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THE  
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**SHUBENACADIE CANAL.**

NOVA SCOTIA, although possessing an immense sea coast, being surrounded on all sides by water except at the narrow isthmus which affords a land passage to New Brunswick, and having her shores indented by bays, and harbours innumerable, yet is singularly deficient in the means of internal navigation. Her rivers are scarcely deserving of the name, being in general, insignificant brooks, connected with arms of the sea which runs a few miles inland. The want of navigable rivers will be readily acknowledged to be a serious disadvantage to a country; the means of transporting heavy burthens, are almost as necessary to the prosperity of a land, as the power of producing valuable articles. Mines of immense value, forests of ship timber, agricultural districts of great fertility, may be possessed, but if divided by thirty or forty miles of wilderness, marsh, or mountain land, from the mass of the population, they become almost of as little consequence to the inhabitants as if they were in an other hemisphere: but suppose a river traversing the productive districts, and communicating with the populous, and the magical difference will be apparent, to all who are acquainted with civilized and artificial life. Many parts of Nova Scotia, are, no doubt, vastly lessened in their relative value by the want of means of communication with them, and for most such parts there is no remedy, but—that which the lapse of many tedious years will alone produce—dense settlements, and good roads intersecting every few miles of the country. An effort is now making to supply the Province with one navigable river of immense value: a river which will cross the country at about its centre, dividing it pretty equally into S. W. and N. E. sections; connecting the waters which wash the North and South shores of

the Province ; and making the Metropolis of the country, the sea port of the richest and most remote districts. This certainly is an important, a splendid, a patriotic undertaking. In a few words we will endeavour to point out more plainly the principal characteristics of this artificial river, or canal. Nova Scotia, as we before observed, is a peninsula ; it is about three hundred miles long and of very unequal width ; its long narrow shape prevents any part of it from being more than thirty miles from the sea. It is washed on its south and east shores by the waters of the Atlantic, on its north by the waters of the gulph of St. Lawrence, and on its west by the waters of the Bay of Fundy. About midway on its southern shore Halifax is situated, and at the other side of the peninsula, about fifty miles distant, lie the waters of the Bay of Fundy. The most fertile districts of Nova Scotia border on the shores of this Bay, and a great part of the very productive county of Cumberland, is divided by the basin of Minas—which is a branch of the Bay—from the western shore of the Province. Coasting vessels, which navigate those waters, and which could receive abundant valuable freights from the surrounding districts, are debarred from their natural market ; New Brunswick, or the shores of the United States, are of more easy access to them than the opposite shore of their own Province. To reach Halifax they would have to navigate the turbulent waters of the Bay of Fundy to their whole extent ; they would have to coast along the rugged South-west shore ; and then, sailing to the eastward, traverse the southern shore for more than half its entire length. This dangerous and tedious route would occasion a voyage of about three hundred and fifty miles, to reach a port, from which, the voyager at his starting was only distant, fifty or sixty miles. To remedy this, and to make Halifax the mart, the sea port, and the fitting out harbour, for the trader and the fisher of the western shores and districts, is surely a thing greatly to be desired for the interests of both sides of the Province ; for the common strength, and compactness of the country : and to do this, the Canal was projected. At the extremity of the basin of Minas, which is the extremity of the waters of the Bay of Fundy, the River Shubenacadie runs upwards of twenty miles in the direction of Halifax ; pursuing nearly the same direction, there are a series of lakes, the last, or Dartmouth lake, com-

ing to within less than a mile of Halifax harbour. To improve the river, and join it and the lakes by a succession of canals and locks, so as to form a continuous navigation from the Basin of Minas to the Atlantic, across the province, was the grand design of the Canal projectors. To deter them they had a height of ninety three feet to surmount; but to encourage them they had—that great requisite in such undertakings—a sufficiency of water at the highest level: the first Shubenacadie lake, ninety three feet above Halifax harbour, having a depth of sixty two feet water, and other reservoirs being contiguous to it. We now have taken a general view of the design of the undertaking; and together with the chief advantages, the intercourse with the vast western agricultural, mineral, and timber districts, we should recollect the incalculable benefit which such a line will occasion all along its course; the settlements, the roads, it will call into existence, and the indefinite prosperity which such a work must prepare for some distant period.

This Canal was contemplated so long ago as the year 1797, and a survey was then made; in 1815 a second survey was made; in 1824 the opinion of an eminent British Civil Engineer was had on the subject, another survey, report and estimate were made; and in July 1826 the work was commenced. The estimate for the completion of the work was about £55,000 currency, and the capital of the company was fixed at £60,000, distributed into shares of £25 each. The work was commenced with £32,800 in hands; but on account of alterations, accidents, and unforeseen exigencies, the available funds were exhausted long before half the work was completed. In 1829 the Assembly of the Province guaranteed, to the amount of £1500 annally for ten years, the interest on all loans made to the canal company. In May 1829 the Secretary of the company, Charles Fairbanks, Esq. sailed for England to endeavour to procure the necessary funds in the Mother Country. He succeeded in procuring a loan of £20,000 from government, and in disposing of shares to the amount of £27,000, making in all an additional sum of upwards of £50,000 currency. On this the canal has been advancing with considerable rapidity, and at a meeting held the 28th of February, 1831, a Report was made of the state and prospects of the company's

undertaking. This Report states, that, the Company have already expended £58,495. that of funds still applicable to the work there remains £26,900, that a further sum will be necessary before the completion of the work ; to produce which sum, 488 unsold shares appear : the Report also expresses, with some degree of confidence, a hope, that the Canal will be opened to the public by the close of the summer of 1832. That the original estimate of expense proved very incorrect, is not to be wondered at, similar facts occur wherever extensive projects are undertaken ; but that it should be nearly doubled, that instead of £55,000 about £95,000 should be wanted, seems to argue incorrectness which might have been avoided. It being the first work of the kind in a new country would occasion disadvantages as regard experience; not incidental to more matured countries ; greater quantities of rock excavation than were anticipated, defective work, and necessary alterations of the original route, all might tend, materially to increase the expenses of the work : but we imagine, that, the least spoken of, and most simple causes of profuse expenditure, are frequently, in public and private life, those which ought to bear the greatest share of blame. The company's manner of expenditure during the first years of their undertaking, seemed to most disinterested enquirers, as ruinously profuse and indeterminate. Most probably, this was not at all owing to a jobbing or reckless spirit, but to a want of means, occasioned by a paucity of subscribers, and a want of punctuality in those, whose names were attached to shares. The necessity of "going on" and the want of adequate funds, have often indeed been the cause of debt and difficulties, to those who would never have voluntarily involved themselves. These causes tho' not the most pleasant to be stated, are perhaps the chief why the estimate has been so greatly exceeded. If one person builds a barn for £100 cash, and another pays for a similar job, in orders for truck £175, which orders he will afterward, have to pay in cash,--it follows that in doing the same work on the same plan, the latter compared with the former, is a loser at the rate of £75 per cent ; and if a job amounting to £50,000 were conducted in a similar manner, the result would be the same, in proportion. The workmen at the canal for long seasons together received no cash payments ; a system of paying, by

orders for necessaries, was established, which was at once extremely harassing and dissatisfactory to the labourer, and unpleasant and embarrassing to the employer. Stone cutters who earned nominally seven, eight, or ten shillings a day, would have gladly taken five shillings in cash rather than the higher rate in truck: a man wanting clothes was sent to a hardware store in Halifax to be supplied, boots and shoes were served out with grog, and other wants were supplied with similar impropriety. In this way the workman found himself but half paid, altho' high wages were nominally given him, he was dissatisfied and listless accordingly, and the activity of overseers was shackled by want of the proper authority and influence. Still be it recollected, that, the great wages which did not go to those who did the work, but which was distributed in three or four profits through various hands, had all to be paid from the funds of the company: the articles they gave in truck for labour, were only obtained on credit, they were not from the stores of the association. What a large sum might be inefficiently expended by such a system. As we before said, this may have been all a matter of dire necessity, and no doubt as increased funds were obtained, the undertaking was purified of such fruitful seeds of disease and disappointment.

That part of the company's Report, which alludes to the opening of the canal, naturally excites most pleasing emotions in those who love their country and rejoice at its improvement. We see, by anticipation, the increased importance of the very pleasantly situated town of Dartmouth; the picturesque walks from Findley's Cove, up the line of the canal and its six locks to the Dartmouth lake; we see the lakes, long sequestered and lonely, animated by the sails of schooners, the paddles of steam boats and the active voices of their industrious crews; the sylvan scenery of the Shubenacadie is enlivened by the traffickers of the great deep; and to its mouth, the coasters resort from the basin and the bay, hastening on their way towards the metropolis of the Province; while along the line from Minas to the Atlantic, the country taking advantage of the canal road, opens its features, and displays, up innumerable woodland vistas, the comfortable settlements, which are one day to become towns and cities of the land. This

s not too coloured a picture, we will hope for its happy realization; and he who has traversed the level margins of old country canals, who has witnessed the beauty and improvement which they occasion on their lines, will ardently long for the completion of a work, which carries life and energy through the wildernesses of a young but naturally rich country.

Our remarks respecting improper expenditure, and defective work, tho' not half as pointed as many might think due, may yet be said to be in some measure superfluous, as no doubt such errors are by this time thoroughly purged from the system; and it is ungracious to attempt in the smallest degree, to injure a great national work as it draws near its completion, because its commencement was marked by numerous deficiencies. It may be also said, that what we are about to add to our remarks, does not come in the best time; but we only give it as interesting to our readers, never dreaming that so august a company as that of the Canal, could be influenced through such an humble medium.

A great item of expense in canal making is the formation of locks. Locks as our readers know, are an invention by which inland navigation ascends and descends a country. Where a level is found the canal proceeds like a river, but when the country assumes a regular ascent or descent a lock is formed, for the purpose of placing the boat on the higher or lower level. A lock is a chamber of very great strength, and of perpendicular dimensions sufficient to communicate with two certain levels. It is furnished with massive gates at each extremity. When a boat has to ascend, the upper gates of the lock are closed, and the water in it, is let gradually off until it has the same level of the lower canal; the boat then glides into the lock, and the lower gates are closed; the water from the upper canal is let gradually in, until the water in the lock has the same level with it; the boat then leaves the lock and pursues its way on the upper level. In descending, the water in the lock being of the upper level, the boat goes in, the lower gates admit the water out, until the boat is lowered to the nether canal when she proceeds along it. These locks involve a great outlay, and to surmount a small rise several are wanted: for instance, from Dartmouth cove to the first lake,

a distance of about three quarters of a mile, and occasioning a rise of about seventy feet, has to be provided with six locks. Now instead of these six locks in so short a space, occasioning immense labour and expense, suppose that from the harbour to the lake an inclined plane were made, and that boats could be transported along it,—what an immense saving of ingenuity, labour and money appears as the result. This is far from being a visionary idea: those who have seen the patent slip in operation, know with what ease a small power can draw a vessel of several hundred tons burthen, up an inclined plane. The vessel to be brought up, for the purpose of undergoing repair, moves into a cradle which is at the extremity of the slip; the tide leaves her exactly on a kind of car, which rests on a chain of small strong rollers or wheels; this chain lies on a rail way; a few men at the summit of the plane put machinery, erected there, in motion, and the vessel moves up the plane to the desired elevation; where she lies beyond the reach of spring tides, her situation affording perfect opportunities for thorough examination and rapid repair. Something similar to this “patent slip” has been employed to surmount the rise on Canal routes, in place of locks; the result has been greatly diminished expense, and a gain of time. On the Shropshire canal, England, three inclined planes, of a total length of 1270 yards surmount a rise of 453 feet: the first section of the Shubenacadie Canal in a length of 1210 yards, rising 70 feet, has 6 locks;—does it not seem an excellent place for the trial of an inclined plane? Evading the labour and expense incidental to the formation and repairs of locks, inclined planes have been tried on canals, with good effect in the United States. At Newark, the inclined plane has been tested on the Morris Canal, and has been satisfactory to an extreme. The rise here is 70 feet in a length of 770 feet, railways 1040 feet in length traverse the plane; there are two pair of tracks or railways, on each of which is a strong car supported by eight wheels; one boat may go up the plane and another down at the same time; when this occurs, the motion of the two reciprocate, the descending car helping to draw the ascending one. When the car reaches the upper or lower level it stops, and the boat is projected with considerable force into the canal; the power used is a wa-



ter wheel, but the boats are only about 25 tons burthen each. It has been tried lately 30 or 40 times a day, and exceeds the calculations of the engineer, in regularity and celerity. The plane is a saving in time, of nine-tenths as compared with locks; on the Morris canal it reduces a passage of 24 hours, to two hours and a half, and the experiments there, have excited much interest and commendation; the principle is extending itself rapidly.— Whether a similar principle would be applicable to the Shubenacadie Canal, is for the Engineer to determine. We have mentioned the fact for the pleasure of our readers, thinking that it will afford materials for interesting disquisition.

We have now glanced at the design of the Shubenacadie Canal, at its progress, its anticipated completion, and at improvements introduced in other similar undertakings: we conclude, wishing the work success beyond the hopes of its best friends, rejoicing that science has made such a gigantic effort in Nova-Scotia, and exhorting those who hold the Company's helm to act with conscientious prudence and determination,—not tempted to indulge in any thing approaching to speculation or extravagance, because large nominal funds are at their disposal,—not relaxing in their efforts towards completing a great work, because murmurs assail them from many quarters: through much opposition and tribulation, the road runs, which leads to great results either in this world or the next.

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#### LINES BY HEER.

I SEE them on their winding way,  
Above their ranks the moonbeams play;  
And nearer yet, and yet more near,  
The martial chorus strikes the ear.

They 're lost and gone—the moon is past,  
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;  
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,  
The low march warbles up the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,  
The clashing horn—they come, they come ;  
And lofty deeds, and daring high,  
Blend with their notes of victory.

Forth, forth, and meet them on their way !  
The trampling hoof brooks no delay ;  
The thrilling fife, the pealing drum,  
How late, but oh ! how loved they come.

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### LAWRIE TODD.

[We will not attempt to analyze or review this very clever work by Mr. Galt, but will select a specimen of it, by which our readers who may not have the work, will be able to judge of its style and incidents. Lawrie Todd, the very successful settler in the woods, finds the town which he helped to locate, rapidly increase in population and wealth ; the establishment of two newspapers in it adds to its importance, and at length it proceeds to nominate a representative for Congress : Mr. Todd is urged forward as a candidate, and the scene we have selected, is that of a meeting in which he avows his political sentiments. Most of our readers, we imagine, will be as well pleased with the principles contained in the extract, as with its humour and nervous style.]

#### AN ELECTION SCENE.

My conscience could not away with the thought of renouncing the right to claim paternity with Sir William Wallace and the brave old bald-headed worthies of the Covenant ; my father's household gods, on whose altar, our lowly hearth, the incense of a special thanksgiving was every sabbath-evening offered to Heaven, for having sent them to redeem and sanctify " our ancient and never-conquered Kingdom of Scotland."

It is true, that America had been to me a land of refuge ; verily, a land flowing with milk and honey, commended to my affection by the experience of much kindness, and hallowed in the petitions of my nightly orisons, for many blessings of which it had to me been the Goshen. It contained all that was dearest to me in friends, and kin, and substance ; and what was there in the far-off valleys of Scotland to fetter me from serving, by head or hand, the country of my adoption. On one side stood an aged matron, pointing to the churchyard where my forefathers lay at peace ; on the other, a sturdy youth, with an axe upon his shoulder, bade me look where my family was spreading and prospering around.

All that night the oscillations of my mind traversed as it were between the past and the future ; and when I arose in the morning, the doubts only became more active. The live-long day I pondered alone in the forest, and called to mind, that the wise and good of all lands and times had ever revered the love of country as sacredly as the love of parents.

Attempting in vain to reason myself into a right decision, I cast myself before the Lord and implored his assistance: nor was it withheld; for even then it was whispered in the ear of my spirit, that in "His Book" were instructions prepared; upon which I rose and went home, and opened the Bible, and beheld these words:—

"If I forget thee, oh Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

And I said to myself, as I closed the oracle, truly it is an awful thing for a man to forswear his native land.

Instead of writing to the foreman of the deputation, by whom I had been solicited to allow myself to be nominated a candidate, I resolved, after considering the business well, to make my communication to a public meeting. Accordingly it was given out, that on the day I had promised to send my answer, I would explain personally to my friends, in the ball-room of the Eagle tavern, the sentiments by which I was actuated.

At the time appointed, a multitude assembled, the room was crowded, and besides my friends, a great number of persons were there from curiosity, and a few, no doubt, for a less commendable purpose. Among others was our Minister, of whom, in the mean time, it was reported that he had openly withdrawn himself from my cause, and had represented me as a weak, vain, and indecisive character, incapable of expressing two consecutive sentences with becoming seriousness.

Whether I merited any thing so derogatory from the lips of Mr. Bell, or whether, from my opinion of the man up to this period, I was likely to have believed he would be guilty of such backbiting, the courteous reader has the means of judging. However, the report was not without foundation; and in the meeting, and at the head of the room there he was, sitting with the proud and crimson countenance of a conqueror, as he thought himself. But though I must thus speak of him as the truth claims, and though I also must say, that from this epoch I regarded him as a man too much given to secular ambition for a Minister of the Gospel; the truth of his doctrines, and his power in the pulpit, still obtained from me the reverence which I entertained towards them from the first time of his preaching at Babelmandel.

Another thing which I heard of just before the hour of meeting, also disconcerted me. It was the art Baillie Wast and Dr. Murdoch were playing: lifted out of themselves by the success of their manoeuvres, they did not wait for the trumpets of others to sound their praises, but went about bragging of what they had done, and how they were the means of obtaining in me, for the State, a man of the greatest natural talents any where to be met with, and other such fustian phraseology. It may, therefore, be easily conceived, that when I walked into the room, attended by my brother and the two Cockspurs—my sons and Mr. Hoskins had seats in the

crowd—and saw Mr. Bell seated next the chair, on the right—verily in the scormer's chair—and the winking Baillie and the drunken Doctor—then, however, newly-shaven and sober, on the left;—I was not in such a serene mood as the occasion required, especially when the Baillie-bodie rose and cried aloud, bustling and big;—“This way, Mr. Todd; make room there for Mr. Todd! Will ye no' stand back and let in Mr. Todd?” and so forth. But I mastered my agitation, and pressing through the crowd, at last got to the head of the table.

Great applause had followed me from my first appearance, and was redoubled when I had attained the place which had been prepared for me; but judge of my consternation, when in the very act of taking the chair to address my visitors, Mr. Bell stepped in to it, and said aloud—

“GENTLEMEN,

“The occasion of the present meeting is —”

My corruption was so raised at this arrogance, that, with the agility of a magpie, I was in a moment on my legs on the table, where pushing the obtruder back with my foot, I thus spoke—

“FRIENDS!

“The manner in which this black ram has pushed himself into our flock, would justly warrant us to drag him to the door by the leg and the horn; but let us have compassion upon him—a creature so void of all sense of propriety, as he has shown himself on this occasion, and may be on others when he was a younger man, is not to be corrected by rough-handling.”

This speech was received with an ocean's roar of applause, while Mr. Bell, as pale as a lady's smock, with open mouth and goggling eyes, sat down as if he had been smitten with a sudden judgment. Baillie Wast was out of the body with delight; he laughed; he keckled, he snapped his fingers, and waved his hat long after the shouts of the multitude had subsided. That merry ladie Bradshaw Cockspur also might have been tied with a straw; and Mr. Hoskins, who was sitting between my two sons, actually smiled—a great sign and symptom for him of inward satisfaction.

By the time this calm was come again, Mr. Bell had recovered his audacity, and made another attempt to be heard; but the multitude with all its voices, cried out against him, and “Down with the black ram!” thereby maintaining liberty and the freedom of election. By this time, also, I had recovered my self-possession, and waving my hand, stilled the uproar; I then said sedately, that as I had invited the present meeting to hear my sentiments with respect to the great honour proposed for me, I trusted my reverend friend would not take the head of the table, or offer any opinion as to the entertainment, especially as he was an uninvited guest; and I added in a facetious pleasant manner,—“But when we had dined, I'll allow him to make what hashe he can of the broken meat. He shall then be welcome to my trencher, and to please

his palate also to as meikle pepper and salt as he chooses to make use of."

The poor black ram was even more affected by this than by the dog and batter I had given it on the ribs, for he could better endure sarcasm than ridicule. His countenance showed that he would have given the world to have been in his bed, with the blankets over his head, and only dreaming of all that was passing; I was moved to pity him, he sat so destitute-like, but he had given me such provocation, that it was not in human nature, at least in mine, to refrain from pursuing the victory, for even in my compassion I could not but cry, "Will somebody open the windows, for Mr. Bell's like to faint with humiliation."

At the which words, snuff-boxes and scent-bottles were handed up from all parts of the room, and Baillie Waft, who had provided a decanter of water with a tumbler for me in case of need in my speaking, poured out a glass and presented it to the desperate man, who snatched it in frenzy, and dashed the contents in the Baillie's face.

This, however, was carrying things too far; so, in order to recall the quiet, the obtruder being sufficiently baited, I begged the company to be seated, and I would as briefly as I could proceed with the business for which we were assembled. I then requested the Baillie to give me a glass of water, with which having cooled my tongue, and being still standing aloft on the table, I thus began—

**"MEN AND BRETHREN!**

"**Though** it has been said of me, as it was of the Apostle Paul—'his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible,' yet **with** I say unto you, as Paul said to King Agrippa, I shall answer **for myself** this day.

"**My manner of life is known to you all.** Born in Scotland, and brought up in the religion and sentiments of my forefathers, I have **always been proud of the Scottish name,** and yet I stand here **esteemed by you,** who are of another nation, worthy to be trusted **among the warders in the watch-tower of your rights.** I am deeply sensible of this great honour; but in proposing it have you **considered the infirmity of man?** Have you weighed the temptations wherewith I may be tempted—temptations with which mine integrity hath never yet been tried?

"**Did the trust you would repose in me require but honesty in the arbitration of such plain questions as arise between man and man,** then might I venture to accept it; for over the balance-sheets of trade and the schedule of reciprocities, honesty may withstand the affections of patriotism. But the questions which rouse the animosities of nations are of that kind in which I am conscious of being least able to sustain a proper part. You are persuaded by the character I have earned among you, that justice would be the guide of my judgment. But search your own hearts,

and then say if you can, that in a national quarrel you would be satisfied with only justice. Do you believe that I am so superior to the sentiments of youth and the principles of manhood, that I would stand as an American by the American cause in a controversy between your country and my own old native land upon the point of honour? that for a stain on the stripes and stars, I could in my heart be consenting to require, with true zeal, indemnification at the expence of any British prerogative?

“It may seem to some of you that the land which contains a man’s buisness, property, and family is his country—and I know that this is a sentiment encouraged here—but I have been educated in other opinions, and where the love of country is blended with the love of parents—a love which hath no relation to condition, but is absolute and immutable—poor or rich, the parent can neither be more nor less to the child than always, his parent—and I feel myself bound to my native land by recollections grown into feelings of the same kind as those remembrances of parental love which constitute the indissoluble cement of filial attachment.

“Philosophy may reason against this: I have heard men of much learning, of unblemished virtue, and most exemplary in the practise of all domestic duties, maintain, that when we are free to judge for ourselves, the obligations between the parent and the child cease, and become subject to the determinations of our judgment, and that this is the law of Nature:—Yes: truly it is the law of Nature among the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air which know no other law. But are we dogs to follow mere instincts? Have we not the law of God, and a special law commanding us to honour our parents—and for what? are any causes assigned for which we are to render this homage? No! but only that they are our parents. In like manner there is no specified reasons which take the form of obligation to bind us to the land of our birth. It is enough that it is our country. Nature makes up the obligation of our attachment to it, from the reminiscences of our enjoyments there, just as she forms our filial affection from the remembrance of the caresses of our parents.

“No, my friends; I cannot in honesty accept the honour you propose for me, but my gratitude to you is not the less—I cannot serve your national interests with all my heart, and I have plainly explained to you the reason; I can therefore but answer like the maiden solicited by a rich and noble suitor, all I can give, honour, esteem, the love of the mind, you already possess, but the heart’s love—that love which was bred and twined within my bosom before we ever met, cannot be-given, for it belongs to one that is far away.”

Such was my speech; no doubt I said much more, for the speaking occupied a considerable space of time, but that is the substance; and it was heard with attention, and crowned with applause. I trow, after it, Mr. Bell never ventured to say I

could not speak two consecutive sentences like a reasonable man. He sat awed and cowed while I spoke; and when I concluded, he had neither the power of utterance to address the meeting, nor courage to stand up. He was indeed withered and looked as debased as if he could have crawled into a hole in the ground for an asylum. But though he well deserved his punishment, and the effects of the refutation I had given to his derogatory insinuations, I could not see him slink out of the room as it were, with his tail between legs, without a touch of remorse; and I still reproach myself with having used the scourge with more bir than was consistent with merciful charity. Truly, a victory is not always a triumph.

Many of those who heard my speech were surprised, both at its vigour and matter, for it was not expected that I would have declined. There were, however, certain countrymen of my own, as well as English and Irish, who did not approve the straightness and strictness of my doctrine; which I was grieved to learn, for flexibility in principle is a proof of brittleness in affection; still even these professed their amazement and satisfaction at my bravery and candour; so that I may venture to assert, that the refusal augmented the consideration in which I was held among my neighbours. Mr. Hoskins, who joined me as I was leaving the room, said nothing, but shook me heartily by the hand, a testimony of the kindness and approval he had never bestowed before.

Baillie Wast and Dr. Murdoch were in a sorry plight, nothing could be farther from their fancies than that I would refuse. They were petrified; they sat looking at each other like two effigies, during the whole time I was speaking, and when the great peal of applause broke out as I concluded, they both fell back in their chairs, and gazed as if they beheld the solid world moving away from before them. Indeed, it was no wonder; for although, at the outset of their canvas and striving, John Wast was moved by a sense of gratitude for the kindness I had always shown him, yet, as the prospect of my success improved his disinterestedness gradually dwindled, for he imagined, that were I elected, I would, like a member of the British House of Commons, possess a power over the disposal of the remaining twelve baskets of loaves and fishes; he had even gone so far, on the morning of the meeting, to tell my eldest son that he would be content with a wee bit postie about the Government, till something better would cast up, for he could no' just hope to be made either a collector or Comptroller at the first.

As for the learned Doctor, I never heard what he proposed to himself for the reward of his services, but on the same morning he had held some discourse with Mr. Bradshaw Cockspur, concerning a plan for a college at Judiville. I'll not say that he contemplated to be the principal, or Lord Rector of it; maybe he did—but nothing ever after was heard of it, for that night, despite of his vow of sobriety, of which a whole week

remained unexpired, seeing his occupation in the election gone he went upon the cove, and was, for several days in a state of the most divorlike inebriety; reeling about the streets, and taking hold of every one he knew by the button, and demonstrating to them in inarticulate language. It made me angry to hear, and squeamish to scent the odious jargon of his debauch.

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## THE MORNING SONG.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Oh, come! for the lily  
Is white on the sea;  
Oh, come! for the wood-doves  
Are paired on the tree;  
The lark sings with dew  
On her wings and her feet;  
The thrush pours its ditty,  
Loud, varied, and sweet.  
We will go where the twin-hares  
Mid fragrance have been,  
And with flowers I will weave thee  
A crown like a queen.

Oh, come! hear the thristle  
Invites you aloud;  
And soft comes the plover's cry  
Down from the cloud;  
The stream lifts its voice,  
And you hily's begun  
To open its lips  
And drink dew in the sun;  
The sky laughs in light,  
Earth rejoices in green—  
Oh, come, and I'll crown thee  
With flowers like a queen!

Oh, haste! for the shepherd  
Hath wakened his pipe,  
And led out his lambs  
Where the blackberries ripe--  
The bright sun is tasting  
The dew on the thyme--  
The gay maiden's liking  
An old bridal rhyme--  
There is joy in the heaven  
And gladness on earth--  
So, come to the s... ine,  
And mix in the earth!



“ THE FEAR OF MAN BRINGETH A SNARE.”

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

SIR,

WHILE the attention of the inhabitants of Nova-Scotia is in some measure awakened, by the struggles of the Poles and others to recover their national rights, it may prove a favourable time to endeavour to excite a spirit of manly resistance to the capricious and cruel Tyrant, who has so long kept us in misery, by his unrighteous decrees:—A resistance which ought to be carried so far as to reduce his power to something like a limited monarchy ; for it must not be dissembled that we cannot hope to dethrone him, and substitute a new dynasty in his place. This family is certainly more ancient than any royal family on earth, and for time immemorial the majority of mankind have been trained to yield the most absolute obedience to his decrees—an obedience which they were never willing to pay to the laws of God or those of their legitimate Rulers. But there is one singular trait in his character of which we may take advantage to reduce him to something like reason. More artful than Talleyrand or any Vicar of Bray that ever existed, whenever his subjects, goaded into madness by some capricious regulation, have risen in force against him, he has immediately placed himself at the head of the revolt, condemned his former decrees, and so managed as to carry off the whole honour of reversing them. Could we therefore shake off that cowardice which has taught us that we must “ obey and not reason,” upon his decrees, we should be sure to succeed. To enumerate all his oppressive acts would be impossible, a few may be mentioned,—his Taxes are constantly, but imperceptibly increasing, and ruin multitudes before they are aware of their danger. He has often ordered the inhabitants of a frugal and thriving town to make some little addition to the expenses of their funerals, and by proceeding in his usual manner of adding new items, has finally compelled multitudes of thriving tradesmen to expend upon this, the most unnatural, as well as the most useless of all the displays of luxury, the whole that they had accumulated by years of hard labour. With grief they saw their families reduced to beggary, “ but it was his order, they dare not disobey.”

Most of the inhabitants of Halifax now require a house four times as large, as was necessary for persons of their rank forty years ago, and the expenses of their house-keeping have increased in the same proportion; not a few find that their income will not now meet their expenses;—but “they cannot disobey *his* order.” Many women whose families are in straightened circumstances, may be seen running about shopping, and paying morning visits in the *afternoon*—they know that they would be much better employed, in darning their children’s stockings—–but “it is impossible to disobey *his* orders.”—This usurper appears to cherish a peculiar malicious feeling against the young and beautiful, —at the instigation of certain ancient ladies who were weak enough to wish to appear always young, and who perceived that in spite of false hair, rouge, and Spanish white, their age was betrayed by their lack of the graceful flexibility of youth, the tyrant has compelled all our younger females to encase their fine forms in such a stiff coat of armour, that seventeen can now with difficulty be distinguished from seventy, by their motions and attitudes, yet so completely have they been taught obedience to *his* commands, that they submit without murmuring, notwithstanding that the unnatural compression often ruins their health, and has made “the grave the bridal bed” of many a fine girl.—He has often compelled a man to fight a duel with his friend with whom he was not angry, and his absurd regulations have drawn many into the whirlpool of drunkenness.

Although he has laid a heavy tax upon the poorer classes by compelling them to dress on Sundays like the rich, yet as, upon the whole, he like other Despots, bears most heavily upon the rich and great, I think we may count upon having the assistance of the Aristocratic party, and as I have not named him, I conceive you need not fear a prosecution for a libel for publishing this paper, as he must be sensible that such an overwhelming mass of evidence can be produced to substantiate much more than I have charged him with, that no jury would give him damages.

FRANKLIN SECUNDUS.

## ARAB HONOUR.

THE boast of the Arab is his hospitality, a virtue generally prevalent among simple and secluded tribes, but certainly practised here on a large and liberal scale. The entrance of the most entire stranger into the Arab tent forms an occasion of jubilee; a lamb is killed, the neighbours are invited, and a festival celebrated. In some encampments the members are on the watch for travellers advancing along the desert plain, and he who has the good fortune first to descry one, raises loud shouts, and claims him for a guest; while conflicting pretensions, and even quarrels, sometimes arise about this species of property. An instance is given of one Schiech, who, being reduced to such extreme poverty, that he could not furnish a dish to unexpected guests, had his favourite mare tied and ready for the knife, when unlooked-for relief arrived. An Arab has been heard to declare, that if his enemy entered the tent with his own brother's head in his hand, he would not on that account abate of his hospitable reception. Yet this generous quality having become subjected to a code of rules, and making no distinction of objects, bears somewhat the aspect of being less an effusion of the heart, than a high point of honour, enforced by dread of the reproach attendant on failure. Even as to time, there are limits assigned to its exercise. Three days and eight hours are considered the period during which the stranger may expect the rites of hospitality; on passing that term, he is not indeed ejected; but his presence is criticised, and felt as a visitation.

Robbery, scarcely less than hospitality, is a leading point in which Arab honour is centred. The Bedouins are a nation of robbers: they rob friends and foes, and make plunder their constant aim and study. The title of robber is among the most flattering which can be bestowed on the youthful hero. The highest credit is attained by depredations on the Turks and Franks, which are usually carried on by the united force of the tribes; second to this stands the robbery of hostile Arabs; but even towards such as are doubtful or friendly, it is practised, and is far from being unknown within the precincts of the same tribe. When departing on one of his great marauding excursions, he merely orders his wife or sister to prepare a bag of flour and salt, evading all enquiries as to his destination, by saying, 'I go where God leads me.' Associated with friends of kindred propensities, he scours the desert, and secretly approaches the encampment of a neighbouring tribe. The entrance is made at midnight, when all are buried in sleep. One bold youth advances, irritates the dogs who guard the camp, flies, and thus lures them on to pursue, leaving their charge defenceless. A second youth then moves forward, and in deep silence cuts the chords by which the camels are fastened, when these animals spontaneously rise without the

slightest noise. A third grasps by the tail several of the strongest among them, which immediately induces them to gallop off; the others follow, and sometimes a band, fifty in number will thus be carried away.

The link or limit between these two great contending principles of hospitality and robbery, is formed by petition or protection. When the Bedouin has granted this sacred pledge, he not only secures the protected person against his own fiercest enmity and most eager avidity, but guarantees also, as far as his power extends, safety of life and property from every other enemy or depredator; and even when a loss has been unavoidably sustained, he often replaces it. Hospitality and protection are kindred principles, ruled nearly by the same laws, and bearing the same date of three days and one third, after which it behoves the person in danger to seek safety from some other quarter. According to Buckhardt, it is always among the fiercest and most lawless predatory tribes that the sense of honour is highest, and the pledge of protection held most sacred.

These conflicting principles of the Arab character come into singular collision when the thief is caught within an encampment, busied in his work of plunder. He is then nearly within the circle of protection; a few moments might place him there. As it would be absurd, however, that such transactions should be carried on with impunity, a very singular train of precaution is employed to prevent his coming under the magic power of the protection. All the privileges, which are so nearly within his reach, serve only to aggravate the sufferings of the captive. The *rabat*, or captor, first ties his hands and feet, then seizes a large staff, and beats him without intermission, till he cries out *yeneffa*. 'I renounce;' by which word he resigns all the right, and absolves his keeper from all the duties, of protection. Unfortunately too, for him, that pledge is so sacred, that its renunciation can avail only for one day and one person; whenever these are changed, the blows must be renewed, and another 'I renounce' extorted. Still more severe are the means employed that he may not avail himself of the extreme facility with which protection is obtained. A cavity is dug in the earth, equal in length to the offender, wherein he is deposited, his arms and feet bound to stakes with thongs, his twisted hair attached to opposite stakes, and sacks of corn or other ponderous articles piled above him; and in this living grave he remains, till a ransom, to the utmost extent of his supposed means and those of his friends, can be extorted. If the camp is removed, he is placed, with his head wrapped in leather, and his body fast bound, on the back of a camel. The captor is kept in unremitting anxiety lest his prey should escape; for if the captive can contrive to touch, spit, or cast any part of his clothes even on a child, saying, 'I am thy protected,' he is converted at once from a captive into a guest, who must return home laden with kindness and presents. Other members of the tribe, moved

by friendship or pity, sometimes find means to elude the vigilance of the captor, and bring the sufferer within the pale. A man has been known to break a date in two, procure one part to be eaten by the captor, then convey the other to the prisoner, who is immediately announced to the dismayed captor as his protected guest. The prisoner's relations also have their invention at work to contrive some means of deliverance. A female, commonly his mother, approaches the camp under the disguise of a beggar, and obtains the hospitality of one of the tents. She learns the spot where her son lies immured, steals thither in the dead of night, feels for his mouth, in which she lodges one end of a ball of thread, then winds it off till she reaches a neighbouring tent. There she applies the other end to the breast of the owner, saying, 'Look on me, by the love thou bearest to God and to thyself, this is under thy protection.' The Arab, thus roused, comprehends the import of the transaction,—takes the thread, and winds it up till it leads him to the imprisoned thief; and in this way it is announced to him that the captive, of whose ransom he has been cherishing golden hopes, is a protected man. Again, when the health of the prisoner sinks under his frightful duration, and his life appears endangered, the captor must abate much of his claim; otherwise he might not only lose all, but involve himself in the guilt of blood.—*Edinburg Review.*

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### SKETCHES FROM NAVAL TALES.

*Tiller writing a Codicil to Captain Crank's Will.*

"Now, Thomas," said Crank, "you must first write at the bottom—'I hereby add this codicil.'"

"This what, sir?" interrogated Tiller.

"Co-di-cil," said Crank, syllabically.

"I axes your pardon, sir—I dosen't think I can come that ere;—for, you see, it's unpossible to spell properly when a body's a bad pen."

"Oh, never mind, Thomas. It's no time to be nice now. Come as near the mark as you can."

"Consoled at this hint, the secretary took fresh courage, and proceeded to indite as his master thus slowly dictated.

"To Thomas Tiller my old coxon, and faithful servant, who lost an i,"—(eye.)

"Must that be in, sir?" asked Tiller.

"Why, yes, Thomas,—I don't see we can well leave it out.—It would spoil what I have in my head," said Crank, endeavouring to remove Tiller's reluctance to have his misfortune recorded in a document of this nature.

“Very well, sir, as you please.”—

“*Best an i in his Majesty's sarvis, and a muster in wou of his most devout officers*”—

Here Thomas gave indisputable indications of feelings, which, however highly honourable to himself, excessively surprised his master, who exclaimed—

“Why, Thomas!—what, are you blubbering? We must all come to this!—Come, come, man, swab the spray off your bows.”

“Nator's nator, sir,” said Thomas wiping, with the lapel of his jacket, the trickling tear from his weather-beaten cheek; “tho' I'm sartin the death o' the old woman herself would never a brought me to this. But never mind, sir—here's strike out again—I'll do my duty, tho' I'd rather almost swallow a marlinsp ike nor handle a pen in the bisness.”

“Let's see, what were the last words you got down?” said the veteran, endeavouring to raise himself up in his cot to look over his amanuensis.

“Devout officers, sir.”

“No, no—de-vo-ted—not devout, Thomas,—But go on—”

“*De-vo-ted officers, I leave all my shirts.*”

“I'll not have e'm, sir,” said Tiller, bursting out in an ebullition of affectionate feeling. “I never could abide to look on e'm, much more put 'em on my back.”

“Go on, I tell you,” said Crank, authoritatively.

“*Stockings, and particklur all my long West Ingee white-duck trousers, laid up in ornry, in drawer nummer 3.*”

“I knows, sir—”

“Don't interrupt me, man!”

“*Thomas: kavin a seaman's jection to ware short breeks, or bend long togs.*”

“I'll put that down willinly, sir—but what's to be done with the *Boyne*?”

“Why, Thomas, I've made up my mind at last—so write,” said Crank, slowly dictating.

“*I wish the Boyne to be dismantled—her masts, yards and riggin distried, and her hull berried with mine.*”

Here Tiller gave a groan, which startled the afflicted testator.—*Sailors and Saints.*

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### KING'S OWN.

As a specimen of a humorous scene, we will introduce to our readers Captain Capperbar in conversation with his ship's carpenter, from whence we may learn how a crew may be profitably employed, and his Majesty's stores converted to useful purposes never contemplated by the Government:—

“Well, Mr. Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?”

“Weston and Smallbride are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow.”

“Well?”

"Smith is about the chest of drawers, 'to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom."

"Very good. And what is Hilton about?"

"He has finished the spare-leaf of the dining table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second-lieutenant."

"A job for the second-lieutenant, sir? How often have I told you, Mr. Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission."

"His standing bed-place is broke, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two."

"Mr. Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders.-- By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober, last night."

"Please your honour," replied the carpenter, "I wasn't drunk--I was only a little fresh."

"Take you care, Mr. Cheeks.--Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?"

"Why, Thomson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden, out of the jib boom; I've saved the heel to return."

"Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?"

"No, sir, it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole."

"Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a top-mast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast, if we can. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now, let me see--oh! the painters must go on shore, to finish the attics."

"Yes, sir, but my Lady Capperbar wishes the jalousies to be painted vermilion: she says it will look more rural."

"Mrs. Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's stores, by this time, to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?"

"Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnace."

"By the by--that puts me in mind of it--have you expended any boats's masts?"

"Only the one carried away, sir."

"Then you must expend two more. Mrs. C--- has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made, while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the obseave-holes, and put two pegs through at right angles--you know how I mean."

"Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I havn't glass enough--they grumbled at the yard last time."

"Mrs. C--- must wait a little. What are the armourers about?"

"They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first-lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship."

“Who dares say that?”

“The first-lieutenant, sir.”

“Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up.”

“The armourer has made six rakes, and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says that he cant make a spade.”

“Then I'll take his warrant away, since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr. Cheeks, I shall overlook your being in liquor, this time; but take care.—Send the boatswain to me.”

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### FAMILY PRIDE.

[FOR THE H. M. S.]

It was on a dark and very stormy night in the month of ~~Febro~~ <sup>April</sup> ary, that the family of Martin Welsh were collected around the humble hearth. At one side sat the Mistress of the cottage, a little table which exhibited preparations for supper and a vacant chair were in front of the fire, while at the side opposite Mrs. Welsh, sat her daughter, a strapping Colleen, and in the chimney corner a rugged headed gossoon of ten years of age, was teaching another of six, his A. B. C. “Go to the door Moira”—said the Mother of the family—“and see is your father coming—I'm getting very uneasy, it is so late, and the night is growing dark and wild.” The young woman did as she was told: and looked anxiously in the direction which her father was to come. The moon careering amid clouds greatly broken, and seeming to fly from the transparent blue, to the sable heaps with fitful haste—lighted the scene at intervals. The sea threw up its thousand waves, each glittering like a silver dome in the moonbeams, and anon, dark and tumultuous as chaos; the white strand stretched its dreary length before, smooth, silent, and endued with a melancholy placidity, as if it were a path more fitted for flitting ghosts than for human beings; and beyond—where the hill could be at times seen, describing its outline on the wintry sky—the little town glistened gaily with its many domestic lights, a more cheering constellation to the weary traveller than any on the broad face of



heaven. From this town— which was about three miles distant from the cottage—Martin was momentarily expected to arrive home: but nothing living appeared to the anxious glance of his daughter, as she stood at the cottage door gazing on the scene. “ I see no sign of me father comin’—said Mary—“ and it looks very late, and very wild.” “ Thank God for the Moon”—said her Mother—“ its like a good angel to the poor many a time in the long winter nights.” “ Yes Mother”—was answered—“ and its now flyin flyin through the clouds, just like a ship in full sail through the waves—and some of the clouds are bright as the very silver; and some of em are floating away like smoke; and others are as black as night, and hide the moon when she goes behind em, as if they were as thick as a wall.” She stood gazing up silently for awhile, and again ejaculated “ every thing looks so fine and so full of life up there, I can’t help thinking theres spirits among them clouds—some of them smilen and playen where it looks like the driven snow, and other black spirits where every thing is so dark and gloomy—holy Mary save us! it makes me afeard, altho’ I like to look at it.” “ Is the tide high?” Moira, said the biggest boy who sat in the corner. “ It is more nor half way,” was answered, “ and its rising fast, you can see it along the back strand, creeping up up in the middle like a little river.” The back strand here alluded to, was a vast sandy flat, overflowed at high water, and divided—except at one passage—from the sea, by the strip of high beach on which Welch’s cottage was situated. And now, thank heaven! heres me father at last—and quite close to us, I did’nt see him for the beach stones, and I wonder what he was walking so near the sea for,” “ Come in Moira,” said her Mother, “ and take up the bit o’ fish and potatoes for the poor man’s supper again he comes in.” Mary hurried from the door, and the two boys starting from their seats in the chimney corner—darted like a couple of deer out of the cottage to meet their father. An involuntary smile played on the countenances of mother and daughter, who were now busied at the fire side; they had been relieved from the painful sense of loneliness and destitution—which invariably comes over the watcher, who counts moment after moment dropping away in suspense without any sign of the wished good approaching—their protector now, they sup-

posed, had arrived, and their little in-door world would soon be completed. A scream from the boys, made both mother and daughter start convulsedly, and before they had time to utter an exclamation, both boys—the pictures of extreme terror—darted in at the door, and flew for protection to their mother. “Its not Daddy at all, its not Daddy at all,” exclaimed they in an agony. The mother and Mary crossed themselves in mute horror, and gazed intently at the open door way, as if unable from fear to shut it, and fascinated by an involuntary desire to see what unknown object was approaching. Scarcely recovering command of speech the mother hurriedly ejaculated, “Blessed Virgin, guard us! who, except Martin, can have any business up the strand at this time of night—the coast guard wont come this three hours yet, an no one else lives have any thing to do up here in the dark.” Mary and the boys were too terror-stricken to answer, and during the silence which ensued, the slow movement of some body was distinctly seen in the dusk, approaching the door. Another moment elapsed, and a young man, of genteel exterior, and of very melancholy aspect stood at the door. A forced smile, curled his lip into a still more melancholy expression, for a moment, and then passed away as if for ever, and with a slight inclination of his head, he enquired, might he step in and rest himself? “Yes an welcome sir,” answered the mistress of the cottage, and the eldest boy—forgetting his late terror—with the habitual politeness of the class to which he belonged, jumped from his hiding place, and placed a chair for the stranger opposite the one intended for his father at the little supper table. The stranger was seated, and with some incoherent excuses for his intrusion, he asked was the man of the house at home—being informed that he was expected every moment, he sat still, silent, except for occasional and heavy sighs, and gazing vacantly into the bright turf fire which enlivened the little hearth. One of the boys now took post at the door, and leaning against the little upright of the door frame, awaited anxiously the coming of his father. In a few minutes he gave a joyful shout, and sprang forward, and soon returned holding by his protector’s hand. Martin entered, making the customary salutation as he saw the stranger; and laying down a bundle which he had carried from town, he took off his hat respectfully, and turned

to get a more satisfactory glance of his visiter. "Well Martin, do you forget me"—said the young man. "Oh blood alive! Mr. Henry Burrows, is that you sir?"—returned Martin—"what makes you look so down-hearted sir? and what brings you up the strand at this time of night?" "Not much, not much"—answered Henry, mournfully—"altho' heaven knows, enough to set me mad. However, take your supper, and then we'll talk about it." "Will you take a bit with us sir?" asked Martin. The stranger silently acquiesced, and both sat down to the humble board. A couple of broiled herrings, a large wicker dish full of potatoes, and a peggin of spring water, formed the evening's fare. Martin gave a knowing nod to the good-woman, and in a moment, the peggin was removed, and a couple of pewter pints covered with beer-foam gave dignity to the little table. A decanter filled with potteen, and a couple of glasses, were also introduced—Mrs. Welsh sold a drop slyly, to accommodate occasional passers in that lonely situation. Martin completed his repast with a zest, which those only who know what health, fasting and exercise occasion, can appreciate; Henry partook of the fare, but seemed altogether lost in thought, and to forget the scene before him, in some circumstances which painfully oppressed his mind. The seniors had moved back from the table, and the younger part of the company—who were waiting at a respectful distance—now gathered around it, and commenced an active skirmish on the fragments. Martin filled a couple of glasses from the little decanter, and handing one to Henry, he prepared to empty the other himself, saying, "here's to you sir, and to Mrs. Burrows, that is to be." "Not a word about that Martin"—said Henry in a melancholy tone of voice—and wishing Martin and his wife good health, he drank the contents of the glass, with the air of one who was taking poison. "Musha"—said Martin—"meself don't like a faint heart, when a fair lady's in the way, but here's to OURSELVES any way," and he drank the toast seemingly mortified at his visiter's obstinate melancholy. "Will I give you a scratch on the fiddle Mr. Henry"—he continued—"while the childer are taken their bite?" "Do Martin, and I'm obliged to you for your kind attention"—was answered. Martin produced the much prized instrument, which was laid away most carefully, and with which he often inspired a dance and a song on

holiday—and even sometimes on Sunday!—evenings. After that most abominable of all prefaces, the tuning of a fiddle, Martin gave his bow full compass and scraped out a few long overture notes, which were grating enough to turn the beer in the little half barrel, into vinegar. “What ill you have sir?”—said he, triumphantly, as if he had the whole region of sweet sounds under his command. Henry looked up for a moment, and smiling faintly named an air from a fashionable opera. “Oh! wisha don’t be humbugging us, wid them outlandish jaw-breakers”—said Martin—“oughtent a good Irish chune satisfy any Irishman? faith it ought so, and the dickens a much I’d give for them that id say no—always barrin the present company—but I know Mr. Burrow’s son is an Irishman every inch of him, and would rather have a lilt of ould Erin than all the flummery trash that the foreign girl-men squall in the play houses. May I never die in sin! but when I was a hod-man in London I often heard em at half price in Coven Garden gallery, an if I would’nt rather hear Jem Flanigan squeeze the Bard’s Legacy out of his ould pipes I’m a sinner.” “Well play any thing you please”—said Henry. No sooner said than done, a bar of a favourite hornpipe, shot from Martin’s instrument like a flash of lightning. Henry made a wry face, and lifted his hand in token of disapprobation. “What’s the matter now sir?”—said Martin—“be dad you’re not as you used to be of ould, you slopt me in the middle of my element o playen, and I’d as live get a poke or a pitch-fork.” “I ask pardon”—said Henry mournfully—“but Martin my heart is almost broken, and these lively tunes that you used to play for me in another place and in another company, would be, if played now, like pouring water over the head of a drowning man.” “Heaven above, forbid!”—replied Martin, eying his visiter with a pitying expression—“but let us take another darn, and I’ll play you as miserable a chune as I have in my bag.” The other glass was taken, and Martin after snuffing the little candle, seated himself in a dignified attitude, and casting his eyes to the rafters of the roof, like one inspired, he commenced the Coolen—miserably enough, as himself said, in every sense of the word. Robin timed his tune to the children’s supper, or they timed their supper to the tune, for just as the last plate disappeared, the last note died, long and softly, away on the

violin. "Put that away Kitty"—said the musician, handing the instrument to his wife—"and put the Colleen, and the gossoons to bed." The hint was taken, and the stranger and his host were soon left to themselves in the little principal room of the cottage. A tear or two had struggled from Henry's eyes during the playing of the Coolen, and he now made ill disguised efforts to brush them away, and to appear a little at ease. Finding the family had retired, Henry began, "Martin, my dear fellow, I want to tell you what gives me so much trouble, and why I came up here so late this evening. You know Miss Mary Collins, I need not tell you that she was good and handsome, and if I may judge from your hints to night, I need not tell you that I loved her fondly." Martin nodded assent to this; Henry continued—"Well Martin, I had good hopes of making Mary Collins my wife—indeed my hopes were as strong, as if no obstacle from heaven or earth, could interfere to take her from me, the thought of it would be madness, and now that obstacles have come, I'll die, ay, a thousand times over, before any one else shall ever have her;—any one else! I feel Mary as my sworn wife already, and she cannot but be mine,—no, no, its not gone so far yet I trust to Heaven, as to destroy me by taking her entirely from me, however they may occasion delay. Well Martin, you know my father and mother are proud people, and think themselves grander than any of the neighbouring families; as long as they imagined that I went over as a boy to play at Williams-town farm, all went well; and as long as I went when a young man to sport on the grounds, or to joke and chat with Mary and the family, there was no harm; but some prater informed them that I was courting in earnest, and then there was high work indeed. When asked the question, I did not deny the fact, and only felt a little shy and sheepish, you know Martin,—I did not suppose there was any wrong in it; Mary tho' not having as good pretensions to fortune as myself, was genteel, and by universal consent was acknowledged the handsomest and best young woman in the country. Where then was the wrong in me looking forward to make her my wife? the evil lay, in the thrice accursed folly of fashionable notions, that worth, beauty, and competence should be sacrificed, for the inexpressibly paltry considerations, of a little more wealth and another shade of rank. We are worse Martin

and less rational, in many things, than the beasts of the wilderness. When I would not promise to give up Miss Collins, my father became greatly enraged, and I became more obstinate for seeing no cause, none at all, for his anger; knowing that I had enough to live on independent of his kindness, my father was aware that he could not control me with a strong arm, in a matter of this kind, so he merely demanded, as a reasonable request from father to son, that I would not leave his house for six days, and that at the expiration of that time, I would give him an answer. Not wishing to disoblige a parent except from harsh necessity I consented. It is now ten days since, and in that time I have suffered enough to kill a giant. During the six days I wrote repeatedly to Mary but received no answer. When the time came which relieved me from my promise, I was as determined as before in my answer to my father; he smiled harshly at me, and told me it was now all over, that he had intercepted my fine love-letters, had written to my sweet-heart himself, had got back my presents, had insulted in my name the whole family at Williams-Town, and he then advised me to make the best of a piece of bad work, to be led by him and he would make me happy—abominable delusion, and perversion of terms—and to go over to Belmont, and visit that respectable family, where if I was fortunate I might form an alliance. I answered Martin, as you might expect a man to answer, with scarcely grace enough to keep me from execrating the policy of my mistaken parent. As I was going from his presence, he again smiled harshly, and calling after me, said, I had better not go to Williams-Town, for young Collins would pistol me, as good cause he had by that time. I went direct to Mary's dwelling, and in a state of mind bordering upon madness; I had formed no plan of acting, but rushed wildly to explain my conduct. As I reached the door, it was flung open, and Jack Collins—who had seen me coming—waited at it to receive me. 'Is Mary in the house,' said I, as I attempted to pass in, he stepped before me, and with a smile which added to my madness, asked me what I did there, and how dare I to enquire for his sister. I replied by enquiring why he intruded his impertinence, and stated that I wanted to explain certain matters to her. He laughed again, at my plan to escape correction,—as he said,—taunted me with treachery and cowardice,

and as I raised my hand to strike him for such words, he remarked that was no place for brawling, and shewing me a pair of pistols told me they were kept for my use, and if I wanted to give explanation to follow him. He struck off quickly into the plantation, and I followed him almost breathless from rage. When we had arrived at a convenient spot, he threw some ammunition on the ground, handed me a pistol, and retreating several paces, faced about, telling me to fire away, and prove whether an honest man or a rascal had best nerves. I felt altogether bereft of self control, but attempted to say something of mistake, 'villains should not flinch when they are brought to the ring'—said he—and continued—'if this meeting, be bloodless I'll kick you back to the retreat where you have skulked for the last week.' He again called, 'fire,' and his ball whizzed by my ear, will you blame me Martin, when I tell you, that exasperated and maddened to the death, as I was, I fired, with that precision which you praised in me when a boy, and the next moment Jack Collins, my playmate, my fellow sportsman, my sweet-heart's beloved brother, lay weltering on the ground. As I stood horror stricken, I heard shouts and feet approaching, we were observed going into the copse, our shots were heard, and the labourers at Williams-Town farm, were hastening to the spot. Not wishing to be taken in that manner, I ran off in another direction. I crossed the river, and never halted till I came to Dunmore, where I put up at a small tavern, exhausted in body and mind—there I staid for the last four days, expecting to hear some news from Williams-Town, I heard nothing except some loose rumours, and unable longer to bear the fever of my brain and blood, I have come here to gain your assistance."

"O masha, but that's bad news enough"—said Martin—"an what can I do for you Master Henry a cushla? your safe here any how, few thinks of looking for stragglers in the 'strand cottage,' I heard nothing at all of the unfortunate affair in the village when I was there this morning, but I was'nt within a mile of Williams-Town these six months." "When will the coast guard pass?"—said Henry—"and what officer comes this way to night?" They'll be here in an hour"—answered Martin—"an the officer they call Lieut. Perkins I think." "Perkins!" exclaimed Henry, "he can tell all about the affair well enough. Their station you know

Martin is near William's Town, and this Perkins was a visitor there, and was said to be an admirer of Miss Collins ; he indeed can tell us all about it."

*To be concluded in our next.*

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## NOVEL WRITING.

THE prevalence of novel-writing is not to be wondered at. It has been discovered that the novel is a very flexible and comprehensive form of composition, applicable to many purposes, and capable of combining much information with amusement. There is scarcely any subject not either repulsive or of a very abstruse nature, which must of necessity be excluded from it ; and though we are not inclined to advocate the practice of making fiction a vehicle for didactic purposes, we should be unwilling to say that any interesting topic might not be so treated as to gain by the alliance. But though the novel may be rendered subservient to promulgation of speculative opinions, it may be still more agreeably and usefully employed in becoming a receptacle for those circumstances upon which our speculative opinions should be founded. Though in form fictitious, it may be the treasurer of truths—not the truths that are stranger than fiction—not the startling anomalous occurrences that baffle the expectations of the wisest, and which, as guides are comparatively useless, but such as coincide with the observations of the many, on which we may reason analogically, and which form the average mass in the general course of human experience. These the novelist may advantageously collect and embody, and though his work be fictitious, yet may it have contributed more to the advancement of truth and those sound sentiments which result from its contemplation, than many writings which pretend to the most scrupulous matter-of-fact fidelity. Persons who consider truth and fiction as placed in irreconcilable opposition, and are unaccustomed to comprehend words in more senses than one, will probably exclaim against what might to them seem paradoxical in the foregoing remarks. But we would remind them that truths may be considered as either special or general ; the former consisting of isolated facts, some of which may be irreconcilable with any established rule, and contrary to the previous experience of all living individuals ; the latter, such as are reconcilable with established rules and the experience of mankind. It may be true, for instance, that A B is actually living, and false that the hero of the novel before us ever existed ; but there may be circumstances in the life of A B so contrary to all previous experience, that they will be abstractedly less true than the imaginary adventures of the fic-



titious personage in the novel. A traveller may accurately describe circumstances which fell under his observation, which nevertheless, though related with the utmost fidelity will convey a decidedly false impression of the general habits and feelings of the people among whom they occurred; while the novelist may, without stating exactly a single fact which has actually occurred, so mould his fictitious narrative, that the impression which we derive from it shall be perfectly correct. Thus, fiction may not only be made the handmaid of truth, but may be enabled sometimes to perform its didactic duties even better than truth itself.

If such be the case, it may, perhaps, be asked whether this coalition would not be strengthened—whether fiction would not become more effective by admitting, not merely exemplifications of general principles, but accurate descriptions of events which have really occurred. We incline to the negative. That fiction cannot be rendered more effective by such introductions, would be a bold assertion; but it would be also too much to say, that it has ever risen by their aid to a height which it would not have reached without them. The 'Waverly Novels' afford no proof of the contrary. We admire them because they breathe the spirit of history, and not because they contain its names, and occasionally its facts. Their most admirable passages are assuredly not those which contain the description of any event which has actually occurred; nor are the best drawn characters those who have previously appeared in the pages of Robertson or Hume. The Waverly Novels have been sometimes talked of as if their merit principally consisted in the dexterous introduction of real personages and real events, and certain imitators appear to have acted upon this persuasion. To such persons, Guy Mannering, the Antiquary, and the Bride of Lammermoor, which contain no historical characters, must have seemed comparatively worthless. No—if the Waverly Novels prove any thing on this point, they rather tend to show that the mixture of real with fictitious personages and incidents, does not render a story more effective. There are few real events in those admirable tales, wherein accuracy is at all preserved, which do not embarrass the march of the narrative. Then, how valueless, in an historical point of view, are the delineations of many characters who really lived, compared with those of some who never existed, but in the creative mind of the author! It is by his able personification of the feelings and habits of the times, collected from various scattered sources, and which what is commonly called history has too often neglected to convey, that the author of Waverly has gained his pre-eminence among writers of fiction, and rendered himself the creator of historical romance, and not by having filled his pages with the names and incidents of Chronicles and Gazettes.

But if the introduction of real incidents cannot increase the interest and beauty of a fictitious tale, such incidents may, nevertheless, if rightly understood, become admirable correctives. They may be applied, like the spear of Ithuriel, to detect the falsehood

and inconsistency of the distorted images with which they are compelled to associate. Though dangerous when treated as ornaments, they are invaluable as tests. If they have not destroyed the interest of the Waverly Novels, it is because there is a sufficiency of intrinsic abstract truth in the fictitious parts to bear the vicinity without danger. But woe to the novelist who scatters his real events amidst a tissue of vague improbabilities, and gives real names to lifeless, characterless, and unnatural puppets! His inconsistencies will appear more glaring, and falsehood be only more ridiculous and offensive, by its obtrusive connexion with truth. The fictitious person, who is not represented as having played a part in any well-known public event, is viewed with a comparatively indulgent eye; but if we are told that he has fought at Agincourt or at Waterloo (and the case is ever strongest where the event is most recent,) we have a right to expect that he shall be delineated almost as by the hands of a biographer, and that every part of his conduct shall be probable and consistent. Yet there are many who write as if the reverse of this were true—as if there was a magic in historical names and circumstances which should cover all improbabilities and distortions, and be able alone to press conviction on the mind of the reader;—as if we ought to receive with thankfulness the bushel of chaff, because a few grains of fact are to be found amongst it.—*Edinburgh Review.*

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### PROFESSOR WILSON.

[Professor Wilson is the reputed Christopher North of Blackwood's Magazine; the extract entitled "A November Day" in our last number, is from his pen. The following description is taken from "Sketches from the North :"—*New Monthly Magazine.*]

Few spots have undergone a greater change than the neighbourhood of Edinburgh since I saw it last. Places, which had then all the wild vigour of young nature, are now wrinkled with roads and canals, or blotched with houses, or bearded with stiff young plantations. The town, too, has grown corpulent and unwieldy; and, instead of rising up gently towards the castle, with the slim genteel waist of maiden beauty, it sits flat and square in its seat, with its skirts spreading out around, like the full petticoat of a dowager, or the broad coat-tails of an alderman. Nevertheless still—still it is the most beautiful city upon earth.

There is something, however, in old associations—in the memories of those days when the heart was lighter and softer, that has led me often, since my return to Europe, to many of the more obscure parts of the old town, which I used to explore as a boy—down the West Bow, by the dim and gloomy house of the fa-

mous Major Weir, and through all the manifold turnings and windings that surround the Grass Market. As I was returning a few days ago from one of these perambulations, I walked into the College, and having a strange propensity to follow the crowd, I pursued the steps of two or three lads, who were mounting a flight of stairs to one of the angles of the building. At the top of the staircase was an anti-room, where a servant seemed upon guard. All the rest passed in, and finding by inquiry that strangers were admitted, I entered also, and was soon in the lecture-room of the famous Wilson, the Professor of Moral Philosophy.

I had heard much of Professor Wilson since my return to Edinburgh, and had known much of his public character before, by some very beautiful works, of which, however, I shall say nothing, as this paper must not be a critique. Every body agreed that he was very eccentric; but every body allowed that he was highly talented, and, from general report, I found he could make himself either extremely agreeable or extremely disagreeable, not so much from the whim of the moment, as from the assimilation or discrepancy of his character with that of the person with whom he was brought in temporary communion. A considerable part of the class had assembled, but the Professor had not made his appearance; and taking my seat, I amused myself by examining the students. They were of all ages, from that on whose head the frost of Time has fallen thick and white, to the untouched day of youth, where all is expansion. There were lines of feature too, and shapes of head, sufficiently to have puzzled the whole host of those who either read man's soul by his nose, or, judging of the kernel by the shell, feel the human mind through the manifold bumps of the cranium. The extraordinary differences of formation observable in the heads of an European multitude strike one the more strongly, after having been long with the nations where scarcely a change of feature is to be seen amongst the individuals of each cast; as if Nature formed their faces by the score, and the only variety was produced by the shaking of the mould. In a few minutes, the Professor entered the room, and, during the bustle of the class hurrying to its appointed place, I had time to observe the features and demeanour of the lecturer. He is a well-formed muscular man, of about six feet high, of a fair complexion, with light brown hair, approaching to yellow, but not red, which hangs in long dishevelled locks over his ears. His dress was careless, and his whole appearance gave one the idea of a man whose thorough contempt for every thing like foppery is carried perhaps into the other extreme. His countenance is fine but stern—nay, at times fierce, with a high forehead, and eyebrows which, though not strongly marked, give a keen severity to the expression of his face by their frequent depression, and by their contraction, till they almost cover the piercing grey eye which shines out beneath, like that of an eagle.

With a quick step he took his place at his desk, laid down his watch beside him, and spread out a roll of papers, over which he glanced till every thing was still. Then leaning forward, he bent his brows, and began his lecture in a full, clear, distinct voice. Accent he has very little, and what there is, I should have judged to be Irish rather than Scotch.

The part of his subject under immediate consideration was Sympathy, not considered as a mere transient effervescence of feeling, but with Smith's more extended view, as the great agent by which our moral preceptions are guided and regulated. In the first instance, he confined himself to giving a clear, distinct, and logical analysis of Smith's system; and never did I hear so lucid and tangible an explanation of an abstruse and difficult subject. It required no intense attention—no laborious effort of thought—no complicated manœuvre of the brain, to follow him from position to position; but all was easy and clear; and, if the mind did not always coincide in the conclusions of the author whose system was discussed, it could never for a moment doubt what the lecturer meant.

Between each sentence he paused for two or three minutes, to allow his hearers to grasp his argument, and fixed a keen and inquiring eye upon them, as if to read in their countenances whether they did or did not fully comprehend. When he thought there was the least doubt, he repeated what he had said, with some slight variation in form; and then proceeded to another part of his subject.

At first—though as a cold philosophical inquiry nothing could be more satisfactory than Professor Wilson's elucidation of his subject—yet I confess I did not find what I had expected. The language of his lecture was strong, applicable, elegant. No tautology was heard, no loose change of person, no mixed or imperfect figure; but I missed at first, the wild poetical genius, the daring talent of the "Isle of Palms" or the "City of the Plague." But as the lecture proceeded, its character began to change; the logical establishment of particular principles being accomplished, more room was left for the poet and the orator, and a new spirit seemed to animate the speaker. He reasoned on the nature and the power of conscience, and showed how, by judging of others, we learned to judge ourselves. He spoke of the "Phantom Censor" we raise up in our own bosoms, to examine and reprove our actions; and as he did so, the fullness of his tone increased, his brow expanded, his eye flashed, and he painted the "inexorable judge within us, who may sleep but cannot die," in a burst of the most powerful and enthusiastic eloquence.

A murmur of approbation and pleasure followed from the whole class, joined to a certain shuffling of the feet, which I find is in Edinburgh the usual and somewhat indecorous mark of applause with which the students honour their Professors on any occasion of peculiar brilliancy. Shortly after, the lecturer finished, and all

the motley crowd tumbled out to hear some other theme discussed, perhaps as different from that which they had just heard as the range of human intellect will permit. I looked upon the hour I had lingered in the College as well spent; for, being the most impatient of all this earth's impatient children, I could hardly believe at the end of the lecture, that I had listened for the full space of sixty long minutes to any human being.

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## BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE wise man says, "there are times and seasons for all things." When, then, is the time for reflecting on past occurrences; or, is there a season in which we may *not* call to mind the scenes of our youth? Every regularly observed festival points us to similar anniversaries that have passed by; and there are few of these which do not remind us of youthful friends, and enjoyments. Perhaps no time is more productive of meditation than the day which is the anniversary of our birth: if we never marked the flight of time on any other occasion, we cannot be careless of it then;—another year added to our age! what a time to recall the many occurrences which have passed within the last twelve months—what a time to look back upon the days of our first recollections! How calmly can he, who has arrived at the age of manhood, view the successes or failures of his earlier speculations!—at the age of fourteen he could have looked upon his infancy with different feelings: then his school labours were finished; then could he look back—with a mixed feeling of triumph and regret—with triumph on the many times he had outstripped his school-fellows who were less industrious than himself—with regret, on his fruitless attempts to surpass or equal those whose minds were more susceptible of improvement than his own.

How apt are we to look upon our school-boy days, when we are in the enjoyment of them, as a period of great anxiety,—as a time of life, in which we are no more than slaves to the whims and caprices of our parents or guardians—advanced past that pe-

riod, how arduously we engage in the occupation of riper years ! At this period, we are freed from the restraints of our late preceptors ; out of the more strict controul of our parents, and entered upon a scene of life, new, pleasing, and satisfactory. Reader, if you recollect this period of life, or if you are now enjoying it, I think you will say with me, that it is the happiest. No cares, no anxieties of mind are yours ; your task is light, and daily is your table spread, without your care : how like the honey-moon of matrimony to the bride ! how like the first holiday on shore to the storm-beaten and sea-tossed mariner ! how like the dawning of liberty to the emancipated captive ! But in this state of life, how soon do our sentiments change—the fetters, to which a short time before, we could have pledged a long companionship, quickly become burthensome,—and several years must pass away ere we can break them ;—here again we are repeatedly reminded of our birth-day anniversary, and every time that that day arrives, we exultingly observe that one year more of our bondage has expired ; and as we approach manhood, we joy to think that the period is at hand, when we shall launch upon the world's wide stage, *Men*, actually *Men* ; free from controul, *masters of ourselves* ! How natural is it for mankind to pant for liberty ; the disposition is coeval with our existence, and only ceases when we cease to be.

“ O Liberty ! thou goddess, heavenly bright !  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight.  
 Eternal sunshine in thy presence reigns ;  
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton trains !  
 Eas'd of her load, submission grows more light,  
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight !”

Having obtained the age of manhood, we look back with varied feelings on all the transactions of our earlier years—on days of pleasure, of folly, and of mirth ; and while we condemn ourselves for past injudicious acts, our present conduct too often sows the seed of future disapprobation. Had we our juvenile days to live over again—we are apt to think—with the knowledge we now possess, they would be spent very differently ; but alas ! will we not enjoy the same opinion of ourselves, at a future period, when we look back to the period we are now living in ? and will not the anniversary of every birth-day point us to many acts within the

“last twelve months” which we would fain have blotted from the book of remembrance? Frail and short-sighted mortals are we, more prone to scan the failings of others, than to avoid the errors we are in danger of falling into ourselves; how hard-hearted and stubborn we deem our younger and more inexperienced friends, who will not profit by our advice, while we laugh to scorn the warnings of our more experienced neighbours!

Every birth day we celebrate, brings its reflections,—to the man of pleasure it is a time, when he can recount the many seasons he has spent in mirth and glee,—he can call to mind numerous scenes of jest, laughter and song—he can relate with much self-gratification, his successful attempts at raising himself in the opinion of his companions. The miser can brood over his accumulated heaps, and recount, complacently, the many fortuitous circumstances which have combined to enrich him, while he anticipates with *inexpressible delight an increase of wealth, which on a future day will afford him still greater renewed satisfaction.* The philanthropist can look back on his past acts of benevolence, and feel happy that Providence has endowed him with a disposition to help his fellows; while he regrets that his deeds of charity have not been more frequent. But to the man of pleasure, there will be a time in which his reflections will be of a much more serious nature—the miser also will witness the mournful occasion, when he and his gold must separate;—then, if not before, will their follies be apparent—and then will the philanthropist have greater cause of thankfulness, that he has been instrumental in doing good. Is it not wise then,—is it not praise-worthy,—does not our finer feelings bear witness, that the best way to promote our own real interests is, to continue steadfastly in the path of duty? If we can thus act, our birth-day anniversary will prove a time for reflections of real satisfaction, as well as an opportunity for renewing our exertions. What are the fawnings and flatteries of parasites to great men, compared with the grateful expressions of our own hearts! the first is as disgustingly empty, as the other is exquisitely delightful and satisfactory.

If then, we have more than selfish ends to gain, if we would live as rational beings, if we would render ourselves happy, by

promoting the happiness of others,—let our acts be such as can be looked back upon, with satisfaction, on the arrival of each succeeding birth-day.

R.

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JOY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

**THERE'S** joy when through the blue sea's foam  
 The tall ship dasheth proudly by :  
 Control'd by hearts which love to roam  
 Where ocean holds its revelry !  
 Which cradled on the stormy deep,  
 Like the strong sea-birds, wildly sweep.

**There's** joy when freed from war's alarm,  
 The soldier hies him home again ;  
 And finds, while all his feelings warm,  
 His happy cottage in the glen :—  
 His wife, to soothe his wayward mind,  
 And laughing children, light as wind.

**There's** joy when kindred spirits meet,  
 To laugh the cares of life away—  
 And soul with soul is mingled sweet,  
 With many a tale of bye-past day,  
 When with gay hearts which care destroys,  
 They roamed together happy boys.

**There's** joy when over earth and sea  
 The summer breezes gently blow,  
 And nature in her laughing glee,  
 Turns into bliss all things below ;  
 While o'er the soul the glowing hour  
 Comes with a balmy, soothing power.

**But oh !** there's joy more exquisite,  
 In the soft beamings of pure love,  
 Which o'er our raptur'd bosoms flit,  
 Like radiant sunshine from above ;  
 And which with thousand holy ties,  
 Blend all our bosom's sympathies.

**Yes,** other joys may oft be felt  
 To cheer us through life's rugged way,  
 Yet rainbow-like, they quickly melt,  
 And leave behind the soul's decay ;  
 But love doth burn with steady flame,  
 Through every scene of life the same.

ALFRED.



## SCOTTISH LEGEND.

THRE is a story told by Bower, or Bowmaker, the continuator of Fordun's Chronicle, which has hitherto been treated as fabulous by the more modern historians. This story bears, that Richard II., generally supposed to have been murdered at Pontefract castle, either by the "fierce hand of Sir Piers of Exton," or by the slower and more cruel death of famine, did in reality make his escape by subtlety from his place of confinement; that he fled in disguise to the Scottish isles, and was recognised in the dominions of the lord of the isles by a certain fool or jester, who had been familiar in the court of England, as being no other than the dethroned king of that kingdom. Bower proceeds to state, that the person of Richard II. thus discovered was delivered up by the lord of the isles to the Lord Montgomery, and by him presented to Robert III., by whom he was honourably and be- seemingly maintained during all the years of that prince's life. After the death of Robert III., this Richard is stated to have been supported in magnificence, and even in royal state, by the Duke of Albany, to have at length died in the castle of Stirling, and to have been interred in the church of the friars there, at the north angle of the altar. This singular legend is also attested by another contemporary historian, Winton, the prior of Lochleven. He tells the story with some slight differences, particularly that the fugitive and deposed monarch was recognized by an Irish lady, the wife of a brother of the lord of the isles, that had seen him in Ireland—that being charged with being king Richard, he denied it—that he was placed in custody of the lord of Montgomery, and afterwards of the lord of Cumbernauld—and, finally, that he was long under the care of the regent duke of Albany. "But whether he was king or not, few," said the chronicler of Lochleven, "knew with certainty. The mysterious personage exhibited little devotion, would seldom incline to hear mass, and bore himself like one half wild or distracted." Serle also, yeoman of the robes to Richard, was executed because, coming from Scotland to England, he reported that Richard was alive in the latter country. This legend, of so much importance to the history of both North and South Britain, has been hitherto treated as fabulous. But the researches and industry of the latest historian of Scotland have curiously illustrated this point, and shown, from evidence collected in the original records, that this captive, called Richard II., actually lived many years in Scotland, and was supported at the public expense of that country.—*His. of Scotland, — by Sir Walter Scott.*

## THE EXILE'S LAY—SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

O! loveliest Island of the western deep,  
 Draw near with all the magic of thy name;  
 To night thy wandering sons high festal keep,  
 And on each patriot breast in words of flame  
 Thy name is written. Brightest ocean gem!  
 Beside thy sister Scotia's thistle bold,  
 Thou gleamest from England royal diadem:  
 A costly emerald on a shield of gold.  
 Come list to night, Star of the balmy west,  
 They call who loved thee first, who love thee best.

Come with the thoughts chivalrous which enshroud  
 Thine early history in a glorious haze;  
 The dirge of heroes, broken but not bow'd  
 By strong oppression; and the light'ning rays,  
 Which round thy sages and thy minstrels play;  
 Come, with thy recollections dark or bright;  
 Thy chains, thy triumphs, all who meet to day  
 Have heard thy fame,—the sires of some delight  
 To wanton in thy praise, and some around  
 Themselves in by-gone years have trod thy sacred ground,

Erin, thy mystic shamrock is our plume,  
 Simple and small it is, but true to death;  
 Where vaunted rose or lily may not bloom,  
 Where the dwarf heather fears the tempest's breath,  
 There, on the warrior mountains cloud-capt brow,  
 Or in the outlaws dark and rugged glen,  
 Careless thy little triune leaflets blow;  
 Or mid the homesteads of domestic men,  
 Where once the Saint thy clusters cull'd, and taught  
 From them, the christian's faith, with love and mystery fraught

This eve, these simple leaves are talisman,  
 Which calls our young days, and our early dreams,  
 In groupes around,—ere wanderings began,  
 When our own rural shades and limpid streams  
 Seem'd ours for aye; and many a kindred smile  
 Long lost, look'd then a never fading ray:  
 O! hours so full of joy and free of guile  
 Too soon ye past,—the Exile turns away,  
 Leaves with a bursting heart his native strand,  
 Unmoors his loitering bark, and seeks a foreign land.

Nor sought in vain! a tamer coast appears,  
 And sterner fields, but peaceful and content;  
 ACADIA, o'er the stranger billows peers,  
 Where humble state and competence are blent:  
 And there, near piny grove and sunny lake  
 The wanderers rear a home with patient toil;  
 And wisely curb—not quench—the thoughts which wake  
 Rapturous to night; as water bursts its coil,  
 An l speeds rejoicing, thundering down the dell  
 Routing the usual mounds with its enfranchised swell

Erin, above the thousand waves which roll  
 'Tween thee and us---rapid as lightnings flight--  
 Th' enthusiast bosom boundeth to its goal,  
 And we are one with thee this festive night.  
 All hail our cradle, and the honoured tomb  
 Where sleep our Fathers,---classic island hail,  
 Centre of many hearts, who now resume  
 Their yearly homage, and with every gale  
 Send incense homeward; of that band are we  
 And glad we join thy sons where'er the truants be.

Whether they meet on England's richer glades,  
 Or mid brave Caledonia's mountain scenes,  
 Or, gallant France, beneath thy vine arcades,  
 Or on Italia's all surpassing greens;  
 Whether they aid the Belgians sturdy cry,  
 Add fire to German strength, exulting see  
 The flash of Polish lance, neath India's sky  
 Startle the Bramin with their uncouth glee,  
 Or perched on Andes sing their island lays,  
 Or neath the star-speck'd flag which time delights to raise.

Where'er they be---for Erin well I ween  
 Wherever sol has glanced or ocean roll'd,  
 There, gallant Isle, thy straying sons are seen  
 Gentle in lady bower, in battle bold---  
 Where'er they be, in heart they join to night;  
 A circle vast, a mighty brother band,  
 And simultaneous as the flash of light,  
 They toast exultingly their father land!  
 List, ancient island, mid thy western deep,  
 Thine honoured vesper rites, thy faithful children keep.

And cold should be the sire whose dullard ear  
 Such filial tribute would not well repay;  
 Not such art thou, time-honoured parent dear!  
 Thou soul of fire, and form of purest clay  
 Not such are we, tho' Exiles,---hark the peals,  
 Which o'er the peopled earth like thunders rise,  
 "Erin go Bragh" o'er every theme prevails,  
 The shouting south to shouting north replies,  
 East calls to west; echoes the lay prolong,  
 And Erin smiles indeed to hear the patriot song.

HALIFAX, 1831.

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## CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE FOR THE YEAR 1830.

### JANUARY.

1. The weather is intensely cold, and the ground in the neighbourhood of London covered with snow several feet deep. The port of Havre, in France, froze up, and the neighbouring sea covered with floating ice.

4. A dense fog in London, which compels many of the inhabitants to burn candles during the day.

5. The quarter's revenue amounts to £12,689,514, being a decrease of £332,786, as compared with that of the quarter ending Jan. 5, 1829. The decrease for the year amounts to £1,165,449.

6. George IV. confined to his room from indisposition.

7. Sir Thomas Lawrence, President of the Royal Academy, dies at his house in Russell-square, after a short illness.

8. A duel is fought at Battersea Fields between Mr. Oliver Clayton and Mr. Lambrecht, in which the former is fatally wounded, and dies the same evening.

— Fifty houses destroyed by fire at Sheerness.

9. The King seriously indisposed, and had lost about 50 ounces of blood in the course of the week.

14. The King of the Netherlands dismisses several officers of State for voting against the Budget. Great opposition to the Government in that country, and growing discontent.

15. The cold still intense, the thermometer being frequently at 20.

16. Lord Redesdale, after a short illness, dies at his seat in Gloucestershire, in the 89th year of his age. His Lordship had been successively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

20. Simon Bolivar resigns the Presidency of the Columbian Republic.

21. Sir Thomas Lawrence is buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

24. The twelve Mayors of Paris, with the Prefect of the Seine at their head present an Address to Charles X. in the name of the inhabitants for the gift of 60,000 francs for the relief of the indigent. His Majesty goes to the opera in the evening, where he is received with the most enthusiastic greeting.

25. The Right Hon. George Tierney dies suddenly at his house in Saville-row, aged 74.

— A numerous Meeting is held at Birmingham for the purpose of taking into consideration the distress of the country, and forming a Political Union.

— Three men frozen to death on the road from Paris to St. Cloud.

— Martin Arthur Shee, Esq., elected President of the Royal Academy.

\* \* Both in this country and throughout Europe more snow has fallen during this month than in any preceding month for many years. The frost, particularly in the south of Europe, has been most intense. At Saragossa the shops and theatre were shut in consequence. The snow in the mountains in Savoy not less than 40 feet deep. Even at Naples there had been a considerable fall of snow, an event which had not occurred for a great number of years.

FEBRUARY.

2. Mr. Herries is appointed President of the Board of Trade, in room of Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald.

— Rendlesham House destroyed by fire--the damage computed at £100,000.

— The Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, and Russia, offer the Government of Greece to Prince Leopold.

5. Parliament is opened by Commission. In the Speech delivered by the Lord Chancellor his Majesty recommends to the consideration of both Houses improvements in the Law Courts--lamentations that distress prevails among the agricultural and manufacturing classes, though the exports of British produce had exceeded that of any preceding year and trusts that no pressure or temporary difficulty would deter them from maintaining public credit inviolate.

— The Argyll Rooms burnt down.

— In Brittany the cold so severe that sentinels are frozen to death, and many dogs from want of water have gone mad.

8. De Potter, Editor of the *Courrier Des Pays Bas*, committed to prison for a supposed libel.

10. It is announced that the French Government have determined to send an expedition against Algiers.

— The road between Dover and London impassable, in consequence of the snow and ice.

15. General Lavalette dies at Paris.

16. The English Opera House burnt down.

18. A motion for Parliamentary Reform is made in the House of Commons, by the Marquis of Blandford, and negatived by a majority of 160 to 57.

23. Lord John Russell moves in the House of Commons for an extension of the elective franchise to Manchester, Leeds, and Birmingham. The motion is negatived by a majority of 138 to 140.

24. The Helen M'Gregor steam-boat is blown up on the Mississippi, and causes the death of between 60 and 80 passengers.

#### MARCH.

1. A dreadful inundation at Vienna from the breaking up of the ice. Several thousands of individuals are said to have perished by the overflow of the Danube.

— Sir George Clark brings forward the Navy Estimates, and announces a reduction of £168,130.

2. The French Chambers meet; the King in his Speech announces the termination of war in the East, the independence of Greece, and an expedition against Algiers. The speech concludes with these ominous words—"The Charter has placed the public liberties under the safeguard of the rights of the Crown. These rights are saved. My duty to my people is to transmit them entire to my successors. If guilty manœuvres were to raise up obstacles to my Government, I should find strength to surmount them." The Speech gives great dissatisfaction to the Liberal party.

3. Prince Leopold visits his Majesty at Windsor Castle, to take leave; previous to his intended departure for Greece.

11. During this and the three preceding days violent debates respecting petitions take place in the Chamber of the States General of the Netherland. The Dutch and Flemish Members opposed to each other on every question.

15. The Chancellor of the Exchequer brings forward the Budget, and proposes to reduce the taxes on beer, leather, and cider, to the amount of £3,300,000. The statement affords great satisfaction.

— Thomas Weld, born at London, Jan. 22, 1773, is created a Cardinal at Rome.

— A debate commences in the House of Commons on the state of the nation, which continued for four nights. The motion for inquiry negatived by a majority of 225 to 87.

17. Captain Moir shoots Wm. Malcolm at Shellhaven Creek.

18. A long debate takes place in the House of Lords on the distress of the country. The motion for inquiry negatived by a majority of 141 to 61.

— The Duke of Richmond moves for a Select Committee to inquire into the distresses of the country, is negatived by a majority of 141 to 61.

— A duel is fought between Mr. O'Grady and Captain Smith, which proves fatal to the former.

— Deputation of the Chamber of Deputies present the address on the King's Speech. The address is hostile, and calls from the King the following reply. "My resolutions are immovable. The interest of my people forbid me to depart from them."

19. The French Chambers are prorogued to the 1st of Sept.

20. A Regency (in favour of the claims of Donna Maria), consisting of the Marquis Palmella, the Count Villa Flor, and J. A. Guerreiro, is appointed at Terçeira.

26. Ministers are defeated in the House of Commons in a division respecting pensions of £900 granted to Messrs. Dundas and Bathurst. The numbers were 139—121.

29. Major Rennell, the celebrated engineer, dies at the age of 88.

#### APRIL.

1. A splendid banquet is given at Paris to the "229" who voted for the address to the King.

2. It is at last confidently announced that his Majesty is seriously indisposed, and two physicians are in attendance.

2. Cardinal Somaglia, formerly Secretary of State to Leo. XII. dies at Rome, in the 88th year of his age.

The Editor of the *Globe* French newspaper is sentenced to four month's imprisonment and a fine of 2,000 francs, for a libel on the Government; and the Editor of the *National* to three months' imprisonment and a fine of 1,000 francs, for false statements respecting the Swiss Guards.

4. Many Prefects and other functionaries are dismissed by the French Government.

— The King of Spain abolishes the Salic Law.

6. Lord Ellenborough's Divorce Bill passes the Commons by a majority of 26 to 16.

— The Duke of Baden dies at Darmstadt, in the 70th year of his age.

— His Majesty's indisposition is alleviated, and a Privy Council is held at Windsor.

— A shower of frogs falls at Gibraltar.

10. His Majesty is so far recovered as to be able to drive out, and is expected to leave Windsor for St. James's Palace on the 19th.

11. A Scotsman, calling himself the Baron de St. Clair, is sentenced at Paris to one year's imprisonment and a fine of 1,200 francs, for defamation and swindling.

15. The following bulletin is issued by the King's Physicians :—  
"Windsor Castle, April 15.

"We regret to state that the King has had a bilious attack, accompanied by an embarrassment in breathing. His Majesty, although free from fever, is languid and weak."

The levee, in consequence, is postponed for a fortnight.

— A grand review of troops takes place on the Champ de Mars. The King is received with the utmost coolness by the troops and spectators.

16. The trial of De Potter and his accomplices for sedition commences at Brussels.

19. The Marquis de l'Aubespine, descendant of the celebrated Duke de Sully, dies at Paris in the 84th year of his age.

20. Prince Polignac is appointed *ad interim* Minister of War during the absence of General Bourmont.

21. Accounts are received of Great preparations at Toulon for the attack on Algiers. The fleet is to consist, in all, of 124 vessels (11 ships of the line and 26 frigates), and will carry on board 50,000 troops.

— The King's birth-day is celebrated by numerous illuminations.

24. The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland issues a proclamation for suppressing the "Society of the Friends of the People."

27. The Hugh Lindsay steam-boat arrives at Suez, in 30 days from Bombay.

29. The King of Naples arrives at Madrid on a visit to the King of Spain.

30. De Potter, Tilemans, and Bartels, are convicted at Brussels of treasonable practices, and are sentenced, the first to eight years and the others to seven years' banishment.

#### MAY.

1. Greek Bonds are at 50, being an increase of 20 in 3 months.

3. Sir Robert Peel dies, at Drayton-park, Staffordshire, in the 80th year of his age.

— The Canterbury rail-road is opened.

*To be concluded in our next.*

## MONTHLY SUMMARY.

### LOWER CANADA.

Lord Aylmer, in his Majesty's name, offers to place Crown Revenue to the amount of £38,000 at the disposal of the House of Assembly, requiring that a Provincial Civil List of £19,500 should be voted for his Majesty's life. The proposition was disagreed to unanimously by the House.

The Legislative Council, has rejected the Felon's Council Bill, and the Judges Exclusion (from Council) Bill.

*Upper Canada*, Feb. 28. Sir John Colborne, offered the House of Assembly, in the name of his Majesty, the controul of duties levied under the British Statute in the Province, amounting to £11,500, in consideration of a permanent grant of £8,000 a year to be appropriated to salaries of Governor, Judges, and other officers.

### NEW BRUNSWICK.

*Boundary*. Letters laid before the House of Assembly, state, that by the decision of the King of the Netherlands, the United States get about three fifths of the disputed territory; rivers form the new line; the treaty, named highlands as the boundary.

*Libel*. T. Gardiner, convicted of a libel on the administration of Justice in New Brunswick, was fined £30, and bound to good behaviour for two years, sureties, himself £100, two others £50 each.

*Roads*. The House of Assembly grant £17,000 for the road service.

### FOREIGN.

*Rio Janeiro*.—The British frigate, *Thetis*, was totally lost, Dec. 10, on Cape Trio, thirty men drowned; two millions of dollars on board.

*United States*.—The Seamens Saving's Bank, during the first twenty months of its existence, commencing May, 1829, received for deposits and interest, 64,421,83 dollars. Population of New York city, 1830—207,021. Population of the State of New York, 1,923,522, shewing a gain since 1820, of 550,710 persons.

### NOVA-SCOTIA.

*Halifax*.—The underwriters have presented Captain George Benjamin, late of brig *Cecilia*, with £200, for his exertions in bringing said brig into Bermuda, after having been disabled in a gale.

*The British and Colonial Magazine*.—Mr. Ward declines issuing any further numbers of this proposed work.

A Concert in aid of public charities, produced £50 net.

*Shubenacadie Canal Company* issue a Report which anticipates the opening of the Canal in the summer of 1832.



*Sealing Voyage*, eight vessels have sailed for the Ice. The Carleton, schooner returned, bringing 3000 Seals.

*Windsor*—Mr. Dill, whose election was set aside, by an election committee, has been re-elected without opposition.

*Yarmouth*.—Export and Import tonnage, 1830—298 vessels 17,842 tons, 1044 men. Fishing vessels cleared from the Custom House 38 vessels, 1272 tons, 208 men.

Annual return of Pickled Fish inspected in this Province for the year ending September, 1830. Mackarel, barrels, 36,074 ; half barrels, 991. Herrings, barrels, 8,389 ; half barrels, 607. Allwives, barrels, 9,252 ; half barrels, 149. Salmon, tierces, 92 ; barrels, 769 ; half barrels, 76. Shad, barrels, 9 ; half barrels, 5.

*To Correspondents and Agents*.—Notices, authenticated, transmitted for this summary, will be inserted with pleasure.

### MARRIAGES.

At Halifax—Feb. 28, Mr. Robert Sutherland, to Miss Mary Ann Jefferson. March 7, Mr. Wm. Fuller, to Mrs. Hannah Stirling. 8, Henry Pryor, Esq. to Miss Eliza Phœbe Pyke. 18, Mr. John Smith, to Miss Catharine Mills. 21, Mr. John Dufus, to Miss Jeannet Grinton. 27, Mr. John R. Conrod, to Miss Elizabeth Ruggles.

At Windsor—March 8, Samuel Bayard, Esq. M. D. to Miss Maria S. Haliburton. 26, Mr. Richard M'Haffey, jun. to Miss Jane Hill.

At Wallace—March 21, Mr. Stephen Tuttle, to Miss Abigail Datton.

At River John—Feb. Mr. Stephen Rigney, to Miss Hannah Langell.

At Canning, King's County—March 2, Mr. Amos Sheffield, to Miss Prudence Wells.

At Margarie, C. B.—H. Taylor, Esq. to Miss Catharine M'Lean.

At Truro—Feb. 23, Mr. Joseph Crow, of Londonderry, to Miss Margaret Hill, of Economy.

At Lunenburg—March 13, Mr. John Hamilton, to Miss Lucy Pinnel.

At La Have—Feb. 8, Mr. John G. Wilkey, to Miss Lucy Pentz.

At Bathurst, N. B.—March 11, Mr. John Jameison, of Pictou, to Miss Margaret Jane Pallen.

### DEATHS.

At Halifax—March 3, Mr. John Hiltz, aged 41. Mrs. Ellen Clifford, aged 33. 4, Jane, consort of D. A. C. General Inglis. 8, Mrs. Dorothy Boyer, aged 53. 13, Mr. John Cody, aged 38. 14, Mr. William J. Fenerty, aged 29. 16, Edward Pryor, sen. Esq. aged 86. 25, Mrs. Sarah Ann Mary L'Epouse, aged 28. 27, Mrs. Catharine Nitting, aged 55.

At Windsor—Mr. Alexander Rickards, aged 43.

At Sea—March 16, Mr. Monson H. Goudge, of Halifax, aged 23.

At Aylesford—Feb. 14, Mr. William Kerr, aged 82.

At Pictou—March 2, Major Simon Fraser, aged 58. 5, Mr. John M'Donald, of Middle River, aged 29. 19, Mrs. Rose M'Lean, aged 32.

At New Annapolis—March 21, Mr. John Bell, aged 64.

At Onslow—March 1, Mr. Charles E. Dickson, aged 32.

At Annapolis—Eben. Cutler, Esq.

At Lunenburg—March 11, Miss Bridget Dulhanty, aged 21.

At Pleasant River, Liverpool—Mr. Augustus Whitman, aged 50.

At Port Matoon—Mr. Cornelius Carter, aged 24.