much for their unsophisticated ideas. Evil as is the tendency of such amusements, criminal as they are, and should be to the great body of Christians, they are certainly venial sins, when the opportunities and propensities of the people are considered; and when they are compared with the well dressed multitude who commit not so many antics with their hands and feet, but who celebrate the Sabbath as matter of course, with moroseness and bigotry on their religious exercises, and a dash of slander and selfishness over their works of charity.

Robin Hartrey had on this day, endeavoured to strengthen the appeals of the Priest, by his own advice to his niece—he warned her against the danger of neglecting what the Clergy said—and although he could not point out much abstract evil in a hop, yet he truly said, that to the girls it led the way to keeping too much company; and to the boys, to taking a drop too much. Cathleen well thought, that Mr. Cavanagh was the head and front of her uncle's ill will to the jig house, and she was less inclined to profit by his advice, when she saw that it was not disinterestedly given.

As the afternoon declined, mellowing and enriching the summer day, as time does the painting of a master, Cathleen was seated on the little bench in front of the cottage. Her black bird whistled sweetly above her head, and in the fruit garden opposite, Goldfinch and Linnet made sweet melody. On her lap lay a prayer book, which with downcast eyes, she seemed intently perusing. It was the only book belonging to the cottage, and perhaps Cathleen took it up more to appear employed, than that her feelings responded to its adjurations—or with that simplicity which so often marks rustic life, perhaps she sought to sooth the little pettishness of the moment, by that which is applied to as the best balm in every affliction. Robin had strolled to the top of the lane, to see the fine folk passing, who had walked from town to take the air; and to chat with a neighbour under the old tree at the corner. "Well boys any news from town?" said he, as he approached a little circle of politicians, "Haith then there's no bad news at all, Robin," was the reply by one of the club, "Villiers Stuart is beaten the meal man hollow." This was in allusion to two parties at a contested election—Villiers Stuart being the popular candidate, and Lord G. Beresford having been

designated the meal man, because, they said that he was endeavouring in some districts, to warp the consciences of poor electors by administering oatmeal to their stomachs; and also because the newspaper, the organ of his party, was called *The Mail*.

"More strength to his arm," said Robin in answer to the intelligence, "that same ill do him lashens of good, won't it?" replied the politician, "I never knew much good come o' dry toasts anyhow." "I tell ye what," says another of the party, "jest to give ye the chance of drinking the Bohul's health, come in to Carrott's, and we'll have a gallon of beer." "Oh ho," was vociferated, "its yerself knows how to do the clane thing Maurice; an Orangeman himself would'nt refuse drinking Stuart's health, such a hot evenin as this is." Away groped the little band, slowly as a flock of ducks, waddling after the goid fellow, who was to stand treat; and who, as he went along kept smacking his lips, as if to denote his message, and to give a zest to his share of the gallon. They had got half way to the sign of the ship, before Robin was discovered still standing at the corner, and was immediately hailed to join the party. Robin declined by a nod of his head, wishing to stay behind on account of his thoughts being taken up with his own concerns, and also not wishing to give Cathleen the excuse of his example, to visit the jig house that evening. The retreating party came to a stand, when Robin declined their courtesy. "Come along man," called one, "leave him alone," said a second, "he is one of Lord George's men, and would'nt drink Stuart's health for his life." "We never knew Robin Hartrey backward in takin or givin a treat before," said another, "he is goin to grow rich and turn quireen on our hands, he won't know poor people; one of those days." Touch'd by these arguments, Robin slowly followed the party, and the door of the *Ship public*, admitted the whole to its humble tap room.

The evening had hushed the note of the linnet in the little orchard; the blossoms of the cherry tree were no longer discernable from the cottage; the cool balmy breathing of the hour, sweetly contrasted the oppressive glare which had just subsided; and the dusk had rendered all of the distant scenery indistinct except its outline. Cathleen still sat on the bench of the cottage, but she had laid her prayer book down, and with her arms wrapped in her apron she was gazing intently on the moon. The mild luminary was already high in the heavens, and not waiting for the entire departure of day-light, it appeared upon the pearly arch, like a lightly shady ivory tablet. Cathleen gazed up vacantly; Luna attracted her gaze, but her thoughts were on earth—she thought not of the mountains and seas of the pale orb—the muse never sung to her, of its sweet phenomena—that it made the river, the distant white cottages, and the alleys of the garden, more softly distinct and beautiful she felt, although she

had never read of its "shadowy setting off the face of things." At this time she was insensible of these matters, she gazed on the chaste Humtress, but forgot its beauties; the loss of her parents, the occasional moroseness of her uncle, her lonely situation, and young Cavanagh's attentions, were the thoughts, which like constant droppings, alternately chilled and inflamed her feverishly excited bosom. She at length uttered a deep sigh, and arose to enter the cottage; a voice near her answered "don't sigh, but send Kitty dear, and I'll be your messenger." She turned, and seeing Cavanagh, uttered a short greeting and stood still. "What makes my darling sigh," he continued, "and be sitting here so lonesome and sad as if she were neither good nor handsome?" The re-action of Cathleen's feelings, and her musing being so unexpectedly broken, weakened her self command, and she answered Cavanagh's enquiry by involuntary but very eloquent tears. "Is it cryin' my Colleen is?" said the lover, "what ails you?—or has any one offended my little Girl?" This produced an answer sufficient to satisfy Cavanagh, that "the old man" was not his friend, but that he was all right with Kitty herself. His next attempt was to induce Kitty to go with him to Carrolls to have "a step," as a dance was tersely called; to this she objected—but Cavanagh worked on her pride by telling her that "the old man" was up there enjoying himself galore, while she was sitting like a Nun looking at the Moon—her coquetry and gratitude were also appealed to, by his informing her, that he left "three or four fine girls in their silks and satins about the tea table at home, to come out and see his own sweetheart Kitty O'Brien", and that "Peggy Morrissy and Biddy Maher, and the rest of the girls" were making themselves merry above, but that if his own Kitty would come along "they'd soon be cut outo shine." "Come along Kitty" said he, "and if your Uncle speaks to you, I'll quiet him, and give him a little law into the bargain—he has no call to you—your not beholden to him—come along with your own Cavanagh, that'll comfort you in life and death." Cathleen hesitated at this project, altho' her heart half agreed—she feared the glance of her Uncle—and despite her peevishness, she did not wish to pain his mind, by obstinately rejecting his advice, and baffling all his fond schemes. But a repetition of Cavanagh's logic, which spoke so pleasingly to the selfish part of her nature, prevailed, and after handing in the black Bird's cage, and latching the cottage door, she proceeded with her lover, up the road, to the jig house.

Cavanagh, to use a rural description, was a clean, likely boy, come of a decent family; old Cavanagh had a snug farm at Knock-Mount, and after giving his eldest son learning for a Priest, he set our hero up in grocery business in town. As such a person, Kitty's lover was of no small consequence in rural society; and his aim was by getting a pretty girl with a little aro-gothshese, to add to his comfort and his means at the one time. I said

that he was of no little consequence in rural society on account of adventitious circumstances—but he wanted no such distinction—for, an open countenance, fair, jolly complexion—buff cassimere waistcoat, blue coat, drab colour pantaloons, white stockings and handsome pumps, were introduction sufficient to the good opinion of his compeers. As he stooped to enter the humble portal of the dancing room, a buzz passed along those who sat near the door, “Here’s Kitty O’Brien and her fine beau” whispered one girl. “She looks like a breedoge alongside the dandy,” said another. “I wonder he don’t get a tastier sweetheart, and a better dancer” said a third—while a fourth remarked—“Kitty’s well enough, she’s a likely girl, and can dress when she’s sellin the tea and sugar—and maybe yourselves would’nt dance so well, if ye had three cows, and £50 in good hard cash.” By this time, the Fiddler had ran up an octave, from the finishing note of a reel; and then rattled over some half dozen overture bars. The couple had left the boards—and Cavanagh taking advantage of the moment, called for the “Humours of Glinn,” and led Kitty to the little dancing floor.

*To be continued.*

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## REVIEW OF POLLOK’S “COURSE OF TIME.”

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

### *Chapter 1.—The Plan.*

I HAVE lately perused “The Course of Time,” a Poem by Robert Pollok; and being much pleased with many passages, and being confident that the book is not so generally known as it deserves to be; I have commenced a series of chapters illustrative of what I consider its best passages. For those who have the work, such chapters may not be altogether without effect: as a poem in blank verse, on serious subjects, and extending to ten books, is so weighty a study with some, that its outline and brilliant points may be lost for want of the necessary attention. A series of short chapters also may be made readable to the most hurried, and so they may gain pleasure and instruction, which, but for the labour of selecting and arranging, they would know nothing of. With common care there seems little fear of the interest flagging in the proposed chapters—for as the moon is lovely by borrowed beams, so there is poetry enough in Pollok, to inspire a very dull commentator.

The plan or plot of the work is very simple. The time is supposed to be long after the destruction of the earth—“Two

youthful sons of Paradise," walk "high on the hills of immortality," conversing of the works of the Almighty, and

"Casting oft their eye far through  
The pure serene, observant if, returned  
From errand duly finished, any came,  
Or any, first in virtue now complete,  
From other worlds arrived, confirmed in good.

"Thus viewing, one they saw, on hasty wing  
Directing towards heaven his course; and now,  
His flight ascending near the battlements  
And lofty hills on which they walked, approached."

The Stranger arrives, and salutes the two happy friends—they hail him to the mansions of the blessed, and offer to conduct him to the wonders of that mysterious country—but observing his countenance overcast, they enquire the reason. He replies, that in his passage to that upper World, he has encountered sights, which have confounded him; in a glowing narrative he recites his visions, and requests explanation from them, of the wonders which he describes. They answer that "to ask and to bestow knowledge, is much of heaven's delight," and that they would willingly answer his enquiries, but that they have need to be taught, rather than to teach, concerning the mysteries which he saw. "But," said they,

"There is one, an ancient bard of Earth,  
Who, by the stream of life, sitting in bliss,  
Has oft beheld the eternal years complete  
The mighty circle round the throne of God;  
Great in all learning, in all wisdom great,  
And great in song; whose harp in lofty strain  
Tells frequently of what thy wonder craves,  
While round him, gathering, stand the youth of heaven,  
With truth and melody delighted both.  
To him this path directs, an easy path,  
And easy flight will bring us to his seat."

(The original and sweet ideas here expressed of heavenly employments, convey a lovely scene to the mind's eye:)

"So saying, they linked hand in hand, spread out  
Their golden wings, by living breezes fanned,  
And over heaven's broad champaign sailed serene."

The celestial scenes which they pass detain them on their route:

"Not long, for strong desire awaked  
Of knowledge that to holy use might turn,  
Still pressed them on to leave what rather seemed  
Pleasure, due only when all duty's done."

The moral contained in the last line, is well worthy the consideration of mortals. "Pleasure due only when all duty's done."

Pleasure, is too often made a business, to which all duty is sacrificed; but in being so, it is destroyed itself, and invariably ends in pain.

But the glorious travellers arrive at their destination, and the sage whom they sought is described as "to pensive solitude retiring off, as he was wont on earth." His habitation is portrayed as most fit for "holy musing" and its embellishments are depicted in language worthy of the scene,

"The rose and lily, fresh with fragrant dew,  
And every flower of fairest cheek, around  
Him, smiling flocked. Beneath his feet, fast by,  
And round his sacred hill, a streamlet walked,  
Warbling the holy melodies of heaven;  
The hallowed zephyrs brought him incense sweet;  
And out before him opened, in prospect long,  
The river of life, in many a winding maze,  
Descending from the lofty throne of God,  
That with excessive glory closed the scene."

They inform the bard of their mutual wish to hear him explain the mysteries seen on the heaven-ward route. The bard shortly explains what the vision is which the stranger saw, but to explain the causes of it, he says:

"These a longer tale  
Demand, and lead the mournful lyre far back  
Through memory of sin and mortal man.  
Yet haply not rewardless we shall trace  
The dark disastrous years of finished Time.  
Sorrows remembered sweeten present joy.  
Nor yet shall all be sad; for God gave peace,  
Much peace, on earth, to all who feared his name."

The Bard after a short preliminary, commences his theme, which is "the history of man," and with the commencement of this song, so abundant in matter, the second Book opens. The first Book, of which we have thus given an outline, is a kind of preface to the Poem: the Bard's song occupies the remaining nine books—and he turns the leaves of time over, in eloquent discourse, concluding with the general judgment. He thus sums up the topics which he has dwelt on, and which, with instruction and delight, we hope to review in future chapters.

"The world at dawn, at mid-day, and decline;  
Time gone, the righteous saved, the wicked damned,  
And God's eternal government approved."

*To be continued.*

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

I HAVE not seen, until within these few days, the following spirited lines by Campbell. If they are as little known, as I imagine they are, they may not be unacceptable, if allowed to appear in the Halifax Magazine. It may be recollected that they are a parody on "*Ye gentlemen of England,*" but they belong to that species of parody, which is of all others most allowable; that which takes well known turns of thought and expression, and in applying them to a different subject, dignifies, not depresses, the recollected strain. An imitation of Campbell's lines accompany them. Campbell's lines are addressed to the *Mariners*, and the imitation is addressed to the *Military* of England. If the former are a bye-word for gallantry and bravery—surely the latter have well earned a similar eulogy. In writing of war, during "piping times of peace," it may be allowable to remark, that although peace undoubtedly is a blessing, the most natural state of things, and the only abstractedly proper; yet, in the present conformation of human affairs, the gallantry which is ready to sacrifice safety, and to venture life, rather than compromise independence or integrity, is a great national virtue. War is always an evil, but necessity, or a good cause, may justify it. Abstractedly considered, bravery and fortitude are virtues—they are so relatively, when resisting aggression, and when defending the general family, the laws, and liberties of a nation. It is of warriors, so considered, that a British Poet should sing; not of warriors embarked in the cause of tyranny or aggrandizement. B.

## YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

AIR—*Ye gentlemen of England.*

"YE Mariners of England,  
 That guard our native seas,  
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years,  
 The battle and the breeze,  
 Your glorious standard launch again,  
 To match another foe,  
 And sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow,  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow.

“ The spirit of your fathers  
Shall start from every wave,  
For the deck it was their field of fame,  
And ocean was their grave.  
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
Your manly hearts shall glow  
As ye sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow.

“ Britannia needs no bulwark,  
No towers along the steep,  
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,  
Her home is on the deep.  
With thunders from her native oak  
She quells the floods below—  
As they roar, on the shore,  
When the stormy tempests blow,  
While the battle rages loud and long  
And the stormy tempests blow.

“ The meteor flag of England,  
Shall yet terrific burn,  
Till danger's troubled night depart  
And the star of peace return.  
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,  
Our song and feast shall flow,  
To the fame of your name,  
When the storm has ceased to blow,  
When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
And the storm has ceased to blow.”

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## YE VETERANS OF ENGLAND.

AIR.—*Ye Gentlemen of England.*

YE veterans of England,  
Who guard our native land ;  
Whose standard brav'd a thousand fights,  
On mountain peak, or strand :  
Your blazoned flags unfurled again,  
Were lightning to the foe ;  
And death, in the breath  
Of your bugle notes should flow ;  
While the battle thunders loud and long,  
And the martial trumpets blow.



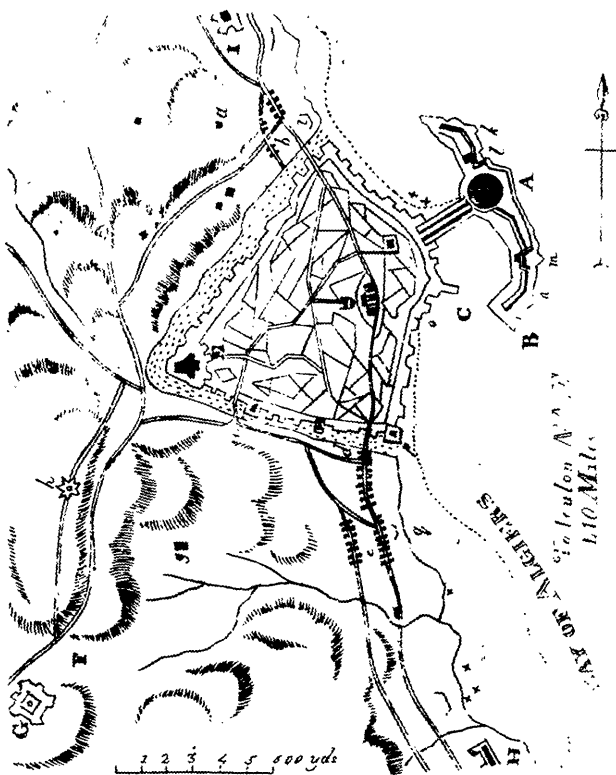
*Ye Veterans of England.*

The spirit of your fathers  
 Glide o'er a thousand fields ;  
 All earth was subject to their fame ;  
 A grave, each climate yields.  
 Where Moore, and Abercrombie fell  
 Your British hearts should glow,  
 As ye pass, o'er the grass,  
 While your Heroes sleep below ;  
 And the battle pours its requiem peal,  
 And the martial trumpets blow.

Britannia needs no castled steep,  
 No ramparts on her coasts ;  
 Her bulwarks are her children's breasts,  
 Her trust the Lord of Hosts.  
 The cheering of her free-born bands,  
 And her billows thundering flow,  
 Are the sounds, which astounds,  
 Slavish hordes of foreign foe ;  
 While the vengeful battle thunders loud,  
 And the martial trumpets blow.

The standard of Old England,  
 May yet terrific beam,  
 If dangers troubled night return,  
 And peace withdraw its beam.  
 Then, then ye island warriors,  
 Will rise your wonted glow ;  
 As of old, cool and bold,  
 Till the war has ceased its flow ;  
 Till joyful thunders tell your fame,  
 And your trumps, triumphant blow.

B.



## ALGIERS.

## REFERENCES TO THE ENGRAVING.

A Light House—78guns	<i>b</i> Bab Alawat.	<i>k</i> 20 Guns.
B Mole Head.	<i>c</i> Bab Ax-lit.	<i>l</i> 8 Mortars.
C Port.	<i>d</i> Bab Azoona.	<i>m</i> 117 Guns.
D Dey's Palace.	<i>e</i> Bazaar.	<i>n</i> 6 Mortars.
E Citadel—51 guns.	<i>f</i> Aqueduct.	<i>o</i> 20 Guns.
F Kellaboi.	<i>g</i> Magazine.	<i>p</i> 6 Guns.
G Emperor's Fort—60guns.	<i>h</i> Star Fort, in ruins.	<i>q</i> 6 Guns.
H Fort Babazon—58guns.	<i>i</i> 3 Guns.	<i>r</i> 5 Guns.
I Fort Akoleit— 31guns.		
J 6 Graves.		

The accompanying engraving which represents the city and immediate environs of Algiers, is a copy from one which appeared in the United States Journal, and which is said to have proceeded from one of the best hydrographers of the day, and who has made extensive surveys in the Mediterranean.

Algiers is represented as presenting a scene of singular beauty when approached by water. It rises compactly from the margin of the sea up the side of a fine eminence, and its houses being snow white, at a distance it appears in shape and colour like a main-top-gallant sail stretched out upon a green field. Approaching nearer, its towers, mosques, and minarets, fare distinguished rising one above the other, from the shore to the mountain top; while at either side, beautifully varied ground, laid out as gardens and vineyards, and enlivened by numerous country seats, relieve and delight the eye.

On landing, the interest of the town vanishes, from the narrowness and meanness of the streets; but the view from the houses is exquisite. The roofs of the houses are flat, and afford delightful promenades in the cool of evening, from whence the surrounding country, the busy harbour, and the sublime expanse of the bay can be commanded by the soothed eye. The town rises like a pyramid from the water, and at what may be called its apex, stands a new palace of the Dey, called La Casaba. The town is surrounded by walls, and is to be entered by six gates; beyond the wall is a dry ditch or moat.

“The territory of Algiers consists of the ancient Mauritania, and Tingitana, in length about six hundred miles, and in breadth about one hundred and eighty; bounded by the kingdom of Fez in the west—the ridges of Atlas and Biludelgerid on the south—Tunis on the east—and the Mediterranean on the north.

“Besides the metropolis of Algiers, which contains a population of about one hundred and twenty thousand souls, there are several other considerable cities. It is needless to add that these are but remnants of prosperity, for notwithstanding the numerous

splendid cities, containing all that was beautiful in Roman art, which once adorned Mauritania, the rage of its various invaders has left but little to gratify modern curiosity.

“The climate of this country is described as soft and salubrious; the seasons follow each other in the gentlest succession; the heats of the earlier autumn are excessive, but generally tempered by northerly winds. Few diseases are peculiar to the Algerine territory; it has not been visited by the plague for many years, though in the meantime raging with much violence in the neighbouring Island of Malta.

“The mineral riches are supposed to be great, but iron and lead are the principal metals which have yet been discovered. Gold is said to exist among the mountains of Atlas; other minerals and mineral springs are numerous, and great quantities of the most beautiful corals are found on the coast. It is, however, in the fertility of the soil that the chief riches of the country exist: a happy combination of warmth and humidity gives great vigour and magnificence to the vegetable productions; wheat and Indian corn are extremely abundant, and the vines grow to a prodigious height. The olive tree is indigenous; all fruits common to the south of Europe are of the most exquisite flavour; and the oaks, in many places, grew to an immense size. The hills are covered with thyme and rosemary; and in many places there are extensive tracts thickly planted with roses, for the distillation of the famous essence so well known in Europe. The climate has at all times been greatly favourable to the culture of sugar cane, which grows with great vigour and is thought by many to be indigenous, and to have supplied the plants with which the cultivation was first established in the West Indies. The horses of Barbary have long been celebrated for their beauty and symmetry. Beasts of prey are numerous, and the desolated state of the country favours their propagation.”

The government of Algiers is a despotism, supported by undisguised piracy.

“The government of Algiers was usurped by the elder Barbarossa; and it has ever since been retained by a lawless band of Turks, recruited from the vilest rabbles of the Levant. From these causes the Algerine Turk presents the most odious features of the Moslem race; and his arrogant licentiousness is only excelled by his ignorance, indolence, and contempt of truth. Such is their haughty bearing towards the natives, that they will not even acknowledge for Osmanli, the Coligli, or offspring of themselves by Moorish women, albeit those by christian slaves were always thus recognized. Courage, or rather ferocity, they possess, and also some degree of energy, when they can be aroused from the apathy of their listless enjoyments; but not a spark of intelligence relieves the revolting depravity of their disposition.

“‘A government,’ says Lord Chatham, ‘stripped of liberal

institutions, and composed of uneducated men, without honour, integrity or virtue, is one of the most horrid and disgusting spectacles which can present itself to the contemplation of a civilized being; and in Algiers, an imperious prætorian horde, trampling on laws and institutions, and teeming with bloody faction, verifies the portrait. The Divan consists of about seven hundred of the most influential officers of the Janizzaries, who are distinguished by a stripe of gold lace in front of the neat turbans which they wear. Of these not more than thirty or forty are usually convened; but in cases of consequence, not only the officers, but also all the soldiers have the right of debating. The Dey is usually elected from amongst the members of the Divan, though he has been in some instances, nominated by the Grand Seignior, whose supremacy is generally acknowledged whenever the State is in difficulty. The dignity of the Dairk is accompanied with the Dionysian terrors of a suspended sword, for, excepting Hasan Pasha, and he who was cut off by the plague of 1818, I scarcely remember an instance of a Dey's dying in his bed. At the burying ground, outside the Bab Allowetta, are to be seen six small cupolas touching each other,—they record a remarkable fact—the election of no less than seven of these ephemeral Sovereigns in one day and the assassination of six!

“Of the manner in which their piracies are conducted, a few words will suffice for explanation. Every commander of an armed vessel has to ask permission of the Dey before he can put to sea, which however, is never denied, unless the government should think fit to put his ship in requisition for its own use. On obtaining leave, the captain hoists his flag and fires a gun, as a signal to all who may wish to join him in his expedition, that he will depart on the ensuing day: all comers are received, and it is only when under weigh, that a list is drawn of the complement gathered. The Turks only bear arms and fight, the Moorish sailors being only for the working of the vessel, and the service of the gunners. Each of these volunteers brings with him a coverlet, in which to enwrap himself, and which forms his only equipment. The Turks are always commanded by an old officer, who takes the title of Aga of the vessel, and without whose advice the captain can do little. In return, the Aga is accountable to the Dey for the conduct of the captain, who is punished if failing in any capture, for want of perseverance in the conflict, or if allowing any vessel to escape under any other than a clear passport.

“On a return to the harbour with a prize, the first step is to disembark the slaves, who are conducted before the Dey. The consuls of all nations with whom the Algerines are on friendly terms, are then summoned, and each inquires after such captives as may be of his country, taking an account of whether they belonged to the captured vessel, or were only passengers in her; in the latter case, they are given over to the protection of the

consul, in the former they are sold as slaves. Of those condemned, the Dey takes his choice of one in every eight, who are sent to the government baths, the remainder are the property of their captors.

“The cargo is afterwards landed, and of this the Dey likewise selects an eighth portion; his officers then claim for the state all the sails and rigging of the prize, which, thus stripped, is sold, and again the Dey steps in for an eighth of the produce. In the subsequent division among the crew, all christian slaves serving as sailors, if there be any on board, are allowed an equal share of booty with the rest.

“No sooner is any one declared a slave, than he is instantly stripped of his clothes, and covered with a species of sack cloth. Many suffer their beard to grow, as a sign of mourning and desolation: while their general state of filth is not to be conceived. Two black cakes is their principal daily sustenance; and had it not been for the charity of a rich Moor, who left a legacy for that purpose, Friday, the only day they are exempted from work, would have seen them without any allowance whatever. Shut up at night in the prison like so many malefactors, they are obliged to sleep in the open corridor, exposed to all the inclemencies of the seasons. In the country they are frequently forced to lie in the open air; or, like the Troglodite of old, shelter themselves in caverns. Awoke at day light they are sent to work with the most abusive threats, and, thus employed, become shortly exhausted under the weight and severity of their keeper's whips. Those destined to sink wells and clear sewers, are for whole weeks obliged to be up to the middle in water, respiring a mephitic atmosphere; others employed in quarries are threatened with constant destruction, which often comes to their relief. Some attached to the harness in which beasts of the field are also yoked, are obliged to draw nearly all the load, and never fail to receive more blows than their more favoured companion the ass or mule. It is usual for one or two hundred slaves to drop off in the year, for want of food, medical attendance and other necessaries; and woe to those who remain if they attempt to heave a sigh or complain in the hearing of their inexorable master. The slightest offence or indiscretion, is punished with two hundred blows on their feet, or over the back; and resistance to this shocking treatment is often punished with death.”

Repeated attempts have been made to subjugate this horde of Pirates, but they either failed altogether, or obtained very partial triumphs, until the late invasion by France. The late attempt has been completely effectual, the Dey a prisoner, his treasures confiscated, and the regular troops of a gallant nation residing in the strong holds of the Robbers; we may hope that a decisive blow has been at last given to this mistress of Pirates.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

## TO STEPHEN DEBLOIS, ESQ.

SIR—You have been returned a Representative of the Province of Nova-Scotia. I ask not by what means; or whether your private honour approves of the influence which has been exercised to make you a public man; or whether you do not in your conscience believe, that the man whom you have supplanted has had a triumph, in his defeat by your supporters. I leave those things unquestioned—you are now a representative—perhaps, more to be pitied than blamed, you were made a rallying point for corrupt ungenerous influence without your knowledge—so that I now address you as an honourable representative *chosen by the free voice of the Electors of the Township*. As such then, I would ask, is your professed admiration of the British Constitution, according to knowledge, or is it as the foolish parrot repetitions which mean nothing, and are but a subterfuge from manly explanation? I ask this question the more readily, because of the misty windings and Joublings of your written speech; and because that in one part of it, identifying yourself with the people, you say, “while supporting our own rights, let us not encroach on those of others.” What can this mean? In a representative government, I understand no right distinct from that of the people—according to British principles and profession, such supposition of second rights is a species of treason. Governments are either swindling despotisms, or they are established for the sole good of the governed—the King wears his crown, because a supreme ruler is found beneficial for the great family—the Lords form a sublime tribunal, that they may be a check and a support to the people’s King—the Commons meet to enact laws for their fellow subjects, and to grant supplies from the public purse to his Majesty, such supplies being necessary for the public good. What right distinct from the people is there in this? Or do you imagine that the Nova-Scotia Council is a body, formed for personal power and aggrandizement, not for public good—do you place in one scale seven place-men, and in the other in opposition, the people of the province? Miserable supposition—if one wheel of the State carriage revolves to the right, and the other to the left, unfortunate progress will the vehicle make. If on examination, you find that the Constitution is a mere cabalistic word to you, give me leave to advise a close study of it. It has now become, by the office to which you are elected, your north star—or else you are more unworthy of your seat, than I believe you to be.

I would also direct your attention to the speech of your proposer. For, he being a most respectable citizen, and one whose name is in a certain degree a tower of strength in this community, you may be inclined to depend more on the sentiments contained in it, than you would on similar sentiments, differently

supported. His speech embraced three points—his right to propose you—his honesty in so doing—and his opinion of your character. On the first, he said, that his opinion respecting a Representative, should pass as unchallenged as his opinion of the cut of a coat ! For the love of common sense, subscribe not to this doctrine, until the Coat ordered by one man is to be worn by every person in the community—for no man can choose a Representative for himself alone, in so acting he acts in a public capacity, and for the public, and should act on well defined and public principles. As to his honesty, he said, he would allow his right arm to be cut off and thrown on the floor, before he would propose a man whom he did not think fit. For the sake of your character for acuteness, think not by this that you well deserved the sweet voices of the Electors, in preference to your opponent. Fifty of the warm hearted friends of Mr. Murdoch, would offer to fling their heads on the floor, if they in supporting him, did not believe him much fitter than you for the honor aspired to—so, that you see such mere assertions must in the end go for so much wasted breath. On the third he said, that he did not look to this or that part of your character—but that he took you *byc and large* in his estimate ? For the love of gravity, so becoming in an hon. gentleman, think not that this is satisfactory. Were you selling a vessel, would such a character satisfy your auditors. She is not a swift sailer, her rigging is but so so, her hull is old, the principles of her architecture are of no known plan, and her sailing habits are not steady—but gentlemen, take her “by and large” and she’ll do. Alas for such a method of doing business ! We are beings of a day, and our life is made of a number of moments and trifles—we cannot live “by and large” any more than we can die so. But—as a Representative of the people this “by and large” principle will never answer. Very minute concerns, and in which very minute acts are important, will form much of your public business. You cannot legislate “by and large,” each vote must stand on itself, every action in such a place is sententious ; and it is by doing little and little at a time, well and wisely, that your conduct can be honorable to yourself, and useful to your Constituents. Depend not on general character, or general conduct, or “by and large” notions, but take step by step cautiously—for such ground cannot be retraced ; nor false steps taken on it, perhaps, ever be atoned for.

Finally, recollect the man whom you have *supplanted*—his abilities and character ; the firmness and honesty of his public conduct. Be not a foil to show off his excellences—disappoint his friends more than you yet have done, by being energetically upright and British—and be deaf to the friends who have already made you a tool, if they wish to make you one in a more dishonourable and criminal capacity. Be the Champion of Liberty, Religion, and Morality—and their attendant branches of education, improvements, and genial laws—so may you yet be an honor to



the public Councils, nor your late antagonist be wanting at your side in the arena. These exceedingly hurried remarks you will have to excuse, for you are now a public man, and a fit subject for public criticism—none will be more pleased than myself, to rise an humble voice in your approbation, should you deserve it; and few more ready to brave danger to express the contrary if a dereliction of public duty, should appear in your conduct. I consider you doubly responsible, appearing as the substitute of an able good man, who has been forced from the scene by undue means; and I accordingly address you—excuse my freedom, profit by the most insignificant means, and “desire earnestly the best gifts” if you wish to gain public confidence and support.

MARCO.

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### NOVA-SCOTIA.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Beyond the wide Atlantic's roll,  
Old England has a gallant child;  
Tho' weak—it bears undaunted soul,  
And British manners undefiled.

It came with weary steps and slow,  
And pitched its tent on rudest hills;  
But still it bore undying glow,  
Catch'd from the old renowned rills!

And still mid every change of scene,  
Unchanged in soul the stripling grew;  
Fond of its parent spring serene,  
To British freedom sternly true.

Now more mature in strength and grace,  
And less despised, for better known,  
It catches in its onward race,  
The lights which round its cradle shone.

Nor will it part one cord of love,  
Which binds it to its guardian land,  
Nor let the smallest right remove,  
Which made its parent good and grand.

(The sucker from the lordly oak,  
Looks weak and wan beneath its sire,  
But shielded there from tempest stroke,  
From chilling flood, or solar fire :

It happy grows, not all unlike,  
Nor all unworthy its proud stem ;  
To the same dye its leaflets strike,  
And looks mid weeds and flowers a gem.

And still the parent's verdant shield,  
Filters the rain drops and the ray :  
Blessings too fierce on open field,  
Tempered—around its offspring play.

'Twill be one day its parent's pride,  
The shade of tribes which walk the earth,  
Birds singing, mid its arms abide,  
And men grouse round for wit and mirth.)

So, may our infant state aspire,  
Neath England's shield, neath England's ray,  
Blest with a portion of the fire,  
Which gives the Island Queen her day.

Go on young Britain—climbing still,  
Undaunted to meridian height,  
Retreat is rife with shame and ill,  
Fame sits above enthroned in light.

Clasp as your soul the genial code  
Of arts, religion, manners, law,  
Let science find an onward road,  
And letters soft attraction draw.

Is Liberty your parent's crown ?  
Then be your rights roll'd round your heart.  
Does Virtue give her best renown ?  
Then let the goddess ne'er depart. S.