

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming /
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Wrinkled pages may film slightly out of focus.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10x	14x	18x	22x	26x	30x
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12x	16x	20x	24x	28x	32x

THE HALIFAX Monthly Magazine.

VOL. III.

JULY, 1832.

No. 26.

PUBLICATIONS IN NOVA-SCOTIA.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Cooney's History of Part of New Brunswick.

THIS book has been published by subscription, and contains about 280 octavo pages of letter press, price 10s. It is dedicated to Joseph Cunard, Esq. and is divided into eight parts, under the following heads: *Introduction, General Description, County of Northumberland, County of Kent, County of Gloucester, Natural History, Resources, District of Gaspé.*

We propose taking up each chapter in succession, giving a running Epitome of the whole, and venturing a few remarks as we go on. We would be less inclined to attempt this kind of condensation of its matter, did we not understand that every copy struck off has been subscribed for, and taken up; so that, as a second edition is scarcely within the range of possibility, we may make use of the volume for the benefit of our readers without at all injuring the sale of the work. We are induced to this task, because we think such inquiries, however feebly carried on, help to forward public taste; and that silence and neglect are the worst enemies literature can have in a New Country. Discussion provokes examination; beauties or defects of composition are exposed for the benefit of others, the author gets thanks or rebuke as the case may be, while the strictures of the would-be-critic may be retorted if his remarks be not well founded.

Historical writing, like historical painting, is a grave and dignified art. In both a calm and equable tone should be preserved, the flights of fancy and the vulgarities of mediocrity should be guarded against, and the artist should work with that religious enthusiasm which forgets self and despises all low allusions.

As the Introductory chapter, is evidently intended to have a close connection with the body of the book, we commence our brief review with it. And in perusing the first paragraph of page one, we are led to remark, that we at once light on several infractions

of a rule which we have just laid down as appropriate to historical writing. That is, that an historian should not intrude his *personal* authority without [good cause into his pages, any more than an historical painter should intrude his personal features on his canvass. The pen and the pencil of the artist may be directed to produce certain impressions of the holder, but this should be indirectly and in a generic manner. The works should appear as if they sprung all perfect from the head of Minerva; the writer and the painter should be carefully excluded from the connoisseur's attention, and should patiently wait for their reward. The contrary of this, would be as disparaging to the artist's judgment and taste, as it would be depreciating to the dignity and gravity of his subject. In the first five lines of the *first paragraph* of the Introduction, then, as a breach of this rule, we have five personal pronouns of the *first person*—we, us, we, our, we,—this we merely allude to, in setting out, as indicative of the very colloquial and weak style, of a large portion of this Historical Work.

But if the opening is not as dignified as some standards would require, the author soon gets on stilts high as our hearts can wish, and commences his retrospect of English history, as he says, "from a view of the injustice of some late measures of Colonial policy; as well as from a dignified conception of *our own* co-relative situation."

The commercial importance of Venice and Genoa, and the insignificance of England, at the close of the fifteenth century, are described; as is the favourable change which occurred during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. We spoke of fancy in a previous paragraph, as not becoming, except under great controul, in historical writings; we here find some finely worked specimens which we imagine go to prove our position. Writing of Columbus, Mr. Cooney says,

"At his touch the western boundary receded; and then Empires and Kingdoms issued from the sea, while the mist that overshadowed it resolved itself into a world. These discoveries inflamed the zeal of the queen, and roused the energies of the nation; and having once inhaled the spirit of enterprise, we enlisted science for our guide—pursued territory into its last retreat; and in the recesses of obscurity, established new dominions."

The Historian here seems to us to take greater licence than is generally allowed to the poet. The intrepid, but toil-worn, and almost despairing Navigator, is metamorphosed into a sporting magician, before whose *touch*, presto, the western boundary recedes; amphibious empires and kingdoms appear; and the *mists* of the clear-skyed Columbia—like a meeting of the Political Union—re-

solves itself into a world. And then, while informing his readers, that Elizabeth encouraged enterprise and extended her dominions, our author hunts down the artifice of personification! Science becomes a *guide*, Territory a retreating *chimera*, and Obscurity *some power* in whose recesses *we* established dominions. However "fancy free" Elizabeth's "maiden meditations" might have been, we suspect that she never saw what she was about according to Mr. Cooney's translation of her acts.

The paragraph which follows that respecting Columbus, has rhetorical ornament of another description. It contains three sentences, and five examples of Antithesis. Ornate enough certainly. We have England, neither acknowledging an *obstacle*, nor recognizing a *difficulty*;—neither calculating *danger*, nor measuring *distance*;—she is taught the *value* of commerce, and the *necessity* of its cultivation;—she *saw* powers *enriched* by possession, and she *determined* to *rival* them; the *decree went forth*, and the *monopoly was destroyed*. Here, in one small clause, we have half a dozen pair of balances, carefully adjusted, no doubt, as any steel-yards, in the country; but what do they weigh?—This loose, sketchy, verbose style, to speak within the bounds of moderation, is surely too meretricious a garb for the chaste and dignified histrionic muse.

Succeeding paragraphs, of this introductory chapter, are couched in similar terms; and the grain of information is so hidden among the verbiage, that we would be led to think the latter was all important with the author; and that the sentiments which he wished to convey, were merely dovetailed in as a very secondary and inconsequential matter.

We necessarily pass over a heap of false ornament—paste—where even gems would be unsuitable; but cannot refrain from quoting one or two specimens which immediately follow. What would Martin Scriblerus think of such metaphors as these: speaking of the French Court and Revolution, our author says, "*bloated with pride*, remonstrance could not *reach their vanity*," "*Louis reclined upon his Throne*, unconscious of the bloody grave that was *yawning at his feet*," "*murder became a science*, and every ruffian a *professor*." Wading through several tautologous and feebly-fine paragraphs, we come to Napoleon; and the dead Lion is indeed sadly used by our Goliath of the pen. Hear him. "*Napoleon aspired to universal dominion*, and the withering curse of his cupidity descended upon *every thing*, and blighted *all* it touched." This is scarcely magnanimous, Mr. Cooney; altho handling a dead Emperor of the French in an English history, having no fear of contradiction, or of libel before your eyes, still, still truth and some-

thing like fair play might be afforded. Worse than the Cholera, this idol of a brave and intelligent people, was a withering curse from which *nothing* escaped! What, no redeeming quality? How mistaken or false, must have been the admirers of the Hero among his own nation; how besotted Scott, Byron, and a host of others, who with all their English prejudices, painted the Corsican more like a daring, brave, and able *man*, than a *fiend*. And, on another tack, how foolish Pitt, Fox, Burke, and their contemporaries appear, alongside our present author; they saw clearly, England's risk in becoming the champion of bald Legitimacy; he says, "wrapt up in her own impregnability, the storm could not effect her; and therefore while others trembled in its blast, she smiled at its fury." Taking the latter view as correct, the "Empress Island" must have been an unnatural mother; she was beggaring her children, and pouring out their blood like water for strangers, and yet wrapt up in her own impregnability, she smiled!

We have arrived at the end of this introductory historical retrospect; but are inclined to glance back at its political sentiments, as, no doubt, the Chapter is intended to be introductory in that sense also; and as in it, our author has evidently put his best foot foremost, with all due regard to appearance and attitude.

We are told that previous to the revolution, the French groaned under a most oppressive tyranny, that the Court was besotted, bloated, debauched, deaf and blind. Yet almost in the next paragraph, an indignant surprize is expressed, that the revolutionists considered *loyalty* a crime, that they dethroned a *legitimate* King, and submitted to the sway of a *needy* adventurer. Why, what would Mr. Cooney have?—*loyalty* to Tyranny, Debauchery, bloated besotted Cruelty and Ignorance? Legitimacy forsooth, why should a "groaning" people care for the assumed "right divine of Kings to govern wrong?"—And Napoleon's *poverty* should have incapacitated him! Did he not spring up in the service of the country which submitted to his master mind; and, when backed by the call of a harrassed nation, had he not fair claims to the revenues which made Louis *rich*?

But o' England we are told, that to rescue France, to preserve Europe, she drew the sword; and the result was that the *integrity* of Egypt, the *independence* of Spain, the *salvation* of Russia, Prussia, Austria, and the Peninsula, the release of the Pope, and the *restoration* of France, were achieved. Our readers will recollect this cuckoo song as rather old and unmeaning now; and the italicised words will show in what a generalising style the passages are written. Was it the people or the sovereigns of Egypt, Spain, and the other countries enumerated, whose salvation was achiev-

“d? If the latter, has enlightened liberal England much to boast of her chivalry? If the former, in what does the salvation consist?—We again say, that we make those hurried hints, because we think sense and principle are often sacrificed to tawdry verbiage; and that the style of the introduction is characteristic of Mr. Cooney’s genius, far as we can judge by his productions. It is in its intended elegant parts, a close imitation—often a parody—of the manner of Charles Philips, the once celebrated counsellor; which manner, with some beauties had many faults, and we find that its circumscribed popularity had evaporated even while the orator was in the prime and vigour of existence.—If our readers want illustration of this parallel, let them turn to Philips’s printed speeches, and to Mr. Cooney’s book, and judge for themselves.

Having arrived at the period of England’s triumph, Mr. Cooney enquires how were such things accomplished; and answers “by her Colonies.” Several remarks follow, but we rest on one, unbecoming—in our opinion—the pen of a British subject. He says, “without foreign possessions * * * without extraneous resources. * * * “when we reflect upon the conduct and politics of Louis XIV. and Charles XII. Napoleon, and other inordinate spirits, we are almost sustained in saying, that instead of being what she now is, England might have been, at this very day, but a wretched Province, either basely hugging her chains, or gallantly striving to break them.”

The calumny is by no means sustained, for no Briton exists of “soul so dead,” as to suppose it possible that his Mother Country could in any circumstances “basely hug her chains?” Mr. Cooney himself does not believe so, but was merely led astray by the ignis fatuus of bastard rhetoric. We quote the concluding paragraph of this chapter.

“Is there an *Englishman*, alive to one virtuous feeling, illumined by one ray of patriotism, whose heart does not glow with gratitude, and swell with triumph, when he surveys the career, and contemplates the character of his nation. Europe owes its independence to her magnanimity; the fervour of her clemency melted the chains of the African; Christendom has been enlarged by her piety; her auspices have created new Worlds in the South; and liberty of conscience has been re-born from her Code. In a word honourable has been her course, and exalted is her position. Through centuries of fame has she travelled; and now she stands upon a column of her own architecture, around whose pedestal is written the history of its erection.”

“We are Englishmen some of us by birth; others by lineage; all of us in principles; and the avowal is our pride—the connexion our glory.

The sentiments here may be all very well, but as usual, they are tricked off that we suspect them. High flyers, whether in the fashionable, priggish, or literary world, have a flash language of their own, which requires study before we pronounce on its worth. "Europe's independence," what is it? "Clemency melted the chains of the African," in the *British Colonies* at least, these chains have not yet been fused. "New Worlds in the South"—are these the miserable towns and villages which the South American braves make the scenes of their ferocity? "Liberty of conscience re-born from her code"—we thought that instead of a good being *born*, an evil had been "scotch'd not kill'd"; and that some of the blasphemous assumptions of intolerance had been *expunged* from her code. She has "*travelled through centuries of Fame*," now "stands," resting no doubt after her travels, "on a column of her own architecture, around whose pedestal is written," &c.—What does the *pedestal*, and what the *writing*, here refer to? Have the figures any substance to support them, or is the clause a mere senseless rounding to a period? If the former, it had better resolve itself, like the South American mist, into something tangible; if the latter, how elegant and forcible is Mr. Cooney's historical style.

The next chapter is headed "general description," and gives some account of the "*serried* alternation of proprietorship between the English and French;" in Nova Scotia, while New Brunswick constituted a part of that Province. In this account, we have scraps of English history, such as, information respecting the care taken of the comfort of the Stewart family by the treaty of Ryswick, which we are puzzled to understand in connection with a history of New Brunswick. In 1758-9, Great Britain obtained peaceable possession of those Provinces, and in 1785 the limits of New Brunswick were divided from Nova Scotia; and in the autumn of the same year the first legislative assembly was held at St. John. Of the first settlers we have the following tautologous passage, rife with hyperbole and antithesis:

"If their sufferings were great, so were their merits; if they forfeited their property, it was to preserve their principles; if they sacrificed every consideration to their duty, the value of the offering was an amiable proof of their sincerity. Of sorrow and suffering they had sufficient; but of consolation and recompence they were not destitute. If they were disfranchised by the Republicans, the proscription was their honour; if they were driven from home to seek a refuge in the wilderness, they carried with them the virtue they inherited from their ancestors. The precious pearl of political integrity was theirs; and theirs also, was the exalted dignity of Citizenship to an English King."

Passing the *fine writing* and looking to the bald sentiments here.

we would remark, that the author seems to have forgotten his expressions in a former paragraph. "A cabinet of Imbeciles" he says, "striving to extend the prerogatives of the crown, produced by their ultraism a general discontent throughout the New England Colonies." And yet those who supported those imbeciles, and favoured the unconstitutional extension of prerogative and ultraism, get the "precious pearls" of amiability, honour, duty, sincerity, virtue, political integrity and exalted dignity in return! Either they were justified and the charge of ultraism is too broadly made; or the first paragraph is correct, and however well intentioned the fugitives were, their conduct scarcely deserves such heaping of mountain on mountain, metaphor on metaphor, to do them honour.—The first Governor is said to have "cherished the Province into *adolescence*"—we italicise words here, and in some other places, to point our author's partiality for the large and the uncommon—and we are told,

"After having endeared himself to the people, as their Father—their Friend—their All—; Governor Carleton was, in 1703, removed to England, where he still continued to hold his situation until his death. Were I allowed to eulogise the dead, I would quote the Latin interrogatory of the Poet, '*Si quæris monumentum circumspice te?*' If you want a memorial of Carleton, look all round you."

This good man is first spoken of as if he were the Deity, "their Father—their Friend—their All," and then his panegyrist says, "if I were allowed to *eulogise* the dead." Mr. Cooney, assuredly, must have read his illustrious countryman's "art of sinking in poetry."

"New Brunswick is situated between the 45th and 49th degrees of north latitude; and between the 64th and 68th degree of west longitude. It is above 200 miles in length and 150 in breadth, and contains about 22,000 square miles. It is bounded as follows:—on the North by the River St. Lawrence, and Canada; on the South and south-East by the Bay of Fundy and Nova-Scotia; on the East by the gulf of St. Lawrence, and *Baie Verte*; and on the West by the State of Maine. It is divided into ten Counties, viz. Saint John, Westmoreland, King's, Queen's, Charlotte, York, Sunbury, Northumberland, Kent and Gloucester. The respective representation of these Counties, in the Provincial Assembly is thus:—

COUNTIES,	MEMBERS
Saint John	4
Westmoreland	4
King's	2
Queen's	2
Charlotte	4
York	4
Sunbury	2
Northumberland	2

COUNTIES,	MEMBERS.
Kent	1
Gloucester	1
City of Saint John	2
	<hr/>
Total number	29."

The Rivers, we are told, intersect the country *vicinally*, some of them flow over *calcareous formations*, their Islands are formed by the force of the *aqueous agent*, their banks are *fringed with alluvial tracts*, and their course made fantastic by interruptions from *freshets* and strong *lateral resistances*. Some of Mr. Cooney's country subscribers—and town subscribers too—must consult Johnson repeatedly, while they peruse his history. The conclusion of this chapter furnishes us with an interesting glossary:

“ Nearly all the rivers in this Province are designated by Indian names, either significant of a personal right, or expressive of some prominent locality. Thus the Etienne, the Barnaby, the Bartholomew, Renous, and others, are called after the respective Chiefs to whom they originally belonged; while the Looshtork (now Saint John) signifies Long River; the Restigouche, Broad River; the Miramichi, Happy Retreat; the Nipisquit, Noisy or Foaming River; the Tootoguse, Fairy River; the Taboointac, the place where two reside; the Magaugudavic, the River of Hills; and the Richibucto, the River of fire”.

The next Chapter presents the general features of the County of Northumberland, and is remarkable for such phrases as—“ suspended demarcation,” “ vibration of opposite interests,” “ desultory avocations,” “ oscillating proprietorship”;—for such modesty and historical authority as are implied in—“ I commenced my researches,” “ I have sustained a good deal of fatigue,” “ I have been told,” “ it is said,” “ I have introduced,” “ I shall stop to observe,” and so forth. We will hazard all pretension to acuteness, and allow that sour feelings not love of fair discussion induced us to this brief review, if in Hume's ten volumes there are so many intrusions of the author's sweet self on his subject, as there are in this chapter of ten pages.

We have also some curious specimens of *supposing* premises, and then erecting important conclusions. In page 31, we are told, the French *appear* to have cultivated an intimacy with the Indians, they *moreover* secured their sympathies and the peaceable possession of the country. In page 32—“ *It is said* the French had a battery where Messrs. Frasers have now their establishment, and also another at Fort Cove, they *moreover* had a manufactory for arms,” &c. If the great agitator could drive a coach and six through an act of Parliament, a whole caravan, one would suppose, might pass through such historical webs as these.

We found fault with several paragraphs as being too fine and fanciful, but it will appear, even to a very rapid reader, that many passages are in the other extreme, and are rickety and rugged as the three-legged-stools of our grandfathers. The following paragraph seems too colloquial for a daily newspaper;—who does our author expect to explain his anomalies, and how are his readers to get the benefit of such explanation?

“Here we might enquire why were the French, if either Aliens or Neutrals, allowed to garrison and occupy the territories of Great Britain, or if Lieges, why were they permitted to trade directly with the Colonies of a foreign state? The most zealous advocates of unrestrained commerce never yet carried their principles of ‘Free Trade’ to such an unqualified extent as this. I have introduced these seeming anomalies, in order that they may be explained.”

This chapter concludes with a list of the Indian chiefs who submitted to the English, and of the districts which they pretended to govern; and the author furnishes, as he says, “a little glossary for some of the names of these places;” which *little glossary*, we would gladly avail ourselves of, if it threw any light on the subject. But really we cannot see what is gained by being informed, that Tobugunkik signifies Tabooitac—Pohoomoosh, Pugmouche—Gediak, Shediak—and Keshpugowitk, Kishoubuguauk. We, hitherto, understood glossaries differently; and at our side is Johnson, who says, that they are dictionaries to *explain* obscure or antiquated words. Mr. Cooney explains Tobugunkik by saying, Tobooitac.

“The Indian Chiefs were sent to Governor Lawrence at Halifax, who allowed them, after having received a renewal of their submission to his Britannic Majesty, to retain their respective dominions, and exercise their usual prerogatives. The French totally abandoned Miramichi, and dispersed themselves through the Counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland; and thus, in the brief space of three years, did the whole Northern part of this Province relapse into almost original solitude.”

At the commencement of the third chapter, we have a fresh sample of the tautological style mentioned before, and which is much to be reprehended in historical works, where distinct conciseness is necessary, if much information is to be conveyed in a portable compass. We copy the specimen, as we wish, *to make no charge without affording proof*, and as it may explain that to which we allude, more clearly to our readers.

“The proud and indomitable spirit of the Red Man, had never bowed to the foreigner; his uncompromising soul had never learned subjection; nor had his neck ever submitted to a stranger’s yoke.”

There are two or three unnecessary repetitions in this short extract, and they have not the rhetorical artifice of climax to excuse them.—If the Indians were proud and tameless, it is clear they had not bowed to the foreigner; if they had not bowed they could not have learned subjection; if they had neither bowed nor learned subjection, it followed that their necks had never submitted to a stranger's yoke. All the information is given in the first clause of the sentence, the other clauses only ring changes on it, without making one advance of any description.

Some fine speculations follow respecting Indian opinions of property, in which little of novelty appears—to our apprehension—except large sounding words badly applied.

We take another scrap, which will enable our readers to judge whether Mr. Cooney stands at all times on the apex of the historians' pyramid, or whether he sometimes descends to the literary showman's platform.

“In the preceding chapter we have seen that a Mr. Enaud, from Basque, was the first European that ever visited Miramichi;—that the first British ship that ever cleft its bosom, was the vessel that bore the honorable burthen of Wolfe's remains; and we shall now see, who was the first English settler that landed on its banks.”

This reminds us very strongly of Bartholemew Fair; “you shall see, what you shall see.”—Immediately following, is one of many scraps of blarney with which the volume is studded. Of the father of the *present chief Magistrate* of the county, Mr. Cooney says,—“his *distinction* to be the first English settler”—“his the *honour* to engrave the first impression of his foot upon *our* soil”—&c.

In a paragraph just quoted, Mr Cooney told us, what he should say, and we should see; in one subsequent to this,—still harping on the emigration of the Chief Magistrate's father—he tells us what he *shall not* do; although like a maudlin penitent he is falsifying his resolves all the time.

“I shall say nothing of the powerful magnetism of home, for while I write the agonizing syllable, I feel its attractive influence enter my very soul; nor shall I say any thing of the painful separation from relatives and friends—not a word concerning the anguish that rends the heart, when it is about to be divorced from all that is near and dear to it—not a single remark on the privations, hardships and perils, consequent upon emigration from a populous and flourishing country, into an uninhabited and gloomy forest.”

The “powerful magnetism,” “the agonizing syllable” above, were never written by one who felt much on the subject. True feeling has a more judicious and natural mode of expression, even in the humblest intellects.

“ Nothing particular occurred, except the occasional hostilities of the Aborigines, until the year 1775, when an open rupture commenced between Great Britain and her North American Colonies, now United States. The Indians now shook off every restraint, and exhibited themselves in their true colours. They openly declared in favour of the Revolted Americans; and regularly corresponded with them by delegates sent to the lines. Nothing was heard but their deafening shouts and war yells; as they proceeded up and down the river, displaying flags and other symbols of their disaffection; and breathing the most sanguinary denunciations, against the terrified and unoffending settlers.”

The distresses of the settlers are then narrated, and the relief which they experienced by the visit of an English vessel of war. In a contest between the latter and an Indian party, we are told that the following instance of Indian ferocity occurred.

“ *Pierre Martin*, an Indian of remarkably large stature, and athletic make, made, when two English marines attempted to put him in irons, a most desperate resistance. In the course of the contest he particularly distinguished himself; but on this occasion, all the haughtiness of his soul came to nerve the energy of his arm. It is said that he absolutely strangled the two men in the scuffle; and that after he had received two or three severe wounds from some others who attacked him, that he wrenched a bayonet from one of the sailors, and by the force of a blow which he aimed at the disarmed man, drove the weapon through one of the staunchions of the vessel. Being at length overpowered by numbers, he fell apparently dead, and literally riddled with wounds. But the *Micmac's* spirit was not yet extinguished; lingering existence still fluttered in his bosom; for when the almost inanimate corpse lay bathed in blood, gashed with wounds, and quivering with agony, *Martin*, rallying the dying energies of his soul, sprang to his feet, and fastening upon the throat of one of his companions, whom he upbraided with cowardice, had nearly succeeded in strangling the poor wretch, when he received his death blow from one *Robert Beck*, an Irishman.”

In 1786 two saw mills were erected, and in 1790 the timber trade was encouraged by a contract made with a New Brunswick house for masts and spars for His Majesty's dock yards.

“ Like the opening blossom that gradually discloses its sweets, and unfolds its beauties, the latent resources of *Miramichi*, now began to germinate;—and as the fragrant exhalation of the flower conciliates our admiration, by charming our senses; so the prospect of making money, promising wealth and independence, many were allured hither, from Great Britain, the United States, and other places. The present county lot was purchased; a town reserve laid off; a temporary gaol erected; and different other institutions founded.”

Miramichi is an opening blossom! whose fragrant exhalations allure the pastoral sons of the green isle;—but how sadly is this

flowery opening worded down to an anti-climax,—a county *lot* was purchased; a town *reserve* laid off; a *gaol* erected, and different *other institutions* founded. It is often inconvenient to particularize; the lot, the reserve, and the gaol, were no doubt all the known beauties of the flower; the et cetera we are to understand as a mere flourish of the pen. How history-like!

Of 7000 tons of timber brought to market in 1793, only 2,800 tons were shipped, eight years after, at 10s. per ton. The fur trade and moose hunting both failed, we are told, in 1793.

On page 54 we have the following: "Here let the reader pause for a moment, while I proceed to close this chapter, by noticing the first act of blood, that ever stained the British annals, in the county of Northumberland."

This, perhaps, is some new artifice of composition, not yet laid down for the assistance of the student; to us the meaning is inscrutable—let the *reader pause*, while I proceed to notice. We hope Mr. Cooney did not dream of being ever present with each subscriber to *recite* this important close of a chapter; but if he did not, what nonsense has he committed for the sake of a little stage effect.

On the 56th page we have another polished paragraph, set in, as gems are, amid baser materials. It tells us that the conflagration of Moscow, or the hurricane (what hurricane?) of Madrid did not reach Miramichi! And that *we* feared not, though our parent had volunteered to be the *World's Fortorn Hope*. This last original epithet, is a further vestige of the politics of auld lang syne, which in their day imposed on boys and old women.

As Mr. Cooney's own Philips somewhere says, for the Bourbon in England, for the Bourbon in France, for the Bourbon in Spain, and Portugal, and Italy, did the war party of England put forth their strength; not for the *world*, if the *people* of the world are to be taken into account while speaking of our Planet. True our country gathered many military laurels in the struggle; but why not call things and incidents by their proper philosophic titles, in a work of so grave and sterling a character as a History of New Brunswick?

The timber trade became a profitable pursuit in 1815, and, says Mr. Cooney, "our usual commerce increased; and ship building added another branch to our industry. Every thing began to wear a new aspect. A tide of emigration flowed upon us; and our population rapidly increased." Four pronouns again, in four lines, each of which implies, R. Cooney & Co. What a poverty of language, the phrases—"our commerce increased," and "our popu-

ation increased," would seem to argue, occurring as they do, so near each other. But we know that our author is rich enough in words, and lower down, same paragraph, he says Churches and Schools—*shooting* as it were *from* the wilderness, announced the rapidity of our progress. Here you see we have poetry at once; who ever before heard of a church, or a school-house, shooting, comet-like, from the forest?

In 1824, the Imports and Exports of this county show the following numbers.—Imports 327 vessels, registering 94,601 tons, manned by 4,274 seamen. Exports, 331 vessels, 94,800 tons, 4,341 seamen.—Imports, value about £180,000 currency—Exports about £160,000.

In this chapter we get the thrice told tale of the Miramichi Fire all over again, attired, to use an expressive phrase of our author, "in the furbelows and flounces of extraneous drapery." In the few following pages, we have, queerly huddled together, compound epithets, metaphor, and hyperbole, enough for an *Illiad*. We quote a few of those, which exhibit the exuberance of Mr. Cooney's fancy, if not the delicacy of his historical taste.—'Trade was looking up'—'expanding vegetation'—'flowery belt'—'warehouses groaned'—'health sat in every cheek'—'gladness beamed'—'the order of the day was harmony'—'blessings of a jubilee'—'ceremony of the festival'—'present enjoyment inspired coeval happiness'—'flowers grow among briars'—'thorns lurk under the rose'—'the zephyrs that frisk'—'the breezes that fan'—'the hurricane that convulses its bowels'—'scatter tears over our history'—'fitful blazes and flashes along the banks of the Bartibog'—'sickly mists tinged with purple'—'pall of vapour'—'fiery zone'—'showers of brands, leaves, ashes, and cinders, seemed to scream through the growling'—'shocks and claps came with greedy rapidity to the scene of their ministry'—'rushing with awful violence, devouring at every step'—'tremendous bellowing'—'harmony of creation'—'original chaos'—'earth, air, sea, and sky, totter under the weight of their commission'—'boiling spray'—'thunder pealed'—'lightning rent the firmament in pieces'—'awful silence'—'hushed into dumbness'—'countless tribes of wild animals, hundreds of domestic ones, thousands of men'—'buried in fire'—'tortured and agonized by a hurricane'—'every blast resembled the emissions of hell'—'every billow seemed to sustain a demon'—'maddened foam'—'gauge the misery'—'estimate the agony'—'lakes of fire and volumes of smoke'—'the more intensely I strain my eyes the less I see'—'I was within a mile of Newcastle'—'general judgement'—'blast of a trumpet'—'voice of the Archangel'—'resurrection of the dead.'—These are a few of the lights and shadows with

which Mr. Cooney covers his canvas while painting the great Fire; the picture would be graphic, if not overworked, but the heap of red and yellow ochre spoils all, and makes the terrible ridiculous. (To be concluded in our next number.)

THE AMATEUR'S THREE YES'S.

A BRIEF REMINISCENCE OF PICTURE-HUNTING.

THOUGH I am not a scientific observer of "the mute and motionless art," as the author of *The Pleasures of Hope* calls painting, yet I somehow prefer being alone at an *exhibition*, or with a friend who judges in my own way, to having an artist or amateur alongside of me, with his clouding technicalities or obtrusive hints, perpetually disturbing the kindly current of my thoughts. This disinclination has perhaps originated in experience of the blindness of such guides. I would by no means insinuate that a man of genius, whatever his department, could be otherwise than an agreeable and instructive companion; but I believe, at the same time, that no plain man would be troubled with anything *professional* from artists such as Wilkie or Allan. He would probably discern acuteness and knowledge, though whether pertaining to poet, or painter, or philosopher, or altogether, it would very much puzzle him to determine. This is so much a matter of course, that I state it merely to limit and illustrate my meaning. Every person who has visited such places, will know what I mean by the *common herd* of talkers, who go up and down our picture-rooms in search of *ears*. It was my lot not very long ago to be fixed upon by one of them. From some previous knowledge of the brotherhood, I was aware of him before he had finished his first sentence; and determined to make my escape as soon as possible, and return on another day. But first let me tell what I was looking at when he assailed me. "Picture of a Castle by moonlight." "Why"—squeaked he out, "these clouds ar'n't in nature, and if they were, the trees below don't harmonise, though it is a pretty thing, only out of keeping, and I fear won't go off among so many first-rates." "It certainly is a pretty painting," said I, "and I should not readily have observed the defects you mention. The ruin, I think, is very finely broken."—"There I am with you," said he, "just my perspective—my *chiaro schuro*—light dipping into shade. It is finely broken—yes, you are right." At this juncture a third party joined us, and contrary to my first intention, I remained stationary.

"Poor Darrel has failed at last, or I am no judge," said the new-comer. "Oh! my dear Mr. Garret," he continued, "how are you? Got the prints home safe? That's right. You beat all our amateurs at a bargain." (Here the speaker and my friend shook hands.) "Why, I have had some practice now, George," said he, "and as to Darrel—I am with you there." "The thing's absurd," rejoined George; "did ever mortal see such *fore-shortening*, such perspective, such light and shade? A summer sun couldn't flare more on the trees, and no moon ever saw such shadows. It is a very ugly daub." "There I am with you," said Mr. Garret, "just my idea. It is a very ugly daub—*yes*, you are right. The perspective is ridiculous—the lights horrid. I knew *we* would agree." Hereupon they parted, and Mr. Garret whispered me, that the new-comer was a young gentleman of most approved taste and discernment, that he had several written commendations from first-rate teachers, and that his house was resorted to by every person of any pretensions to connoisseurship about town. Then he talked in praise of his *recherche* dinners;—and thus the whole secret came out; for, of course, he would never think of losing such excellent society by adhering to so small an affair as consistency or truth:—opinion, I dare say, he had none. *We* resumed—or rather *he* resumed, the criticism; when one of his inextricable periods was cut short by the approach of two portly figures, an old gentleman and his lady. "Ah, Garret!" she cried, "I was sure I would find you at Darrel's moon-piece. Isn't it a splendid thing, don't you think, you that know how such things should be?" Mr. Garret looked acquiescence, and held up both his hands, "I know it would be so, and told the Doctor as much when we set out." (The husband nodded.) "It unquestionably beat the whole room." "There I am with you, madam," said Garret; "that is just my idea. It does unquestionably beat the whole room. *Yes*, you are right." Mr. Garret was now invited to dine with the worthy couple; and I was left to meditate on what I had heard.

METHOD OF SHEWING THE DEVIL IN FRANCE, IN THE 17th CENTURY.

A CONTEMPORARY writer makes Cæsar himself (a musician) thus speak—"You would not believe how many young courtiers and young Parisians have importuned me to shew them the devil. Seeing that, I besought myself of the most pleasant invention in

the world, to gain money. At a quarter of a league from this city (towards Gentilly, I think,) I found a quarry very deep, which had long caverns on the right and left. When any person comes to see the devil, I place him therein: but, before entering, he must pay me at least forty-five pistoles. He must swear never to speak of it; he must promise to have no fear, to invoke neither gods nor demigods, and to pronounce no holy word. "After that, I first enter the cavern; then, before passing farther, I make circles, fulminations, invocations, and recite some discourses, composed of barbarous words, which I have no sooner pronounced, than the curious fool and I hear great iron chains rattle, and great dogs growl. Then I ask him, if he is not afraid: if he answers yes, as there are some who dare not pass beyond, I lead him back, and, having thus got rid of his impertinent curiosity, retain for myself the money which he has given me.

"If he is not afraid, I advance farther in front, muttering some frightful words. Having arrived at a place which I know, I redouble my invocations, and utter cries, as if I were in a fury. Immediately six men, whom I keep in this cavern, throw flames of resin to the right and left of us. Through the flames I shew to my curious companion a large goat, loaded with huge iron chains painted vermilion, as if they were on fire. To the right and left there are two large mastiffs, the heads of which are placed in long instruments of wood, wide at the top, and very narrow at the other end. In proportion as these men incite them, they howl as much as they are able; and this howling resounds in such a manner, in the instruments in which their heads are placed, that there comes out of them a noise so tremendous into this cavern, that truly my own hair stands on end with horror, although I very well know what it is. The goat which I have dressed up for the occasion, acts on his side, rattling his chains, shaking his horns, and plays his part so well, that there is no one who would not believe that he was the devil. My six men whom I have very well instructed, are also charged with red chains, and dressed like furies. There is no other light in the place than that which they make at intervals with the resin.

"Two of them, after having acted the devil to the utmost, come and torment my curious adventurer with linen bags filled with sand, with which they beat him in such a manner all over his body, that I am afterwards obliged to drag him out of the cavern half dead. Then, when he has a little recovered his spirits, I tell him that it is a dangerous and useless curiosity to see the devil; and I pray him no longer to have this desire, as I assure you there are none who have, after having been beaten like a devil and a half."

—*Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Library.*

THE EMIGRANT.

(From the Illinois Patriot.)

My native hills! far, far away,
 Your tops in living green are bright;
 And meadow, glade, and forest gray,
 Bask in the long, long summer light;
 And blossoms still are gaily set
 By shaded fount and rivulet.

Oh, that these feet again might tread
 The slopes around my native home;
 With grass and mingled blossoms spread;
 Where cool the western breezes come,
 To fan the fainting traveller's brow—
 Alas! I almost feel them now.

Would that my eyes again might see
 Those planted fields and forests deep—
 The tall grass waving like a sea—
 The white flocks scattered o'er the steep—
 The dashing brooks—and o'er them bent
 The high and boundless firmament.

Fair are the scenes that round me lie,
 Bright shines the glad and glorious sun,
 And sweetly crimsoned is the sky
 At twilight, when the day is done;
 And the same stars look down at even
 That glittered in my native heaven.

On wide savannahs, round me spread,
 A thousand blossoms meet mine eye;
 The red rose meekly bows its head,
 As balmy winds go dancing by;
 And wild deer on the green bluffs play,
 That rise in dimness far away.

Majestic are these streams, that glide
 O'ershadowed by continuous wood,
 Save where the lone glade opens wide,
 Where erst the Indian hamlet stood;
 But sweeter streams, with sweeter song,
 In home's green valley dance along.

And there, when summer's heaven is clear,
 Sweet voices echo through the air;
 For children's feet press softly near,
 And joyous hearts are beating there,
 While I, afar from home and rest,
 Tread the vast rivers of the west.

Oft, in my dreams, before me rise
 Fair visions of those scenes so dear—
 The cottage home, the vale, the skies;
 And rippling murmurs greet mine ear,
 Like sound of unseen brook, that falls
 Through the long mine's unlighted halls.

As down the deep Ohio's stream
 We glide before the whispering wind,
 Though all is lovely as a dream,
 My wandering thoughts still turn behind—
 Turn to the loved, the blessed shore,
 Where dwell the friends I meet no more.

MAGNETISM.

(Mr. G. R. Young's Lecture, continued from page 34.)

It has often excited the regret of philosophers, that a knowledge of science has sometimes given birth to the tricks of jugglery and legerdemain. The science of magnetism does not stand free of having favoured these pious frauds, and is chargeable with having been the instrument of a shameless and unpardonable deception. The suspension of Mahomet's coffin in the temple of Mecca where it was deposited, and which contributed so largely to deepen the adoration of the prophet's followers, is supposed to have resulted entirely from magnetic influences, with which the simple Arabians were altogether unacquainted.

I have here completed my review of the elementary principles of this beautiful and interesting science. To perfect the sketch it would now be necessary to enter at large into the many theories which are extant relative to the causes of the magnetic influence. But I purposely abstain from conducting the members of this Institute into a field of such elaborate and profound investigation—for I am sensible that neither the extent of my own humble and limited knowledge of these abstruse theories—the philosophical apparatus I could command—nor the brief time allotted to one lecture, would enable me to prosecute the research in a manner satisfactory to myself or to them. I feel the less disinclination in abandoning a task—so hopeless and unprofitable—as there is open to me a comprehensive field of general remark, through which I wish to conduct my brother members, from the lively and unfeigned desire which animates me to promote its interests and dignify its ends.

The first peculiar effect that can be ascribed to Gioia's discovery of the polarity of the magnet—and the result has exercised a vast and commanding influence over the whole circle of the arts—is

the enlargement of geographical knowledge; and this position admits of abundant and easy proof by contrasting the ignorance which prevailed as to the true form and figure of the earth *before*, with the knowledge acquired *since* the era of this discovery. If we revert to ancient history we will discover that their knowledge of this planet was pent up within narrow limits. The Phœnicians, the most daring navigators of the ancient world, had passed the pillars of Hercules and coasted the shores of Spain to Gades—the modern Cadiz, which they first founded and built,—ventured across the Bay of Biscay to the shores of Gaul, whence they passed to Britain and carried on a small trade in tin; but this was the limit of their northern voyages, and the north point of Scotland.—John O’Groat’s house, was called “Ultima Thule,” or, in other words, one of the extreme points of the earth. When England was a Roman Colony no extensive or regular maritime intercourse was established with the “Imperial City,” and the communication was carried on, as the Roman legions were led, through the conquered provinces of Gaul—the modern France. There are fabulous tales of some daring navigators who had coasted the shores of Africa from the Red Sea to the pillars of Hercules or the straits of Gibraltar, but it is now generally believed that those are passages of romance, inconsistent with the theories of their philosophers, and therefore unentitled to respect or belief. Solomon fitted out fleets, which, under the direction “of Phœnician pilots, sailed from the Red Sea to Tarshish and Ophir, and brought back such valuable cargoes as diffused wealth and splendour through the kingdom of Israel.” The coast of Malabar in India, notwithstanding the voyage of Nearchus, instituted by Alexander the Great for the purpose of discovery, seems to have been the utmost limit of ancient navigation in that part of the world. The whole maritime intercourse of the ancients appears thus to have been confined to the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, the Euxine, the Caspian, the Mediterranean, and the coasting voyage along the shores of Spain and France to Britain which they set down as one of the extreme and impassable points of the globe. Their Philosophers indeed had no conception of the inscrutable wisdom of the Divine Being. They were unable to trace his handiwork, even over the surface of this Globe,—so insignificant a speck in the magnificent creation of the Universe! It was a common belief which their philosophers taught, that the regions lying within the arctic circle were bound up with perpetual frost, while the torrid zones were scorched and uninhabitable by reason of their proximity to the sun. “Cicero” says a modern author, “who had bestowed attention upon every part of philosophy known to the ancients, seems to have believed

that “the torrid zone was uninhabitable and of consequence, that “there could be no intercourse between the northern and southern “zones.” In his 6th chapter of “*Somnium Scipionis*,” the most beautiful of all his productions, he introduces Africanus thus addressing the young Scipio: “You see the earth encompassed and as it were bound in by certain zones of which two, at the greatest distance from each other, and sustaining the opposite poles of heaven, are frozen with perpetual cold, the middle one and the largest of all is burnt with the heat of the sun; two are habitable, the people in the southern one are antipodes to us, with whom we have no connexion.” Indeed if we take the limits of the ancient world—the “*Orbis veteribus notus*,”—we will see that its area is not more than a quarter of the present known world.*

Nor is this to be wondered at when we reflect upon the form of their ships or their means of navigation. The popular poets of the Romans speak of the performance of voyages in the Adriatic, which in these days we would regard as summer excursions for a pleasure boat, as a tempting of the Gods and provoking their vengeance. Horace, who, as we all know, wrote in the age of Augustus, when Rome had reached the height of its splendour, thus rebukes the hardihood of him, who first ventured to dare the waves.—

“*Illi robur et æs triplex
 Circa pectus erat, qui fragilem truci
 Commisit pelago ratem
 Primus, nec timuit præcipitem Africum
 Decertantem Aquilonibus,
 Nec tristes Hyadas, nec rabiem Noti;
 Quo non arbiter Adriæ
 Major, tollere supponere vult freta.
 Quem mortis timuit gradum
 Qui sicusloculis monstra natantia,
 Qui vidit mare turgidum, et
 Infames scopulos Acroceraunia*”**

I have authority for stating that the construction of their vessels rendered them unfit for the prosecution of any long or hazardous

*“Sure oak and threefold brass surrounded his heart, who first trusted a frail vessel to the merciless ocean, nor was afraid of the impetuous African wind contending with the northern storms, nor of the mournful Hyades, nor of the rage of the south-west wind, than which there is not a more absolute controller of the Adriatic, to either raise or assuage the waves at pleasure. What form of death could terrify him who beheld unmoved the rolling monsters of the deep; who beheld unmoved the tempestuous swelling of the sea, and the Acrocraunia-infamous rocks.”

voyage. But even if their skill had excelled in this art they had not the science to avail themselves of it. They had no compass—no quadrant—were ignorant of the spherical lines of latitude and longitude—and no guide in the pathless sea save the uncertain glimmer of the “north star” which could only be seen when the skies were clear and cloudless, and often was obscured from the mariner in his hour of greatest need. Their navigation was confined to inland seas; and when they ventured into the ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules, they cautiously crept along shore, encircling every cape and following the sinuosities of every bay. The voyage of a Roman galley was conducted like the voyage of many of our coasters,—sailing by land-mark during day, and taking refuge in some secure haven every night.

But mark the consequences which sprang from the discovery of this property of the magnet! Scarcely had a century elapsed before the coast of Africa to some degrees beyond the equator had been explored—in 1486 its southern promontory the Cape of Good Hope was doubled by Bartholomew Dias, an Officer of remarkable experience and fortitude, who sailed under the patronage of the patriotic and enterprising Prince John of Portugal; and in 1492 a brief space of 190 years only, since this important discovery had flashed upon the mind of an obscure handicraft in Naples—the appeal of Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella was successful, and preparations were begun for that voyage, which ended in the discovery of this New World. What a change has the genius of one man—obscure—unknown—a mechanic! worked upon the destinies of his species!

It would occupy a volume to point out the magnificent consequences which have resulted to mankind from the discovery of this western hemisphere. The course of my argument will not allow more than this passing allusion to them; but let me remark before I abandon the subject, that, had it not been for the genius of this mechanic, which, under the will of a Divine Providence, afforded to Columbus the means of prosecuting those geographical theories, which, when first mooted, seemed so outrageous to the order of nature and the sciences of the age, as to expose him to the anathemas of the learned and the Pious, would never have been wrought out, and this vast continent might yet have remained a wilderness! Yes, had it not been for him the scene of civilization which is spread and is spreading from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, and is so splendid a trophy to the energies and genius of man might not have existed. Millions who now people the earth would never have been born. This Province would probably have remained under the dominion

of the savage race to whom it originally belonged; this town would never have been built; and this audience would never have been collected to do honour to themselves by the cultivation of science as subsidiary to the advancement of art.

To establish the importance of this discovery it will be necessary for me now to give a rapid and hasty sketch of the history of commerce,—as I think I have already successfully established that the general extension of trade at least in modern times is mainly attributable to the Mariner's Compass. From this enquiry I feel satisfied I shall be able to illustrate, beyond all cavil or doubt, that the improvement of mankind, the growth of science, the introduction of art, free institutions and national happiness, if not created by, have ever kept pace with the growth and prosperity of commerce. The aspects of classic history which I am now about to exhibit may appear novel, and, in the first instance disconnected with my subject,—to some of the polished and intelligent minds I address, they may be regarded as ornate and the fruits of a flowery and ambitious imagination,—but, for the sake of my argument, I shall willingly endure this temporary censure, if they will only favour me with their attention, as I feel satisfied that before I have done they will acknowledge these views are not foreign to my address; but, to use an image here peculiarly appropriate, are dovetailed and enwrought into the substantial framework of my reasoning.

On looking back to the classic ages of Greece and Rome, when the republics of the one flourished in their highest vigour, and the empire of the other was bounded only by the known limits of the world, stretching from the fruitful banks of the Euphrates to the bleak and desert regions of “Ultima Thule,” and comprehending all those countries which are now the gardens of Europe and of the world, we are apt to form a false estimate of their greatness, and lend to hollow and delusive appearances the soundness and splendour of an actual and enduring reality. We read of their martial character and *warlike* deeds,—of the triumphs of their generals, and of the thousand trophies they brought from foreign conquests to adorn and decorate their native City of Rome,—and the soul is animated and the affections won by their achievements and renown. Who can read in his soberest hours of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, the field of Marathon, the pass of Thermopylæ, the deeds of Hannibal and Hamilcar, of the Punic Wars and of the Victories of Cæsar,—all breathing with associations of patriotism and valour,—without feeling his own mind thrilled and captivated with the crowd of glowing recollections. We charm up the scenes of Demosthenes delivering from the Rostrum those immortal and animating appeals which fired the whole body of

his countrymen to resist the Invasion of Philip—or of Cicero, lashing with his withering satire and inimitable eloquence, the conspiracy of Cataline the Traitor. We think of Pericles—of Aristides—Brutus—Cincinnatus—and Quintus Curtius—as examples of all that is honourable, and lofty and ennobling in our species; of their Philosophers—Socrates—Aristotle—and Plato whose wisdom has shed its light upon these latter ages; of their Historians Xenophon—Herodotus—Cæsar—Tacitus and Livy alike remarkable for the graces of their style and for the graphic vivacity of their sketches; of their Poets Homer—Horace—Virgil and Ovid, who have each and all touched the immortal lyre of the muse with a master's skill, and drew from its chords verses whose melody thrill and enchant us now with the same power and richness as though novelty lent to them its gifts of irresistible enchantment, and can—can it be subject of wonder that we can contemplate these, and contemplate them unmoved. But this is not all—From these we turn to the thousand beautiful and mysterious associations which spring from their religious mythology. In their temples and the history of their gods there is much to charm a romantic and glowing imagination. Its influence is irresistible and in yielding to it we feel a voluptuous and intoxicating delight. Opposed they were to all our more rational and happier notions of religion who can think of the invisible responses of the Delphic Oracle, of the mighty Jupiter enthroned upon Olympus amidst the assembly of the Gods—of the vestal virgins fanning and cherishing the never dying-flame—of the splendour and frequency of their religious rites, looking at them all as parts of the system of which they form the more imposing features, without feeling some portion of classic, if not of reverential awe. Couple to these the Olympic Games and the feats exhibited in the Roman Circus—the splendour of their temples and public buildings—their magnificent statues, so perfect in their form and proportions that life seemed to breathe out from the cold and inanimate marble, and, I confess, that I am not surprised that the admiration of those ages are so universal, and that all our recollections of them are gilded over with the hues of a golden romance. Such impressions indeed are caught up as if from a nursery tale. They are the early lessons inculcated upon our infant mind—entwined as it were with the first aspirations of our youthful fancy, and exercise in after life an influence on the judgment which it is difficult to impeach or subdue.

When such impressions however are entertained, it cannot be subject of surprize that every traveller who touches the

classic ground of Athens or of Rome,—treads amongst the gorgeous ruins which are there scattered over the soil—walks amidst broken columns—desecrated altars—statues mutilated and deformed, and temples, vast and magnificent beyond conception, crumbling into dust—should feel his heart only less desolate than the scenes of desolation around him, and give utterance to those reflections, which the occasion inspires, in the eloquence of regret, or in periods prompted by some bolder and sterner passion. It is not my purpose now to make more than a reference to those thousand eloquent passages which are to be found in the volumes of our modern travellers. Many if not all of you must recollect those periods with which your hearts have been thrilled—but I cannot pass from this branch of the argument, which I am hastening to illustrate, without quoting one passage from the verse of that highest of all modern poets, whose lyre, before strung with chords of inimitable melody, lent to this theme a loftier and diviner strain, and the more especially as that strain has been now sanctified by the martyrdom of the hand which struck it forth.

“ Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!
 The orphans of heart must turn to thee,
 Lone mother of dead empires! and controul
 In their shut breasts their petty misery.
 What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
 The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
 O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, Ye!
 Whose agonies are evils of a day—
 A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay.

“ The Niobe of nations there she stands,
 Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe;
 An empty urn within her withered hands,
 Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago;
 'The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now
 The very sepulchres lie tenantless
 Of their heroic dwellers: dost thou flow,
 Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
 Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her distress!

“ The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
 Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
 She saw her glories star by star by star expire,
 And up the steep barbarian monarchs ride,
 Where the car climb'd the capitol; far and wide
 Temple and tower went down, nor left a site:—
 Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
 O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
 And say, 'here was, or is,' where all is doubly night?

“ The double night of ages, and of her,
 Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrap
 All round us: we but feel our way to err:
 The ocean hath his chart, the stars their map.

And Knowledge spreads then on her ample lap;
 But Rome is as the desert; ere we steer
 Stumbling o'er recollections now we clap
 Our hands, and cry "Eureka!" it is clear—
 When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

Alas! the lofty city! and alas!
 The treble hundred triumphs! and the day
 When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
 The conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
 Alas, for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
 And Livy's pictur'd page!—but these shall be
 Her resurrection; all beside—decay.

Alas, for Earth, for never shall we see
 That brightness in her eye she bore when Rome was free!"

But I have not introduced these reflections for the paltry motive of showing an acquaintance—slight and imperfect as it may be—with the leading facts of classic history—No! the subject I discuss is sufficiently captivating and extensive of itself without seeking a borrowed interest from foreign colouring, for they furnish the materials of an argument that to me appear irresistible. However perilous the attempt may be, it becomes now imperative that I should combat the classic impressions of which I have spoken. They ought—they ought to be discharged; and in the soundest views of national policy deserved not to be entertained in any mind, which can take a comprehensive glance over the principles of human society, and discover those great and efficient causes which conduct to national affluence and happiness.

For after all what was the character of ancient conquests—a cruel and brutal butchery—wars of extermination, followed by the iron reign of tyranny. Their wars, dissimilar to those of the middle ages, had no sanctifying purpose like the emancipation of a Holy Land,—to rescue the hallowed birth-place of a Saviour from the impious rule of Saracens and infidels,—nor did they pave the way, as in modern times, to the spread and introduction of the arts of peace—civilization—religion. The vanquished became slaves, their property the common spoil of their cohorts and legions. And in their splendid and gorgeous triumphs there was a revolting violation equally of mercy and generosity, virtues which lend dignity and lustre to heroism. What would be thought in these later and happier ages if conquered Kings as Perseus by Paulius Emilius, and Jugurtha by Marius, were paraded through the streets of London bound in chains, or their nobles and subjects brought, separated from their altars and homes, to be sold as captives and slaves.

And their liberty—it was a lawless and brawling licentiousness—ever breaking forth in some new eccentricity, disturbing the

existing order of things and giving to their forms of government a short and uncertain existence. The history of the Roman Government, from its romantic origin under Romulus to its decline and fall, is a history of changes—of disorder, anarchy and misrule—and there is no period, in its progress of 1200 years, in which we can discover the benign and happy influences of a free government. We read of Kings, Commonwealths, Triumvirates, Consuls, Dictators, and Emperors—but there existed then no Palladium of Liberty—no invisible and modifying spirit of Government—no Constitution like our own, founded on the affections and existing only by the respect of the people, with the singular and plastic power in itself of yielding to the changes of popular opinion—of correcting, by its own aptitude to reform, its defects and abuses—and in the course of years while gathering antiquity at the same time renovating its own inherent and native strength. The power and influence of government is ever seen in the wisdom and supremacy of the laws. When these are founded upon the eternal principles of justice—when their majesty is respected and is supreme—the conclusion may fairly be entertained that government rests upon a firm and permanent basis, and that the executive powers which are incident to it are exercised for their only legitimate purposes—the welfare and happiness of the people. But in what state and in what age in ancient history did such an order of things exist? In the history of Lacedæmon, of Athens, and the surrounding states of Greece, and in that of Rome, I could select a thousand instances of a violation of the laws committed with impunity, in the light of open noon day, which shocks the sense of justice.* Their records abound with passages of this character, but without exhausting the patience with many references, I would claim a particular attention to one as illustrative of the argument. I allude to the history of the Commonwealth from the period of the Gracchi until Cæsar was proclaimed Perpetual Dictator. First in order comes the massacre of the Gracchi themselves and the 3000 followers of Caius, for attempting to limit the power of the Patrician order—next Scylla and his return from Asia, with the prescription which followed—the conspiracy of Cataline which gave birth to the splendid orations of Cicero, in one of which he

*Let me not be understood, however, to impugn the wisdom and perfection of the laws of Rome. The laws of the twelve tables—the Pandects of Justinian compose a code, which, even in this age cannot be studied without exciting profound admiration and reverence—but they existed only in theory—and the mass of the people were too rude and untrained, and the influence of the Government too warlike abroad and too feeble at home, to give them much scope or operation in the great framework of society.

complains of the robbers which infested the roads, the assassinations committed in the streets—then the wars of dominion which *Cæsar* prosecuted—the banishment of *Cicero* and the confiscation of his estates,—the murder of the brave *Pompey* perpetrated, after the battle of *Pharsalia*, in *Egypt*—the whole exhibiting a succession of as bloody and turbulent scenes as ever disgraced the page of history. All law and all authority seems to have been beaten down and prostrated, and the evil and malignant passions of our nature let loose upon society.

Their religion when studied profoundly too how abhorrent and disgusting to a thinking mind! The incestuous loves and violent passions of their Gods—*Vulcan's* manufactory of thunderbolts—the birth of *Minerva* starting in a full panoply of armour from the head of *Jupiter*—the caves of *Æolus* in which he shut up the winds—the *Bacchanalian* rites—the stream of *Lethe* and *Charon* guarding the passage to the *Elysian* fields, are to the sober sense of the present day either disgusting or puerile,—their systems of philosophy too were wild and speculative,—their national amusements, as is manifested by the bloody exhibitions of their *Gladiators* in the circus, cruel and barbarous,—their literature infected and deteriorated, as we gather equally from the *Metamorphoses* of *Ovid*, the *Eclogues* of *Virgil* and the *Odes* of *Horace*, with an obscene impurity—and the very magnificence and splendour of their temples and public buildings as to me ever afforded the clearest evidence that the main body of the people knew little of individual independence or domestic comfort, that, in all ages, a Consul, or King or Dictator could summon the whole industry of the nation to raise a monument erected from motives of personal vanity and for the sole purpose of perpetuating his own name and glory.

But let me now arrest your attention by applying these illustrations of the state of government and of society amongst the ancients to the argument I am conducting, and prove by reference to another class of facts that their moral degradation and national extinction were mainly attributable to their neglect of the practical arts and of commerce. I pass over the commercial age and views of the Athenians because the aspect of society was changed after they were reduced by *Metellus* and *Mummius* to a Roman Colony. But it is well known that amongst the Romans no employment was regarded honourable except the plough and the sword. In the times of the Commonwealth not one law was made in favour of commerce, but on the contrary it was greatly discouraged, as introductory of riches and luxury, which were esteemed as opposed to the severity of their manners. *Livy* and *Cicero* both state that no senator or the father of a sena-

tor, was allowed to own a ship larger than could carry his own corn, and all traffic by a Patrician was held scandalous and disreputable. Tully says in his "*De Officiis*" that the counting house admitted of nothing *ingenuous*, and, by the constitution of the Emperor Constantine, who removed the seat of government from Rome to Byzantium or Constantinople, mechanics and shop-keepers were incapable of succeeding to any dignity in the state, and Senators were forbid to infect the blood of the race by contracting marriage with their daughters. And at all times it was a maxim of Roman policy that a stranger should ever be regarded as an enemy, and the word "*hospes*" in the Lat'n is equally applicable to both—a proof that they were held to be synonymous and convertible terms.

Now mark the consequences which followed from the adoption of these ignorant and disreputable opinions—When the empire of the Romans became universal—when the whole wealth of the world was exposed to the exactions of the Roman prætors and part of them, as we learn, from the letters of the younger Pliny, were transmitted to Rome to contribute to its riches and luxury—when the tributes paid to Cæsar were paid by all the nations subject to his controul—the severe simplicity of ancient manners vanished—the spirit of military conquest expired—the martial temper of the people became enervated and weak, and luxury, voluptuousness and indolence, with all their concomitant vices spread their debasing influence. The arts of peace had been neglected which would have sustained the energies and cherished the valour of the nation by useful and honourable exertion, and hence they fell an easy prey to the Goths and Vandals who under the fierce Alaric poured down from the fastnesses of the North, and banished the sciences and arts and civilization of the ancient world from Europe. By a more extensive reference to ancient history, by tracing the growth and progress of their free institutions and their advancement in science and in art, and by referring a particular to the rise of Palmyra and that issue of splendid cities through which the inland line of commerce from Tyre and Sidon to the East was conducted, I could establish, by a course of argument irresistible and conclusive, because founded upon facts, that the growth of the one, and the advancement of the other, kept equal progression with the prosperity of Commerce. The history of Palmyra and its sister cities are themselves strikingly illustrative of this position, For when the Arabians took possession of Egypt, and the commercial intercourse between Europe and the East was closed by the ordinary route of the Red Sea, and those who prosecuted it were compelled to bring their productions from the

Persian Gulf and the banks of the Euphrates across the country which intervened between them and the Mediterranean, these cities situated along the line, sprung up as by enchantment—the arts and sciences found resting-places in the desert, and those magnificent buildings and temples were then erected whose desolated ruins are the only mementos now of their former grandeur. When the trade of the East resumed its ordinary channels these cities lost the sources of wealth which gave them birth, and the desert became as desolate as before.

[To be concluded in our next.]

(From the New-Brunswick Observer.)

[We esteem it a privilege to snatch from oblivion, the following very beautiful lines, which we believe have never before been published, although the production of a highly gifted Scottish Bard of the eighteenth century.]

HAVE MEN OR WOMEN THE KINDEST HEARTS?*

“ It’s maybe mensless o’ me for to say’t
 But troth your question maist wad gar ane greet,
 For now this night you’ve brought us down to hear—
 O’ a’ the ills puir folk are born to bear—
 An’ syne gin lads or lassies’ kindest cares
 Hae laid the saftest plaisters to our sairs?
 But since ye’re mint to hae this point disputit,
 I’ll tell ye frankly what I think about it.

“ Muckle indeed’s the help that men hae gien
 To folk in need, wha’s face the’ve never seen;
 But then they’re aye sae jealous, and sae slack
 To lift the burden aff a puir man’s back,
 That while they’re doutin o’ the body’s skaith,
 Death’s cauld hard finger buzes out his breath.

“ Far different this frae that kind generous care
 That instant warms the bosom o’ the fair;
 Trembling they hear the puir worn sufferer grieve,
 And feel each pang until their hand relieve.
 Frae high to low, frae kintra wives to Queens,
 Women hae ever proved our kindest friens.
 Spier at the beggar crippin thro’ the street
 Wha gies him moniest farthings, meal or meat?
 Wha aftenest fills him up a tankard reamin?
 He’ll shake his head an’ say—‘ Lord bless the women.’

“ Should you, good sir, or ony ane that’s here,
 Some night, while fuddlin ower a horn o’ beer,
 Chance to kick up wi’ rungs a bluidy racket,
 And get your dizzie pericranium cracket—

* This question was proposed for discussion in a Society of Young Men of genius, formed in Edinburgh in 1789— The Poet gave in these lines as his opinion on the subject.

While lyin in your bed in dolefu' dumps,
 Sick, sick wi' drink, an' black and blue wi' thumps;
 Tho' chiefs might laugh to see your dunched pan,
 The wife wad aye be kindest to you then,
 Wad wash the bark'ned bluid frae aff your snout,
 Straik up your head an' buckl't wi' a clout;
 Wi' saftest blankets cuir you up frae harm,
 An' syne slip in hersel to keep you warm.

“ Ae e'enin' wearied wi' a lang day's cruise,
 I 'plied for quarters at a kiutra house;
 The auld guid-man aside the bunker sat;
 Jannet was stappin down the big caff pat:—
 'Frien', quo the canker'd carle, ' pack up your gear,
 'We're pincht enough oursel, ye'se no be here.'
 Vext was the wife to see me forc'd awa',
 But John was fix'd—an' John's word was a law.

“ The stormy night now darken'd on me fast,
 An' rain an' hailstones battered in the blast;
 Druiket thro' claes an' wallet to the skin,
 I reach'd a gentle house an' ventured in:
 The kitchen fire was bleezin like a can'le,
 Befor't a roast was rowin wi' a han'le.
 My heart grew light to see sic blythesome cheer—
 Thanks to the road, thinks I, that brought me here.
 But scarcely had I lean'd when wi' fell din,
 A black ramskourie carle cam' marchin' in;
 A furious girnin look at me he threw,
 Then sternly roar'd, ' pray who the devil are you?
 'Out of my house this very instant pack'—
 Syne threw the door wi' vengeance on my back.

“ I now had starv'd maist sure wi' cauld an' hunger—
 Come life, come death, I couldna tramp it langer—
 Hadna twa lasses slippet thro' the ha'
 An' kindly whisper'd ' dinna gang awa,
 Grape for the stable door wi' little din,
 An' sanc as he's asleep we'se let ye in.'

“ Wi' joy my heart now fluttered like a bird;
 An' weel-awat they were as guid's their word;
 Before the fire I dried my rekin duds,
 An' suppit out twa luggie-fu' o' cruds.
 An' when the mornin forced me to set out,
 Below my weary wallet for to lout.
 They stappit in my pouch, wi' kindly speed,
 A lump o' beef amaiast as big's my head.

“ Let *men*-folks syne about their greatness blaw,
 Facts are the starkest arguments awa;
 Sae then, wi' reverence due to but an' ben.
Women I think are kinder than the men.' ”

[THE bitterness with which A. in your Magazine for May, inveighs against my essay contained in your No. of April, has not as he probably expected, aroused my indignation, though the publication of his remarks, has elicited a few further observations from my pen. They were not written however for the purpose of vilifying him, (for I never wish to substitute abuse for argument); but in expectation of aiding, in some degree, the cause of truth. I do not think that A has controverted the statements in my essay, to any person's satisfaction but his own; or clearly defined to others those illogical deductions which his acute penetration discovered; and, therefore, in the following remarks, I have just taken up the principle, for which I before contended, without any particular reference to his observations. This explanation, it is hoped, will excuse my otherwise unpardonable neglect of his apparently indefatigable labours.]

THE MIND.

“ While man exclaims, ‘ see all things for my use !’
 ‘ See man for mine !’ replies a pamper’d goose.
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all *made for one*, not one for all.”

Pope.

IN endeavouring to ascertain the nature of the faculties of the Mind, person should always maintain a scrupulous nicety of distinction, respecting the various effects of operation, as exhibited in human conduct. If they expect to obtain a knowledge of the immaterial and invisible part of our nature, by merely a superficial investigation, they will either find themselves egregiously mistaken, or like some vain sages of old, so tenaciously attached to the errors in which they become involved, that all the efforts of reason, will be found insufficient to extricate them. Since the human mind was first made the subject of investigation, some persons have always been found sufficiently narrow-minded and grovelling to detract from the true dignity of the human character, and to sink man a lower gradation in the scale of being, than he is justly entitled to occupy. A few others have exhibited a disposition to raise him still higher than his proper situation, by blotting out every thing selfish and debasing from his character: and representing him as a being fitted to move in a more exalted sphere. The opinions of these two classes, so contradictory of each other, and so opposed to the result of cool and unbiassed inquiry, we may justly consider as equal deviations from the line of truth.

One man affirms that all the varied actions of human beings, are referable to selfishness, another traces them to benevolence; while selfishness and benevolence are principles as distinct in their nature, as truth and falsehood. Thus, by endeavouring to simplify the correct theory of the mind, two extreme positions have been

assumed, which the adversaries have maintained with as much fierceness and determination, as if each had been satisfied of the justness of his cause, and the stability of the fortifications, he had reared for its defence. But if a man wishes to arrive at truth, he must never allow his views to be too contracted, nor consider the occasionally extraordinary exhibitions of one principle of conduct, sufficient to warrant conclusions which a more deliberate exercise of reason, and universal experience denounce as false and absurd.

In directing our attention to the path of life, trodden by almost the innumerable multitude of human beings with which our globe is peopled, we generally discover, in each individual, some particular principle of the mind, possessing a predominant sway, and marking the line of conduct he pursues. One madly follows the dictates of inordinate ambition, a principle when thus exercised perfectly incompatible with happiness—another is principally actuated by benevolent feelings, and pursues the even tenor of his way through life, scattering the flowers of his bounty around him—a third decidedly pursues the suggestion of self-love, sacrificing moral obligation to immediate enjoyments, and sowing, with a liberal hand, throughout the vast range of society, the seeds of discord, and pain. But in not one of these instances, is any of the original principles eradicated or totally hushed into inactivity. Even the sternest warrior that ever brandished a weapon, when amid dead silence, he beheld the wretched victims of his ambition and revenge, strewn in mangled disorder, over the field of battle, has sighed in sympathy over the miseries he has occasioned, and has bewailed the fate of those unfortunate beings who had fallen by his hand.

It has been asserted by a writer on “the Mind”, who maintains that selflove is the sole origin of action, that “the object to which every violent passion instigates us is its gratification. Here, indeed, is an acknowledgment, perceptible by the most ordinary capacity, that our conduct is governed by more than one principle of action. But if it be admitted, apart from the previous consideration, that our passions instigate us to their gratification, is it thence deducible that anticipated enjoyment call them into exercise? When we acquire a strong affection for any person, certainly no man of common sense, will pretend to say, that it does not arise from some excellency, imaginary or real, that we perceive in the person, abstractedly from any consideration of self-enjoyment.

Whence, then, does the error of the maintainers of this simplified system of philosophy originate? either in an unwillingness or inability to trace effects to their causes, or to distinguish between

quences. The Creator of man certainly never intended, that his existence here should be one uninterrupted scene of misery; and the mind was therefore so constituted, than when properly regulated, all its faculties have a tendency to contribute, in some measure to his happiness. But shall we—can we—thence deduce the conclusion, so erroneous, so repugnant to the very suggestions of reason and experience, that human action is directed by no faculty, but that which has self-enjoyment for its object? If we view the subject with a philosophic eye, we shall find that happiness is neither the effect of the operation of the active powers, nor always anticipated at the period of our volitions; but that it partakes more of the nature of a contingency, and is only connected with the cause, as it arises out of the effect.

The line of distinction between self-love and benevolence, may be easily drawn, if we attend to the objects of their operation. Self-love refers merely to the being by which it is exercised, and its object is self-gratification; while benevolence seeks the happiness of others, and is evidently appropriated to our connection with them in society; its exercise being less imperative, as the bond of relationship is more feeble. Both are animal principles of action, and are no less apparent in the inferior creation, than in man—

“*Inter se convenit ursces.*”—*Juv.*

“Beasts of each kind their fellows spare,

“Bear lives in amity with Bear.”

The tigress, one of the most ferocious beasts of the forest, guards her young with peculiar care and vigilance, and offers them the last morsel of food she has collected, while she herself lingers in a state approximating to starvation. Her solicitude for their care and protection, does not cease, till they are capable of defending themselves, and of supplying their own necessities. Surely, in this instance, no prospect of future self-gratification or of happiness, is the director of maternal fondness, or the cause of its exemplification: and so it happens with regard to human conduct. If, indeed, man is less amiable than the most savage beast of the forest, how wretched and humiliating is the picture of humanity! But does not the Mother watch over her helpless infant, with indescribable care and tenderness?—does she not grieve at its troubles, and weep over its afflictions?—and when arrived at the years of manhood and removed beyond the sphere of her observation and influence—when, in fact, she can have no other interest in its welfare, than that which maternal fondness suggests, how often do tears of anxiety flow over her cheek, and bedew her midnight pillow!

If for an additional illustration of the benevolent feelings, we

examine the true character of friendship, it will be sufficiently obvious, that it is not founded on the basis of self-interest. In receiving a kindness from another, a consideration of the sympathetic feeling from which it flows, often constitutes its chief excellence; and upon this principle, presents, which considered abstractedly, are absolutely worthless, become highly valuable when contemplated as the tokens of friendship in the donor. It is evident, therefore, that the happiness which succeeds the operation of this benevolent affection, must be considered rather as an attendant upon its exercise, than a property, in the anticipation of which friendship originates.

All the different species of benevolence, might be thus critically examined, and satisfactory illustrated, to be essentially distinct from selfishness; and the gravest assertion of the sensualist, will never persuade a rational mind, that either the warmth of friendship, or "the discomforts which a parent undergoes in order to benefit his child, is proportioned to the amount of happiness he expects to derive."

The assertion that the moral faculty can be resolved into selfishness appears to me so preposterous, that it is scarcely worthy of refutation. Whether we refer to the totally different objects of interest and duty, the distinguishing characteristics of the sensations they produce, and of the courses of conduct they suggest, or take the records of Holy Scripture as our guide, we inevitably arrive at the conclusion that conscience and selflove are distinct principles of action.

I apprehend that sufficient has been said in a former essay on this subject, with regard to the natural influence of education, to account for the difference of opinions respecting morality, entertained by the Hindoo, the Mahometan, and the Christian.

We are told by one, who denies the existence of this principle, that "as long as the criminal retains the impression that the consequences of his misconduct will be visited on himself, he is incapable of experiencing pleasure." The sentiment of this assertion, coincides exactly with my opinion; and it is somewhat puzzling to discover, how the Author could afterwards unblushingly deny, that man possesses moral perceptions. Indeed, the existence of the moral principle cannot for a moment be doubted by any rational mind, though whether it be innate or acquired might form an argument for sceptics, who want penetration to discover its early developement.

When the moral faculty is partially overwhelmed by the violence of turbulent passions, murders and robberies are perpetrated with comparatively little compunction. If, then, it were ex-

tinguished from our nature, how justly might we say, farewell! to virtue—farewell! to society—farewell! to human existence.—With nothing but selfishness as a guide, man would ultimately become a prey to man. But it appears to me superfluous to adduce further illustrations. Every person who has attended to his own sensations and emotions can say, from experience, in the pathetic language of the poet—

“—See from behind her secret stand
The sly informer minutes every fault
And her dread diary with horror fills.”

SOPHOS.

TENNYSON'S POEMS.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MR. TENNYSON, when he chooses, can say much in few words. A fine example of that is shewn in five few-syllabled four-line stanzas on a Deserted House, every word tells; and the short whole is most pathetic in its completeness—let us say perfection—like some old Scottish air sung by maiden at her wheel—or shepherd in the wilderness.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Life and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!
All within is dark as night:
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.
Close the door, the shutters close,
Or through the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy,
Of the dark deserted house.
Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.
Come away: for life and thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

There is profound pathos in “Mariana.” The young poet had been dreaming of Shakspear, and of Measure for Measure, and of the gentle lady all forlorn, the deserted of the false Angelo, of whom the Swan of Avon sings but some few low notes in her distress and desolation, as she wears away her lonely life in soli-

tary tears at "the moated grange." On this hint Alfred Tennyson speaks ; "he has a vision of his own;" nor might Wordsworth's self in his youth have disdained to indite such melancholy strain. Scenery — state — emotion — character — are all in fine keeping ; long, long indeed is the dreary day, but it will end at last ; so finds the heart-broken prisoner who, from sunrise to sunset, has been leaning on the sun-dial in the centre of his narrow solitude !

MARIANA

"Marian in the moated grange."

Measure for Measure.

With blackest moss the flower plots
 Were thickly crusted, one and all,
 The rusted nails fell from the knots
 That held the peach to the garden wall.
 The broken shed look'd sad and strange,
 Unlifted was the clinking latch,
 Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,
 Upon the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, ' My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, ' I am aweary aweary ;
 I would that I were dead !'

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
 Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
 She could not look on the sweet heaven,
 Either at morn or eventide.
 After the fitting of the bats,
 When thickest dark did trance the sky,
 She drew her casement curtain by,
 And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
 She only said, ' The night is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, ' I am aweary aweary,
 I would that I were dead !'

Upon the middle of the night,
 Waking she heard the nightfowl crow :
 The cock sung out an hour ere light :
 From the dark fen the oxen's low
 Came to her : without hope of change,
 In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
 Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
 About the lonely moated grange.
 She only said, ' the day is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said :
 She said, ' I am awcary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead !'

About a stonecast from the wall,
 A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
 And o'er it many, round and small
 The clustered marishmosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,
 All silver green with gnarled bark,
 For leagues no other tree did dark
 The level waste, the rounding grey.
 She only said, ' My life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said:
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead !'

All day within the dreamy house,
 The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
 The blue fly sung i' the pane ; the mouse
 Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
 Or from the crevice peer'd about.
 Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
 Old footsteps trode the upper floors,
 Old voices call'd her from without.
 She only said, ' my life is dreary,
 He cometh not,' she said:
 She said, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 I would that I were dead!

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
 The slow clock ticking, and the sound
 Which to the wooing wind aloof
 The poplar made, did all confound
 Her sense ; but most she loath'd the hour
 When the thickmoted sunbeam lay
 Athwart the chambers, and the day
 Downsloped was westering in his bower.
 Then, said she, ' I am very dreary,
 He will not come,' she said :
 She wept, ' I am aweary, aweary,
 Oh God, that I were dead!'

But the highest of all this young poet's achievements, is the visionary and romantic strain, entitled, " Recollections of the Arabian Nights." It is delightful even to us, who read not the Arabian Nights, nor ever heard of them, till late in life—we think we must have been in our tenth year ; the same heart-soul-mind-awakening year that brought us John Bunyan and Robinson Crusoe, and in which—we must not say with whom—we first fell in love. How it happened that we had lived so long in this world without seeing or hearing tell of these famous worthies, is a mystery; for we were busy from childhood with books and bushes, banks and braes, with libraries full of white, brown and green leaves, perused in school room, whose window in the slates shewed the beautiful blue braided skies, or in fields and forests, (so we thought the birch coppice, with its old pines, the abode of linties and cushats—for no long, broad, dusty, high-road was there—and but footpaths or sheep-walks winded through the pastoral silence that surrounded that singing or cooing grove,) where beauty

filled the sunshiny day with delight, and grandeur the one-starred gloaming with fear. But so it was ; we knew not that there was an Arabian Night in the whole world. Our souls, in stir or stillness, saw none but the sweet Scottish stars. We knew, indeed, that they rose, and sat, too, upon other climes ; and had we been asked the question, should have said they certainly did so ; but we felt that they and their heavens belonged to Scotland. And so feels the fond foolish old man still, when standing by himself at midnight, with withered hands across his breast, and eyes lifted heavenwards, that show the brightest stars somewhat dim now, yet beautiful as ever ; out walks the moon from behind a cloud, and he thinks of long Loch Lomond glittering afar off with lines of radiance that lit up in their loveliness, flush after flush—and each silvan pomp is statelier than the last—now one, now another, of her heron-haunted isles !

But in our egoism and egotism we have forgot Alfred Tennyson. To his heart, too, we doubt not that heaven seems almost always an English heaven ; he, however, must have been familiar long before his tenth year with the Arabian Nights' Entertainments ; for had he discovered them at that advanced period of life, he had not now so passionately and so imaginatively sung their wonders.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
 In the silken sail of infancy,
 The tide of time flowed back with me
 The forward-flowing tide of time ;
 And many a sheeny summer morn,
 Adown the Tigris I was borne,
 By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold
 High-walled gardens green and old ;
 'True Mussulman was I and sworn,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun'Alraschid.

At night my shallop, rustling through
 The low and bloomed foliage, drove
 The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
 The citron shadows in the blue:
 By garden porches on the brim,
 The costly doors flung open wide,
 Gold glittering through lamplight dim,
 And broidered sofas on each side :
 In sooth it was a goodly time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often when clear stemmed platans guard
 The outlet, did I turn away

The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moonlit sward
Was damask work, and deep inlay
Of breaded blooms unnown, which crept
Adown to where the waters slept.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop through the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Inbowered vaults of pillared palm
Imprisoning sweets, which as they clomb
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome

Of hollow boughs.—a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Still onward ; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Through little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountains flow
Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.

A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid!

Above through many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-coloured shells
Wandered engrained. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge,
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some drooping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide

With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung.
Not he: but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black-green the garden bower and grots
 Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged
 Above, unwooded of summer wind.
 A sudden splendour from behind
 Flushed all the leaves with rich gold green,
 And flowing rapidly between
 Their interspaces, counterchanged
 The level lake with diamond plots
 Of safron light. A lovely time,
 For it was in the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid !

Dark blue the deep shore overhead,
 Distinct with vivid stars unrayed,
 Grew darker from that under-flame;
 So, leaping lightly from the boat,
 With silver anchor left afloat,
 In marvel whence that glory came
 Upon me, as in sleep I sank
 In cool soft turf upon the bank,
 Entranced with that place and time,
 So worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence through the garden I was borne—
 A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
 And many a shadow-chequered lawn
 Full of the city's stilly sound.
 And deep myrrh thickets blowing round
 The stately cedar, tamarisks,
 Thick roseries of scented thorn
 Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
 Graven with emblems of the time
 In honour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazzled vision unawares
 From the long alley's latticed shade
 Emerged, I came upon the great
 Pavilion of the Caliphut,
 Right to the carved cedarn doors,
 Flung inward over spangled floors,
 Broad-based flights of marble stairs
 Run up with golden balustrade,
 After the fashion of the time,
 And humour of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
 As with the quintessence of flame,
 A million tapers flaring bright
 From wreathed silvers, look'd to shame
 The hollow-vaulted dark and stream'd
 Upon the mooned domes aloof
 In inmost Bagdat, till there seem'd
 Hundreds of crescents on the roof

Of night new-risen, that marvellous time,
 To celebrate the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then I stole up, and trancedly
 Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
 Serene with argent-lidded eyes
 Amorous, and lashes like to rays
 Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
 Tressed with redolent ebony,
 In many a dark delicious curl,
 Flowing below her rose-hued zone ;
 The sweetest lady of the time
 Well worthy of the golden prime
 Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
 Pure silver, underpropped a rich
 Throne o' the massive ore, from which
 Down drooped, in many a floating fold,
 Engarlanded and diapered
 With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold,
 Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
 With merriment of kingly pride,
 Sole star of all that place and time,
 I saw him—in his golden prime,
 THE GOOD HAROUN ALRASCHID !

A NATURALIST'S EXCURSION IN FLORIDA.

THE letter annexed is from Mr. Audubon to the editor of the American Monthly Journal of Geology, published at Philadelphia.

Bulowville, East Florida, Dec. 31, 1831.

I have just returned from an expedition down the Halifax river, about 40 miles from this place, and 80 south of St. Augustine. Mr. J. J. Bulow, a rich planter, proposed, three days since, that we should proceed down the river, in search of new or valuable birds; and accordingly, the boat, six hands, and "three white men," with some provisions, put off, with a fair wind and a *pure sky*. We meandered down a creek for about eleven miles—the water nearly torpid yet clear—the shore lined with thousands of acres covered by fall grapes, marshes, and high palm trees; rendering the shore quit novel to my anxious eye. Some birds were shot, and secured so as to be brought back in order to undergo the *skining operation*. Before long we entered the Halifax river, an inland arm of the sea, measuring in breadth from a quarter to nearly a mile. The breeze was keen from the north east, and our light bark leaped over the waves gaily onward, toward the spot which we all

anxiously anticipated to reach ere night came on. We did so, passing several plantations on the western bank, and at last reached a schooner from New York, anchored at what is here called a *live oak landing*. At sunrise the next morning, I and four negro servants proceeded in search of birds and adventures.—The fact is, that I was anxious to kill some 25 brown pelicans (*pelicanus fuscus*) to enable me to make a new drawing of an adult male bird, and to preserve the dresses of the others.

I proceeded along a narrow shallow bay, where the fish were truly abundant. They nearly obstructed our head way; the water was filled with them, large and small. I shot some rare birds, and putting along the shore, passed a point, when lo! I came in sight of several hundred pelicans perched on the branches of mangrove trees, seated in comfortable harmony, as near each other as the strength of the bough would allow. I ordered to back water gently. I waded to the shore under the cover of the rushes along it, saw the pelicans fast asleep, examined their countenance and deportment well and leisurely, and after all, levelled, fired my piece, and dropped two of the finest specimens I ever saw. I really believe I would have shot one hundred of them, had not a mistake taken place in the reloading of my gun. A mistake, however, did take place, and to my utmost disappointment, I saw each pelican, old and young, leave his perch and take to wing: soaring off, well pleased, I dare say, at making so good an escape from so dangerous a foe.

The birds were all gone, and soaring high in the pure atmosphere; but the fish were as abundant as ever. I ordered the net to be thrown over board, and in a few minutes, we caught as many as we wanted—fine fish too, bass and row mullets. The porpoises were as busy as ourselves, and devoured them at a great rate.

The tide now began to leave us; and you must know that in this part of our country, the tide goes down not a pace, but in hurry, so much so, indeed, that notwithstanding our rowing before it, we were on several occasions, obliged to leap into the briny stream, and push the boat over oyster banks as sharp as razors.

After shooting more birds, and pulling our boat through many a difficult channel, we reached the schooner again; and as the birds, generally speaking, appeared wild and few—my generous host proposed to return towards home again. Preparations were accordingly made, and we left the schooner, with tide and wind in our teeth, and with the prospect of a very cold night. Our hands pulled well, and our barque was as light as our hearts. All went on merrily until dark night came on. The wind freshening, the cold augmenting, the provisions diminishing, the waters

lowering,—all depreciating except our enterprising dispositions. We found ourselves fast in the mud about 300 yards from a marshy shore, without the least hope of being able to raise a fire, for no trees except palm trees were near, and the *grand diable* himself could not burn one of them. Our minds were soon made up to roll ourselves in our cloaks, and to lay down, the best way we could, at the bottom of our light and beautiful barque. What a night! to sleep was impossible: the cold increased with the breeze, and every moment seemed an hour, from the time we stretched ourselves down until the first glimpse of the morn: but the morn came clear as ever morn was, and the north-easter as cold as ever wind blew in this latitude. All hands half dead, and masters nearly as exhausted as the hands—stiffened with cold, light clothed, and but slight hope of our nearing any shore; our only resort was, to leap into the mire, waist deep, and push the barque to a point, 5 or 600 yards, where a few scrubby trees seemed to have grown, to save our lives on this occasion. “Push boys, push! Push for your lives!” cry the generous Bulow, and the poor Audubon—“All hands push!” Aye, and well might we push: the mire was up to our breasts, our limbs becoming stiffened and almost useless at every step we took. Our progress was slowly performed as if we had been clogged with heavy chains. It took us two and a half hours to reach the point, where the few trees of which I have spoken were; but we did get there.

We landed!! and well it was that we did; for on reaching the margin of the marsh, two of the negroes fell down in the mud, as senseless as torpidity ever rendered an alligator, or a snake; and had we, *the white men*, not been there, they certainly would have died. We had them carried into the little grove, to which I believe all of us owe our lives. I struck a fire in a crack; and in five minutes I saw with indescribable pleasure, the bright warming blaze of a log pile in the centre of our shivering party. We wrapped the negroes in their blankets—boiled some water and soon had some tea—made them swallow it, and with care revived them into animation. Our men, gradually revived—the trees one after another, fell under the hatchet and increased our fire—and in two hours I had the pleasure to see cheerful faces again. We all got warm again, and tolerably gay, although the prospect was far from being pleasant; no road to go home, or to any habitation; confined in a large salt marsh with rushes head high, and miry; no provisions left, and fifteen miles from the house of our host.

Not a moment was to be lost; for I foresaw that the next night would prove much colder still. The boat was manned once more, and off through the mud we moved to double the point and enter the creek,

of which I have spoken, with a hope that in it we should find water enough to float her. It did happen so, and as we once more saw our barque afloat, our spirits rose—and rose to such a pitch, that we in fun set fire to the wide marsh: crack! crack! went the reeds with a rapid blaze.—We saw the marsh rabbits &c. scampering from the fire by thousands, as we pulled our oars.

Our pleasure at being afloat did not last long.—The northeaster had well nigh emptied the creek of all its usual quantum of water, and to wade and push our boat over many a shallow was again our resort, with intent to make a landing, from whence we could gain the sea beach.

We did effect a landing at last. The boat was abandoned, the game fastened to the backs of the negroes—the guns reloaded, and on we proceeded through the marsh first, then through the tangled palmitoes and scrubby sturdy live oaks, we reached the sea beach.

The sea beach of East Florida—have you ever seen it? If you have not, I advise you strongly never to pay a visit to it, under the circumstances that brought me and my companions to it yesterday morning. We saw the ocean spread broad before our eyes, but it looked angry and roughly, strewed with high agitated waves that came in quick succession towards the desolate naked shore; not an object in view but the pure sky and the agitated waters. We took up our line of march in a poor plight, believe me. Pretty walking along the sea side beach of Florida in the month of December! with the wind at north east and we going in its very teeth, through sand, that sent our feet back six inches at every step of two feet that we made. Well through this we all *waded* for many a long mile, picking up here and there a shell that is no where else to be found, until we reached the landing place of J. J. Bulow. As we saw the large house opening to view, across his immense plantation, I anticipated a good dinner with as much pleasure as I ever experienced.

All hands returned alive; refreshments and good care have made us all well again, unless it be the stiffness occasioned in my leg, by nearly six weeks of daily wading through swamps and salt marshes, or scrambling through the vilest thickets or scrubby live oaks and palmitoes, that appear to have been created for no purpose but to punish us for our sins; thickets that can only be match in the cantos of your favourite Dante.

To give you an account of the little I have seen of East Florida, would fill a volume, and therefore I will not attempt it just now; but I will draw a slight sketch of a part of it.

The land, if land it can be called, is generally so very *sandy*

that nothing can be raised upon it. *The swamps* are the only spots that afford a fair chance for cultivation. These plantations are even few in number, along the coast side from St. Augustine to Cape *Carnaveral*, there are about a dozen.—These, with the exception of two or three are young plantations. Sugar cane will prosper, and doubtless do well: but the labour to produce a good crop is great! great!! great!!! Between the swamps of which I now speak, and which are found along the margin lying west of the sea inlet, that divides the *mainland* from the Atlantic to the river St. John of the interior of the peninsula, nothing exists but barren pine lands of poor timber, and immense savannahs, mostly overflowed, and all unfit for cultivation. That growth which in any other country is called underwood, scarcely exists; the land being covered with low palmitoes, or very low, thickly branched dwarf oaks, almost impenetrable to man. The climate is of the most unsettled nature, at least at this season. The thermometer has made leaps from 80 to 89 degrees in 24 hours; cold, warm, sandy, muddy, watery,—all these varieties may be felt and seen in one day's travelling.

I have seen nothing deserving your attention in a geological point of view, except quarries of stones which are a concrete of shells, excellent for building, and laying immediately under the surface of the sand, which every where seems to predominate. The fragments are cut out of the quarries with the common wood axe, and fashioned with the same instrument for building. You, of course, will readily make out that the water found in the neighbourhood of all concretes, is hard or calcareous, being filtered through a kind of natural *shell lime*.

I have done but little, I am sorry to say, *in my way*. Birds are certainly not *abundant at this season*; and I can readily account for this deficiency in the land of birds: it is for want of mast—mast, so abundant, in almost every portion of our country. But the water birds, notwithstanding all the fisheries in every river, creek, or even puddle, that I have seen, are scarce beyond belief. It is true a man may see hundreds of pelicans, and thousands of herons; but take these from the list, and water birds will be found very rare.

If I did not believe the day to be gone by, when it was necessary to defend my snake stories, I could send you very curious accounts of the habits of those reptiles; and I should do it, if it were not that I might be thought to enjoy—too much—that triumph which the feeble hostility of three or four selfish individuals has forced upon me. I receive so many acts of real friendship and disinterested kindness, that I thank God, there is no room left in my heart to cherish

unkind feelings towards any one. Indeed, I am not now so much surprised at the incredulity of persons who do not leave cities, for I occasionally hear of things which even stagger me, who am so often a denizen of woods and swamps. What do you think of rattlesnakes taking to the water, and swimming across inlets and rivers? I have not seen this, but I believe it; since the most respectable individuals assure me they have frequently been eye-witnesses of this feat.

This appears, no doubt, surprising to those who live where there is almost nothing but dry land; still they ought to be good natured and believe what others have seen. It has now been made notorious, that numerous respectable individuals, whom duty, or the love of adventure, have led into the wilds of our country, have often seen snakes—and the rattlesnake too—in trees; the good people therefore, who pass their lives in stores and counting houses, ought not to contradict these facts, because they do not meet with rattlesnakes, hissing and snapping at them from the paper mulberries, as they go home to their dinners.—They should remember that they ought to go farther than that daily distance, if they wish to see any thing extraordinary.

In my next I hope to give you some account of the St. John's river, and of the interior of the peninsula of East Florida, to the exploring of which I mean to devote some time.

MAGNETISM.—From a notice of the meeting of the British Association, for the advancement of Science, held at York, second day, Sept. 27th 1831.——A lecture was delivered by Mr. Abraham, of Sheffield. The Magnet was his subject. After stating that the best magnets were to be found in Sweden, Russia, and Lapland, and giving the general history of the magnetic needle, together with the advantages connected with it, he produced an apparatus, made by himself, for the use of the needle-point grinders. Though these men work but six hours in a day, yet, the dust arising from the grinding-stone, and the steel-filings, being inhaled by them, had such a pernicious effect upon their constitution, as to materially shorten their lives. This apparatus consisted of a mouth-piece, intermixed with small magnets, which, in the course of forty minutes, were studded with steel-filings. Connected with this, he invented a process of ventilation, which kept the room free from dust, and other impurities. He exhibited, also, an invention of his own, for giving more than two poles to a bar of iron; and another, for attracting steel-filings from the eyes of dry-grinders: concluding with some remarks on the connexion between electricity and magnetism. This finished the business of the second day

ATTORNEYS AND SOLICITORS.—What is the real history of the change which has so recently taken place, in regard to these two titles and designations? We have now, in reality, *no country attorneys*, they are all *solicitors*; and, in calling themselves so, they seem to forget their origin. The following is a pretty true account of the office and profession:—"In the time of our Saxon ancestors, the freemen in every shire met twice a year, under the presidency of the *shirreeve*, or sheriff, and this meeting was called the *sheriff's torn*. By degrees, the freemen declined giving their personal attendance, and a freeman who *did* attend, carried with him the *proxies* of such of his friends as could not appear. He who actually went to the sheriff's *torn*, was said, according to the old Saxon, to go *at the torn*, and hence came the word *attorney*, which signified one that went to the *torn* for others, carrying with him a power to act or vote for those who employed him." I do not conceive that the *attorney* has any right to call himself a solicitor, but where he has business in a court of equity.—*Heraldic Anomalies*.

HALIFAX MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

June 6. Mr. G. R. Young read a paper on Climate; in which was much interesting matter on the difference of Climate in various countries and at various altitudes, and on the causes of this difference. During the conversation a very interesting observation was made: the Lecturer said, that Mr. Titus Smith obtained a fore-knowledge of the extraordinary severity of the last winter, from observing in the previous fall, that wild animals and birds, had been provided with better coats of fur and feathers than usual. This extra-clothing, is said to be a regular indication of an approaching severe season.

13. John Young Esqr. (Agricola) delivered a Lecture on Agriculture. The eloquence and information expected from Mr. Young were amply sustained; he treated his subject in rather a novel manner, eminently appropriate to the lecture room of a Mechanics' Institute. He shewed the precedence which Agriculture was naturally entitled to, and its importance as a forerunner and handmaid to all other arts. The importance of science and system to a practical agriculturist, was strongly dwelt on; and a vivid picture was drawn of the progress of society, from a settlement in the forest to a state of high civilization and refinement.

During the conversation which followed the lecture, it was enquired whether the lecturer thought that the climate of Nova-Scotia would ever so improve as to enable it to become a great agricultural country. Mr. Young answered, that he had no doubt a great progressive improvement would be experienced; but that *the climate of Nova-Scotia now, was such as enabled it to be highly agricultural*. That the common opinion of our climate was a fallacy, that Nova-Scotia in soil and temperature was superior to Scotland, where agriculture has been so successfully pursued; and that failures in Nova-Scotia, and consequent complaints, occurred, by persons applying to agriculture, not because they understood the art or were in any way fitted for it, *but as a dernier resort when all other things failed*. And—said Mr. Young—in what trade or profession could men hope to succeed, if only similarly tried. The Lecturer declared that he looked forward as confident as ever, that Nova-Scotia would yet be all that its best friends wished as regards fertility and prosperity.

A vote of thanks was passed to Mr. Young.—[President's closing Address next number.]

MONTHLY RECORD.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Important changes have occurred since our last notice. Ministers were left in a minority on the first clause of the Reform Bill in Committee of the House of Lords. Earl Grey stated the difficulties which beset the great measure to the King, and on his Majesty refusing to interfere by the creation of Peers, as was expected, the Premier and his noble Coadjutors, immediately resigned office. The King accepted the resignation; and sent for the political enemy of his late advisers, the Duke of Wellington, who got orders to form a ministry. The Duke proceeded accordingly; but both he and his master reckoned without their host. The people, indignant at such treatment, but not disheartened, rallied in every constitutional manner; meetings were held; attended by vast multitudes, who expressed their sentiments peaceably but most forcibly; a run on the Bank for gold was made, the Commons were prepared to refuse supplies, and a dreadful collision—which might have swept King, and aristocracy before it, like straws on the tide—was evaded, by the reinstatement of the late Ministry, and by the Tory party in the House of Lords withdrawing their opposition. At last accounts the Bill was passing rapidly through the House.

CHOLERA.—The Cholera has appeared in Quebec and Montreal, and has been singularly virulent. After a few days of destructive force, the disease abated, and is now generally declining. Its appearance in America has given general alarm over the continent; and has excited to many preparatory exertions in the United States, New Brunswick, and Nova-Scotia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Several articles on hand will be attended to in next Number.

MARRIAGES—At Halifax, June 6, Mr. J. Lyons to Miss Elizabeth M. Nichols.—10th. Mr. James Fry, to Miss Elizabeth S. Loy.—16th. Mr. Samuel Ford, to Mrs. Lucy Laurice.—17th. Mr. B. C. Brehm, to Miss Sarah D. Spike;—Mr. James M'Nut, to Miss Amelia Gaetz.—21st Mr John Moles, to Miss Eliza Forbes. 24th. Mr. Henry Scot, to Miss Sarah Ann Roxby.—At Guysborough: June 7th. Mr. E. J. Cunningham, to Miss Elizabeth Wilde, —At P. E. Island, June 17th. John Stewart, Esq. to Miss Mary Raine.—At Horton, June 13th, Mr. Edward Duggan to Miss Sarah A. Fuller.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, June 3d. Jared I. Chipman, Esq. aged 43.—9th Mrs. Sarah Stirling aged 53.—11th. Mrs Ann Gibbs aged 51.—Miss Mary Hill.—16th. Mr. James Thomson, aged 33.—19th. Miss Mary Rees, aged 23.—21st Mrs. Martha Cassdy, aged 25.—Mrs Sophia Fraser.—24th. Mr. Thomas Walsh, aged 43.—Capt. Scott, 96th regt.—26th Mrs Mary Anne Kenny, aged 20.—30th. Miss Catharine Hunt, aged 23.—At Grand Lake: Pictou, June 10th. Mrs. Sarah M'Kenzie, aged 44.—At Toney River, June 18th Mr. M. M'Auley aged 62.

The Rev. John Primrose, Whitehill.—This eminently holy and devoted servant of the Lord Jesus entered upon his rest on the 28th February, in the 81st year of his age, and in the 43d of his ministry. He was pastor of the United Secession Church, Whitehill, parish of Grange, North of Scotland; and he maintained during a long ministry, a character for zeal, integrity, and devotedness to the great duties of his calling, which will associate his name with all that is devout towards God, and benevolent towards his fellow-creatures. We remember him a highly popular preacher.—*London Evangelical Magazine for April, 1832.*

Printed by J. S. Cunnabell, Argyle Street, opposite the south west corner of the Parade