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THE HALIFAX Monthly Magazine.

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No. 27.

[We insert this, because it is curious in itself, and will be interesting to persons fond of Botanical pursuits and enquiries.]

BOTANY OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

DR. JAMES MITCHELL has given, at the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution, a lecture on the botany of the City of London. This was a sequel to his lectures on the natural history, including the zoology, entomology, and animal life, of the metropolis. In this lecture on the vegetation of the metropolis, he confined his observations to those plants, which grew within the boundaries of the City, strictly so called; because the circumstance of plants growing there would show that the same plants would thrive in any other town in England, enveloped in an atmosphere of sea-coal smoke. Hitherto no researches had been exclusively directed to this subject. Some periodical publications, had contained papers professing to give lists of plants which grew in large towns, but they had been drawn up from the observations of persons living in the great country towns, and although in the closest parts of some of them, the same causes which affect vegetation in London, might also exist; yet in the greater part of the large towns, the air more nearly resembled the air of the country, than it did that of London, and observations in these places were of no further use than those taken from Islington, Paddington, or Pentonville. Mr. Fairchild, a gardener of Hoxton, had published a small pamphlet, 105 years ago, called "The City Gardner," and assigns as his motive for the publication of it: "That every one in London, and in other cities where much sea-coal is burnt may delight themselves in gardening, though they have never so little room, and prepare their understanding to enjoy the country, when their trade and industry has given them riches enough to retire from business." The Herbal of Gerard, mentioned many plants which in his time grew about Holborn, and also near Coleman-street. But in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when that work was written, partridges and snipes might have been shot in and about Holborn, and Coleman-street was near the outside of what, as compared with London now, was only a small town. In the course of his lecture Dr. Mitchell noticed the following plants:

The *Lime Tree* or *Linden Tree*, is the principal vegetable ornament of the City of London. Two very fine limes grow in the garden of the interior of the Bank of England, though probably but little noticed by the thousands who constantly pass and repass

them. In Copthall-court and in Austin Friars lime trees, in a very flourishing state, grow with the stones of the footpath laid close to their bark. In Drapers'-gardens and most of the churchyards throughout the City, and in every small plot of ground, whether paved or of soft earth, these beautiful trees may be seen; their fresh and green leaves producing a sensation of pleasure on the beholder.

The *Plane Tree* grows to a great height, and spreads its boughs far and wide. The finest in the City are in the churchyard of St. Dunstan's, in the East and near the Custom-house. Fairchild, in his work published in 1722, describes these trees as being then forty feet high; and says that they bore fruit sufficiently good to produce young plants. Three of these trees are particularly large, and formerly contained a rookery; but the birds were frightened away, at the time of the erection of the Custom-house. A fine solitary plane tree stands at the end of Wood-street, close to Cheapside; and this spring, a pair of crows have built their nests in its boughs. The bark of the plane tree peels off; its leaves are not so thickly spread as those of many other trees, and it may be distinguished from sycamore, by its fructification hanging down like three balls on a string one below the other. The large plane trees in the churchyard of St. Dunstan's in the East are probably the most aged of the vegetable world, within the boundaries of the City. They cannot, however, be older than the great fire (1666), because as the flames raged all round that quarter, any trees then growing must have been totally consumed. And as they were forty feet high in 1722, it is probable that they were planted soon after the restoration of the City, and that they are coeval with the monument.

The *Lilac* is to be found in every part of the City; and endures the close air, the smoke, and the soot as well as the Lime. It grows very luxuriantly in the garden of the Bank of England, surrounded by the buildings, and under the shade of the lofty lime trees. There are four species found in the city: the white lilac, the purple lilac, the Persian lilac, and the sweet-scented lilac.

The *Laburnum* is to be found in the Drapers'-gardens, the churchyard of St. John the Baptist, upon Walbrook, in Cloak-lane, and in many other places. It never arrives to any great height or perfection, and is frequently seen with the extremities of its small branches dead; which is always a proof that a plant is struggling hard to maintain a sickly existence. Both the common and the Scotch laburnum grow in London, and it is remarked that the latter thrives where the native can scarcely exist; a circumstance which will excite the less surprize, inasmuch, as we often observe an analogous phenomenon in the animal kingdom.

The *Poplar Tree*. Three species of the *poplar* are to be found in many places in the City; the common, the Lombardy, and the silver poplar. The common poplars do not grow to so great a size in the City, as the Lombardy poplars, many of which are magnificent trees. Whenever the heads of poplars are cut off, they seldom thrive well afterwards in London.

The *Hawthorn*, in a very thriving condition, is to be found in the inside of the enclosure of Finsbury-circus; in the gardens behind Broad-street Buildings; and in the Drapers'-gardens. In

1722, there was a hawthorn tree, in a narrow alley between White-cross-street, and Bunhill-fields, supposed to be highest of the kind in England.

The *Elm Tree* is to be found in some places within the City, but seldom of any great magnitude. There is one, however, in St. Paul's Church-yard, about forty feet high, which appears very flourishing, and several young ones, which have been planted near it, thrive well. There are elms in Bishopsgate Church-yard, and in the Churchyard in Nicholas-lane; but although aged, they are of very stunted growth. In the Temple and the Tower Gardens, elms may be seen equal in size to those of the country; but they are very ancient, being mentioned by Mr. Fairchild in 1722, and probably acquired their vigour before London arrived at its present gigantic magnitude. Moorfields had formerly some magnificent elms; some of them were cut down to make room for the exercising of the volunteers thirty years ago, and some in 1814. They were about one hundred and ten years old, which is ascertained from a fact on record, that they were planted to replace trees blown down by a remarkable storm of wind in 1703. This was the storm which blew down and carried totally away the lighthouse built of wood on the Eddystone Rock, near Plymouth. The remainder of these trees were taken away to make room for the erection of Finsbury Circus.

The *Fig Tree* though a plant of warm climates, as the south of France, Italy, and Palestine, is yet to be found in many parts of the City. There is one in the garden behind the New City Chambers in Bishopsgate-street, fifteen or twenty feet high, which at this moment makes a splendid appearance with leaves and fruit. The figs, however, never ripen. There is a very beautiful fig tree in St. John's Church-yard, Walbrook, and one about twenty feet high in Cloak-lane. There is also one in St. Mildred's-court, but in none of them does the fruit ever come to perfection. It is said that in 1722, figs ripened in Roll's-garden, Chancery-lane, and also at the Rev. Dr. Bennett's, Cripplegate.

The *Vine* in many parts of the City not only puts forth a goodly show of leaves and fruit, but brings the fruit to maturity. In 1829, a vine in Hounds-ditch produced one hundred and forty bunches of excellent grapes.

The *Mulberry Tree* also endures the air of the City well. There are ten very old and thriving ones in Drapers'-gardens, which yield a good crop of ripe fruit, and although the exterior may be a little sooty, yet when they are well washed, the interior portions are said to be very good. There is also an abundantly productive mulberry tree behind Girdler's-hall, in Basinghall-street.

The *Virginia Creeper*, a beautiful foreign plant, thrives well in the City of London. It raises itself against the side of a wall, and without any external aid fastens itself and will extend to the top thirty or forty feet high. The natural apparatus by means of which it is enabled to do this is very remarkable. It puts out from numerous stems five claws, the ends of which are soft and spongy; these exclude the air, and by the pressure of the external atmosphere, they are kept close to the wall in the same manner as the feet of flies crawling on the ceiling. Hence the smoother the wall the more readily it adheres. Fine specimens of this plant

may be seen behind the New City Chambers, Bishopsgate, Lawrence Poultry Church-yard, and many other places in the City.

The *Privet* is to be found in Drapers'-gardens; the Church-yard of St. Edmund the King, Nicholas-lane; Allhallows Church-yard; Thames-street; Trinity-square, Tower-hill; Temple-gardens, and many other places.

No *Pear Trees* are now to be seen in the City; but in 1722 there were many bearing both flowers and fruit in the confined alleys about Barbican, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate-street, &c. There are now two pear trees against the wall of the Tower, parallel to the river, which bear leaves and sometimes one or two pears. Several also may be seen in the City-road which grow an excellent crop of leaves.—*Apple Trees* also grew in the City in 1722, but seldom bore fruit. Some *Peach and Apricot Trees* now grow behind a house in Union-street, Spitalfields; they blossom, but never fructify.

The *Ash Tree* grows well in London. There is a fine one in Upper Thames-street, another in Temple-gardens, and several thriving young ones in Finsbury Circus. Willows grow in several places on the banks of the Thames. There is a beautiful one above Southwark-bridge, and one in the Church-yard of St. Dunstan's in the East.

The *Elder* is not common in the City, but one or two seem to thrive well and produce blossoms, but seldom berries. There are some in St. Dunstan's in the East Church-yard; St. George, Botolph-lane; and the Temple-gardens.

The *Guelder Rose* (*Viburnum Opulus*), grows in the church-yard of Austin-friars, and in Drapers'-gardens. Though called a rose, it is totally distinct from the plants which properly bear that name.

The *Bladder Senna* grows in St. Dunstan's in the East Church-yard, Drapers'-gardens, and Finsbury Circus. It will grow in the closest situations, and deserves attention for its delicate beautiful leaves, and fine yellow blossoms in Autumn.

The *Ivy* and the *Holly* grow in various parts of the City of London, but in general very feebly. Mr. Fairchild asserts that they both throve well in 1722, which shows that a considerable alteration has taken place since.

Fir and *Birch Trees* being natives of cold climates, do not bear the close air and heat of London. Several exist in the open parts of the City, but generally in a sickly condition.

The *Box*, which is a native British plant, does not thrive well in the City, although in 1722, Mr. Fairchild says, "it would grow well and be very ornamental."—*Jessamine* grows very feebly in the Drapers'-gardens, but it flourishes in the Temple-gardens.—*Gooseberry and Currant Bushes* grow in the gardens behind Broadstreet-buildings, and blossom, but mature no fruit.

He then proceeded to notice the plants that die annually down to the roots, or that perish altogether in the course of the year.

ODE TO THE GERMAN'S.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

THE Spirit of Britannia
 Invokes across the main,
 Her sister Allemania
 To burst the Tyrant's chain:
 By our kindred blood she cries,
 Rise, Allemanians, rise,
 And hallowed thrice the band
 Of our kindred hearts shall be,
 When your land shall be the land
 Of the free—of the free!

With freedom's lion banner
 Britannia rules the waves ;
 Whilst your BROAD STONE OF HONOR*
 Is still the camp of slaves.
 For shame, for glory's sake,
 Wake, Allemanians, wake,
 And the tyrant's now that whelm
 Half the world, shall quail and flee.
 When your realm shall be the realm
 Of the free—of the free!

Mars owes to you his thund'ring
 That shakes the battle field,
 Yet to break your bonds asunder
 No martial bolt has peal'd.
 Shall the laurel'd land of Art
 Wear shackles on her heart?
 No! the clock ye fram'd to tell
 By its sound, the march of time,
 Let it clang Oppression's knell
 O'er your clime—o'er your clime!

The Press's magic letters—
 That blessing ye brought forth,—
 Behold! it lies in fetters
 On the soil that gave it birth:
 But the trumpet must be heard,
 And the charger must be spur'd;
 For your Father Armin's Sprite
 Calls down from heaven, that ye
 Shall gird you for the fight,
 And be free;—and be free!

* Ehrenbreitstein signifies in German, "the broad stone of honour."

† Germany invented gunpowder, clock making, and printing.

TWO SCENES, BY CHATEAUBRIAND.

"It was frequently our custom to rise in the middle of the night, and seat ourselves on the fore-castle, where we found only an officer, and a few sailors smoking their pipes in silence. The only sound which could be heard was the ploughing of the prow through the waves, while lines of foam, mingled with sparks of fire, flew along the sides of the vessel. God of the christians! it is especially in the abyss of waters, and the immensity of the heavens, that thou hast engraved the traits of thy omnipotence—millions of stars glittering in the azure dome of heaven—the moon in the midst of the firmament—an ocean without bounds—infinity in the heaven and the waves! Never have I felt more overwhelmed by the magnificence than in those nights, when, suspended as it were between the stars and the ocean, I had infinity above my head, and immensity beneath my feet.

"One evening, when it was a profound calm, we were sailing through those lovely seas which bathe the coast of Virginia,—all the sails were furled—I was occupied below, when I heard the bell which called the mariners upon deck to prayers—I hastened to join my orisons to those of the rest of the crew. The officers were on the fore-castle with the passengers; the priest, with his prayer-book in his hand, stood a little in advance; the sailors were scattered here and there on the deck; we were all above, with our faces turned towards the prow of the vessel, which looked to the west.

"The globe of the sun, ready to plunge into the waves, appeared between the ropes of the vessel in the midst of boundless space. You would have imagined, from the balancing of the poop, that the glorious luminary changed at every instant its horizon. A few light clouds were scattered without order in the east, where the moon was slowly ascending; all the rest of the sky was unclouded. Towards the north, forming a glorious triangle with the star of day and that of night, a glittering cloud arose from the sea, resplendent with the colours of the prism, like a crystal pile supporting the vault of heaven.

"He is much to be pitied who could have witnessed this scene, without feeling the beauty of God. Tears involuntarily flowed from my eyes, when my companions, taking off their hats, began to sing, in their hoarse strains, the simple hymn of Our Lady of Succour. How touching was that prayer of men, who on a fragile plank, in the midst of the ocean, contemplated the sun sitting in the midst of the waves! How that simple invocation of the mariners to the mother of woes, went to the heart! The consciousness of our littleness in the sight of Infinity—our chants prolonged afar over the waves—night approaching with its sable wings—a whole crew of a vessel filled with admiration and holy fear—God bending over the abyss, with one hand retaining the sun at the gates of the west, with the other raising the moon in the east, and yet lending an attentive ear to the voice of prayer ascending from a speck in the immensity—all combined to form an assemblage which cannot be described, and of which the human heart could hardly bear the weight.

"The scene at land was not less ravishing. One evening I had lost my way in a forest, at a short distance from the falls of Niaga-

ra. Soon the day expired around me, and I tasted, in all its solitude, the lovely spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

“An hour after sunset the moon shewed itself above the branches, on the opposite side of the horizon. An embalmed breeze, which the Queen of Night seemed to bring with her from the East, preceded her with its freshening gales. The solitary star ascended by degrees in the heavens; sometimes she followed peaceably her azure course, sometimes she reposed on the groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty mountains covered with snow. These clouds, opening and closing their sails, now spread themselves out in transparent zones of white satin, now dispersed into light bubbles of foam, or formed in the heavens bars of white so dazzling and sweet, that you could almost believe you felt their snowy surface.

“The scene on the earth was of equal beauty; the declining day, and the light of the moon, descended into the intervals of the trees, and spread a faint gleam even in the profoundest part of the darkness. The river which flowed at my feet, alternately lost itself in the woods, and re-appeared brilliant with the constellations of night which reposed on its bosom. In a savanna on the other side of the river, the moonbeams slept without movement on the verdant turf. A few birches, agitated by the breeze, and dispersed here and there, formed isles of floating shadow on that motionless sea of light. All would have been in profound repose, but for the few leaves, the breath of a transient breeze, and the moaning of the owl; while, in the distance, at intervals the deep roar of Niagara was heard, which, prolonged from desert to desert in the calm of the night, expired at length in the endless solitude of the forest.

“The grandeur, the surpassing melancholy of that scene, can be expressed by no human tongue—the finest nights of Europe can give no conception of it. In vain, amidst our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to expand—it meets on all sides the habitations of men; but in those savage regions the soul loves to shroud itself in the ocean of forests, to hang over the gulf of cataracts, to meditate on the shores of lakes and rivers, and feel itself alone as it were with God.”

SPRING.

WHEN the wind blows
 In the sweet rose-tree,
 And the cow lows
 On the fragrant lea,
 And the stream flows
 All bright and free,
 'Tis not for thee, 'tis not me;
 'Tis not for any *one* here, I trow:
 The gentle wind bloweth,
 The happy cow loweth,
 The merry stream floweth,
 For all below!
 O the Spring! the bountiful Spring!
 She shineth and smileth on every thing.

Where cometh the sheep ?
 To the rich man's moor.
 Where cometh sleep ?
 To the bed that's poor.
 Peasants must weep,
 And kings endure;
 That is a fate that none can cure;
 Yet Spring doth all she can, I trow;
She brings the bright hours,
She weaves the sweet flowers,
She dresseth her bowers,
 For all below !
 O the Spring, &c,

THE FAIR PENITENT.

It was evening. The last rays of the setting sun fell upon the richly painted windows of the Abbey, and threw a "dim religious light", upon the marble floor beneath, and the fretted pillars that rose on all sides. A young female, dressed in virgin white, advanced up the aisle, with slow and irregular steps, her eyes timidly bent upon the ground, and her lovely looks half-shewing a countenance in which health and innocence seemed to vie with each other, which should add most beauty to features, the form of which were beauty itself.

She stopped for a moment as she reached the open portal of the chapel that formed a recess on one side of the aisle, and then turned into the recess, entered a Confessional, and fell upon her knees.

What "ignorant sin" could this sweet one have committed, that required absolution at the hands of her holy confessor ?

We shall see.

Having first pronounced her accustomed prayer with a timid voice, she seemed to gain confidence by this act, and proceeded to relate, first, her little acts of contumacy towards her school-mistress, (for, though bordering on womanhood, she had not left the *Convent School*); then her little sins of actual commission; reserving the gravest to the last. At length, though she had evidently not concluded her confession she made a full stop, as if reluctant to proceed farther.

"Come daughter," exclaimed the good priest, "proceed, you must not permit a false pride or delicacy to deter you from that full confession without which absolution were vain. What more !"

The priest said something to encourage her, but the pretty penitent still hesitated; and as she covered her sweet face with her two hands, as if ashamed to have it seen, the tears made their way between her pretty fingers.

"Come—come," said the holy father, "this must not be. I must interrogate you. What is it that thus troubles you ? Have you done any thing to injure or offend your good parents ?"

"Worse, father."

"Have you been reading in wicked books ?"

"I've not been reading at all father."

“Did you play or laugh, last Sunday, during service?”

“A great deal worse, father.”

The good priest began to be seriously alarmed; yet he did not know how to frame his questions so as to avoid suggestions, which (if he should prove wrong in his suspicions) might render the remedy more mischievous than the disease.

At last, the young beauty, as if by a desperate effort, relieved him from his embarrassment.—“Father,” said she, with a trembling and half-suppressed voice, “I will tell you all, if heaven will give me strength to speak. But, pray be indulgent, good father. It was the first time—and I’m sure I never thought that so much harm would come. Besides it was not all my fault—it was partly his. And he is so very handsome too”—[The good priest trembled.] “And so fond of me—he used to follow me about wherever I went—he seemed to think and care about nobody but me.”—[She paused a moment,—then continued.]—“Well, father, one night, after I had retired to rest, I—would you believe it?—I found him in my chamber.”—[The holy father groaned aloud.]—“I never could tell how he got there—for I shut the door after me, and fastened it carefully, as I always do.”

“Well,” exclaimed the confessor, in an anxious tone, what more?”

“Oh, father! the worst is to come. That night, in particular—it was last Thursday, father—he looked so very handsome, and seemed so very fond of me—and—that—in short—”

“But,” exclaimed the pious, priest, with a sudden shew of indignation, “did your mother never warn you of the terrible danger of such conduct? Did she never tell you the fatal consequences of—”

“No, father,” (interrupted the terrified penitent) “she never told me there was any thing wrong in being fond of such a very beautiful cat—and—”;

“A cat!—was it a cat?”

“Yes, father; a large beautiful white Angola, that I was so wicked as to steal from the pastry cook’s opposite where we live, and have kept him concealed in my room ever since.”

In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus Sancti, te absolvo, said the good priest; and never did he pronounce the words with a more full and gratified feeling in pious satisfaction.

THE Great Bank of Newfoundland, is in every view one of the most astonishing, phenomena on our planet. In length it is 600 miles, in breadth about 200. Some have imagined that it was originally an island, whose pillars had been shaken by an earthquake, and had in consequence given way. Others suppose that it has been formed by accommodations of sand carried along by the gulph stream, arrested by the currents of the north. It appears, however, to be one mass of solid rock. The Gulph-stream, by the way, is in itself a very interesting feature of these seas. The current is so powerful as to retard a vessel on its outward voyage from Europe from forty to sixty miles a day; whilst on a homeward voyage it increases the rate of sailing so much, that the sailors say they are “going down hill” when they are returning to Europe.

THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN.

HE came,—the same sun shed around
 Its bright meridian rays,
 And showed his native spot, the same
 As 'twas in former days;
 The cottage ivy-mantled o'er,
 Midst plants of varied hue,
 The lily, hyacinth, and briar,
 The rose and violet blue.

And by its side meandering,
 A silver streamlet flowed,
 Which fought its way through downy moss,
 Where lovely bluebell's glowed;
 And there he had upon its bank
 In youthful fondness lain,
 And plucked the pebble from its bed,
 And dropped it in again.

And yonder was the shaded grove,
 Where he had often strayed,
 And chased the bee and butterfly
 Adown its woody glade;—
 And the fern and the fragrant broom
 With its sunny golden crest,
 And the large and blooming hawthorn
 Where he found the linnet's nest !

The wanderer gazed, his heart was full—
 He heaved a heavy sigh—
 It awakened thoughts of happy days
 Now thirty years gone by;
 He turned into the cottage,
 His boyhood's loved abode,
 Where he was taught to lisp the prayer
 To his—and Nature's God.

He crossed its well known threshold,
 And he blest it with a prayer,
 And he thought to gaze on loving eyes,
 But strangers met him there.—
 And when he asked for those he loved,
 His fevered heart gave way,
 While they led him to the old churchyard
 And showed him where they lay.

He gazed upon the clustered graves,
 Of all his heart held dear,
 Father—Mother—Sisters three !
 And the wand'rer dropped a tear;
 He turned away in anguish,
 All his joy had died with them,
 And he left his now bleak native spot,
 For the land from whence he came.

SHAKESPEAR.—A CRITIQUE.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

WE have entitled this paper a Critique, because we know of no better term for our purpose, not that it is altogether suitable, or that we intend to attempt dry criticisms on the great English Dramatist.—We propose to open our copy of Shakespear occasionally, to take a drama of his, analyse its plot, venture a few remarks on its characters, and brilliant passages, and publish the fruits of those meditations—or *conversations* with the great Bard—in this Periodical.

Why write a critique on productions so old and so well known? Our reasons are as follow—we have excellent examples of the pleasure and use of such colloquy with the long departed,—we imagine Shakespear to be in reality but little known, though greatly spoken of,—even those who study him, seldom have a strong perception of his plots and minor characters,—we believe that a *brief* of each play would be pleasing to all, would refresh the memory of his acquaintances, and would greatly facilitate the reading of others,—his best passages are worthy of multiplication and remark, as their tendency is to encrease the strength and beauty of the intellectual part of man,—and, at least, the attempt now commenced, will make the writer intimately acquainted with this goliath of English literature, a pleasure which he has often desired, and long postponed.

We open with the Merry Wives of Windsor, because it stands the first in our copy, and because, in such cases, selections of themes generally embarrass, occasion delay and vagueness, and not unfrequently exhaust the energy which is wanted for execution.

Welcome then Messdames Page and Ford, comely are ye, joyously discreet, and though cross'd a little, happy at length in your households as patriarchal Matrons. Thus ye continue, never dying, companions, counsellors and examplers, from age to age.

“The merry wives?” is a tale of middle life, with some shades but no sorrows; its scene is laid in merry England, and in a gay and courtly part of the Island, Windsor, and its neighbourhood. The plot is simple, and the Play seems a vivid and humourous picture of several incidents and groups of characters, but slightly connected, rather than the result of a deeply connected plan.—Sir *John Falstaff*, a fat, poor, witty and wicked follower of the Court, is sojourning at the Garter Inn, Windsor; with him are three roughish serving men, and an imp of a page. The Knight's purse being exhausted, he turns to his usual occupations, swindling and intrigue. *Mrs. Page* and *Mrs. Ford*, the wives of two men of

“substance good,” are the objects of his villiany. His vanity makes him believe that they have given him “good eyes,” and he resolves, “they shall be exchequers to me; they shall be my East and West Indies, and I will trade to them both.” The old knight accordingly, writes to the two ladies, they compare notes, and determine to punish their insulter. They pretend acquiescence and several meetings are arranged, at each of which Sir John gets ill-used. At the first he is frightened, and hides himself in a large clothes basket; he is carried in it out of the House, crammed amid the foul clothes, and when he is “half stewed in his own grease, like a Dutch dish,” is thrown into the Thames and cooled, “glowing hot, in that surge, like a horse shoe; think of that—hissing hot.” He is induced to believe all this to be the effect of accident, and he goes to Ford’s House a second time. A second alarm makes him shelter himself in the dress of a reputed witch, under which character he leaves the House unknown, but is mortally beaten, and narrowly escapes the stocks. A deeper scheme follows, and he is a third time decoyed. The place of rendezvous is Windsor Forest, and as he congratulates himself on his security and triumph, he is surrounded by persons who were lying in ambush, is well beaten, and fully exposed. This is the main plot, and making allowance for difference of customs and manners, it will appear simple if not meagre; but it is delightfully worked out, studded with philosophy and poetry, and with master pieces of dramatic painting, which indeed stand out, and step down, from the canvass.

The under plots, or episodes, are comprised in some excellent scenes, occasioned by Ford’s jealousy; Falstaff’s humour and roguery; disputes between Sir Hugh, “my parson, my priest, he who gives me the proverbs and the noverbs,” and Doctor Caius, of “potions and motions” celebrity;—also, the wooing and marrying of “sweet Ann Page,” the daughter of one of the “merry wives,”—and some intriguing of Falstaff’s men and “mine host of the Garter.” The whole, as we intimated before, seems like a spirited recital of the occurrences of a few days in a country town, rather than the artfully contrived story of a play-wright. This apparent simplicity and almost want of design, may be the perfection of art, or it may be a mere embellished transcript from scenes of common occurrence, observed by a close reader of human nature, who gave them a literary existence, because they pleased in real life. Whether schemes are the result of consummate art or nature, the end is the same; and critics often imagine the first, where the latter alone is the creating power. The voluble child or clown, will sketch a scene with admirable truth and vivacity; the man of

genius will do the same; but the smatterer, will destroy all good effect, by clumsy artifice and labour.

The principal characters in this piece are Falstaff, Mrs. Page, and Mr. Ford. Mrs. Ford is the confidant, fellow plotter, and in some respects the foil of Mrs. Page, but seldom comes prominently out herself, never, when Mrs. Page is present. Mr Page stands somewhat in the same relation to Mr. Ford. Mrs. Quickly is an important messenger, an intriguer or go-between, both in the main and minor plots; an excellently drawn character, sly, eloquent and roguish, and well able to support the difficult part allotted her. Slender is an unfortunate bumpkin, wooer, after his fashion, of Ann Page; Shallow is his friend, a stupid ignorant country justice; Fenton is Slender's successfully rival, he does little, but does it well: the other characters are amusing and are of much importance in their several places, although they have little to do with the main action of the Drama, and seem principally introduced for the purposes of variety, good grouping and contrast. Still they are imitably drawn and placed, as the secondary figures of great masters generally are, and appear fitted to take a first rate position, if it suited their designer that they should do so.

Falstaff, we have seen before, was fat, witty and wicked; the character is well known, it was evidently a favorite of Shakespear, as he has introduced it into *several plays*, admirably supported; we will not dwell on it here, but will proceed to the chief female character.

Mrs. Page seems a good wife of a good man, fond of innocent mirth, intelligent, deeply conscious of the excellence of virtue, yet bold and gay at times, to rather a dangerous degree. At her first introduction she has just received Falstaff's letter, and exclaims, "what! have I 'scaped love letters in the holy-day time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them?" She reads the epistle, and it causes reflections of much force and beauty, and such as would naturally occur to a virtuous woman at such a disclosure. "What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner to assay me?" Her first feelings are disgust at her insulter, and fear that her behaviour might have given any foundation to his designs. We see no indications of the paramour; none of the coquet, who is ready to flutter on the brink of perdition herself, that she may induce others to take that road, and so add to her conquests, no matter how personally displeasing the victims may be. In Mrs Page, virtue speaks out at once, without any tinge of lewdness or vanity. In her exclamation just quoted, there seems a beauty below the surface. She fears her behaviour was *unweighed*, not

properly balanced or adjusted, and therefore he dared to *assay*, to examine, to make trial of, propriety which seemed so unsteady. Mrs. Ford calls to visit her, having received a similiar letter from the fat Knight. They talk over the affair, and indulge in language rather plain—as Shakespear seems to think ladies sometimes do when alone. Mrs. Ford alludes to the jealousy of her husband, and her companion, in speaking of Page, again shows how uppermost honest sentiments are: “he is as far from jealousy” says she “as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.” They plot Falstaff’s disgrace, and after each of his disasters, Mrs. Page, true to her feelings, rejoices in his discomfiture, although when she says,

“ We’ll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry and yet honest too!”

She exhibits, as we before intimated, a degree of boldness and gaiety, which has often proved dangerous, and most disastrous to female character. The mirror is pure in itself when breathed on, but it appears clouded and unclean to an observer. When Ford has beaten Falstaff disguised as an old woman, our heroine joyously says, “I’ll have the cudgel hallowed, and hung over the altar; it hath done meritorious service;” and on Mrs. Ford enquiring “shall we tell our husbands how we have used him?” she at once most wisely eschews secrets, and resolves “yes, by all means; if it be but to *scrape the figures* out of your husbands brain.” We perceive that she is not only good humoured, virtuous and witty, but that she is also “well informed”; popular superstitions, which even now have influence, and whose empire in her day extended over all ranks, she despises as facts, although she enters into their poetical spirit and describes them eloquently. She schemes the final punishment of Sir John, and lays the scene of it under a haunted oak in Windsor Forest. This place is well chosen, to impose on the Knight on account of its secrecy, and also to induce him to become thoroughly ridiculous, by attiring himself according to the tradition of the ghost, that his figure might scare away any casual intruder. But in narrating the legend, she shows how much above such stories her own mind is. She says:

“ You have heard of such a spirit; and well you know,
The superstitious idle-headed eld
Received, and did deliver to our age,
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth.”

The “our age” of Mrs. Page has long since passed away, and the age of rail roads and Mechanics’ Institutes have commenced; yet there are now many remains of the superstitions of the idle headed eld; these we find she had then left far behind although she

could not have joined the "march of intellect." This certainly says much for her, and goes to place wisdom among our heroine's qualifications, and to sustain the high opinion which we entertained of her at the beginning of our acquaintance. We must now revert to a slight blemish on her good sense; it is a blemish of easy contraction, and which mothers will too readily forgive. Sweet Ann Page, had several suitors, and for good reasons; beside having "brown hair, and speaking small like a woman"—which her lover Slender avers,—she had "seven hundred pounds of monies" left by her grandfather, and her father was expected to make her a "better penny;" and as Sir Hugh remarked "seven hundred pounds and possibilities, is good gifts;" particularly in the days when that pretty sensible and modest maiden was just "able to overtake seventeen years old." Mrs. Page was naturally careful of this her only daughter, and eldest child, and was anxious about her being "settled in life." Page, who was fond of good living, hunting and birding, and the company of honest-hearted country gentlemen, wished his daughter to marry master Slender the squire; who could take a bear by the chain, and talk of the merits of greyhounds, and who had solemnly resolved never to get drunk again except in honest civil and pious company. On the other hand, Ann, herself, was attached to Fenton, a poor gentleman, who kept company with the wild Prince and Poins, and who was greatly disapproved of by her father. Mrs. Page supports neither rival, but wishes Ann to marry Dr. Caius. Fenton she considers a spendthrift, Slender, "though well landed, an idiot," but "the Doctor is well money'd, and his friends potent at court; he, none but he, shall have her, though twenty thousand worthier come to crave her." So said Mrs. Page, rashly, ignorantly, and cruelly; forgetting that her own domestic harmony, founded on respect and love, was the best part of her possessions; and that the Doctor's qualifications went no farther than his purse and friends. But considering all the circumstances of the case, we doubt not that many will be inclined to hold her sin in this matter as venial, and as a mere error of judgement, in a point which puzzles the wisest and best of heads. She had no time for delay, and chose the Doctor, not as being altogether a suitable match for her daughter, but as the best of three, one of whom she was confident should get a hasty preference. Even this incident, which exhibits a slight aberration of our heroine, the end conduces to her honour. Ann, as might be expected, deceives both Father and Mother when she found it impossible to please both, and marries Fenton. Mrs. Page, instead of showing any of the obstinacy, peevishness and sordid hard-heartedness, too usual, although worse than use-

ness, in such cases, surrenders the point, which could no longer be retained, with amiability and dignity; she exclaims,—

“ Well, I will muse no further:—Master Fenton,
Heaven give you many, many merry days!
Good husband, let us every one go home,
And laugh this sport o’er by a country fire.”

(*To be Continued.*)

On seeing an Icicle pendant from a place where lately stood a box of Flowers.

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

Cold, cheerless, visitant of wintry day—
Thou spread’st a gloom around the garden wall;
A kind memento thou, tho’ frail and small,
While in a low still voice—thou seem’st to say :

That past is summer’s glory, autumn’s tint,
With all the raptures they were wont to bring.
Born of the tempest rage, thou fragile thing,
We still would thank thee for thy timely hint.

Sol, which now lends the thousand bright’ning hues,
And warm’d, of late the soil now stiffen’d earth,
Can yield but little to thy fancied worth;
Void as thou art of charms to rouse the muse.

Ill dost thou fill yon spot, so lately grac’d,
By the rich scented rose and beauteous pink;
Which the soft zephyrs wav’d o’er yonder brink,
Now clad in frost,—and by rude storm defac’d.

Live thy short hour, till the loud northern blast,
Shall hurl thee reckless on the frozen ground;
Where in a score of fragments thou art found,
From thy proud height and lofty station cast.

Like yonder son of wild ambition’s power,
Thou seek’st yon towering height, to shine awhile,
Like his thy doom shall but provoke the smile,
Brief as thy reign—frail being of an hour.

Had *he* and *thou*, preferred some humble spot,
Mid the unnoticed and close sheltered vale,
Thou might’st escape the tempest driving gale,
And he unscath’d by evil, prize his lot.

H.

Shelburne, November, 1831.

SPORTING IN THE WILDS OF CANADA.

“In deer stalking, and, indeed, in all kinds of sporting in this country, it is often necessary to camp out,—that is, bivouac in the woods. This would appear to a man who is curious in well-aired sheets, as the next way to the other world; but in reality there is nothing always dangerous or unpleasant in the proceeding. Every man carries with him in the woods, punk, that is, German tinder, a fungous excrescence of the maple, and a flint. With this and the back of his knife, a light is struck, and the ignited piece cut off from the mass. This is put into dry moss, and blown or swung round the head until it blazes, and thus a large fire of logs is kindled. Spruce and hemlock are stripped, and moss gathered to make a bed; and if it be dry overhead, nothing further is necessary, the party all sleeping with their feet turned towards the fire. If, however, it threatens rain, a tent or wigwam of bark can soon be erected, perfectly weather tight. And in winter this may be rendered more comfortable by shoveling the snow up on the walls so as to exclude the wind.

“When a bear runs away with one of your pigs, there is no use in going after him, hallooing, without a gun. You may scare him away from the mutilated carcase, but it will make but indifferent pork; since, not being bred in Leadenhall or Whitechapel, he has but a slovenly way of slaughtering. But trace to where he has dragged it, and near sunset let self and friend hide themselves within easy distance, and he will be certain to come for his supper, which, like all sensible animals, he prefers to any other meal. Nay, it is highly probable, if he possesses the gallantry which a well-bred bear ought to have, he will bring Mrs. Bruin and all the children along with him, and you can transact business with the whole family at once.

“In hunting the bear, take all the curs in the village along with you. Game dogs are useless for this purpose; for, unless properly trained, they fly at the throat, and get torn to pieces or hugged to death for their pains. The curs yelp after him, bite his rump, and make him tree,* where he can be shot. The bear of Canada is seldom dangerous. He is always ready to enter into a treaty, similar to what my Lord Brougham negotiated lately with Lord Londonderry, viz. let-be for let-be—but if wounded, he is dangerous in the extreme. You should always, therefore, hunt him in couples, and have a shot in reserve, or a goodly cudgel, ready to apply to his nose, where he is as vulnerable as Achilles was in the heel. Some ludicrous stories are told of bear-hunting; for Bruin is rather a humourist in his way. A friend of mine, with his surveying party, ten men in all, once treed a very large one; they immediately cut clubs, and set to work to fell the tree. Bruin seemed inclined to maintain his position, till the tree began to lean, when he slid down to about fifteen feet from the ground, and then clasped his fore-paws over his head and let himself tumble amongst them. Every club was raised, but Bruin was on the alert;

* “Tree-to,”—an American verb active, signifying to make any animal take to a tree.”

he made a charge, upset the man immediately in front, and escaped with two or three thumps on the rump, which he valued not one pin.

“When once they have killed a pig, if you do not manage to kill the bear, you will never keep one hog; for they will come back till they have taken the last of them;—they will even invade the sacred precincts of the pig sty. An Irishman in the Newcastle district once caught a bear *flagrante delicto*, dragging a hog over the wall of the pen. Pat, instead of assailing the bear, thought only of securing his property; so he jumped into the sty, and seized the pig by the tail. Bruin having hold of the ears, they had a dead pull for possession, till the whilli-looing of Pat, joined to the plaintive notes of his *protege*, brought a neighbour to his assistance, who decided the contest in Pat’s favour, by knocking the assailant on the head.—A worthy friend of mine, of legal profession, and now high in office in the colony, once, when a young man, lost his way in the woods, and seeing a high stump, clambered up it with the hope of looking around him. While standing on the top of it for this purpose, his foot slipped, and he was precipitated into the hollow of the tree, beyond the power of extricating himself. Whilst bemoaning here his hard fate, and seeing no prospect before him, save that of a lingering death by starvation, the light above his head was suddenly excluded, and his view of the sky his only prospect, shut out by the intervention of a dense medium and by and by he felt the hairy posteriors of a bear descend upon him. With the courage of despair he seized fast hold of Bruin behind, and by this means was dragged once more into upper day. Nothing, surely, but the instinct of consanguinity could have induced Bruin thus to extricate his distressed brother.—*Backwood-man.*

The Maid of Elvar, a Poem, in twelve parts, by Allan Cunningham.
12mo. London, Moxon.

THE Maid of Elvar is the production of a true poet, without being a very attractive poem. It is a mixture of the rude hurrying times of border robbery, mis-called chivalry, and pastoral description. In all that is nature, in rustic character, scenery, sports, and affection, the poet excels; he is manly, hearty, and bright, and picturesque in all he knows and feels. As for the iron-handed robbers, the knights and chiefs, whose life was spent in pursuing or being pursued, in dealing heavy blows, harrying cattle, or running off with women, they are, at best, a hateful race; and though Sir Walter Scott gave them a temporary popularity, they are unworthy subjects for a modern bard. Mr. Cunningham has given us a monster of this kind, one Sir Ralph Latoun, who will marry a neighbouring lady, whether she will or not, burns her out of her castle, pursues her into her place of refuge, and ultimately carries

her off to his own den, or castle, as it is called. The times for this sad barbarism are happily gone by, and we see neither pleasure nor instruction in the description of such felons. The scene is partly laid in the Vale of Dalgonar, a part of Scotland familiar to the poet, and interesting to his feelings. In depicting *its beauties, and dwelling upon the pleasures and occupations of its inhabitants*, his heart swells, and his imagination fires. It is on this part of the poem the reader will dwell with pleasure: we can give but a slender specimen of it. The vale spoken of is the vale of Dalgonar; and the heroine is supposed to be standing on an eminence and looking over it.

And fair, O vale! thou didst to Sybil look,
What time the west wind wafted from afar
The shepherd's song, and from the rustling stook
The farm lad whistling, filled his tumbler ear;
Flies swarmed—among them leaped the mottled par,
The sun dried up the dew, and loud and clear
Horns rung on Campel and horns rung on Scaur;
Men stooped them to their tasks, and far and near
Hands moved, and sickles shone beneath the ripened ear.

Hill looked o'er hall, and cot o'er cot arose;
Hill towered o'er hill, green brae succeeded brae;
Wood waved o'er wood, and white as winter snows
On knolls around the shepherd's hirsels lay.
The village smoke curled in long wreaths away,
The scent of herbs and flowers filled all the breeze;
The black cocks crowed upon the mountains grey,
The flocks came lowing forth to lawns and leas,
And tongues of busy bairns hummed thick as swarming bees.

A hedge of hawthorn, mixed with holly, swept
Around each garden, screening every cot:
Among them all a bleaching rivulet crept,
Where webs lay white as lily without spot.
The parish kirk, through reverend elms remote,
Stood 'midst its grave stones row succeeding row;
O'er all the distant city's steeples shot:
Bright in the sun, the Solway slept below,
Where sailors charmed the wind, yet still their ships swam slow.

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

FANCY AND FACTS.

THE CHOLERA.—LATE PAMPHLETS.

THE terrible disease called Asiatic Cholera, has become of awful notoriety. We heard of its ravages in India, as we hear of infested jungles, siroes and simoons, thinking that however dreadful the picture, it was merely a picture and a distant one, on which the population of Europe might look with benevolent complacency. But the monster crossed its usual bounds and passed on; and the Isles of the sea beheld armies and academies and colleges laughed to scorn by the scourger, until the very sound of his coming perturbed their waters, and threw an ominous shadow on their chalky cliffs. He came, despising those who despised "the battle and the breeze," and spread his horrors and strewed his dead over the astonished but still magnanimous Albion. Still the wide weltering Atlantic lay between him and the new world; and it was fondly hoped that the purifying airs of that great water presented a barrier, insurmountable, to the walking pestilence. Alas, Canada, mourns her thousands dead, and Columbia is slowly recovering from a similiar shock.

The Destroyer has baffled the skill and perseverance of the Professors of the healing art, and is yet, after the ample and awful experience afforded, a terror and a mystery; nevertheless ample speculations have been made, and several thousand volumes have already appeared, from the presses of Germany, France and England, on the subject. Besides those who deal in facts, or what they believe to be facts, writers of imagination are not wanted on this fearful theme. It seems a very extraordinary characteristic of the mind of man, that no subject is too horrible for his contemplation, and that from the most fearful he can extract a kind of pleasureable sensation. He dwells voluntarily on deadly horrors; and the thoughts begotten by such hideous contiguity, feast his love of excitement, his curiosity, his desire to grapple with immensity, and his sense of immortality,—until that which would be deemed at first sight a punishment becomes a species of recreation.

Among other indications of this feeling, we have seen several articles called "Terrible Letters from Scotland" *communicated by the Eltrick Shepherd*; and will give an extract or two here to show their style, and to corroborate the remark made above. One of these professes to be from the Mate of a Port Glasgow vessel. Coming from Riga to Liverpool, it is said, squally weather obliged them to put into one of the narrow bays or lochs in Argyleshire. The writer continues;—

“ I cannot aver that our ship was perfectly clean, for we lost one fine old fellow by the way, and several others were very bad; so I was sent off to a mining or fishing village, to procure some medicine and fresh meat. Our captain had an immensely large black Newfoundland dog, whose name was Oakum, and who always attached himself to me, and followed me; but that day he chanced not to go ashore with me. Some time afterwards, some of the sailors going on shore to play themselves, Oakum went with them, and coming on the scent of my track he followed it. Now the natives had some way heard that the cholera was coming with the ship; but so little did they conceive what it was, that they were nothing afraid of coming in contact with me.

The village grocer, draper, hatter, and apothecary, had no medicines on hand, save Glauber’s salts, and of these he had two corn sacks full. I bought some; and while I was standing and bargaining about the price of a pig, I beheld a terrible commotion in the village: the men were stripped, and running as for a race; and the women were screaming and running after them, some of them having a child on their backs, and one below each arm, while the Gaelic was poured and shouted from every tongue. “ What is it?—What in the world is it?—said I to the merchant, who had a little broken English.—“ Oh, she pe tat bhaist te Collora Mor,” said he, and away he ran with the rest.

It so happened that one Donald M’Coll was going down the coast on some errand, and meeting with Oakum with his broad gilded collar about his neck, he instantly knew who he was; and alarmed beyond expression, he took to his heels, threw off his coat and bonnet and ran, giving the alarm all the way he went; and men, women, and children, betook them to flight into the recesses of the mountains, where they lay peeping over the rocks and the heath, watching the progress of the destroying angel.”

Another letter describes the progress of the distemper in the town of Fisherrow. The following is an extract :

“ ‘ I wot weel,’ said my sister Jane, ‘ I expect every day to be my last, for my mither will take nae body’s advice but her ain. An’ weel do I ken that if I take it I’ll dee in it. I hae the awfu’est dreams about it! I dreamed the last night that I dee’d o’ the plague, an’ I thought I set my head out o’ the cauld grave at midnight, an’ saw the ghosts of a’ the Cholera fok gaun trailing about kirk-yard wi’ their white withered faces an’ their glazed een; an’ I thought I crapt out o’ my grave an’ took away my mother and brother to see them, an’ I had some kind o’ impression that I left Annie there behind me.’

“ ‘ Oh! for mercy sake, haud your tongue, lassie,’ cried Annie; ‘ I declare ye gar a’ my flesh creep to hear you. It is nae that I’m ony feard for death in ony other way but that. But the fearsome an’ loathsome sufferings, an’ the fearsome looks gars ane’s heart grue to think o’. An’ yet our mither rins the hale day frae ane to ane, and seems to take a pleasure in witnessing their cries, their writhings, and contortions. I wonder what kind o’ heart she has, but it fears me it canna be a right ane.’”

“ My poor dear sister Annie! she fell down in the cholera the

next day, and was a corpse before midnight; and, three days after, her sister followed her to the kirk-yard, where their new graves rise side by side together among many more. To describe their sufferings is out of my power, for the thoughts of them turns me giddy, so that I lose the power of measuring time, sometimes feeling as if I had lost my sisters only as it were yesterday, and sometimes an age ago. From the moment that Annie was seized, my state of mind has been deplorable; I expected every hour to fall a victim to it myself: but as for my mother she bustled about as if it had been some great event in which it behoved her to make an imposing figure. She scolded the surgeon, the officers of the Board of Health, and even the poor dying girls, for their unearthly looks and cries. ‘Ye hae muckle to cry for,’ cried she; ‘afore ye come through what I hae done in life, ye’ll hae mair to cry for nor a bit cramp i’ the stomach.’”

In another of these very strange epistles, the writer is represented as one who had had the disease, was supposed to be dead, and finally recovered.

“The next morning very early, Johnie, the elder, came up with the coffin, his nose plugged up with tobacco and his mouth having a strong smell of whiskey; and in spite of all Mary’s entreaties, nailed me in the coffin. Now, sir, this was quite terrible; for all the while I had a sort of half-consciousness of what was going on, yet had not power to move a muscle of my whole frame. I was certain that my soul had not departed quite away, although my body was seized with this sudden torpor, and refused to act. It was a sort of dream, out of which I was struggling to awake, but could not; and I felt as if a fall on the floor, or a sudden jerk of any kind, would once more set my blood a flowing, and restore animation. I heard my beloved Mary Douglass weeping and lamenting over me, and expressing a wish that, if it were not for the dreadfulness of the distemper, that she had shared my fate. I felt her putting the robes of death on me, and tying the napkin round my face; and, oh, how my spirit longed to embrace and comfort her! I had great hopes that the joiner’s hammer would awake me; but he only used it very slightly, and wrought with an inefficient screw driver: yet I have an impression that if any human eye had then seen me, I should have been shivering; for the dread of being buried alive, and struggling to death in a deep grave below the mould, was awful in the extreme!

“The wright was no sooner fairly gone, than Mary unscrewed the lid, and took it half off, letting it lie along the coffin on one side. O, how I wished that she would tumble me out on the floor, or dash a pail of water on me! but she did neither, and there I lay, still a sensitive corpse. I determined, however, to make one desperate effort, before they got me laid in the grave.

“But between those who are bound together by the sacred ties of love, there is I believe, a sort electrical sympathy, even in a state of insensibility.—At the still hour of midnight, as Mary and her mother were sitting reading a chapter of the New Testament, my beloved all at once uttered a piercing shriek,—her mother hav-

ing fallen down motionless, and apparently lifeless. That heart rending shriek awakened me from the sleep of death!—I set up in the coffin, and the lid rattled on the floor. Was there ever such a scene in a cottage at midnight?—I think never in this Island. Mary shrieked again, and fainted, falling down motionless across her mother's feet. These shrieks, which were hardly earthly, brought in John Brunton and John Sword, who came rushing forwards towards the women, to render them assistance; but when they looked towards the bed, and saw me sitting in my winding sheet, struggling in the coffin, they simultaneously uttered a howl of distraction and betook them to their heels. Brunton fainted and fell over the threshold, where he lay groaning till trailed away by his neighbour."

These are graphic sketches, and prove the proneness which exists, to ponder unnecessarily on the most repulsive scenes if excitement and novelty are likely to be the result. Poetical contributions on the same subject have been most numerous; we select a few verses written for the *Pietou Patriot* of our own Province, and which vividly describes some debasing effects of the panic-striking foe.

“What ails thee shepherd? can worldly cares
In such wild sorrows thy senses steep?
Does the loss of thy sheeep or thy lambs make tears
Thus gather in eyes unwont to weep?

‘O I have lost nothing but lately found
A lovely wee babe of the human race,
In that hut its mother lies dead on the ground,
And her death is the shame of my native place.

A direful rumour was spread through our glen,
That pestilence was sore in the land;
And all strangers, whether women or men
Were hunted away at the Laird's command

A woman and child, for lodgings applied
Last night, and when not allowed to stay,
‘Ye can never shut me from heaven’ she cried
Then burst into tears, and hurried away.

This morning to gather my flock I came,
And as that ruined hut I passed by,
I heard like the bleat of a dying lamb,
And went to examine the cause of the cry.

There I gazed on a sight with horror wild,
The strange woman lay in her mortal rest,
Her dead eyes were fixed on the living child,
That cried and sucked at a lifeless breast.

Glenorchy's Lady has got no heir,
And she may have no mother's love,
But her lord to the poor that mercy should share
His soul may want from heaven above.”

In crowded cities, those Babels of earth,
Where men of all ranks and conditions combine,
Where famine and filth give the pestilence birth,
Where the triumph of villians—make the just repine.

Death came in a hurry to poverty's door,
And with keen racking pains laid the poor ones to rest;
And hearses the corpses of wealthy ones bore,
These died with the fever, and those with the pest.

This I saw and when nearly sick with the view,
'To the highland hills I choose to repair;
To cheer a sad heart with the mountain dew,
And refresh wearied limbs with the mountain air.

The passes were guarded, and constables stood
On the bridges to stop the travellers way,
And on Gartmore bridge, where Fartha's flood,
'To the German Ocean rolls away.

* * * *

I sought some nourishment—milk or bread
For money or God's sake, with cash in my hand;
But no food could obtain, nor at night a bed—
Compassion had fled from lord Gydir's land.

There the corpse of the pedlar lies on yon muir,
From the houses last night he was hunted away;
And his wife nearly dead at the hill shepherd's door,
Was found wan and cold at the dawning of day.

I bribed an old woman in Kilmahog,
With a plate of parritch and a pint of toddy;
With a shilling at morn, and a horn of grog,
For a bed to rest my wearied body.

This morning hid in a carrier's cart,
Beneath a sack I was hurl'd away,
And here I am with a mourning heart
On the highest hill that o'ertops Loch Tay."

The writer professes to describe facts, and says in a note, that he saw the body of the Pedlar alluded to, and passed his desolate widow on the road between Killen and Strathfillen.

Nova Scotia has been mercifully preserved hitherto from the Plague; she has taken advantage of the time afforded, by adopting several preventive or preparatory measures. As might be expected, the Press has not been idle, and beside numerous newspaper communications, two pamphlets have appeared in Halifax, on the subject. The first by F. W. Morris, M. D.—a very neatly written and—far as we can judge—useful little work. From it we copy the following ingenious illustration.

“Suppose we compare the complicated machinery that characterises the structure of the human body, to the well known mechanism of a Clock, its limbs and features, face, body, and intestines:—the alternate motion of the pendulum may represent that of the *heart*,

the regulating control of the fly, (which, I believe, is used in some foreign clock movements), with its atmosphere, may represent the economy of the *lungs*; the main weight, or that which gives impulse to the whole, the *brain*; the chords and wheels, with their clogged circumferences, by which the energy or impulse, is conveyed through the machine, to the pendulum or *heart*, the fly or *lungs*, &c. may represent the *muscular* and *nervous* system; the axles of the wheels, the *bones*; the oil with which the machine feeds, and is fed, may be compared to the *fluids* of the body, their *secretion* and *waste*; the nightly winding up of the brain, or main weight, by repose, may represent the office of the *Key*; and I might carry the analogy further, but that I have sufficient for all I intend, namely—an explanation of the machinery of a clock, as it may be considered analogous with that of the living frame. Let the brain, then, be considered as the great fundamental seat of energy; let this energy be considered as the nervous fluid pervading the whole work; let the muscles and nerves be considered as the channels by which it is distributed, and we have a feeble, but no absurd view of the muscular, cerebral, and nervous system. Our enquiries into the origin of the nervous fluid extend to the brain, and it is here they stop. What life is, no one can tell, but the wonderful secretion of the nervous fluid by the brain is, I suspect, the last link of the animal chain, or the next thing to it. The nervous fluid, is generated in the main weight or brain of the human time piece, it flows there in jerks, not unlike that of the recoil in the clock, occasioned by the check of the pendulum, but which perhaps, may be more aptly compared to the vibrations of a musical chord: but, like the clock, the movement is so regular, the supply so faithfully maintained when in a state of healthful harmony, and when there is no fatigue, that although sensible of the presence of the nervous fluid, or rather, the vigour that attends it, we are not conscious of its oscillating character; it is only when we have expended some portion of muscular strength by retaining, for a considerable time, some object within our grasp, and the muscles have wearied themselves into relaxation, and twitchings, that we are made sensible of this peculiarly nervous phenomenon.

“ Having conceived an idea of the character and range of the nervous fluid; having also understood that it is by means of this fluid conveyed at the command of the will through the medium of the nerves, into the substance of the muscles, that these bodies are brought into action, let us consider these things for a moment and we shall be fully prepared to comprehend how it is, that any interruption to this part of the machinery, whether by the fly or lungs, the pendulum or heart, the oil or fluids, the wheels or muscles, and the bones or axles, may be urged into those irregular and inordinate movements, which may put a period to all motion, and which distinguish the spasmodic forms of disease

The author then proceeds to point out by analogy the proper remedies.

The second pamphlet is by W. Donnelly, M. D. who proceeds to New York, purposely to behold and examine the pestilence, and his publication is an interesting diary of practical observations

made on the spot. From this we extract the answers given by the Medical Council there, to Dr. Donnelly's enquiries. It is a document of much interest and importance.

QUESTION 1.—What is positively known regarding the introduction of Cholera into New York, Albany, Philadelphia and other Cities, Towns and Villages of the United States, and of its subsequent propagation amongst their inhabitants; as well as of its introduction and spreading in public establishments, as at Bellevue, Sing Sing prison &c.?

ANSWER.—No satisfactory proof has been obtained, that Cholera was introduced from abroad into either of the places named in this question.

Q. 2.—Are there any facts showing it, communication to be by contact, rather than by infection, through vitiation of the air in houses, wards and districts, where there are Cholera subjects; or the reverse?

A.—*There are no facts within our knowledge, that go to prove that Cholera is communicable by contact.* The disease does appear to be produced by infection: that is, there appears to be a local concentration of influences capable of producing the disease, sometimes confined to one house, and sometimes embracing a considerable neighbourhood.

Q. 3.—What are the most remarkable facts recorded on this point, as having fallen under the observation of any medical practitioner, or other intelligent person, on whose discernment reliance may be placed?

A.—There have been many instances, in which the disease has appeared to be communicated from one person to another, but they have been chiefly in the country, and for the most part among those who were predisposed by their habits to take the disease. Many instances might be collected that have come to our knowledge, in which healthy persons have contracted the disease by spending a day or a night, but especially the latter, in one of the situations alluded to in the last reply.

Q. 4.—Has it been generally remarked, that the occurrence of one case of Cholera in a house or family, has been followed by other cases, often by seizures of the majority of a family, or of the inmates of a house?

A.—Cases of Cholera have often been single. But in many cases a large number have been taken in the same house; one or two or more cases continuing to be furnished daily for some time—On the other hand, five or six have been taken with the disease in the same house within twenty four hours.

Q. 5.—Have many of the Physicians of New York had the premonitory symptoms of Cholera, or the fully formed disease?

A.—We are unable to say.

Q. 6.—How many have died of the disease?

A.—Eight physicians have died of Cholera in the City or its immediate environs. Their disease and death were ascribed in almost every instance to excessive fatigue.

Q. 7.—Is it known if any of these had neglected a diarrhoea or other premonitory symptoms, or disregarded the cautions given to the public regarding food and drink?

A.—It is not known.

Q. 8.—Have many of the medical attendants, nurses, labourers and others employed at the Cholera Hospitals, in burying the dead, carrying the sick &c. had Cholera or the premonitory symptoms?

A.—Many of the nurses have had Cholera in the hospitals. But not any of the other attendants. The nurses are for the most part persons of broken constitutions, and intemperate habits. This circumstance, when united with the fatiguing nature of their duties fairly enables them to Cholera.

Q. 9.—How many of the persons thus employed have died of the disease at each hospital?

A.—It is not yet known.

Q. 10.—Is it to be inferred from these cases having terminated fatally, under circumstances where it may fairly be presumed the earliest advice would be sought, as well for the premonitory symptoms, as for the actual attack of the disease, that a portion of cases are uncontrollable by medicine, however timely attended to?

A.—The remarks under 4—9, are abundantly sufficient to explain their deaths from Cholera.

Q. 11.—Of Clergymen how many have had the disease, and how many have died?

A.—None in town—one at Harlem, eight miles from New York.

Q. 12.—How many cases of Cholera have been reported in New York to this date (36th. August)?

A.—5811 cases reported.

Q. 13.—How many deaths, according to the reports of Physicians, and also according to the report of the city inspectors have there been?

A.—2228 deaths reported.

2820 buried.

592 not reported.

Q. 14.—What is the cause of the discrepancy of these reports?

A.—Quacks do not report, but it is well known that *they kill*. Many physicians are dissatisfied with the Board of Health, and do not choose to report.

Q. 15.—How many cases have been admitted into all the hospitals established by the Board of Health, and into that at Bellevue, for Cholera.

A.—2014 Patients have been treated in our hospitals to this date—555 at Bellevue.

Q. 16.—Of these how many were in a state of collapse, either incipient or fully formed, at the time of admission, and how many in advanced collapse and moribund?

A.—Not known *at present*. (Returns yet expected.)

Q. 17.—How many deaths have occurred in all the hospitals and at Bellevue?

A.—In the Hospitals 851. At Bellevue 321.

Q. 18.—Of those in incipient collapse what proportion have recovered? In fully formed collapse what proportion?

A.—Not yet known.

Q. 19.—Are any cases satisfactorily established of the communication of the disease by clothing or other articles taken from situations where they might have been impregnated with the seeds of the disease?

A.—None. Some accounts have been received from the country which favour this supposition, but they require confirmation.

Q. 20.—If so, how long subsequently to the time of acquiring this deleterious property, are such articles known to have communicated the disease?

A.—See last reply.

Q. 21.—What are the general, the shortest, and the longest periods of time satisfactorily known to have elapsed from the date at which the seeds of the disease might have been imbibed by any individual, to the time of its symptoms manifesting themselves?

A.—In most of the cases which have come to our knowledge (see Answ. 4) the disease has shown itself within two days—often in one. The longest period known is perhaps ten days.

Q. 22.—From these and other facts, is there a conclusion come to regarding the number of days an individual leaving an infected district, and proceeding to a healthy one, should be secluded, or kept in quarantine?

A.—The almost unanimous opinion in this city is, that quarantines are useless, for if the disease is infectious or contagious, the cause is of so subtle a nature, that it cannot be excluded—A fresh breeze being often found to counteract all the wisest precautions.

Q. 23.—Have any peculiarities been observed in the weather and atmosphere, as regarding vicissitudes, heat, moisture, as well since the prevalence of Cholera, as previously thereto?

A.—There has been nothing peculiar in the weather of the season—the season has been cold, wet and backward.

Q. 24.—Has any disease of a similar, or analogous nature, affected cattle, dogs or other animals?

A.—None to our knowledge.

Q. 25.—Have any been observed to sicken from living in the atmosphere of cholera, as at hospitals, with the sick, or from having taken any of the discharges of the sick?

A.—See answers to 4 and 9.*

Q. 26.—Has immunity from cholera appeared to be connected with the circumstance of having formerly had any other disease; or, on the other hand, have previous attacks of other diseases, as common cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, gastric derangement, or hepatic disease, rendered individuals more susceptible?

A.—Nothing has appeared to afford immunity from Cholera, but perfectly regular habits and strict temperance—nor does any thing appear to create susceptibility to it but conduct and habits of an opposite character.

Q. 27.—Have second attacks, after complete recovery, been observed to occur often?

A.—There have been a number of persons attacked a second time; but it is doubtful if they were in perfect health—They should probably be regarded as relapses, which have occurred *very often*.

Q. 28.—Is there much tendency to relapse?

A.—See last reply.

Q. 29.—Have any mental or constitutional qualities been observed to dispose to the disease?

A.—None.

Q. 30.—Have any families or individuals who have rigidly secluded themselves been attacked by the disease,

A.—We know of no instances—but if they occurred, they could prove nothing; for those would be the very persons that would equally avoid *all* causes of the disease.

Q. 31.—What have been observed to be the usual exciting causes of the disease?

A.—Excess in eating and drinking—intemperate habits in particular—ninetenths of the cases being in intemperate persons. All kinds of indigestible food all kinds of green vegetables and fruit—watching with the sick—getting wet

Q. 32.—Are the diarrhoea and gastric derangements, usually termed the premonitory symptoms, successfully treated by the same means that are found efficacious in such complaints under ordinary circumstances?

A.—Quite so.

Q. 33.—Are there any cases known wherein, notwithstanding proper and

*From not repeating the word animal in this question, there is an ambiguity, and hence the answer

timely attention, and a duly regulated regimen, the premonitory symptoms have persisted, and terminated in spasmodic cholera?

A.—None.

Q. 34.—Have there been any cases of this disease unpreceded by premonitory symptoms?

A.—Not many; and when they did occur, it was almost always from some act of great imprudence.

Q. 35.—Do any facts show that such symptoms are really precursors of spasmodic cholera, and, if neglected, would result in that disease? From the experience of the ward physicians in treating such cases in families where there had been spasmodic cholera, information might be had on this point.

A.—Precursory symptoms are universal—so much so that it has become the common opinion that diarrhoea is the mildest form of epidemic cholera, and that cholera commences by the bowels—for when this diarrhoea is neglected, cholera in a malignant form almost invariably succeeds.

Q. 36.—For the forming disease, known by vomiting, purging and cramp, the circulation yet continuing good, what has experience taught to be the most efficacious treatment, and what has it taught to avoid as having been found detrimental?

A.—Purgatives*—calomel particularly, and often, venesection—followed by small doses of camphor or of opium.

Q. 37.—For incipient collapse, or that stage in which with all or some of the above symptoms, especially spasms, there are a sinking circulation, a livid countenance, shrivelling of the integuments of the fingers, &c. what has been found to be the most efficacious treatment, and what of the many remedies recommended have proved injurious?

A.—External heat, hot injections, constant frictions over the whole body with an ointment of two parts mercurial ointment, and one of capsicum and camphor, each, calomel in scruple doses, often repeated, as every hour, camphor, aether, and all forms of alcoholic stimuli.—Opium has not been found of service, having a tendency to produce congestion.—The two first means are the most important

Q. 38.—For fully formed collapse, or the state of the disease in which the pulse can only be felt in the largest vessels, and even in them is but feeble, marked characteristically by a cold tongue, sunken countenance, whispering voice, corrugation and blueness of the skin of the hands and feet, &c. what means have proved most successful?

A.—None. †

Q. 39.—In how many cases has the saline injection into the veins been practised?

A.—In six or eight cases.

Q. 40.—Of these how many were restored from the state of collapse?

A.—Not certainly known.

Q. 41.—How many have completely recovered and are now living?

A.—It is believed, only one or two. ‡

*Some particular facts, and the general information in the Diary, would lead to the prohibition of purgatives (calomel excepted) properly so called, substituting the mildest laxatives, especially Gregory's mixture.

†See the practice in Crosby-street, Greenwich, and Carlar's Hook Hospitals.

‡It will be seen by these answers, even not considering Brooklin (as out of the jurisdiction of New York), that the Medical Council had not received all the information respecting venous injection that is contained in the Diary, as noted at Crosby-street, and Greenwich hospitals, and from Dr. De Kay.

Q. 42.—Is this injection still practised in New York, or is its use discontinued?

A.—The saline injections are now little thought of as a remedy, their operation appearing to be only temporary. §

Q. 43.—Has the use of camphor in this stage, as recommended by Doctor Channing and others, had a fair trial by impartial observers, and with what result?

A.—The camphor treatment has not been fully tried in the Hospitals. We have seen no detail of cases, that would justify us in recommending it to be tried alone.

Q. 44.—What treatment has proved most successful in the congestion and consecutive fever of collapsed Cholera?

A.—Salivation and venesection or topical bleeding.

Q. 45.—Is any mode of treatment of the preceding stages of Cholera, more frequently followed than another by this formidable state of congestion?

A.—It is confidently believed that the free use of calomel as above, has a tendency to prevent, and powerful *internal* stimulation to cause this congestion and consecutive fever.—There is least of it, when mercury is most used.

Q. 46.—What are the diagnostic symptoms of Spasmodic Cholera, and in what order do they occur?

A.—There is first a purging or diarrhœa, with evacuations like gruel or rice-water, for the most part inodorous, often colourless or like dirty water.—This is attended or followed by vomiting of the same fluid—the pulse sinks, and becomes frequent—the muscles of the legs, thighs, abdomen and arms are drawn up with cramps—the skin becomes mottled or livid, and covered with clammy sweat—the eyes become sunken and lifeless, or have sometimes a preternatural and horrible wildness. The tongue is cold and moist.—But throughout the case, the most marked and decided diagnostic is, that there is not the *least appearance* of bile—until the calomel has produced its peculiar effects, which is rarely the case until reaction occurs.—There is then a prodigious discharge of thick dark green bile—But this *never* occurs previously to the exhibition and operation of calomel.

This then and not the cramps, furnishes the true diagnostic symptom; the *total absence of bile*.

§Dr. Rhinelander and the physician who used it so frequently at Brooklin hospital, are still disposed to practise it on all convenient occasions.

NOVA SCOTIA FOGS.

By Captain B. Hall.

“WE had the misfortune to be kept three whole days off the harbour, in one of those Nova Scotia fogs which are celebrated all over the world. I can hardly give by description an idea of how gloomy they are; but I think their effects can be compared to those of the sirocco; with the further annoyance, that, while they last, we are not able to see far beyond our noses. They are even worse than rain, for they seem to wet one through sooner; while they make every thing appear dreary, and certainly render all the world lazy and discontented.

“On the day we made the land, we had great hopes of being able to enter the harbour, as the wind was fair; when, all at once,

we were surrounded by so thick a mist, that, for three succeeding days, we could not see above twenty yards on any side.

“There are few things, indeed, more provoking than these fogs off Halifax; for, as they happen to be companions of that very wind, the south east, which is the best for running in, the navigator is plagued with the tormenting consciousness, that if he could be allowed but a couple of hours clear weather, his port would be gained, and his troubles over. The clearing up, therefore, of these odious clouds or veils, is about the most delightful thing I know; and the instantaneous effect which a clear sight of the land, or even the sharp horizon, when far at sea, has on the mind of every person on board, is quite remarkable. All things look bright, fresh and more beautiful than ever. The stir over the whole ship at these moments is so great, that even persons sitting below can tell at once that the fog has cleared away. The rapid clatter of the men’s feet, springing up the hatchways at the lively sound of the boatswin’s call to ‘make all sail!’ soon follows. Then comes the cheerful voice of the officer, hailing the topmen to shake out the reefs, trice up the staysails, and rig out the booms. That peculiar and well-known kind of echo, also, by which the sound of the voice is thrown back from the wet sails, contributes, in like manner, to produce a joyous elasticity of spirits, greater, I think, than is excited by most of the ordinary occurrences of a sea life.

“A year or two after the time I am speaking of, it was resolved to place a heavy gun upon the rock on which Sambro light-house is built; and, after a good deal of trouble, a long twenty four pounder was hoisted up to the highest ridge of this prominent station. It was then arranged, that if, on the arrival of any ship off the harbour, in a period of fog, she chose to fire guns, these were to be answered from the light-house; and in this way a kind of audible, though invisible telegraph might be set to work. If it happened that the officers of the ship were sufficiently familiar with the ground, and possessed nerves stout enough for such a groping kind of navigation, perilous at best, it was possible to run fairly into the harbour, notwithstanding the obscurity, by watching the sound of these guns, and attending closely to the depth of water.

“I never was in any ship which ventured upon this feat; but I perfectly recollect a curious circumstance, which occurred, I think, to his Majesty’s ship *Cambrian*. She had run in from sea towards the coast, enveloped in one of these dense fogs. Of course they took for granted that the light house and the adjacent land, Halifax, included, were likewise covered with an impenetrable cloud or mist. But it so chanced, by what freak of Dame Nature I know not, that the fog on that day, was confined to the deep water; so that we, who were in the port, could see it at the distance of several miles from the coast, lying on the ocean like a huge stratum of snow, with an abrupt face, fronting the shore. The *Cambrian* lost in the midst of this fog bank, supposing herself to be near the land, fired a gun. To this the light-house replied, and so the ship and the light went on, pelting away gun for gun, during half the day, without ever seeing one another. The people at the light-house had no means of communicating to the frigate, that, if she would only stand on a little further, she would disentangle herself

from the cloud, in which, like Jupiter Olympus of old, she was wasting her thunder.

“ At last the captain, hopeless of its clearing up, gave orders to pipe to dinner; but as the weather, in all respects except this abominable haze, was quite fine, and the ship was still in deep water, he directed her to be steered towards the shore, and the lead kept constantly going. As one o’clock approached, he began to feel uneasy, from the water shoaling, and the light-house guns sounding closer; but, being unwilling to disturb the men at their dinner, he resolved to stand on for the remaining ten minutes of the hour. Lo and behold! however, they had not sailed half a mile further before the flying jib boom end emerged from the wall of mist—then the bowsprit shot into daylight—and, lastly, the ship herself glided out of the cloud into the full blaze of a bright and ‘ sunshine holiday.’ All hands were instantly turned up to make sail; and the men as they flew on deck, could scarcely believe their senses when they saw behind them the fog bank, right ahead the harbour’s mouth, with the bold cliffs of Cape Sambro on the left, and, further still, the ships at their moorings, with their ensigns and pendants blowing out, light and dry in the breeze.

“ A far different fate, alas! attended his Majesty’s ship *Atalante*, captain Frederick Hickey. On the morning of the 10th of November, 1813, this ship stood in for Halifax harbour in very thick weather, carefully feeling her way with the lead, and having lookout men at the jib-boom end, fore-yard-arms, and every where else from which a glimpse of the land was likely to be obtained. After breakfast a fog signal-gun was fired, in the expectation of its being answered by the lighthouse on Cape Sambro, near which it was known they must be. Within a few minutes accordingly, a gun was heard in the N. N. W. quarter, exactly where the light was supposed to lie. As the soundings agreed with the estimated position of the ship, and as the guns from the *Atalante*, fired at intervals of fifteen minutes, were regularly answered in the direction of the harbour’s mouth, it was determined to stand on, so as to enter the port under the guidance of these sounds alone. By a fatal coincidence of circumstances, however, these answering guns were fired, not by Cape Sambro, but by his Majesty’s ship *Barossa*, which was likewise entangled by the fog. She, too, supposed that she was communicating with the light-house, whereas it was the guns of the unfortunate *Atalante* that she heard all the time.”

The vessel ran ashore, and was lost, the crew escaped in their boats, and landed at Portuguese Cove.

There is a truth and beauty in the following paragraph, which will make it acceptable,

LOOKING BEYOND THIS WORLD.—The philosophy of happiness must find its ultimate requisite in the hopes of religion. Man must be persuaded that his present life has a relation to a never ending future, and that an internal Providence watches over the universe, before he will abandon himself with a tranquil confidence to those irresistible laws by which he is borne along. He then marches towards the future, as he would confidently follow a guide of tried prudence and fidelity in a dark path.

I THINK OF MY LOVE

[For the Halifax Monthly Magazine.]

I THINK of my love in the evening time,
 When fresh breezes scent the air;
 And the vesper bell send forth its chime
 From steeples far and near.

And I think of my love in the midnight hour,
 When Ghosts are walking free,
 When Fairies visit each perfumed bower,
 And hold their revelry.

And I think of my love in the shiny morn,
 When the sun is gilding the East,
 When birds do sing at early dawn
 And waken man and beast.

Though I think of my love all times of the day,
 When e'er my thoughts are free;
 And I mark each word my love should say,
 Still she wont think of me.

R. L.

THE PROVINCE OF JURISPRUDENCE.

By Professor Austin.

THE present work of Professor Austin comprises the first part of a course of lectures on General Jurisprudence, delivered at the London University. Entering, as he does, for the first time on a study lying apart from the beaten academical track, he employs unusual length of exposition to mark out the exact extent and limits of the science of Jurisprudence; and in accomplishing this task, he finds it indispensable to travel in part over the cognate sciences of morals and politics. The volume now before us, executed as it is with rare ability, has the strongest claims to attentive perusal, not merely by students in Jurisprudence, but by every man who aspires to precise thinking on these more extensive subjects—both indeed abundantly talked about, and exempt from that silent apathy of which philosophical Jurisprudence has to complain; but clouded, nevertheless, with errors and difficulties of their own, and affording unbounded licence for every man to dogmatise as he will, under cover of large, fluctuating, and undefined terms.

Amongst the whole catalogue of equivocal words, there is none which has been more perverted than the word *law*. Mr. Austin has been assiduous in analysing and discriminating its various senses, proper, improper, and figurative. Jurisprudence, (as he defines it) is, “the philosophy of positive law in general, concerned directly with principles or distinctions which are common to various systems of particular and positive law, and which each of those various systems inevitably involves.” To understand, therefore, what is the matter of Jurisprudence, it is necessary to distinguish positive law—

1. From the rules set by the Deity, which (as knowable apart

from the special aid of Revelation) Mr. Austin denominates *natural law*.

2. From the rules set by men to men, but not by political superiors to political subjects, *i. e.* from positive moral rules, which a strong and obvious analogy causes to be denominated *the laws of morality*.

3. From those uniform and established sequences, pervading all observable phenomena, which are characterised by an habitual metaphor *laws of the moral and physical world*—a metaphor founded on the slenderest analogy, and indicating no common circumstance except the fact of uniformity.

Obvious as these distinctions seem when specially noted, they have been overlooked and misconceived to a degree scarcely credible—not merely by loose declaimers, but by professional jurists and elaborate writers on the philosophy of law. Blackstone and Montesquieu, as well as the classical Roman jurists, have miserably darkened many of their higher generalizations, by a confused employment of *law* and its connected terms; and the recent work of Professor Liminier (*Sur la Philosophie du Droit*) proves that the vague and erroneous thinking of Montesquieu is not yet banished from the courses of scientific law, as they are taught at Paris. The fanciful metaphor by which the uniformities of the material world are dignified with the name of *laws*, is still recognized as a close and binding analogy, a sound principle of classification. Such pseudo-classifications, pregnant as they are with countless derivative errors, can never be thoroughly extirpated without a rigid analysis of all the essentials of a law, strictly and properly so called; together with a careful explanation of the degree to which each of these essentials is partially wanting, in laws so called improperly and by analogy. Mr. Austin appears to us to have executed this analysis with a perspicuity and fulness which leaves scarcely any possibility of future mistake.

There is another source of confusion, not less mischievous and not less frequent in ordinary speech, against which Mr. Austin has been peculiarly solicitous to guard. Law as it is, and morality as it is, are perpetually confounded with law as it ought to be, and morality as it ought to be. The term morality sometimes denotes the duties imposed by the tone of opinion actually prevalent in any given society—sometimes the duties which would be imposed by opinion, if the society were perfectly wise and virtuous, and if its opinion coincided exactly with the proper standard. The expression *positive morality* (analogous to *positive law*), which Mr. Austin employs to distinguish the former of these two senses, is highly convenient and worthy of remembrance, as a preservative against the equivocal use of a term of the greatest moment.

The proximate standard to which positive (*i. e.* actual) law and morality ought to conform, is the principle of utility: the ultimate standard, according to Mr. Austin, is, the Divine commands, to which, (apart from revelation) he regards the principle of utility as the only trust-worthy index. He seeks to shew that the principle of utility is, and that the moral sense (or immediate instinctive consciousness) is not, the true index to the unrevealed will of the Deity. We do not think that he is successful either in the

negative or the affirmative side of the proof, nor can we concur in this way of establishing the principle of utility generally. It hardly consists with the faultless logic displayed by the author every where else, to assume in this case the basis of his deductions as true, even *ad interim*, while the formidable problem of the existence of evil remains confessedly unsolved, and rises up like a brazen wall before him.

But although Mr. Austin has not been more fortunate than others in advancing the principle of utility as an index, we know no author who has done more to recommend and vindicate it as a standard. His explanation of the way in which this principle ought to be applied to practice, and his reply to the objections against it, are in the highest degree felicitous and instructive. Much of what he says on this head if not absolutely original, is at least more strikingly illustrated, and reaches the real difficulty more effectually, than any thing which we have ever seen before.

Some objectors imagine that they are required to appeal to the principal of utility directly in their constant practice, and to preface every action by a specific calculation of the resulting happiness or misery in each individual case. But Mr. Austin points out that such a necessity would rarely arise, even though the principle were universally recognized and acted upon. For one of its primary dictates is, that general rules shall be formed determining the good or bad tendency of classes of actions; and when such general rules have once been lodged in the memory, it is the rule which forms the ordinary test and guide of individual behaviour—not the ultimate principle from which the rule is derived. This latter is to be directly appealed to only in those cases of exception, where the specific evil of observing the rule would be great enough to counterbalance the general evil of breaking it. Such exceptions are rare; and will become rarer still as the derivative rules are improved and perfected.

Nor is the principal of utility at all inconsistent with that quick and earnest feeling which is indispensable as a constant force to operate on human behaviour. The grand desideratum is, that the occasions on which moral sentiments arise, as well as their comparative vivacity and character, should be predetermined by a judicious education, so as to coincide with the dictates of utility. Mr. Austin has set in the clearest light the legitimate alliance of calculation and sentiment towards the formation of the virtuous character; and he renders material service to the principle of utility considered as a standard, by dis-joining it from the immediate view of utility considered as a motive. He has faithfully conceived, and accurately exhibited, the mode in which the principle of utility, under a perfect system of teaching, would exercise its sovereign empire—sometimes to appearance invisible, but never dormant or inoperative—often governing by deputy, but never either disobeyed, or superseded, or disowned.

In unfolding the essential properties of a law, Mr. Austin finds it necessary to lay open fully the idea both of political society and of sovereignty. Following the traces of Mr. Bentham's Fragment on Government, he has furnished a copious analysis of these two important ideas. We owe to him the elucidation of a perplexing

difficulty which no previous author had fully cleared up. It was the remark of Hobbes, and it seemed indeed to be implied in the definition, that the sovereign authority in every state must be legally omnipotent, without any imaginable limit arising out of constitutional provisions or enactments. Yet, indisputable as this seems, when stated in general language, the direct contrary was held to be true in almost every particular case, and the sovereign authority seemed every where more or less limited by legal provision.

Mr. Austin has shewn that such a confusion has arisen from misconceiving the hands in which the sovereign authority really resides, and from supposing it inseparable either from some titular pre-eminence or some striking function, such as that of making laws. The real *sovereign*, (using that term abstractedly, the same as "le souverain,") is often distinct either from the king or from the legislature, and is in reality a more extended body, of which the later form a fraction, or with respect to which they may be merely ministerial. Such a sovereign body, to all legal purposes omnipotent, exists even in the most popular governments:—a truth which Mr. Austin illustrates by an analysis, both instructive and original, of the constitution of the United States of America.

The volume concludes with an outline of his intended course of lectures on Jurisprudence. On this elaborate compendium we shall only remark, that it affords, even to persons slenderly acquainted with the science, the most decisive proof of extraordinary mental power in methodising a vast and complicated subject, as well as of familiarity with that parent science of logic from which alone good and systematic classification can flow.

The style of this book is distinguished both for energy and perspicuity; set off by occasional quaintness of expression, arising in part from its original form of spoken lectures. We are glad that the work in its written form retains the freshness of his *viva voce* exposition, and that the sweep of his nervous sentences is still left entire for the reader as well as for the hearer.

THE POET'S SONG TO HIS WIFE.

By Barry Cornwall.

How many summers, love,
Have I been thine?
How many days, thou dove,
Hast thou been mine?
Time, like the winged wind
When't bends the flowers,
Hath left no mark behind,
To count the hours!

Some weight of thought, though both
On thee he leaves;
Some lines of care round both,
Perhaps he weaves.

Some fears,—a soft regret
For joys scarce known;
Sweet looks we half forget;
All else is flown !

Ah ! with what thankless heart
I mourn and sing,
Look where your children start
Like sudden spring:
With tongues all sweet and low
Like a pleasant rhyme,
They tell how much I owe,
To thee and thine !

OBITUARY OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

(Continued from page 139.)

THE LATE SIR JAMES MACINTOSH.

THE death of Sir James Mackintosh has been deeply felt in the political world, as well as in the circles of literature and science. Sir James died in his sixty-sixth year, having been born in 1766. He was a native of Inverness-shire. He was intended for the profession of medicine, and studied at Edinburgh with that view; and he had even taken a medical degree before he betook himself to the more congenial study of the law. He first became known to fame by the publication of the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," in answer to Burke's celebrated book on the French Revolution. By this splendid work he at once achieved a reputation both brilliant and solid. At that period the sun of French liberty seemed to be rising in cloudless tranquillity. Its rays were cheering to all the friends of humanity, and no signs were then apparent of the storms in which it was destined to set. Burke's sagacity, in discerning those latent signs has been applauded at the expense of truth. When the storm came, it was not from the quarter nor produced by the causes from which he prognosticated it: and any one who reads this celebrated controversy will find that the chivalrous declamations of Burke are confuted by his equally eloquent and far more logical antagonist. That the mysterious decrees of Providence brought about a course of events which no human sagacity could have foreseen, is a circumstance which detracts nothing from the soundness of Mackintosh's reasoning.

The publication of the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" obtained for the youthful author great consideration among the Whigs. He was thus induced to establish himself in London; and delivered lectures on public law, at Lincoln's Inn, which were highly valued, and contributed to his advancement. During the short Whig Administration, he was employed in the defence of Peltier, in the celebrated trial of that individual at the instance of the Chief Consul of France. His speech on that occasion will descend to posterity among the finest specimens of English forensic eloquence. He was appointed Recorder of Bombay, and resided, we believe,

about ten years in that settlement. The latter portion of his life has been devoted to the discharge of his duties as a member of Parliament, and to literary pursuits. He had long been in a bad state of health; and it had been apprehended for some time, that his worn-out frame could not long contend with the complicated diseases under which he laboured.

As a politician, Sir James Mackintosh has maintained a distinguished and most honourable character. He was a pure and consistent Whig; and he has firmly maintained the principles of Fox, precisely at their original level, through all the ebbs and flows of public opinion during his long political life.

It is deeply to be regretted that Sir James Mackintosh has left so few literary productions behind him. They consist, besides the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," of his published speeches,—of articles in different journals, chiefly in the *Edinburgh Review*,—of his *Dissertation on the History of Ethical Science*, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,—and of his *History of England*, which forms a part of *Dr. Lardner's Cyclopædia*. The public has heard, for many years, of a great *History of England*, in which he was understood to be engaged; but we are inclined to believe that very little, if any, of this work, has been left by him.

As a man, his character was most amiable. He was benevolent and kind: and, in money matters, liberal and disinterested to a degree which is understood to have injured his fortune. In society his manners and conversation were fascinating. He beautifully united the philosopher with the man of the world, and added the accomplishments of the gentlemen to the attainments of the scholar. In his death, another of the few links is broken which connects us with a former age;—an age which calls up many bright—we may almost call them romantic—associations: and compared to which the times we live in do seem somewhat prosaic, notwithstanding the more substantial advantages which we undoubtedly enjoy.

MISCELLANY.

THE TIMES PRINTING OFFICE.—“The establishment of the *Times* newspaper is an example, on a large scale, of a manufactory in which the division of labour, both mental and bodily, is admirably illustrated, and in which also the effect of the domestic economy is well exemplified. It is scarcely imagined, by the thousands who read that paper in various quarters of the globe, what a scene of organization and activity the factory presents during the whole night, or what a quantity of talent and mechanical skill is put in action for their amusement and information. Nearly 100 persons are employed in this establishment; and, during the session of Parliament, at least 12 reporters are constantly attending the Houses of Commons and Lords; each in his turn, after about an hour's work, retiring to translate in ordinary writing, the speech he has just heard and noted in short-hand. In the meantime 50

compositors are constantly at work, some of whom have already set up the beginning, whilst others are committing to type the yet undried manuscript of the continuation of a speech, whose middle portion is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter, and whose eloquent conclusion is, perhaps at that very moment, making the walls of St. Stephen's vibrate with the applause of its hearers. These congregated types, as fast as they are composed, are passed in portions to other hands; till at last the scattered fragments of the debate, forming, when united with the ordinary matter, eight and forty columns, re-appear in regular order on the platform of the printing press. The hand of man is now too slow for the demands of his curiosity, but the power of steam comes to his assistance. Ink is rapidly supplied to the moving types by the most perfect mechanism; four attendants incessantly introduce the edges of large sheets of white paper to the junction of two great rollers, which seem to devour them with unsated appetite; other rollers convey them to the type already inked, and having brought them into rapid and successive contact, re-deliver them to four other assistants, completely printed by the almost momentary touch. Thus, in one hour, 4000 sheets of paper are printed on one side; an impression of 12,000 copies, from above 300,000 moveable pieces of metal, is produced for the public in six hours!" *Mr. Babbage's Economy of Manufactures.*

LETTERS OF MARQUE.—Letters of marque and reprisals were first issued in 1395. A Merchant of Bayonne in Gascony, where Edward I. then was, had gone with a ship to Barbary, where he took on board a quantity of almonds, raisins, and figs; and on his voyage back from England, he and his ship and cargo were seized by some armed force from Lisbon, as he lay at anchor on the Portuguese coast, and were carried into Lisbon, where the captors paid the King of Portugal a tenth share, (the ship and cargo being valued at £700 sterling,) although peace then subsisted between England and Portugal. King Edward, therefore, granted the merchant letters of marque against the subjects of Portugal, wherever he could seize their effects, and especially against those of Lisbon, for five years, or until he should reimburse himself for his losses; on condition that he accounted to the King for any surplus he might take over and above his real damages and expenses.

COCHINEAL INSECT.—Why was the Cochineal insect originally supposed to be a grain, or seed?

Because, during the whole term of its life, it remains fixed to the spot where it first settled, and to the vegetable nipple of the nopal plant which feeds it.

Why are these insects propagated with such rapidity?

Because the nopal plant is inoculated with them, by being rubbed with a small portion of the young resembling blight, and in proportion, as the plant increases its leaves, it is sure to be covered with this costly parasite. When the plant is perfectly saturated, the cochineal is scraped off with great care. Plantations containing 50 to 60,000, acres, growing in straight lines, may be seen in some districts of South America. The quantity of insects annually ex-

ported from South America is valued at £500,000. The East India company have offered £6000 for its introduction into their territories.

Long after the introduction of cochineal into England, it gave but a dull kind of crimson, till a chemist named Kuster, about the sixteenth century, discovered the use of the solution of tin, and the means of preparing, with it and cochineal, a durable and beautiful scarlet.

LONDON.—Two centuries and a-half ago, Charing-cross, was within bow-shot of the open country, all the way to Hampstead and Highgate. North of the cross there were only a few houses in front of the Mews, where the king's falcons were kept. The Haymarket was a country road, with hedges on each side, running between pastures. St. Martin's-lane was bounded on the west side by the high walls of the Mews, and on the other side, by a house, and by old St. Martin's Church, where the present Church stands. From these buildings it was a quiet country lane, leading to St. Giles', then a pleasant village, situated among fine trees. Holborn was a mere road between open meadow land, with a green hedge on the north side. In the Strand, opposite to St. Martin's-lane, stood the hospital and gardens of St. Mary Rouncival, a religious establishment founded and endowed by William Earl of Pembroke, in the reign of Henry III. In the middle of the road leading to the Abbey, and opposite to Charing-cross, stood a hermitage and chapel dedicated to St. Catherine.—*The Penny Magazine*

EUROPEAN POPULATION.

A German periodical (*Hesperus*) contains some very fanciful speculations on the causes which affect population, from which we have selected the following particulars:—The increase and decrease of marriages in a country are naturally influenced by great events, such as peace and war, public prosperity and public calamities, famine and disease; but here we are told, that political *feelings* exercise an influence: thus, in Prussia, the number of marriages was greatly increased after the expulsion of the French. During the years 1817, 1818, and 1819, when the political prospects of that country were in their zenith, 1 person was married in 98; in the subsequent years the numbers again fell to 1 in 108, 1 in 111, and 1 in 118.

In France from the year 1815 to 1822, the number of marriages was much less than before the revolution, although the population was greater by several millions. After 1817, the number of annual marriages increased by about 8000, and continued stationary at that rate till 1821; but, in 1822, after the evacuation of the country by foreign troops, the number quickly rose by 26,000, and, in the ensuing year, even by 40,000. But it again declined during the obnoxious administration of Villele, and again increased after the overthrow of his ministry. Even in Russia, from 70 to 80,000 couples less than usual were married in 1812.

The proportion of deaths among children under 5 years, is also remarkable, as it seems to keep pace with the degree of education and comfort of the inhabitants. It is smallest in the large towns;

and would be smaller still, if it were not for those who die in work-houses and hospitals, deserted by their parents.

The degree of fertility of marriages seems to vary between 3500 and 5500 children to 1000 couples. The author, from an average of more than 77 millions of births, and 17 millions of marriages, all extending over a period of several years, comes to some results, from which we shall extract two or three of the most interesting. To 1000 marriages, there were born in the

Kingdom of the Two Sicilies.	5546 children.
In France.	4148
In England.	3565
In Zealand.	3439

The Two Sicilies and Zealand being the extremes. Marriages appear to be less prolific, as the countries lie nearer to the north.

A fourth point of importance in these investigations, is the growing excess of males over females, since the general peace. Thus, in Russia, the increase of males over females, in 15 years, was 804,453; in France, 347,254; in Prussia, 69,764; in Naples, 25,796, in Bavaria, 8,393; in Bohemia, 69,172; in Sweden, 15,195; in Württemberg, 6,877; in Hesse, 9,361; in Nassau, 6,484; briefly, in a total population of 101,707,212, an excess of 1,856,754 males. If this proportion be applied to all Europe, with a population of 215 millions, the excess of males would amount, in the same period of peace, to 2,700,000. In the southern provinces of Russia, near the Caucasus, in the two Americas, and at the Cape of Good Hope, the disproportion is still greater.—*Athenæum*.

EGYPTIAN MUMMY.—A more curious and interesting spectacle can scarcely be contemplated, than that which represents the mortal part of man, bearing all the appearances of undecayed nature, after a period of from 3 to 500 years, since the time of its existence, mysteriously shrouded in perhaps 50 encasements of linen, of a texture impervious to the ravages of time, and exhibiting the flesh, teeth and beard in an embalmed and enduring state. This Mummy was dug out of the ruins of the city Thebe, which was destroyed 300 years since, and was brought to England in 1736, by Mr. Mills, of Bath. The height of the individual (supposed from the hieroglyphic characters on the coffin, to have been that of a King), is about 5 feet 9 inches; the coffin, which is made of Sycamore wood, displayed amazing skill and ingenuity, and the characters on the coffin are executed with a style superior to any modern effort.—*Kingston U. C. Chronicle*.

THE SNOW BIRD.—The Snow Bird of America is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs round its history. On the first approach of winter it suddenly makes its appearance at the farm house, apparently driven by the inclemency of the weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes no one can tell; and whither it goes, (for its exit is as sudden as its entrance,) no one has yet been able to discover. It is supposed by some to be in reality another bird; only that its plumage, by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly changed. It delights to hover

near hay ricks, feeding on the wheat they contain; while in very bleak weather when the ground is clad with universal snow, and the air is piercingly cold, it may be easily attracted to the parlor window, by throwing forth a few crumbs—the desolation of its lot causing it to forget its natural fear of man.—There is a feeling of melancholy passes over the mind when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened with the presence of the mournful Snow Bird. Yet, even in the bitterest weather, he is always gay and lively; and the desolation of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart.

THE EXTREMES OF CREATION.—About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it, the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems this insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every field, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

THE YANKEE'S VISIT TO SIR JOSEPH BANKS.—Sir Joseph Banks hearing that there was a man in London who had crossed the Atlantic in a boat alone, was desirous of seeing him, and got some American to go to the hotel, and contrive ways to bring him to his house. This was easily effected. Shackford, in company with Captain Follansbee, paid Sir Joseph a visit. They were asked into a room devoted to natural history. Shackford looked around, and was pleased to see so many things which were so many real curiosities, preserved so well. At last he saw a young crocodile in a tub of water, and took notice of him, as he appeared, now above, and now below the surface. Sir Joseph soon made his entry. "Is this Mr. Shackford, who has crossed the Atlantic alone in a boat?" inquired Sir Joseph. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "I have

done that, sir." "What were your sensations in the middle of the ocean, alone?" was the next inquiry.—"Why, sir, I suppose you mean to ask me how I felt on my voyage: I was sometimes dry, and I drank; I was sometimes hungry, and I ate; I was sleepy, and I dosed a little; that was easy, for I had a nice cubby, and I fixed a tiller there, and slept with the helm in my hand—and there was no great difficulty in that." "What mathematical instruments had you?" was the next inquiry. "Why, a compass and an axe, a pair of pistols, and the sword General Pulawski gave me." "How were you sure you were right in your course?" "I was not sure, but I guessed that I was right, as I steered east when I had got pretty well up to the north, and that I knew would take me to England, or somewhere thereabouts; and that was right enough for one whose time was his own, and who owned the craft he was in, and had plenty of provision on board." "You have, sir," said Shackford, "a fine omnium gatherum here; what are you going to do with the crocodile you got there?" "I am almost about preparing a paper to read before the society upon his habits and nature, which I shall read to-morrow. Do you know any thing about the animal, Mr. Shackford?" "I lived three years in the West Indies, where they were as thick as grasshoppers." "Have you ever heard their moans to entice and allure travellers to come to them, in order, as many writers in natural history have mentioned, that they may secure them as their prey?" inquired the philosopher. "No, they never did any such thing, for a good reason, they have no tongues to make a clear sound with; and they cannot make any noise, except one of bringing their jaws together. They move the upper jaw, and somehow bring it down with great force, and a single sound proceeds from this; but how can a thing moan without a tongue? Look into his mouth, and you will find that he has no more tongue than the great elephant I saw the other day in this city."

"Why," said Sir Joseph, "you do not mean that an elephant has no tongue?" "Yes, I do," replied Shackford, "mean to say that he has no tongue; and what does he want one for, as he has such a thing at the end of his nose, by which he can feel a thing as nicely as a lady's finger could, and then use it as a sledge hammer, to knock one's brains out with?" "How do you know that to be a fact," inquired Sir Joseph, "that he has no tongue?" "Why, in the best way in the world; I looked into his mouth until I was satisfied of the fact; and then it stood to reason in my mind, that he did not want one, with so fine a tool as he has, for the purpose of hands, tongue, and sword." "Well," said Sir Joseph, not a little mortified, "the crocodiles are very ferocious and dangerous," "Why," said Shackford, "they have a good large mouth of their own, and an ugly-looking set of teeth, but they very seldom attack a man, a very slight splash in the water generally frightens them off. Once in a while they will catch a young negro in the water, but the old ones don't mind them any more than musquitoes." Sir Joseph's paper would not do; all his ornament of that wondrous moaning, and great fierceness, at last had opposers. To end the conversation, and lie off to the Tower, or to Exeter Change, to see the elephant, was now evidently Sir Joseph's wish, but Shackford seemed in no hurry to go. Sir Joseph, in trying to hide his impatience, made several hasty inquiries.

“Did you ever see a collection like this before?”—“No,” said Shackford; “the nearest like it, is at my barber’s shop the other side of the water. He had a stuffed alligator, the skin of a dog fish, several handsome lizards, and the head of a catamount; the last he sets most store by, as that gives him an opportunity, once a week, to tell the story of the animal’s having jumped from tree to tree with a child in its mouth. I have heard the story a hundred times, and he never told it twice alike. I don’t care much about seeing these altogether, but love to see them in those parts where they are natural; and that is one reason why I rove round the world so.” “Mr. Shackford, what books do you carry with you in your voyages and travels?” “The Bible, Sir, Watt’s Psalms and Hymns, and Robinson Crusoe, not many others. I look around and read the book of nature, and generally pick up something worth remembering,” was the reply. “I should think,” said Sir Joseph, “that you would find many things that would puzzle you in your researches.” “I do,” said Shackford, “and so does every man I ever saw. Now, Sir Joseph, let me make plain what I mean: can you tell me what animal that is of the Nile, which is born without a tail, without legs, and dies, if he come to his growth, with four legs, without a tail?” Sir Joseph pondered. “Why,” said Shackford, “It is a frog. When a *polywog* he has a tail; but when he becomes a frog, he has four legs, without a tail. I placed his birth in the Nile, which deceived you, learned Sir; but you know the frog is found in every mud puddle in creation, as well as the Nile. Now,” said Shackford, “I have great love for learned men, but they don’t know every thing.” Sir Joseph was glad to get rid of the maniac, who had crossed the Atlantic alone in a boat, something more than his friend Cook had done, when the navigator and the philosopher had quarrelled.

The Duke of Devonshire has in his possession the rosary worn by Henry the Eighth. Upon the four sides of each bead are four circles, within which are carved groups; the subject of each group being taken from a different chapter in the Bible. Nothing can surpass the exquisite beauty of the workmanship of this relic of other days. Every figure is perfect, in spite of the extreme minuteness of their size; and the whole is from the design of that great master, Holbien, who has painted Henry in these identical beads. The rosary is ingeniously preserved from injury, while it is exhibited to full view, by being suspended within a bell glass.

COMMERCE OF NEW YORK.—List of vessels arrived from foreign ports in 1831, viz:—January 59, February 108, March 140, April 146, May 172, June 139, July 147, August 169, September 167, October 142, November 115, December 130. Total 1634. Passengers by these vessels 31,739. Of the vessels, there were 1204 Americans, 278 English, 8 Spanish, 14 Sweedish, 6 Hamburgs, 25 French, 11 Bremen, 2 Haytien, 18 Danish, 1 Mexican, 2 Brazilian, 1 Genoese, 1 Russian and 3 Dutch. Of these, there were 387 sbips, 42 barques, 757 brigs, 483 schooners, 1 ketch, 1 galliot, 1 polacca, 1 felucca, and 11 sloops. Increase of arrivals over year 1830. 124; and of passengers 1515.

COAL.—The countries in Europe which produce the greatest quantity of coal, are—Great Britain, which produces 230,000,000 quintals. Belgium, 55,100,000. Prussia, 13,300,000. France, 19,450,000. Austria, and some other states, and even Sweden, possess coal mines; but these Mines are but little wrought, as they have a sufficiency of wood. The German Journal *Geographische Ephemerida*, from which we take this notice, states that M. Villefosse has erroneously estimated the amount raised in France, at 12,758,906 metrical quintals, whilst M. Piquot gives the above as the correct statement.

JOURNAL OF THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE.—This little periodical is published monthly at Philadelphia, and is devoted to the Mechanic Arts, Manufactures, General Science and the recording of Patented Inventions. It is regularly received at the Halifax Mechanics' Library, and although dry as regards general perusal, is worthy the attention of those interested in scientific advances. The number for *September*, contains: A very fine specimen of "medal ruling," a species of engraving by machinery, with an account of the invention; a drawing and description of an ingenious apparatus for raising heavy stones; an interesting article on the strength of Cylindrical Steam Boilers; a description of a machine for making Crackers and ships' bread; a description of a Smoke Ventilator; an important report of a Committee of the House of Commons on Steam Carriages, with remarks thereon, and a number of other original and selected articles. As this work is not much known, or of a character very appropriate to general circulation, we intend to give monthly an analysis of its contents, and occasionally extracts from it for the benefit of our readers.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

THE second session of this very interesting Institution, commenced on Wednesday evening, October 3.

The President, Dr. Grigor, delivered an introductory Address, in which the objects of science, its superiority as a recreation over other amusements, and its individual and national importance was fully dwelt on. The lecturer also, reviewed the proceedings of last session, and made some remarks on the future prospects of the Institution.

A conversation followed the lecture, the chief topics of which were, Lord Bacon's Philosophy, the advantage possessed by these Colonies and the United States in speaking the same language and being in close communication with Great Britain, and the superiority of the latter kingdom as regards information generally, and scientific advances, compared with any other country.

MECHANICS' LIBRARY.—The first Annual Meeting of the Mechanics' Library Association, was held on Tuesday evening, October 2. A Report was read, and Officers and Committee chosen for the ensuing year. Officers, Mr. John Morrow, President, Mr. John Naylor, Secretary; Mr. Whytal, Treasurer; Committee. Messrs. Joseph Howe, John S. Thompson, Johnson, Harvie and Dawson.—We subjoin the Report.

REPORT.

The term of your Committee's trust having now expired, they take this opportunity of making a brief Report, of the affairs of the Library during the past year, and of its present condition.

Your Committee found it advisable to convene two general meetings during the year. This Association commenced in Oct. 1831, with a few members, and very limited prospect; and a rule then passed, confined the number of shareholders to one hundred. Unexpected support was experienced, and the first general meeting was called in November 1831, for the purpose of advising that the shareholders' list should be opened. After some hesitation your Committee's advice was adopted, and a resolution passed, opening the list unlimitedly from that period to the present. The second general meeting occurred under the following circumstances. Your Committee having a strong wish to see a Mechanics' Institute founded on the library, and hearing many friendly opinions concerning the same object, resolved, on December 6, that seven members of the library should be requested to meet the Committee, for the purpose of affording their advice and assistance, respecting the formation of a Mechanics' Institute. The result of this step was, that a general meeting was called, on Dec. 27, when the frame work of a Mechanics' Institute was arranged, and agreed to, by a large majority of the meeting.—From these meetings beneficial consequences were experienced. By the first, your Committee were enabled to add to the number of Library Shareholders: at the second it was resolved, that to become members of the Mechanics' Institute, it should be necessary to become shareholders or subscribers of the library; the good effects of this soon became visible, on the lists and funds under the care of your committee.

In January 1832, a petition to the House of Assembly, for aid to the Library, was prepared by your committee, and was presented to the House by Stephen Deblois, Esq. Mr. Deblois warmly advocated the claims of the Library, and obtained a grant of £25 to its funds.—This sum remains undrawn in the Treasury.

The issue of books commenced on October 31, 1831, since which time it has continued without interruption, and has averaged above 100 vols. weekly.—Early in the year your Committee found it necessary to hire a room for the use of the Library; Shareholders volunteered their services to act as Librarians, but it was soon found desirable to provide permanently for this office. A regular Librarian therefore has been procured, to whom is paid £13 per annum.

Your Committee trust, that, on examination of their books, it will be found, they have used the utmost advisable economy, and that they have not been wanting in attention to the duties of their office.

The number of Shareholders on the list of the Library, at this termination of the first year of its existence, is 219. The number of volumes in the Library is 667; of these, 187 vols. and several pamphlets have been presented to the Library during the year.—Your Committee have also lately ordered, from the United States and England, about 150 vols. which they expect will arrive in the ensuing month. To pay for those works, will exhaust the greater part of the money now in hands, including the legislative grant.

The amount of cash received since the commencement of your

Committee's duties, is £176 10s. of which has been expended £124 19 11; leaving a balance in the Treasurer's hands of £51 10 1½.

In resigning their trust, your Committee would recommend, that two of their resolutions should be adopted by this meeting, and become rules of the Library. One is, that "Donors of 40s. and upwards be honorary members of the Library." A second is, that "books of immoral character shall not be admitted into the Library, or, if admitted there by accident, shall be removed by the Committee when discovered by them."—Your Committee would also recommend, that a rule be passed, depriving persons in arrears to the Library, of their privilege of voting at its meetings.—They would further advise, that the yearly payment, to subscribers, be now raised to 15s. and to shareholders to 7s. 6d.; this advance not to affect minors.—Your Committee are confident, that without some such addition, the funds of the Library in future will be inadequate to meet the proper supply of books, and other current expenses. Finally, they recommend, that the Shareholders' list should be continued open for another year.

For further particulars, respecting transactions of Committee, seceding members, members in arrears, fines, donors' names and their donations, and all other details, your Committee respectfully refer, to the book kept by the Secretary during the year, which is now submitted to the Meeting.

SIGNED—John S. Thompson, prest. |

John Naylor, secretary-

COMMITTEE.

Joseph Whytal, |

John Lindsay,

J. S. Cunnabell,

Benjamin Dawson,

W. B. Wellner.

The recommendations included in the Report, were submitted to the meeting in separate resolutions, and all were adopted, except that concerning the raising of yearly payments; this was deemed inexpedient at the present time.

The progress of this association is very creditable; it commenced a year since with about twenty members, fifty books, and the humblest anticipations; but with these, there was persevering energy, a singleness of purpose to do all that could be done for the benefit of the Institution, unwavering attention to business, strict economy, and a resolution neither to turn to the right hand nor the left, from what was considered the path of duty, on account of either evil or good fortune. This course has been crowned in a satisfactory manner, and has met with much public support, as the Report exhibits.

RECORD.

Politics have scarcely made an advance of any description since our last. Parliament is prorogued, preparations for Elections are in progress, Tithes are rolling down hill fast as possible. Pedro is still at Oporto, Germany discontented and grumbling, and France more at rest than usual.

Of local affairs, the chief is, the departure of His Excellency Sir Peregrine Maitland, for England, which called forth several affectionate addresses to His Excellency and family. The administration of the government devolves on the Hon. T. N. Jeffrey, Collector of Customs, and Member of His Majesty's Council.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Subscriber would address a few words to his friends and the public, in appearing before them as the Proprietor of the HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

He purposes to increase the interest and usefulness of the MAGAZINE, by providing that it shall appear in the first week of each month *without exception*, and that additional care shall be taken in its arrangement, original papers and notices. The Subscriber has been kindly promised literary assistance, and he takes this opportunity of soliciting contributions, and of pledging that every attention shall be paid such favours.

The Subscriber also purposes adding eight pages to each number, when the price will be one shilling sterling, for 56 pages. These alterations, respecting time of appearing, size and price, will take place in December next, the commencement of the half year of the volume, if present subscribers do not object, and if sufficient additional encouragement be received.

To be enabled to bring up the periodical under his care to the standard which he contemplates, it will be essential, that his list should be considerably increased. He now solicits additional signatures, thankful for former kindnesses, and for promises respecting the future. Subscription lists will lie at Mr. Cunnabell's Printing Office, and at other places, which a future advertisement will specify. With much respect,

J. S. THOMPSON.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, Sept. 1st. Mr. Robert Pengilly, to Mrs. Sarah Wing.—8th. Mr. James Annand, to Miss Rebecca M'Lennan.—12th. Mr. Robert Longworth, to Miss Margaret L. McNeil.—29th. Mr. James Richardson, to Miss Louisa S. Richardson.—30th. Mr. William Gossip, to Miss Ann C. Coade.—At Liverpool, Sept. 12th. Mr. Joseph Fairbanks, to Miss Sarah M. Knaut.—At Manchester, Mr. Henry Wilson, to Mrs. Elizabeth Wilcock.—At Prince Edward Island, Sept. 19th. J. B. Bland Esq. to Miss Joanna Tobin.—At Cornwallis, Sept. 6th. A. G. Blair Esq. to Miss Henrietta Campbell.—At St. John New Brunswick, Sept. 17th. John Johnston Esq. to Miss Mary Kelly.—At Devenport Lodge, Sept. 27th. Rev. Edw. Arnold, to Miss Anna Maria Robertson.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Sept. 5th. Mr. A. C. De Sardinia, aged 19.—14th. Mr. Hugh Blaney.—19th. Mrs. Mary Ann Full, aged 27.—24th. Mr. Israel Thomas, aged 25.—25th. Mrs. Eleanor Hunt, aged 67.—28th. Mrs. Sarah Arcas, aged 51.—At Liverpool, Sept. 23rd. Mrs. Mary Bany, aged 62.—At Rawdon, Sept. 25th. Mr. James Wilson, aged 22.—At Yarmouth, Sept. 19th. Mrs. Martha Poole, aged 22.—At Amherst, Sept. 19th. Mr. Hugh Logan.—Drowned off Prospect, on Sunday 23d Sept. on his passage from Chester to Halifax, Mr. Henry Power aged 21.

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