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REVIEW OF POLLOK'S "COURSE OF TIME."

Chapter 2.

"The world at dawn and mid-day."

In our first chapter we examined the outline of the Poem under consideration ; and gave a few extracts from its first book. We now proceed in our notice of the remaining books, giving the narrative in brief, and selecting beautiful specimens of our author's power, as we pass along. Pollok seems a writer of not well balanced powers ; in many passages his poem is drawling, monotonous, and vulgarly drivelling—while in others, and those thickly interspersed, and much broken by common places, he converses in that eloquent hidden language of nature, which none but her favorites ever attained to. Like pearls set clumsily, and in a coarse material, though the gems have all the brilliancy which characterise such productions, yet they lose much of their due effect by their repulsive accompaniments. Let our pleasing task be, to select such of those valuable specimens as may suit our taste and space, connecting them with language more brief if not better, than that of the poet's inferior passages.

The ancient Bard of Earth, who is represented as sitting in heaven, attended by three celestial auditors, commences his song of Man's History ; and addressing the lately arrived visitor, thus beautifully reminds him of the distant appearance of his own native planet.

"Perhaps
Thou noticed on thy way a little orb,
Attended by one moon, her lamp by night,
With her fair sisterhood of planets seven,
Revolving round their central sun ; she third
In place, in magnitude the fourth."

What a perfect picture those few placid touches present to the imagination ! They convey us beyond "this dim diurnal sphere," and poising us in space, or resting us on one of the distant stars, display the solar system to our enraptured gaze. The bard continues, and expresses sentiments, in sweet unison with the earthly feelings which naturally blend with our longings after heaven. He says that the beatified sons of Adam, still visit their

native orb ; and that although it is renewed and beatified, that they can still trace their

" Ancient walks, the scenery
Of childhood, youth, and prime, and hoary age."

This is beautifully in accordance with the religion which " looks from nature up to nature's God," and which delights in the lovely scenery of earth, as in a work of infinite benevolence, intended for the use and delight of man. But, the supposition that saved spirits would revisit earth to enjoy their recollections, is in opposition to that gloomy code which makes the magnificent theatre of creation as the cell of a recluse—degrades it into a despoiled place of punishment ; and, though beautiful in fact, makes it repulsive by a vulgar and vitiated imagination—by an imagination so jaundiced, that flowing through its diseased nerve, the purest and most brilliant pictures appear defiled and dull.

In singing of the " world at dawn," the bard relates in very prosy verse, the original dignity of man ; his splendid dominion ; the proving prohibition enjoined by his Creator ; his happy life in Paradise ;

" But short, alas, the song that sings their bliss !
Henceforth the history of man grows dark !
Shade after shade of deepening gloom descends ;
And innocence laments her robes defiled.
Who farther sings, must change the pleasant lyre
To heavy notes of wo."

And he then proceeds to narrate briefly, " Paradise lost," and " Paradise regained." " Paradise lost," is treated by the bard, in a few lines which fall infinitely below his style, who has immortalized the phrase, who " ventured into the heaven of heavens, an earthly guest," and to whom our author has been frequently compared. Milton himself has failed in " Paradise regained," and Pollok, in endeavouring to illustrate the sublime mystery, falls into incoherent vehement ravings. The subject seems like some of the master wonders of our earth, but in an infinite extreme, to laugh to scorn the embellishments of painter and poet. It is in its naked truth, a wonder to gods and men ; attempted hyperbole on the theme is but a mean disparagement ; and it seems as possible to decorate the rainbow of the sky with garlands of earth's flowers, as to dignify redeeming love by the ornaments of human eloquence. However the Bard concludes his rhapsody in judicious lines, and says, that the Saviour,

" Complete atonement made to God appeased :
Made honourable his insulted law,
Turning the wrath aside from pardoned man.
Thus Truth with Mercy met, and Righteousness,
Stooping from highest heaven, embraced fair Peace,
That walked the earth in fellowship with love."

This glorious consummation excites a series of ejaculations from the strange auditor of the Bard, which are very common place,

and improbable. Many prosing and some absurd ejaculatory sentences rectifies the stranger's supposition, that, the atonement sufficed for all—and that as *all* fell by Adam, *all* were saved by the Redeemer's death. The pith of the denial of this heterodox opinion, lies in those words :

" Men would not be
Redeemed,
Would not be saved for lost, have life for death !"

That part of the Bard's Song which relates to the " world at dawn," is passed over with much brevity. Perhaps, the recollection that another bard of earth—blind, though not dark—sang inimitably well on the subject, induced the judicious brevity ; few will wish the theme to have been longer dwelt on by the author under consideration. The world at mid-day, that is, at the just past, and present day, is a theme abundantly rife with topics ; our author introduces it, by stating causes, why men, " knowing themselves accountable, should persevere in evil and be lost." The first great delusion treated of, is, the attempt of temporal power, to usurp spiritual influence—in other words, the connection which we find in most despotisms, and in some free governments, of Church with State. And perhaps none should be more apart in reality, than those adulterately connected powers. One is a concentration of lowliness, humility, singleness of intent and appearance, meekness, philanthropy, long suffering, and piety ; the other is founded on national pride and independence ; its diplomatic boast is, cunning ; its glory, war ; its Honour, vindictiveness and revenge ; its god, gold ; and its fiend of fiends, national embarrassment and failure of revenue. Yet the object of the personification of the latter, was, and is, to usurp controul over the energies of the former, and to blend both in one : as Pollok says,

" To wrest the crown from off
Messiah's head, and put it on his own ;
And in His place give spiritual laws to men ;
To bind religion, free by birth, by God
And nature free, and made accountable
To none but God, behind the wheels of state ;
To make the holy altar, where the Prince
Of life, incarnate, bled to ransom man,
A footstool to the throne."

The abomination is too prevalent in the states which we love best ; its evil and absurdity—to the disinterested and judicious—must be as palpable as the sun at noon day. All men are alike before God : masses of men form to themselves masters from their own number—but how disgustingly erroneous for those poor erring agents of temporal power, those who make not the mockery of pious professions, to usurp supremacy in his church, who was meek and lowly, and whose glory is pure and spiritual, and whose followers

in matters of faith, are accountable only to himself. But as Pollok's Bard says,

" Thus did the uncircumcised potentates
Of earth debase religion in the sight
Of those they ruled, who, looking up, beheld
The fair celestial gift despised, enslaved ;
And, mimicking the folly of the great,
With prompt docility despised her too."

And is not this strictly true, and debtor to the Poet's fancy for nothing but its diction? An immoral irreligious potentate may govern wisely in temporal matters, for "the children of this world, are wiser in their generation than the children of light;" but such an one, though supreme in temporals over his brethren, should bow humbled and abashed as the lowest, in the temple of the Most Holy; and should stand corrected and reprov'd as regards spiritual concerns. But if such an one be supreme in the Church of Christ, also! if he be the creator of Prelates, the director and paymaster of ministers of religion, does not such impious intermeddling tend to make church government appear as a form of mere earthly policy? does it not debase the doctrines of religion, by making them appear as the mere trappings of state, enjoined for the government of the many, but despised and neglected by the source from whence they issue? does it not enslave the "fair celestial gift," by yoking its ministers to the state car, and by dictating to the hearts of men in matters where man should be "lord of himself, accountable to none, save to his conscience and his God alone"? and as the Poet says, does not such touching of the ark with polluted hands, induce the ruled—seeing the presumptuous folly, and incincerity of their rulers—to despise the system which has been visibly debased into a machine, to be worked by temporal power, for temporal ends? We do not say with Pollok, that,

" The prince or magistrate, however named
Or praised, who, knowing better, acted thus,
Was wicked, and received, as he deserved,
Damnation."

Neither do we join with him in the loud anathemas which he pronounces on the priest, who for titles, place, benefices and pomp, makes merchandise of the souls committed to his care; but in common with the Poet, we regret that those things are so. We join not in his denunciations, because bad systems may have been introduced for their seeming excellence; and because dislike of innovation, and force of habit, may induce a continuance of such systems, rather than a depraved policy; but from a wish for the advance of the best interests of Church and State, we join in the regrets of our author on the subject.

The Bard describes the Bible, lighting "earth's mid-day" as a

lamp taken from the throne of God ; and then mentions the vain pursuit of philosophy after true happiness.

" Philosophy, as thou shalt hear, when she
 Shall have her praise, her praise and censure too,
 Did much, refining and exalting man ;
 But could not nurse a single plant that bore
 True happiness. From age to age she toiled,
 Shed from her eyes the mist that dimmed them still,
 Looked forth on man, explored the wild and tame,
 The savage and polite, the sea and land,
 And starry heavens ; and then retired far back
 To meditation's silent, shady seat ;
 And there sat pale, and thoughtfully,
 * * * * *
 And many a fair and goodly volume wrote,
 * * * * *
 Which sounded much like Wisdom, how to plant,
 To shelter, water, culture, prune, and rear
 The tree of happiness ; and oft their plans
 Were tried ; but still the fruit was green and sour."

These passages, with those which immediately precede and follow them, are attempts of the Author, to prove that true happiness is alone to be found in religion. The numbers who, from taking wrong paths, are baffled in the universal chase after happiness, are eloquently described in the following words.

" When youth complained,
 The ancient sinner shook his hoary head,
 As if he meant to say, Stop till you come
 My length, and then you may have cause to sigh.
 At twenty, cried the boy, who now had seen
 Some blemish in his joys, How happily
 Plays yonder child that busks the mimic babe,
 And gathers gentle flowers, and never sighs !
 At forty, in the fervour of pursuit,
 Far on in disappointment's dreary vale,
 The grave and sage-like man looked back upon
 The stripling youth of plump unseared hope,
 Who galloped gay and briskly up behind,
 And, moaning, wished himself eighteen again.
 And he, of threescore years and ten, in whose
 Chilled eye, fatigued with gaping after hope,
 Earth's freshest verdure seemed but blasted leaves,
 Praised childhood, youth, and manhood ; and denounced
 Old age alone as barren of all joy.
 Decisive proof that men had left behind
 The happiness they sought, and taken a most
 Erroneous path ; since every step they took
 Was deeper mire. Yet did they onward run,
 Pursuing Hope that danced before them still,
 And beckoned them to proceed ; and with their hands,
 That shook and trembled piteously with age,
 Grasped at the lying Shade, even till the earth
 Beneath them brake, and wrapped them in the grave."

With this graphic paragraph we close this part of our subject, leaving for a future chapter the farther consideration of "earth at mid-day." Up to this part of his work, the Poet has treated the errors and eccentricities of our mid-day in a general manner; in future pages we shall perceive that he paints with more attention to minute lines, and that he produces some exquisite portraits of real and imaginary characters and scenes. "Another leaf of finished Time we turn."

MEDITATIONS IN A NEW HOUSE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

I HAVE at length attained this desired point of my life—my own roof shields me from summers' sun, and winters' tempest; blest by a kind providence, this little spot of creation I can call mine own; and more blest than the worthies who lived in caves of the earth, I have erected a comfortable and commodious habitation for my future years. Thanks to the Sovereign Architect, who has blessed this humble attempt—who has crowned this puny but, to his weak servant, important effort with entire success.

If he who made "the cloud a garment, and thick darkness a swaddling-band," for the torrent, allows this feeble tenement to turn aside the peltings which come from his treasuries of rain, and hail, and snow—have I not much cause also to be grateful for the civil institutions under which I live? While I keep myself within the social pale, by acting as a true citizen, those frail walls shall be as the fortifications of a castle around me; within this little circle none dare make me afraid; the most powerful man in the realm must seek my pleasure before he cross the threshold—all the power of the state, if necessary, would be exerted to protect my claim to this charmed circle! Charmed indeed, when compared with the rude dwellings of man in his natural state; when compared with the habitations of men under less happy institutions. Hail triumph of civilization, and of the social compact! let me forward with my good wishes and endeavours, the march of the genial arts; Hail ye political institutions! founded by a no-

ble race long since mouldered into dust—let me have that manly loyalty, that tempered love of liberty, which best become the subject and citizen of such a favoured nation--which best become the hereditary possessor and defender of such privileges !

I feel complacent as I gaze on my new dwelling—here are apartments for my frugal but plentiful board ; and there my bed shall be sheltered during the silent watches of the night ; here is a receptacle for my “ silent monitors,” my books—where I may converse at pleasure with the dead and absent, and taste of the wisdom or wit gathered by the ingenuity of others ; and there are my little store apartments, in which may be gathered the treasures which a bountiful providence sends for my sustenance, from the various elements. My lines have fallen in pleasant places ; compared with my deserts, I have a goodly heritage.—Peace be on my new habitation—I look back and recollect all my wanderings this day—I have been a pilgrim in many parts of earth, but here is my goal, my resting place—I have been a sojourner in the houses of others, but here I am to be master and host myself. And may I not anticipate the cheerful noises which shall animate this humble mansion?—the laugh of my friends, the joyous shouts of my children, the convivial festivity—and surely the humble and low, but frequent voice of prayer and praise. Exhilarating prospect ! inspiring anticipations !—But, must I turn to the reverse ? against my inclination the cheerful scenes are shifted, and the gloomy stand in bold characters before me. The sigh, the groan, the throb, may—rather *shall*, be audible within those little walls ! The eye of feverish and sickening hope, may gaze vacantly around the melancholy rooms--disappointment may cast a shade on those floors, which no sunbeam flowing through the casement can dissipate—pain may render tasteless, or poverty destroy, the comforts which I gaze on !—Still oh arbiter of life and death ! enable me to say, “ thy will be done”—trusting in thee, and hoping to follow thy dictates, I confide in thee for much good ; but if thy chastening hand shall fall, let thy servant bow, not break under its pressure. Only, oh Lord most mighty, let me and mine fall into thy hands alone—if my mercies must be tempered with

griefs, let thy crosses come blended with love; but oh save me and mine, from guilt, remorse, despair! Let the furies be debarred from this humble dwelling, and the smiles and tears, the lights and shadows of life, shall be borne as becomes a man and a christian. The low wailings of sorrow, may mix with the lively notes of joy, but oh lover of concord! let not the ragings of guilt turn these little walls into an infernal boundary; *trusting in thee*, let me resolve that they shall not—for thou hast given thy creatures strength to stand, if they take heed to their steps. “Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil,” oh thou whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, but who has promised to dwell with them who are of an humble, contrite and obedient heart!

The pensive mood which I have indulged, opens cells of thought, which, at this time, I would fain have sealed. This comfortable House, which is now mine, reminds me of another, which shall be mine also. Little preparation *that* apartment needs, and it will be lasting as the hills. The “narrow house appointed for all living,” rises solemnly to my view, in contrast with my present habitation. Alas! philosophy chills at the picture—the inmates of *that* house awake not with the pleasant sun’s glad rays—no moon beam glides through its lattices—no starlight may attract the reposer’s eye from its long, long slumbering. Dark, damp and silent—the green mound above, may not be enjoyed by the solitary tenant below.—Oh thou who died and wast buried, and descended into hades—smooth the passage to that awful valley—and grant a joyful resurrection from its gloomy shades. Did I call the new building in which I delighted, *mine own*? Alas, for the continual absurdities of life, *many* shall be its masters! I have but a loan of its comforts, and must in a few years be turned from its walls for ever! never to return to my little home! an exile from this circle for all eternity! My imagination already pens me within the melancholy boards of death—my legs are shackled—my arms have no space for their wonted motion!—begone degrading oppressive picture! my brain grows feverish, and my veins throb at such a consummation of all my exertions and wanderings.—Weak unnecessary anticipations begone; I look with a too childish eye on that appointed state. It is not a prison, but a passage—at one

end is life, gay, busy, greatly varied life—at the other end is eternity, glorious exulting eternity! to those who enter that passage as the righteous do. So beholding it, it but exalts my nature, and preventing me from looking on earth for my final home, it raises me from the glow worm to the soaring eagle. Welcome then my habitation for a few fleeting years—here shall my friends meet—here shall be the hearth of peace and merriment—the board of thankful plenty, and the bed of confiding repose : Here, also, shall be the domestic altar, and from these walls shall my heart offerings oftenest ascend, to the throne of Him who sees in secret. And Oh Great Protector of the human family ! grant, that to make this dwelling happy, and to prepare for an house not built with hands, that I may seek clean spirits to dwell with me. Give me a perception of the wonders and beauties which thou hast hidden in every element, and in every atom, but chiefly in every aspiring intellectual soul. Though seeking the hidden and finer specimens of thy skill which are written on all thy creatures, yet, may my heart want no cunning hand to awaken melody amid its strings ; as the Æolian harp gives music to every passing breeze, so may the simplest and most common impulses, be sufficient to awaken the pleasures and better feelings within my breast. May the sterner energies want a David to arouse rather than to allay them—so may the opposing javelin be only hurled at enemies of universal propriety—and a shield, true, however narrow, be held before mine own, and the public, honour and morals. Then, will I not be an unworthy master of this humble habitation—nor fear the angel of death when he shall cross my threshold to put a period to my stewardship.

Welcome then my humble dwelling, and though one of the most humble, be not one of the least happy or hospitable of the dwellings of civilization ; while sheltered by thee may the house to which thou art but the portal be prepared for—while enjoying thy comforts, may I be careful to secure a portion amid the mansions of a nobler country.

SADNESS.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

AWAY dull sprite ! the sky is blue,

Elastic, sunny, clear ;

The deep has lovely emerald hue ;

The fields their flowrets wear ;

The city hum is gay and loud ;

Peaceful the village green ;

White sails the sparkling river crowd ;

The broad lake smiles serene ;

Cheerful, resounds the dancers' hall ;

Soft music fills the bower ;

Rapture awaits love's whisper'd call,

The sage exults in power.

Away then, thought, morose and sad,

When thousand hearts are gay ;

The springs of Life shall make me glad,

The founts of Joy shall play.

What tho' the sneerer's with'ring smile,

May scowl upon my path,

With quiet scorn I'll meet his wile,

Nor feel impotent wrath.

The slanderer's snaky tongue may hiss,

The scowl of pride may fall ;

Securely based, my bosom's bliss,

Shall smile, above the rest of all.

Hate, envy and corroding guile,

My panoply defies :

A magic circle shuts their wile,

From my sublimer skies.

Beyond the ills of all—I see

Regions INVISIBLE,

If foil'd in time—eternity,

Shall nameless scenes reveal.

S.

LINES

To my Son on his Return in the Pacific Whaler.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

OFt have I thought of thee my boy,
 Since thou didst leave thy mother's side;
 By dreams of sorrow and of joy
 Thy father has been tried.

Woe has oft touch'd thy mother's breast,
 And care with tears has dimmed her eye ;
 Thoughts rose of happy days of rest,
 Ah ! days to us so long gone by.

Oh ! never leave thy native land,
 Again to tempt the deep's loud rear ;
 Soon shall I feel Death's with'ring hand,
 And then my earthly race is o'er.

Halifax, Sept. 1830.

E. G.

THE BOATING PARTY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE day was fine, the sun did shine,
 The trees were green, and all,
 When Ma did to her daughter say,
 " Do go bring down my shawl—
 Go ask your pa to get the boat,
 And we will have a sail."
 " Oh la ! dear ma," exclaimed miss Jane,
 " We're sure to have a gale ;
 And there's no fun in getting sick,
 There is no fun at all ;
 The deuce a pleasure in the boat,
 Whene'er there is a squall."

" Oh no," says ma, " go ask your pa,
 And he will say my loves,
 That we must go to Miller's Isle—
 Do go bring down my gloves,
 Go ask your aunt, and Sally Barns,
 Aunt Betsy, and her daughter."
 " I go," says Jane, " we might get sick
 On land as well as water.
 But there's no fun in getting sick, &c.

They gaily met, each took a seat ;
 You'd laugh to see the sight,
 The wind it blew, the boat it creaked,
 They all did bawl with fright ;
 "Oh let me out !" exclaim'd aunt Ann,
 " I must get out you know—
 Do please take down this awful sail,
 And all of us will row.
 Oh there's no fun in getting sick, &c.

" Just as I said," cried uncle Ned,
 " I knew it would be so,
 I'm sure the day looked very wild,
 But still you all would go.
 So Sal and Jane hold down your head,
 I'll put you home in quick,
 And never ask to go again,
 You get so awful sick.
 And there's no fun in getting sick,
 There is no fun at all,
 The deuce a pleasure's in a boat
 When women scream and bawl."

Halifax, October, 1830.

NED S*****

ROBIN HARTREY.—A TALE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Chapter 3.—The Dance.

THE pause which attends the introduction of a fresh couple to the dancing floor, is one which usually attracts all eyes in the room to observe the new performers. Robin Hartrey was deeply engaged in the chat of his political party, seated at one of the tables which were ranged round the room, and now for the first time observed that Cathleen and Cavanagh were in the same apartment with him. When he saw who were the occupants of the dancing floor, a hectic flush passed over his deeply furrowed cheek, and placing the vessel, which he had raised to drink from, vehemently on the table, he exclaimed—" Katty O'Brien go long home this minute ; didn't I tell you not to let me see you here to night ?" " Yes uncle," said Cathleen, " but you didn't tell me that you were comin here yourself." " Robin," said Cavanagh, " leave Kitty to me, I will take care of her, and do you mind your cows and potatoe garden." Robin grew pale from the agitation of his feelings, and was about to reply, when the fiddler fearing the interruption of harmony, hurried over the first bar, and allowing his bow full scope he gave the long preparatory note, and the stamp of his foot which were the usual signals for starting. The young

couple commenced, with all the apparent gaiety of those before whom life lies in long bright perspective. The old man, already the subject of a titter among the girls, and of a hearty laugh among his own companions, remained silent, with his eyes studiously turned from those who occupied the floor. The dance had occupied no small notice, partly on account of the couple themselves, and partly on account of the unusual repartees which marked its commencement. But it was much shorter than usual; the youthful pair seemed not anxious to tire each other down.

Cathleen felt an unwonted load on her bosom—she had committed her first undatiful ungrateful error. She was making merrily merely to pain her poor old uncle, and was defeating all his little schemes; schemes which time and solitude had woven round his heart, as the ivy clasps the vine; and like them, to remove one, were to destroy the other. She was not five minutes in his presence until by occasional glances she saw his pallid cheek, and his sickening attempts at smiling with his comrades while his heart was sad. She knew that she was the cause of his mortification, and she would willingly have flown into his arms and implored his pardon, had not false shame and pride prevented her. Cavanagh also seemed quite willing to resign the floor; he saw Kitty's emotion, and the rage of the old man—with the eye of a general, he saw that a blow decisive and given at once, should be made, or that he should give up hopes of his Colleen, her cows and her fortune. He did not wish to lose any of these—and, besides, as he said himself, he would rather take Kitty without a penny, than any other of his acquaintance with their weight in gold. With these views he made a bold resolve to "strike the iron while 'twas hot;" so allowing his place on the floor to be occupied, he led Kitty to a seat and called for some refreshment. Having filled, he induced Kitty with some trouble to kiss the cup, and then nodding to some acquaintance at a little distance "your health boys," and turning to the old man, he said, aloud, "here's to you, Robin Hartrey, wishing you more sense." "Robin Hartrey don't drink with saucy Jackeens," was the reply. "Only you're so ould a man" said Cavanagh, "and Kitty O'Brien's uncle, I'd make you answer more civilly in a brace of shakes." The old man started to his feet, his lip quivering with rage; Kitty shrieked and held Cavanagh, a couple of Robin's companions did the same to him, while another jumped lightly over the table, and was in a minute before the *groupe* which surrounded Cavanagh; a short stick clutched in his hand, and defiance proudly enough flashing from his eye. The acquaintances of Cavanagh also rallied, the women who had rushed between to prevent hostilities were rudely pushed aside, and evident signs of a general row appeared. At this critical moment, the landlord himself shoved in the door wildly, and bouncing amid the belligerents, exclaimed, "boys for the love of Heaven don't disgrace me for ever, by kicking up a dust in the house so early in the evenin—Gentlemen honey what

do you mean? Mr. Cavanagh sorrow a much credit you'll get by fighten at the Cove on a Sunday, and your brother a Clargy; Robin Hartrey man, ar ye goin mad to be after turnin bully in your ould days, and you as quiet as a child always afore—thunder alive but yere a purty set of men I'm sure, an't ye ashamed of yourselves, and ten Police men from Blenheim hill in the next box to ye?" This last hint finished the effect of Carroll's eloquence, and Robin allowed himself to be led out by a friend, ejaculating as he went, "your desolate at last ould Robin Hartrey, your kith and kin turn their backs on you, your spit at by a boy, and neither friend or fellow, nor child to take your part; your desolate now, shure enough!"—A friend accompanied him to his little cottage, and Robin trembled as he cross'd its shreshold, and thought of the conduct of her who was want to be its life and ornament.

Having retired to his own little room, and promised to be as quiet as a lamb, his friend went back to Carroll's, to see that Kitty should return home at once. He met Cavanagh and Kitty coming towards the cottage. It was now moonlight but cloudy, and Robin's friend perceived that Cavanagh was more than ordinarily intent in his addresses to Cathleen, who, as she hurried along, listened with speechless attention to her lover's whispers. When Cavanagh saw Robin's friend he stopped, pressed Cathleen's hand, and wishing her a good night returned quickly towards town. Cathleen crept silently to her small and humble chamber, with thoughts very uncongenial to rest.

She was in that feverish state of mind, which new and imprudent ventures generally excite. Feelings to which she was ever before a stranger, now rioted in her bosom; and she checked them not. This is often the great fault of youth. A magic spring is touched by some unexpected circumstance—a new world, new ideas, a new soul, as it were, follows the touch, and the inexperienced delight in the intoxicating dream; they leap the precipice, call it glory, or love, or honour, and often find a horrid and sluggish pool at the bottom, where the fever and the man are lost together. Cathleen was stung by her Uncle's unusual harshness, and was excited by Cavanagh to repel it indignantly. No longer the docile and engaging, a vulgar pride flashed like a flame over a heart already warmed by flattery. She saw in perspective, consequence and comfort above her present lot, and spurned at him, who she thought wished to bind her to vulgar life for ever. The little country maid was no longer her character, the citizen's wife, her lover told her, should be smart and independent and should care for nobody. Alas! how many of both sexes, and of various situations put on this despicable formality—one day sees them the gay, the easy, and the fond—the next, and the torch has been applied, the gross part of their nature flares out, destroying the softer light and the better feelings, while the willing victims imagine that they improve by the consumption. At times Cathleen's better self whispered, "how much happier was I yesterday, I

am breaking my old and good Uncle's heart, my aunt will curse me in her grave, and I shall be an ungrateful and miserable wretch if I proceed any farther"—but these suggestions only drove her to conjure up others to struggle with them: she had two conflicting parties in her breast—but her youth, her inexperience, her hope, her pride, sided with one and it triumphed. She lay down on her humble couch without undressing, and involuntarily glanced at the moon, which now emerging from a cloud lighted up the little bushes outside her window, and threw their shade strongly, on the white board flooring of the room; she recollected her feelings when last she gazed on that rising orb, and almost regretted that she could not shed tears now, as she did then. She endeavoured to forget all, and to gain some repose from her passions in sleep.

Robin also had an internal struggle, not indeed of passions similar to Cathleen's—his experience forbid bright dreams for himself to intrude. he had as it were looked behind the many perspective scenes of youth, and found how much tinsel and varnish were in the seeming sunshine. His prospective glance was therefore limited, but still he hoped—he hoped that his life of labour should close calmly in his own little cottage; that Cathleen would be as a fond daughter to him in every vicissitude; that his wandering Son should return; that those two persons nearest his heart might wed together; and so, that himself dying as a Patriarch, might behold his descendants settled beneath his paternal roof. This he had thought not unreasonable to hope for, Bill was soon to be home and had long loved his pretty cousin, Cathleen was up to this Sunday, kind and gentle as he could desire. But what a change had one short day made! Cathleen had disobeyed him, ridiculed him in a public room, and had openly put herself under the protection of Bill's rival—and that Rival had insulted and threatened his own grey hairs! This was indeed harrowing, and his master feelings this evening, were the bitter agony of disappointed affection, and the burning of nature for revenge. It was not until he had knelt in his chamber before a little scripture painting, and had repeated two or three well known prayers that his soul at all attained possession of its usual powers;—but as the troubled waters subside under the soothing oil, so his passions were allayed by the sublime words which treated of heaven and of immaterial things, and by a few moments gazing on the little silent picture, which reminded him forcibly of the sufferings of the great Christian Prophet. He rose soothed, and hearing Cathleen come in, and go to her room, he prepared for rest, if rest he could, for the night. The window of his little sleeping room commanded a view of the wide and rapid Suir, the moon now lighted up its noble breast, smooth spaces glistened like burnished silver, and along some dark spots, lines of light occasionally quivered away and were lost as the tide murmured by. Robin looked out on the well known stream silently for a few minutes, and then

mournfully ejaculated, "Beautiful Suir, many a time both in sorrow and in joy have I looked on your noble waters. As bright a moon as the one that now shines on you, lighted me home the first night that I saw my poor Alice, and I rowed in my little boat singing, and happy as a King; but you were dark enough the night my Alice left me for the grave, and I sat on the bank by your tide and thought you made a more mournful noise than ever before. The first time I dipped my poor boy in your stream, and the innocent babe clung to me for protection, I hugged him to my heart, and felt proud that I was goin to rear a family on your fine banks as my father had done before me; but when the transport passed by with my boy on board—and she looked so grand with all her sails spread, an she robbin me of my son—an the sky and the river seemed all to be glad together—I thought my heart would break, and black as I was that I could curse their beauty for seemin to mock my grief. When I ferried Cathleen across your tide, when she was left an orphan in the world, and I took her as my own child—I was proud of her purty face, and of being able to do a good turn for any of Alice's kindred—little I thought she'd ever give me the trouble she does to night, or wring her old uncle's heart so cruelly. Oh holy Angels! if ye sit on the bright clouds, that are sailin along in the moonlight sky—or if ye look from these little stars, that seem so quiet and beautiful, far, far above this wranglin world—look on my poor grey hairs to night—watch over me from that beautiful blue heaven, and save me from the blackness which I feel taken a hould of my old withered heart. Holy Michael, James, and John—Saints and Angels round the throne of the Almighty Father, intercede for me, and bless me to night; Queen of Heaven, and Mother of our Lord, Virgin purer than the moon, and brighter than the sun, and kind and tender as the soft dew of night—pray for me, and comfort my childless breaking heart. Oh! adorable Saviour! who died on Calvary for a miserable world, have mercy on me in this hour and for evermore.—The simple vespers ended—and the old man soothed by his devotional thoughts, and fatigued from the unwonted emotions of the evening, resigned himself to the rest which he so much needed, and with child-like confidence, threw all his care and grief on the influences which he had just invoked.

To be continued.

THE HARP OF ERIN.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

LONG has the Harp of Erin hung,
 Upon the willows, all unstrung;
 And tuneless as the twilight dew,
 That falls on good and evil too.

So long it hung, that memory
 Had almost deem'd it ne'er should be
 Again attun'd, our hearts to cheer,
 With its sweet music soft and clear.

So long it hung, its dulcet sound,
 By ruder harmony was drown'd,
 Save to the ears of chosen few—
 Who still its matchless powers knew.

But Erin's muse—her love, her pride—
 Again appear'd, and stood beside
 Her long lost harp and minstrel band,
 And bade her country's heart expand.

Hail ancient Harp! long may we hear
 Thy heavenly music, soft and clear,
 And while we listen, bless the men,
 Who brought thee to thy home again.

And while we listen to thy lays,
 May we prepare to dwell where praise,
 In peals sublime and sweet, is roll'd
 Eternally from "Harp of Gold."

CHIRP.

THE RAMBLER.

No. 2.—Leaving Home.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

[Our readers will perceive, that these chapters are intended to be descriptive sketches, unconnected one with the other, as regards time or circumstances; they are published as it may suit the writer's taste or time to furnish them from his note book.]

It was in December's dreary month, that I resolved on leaving my home: a smack was bound for Bristol, it was venturing life foolishly to cross the channel at the time of year, in such a small

over-loaded and poorly rigged sea-boat ; but curiosity and hope pointed onward, inconveniences and crosses were behind, and I carried my little luggage aboard. We were soon sailing between fields, my native town lessening behind—the quay and ships are lost sight of—the Terrace, where I have often walked and played on summer evenings, is still in sight—the next point opposite the well known and snug looking cove hides that, and nothing of the town but its tall spire rises above the hill's side : a few moments and the eye is gazing on vacancy ; the steeple having disappeared behind the dark green hill. The thoughts are chilling which strike a young traveller at such a time—he finds himself at once divested of all the ties which grew with his growth from infancy to manhood—he is outside that circle, which always before, seemed the boundary of his confidence and affections, and none but strange faces and voices and manners are around him ; like a young bird driven from the parental nest, he yearns for home, while winging his way into the unknown solitude around. The melancholy of my feelings, were in some measure counteracted, by my romantic ideas ; I thought a sail down the river and out to sea, a splendid thing, and my anticipations of new scenery and places were very fervid. Before we reached the little village of Cheek Point, the wind had changed, and blew dark and threatening in from the sea ; we cast anchor under the sheltering mountain, and waited impatiently the favouring breeze.

Cheek Point is situated under a high hill ; a row of straggling houses along the base, terminated by a set of cottages for the revenue officers, over which a watch tower is romantically placed on the crags—another row of houses higher up the hill, and cottages scattered still nearer to its summit, is the view it presents from the water. It is like too many Irish villages, ruinous, straggling and without taste, in a most delightful situation. From the side of its hill, the view is varied and grand—it is situated in the county Waterford ; the little village of Glasshouse, yonder, under its hill, and alongside its sheltering wood, is in the county Killkenny ; that little mountain village below, and this fine old remains of monastic days, (Dunbrody Abbey) is in the county Wexford. There runs the

Suir in a fine and rapid sweep, and there the barrow is gliding into the country between precipice, meadow and grove. A turn to the right brings a bolder and nobler scene before the eye—the Suir runs in a bold and broad expanse at the foot of the hill, its opposite bank is mountainous, heath and brush wood clothe its side, while beyond its wild and broken summit, the boundaries of cultivation look like a vast net work, spreading far into the country. The river has here washed its base into a fine curve, the outer part of which is bold and rugged; under very black and shaded crags, the eye looking closely, discovers the herculean remains of a castle, black, rugged and strong, as the masses of rock around, and more like an excavation of the mountain than a building of man—its dim misty appearance, shaded and solitary situation, adds much to the romance of the picture; outside the point, the tide makes a noble sweep—away it rolls rapidly, under precipitous banks, until the huge rock of passage—like a black and mighty giant, protecting its little white town on the beach—gives it another inclination; from thence it speeds wild and beautiful, to the fort of Duncannon, whose bristling guns, and picturesque fortifications, make another point in its serpentine windings; broad and glistening, it then stretches out to the majestic atlantic, and finishes its noble course in its eternity of ocean. The broad, silent majesty of the picture charmed me much; but a more interesting scene awaited me. I came to an elevated part of my romantic path—the crags and shrubs no longer rose above me—the winter breeze blew more freely across the narrow road—I was on a commanding peak of the mountain, and my eyes instinctively turned towards home—so far off, so much varied ground between, I expected to find no trace of my native town; when, behold peering over every other object, the well known steeple pointed its tall spire to the skies! With what emotions I gazed on that grey cone, about its base my acquaintances and relatives were moving, within the hearing of its bell I was born, the busy sphere around it was long the only world I knew; even now every tie of my infancy, every sport of my youth, every incident of my life, seem connected with its appearance—how often have I played about its portico! how often have

I sat within its walls surrounded by well known faces, while its fine organ disposed the mind for worship—what a well known scene presented itself to my eye from the gallery on its tower, I knew every house around, almost every field within view was the scene of my gambols, every person passing below was familiar to my vision ; the imagination is more powerful than the senses, that small spire almost fades from my view, my eye is vacant, and the busy scene at its base, friends and past incidents, are all conjured before me. And am I leaving them all for ever ? a few steps down this hill and I may never see that steeple or the scene at its base again, the thought was agonizing and melancholy, but fascinating ; and it seemed almost a profanation of the finer feelings to turn my eyes from the spot. With a heavy heart I bid it adieu, turned my eyes to my native stream, and sought the little bark which floated so peacefully on its bosom.

The wind which blew for some days strong on the land, moderated and came round—it was evening, but the tide setting out, induced our captain to seize the opportunity and to proceed to sea ; the passengers were also eager to try the boiling deep, so strong is the dislike at wearing away time in an unpleasant situation, and without employment. One of our crew had gone to town to see his family, we left him behind, the boat put off for another hand, a passage-boy sprung on our deck, the anchor was weighed, all hold of earth was cast away, the bark spread her white wings to the gale, and gallantly trusted herself to the wind and the waves. We soon passed the fort of Duncannon, leaving its little sheltered town behind, and stood out to sea ; the evening was bleak and wintry, and threw into strong contrast, our cold comfortless bark pursuing her way over the darkening swell, and the snug grouping cottages on the beach, where lights were sparkling, and where the fancy pictured such cheerful scenes of fire side enjoyments : meantime the spray beat chilly on our deck, and every eye on board seemed cautious and melancholy. Yet there seems something noble and inspiring in quitting all stay of our native element, and in dashing out on the unbounded and unfathomed element of another species. Behind, our native rocks seemed bleak and dusky

in the evening shades ; before, the long level horizon of water spread its awful line ; and around, the undulating waves raised their eternal murmurings. It was dark as we passed Hook tower ; I stood on deck to see its light like a distant star pass to leeward, and long gazed over the bulwarks at its waning and fading blaze, the last link which held me to my native land seemed severing as its light quivered far behind, it slowly faded away, and nothing but the indistinctness of night and the roar of ocean spread around. The wind was high but fair, and the vessel ran gaily over the careering waves, the white spray curled and danced before her bows, her track behind looked like a snowy path, her mast creaked to the gale, and she sprang down the foamy swell like an arrow shot from the hunter's bow. The wind blew steadily after us, the square sail was hoisted, and away she went rapidly pursuing her gloomy course. There is something romantic in a number of human beings entrusting themselves on the midnight sea to a few pieces of plank—how closely linked is their fate—how brotherly ought their intercourse be with one another, while so fearfully divided from the great family of mankind ! and how necessary is it for those whose business it is to traverse the bosom of the Almighty's stupendous deep, to feel a sense of his protection, and to have the solaces of religion which are superior to every situation. At dawn Milford head lands were in sight, the wind had got round ; the square sail—which bosomed out so beautifully with the fair breeze—was down, and we were endeavouring to make way under main-sail and jib ; but there was no keeping our intended course. To double the head which rose so boldly out of the sea, became our only object now, and after a good deal of tacking and traverse sailing, we wore round the point, and stood in. The situation of the cottages on the cliff appeared delightful, rooted in their native earth, sheltered by their grouping oak and beech trees, and gazing so placidly over the raging element on which our little bark was labouring. It was dusk as we made into harbour, and I went below, exhausted, but much gratified that the awful path was abandoned. I was soon startled at the keel striking against something, but was agreeably surprised to find that the smack was in her birth, and only striking the soft bank on which

vessels coming into Milford harbour may run, without waiting to cast anchor. It was exquisite to lie below, knowing you were beyond the ocean's power; to feel the ship rocking in her safe cradle, and to hear the captain on deck speaking to others who lay around him--waiting there in safe covert, like a herd of deer, until the chasing storm outside had passed by. I lay for some time enjoying every friendly beat she gave against the sloamy beach--they seemed grateful as the rap of a long expected friend, when on a melancholy winter's evening you were just giving up all hope of his company.

THE EXILE.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

'Twas by an ocean inlet, lone,
 The Exile built his rural cot;
 And seldom man's intrusive tone,
 Disturb'd that solitary spot.
 But it was eloquent with notes
 Which nature in the sweet air floats;
 'The song of robins in the wood,
 'The splash of trout on neighbouring flood,
 'The cat bird's call, the plaintive thrill
 Of evening's mourner, whip-poor-will;
 While ever as the breeze swept by
 A distant cascade's brawlings came,
 And ocean's murmuring lullaby
 Pass'd o'er the ear like day-light dream.

Nor lack'd that inlet fitting scene
 Which wearied eye would deem serene,
 Although to young or worldly gaze
 A gloom might settle on its maze.
 Limpid as truth the waters sweep
 About the base of flinty steep,
 Reflecting in its passive glass
 'The shadows of the giant mass--
 Beyond, the cool cerulean blue,
 And past'ral green its breast imbue;

Its marge was varied—pebbly cove,
Calm bay, and cape with eddying whirl,
Bush, brae, and gentle lawn, were wove
As setting to that ocean pearl.
Above, the wooded mountains' rear
'The beech-tree's tower, and fir's tall spear,
Breaking the line 'tween earth and sky
As tho' an host encamped on high :
And thro' the glen, the distant deep
Was seen to heave its sunny breast,
More like a second heaven, in sleep,
Than monster taking fitful rest.

Such were the sounds, the scenes which spread,
Around the Exile's rural shed ;
A shed, I ween, compared with pile
Once his, upon a distant Isle ;
Yet vast enough, could man but bind
'The graspings of a giant mind—
And pleasant too, were taste uncurst
By fashions senseless 'ever thirst :
Its lattice peer'd through trailing greens,
As 'twere a resting place of Pan,
Shut in by fragrant woodland screens
From the loud world of busy man.

And gazing on its plats of flowers,
Its sunny slopes, and sombre bowers,
But few would deem that care or strife,
Were there to vex the hermit's life.
Nor were the common cares of earth
The ills which there marr'd nature's mirth ;
Not grief with frequent tear and sigh,
Nor strife with fiery tongue and eye ;
But grief, which as the drops in caves
'Tho' all unheard mid roar of waves,
Yet constant fall on him beneath
Chill, as the finger tips of death.
Not strife such as in heaven awakes
When, like a God, the thunder speaks,
And lightnings round the tempests car
Gleam fitly on the cloudy war—
But strife, as when volcanic heat
Makes the tall mountain's bosom beat,
Altho' the smiling vineyards spread
Its base, and snows enwrap its head,
And all, would seem to passers' eye
Resting in proud tranquility ;
For few, or none, within may gaze
Appalled, upon its caldron blaze.

But he, the Exile, who too long
 Nurtured such fires, is weak to day.
 Passions which with frame grew strong
 At length like death lights round him play.
 Oft would he sit at even tide
 To gaze upon the sunset pride,
 And mid the cloud-heaps gladly pore
 On scenery of a distant shore ;
 'The brilliant, were life's fleeting smiles,
 'The dark, misfortune's gath'ring wiles.
 And oft he'd gaze at woody hill,
 Abstracted, lone, and sad, until
 Each gloomy pine which rose above,
 Peer'd as a spire from city's throng—
 And he would dreaming list, and love
 To call attendant groupes along,
 Blessing the fancy'd streets—and loud
 His spirit heard the busy crowd,
 And cull'd from out the mass, a few,
 Which happier days as playmates knew.
 At such still times, forgetting pain,
 His bosom found its youthful vein ;
 Join'd in the festival, or dance,
 And joyous quailed at beauty's glance—
 Or, felt the dreaded scenes return,
 Which bade his fiercer passions burn.
 And oft the wailing tones which came
 From wind and wave, impressed his dream
 With sounds of woe—to which his ear
 Was too attun'd, unmoved to hear.
 But gay or gloomy—he would hail
 Each opening of the mystic veil ;
 Welcom'd, his long evanished spring,
 And bounded mid th' enchanted ring,
 Where light and life, inspiring move
 Revolving on their point of love.
 To night he gazes not on trees,
 Nor communes with the wailing breeze ;
 So dark, the sufferer scarce can see
 'The arm which rests his fever'd head,
 So still, the sobs of agony
 Seem echo'd round that dying bed.

Where is the friend, to counsel now ?
 The wife, to cool his dripping brow ?
 The daughter on his looks to wait ?
 The Priest to smooth the pangs of fate ?
 Alas ! if e'er they knew his call
 To night, they all desert his hall.

His native land! the wanderer dies—
 Nor mid his hallowed valleys lies ;
 A million darkly foaming waves
 Rise 'tween him and his fathers' graves.

What tho' that poor neglected form
 Is cast alone mid nature's storm,
 Forgotten—tortured—dying—yet
 The spirit cannot all forget,
 Its wonted powers—it higher springs
 As circumstances press their weight,
 And with each taunt which mem'ry flings
 It sterner smiles at time and fate :
 A spark of Deity, and earth
 Shall never quite deny its birth.

The exile wildly raised his glance,
 And smiles unearthly soothed his frown,
 For through his vines, the cool expanse
 Of starry heaven looked pitying down.
 "Forgotten! no, not all," he cried,
 " See how the beauteous planets smile,
 " Farewell rude sphere of wrong and pride,
 " Yonder I see my happy Isle.
 " I see it yonder—mid the gloom,
 " A gem like world! devoid of care,
 " Its bright expanse contains no tomb,
 " No moping hermits linger there.
 " And lo! these groupes—no longer clouds—
 " Full well I know each lovely form—
 " Ah! long I deem'd them wrapt in shrouds,
 " Below, not thus, above the storm.
 " 'Tis well—I thought to meet you there,
 " But yonder fields are better far ;
 " Ye call! I come, the conscious air,
 " Concentrates for my spirits car.
 " Smile on—it gives my spirit wings—
 " My breast's, too narrow for their play—
 " Smile on—ye loved lovely things,
 " But fly not!—oh in pity stay.
 " I come, I come, then glide not so
 " Into that envious gulph above ;
 " But! like an arrow from the bow,
 " My soul shall chase those forms I love.
 " I come, I come"—his shrieking cry
 Appalling rose, his gleaming eye
 Gazed upward with a maniac's pain,
 To catch these phantom-friends again.

All's still—his call no answer found,
 Except from one unswerving slave,
 Rous'd from his lair, the faithful hound
 Came trembling forth a smile to crave ;
 But smiles are past—that pallid face
 Is stamp'd with death's unchanging grace.
 Poor Watch still fondling press'd the cheek,
 'Twas cold ! nor doth his master speak ;
 That last true friend, by instinct taught,
 That all was lost, no longer sought
 The prized caress—with hollow wail
 He told the Exile's funeral tale,
 Then howl'd appalling, long and clear—
 Fit requiem, o'er his master's bier.

A little mound beside the steep
 Now shields the Exile's last long sleep.
 His cottage long deserted lay,
 A victim to the tempest's play ;
 A ruin now—the wild vines crawl
 Like snakes around its crumbling wall,
 The unscared Bat at twilight hour,
 Flies thence, to range the haunted bower.

T.

ADDRESS TO THE ELECTORS OF COLCHESTER.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

“ Our love is principle, and has its root
 In reason, is judicious, manly, free ;
 Their's, a blind instinct, crouches to the rod,
 And licks the foot that treads it in the dust.”

“ Power usurped
 Is weakness when opposed : conscious of wrong,
 'Tis pusillanimous and prone to flight.
 But men that once conceive the glowing thought
 Of freedom, in that hope itself possess
 All that the contest calls for ; spirit, strength,
 The scorn of danger, and united hearts :
 The surest presage of the good they seek.”

FREEMEN,—Your fame has already gone through the land ; you have acted coolly, rationally, nobly—at a time when the majority of electors find excuses, to act sordidly, or according to prejudice or passion. The bulwark of our Constitution, is a House of Con-

mons; without a Representative Assembly, we in Nova Scotia should be the mere serfs of the Governor and his Council; a representative branch raises us into the attitude of freemen, and makes us co-partners in our government. Seeing the value of a House of Assembly—seeing the undivided interest which the people have in it—we perceive the necessity which exists of having that house free from dictation, or unconstitutional controul: for, were such allowed, our bulwark should become a thing of straw—a scare-crow, sufficient to frighten small carrion, but despised by the larger unclean birds, as it should deserve to be. To have this house free, honest, and public spirited, it is evident, that electors should be free, honest, and public spirited themselves; for how can a clean thing come out of an unclean? The criminal negligence, or very disgusting sordidness of electors—when called on to choose a House—has been often a theme for sincere lamentation in our Mother Country; while occasionally—at such times—noble independence has shot forth—like the sunbeam from amid dense clouds—cheering the upright, and dazzling the corrupt by its ardency. It is because ye are specimens of this latter, and, unfortunately, rare class, that I now address you.

The districts of Halifax, Colchester and Pictou,—at the late election—were offered eight candidates, from whom they were to choose four representatives. Those who wished to subjugate the late House of Assembly, and to degrade the public mind—until the dictum of irreponsible rulers should make both tremble—were strong in Halifax. It might be thought invidious—as it certainly is displeasing—to demonstrate the truth of this assertion, by particulars—by pointing to the few who evidently did vote according to *conscience*—to the numbers who made a mock of the sleepless monitor—to others whose countenances publicly acknowledged a pang, and who privately confessed the influence of self and family interests—or to the many whose degradation was too visible, and whose confessions were unnecessary: suffice it to say, that in Halifax, British principles were left in a small—but many and enlightened—minority. In Pictou, the majority of electors were from circumstances, ignorant on colonial topics; unacquaint-

ed with the English language, and prejudiced against the right in politics, by interested spiritual teachers, they could be expected to move only like machines ; they were radically unfit for the exercise of that most holy of political privileges—the choosing of a branch of the government, which was intended by the constitution to represent public feeling and principles. In this state of things, the lovers of British liberty reposed on Colchester for salvation from political disgrace : and Colchester deceived them not. Acting like a commonwealth of Brothers, it returned as members, the men with whom liberal principles and politics were identified. It sent one of the Council minority, into the retirement which his public life had merited, but which, no doubt, his private character has rendered happy ; it sent another into the oblivion which he so much dreads, but which his friends and enemies have long wished for him ; it sent one new candidate, who opposed veterans as a speculation, to his better avocation as principal of a respectable establishment ; and sent another—eminently fitted for his calling—to the paltry cavilling and quibbling, of a petty law office. Seconding the Halifax and Pictou minorities, with all her might, thus did Colchester act ; and in lieu of the discarded candidates, she choose her well beloved “ first Commoner,” his two tried associates, and a recruit of very promising appearance.

Ye have done well, Freemen of Colchester, and ye have done good in a wise manner. Steady, orderly—as reflecting well informed men should act—ye moved in peaceable masses to the hustings ; your determined minds laughed to scorn the wheedle or the threat ; ye felt the trust reposed in you by the constitution, and ye acted as faithful stewards, accountable to none, but the power from which your trust emanated. Freemen from other parts of the province looked on your intelligent ranks, and they noted it down on their tablets as a day to be had in remembrance : Satellites of the Council glanced on your noble columns—they came, like ravens of the desert, seeking for corruption, but like them, they fled appalled, at finding health and energy, when their hope of banquet rested on political disease and death.

Ye have supported for yourselves the character long given to

you—that of being the finest specimen of Nova Scotia Yeomanry. The province glories in possessing such citadels of good feeling, and well founded independence: they are the strength of a state—the living fortifications of liberty, of more value than all the stone and mortar ramparts in the universe. In public prosperity, a sprinkling of such verdant spots, are a triumph and a crown of rejoicing; and in public adversity or fear, they afford a staff, a balm, and unfailing cities of refuge.

At the present time, particularly, such conduct as ye have exhibited, deserves honourable notice. The principles of civil liberty are becoming widely diffused; and, in many places, seed sown amid darkness and bloodshedding, has sent up a harvest laughing in the sunshine, and feeding the heart of man with joy and gladness. In other darkened parts of the earth, the mine is laid, and the torch is lighted, and the tyrant's throne is supported as by a cobweb—everywhere, irresponsible rulers, never had fewer disinterested partisans since the days of the first despot. France, like a strong man awaking from inglorious sleep, has flung off her royal incubus—and stands temperately vigorous, the admiration of the world: Spain, half raised, appears alive to her disgrace, panting for a glorious expiating and renovating contest, but still trembling to grapple with the monster who has so often trampled on her heart: Germany, has whispered mutability to her irresponsible rulers; the hoary establishments which reposed austere amid her ancient cities, rock tremulously, as from the effects of a neighbouring earthquake; and her feudal Lords are glad to compromise where they were wont to command. Whichever way we look, man in the aggregate, is assuming a more noble and natural position; and the artificial ranks of society are taking the place most fitted for them—the place which their usefulness or excellence demands. Seeing the noble attempts at re-animation amid an old and almost buried world, should it not be disgrace indeed, to find a new and growing country, preparing a tomb for its energies? when inhabitants of old despotisms are stemming mighty torrents with adamantine firmness, to see a sapling of Britain's oak, bending with willowy pliancy to every unconstitutional and petty breeze?

Be it recollected, also, that the country which with care and assiduity, roots out the seeds of corruption from its government, and prevents revolution by setting aside its causes, is as praiseworthy, as the country which ventures life and fortune, to cut down, and pluck up, a gigantic Upas. Revolutions are never unattended with evils--the great disarrangement of trade--the distress and idleness of artizans--the momentary destruction of the wholesome subordinations of civilized life--the chances of punishment falling on the innocent--the opportunities afforded to designing and bad men--the probability of bloodshedding rencontres--all these, and many other attendant evils, make revolutions desirable only, as a refuge from national degradation and suffering--as a cutting and burning process essential to public health; but in which the diseased parts and the sound often suffer together. If so, how much better to avoid the disease and the remedy also; to look at the first crawlings of irresponsibility, and crush the cockatrice in its shell; to protect the finest fibres of a liberal code and constitution, and so, prevent unconstitutional power, from getting a towline strong enough to warp the state vessel into danger.

Mistake me not, I would not say, that the power which you have lately marked with defeat, really intended evil to the country. I for one believe that they did not, and that they do not--but I also believe--that led away by self pride and obstinacy--their late ill judged act and stand, was of that kind of policy, which--in a government such as we enjoy--is pregnant with evil, danger and disgrace. If borne with, it would soon virtually destroy our representative branch, and establish an Oligarchy, despicable in point of principle, rank, talent, or wealth: in old countries such monsters have arisen among men like the golden statue of Nebuchadnezzar--here it would be clay, base clay, powerful only in virulence. No man, no body of men, are respectable or despicable according to their rank or wealth, but of all things, despotism wants lacquer, to make it endurable to the public eye. It is because ye have joined with me in those sentiments that I now address you--because ye have proved yourselves resolved to deserve and defend a representative government--because ye have

far as in ye lay, set a bar to the improper grasp of a board which denies responsibility to anything but its own conscience—because ye have exhibited your good will to destroy evil in the bud—and to prevent the growth of fruit, the pestiferous effects of which would be of difficult and dangerous conquest ;—because ye have set an example to the Yeomanry of the Province, and have exhibited the amiable spectacle, of an entire population acting according to knowledge and conscience, and the principles of British liberty.

Freemen of Colchester, the recollection of your little Capital Town, presents more than it was wont to my imagination. The picturesque cottages, I now see inhabited, with intelligent and pious inmates ; the wanderers by your meandering stream, have got a kind of patriarchial exaltation to my fancy ; the groupes in your pleasant meadows, are the pictures of Nova Scotia rural life, to which it would be my pride to direct the attention of a British philanthropist. Is this weak eulogy, excited merely from the exhibition of one week's propriety, under critical circumstances ? It is rather an expression, excited, because in this trial ye have amply sustained your former character for integrity and intelligence. This is not flattery—to prove its simple truth, allow me to mention an illustrative incident, an incident which, of itself, speaks largely and loudly of your previous fame.—The late Judge Stewart—of respected memory—presided in a case, in the town of Truro, some years since. On addressing the jury he stated the bearing of the law on the subject under consideration, and then left the case with its difficulties to their decision. The jury returned a verdict founded rather on a rational, than a legal view of the question ; when the venerable Judge again addressed them—with his characteristic energy—to the following effect : “ Well done Truro—you have not disappointed me ; I gave you law and you return me equity. I have more pleasure in sitting on the bench of this little Court, than on any other in the Province. I have ever loved you for your character—and I ever will.” With this incident I close this imperfect address. It has been excited by your late noble conduct ; you have made yourselves prominent among the people of the land, by throwing out the only remaining

parts of the noted Council minority. During the coming session, the enquiry—where are the never-ending apologists of his Majesty's Council? will be answered by saying, a kind fate, and an independent district have terminated their legislative existence—Colchester has pronounced a British verdict on their political conduct and principles. “Well done Truro,” may the representatives you have chosen, be worthy of such constituents.

MARCO.

EDUCATION.

WE have been directed to this subject by noticing an *Exposition* of a “new system” of Education. The *Exposition* is published in London; the system is that of Professor Jacotot—University of Louvaine, Netherlands. Education—in all civilized countries—has been always made a subject of paramount importance—yet, perhaps it has never been treated with the solemn interest which its nature demands. It may not be too much to say, that from a biped animal called Man, Education creates a demigod. Look at the sagacious wild creature, who by accident has been divided in youth from the human herd, and has grown up uneducated amid nature's solitude; in contrast with the “wild man,” examine the citizen, who, illiterate, conforms to all the usages of civilized life, fills his station in society, and faithfully discriminates between right and wrong, although to the beauties of nature and art, he may be blind, and deaf, and dumb, as an automaton; and compare with each of these specimens---the scholar, gentleman, philosopher---the being, who has received fine capabilities from nature, and exquisite art in applying such capabilities from Education. When we have pondered awhile over the gradations included in these specimens, we must see the great importance of the instrument of such diversities. Education commences in the cradle, advances daily, and terminates only with life: that part of our time entrusted to the “School Master” is only the hot-bed process, we are never out of school, until we are out of the world. But as edu-

education is to most persons only a very subordinate object of life, the "School Master" becomes a more important personage; on his shoulders is thrown the important business; he has to unlock the fountains and to administer the draughts, which are expected to become wells of living water—self supplied—for the generality of those who drink, have neither time nor opportunity to replenish, nor enlarge, nor embellish the reservoirs. As civilization advanced, it was found that the general education, which man receives almost by sympathy, from living amid congregations of his fellows, was so alloyed with evil, and so inefficient to ennoble the creature, that artificial education was applied to—religiously—as a stimulant and a corrective: hence we find the importance attached to the hot-bed part of education, and the number of ingenious systems which have been invented to make this part very effective.

The Expositor of Jacotot's system, complains, that education as conducted by the usual systems, is too superficial, that pupils are made acquainted with outlines and technicalities of subjects only, and that while they may be said to possess the land, the mines which lie a little below the surface are all unworked. This, as far as it is true, is cause of regret—but how does Monsieur Jacotot's system remedy the evil? "His principle of instruction is, learn something thoroughly, and refer every thing else to it." For instance—if we understand the brief review on which we build our remarks.—In teaching a child to read, he does not go on progressively as is usual, climbing from the alphabets, to spelling lessons, and so on to reading; but he at once takes some "standard classical work," and puts it into the baby's hand. Our readers may smile, but Monsieur Jacotot is very grave, and should be listened to in a similar mood. The child holds—let us suppose—*Telemachus*, and he is pointed to the sentence—"The grief of Calypso for the departure of Ulysses, would admit of no comfort." The master points to the first word, and pronounces it distinctly, and is imitated by his pupil—the same process is applied to the first and second words—first, second and third—first, second, third and fourth, and so on, at each repetition adding a new word, and beginning with the first. When the child has been taught to look at, and pronounce a few words, in this manner, a line from some other part of his *Telemachus* is pointed out, he is asked, are these the words which he has just become acquainted with in that line; and it is expected that he will at once recognize his old friends—"Calypso," "Ulysses,"—and all the other unintelligible hieroglyphics which he has been taught to attach sounds to. After some exercise in this way—to bring the pupil acquainted with the resemblance and differences of words—he is taught to pronounce the

syllables of his sentence, and last the letters. There may be much wisdom in thus reversing the usual order of things, but as the point of many witty sayings is lost to all but the utterer on account of the dullness of hearers, so we acknowledge our want of perception in this case. We are still inclined to suppose, that learning the magical A, B, C,—connecting the letters so as to form syllables---again so as to form words—and at length pronouncing words connectedly, or reading—is the most rational, and efficient, and least superficial method of imparting this great initiatory branch of education: but it is not the most novel—so we and Monsieur Jacotot are at odds. When sixty lines are learnt in this manner, the Professor holds that the difficulties of reading are surmounted; and according to his text, to these sixty lines thoroughly learned, *by rote*, every thing else attempted to be read, is to be referred. Thus by recollecting as a parrot, and comparing as a man, the infant reads almost by intuition. Some sense may be mixed with the quackery of this part of the system, we have not time to enquire—but the “School Master” is abroad, and we endeavour to throw the subject in his way.

Then as to writing—do you suppose that Jacotot commences as his grandfather did? not at all; he discards with contempt—strokes, pot hooks and hangers, and all the mystical and misshapen hieroglyphics, with which youngers were wont to be imitated, into the difficulties of manuscript. In place of these preparatory steps—which we must vulgarly acknowledge have been endeared to us by early and innocent associations, and by a supposition of their usefulness—in place of these, a beautifully written, or engraved sentence, in small hand, is placed before the infant penman, and he is directed to copy it. To us—who imagine that children are now as they were in our own happy days, and who recollect the impossible admonition “spare blot,”—the very supposition, of what the copy of the engraved small hand, should be, creates a smile. The little fingers of a juvenile, small, stiff and lawless, as the claws of a frozen turkey-cock, might be induced after numberless trials, to move on the rail way of “strokes” or “pot-hooks”—but for such to be told to copy all the evolutions of an engraved sentence, seems as tho’ a Jay were to be educated in chattering, by presenting it with a volume of Canning’s speeches. The writing, as the reading, of course abides by the text of the system—for the one sentence thoroughly mastered, will stand as a reference for all other essays at manuscript.

In the study of language, whether that of the pupil’s own country, or foreign, the same principle applies. In this study, what *something* is to be learned thoroughly, as in the other studies, to serve as a gauge for all other things? not the rules of grammar or selections from the dictionary—but merely—the pupil is required to commit to memory, the first six books of Telemachus. This herculean task, enough to kill a child of weak memory, an

to make a dolt of a child of strong memory, is to be thoroughly performed; most rigidly and perfectly, subject to every trial, the six books are to be committed to memory. The very thought creates a prejudice against the book, and we could not open the good Abbé's admirable work, without inwardly vowing, that we would not recollect more of it, than just suited our taste or inclination. It seems an excellent method to disgust a young mind with literature in general; dry elementary tasks are borne with, as necessary, and the student when allowed, launches delighted into the green fields of narration or description, as a relief from the dusty road; but if those green fields are made his prison and his pest, there is reason to fear that he will eschew the country altogether. But Monsieur Jacotot's Exposition says, that more than this is exacted from pupils by the common method—it may be, that the entire of his various tasks for a long course of time may amount to more—but recollect, that this thing of the six books, is a first initiatory step; and surely there is great difference between drinking little at a time and continuedly, and having gallons at once forced down the throat by means of a funnel. Well, says Jacotot, you have my six books in your stomach, digest them, and as they are analyzed, you will find that what appeared barley broth, was turtle soup, and that you have swallowed the elements of Grammar, Composition, Criticism, Philosophy, Logic, Human Science, History, Geography, &c. Yes, “all my chickens all, at one fell swoop!” “Nothing now remains but to evolve the various elements, and they are then seen to assume the form and character of distinct sciences.” Admirable! the Alderman has but to ruminate for awhile, and the capon which he has masticated, again crows and flaps his wings. The student has committed to memory six books of a learned author—they now become his own—to compile these books, it was necessary to be versed in various sciences—the elements of these sciences, or the fruit of their possession, are in one way or the other embodied in the pages of the books—ergo—if the student makes the books his own, the elements of the sciences must be his also, therefore he has only to analyze, and to generalize, and he becomes learned at once, and “understands every thing and think upon every thing, as the author did while composing his work”! Wonderful Jacotot—this is the very ready reckoner of literature, the gelatine biscuit of the mind. If you want human learning fret not at the difficulties of mastering elementary works, think not of the appalling task of collecting information from many sources, and of climbing cautiously and slowly the steps of the “ladder of learning”—getting one grade above another, until toil worn indeed, but delighted, you reach the top, and glance with enthusiasm over your hardly purchased fairy land;—think not of this, Jacotot sets you on the upper step at once—by *hocus pocus*, instead of y travel, he shows you the land, of which you know nothing by experience—you need fear no fall, for the six books will act as a balancing weight, and preserve your centre of gravity, whatever

effect they may have on spectators of your position.—The doses of learning having been duly administered, as made into boluses, by some great doctor of the mind—Jocotot's pupil has now to bring the knowledge which he possesses into practical use—aye, there's the rub—but we are told, that it is astonishing how smoothly this appropriation of the property of others is accomplished—that, the pupil cannot help thinking, cannot help noticing resemblances, and distinguishing differences, and so on. Here again we throw our subject on the mercy of the schoolmaster, either to despise, or profit by it, as he may deem it deserving.

But says Jacotot, “my pupils think for themselves, and learn of themselves; the teacher who pursues the method of universal instruction, *tells his pupil nothing*. He explains nothing, insists upon nothing, affirms nothing. The pupil is taught to *see every thing himself, and to make his own reflections, not to receive those made by others.*” If by this is meant, that the pupil is taught by interrogatories to examine for himself, and not merely to learn by rote the opinions of others—we imagine it to be well—but, if according to the drift of the passage in italics, the pupil is induced to become sceptical of all he hears, except he can demonstrate it to himself; if he be taught, by poor superficial guiding, that his own judgment is sufficient for him, and that reason in all matters is to be his sole guide;—then, “the system” promises fair to make of its disciples—shallow scholars—proud pert ignoramuses—obstinate jabbering infidels—and men, whose habits of thinking and acting, can be neither pleasing nor profitable to themselves or their associates. If the boy of ten or twelve years of age, is capable of pursuing his course, without receiving any reflections from others—the man of thirty, if wise, will consider himself a fool in many matters, and will eagerly and thankfully partake of the light which his wiser fellows may be willing to impart. To think for one's self, sounds specious enough, but when the knowledge and experience necessary for such thinking are considered, few minds of any grasp but will tremble at the task, and proceed to it with the caution and humility which become finite beings. Yet Monsieur Jacotot's children are “to make their own reflections, not to receive those made by others.” This part of the system strikes with more force, from our observing a late notice of a respectable English Seminary. In this notice, particular credit is taken, because the teacher does not allow his pupils, in their lessons, to think at all for themselves, to take a step without their preceptor—thus it is said, labour and time are saved, and errors and bad habits are avoided. Perhaps a course between these extremes might be more beneficial than either of them separately.

We come to what appears a more pleasing part of the system; a part in which there is less of charlatanry and more of philosophy, than in the parts already noticed. In reference to the “*si-*”

books," it is laid down as a principle, that the author would not have used every word, unless every one had been necessary." To support this position, the pupil has to become conversant with the author's sentiments, expressions and images, and to enter closely into the spirit of the work. With a very skillful preceptor, this plan may be excellent for grounding an adult in composition—but as applied by Monsieur Jacotot—we much doubt that it would prove a profitable exercise to young persons, or that preceptors in general, could be found capable of the task. But were preceptors generally capable of fully entering into the spirit and peculiarities, and of closely analyzing and generalising a classical work—still it does not apply to Jacotot's system—for in it, the pupil is not to receive any reflections from others, he is to be his own pioneer—if so, but little of the spirit of the classic author will evaporate under his examination. As we before said, this part of the system has in it something of attraction, for when we recollect the almost utter disregard, paid to analysis, in general teaching—the ignorance in which pupils are left, of the constituent parts of their studies—of the cause of beauty in literature—of the philosophy of grammar and rhetoric—and what drilling they undergo, merely to obtain discipline, and proficiency, with a total neglect of the nature of the tactics, and of their cause and effect: recollecting these things, there appears necessity for some great reform in this part of general education, and the system which may give the impulse, is valuable, tho' at fault in an hundred other particulars. We will suppose a short example of this analytical method, to explain our meaning to our readers; altho' perhaps we mistake the system on which we are offering those remarks.

" It is nature's last

And beautiful effort to bequeath a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and looked out, in its various moods,
Of gentleness and joy, and love, and hope,
And gained this poor flesh credit in the world."

Let us suppose, that this passage occurs in a book, from which a pupil is learning a knowledge of the English language—its grammatical construction is gone through, and the following dialogue takes place between the Student and his Preceptor—the student having been previously initiated into the system, and having studied the passage.

Preceptor—What is the principal object of the poetical lines just read?

Student—To describe the appearance of the human eye, at the hour of death.

P. Is it a simple or an embellished description?

S. It is an embellished description.

P. Which ornaments of composition are used in its construction?

S. Personification, and Metaphor.

P. Diverst the passage of its ornaments, and poetical arrangement, and how will it appear?

S. Somewhat as follows.—For a last time the eye appears brilliant; during life it was an organ of expression to the soul, and was a chief ornament to the human frame.

P. How are the ornaments supplied?

S. By attaching “personification” to nature, and saying that the brilliancy of the eye is occasioned by her efforts; brilliancy or vividness, by “metaphor” is called fire; the soul is personified as sitting on the eye ball, and looking from it in its various tempers; and the ornamental nature of the eye is implied by metaphor, in saying, that it gained the flesh credit in the world.

P. What is gained by the embellishment of this passage, and by its poetical construction?

S. Strength of expression, pathos, brilliancy, beauty—and illustration—which induces pleasing picturesque thoughts—beside the principal object, but all tending to heighten its effect.

P. Can you give any philosophical reason, why the simple recital may be departed from, and why the glowing language of poetry should be added?

S. Many of the productions and operations of nature, are almost unutterably exquisite and beautiful—few more so, than the human eye. Simple language is inadequate to describe its wonders, it is impossible even to imagine them satisfactorily—it may then be inferred, that comparison, illustration, and the ornaments, with which time has enriched language, are necessarily used to convey a lively picture of this object to the mind. These ornaments indeed, seem efforts of nature, to overcome the poverty of speech, and to express herself, at all adequately, in the dialect of men. They are as the many rays of light which centre in the magnifying glass, and so allow of a more perfect inspection of distant and minute objects. We all find that objects—tho’ near to touch or sight—are distant from adequate expression and description—hence, the collecting of poetic light from many sources, that it may all bear on the subject under consideration.

P. You have been taught the value of a right understanding of words. There are a few terms in your exercise which I wish you to define. You mentioned nature’s effort—what ideas have you of Nature—how would you define the term?

S. I imagine nature to mean, generally, the visible works of the Creator—poetry, as in the passage under consideration, imagines a personage called Nature, who is supposed to preside over the simple, original, or native state of things.

P. I find the term "life" in your exercise—What is life?

S. It is that arrangement and endowment of animal bodies, by which they are capable of performing various functions of themselves—and possess heat, motion, and consciousness—and resist decay.

P. Would it not be sufficient to say, that "life" was existence?

S. No, because that would be but supplying one word for another, without gaining any information—also, the term existence, might apply to many things devoid of animal life; and a definition, I believe—to be a good one—should apply to its own subject only, and to that at all times.

We close our fancied examination, it may be deficient in itself, we merely ventured it as elucidatory of that system of education which should teach pupils to look below the surface of their studies. Each of our classical works contains a store of entertaining information, beside that which appears as the author's chief design to convey; yet, from using these works as mere reading books, taking no pains to ascertain by what means the author produced his ends, or what information is *hidden* in his pages, the pupil gains not half the knowledge of composition and language, which he might gain by a more searching process. The general method of education seems inimical to deep thinking, yet to convey a grasp and profundity of thought, should be the great end of education.

The compositions of Jacotot's pupils, are subjected to a very excellent process—the composition is first examined as a whole—next, as to its facts and sentiments—and then as to the diction. It will at once be perceived, that there is a necessity for these distinct examinations—for a composition might be pronounced excellent under any one of the tests, and yet faulty as to the others; in which case, indiscriminate or vague, censure or praise, could not be at all as satisfactory or improving, as this analytical demonstration. When the pupil has arrived at a certain advanced stage, "his powers are exercised in all possible ways" by being employed in writing exercises all founded on the "six books" which have been committed to memory, and which he makes his model, and text book. These written exercises are conducted according to the analytic method also. Subjects are not at first given to be treated generally—but, the pupil, step by step, is taught to use the whole armour of literature, which if offered him at once, he should discard, or misemploy—not having proved them.

In teaching foreign languages, Jacotot affirms the pre-eminence of his system. The pupil begins not with dictionaries and grammars—but commences at once with a classic work in the language, and a close translation of it, in his native tongue; as we saw before, he commits his six books to memory—and on this stock proceeds to develop all the peculiarities of the language. Our space prevents further remark—we were hurriedly attracted to the subject—

our *compendium* of Jacotot's system was very brief and vague—we merely throw these rambling hints on the stream, that others may be attracted with more effect, to a subject full of interest, and importance. If we could induce by any of our remarks, some of our young readers to dip deeper into the genial tide of English literature, we should be rewarded, though our exertions may be treated lightly by the guardians of the waters.

Since we were led by the notice of Jacotot's system—to the consideration of Education—we have had an opportunity of witnessing with much pleasure, a method of instruction pursued in a preparatory school, in Halifax. The pupils, though not numerous, are formed into several classes, according to their comparative advance in learning. The classes are ingeniously linked one with the other, by which means minor pupils are allowed and induced—not driven—to nibble before they can bite; and receive much improvement with scarcely any exertion. In this school several original regulations seem eminently calculated to give proper and becoming confidence, to perfect the pronunciation, to exercise memory without burthening it, and to mature the judgment without at all feeding presumption or arrogance, as we thought Jacotot's system calculated to do. With much novelty, there is no quackery and little pretension in the school alluded to—it may not be one, in which pupils can readily and pompously answer the question, so often senselessly put, of, “what have you learnt at school?” but if we mistake not, it is one, which will in due time speak for its own excellence, by proving that the pupil's mind has been generally, enlarged, improved and corrected; and that we take to be the more valuable—tho' not the more showy—part of education.