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THE
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No. 10.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

London. Sold by C. H. Belcher, Halifax.

THIS work is one of a series, called 'The Library of Entertaining Knowledge.' Each volume of this library is published under the superintendance of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of which society, Henry Brougham, Esq.—now Lord Brougham—is Chairman, and Lord John Russel, Vice Chairman. It is a noble feature of our day, that the highest literary and professional characters of the country, employ their energies to direct the public mind in the path of useful science. Instead of being wrapt up in the pretended abstract nature of their studies, instead of being exalted on the vulgar stilts of purse or family pride,—they look upon the magnificent nature of the human mind as philosophers and as philanthropists, and feeling all men as brethren, they are eager to inform and improve all branches of the great family.

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties, forms a valuable subject for the mere purposes of interest and entertainment ; but when we consider the examples, warnings, and reproofs, which such a silent Monitor affords, to almost every reader, the value is increased tenfold. The work before us, selects from the scientific and literary records of every country, a body of examples, to show that the most unpropitious circumstances have been unable to conquer an ardent desire for the acquisition of knowledge ; from the collection, all living examples are excluded, elevations or attainments gained by chance or fortune are paid no attention, the work is purely devoted to the virtues of honourable and persevering industry.

We are apt to conceive that there are certain classes, to which

the acquisition of knowledge comes in due course, that there are ranks in which intelligence is a business, and literature a natural recreation in long hours of leisure,—and we also imagine, that there are some situations in life, shut out almost by interdict from the book of knowledge. This is a superficial way of thinking; experience broadly contradicts it; and the present time is distinguished from all that has gone before it, for offering vast means of instruction to every individual in civilized life.

Let us glance over a portion of human history, and we will find every species of difficulty—which appear like dragons guarding the tree of knowledge—nobly overcome by a long list of worthies, whose names now, are beacons to guide other aspirants in the same path. Even from the small volume before us, we may gather many valuable facts, encouraging to the man, who pants for information, although surrounded by unpropitious circumstances.

Most of the learning of the present day, is but a following the steps of others, and when certain eminences are gained in knowledge, the learner is apt to look down too proudly, and to forget the guides, the pioneers of his road, without whom, he would not only have missed gaining the height, but he would never have even imagined that such a country existed. We see, however that the difficulties of a dark and unknown road are not sufficient to detain the ardent traveller: indeed were this the case the circle of our knowledge would be extremely limited, and would only extend to the arts and sciences which the necessities and luxuries of life had forced into notice. But we find ardent men pondering on the wonders of their own nature, and of surrounding creation; and struggling for solutions to the phenomena which everywhere appeared to an enquiring eye, they advanced from the simplest facts to those of the most sublime description; not damped by the novelty and boldness of their flight, not at all deterred from the difficulties which ensured delay and which threatened defeat. Sir Isaac Newton sitting in his garden,—wrought, no doubt, in philosophical meditation—saw an apple fall to the ground; who would have expected any results from so simple an occurrence? yet the philosopher saw a general truth in the incident, he reasoned by analogy from small to greater matters, and years after, finding his

suppositions and calculations coincide, he deduced the gravitation of the heavenly bodies, and published to an admiring world the system of the universe. Galileo observed the vibrations of a lamp suspended from the ceiling of a church of Pisa, and from this he reasoned, until the principle of the pendulum, and its application as a measurer of time, was discovered. We might go on multiplying facts almost indefinitely, but our proposition is self evident, namely, that all the great discoveries of the present day had their origin in the close observance of common incidents, in the strong and daring and persevering advances made from those known facts, to others infinitely higher, and which, to man, had remained up to that time altogether unknown. From this, we of the present day should learn, first, that much in every department of knowledge may yet remain to be found out, for the discoveries of former times seemed to their generation as unlikely as any which may yet remain for the daring mind. Secondly, that we ought therefore to give ourselves the invaluable habit of reflecting on passing incidents, and not only gladly receive stores of knowledge gathered by others for our use, but learn to think, reason, and judge for ourselves. Lastly, that the pursuit of knowledge under the difficulties attending the want of a master, should occasion increased zeal, but not at all frighten the lover of learning, for all great discoverers, all those whose names are handed from generation to generation as belonging to beings almost deserving of worship, are persons who have been *self taught*; none having preceded them in their bold investigations.

If the want of a director be no reason why we should not learn wisdom, most assuredly humble station in life should not be. We know that those who move in the higher circles of artificial life have many opportunities of improving the mind, they have leisure for study, they have means whereby they may procure teachers, books, and instruments; they have, or may have, learned companions, they may breathe an atmosphere in which they inhale as common air, many things which would be fragrance to the man of humble station: but they also have pleasures and luxuries to call them from study, and in fact, that study which becomes the almost supreme pleasure to the humble scho-

lar, is hard labour to the other, on account of the more sensual pursuits which are rivals to it. Is this nothing? It verily is, and most important matter, and perhaps to this, more than to many other things, may be attributed the enthusiasm, which from the lowest standing, grasps intellectual nobility. Instead of multiplying arguments let us cite a few instances from the pages before us. Epictatus the Stoic philosopher, Terence the dramatist, Æsop the fabulist, were slaves. Protagorus, a Greek philosopher, was a common porter, and attracted the notice of Democritus by the scientific manner in which he carried a load of wood on his shoulders. Turning to modern times we might mention out of a number of others the following instances. Duval, who was preceptor of Joseph II. of Austria, and who at the time of his death held the office of keeper of the imperial medals at Vienna, was in the first instance driven to seek his fortune by being turned from the service of a farmer. The famous Prideaux, Bishop of Worcester, was for some time assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College. Sir E. Saunders, Chief Justice in the reign of Charles the Second, was originally an errand boy at the inns of Court, and acquired knowledge of the law from being employed as a copyist. Linnæus, the immortal founder of the science of Botany, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker. Ben Johnson the English dramatist worked as a brick-layer, "and let not them blush"—writes his biographer—"that have, but those that have not a lawful calling." Pareus, the eminent Professor of Theology at Heidelberg, was successively apprenticed to an apothecary and to a shoemaker. The late Doctor Isaac Milner, Dean of Carlisle and Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, was originally a weaver; as was his brother the author of the *History of the Church*. J. Hunter one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, and whose museum, after his death, was purchased by Parliament for £15,000, was apprenticed to his brother in law, a carpenter. Simpson, F. R. S. Professor of Mathematics at Woolwich, and author of several well known standard works, worked as a weaver with his father. Richardson the author of *Pamela*, *Clarissa Harlowe* and other works, was a journeyman Printer. Dodsley the author of "*The Economy of Human Life*," and other works, and who became an eminent London Bookseller, was originally a footman. De Foe,

author of *Robinson Crusoe*, was a brick maker. Ferguson F. R. S. to whose astronomical lectures George III. was a constant attendant, commenced his studies a poor shepherd. Benjamin Franklin, the American philosopher, is an example of humble station being but a slight obstacle to learning and honour, so well known that it were idle here to do more than allude to it. Shakespeare—in whose name is a host of magical thoughts—was an attendant on the prompter of a theatre. Robbie Burns was a ploughman. Gifford, first Editor of the *London Quarterly*, served part of an apprenticeship to a shoemaker, becoming noted for his rhyming talents, a few friends subscribed and purchased his indentures for six pounds, and sent him to school ; and Bloomfield, the author of “the Farmer’s Boy,” was of the same trade, but less fortunate in after life. These few instances, taken from a multitude, may suffice, to show that humble station is far from being an insuperable bar to the acquisition of knowledge and honourable fame. We mention no instance in which chance had much to do, or in which romantic incidents raised the man in the ranks of civilized life, all our examples, and a thousand others which might be given, are specimens of exaltation springing from persevering and enthusiastic efforts at improvement. In all this there is nothing to induce disgust at humble avocations, or to excite exertions to escape from those modes of getting a livelihood ; many eminent scholars have with primitive simplicity, worked at the most humble professions while they instructed and delighted persons in the highest ranks of life ; and many called by circumstances from humble stations to others more congenial to their aspirations, so far from being unduly proud of the exaltation, gloried in referring to their humble origin. While nothing appears in those examples to induce idleness or folly, there is much indeed to induce all to aim at a high degree of mental improvement, which not only bestows exalted pleasures, but mends the morals and the disposition ; there is much to make the man of humble life respect himself, and to consider that he is not secluded by rank from *any* intellectual attainment.

But there is an evil—not always attendant on humble station, and worse than it—as a difficulty in the way of the lover of knowledge, and this is poverty. Can any man get over this chilly

barrier to the elysian fields of learning? it damps the energies, corrodes the enthusiastic heart, and sprinkles the fire of genius with drops from the abhorred styx; can any carry this fearful "old man of the mountain," and yet attain to the distant and bright shining table land? Yes surely,—and instead of taking up our narrow space by numerous examples we will give one or two illustrative pictures from the book before us.

"Cleanthes, another of the Stoics, was brought up to the profession of a pugilist, and used to exhibit himself in that character at the public games: till, longing to study philosophy, he betook himself for that purpose to Athens: where he arrived with only three drachms (about three shillings and sixpence) in his pocket. In these circumstances he was obliged, for his support, to employ himself in drawing water, carrying burdens, and other such humble and laborious occupations. He contrived, however to proceed with his studies at the same time, bringing his fee of an obolus, or penny, every day to his master, Zeno, with great punctuality. On the death of Zeno, he succeeded him in his school, but still continued his menial labours as usual. 'I draw water,' he was wont to say, 'and do any other sort of work which presents itself, that I may give myself up to philosophy, without being a burthen to any one.'"

"When Erasmus was a poor student at Paris, he was indeed very anxious to be a little richer; but, almost in rags as he was, it was not fine or even comfortable raiment after which he principally longed. 'As soon as I get money,' says he, in a letter to a friend, 'I will buy first Greek books, and then clothes.' 'It is the mind,' says Shakespeare, 'that makes the body rich;' and so the young scholar felt. Of his two contemplated purchases it was not the clothes, he knew, but the Greek books, that were to bring him any thing permanent, in the way either of enjoyment or distinction."

"Sebastian Castalio, whose elegant Latin version of the Scriptures we have mentioned in a former chapter, was for many years of his life so poor, that, having a wife and family to support, he was obliged to employ the whole day in labouring in the fields, and could afford only the earlier part of the morning for study. Yet, even in these circumstances, literature was the great consolation of his life. Calvin, with whom he had quarrelled, having, in the heat of controversy, and in the same spirit of cruelty with which he hunted Servetus to death, allowed himself directly to charge him with theft, because he was in the habit of occasionally bringing home with him a little wood to serve for fuel, was answered by Castalio in a mild but dignified remonstrance, in which he admits that, as he dwelt on the banks of the Rhine, he had indeed been sometimes accustomed to employ himself, at leisure hours, in catching with a hook the floating wood which it

carries down in its inundations, in order to warm his family,—the wood being in fact, he remarks, public property, and belonging to the first taker. And this he did, he says, being at the time wholly occupied with his translation of the Scriptures, and resolved rather to beg than to quit it.

Pope Adrian VI. was the son of a poor barge-builder of Utrecht, who, desirous of procuring for his son a good education, and yet unable to pay for it, found means at last to get him admitted among the boys educated gratuitously at the university of Louvaine. While attending this seminary, however, the pecuniary resources of the young scholar were so extremely scanty, that he was unable to afford himself candles whereby to study at night. But he did not on that account spend his time in idleness. He used to take his station, we are told, with his book in his hand, in the church porches, or at the corners of the streets, where lamps were generally kept burning, and to read by their light. After passing through a succession of ecclesiastical preferments, which he owed to his eminent acquirements and unimpeachable character. Adrian was appointed preceptor to the young Archduke Charles, grandson to Ferdinand, King of Spain, who afterwards became so powerful and celebrated, under the title of the Emperor Charles V. To this connexion he was indebted for his elevation to the papal throne, which he ascended in the sixty-second year of his age, and occupied for two years, having died in 1523."

Many instances of this kind might be given—indeed most of the examples mentioned of persons of humble station, would also apply as of persons triumphing over poverty, but those may suffice to prove, that there is positively no circumstances—short of pain and death—which by harrassing the body, can completely shackle an inquiring mind: not only so, but that there are no circumstances which can debar a mind of the first order, from attaining to the most dazzling heights of honour and renown.

If the obstacles already mentioned, be not effectual in depressing the ardour of the mind which hungers and thirsts after knowledge, we may readily expect that minor obstacles should present but corresponding difficulties; accordingly, we find that persons actively and profitably following other avocations, have made most respectable progress in literature and science. Of this number a long list appears among booksellers, printers, merchants, soldiers and sailors. These should have much weight in inducing that class called middle, to add to their respectability, by making so profitable a pleasure as the pursuit of knowledge one of

their most favorite recreations. In noticing those who have gone on advancing, chiefly impelled by their own untiring efforts, it is necessary to allude to that wise and valuable class, which not seeking to leave their early avocations, and pleased with them, have risen from the lower grades of their profession to the highest branches of it. These suggest to all aspiring persons, that while there is any thing to be learned in the occupation to which they are attached, that they should not rest satisfied, or consider themselves at all as respectable or praise-worthy, as even their stations in life demand.

We may remark, that to excel in such a manner as any of those whom we have noted, it is necessary to have industry which leaves no moment unemployed, perseverance which makes flagging in that industry next to impossible, and enthusiasm which finds unearthly joy in every addition to the stock of valuable information. Even if the honour which generally attends industrious talent be not gained, is it not much to feel the kingdom within, enlarged, beautified, and elegantly furnished? Is it not much to have pleasures—even beside those of religion but compatible with them—which the world cannot give or take away? We conclude in the words of the compiler of the treatise before us.

“Furnished as society now is, in all its departments, with accommodations in aid of intellectual exertion, such as, in some respects, even the highest station and the greatest wealth in former times could not command, it may be safely asserted, that hardly any unassisted student can have at present difficulties to encounter, equal to those which have been a thousand times already triumphantly overcome by others. Above all, books, and especially elementary books, have, in our day, been multiplied to an extent that puts them within the reach almost of the poorest student; and books, after all, are, at least to the more mature understanding, and in regard to such subjects as they are fitted to explain, the best teachers. He who can read, and is possessed of a good elementary treatise on the science he wishes to learn, hardly, in truth, needs a master. With only this assistance, and sometimes with hardly this, some of the greatest scholars and philosophers that ever appeared have formed themselves, as the following pages will shew. And let him who, smitten by the love of knowledge, may yet conceive himself to be on any account unfortunately circumstanced for the business of mental cultivation, bethink him how often the eager student has triumphed over a host of impediments, much more formidable in all probability than any by which he is surrounded. Want of leisure, want of in-

structors, want of books, poverty, ill health, imprisonment, uncongenial or distracting occupations, the force of opposing example, the discouragement of friends or relations, the depressing consideration that the better part of life was already spent and gone,—these have all, separately or in various combinations, exerted their influence either to check the pursuit of knowledge, or to prevent the very desire of it from springing up. But they exerted their influence in vain. Here then is enough both of encouragement and of direction for all. To the illustrious vanquishers of fortune, whose triumphs we are about to record, we would point as guides for all who, similarly circumstanced, may aspire to follow in the same honorable path. Their lives are lessons that cannot be read without profit: nor are they lessons for the perusal of one class of society only. All, even those who are seemingly the most happily situated for the cultivation of their minds, may derive a stimulus from such anecdotes. No situation, in truth, is altogether without its unfavourable influences. If there be not poverty to crush, there may be wealth and ease to relax the spirit. He who is left to educate himself in every thing, may have many difficulties to struggle with; but he who is saved every struggle is perhaps still more unfortunate. If one mind be in danger of starving for want of books, another may be suffocated by too many. If, again, a laborious occupation leave to some but little time for study, there are temptations, it should be remembered, attendant upon rank and affluence, which are to the full as hard to escape from as any occupation. If, however, there be any one who stand free, or comparatively free, from every kind of impediment in the cultivation of his intellectual faculties, surely he must peruse with peculiar interest the account of what the love of knowledge has achieved in circumstances so opposite to his own. Certain, at least, it is, that such achievements produce a most powerful call upon his exertions in the pursuit of science and literature, that his acquisitions may be in some degree commensurate to his advantages. Finally, for all who love to read of bold and successful adventure, and to follow daring ambition in its career to greatness, it cannot but be interesting to contemplate the exploits of some of the most enterprising spirits of our race,—the adventurers, namely, of the world of intellect, whose ambition, while it has soared as high, and performed feats as brilliant as any other, never excites in us an interest dangerous to feel, nor holds up to us an example criminal to follow; because its conquests have been a blessing and not a curse to humanity.”

[In compliance with the wish of a Friend, we copy the following lines. They are among the best of Delta's contributions to Blackwood's Magazine, and although it is now a considerable time since their first appearance, their beauty might be sufficient excuse for our gathering them into our Miscellany.]

HYMN TO HESPERUS.

BRIGHT solitary beam, fair speck,
That, calling all the stars to duty,
Through stormless ether gleam'st to deck
The fulgent west's unclouded beauty ;
All silent are the fields, and still
The umbrageous woods' recesses dreary,
As if calm came at thy sweet will,
And Nature of Day's strife were weary.

Blest with the season and the scene,
From out her treasured stores, Reflection
Looks to the days when life was green,
With fond and thrilling retrospection ;
The earth again seems haunted ground ;
Youth smiles, by hope and joy attended ;
And bloom afresh young flowers around,
With scent as rich, and hues as splendid.

This is a chilling world—we live
Only to see all round us wither ;
Years beggar ; age can only give
Bare rocks to frail feet wandering thither ;
Friend after friend, joy after joy,
Have like night's boreal gleams departed ;
Ah ! how unlike the impassioned boy,
Is old, white hair'd and broken-hearted !

How oft 'mid eyes as clear and calm,
These wild wood pastures have I stray'd in,
When all these scenes of bliss and balm
Blue twilight's mantle were array'd in ;
How oft I've stole from bustling man,
From Art's parade, and city's riot,
The sweets of nature's reign to scan,
And muse on life in rural quiet !

Fair star ! with calm repose and peace
I hail thy vesper beam returning ;
Thou seem'st to say that troubles cease
In the calm sphere, where thou art burning ;
Sweet 'tis on thee to gaze and muse ;—
Sure angel wing around thee hover,
And from life's fountain scatter dews
To freshen earth, day's fever over.

Star of the Mariner ! thy car,
O'er the blue waters twinkling clearly,
Reminds him of his home afar ;
And scenes he still loves, ah how dearly !
He sees his native fields, he sees
Grey twilight gathering o'er his mountains,
And hears the murmuring of green trees,
The bleat of flocks, and gush of fountains.

How beautiful, when, through the shrouds,
The fierce presaging storm winds rattle,
Thou glitterest clear amidst the clouds,
O'er waves that lash and winds that battle;
And as, athwart the billows driven,
He turns to thee in fond devotion,
Star of the sea! thou tellest that heaven
O'erlook'st alike both land and ocean.

Star of the mourner! mid the gloom,
When droops the west o'er day departed,
The widow bends above the tomb
Of him who left her broken hearted;
Darkness within and night around,
The joys of life no more can move her,
When lo! thou lightest the profound,
To tell that heav'n's eye glows above her.

Star of the lover! Oh, how bright
Above the copes wood dark thou shinest,
As longs he for those eyes of light,
For him whose lustre burns divinest;
Earth, and the things of earth depart,
Transform'd to scenes and sounds Elysian;
Warm rapture gushes o'er his heart,
And Life seems like a fairy vision.

Yes, thine the hour, when, daylight done,
Fond youth to beauty's bower thou lightest;
Soft shines the Moon, bright shines the Sun,
But thou, of all things, softest, brightest.
Still is thy beam as fair and young,
The torch illuming evening's portal,
As when of thee lorn Sappho sung,
With burning soul, in lays immortal.

Star of the Poet! thy pale fire,
Awaking, kindling inspiration,
Burns in the blue ether, to inspire,
The loftiest themes of meditation;
He deems some holier, happier race,
Dwells in the orbit of thy beauty,—
Pure spirits, who have purchased grace,
By walking on the paths of duty.

Beneath thee Earth turns Paradise
To him, all radiant, rich and tender;
And dreams arrayed by thee, arise
Mid twilights dim and dusky splendor;
Blest or accurst each spot appears;
A frenzy fine his fancy seizes;
He sees unreal shapes, and hears }
The wail of spirits on the breezes.

Bright leader of the hosts of heaven!
When day from darkness God divided,
In silence through Empyrean driven,
Forth from the East thy chariot glided;
Star after star, o'er night and earth,
Shone out in brilliant revelation;
And all the angels sang for mirth,
To hail the finished, fair creation.

Hymn to Hesperus,

Star of the Bee ! with gladdened thigh,
 Thy twinkle warns its homeward winging ;
 Star of the bird ! thou bid'st her lie
 Down o'er her young, and hush her singing ;
 Star of the Pilgrim, travel sore,
 How sweet reflected in the fountains,
 He hails thy circlet glowing o'er
 The shadow of his native mountains !

Thou art the star of Freedom, thou,
 Undo'st the bonds which gall the sorest,
 'Thou bring'st the ploughman from his plough
 Thou bring'st the woodman from his forest,
 Thou bring'st the wave-worn fisher home,
 With all his acaly wealth around him ;
 And bid'st the heart-sick school boy roam,
 Freed from the lettered tasks which bound

Star of declining day farewell !—
 Ere lived the Patriarchs, thou wert yonder ;
 Ere Isaac mid the piny dell,
 Went forth at eventide to ponder :
 And when to death's stern mandate bow
 All whom we love, and all who love us,
 Thou shalt arise, as thou dost now,
 To shine and shed thy tears above us.

Star that proclaims Eternity !
 When o'er the lost Sun twilight weepeth,
 Thou lightest thy beacon tower on high,
 To say " he is not dead but sleepeth :"
 And forth with dawn thou comest too,
 As all the hosts of night surrender,
 'To prove thy reign of promise true
 And usher in day's orient splendor.

[We select the following article—from the pen of Sir Walter Scott—thinking it fraught with interest and information. It is a fine miniature, of an immense subject, drawn by an acknowledged master. The time alluded to in its opening is the commencement of the sixteenth century.]

VIEW OF ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

THIS may be no improper time to take a rapid view of the two countries as they stood contrasted with each other, in their civil and military system, in customs and in manners. We must be understood to speak only of the Lowland counties of Scotland ; for the Highlanders were as different from the Saxon part of their countrymen as they were in the beginning of the eighteenth century.

War was almost constantly the state in which the sister kingdoms stood in relation to each other ; so much so, that the two

portions of the same island most fitted by their relative position to be governed by the same laws and rules might be considered as looking upon each other in the light of natural enemies. In such a contest it would be idle to enquire whether either nation possessed over the other any superiority in strength of person or bravery of disposition ; advantages which nature distributes with impartiality among the children of the same soil. Different degrees of discipline, different species of arms, different habits of exercise, may be distinctly traced as the foundation of advantages occasionally observable either in the victories of the English over the Scots, or in those obtained by the inhabitants of the northern parts of the island over their southern neighbours.

The superiority of the English arose from two principal circumstances : first, the better discipline and conduct of their armies, which at an early period manœuvred with considerable art and address, for which we shall presently show some reason : and, secondly, on their unrivalled skill in the use of the long bow, the most formidable weapon of the age, which neither Scot, Frenchman, Fleming, nor Spaniard could use with the same effect as the yeoman of England. These men possessed a degree of independence and wealth altogether unknown to the same class of society in other kingdoms of Europe. They placed their pride in having the most excellent and best-constructed bows and shafts, to the formation of which great attention and nicety were necessary ; and they had attained the art of handling and using them with the greatest possible effect. Their wealth enabled them to procure weapons of the first order, and their mode of education brought the use of them to the highest pitch of perfection. Bishop Latimer says of himself that, like other children, he was trained to shoot first with a small bow suitable to his age, and afterwards with one fitted to his increasing strength ; and that consequently he acquired a degree of skill which far surpassed that of those who never handled a bow till they came to be young men. Neither was the shape of the weapon less fitted for its purpose. The bow was of considerable length and power, and the arrow, constructed with a small head of sharp steel, was formed so as to fly a great distance and with much force. On the contrary, the Highlanders were the most numerous, if not the only archers in Scotland. These mountaineers carried a weak bow, short and imperfectly strung, which discharged a heavy arrow with a clumsy barb, three or four times the weight of an English shaft. To these advantages on the part of the English must be added the dexterity with which archery was practised by their yeomen, who always drew the bowstring to the right ear, while the bowmen of other nations pulled it only to the breast, and thus discharged a shorter shaft from a much less formidable bow. The superiority of the English in archery cannot be better expressed than by the Scottish proverb, that each southern archer bore at his belt the lives of twenty-four Scots, such being the number of arrows with which he was usually supplied.

In the possession of much greater wealth, the English had another advantage over their neighbours scarcely less effectual than that of their archery. This enabled them at pleasure to summon into the field considerable bodies of mercenaries, either horse or foot, whose trade was arms, and who maintained themselves by selling their services to those who could best afford to pay for them. It was natural that such bands, who were constantly in active service, should be much better acquainted with the art of war and the discipline of the times than the natives of Scotland, who only occasionally adopted the profession of arms. What was even of greater importance was the habit of obedience in military matters which these men had learned to practice, and which (provided always they were regularly paid) rendered them prompt, obedient, and amenable to discipline. The English armies were, especially after Henry VIIIth's time, augmented by bands from Flanders, Spain, Italy, and the most warlike countries then in the world, led by commanders whom long experience had made completely acquainted with the art of war, which was their only profession, as the camp was their only home. Their discipline was an example to the native troops of England, and showed them the advantage to be derived from implicit obedience during the campaign and on the field of battle. All these troops were placed under the command of a general of approved abilities, who received his orders from the king and council, presenting thus the absolute authority which is requisite to direct the movements of an army.

Besides this peculiar advantage of hiring regular troops, the wealth of England enabled her chivalry to come to the field in full panoply, mounted on horses fit for service, and composed of men at arms certainly not inferior to any which Europe can boast. She had also at command money, stores, provisions, ammunition, artillery, and all that is necessary to enable an army to take and to keep the field.

The Scottish armies, on the other hand, were composed of the ordinary inhabitants of the country, who, unless they chanced to have a few French men at arms, were destitute of any force approaching to regular soldiers. Their own men at arms were few and ill-appointed; and though they had in their armies numerous troops of hardy horses, they were too light for the actual battle. They always fought on foot, a circumstance which exposed their broad masses of spearmen still more to devastation by the English archers, who could remain at a distance and pour on them their fatal shot without encountering the brunt of their pikes. Their hosts were, indeed, nominally under command of one general; but wanted all that united force and energy acquired by a large body acting with a common purpose and under the authority of a single individual. On the contrary, they rather consisted of a number of little armies under separate chiefs, unknown to or perhaps at variance with each other, and acknowledging no common head save

the king, who was not always fit to command in person, and to whom implicit obedience was not always rendered.

These great advantages of superior address in the missiles of the period, and in superior wealth for the formation and support of armies, were particularly observable in general battles upon a large scale; which the Scots, in their impatience and poverty of means to keep the field, hazarded far more frequently than was politic, and received a succession of dreadful and sanguinary defeats, so numerous and apparently decisive, that the reader may be surprised how they could escape the total subjugation which seemed so often impending. But Scotland, to balance these disadvantages, was superior in some circumstances highly favourable to the nation, when her armies could withhold themselves from general actions.

When the nations met with moderate numbers on each side, the dissensions so frequent in the Scottish camp did not exist, and the armed natives of some particular district fought with unanimity under a Stewart or a Douglas, whose command was acknowledged by all in the field. Such was the case at Otterbourne and many fields of combat, where neither host exceeded a few thousand men, and still more frequently where the numbers were much smaller. The Scottish inferiority in archery was on many occasions balanced by the advantage which their national weapon, the Scottish spear, gave them over the English bill, with which that nation maintained the combat, when they joined battle hand to hand. The strength and solidity of the Scottish phalanx of spearmen, either for attack or resistance, is on many occasions commemorated. If it be considered that a thrusting weapon is far more formidable than one calculated for striking, and that where troops use the former they must close and serry their ranks, while, to have room to employ the latter, they must keep loose order, it is not assuming any superior strength or courage in the Scots to say that in small skirmishes and battles of a secondary class they asserted a considerable advantage over the English.

But, besides the mode of fighting hand to hand, it must be remembered that the Scots were natives of a severe climate and poor soil, brought up to endure rigour of weather, and accustomed to scantiness of food, while at the same time they waged their wars chiefly in their own country, a mountainous and barren region, with whose recesses they were familiar; and it will not be surprising that, endowed with a peculiar obstinacy of temper, they should have succeeded, against all other disadvantages, in maintaining such an equality with their powerful neighbours as enabled them repeatedly, by a series of skirmishes, ambuscades, and constant attacks on the invaders, to regain what the nation lost in great general actions.

In government and constitution the English and Scottish kingdoms had originally the strongest resemblance to each other, both

being founded upon the feudal system, at this time universally adopted in Europe. Indeed, before the reign of Henry VII. there was little difference betwixt them. But the wars of York and Lancaster had swept off such numbers of the English nobility, and left those who remained so shorn of their power, that that politic prince had no difficulty in executing his deep-laid purpose of depriving the aristocracy of their influence in the state, and raising the crown to that height of power which it displayed under the house of Tudor. This scheme, to which the introduction of mercenary troops instead of feudal levies greatly contributed, was slowly and silently operating to increase the power of the crown and diminish that of the peers; and the boroughs and commons of England, whom the king favoured, as a weight in his own scale, were yet more imperceptibly gaining consequence in the constitution. But in Scotland the crown was possessed of very little power, and the king could scarce be considered as more than the first baron of the kingdom, subject to be restrained, imprisoned, dethroned, and slain, at the pleasure of a turbulent aristocracy. It is true, that, when the Scottish monarch possessed the love and affection of his peers, he was generally allowed considerable weight in the national councils; but the extent of his power usually rested on the degree of personal estimation in which he was held. James III. was repeatedly imprisoned, and finally deposed and murdered by the same class of nobles (in some instances the very same individuals) who loved, honoured, and obeyed his more popular son with such devotion that they followed him against their own better judgment to the fatal field of Flodden, in which with the flower of his kingdom he lost his life. The quiet and prosperity of the nation rested far too much on the personal character of the prince to be capable of much stability.

The difference betwixt the condition of the lower orders in the two kingdoms was such as might be expected from the comparative point of civilization to which each had attained. In England, the merchants were possessed of great capital; the principal citizens were skilful and thriving; the ordinary ones substantial and easy, living under the protection of equal laws. The yeomen and farmers, in a great measure, loosened from the dominion of their lords by the law against feudal retainers, and other laws in favour of personal freedom, were possessed of opulence, and employed themselves in improving the agriculture of the country, instead of following their lords to battle. In Scotland, this was all diametrically reversed. The towns, though encouraged by favorable laws, were languishing through the decay of commerce, for which the Scottish merchants had neither stock nor capital. Their subjects of export were only hides, wool, and similar raw materials which the country afforded; and, as almost every necessary or convenience of life was imported from Flanders ready made, the balance of trade preponderated against the poorer country.

Nor was improvement to be expected where neither skill nor labour was in demand, even had there been money to purchase them. The country was scarcely in a better condition than the towns. War being the constant state of the nation, the pursuits of agriculture were unavoidably postponed to the practice of arms. The farmers, who were in absolute dependence on the landholders, rode up and down the country in armour, attending upon their lords, while the labours of the farm were left to old men, women, and children. Bondsmen were also employed in these domestic duties, unworthy, it was thought, of free hands. Yet the very rudeness of their character prevented the tenants from being oppressed beyond a certain limit. If a farmer took a lease over the head of another, at a rent which his poorer neighbour could not afford, the dispossessed agriculturist would kill his successor, to be revenged of his avaricious landlord. Numerous laws were made for repressing these evils, but in vain; the judges seldom had power, and often wanted will, to enforce them. The Scottish parliament saw the disease, and prescribed the remedy; but the difficulty lay in enforcing it.

In literature the Scots made a more equal competition with their neighbours than in other particulars. They used the same language with the English, though time had introduced a broader pronunciation*

The Scottish parliament were so much impressed with the necessity of education, that in 1494 they passed a remarkable edict, by which each baron and substantial freeholder was enjoined, under the penalty of twenty pounds, to send his eldest son to the grammar school at six, or, at the utmost, nine years of age. Having been competently grounded in Latin, the pupils were directed to study three years in the schools of philosophy and law, to qualify themselves for occupying the situation of sheriffs, justices of the peace, and other judges in ordinary.

That this singular statute had considerable influence we cannot doubt; yet the historian Mair or Major, still continued to upbraid the nobility of his time with gross neglect of their children's education. But though a majority may have contemned literature and its pursuits, in comparison with the sports of the field or the exercises of war, there were so many who availed themselves of the opportunities of education as to leave a splendid proof of their proficiency. Dunbar, the Chaucer of Scotland, has, in his Lament for the Death of the Makers, enumerated eighteen poets, of eminence in their time, who flourished from the earlier half of the fifteenth century down to the reign of James V. Many of their poems which have been preserved, attest the skill and taste of the authors; but the genius of Dunbar and Gawain Douglas alone is suf-

*Gawain Douglas professes to write his language broad and plain, "keeping no southern but his own language," and makes an apology for using some words after the English pronunciation, which he would willingly have written purely and exclusively Scottish.

ficient to illuminate whole centuries of ignorance. In Latin composition, the names of Bishop Elphinstone, John Major, or Mair, Patrick Paulner, secretary to James IV., and Hector Boece, or Boetius (an excellent scholar, though a most inaccurate and mendacious historian), attest the progress of Scottish literature.

The recent discovery of the lost classics had again awakened the light of learning in countries which had been long darkened with the shades of ignorance, and that light had penetrated into both parts of Britain. But deeper and more important speculations were rapidly expanding themselves. The art of printing, now in full action, had spread the knowledge of the Scriptures among thousands who had not been allowed to hear of them otherwise than as sophisticated by human inventions.

Both England and Scotland received in secret the doctrines of the reformers, and in both they triumphed still further over the ancient religion. But the circumstances, manner, and modification in which the protestant faith was introduced and received in the two kingdoms were so different, as seemed at first rather to separate them from each other than to bring nearer the natural and advantageous measure of their union. Heaven, in its own good time, had reserved this consummation as the happy point to which the nations were at length to be conducted, by a series of transactions which promised a very different event.—*History of Scotland*—by Sir Walter Scott.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia*.

A NOVEMBER DAY.

Much more characteristic of November is this mean and miserable day, that is now drizzling all Edinburgh with the worst of all imaginable Scottish mists—an Easterly Harr. We know that they infest all the year, but they shew their poor spite in its bleakest bitterness in March and November. Earth and Heaven are not only not worth looking at in an Easterly Harr, but the visible is absolutely wretchedness, and people wonder why they are born. The visitation begins with a sort of characterless haze, waxing more and more wetly obscure, till you know not whether it be rain, snow, or sleet, that drenches your clothes in dampness, till you feel it in your skin, then in your flesh, then in your bones, then in your marrow, and then in your mind. Your blinking eyes have it too—and so, shut it as you will, has your moping mouth. Yet the streets though looking blue are not puddled, and the dead cat lies dry in the gutter. There is no eaves dropping—no gushing of water spouts. To say it rained would be no breach of veracity, but a mere mis-statement of a melancholy fact. The truth is, that *the weather cannot rain*, but

keeps spit, spit, spitting, in a style sufficient to irritate Socrates—or even Moses himself; and yet, true, veritable, sincere, genuine, authentic Rain could not—or if he could, would not—so thoroughly soak you and your whole wardrobe, were you to allow him a day to do it, as that shabby imitation of a tenth rate shower, in about the time of a usual sized sermon. So much cold and so much wet, with so little to show for it, is a disgrace to the atmosphere, which it will take weeks of the sunniest, which the weather can afford, to wipe off. But the stores of sunniness, which it is in the power of winter in this northern latitude to accumulate, cannot be immense, and therefore, we verily believe that it would be too much to expect that it ever could make amends for the hideous horrors of this Easterly Harr.

Is it on such days that suicides are? *That sin is mysterious as insanity*—their graves are unintelligible as the cells in Bedlam. Oh! the brain and the heart of man! Therein is the only Hell. Small these regions in space, and of narrow room—but haunted, they may be, with all the fiends and all the furies. A few nerves transmit to the soul despair or bliss. At the touch of something, whence and wherefore sent, who can say—something that serenens or troubles, sooths or jars—she soars up into life and light, just as you may have seen a dove suddenly cleave the sunshine—or down she dives into death and darkness, like a shot eagle tumbling into the sea!

Materialism! Immaterialism! Oh! why should mortals, whom conscience tells that they are immortals, bewildered and bewildering ponder upon the dust! Do your duty to God and man, and fear not, that when that dust dies, the spirit that breathed by it shall live for ever. Feels not that spirit its immortality in every sacred thought? When did ever a religious soul fear annihilation? or shudder to think that, having once known, it could ever forget God? Such forgetfulness is in the idea of eternal death. Therefore is eternal death impossible to us who can hold communion with our Maker. Our knowledge of Him—dim and remote though it be—is a God-given pledge that he will redeem us from the doom of the grave.

Let us, then, and all our friends, believe, with Coleridge, that

“ In Nature there is nothing melancholy.”

Not even November. The disease of the body may cause disease of the soul; yet not the less trust we in the mercy of the merciful,—not the less strive we to keep feeding and trimming that spiritual lamp which is within us, even when it flickers feebly in the dampy gloom, like an earthly lamp left in a vaulted sepulchre, about to die among the dead. Heaven seems to have placed a power in our will as mighty as it is mysterious. Call it not Liberty, lest you should wax proud; call it not Necessity, lest you should despair. But turn from the oracles of man—still dim, even in their clearest responses—to the oracles of God, which are

never dark ; or, if so, but "Dark with excessive light" to eyes not constantly accustomed to sustain the celestial splendour. Bury all your books—when you feel the night of scepticism gathering around you—bury them all, powerful though you may have deemed their spells to illuminate the unfathomable—open your Bible, and all the spiritual world will be as bright as day.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

ACADIA.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

LAND of my hope,—by Britain nursed,
 To form a bulwark for the free !
 Sweeter by far than tales rehearsed
 Of war, or glowing chivalry,
 Is the remembrance of that band
 Who came to humanize our land.

They left their country's splendid shore,
 To dwell among a savage host ;
 They left their fields and "golden store,"
 And pitched their tents on desert coast :
 They came like joyful spring, to bless
 And beautify the wilderness.

These were the men of iron hearts,
 Who scorned the dazzling paths of fame ;
 They left for fools to play the parts
 Of Heroes, theirs was higher aim ;
 'Twas theirs to raise the savage clime,
 A landmark in the waves of time.

And what a wealth of varied scenes,
 Are spread along this happy land :
 The towering forests, laughing greens,
 And cape-girt coasts supremely grand ;
 Give high hopes, graved on Nature's page,
 Of peerless realm in after age.

Of cities reared by moral right,
 Not planted o'er war's loathsome graves ;
 Of "cottage homes" which calmly bright
 Declare "this is no land of slaves ;"
 Of happy feelings, high renown,
 And deeds, which loftier states might own.

ALFRED.

[In the pleasing style of the following articles, our readers may recognize the pen which contributed the essay on Fungi to our last number.]

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

[FOR THE H. M. N.]

Among the many legendary tales collected or invented by the Monks during the dark ages, there are some to be found, of Eastern origin, which were probably intended for parabolical fictions, but have been mistaken by the less fanciful Inhabitants of the North for narratives of facts. To enable your readers to judge for themselves, the following specimens are translated from a compilation of John Herott a German Dominican Friar, who appears to have written in the fourteenth century.

LEGENDS.

A certain rich man was so affected by the eloquence of an Eastern Patriarch, that he went home from the Church and immediately gave a large sum of money to the poor; when the excitement produced by the eloquence of the preacher had subsided, his ruling passion recurred with its usual force, and he expressed his regret that he had disposed of his money so unprofitably; the Patriarch hearing his complaint, offered to return him his money upon condition of having the merit of the action transferred to himself. The rich man eagerly accepted his offer, the money was paid, and he returned homewards as happy as it is possible for a covetous man to be; suddenly, earth and all earthly things vanished from his sight—new and surprising objects rose before him, and he found that he was in the abode of the blessed. Struck with awe, he approached a palace more magnificent than he had ever formed an idea of, and read with astonishment an inscription announcing that it had been built for himself; while he was reading he was roused by the strong voice of an Angel, crying, “Erase this inscription and write, this *shall* be the everlasting resting place of the Patriarch John!” Waking from his trance, he bitterly lamented his avaricious folly, and resolved for the remainder of his life to deposit his money where it would yield a greater profit, and have a better security than this world could afford.

An old man whose whole life, (chequered tho' it had been with many misfortunes,) attested that religion and his duty to God, had ever been the ruling principles of his actions, retired into the Egyptian desert resolving to lead the life of a Hermit, and spend the feeble remains of his days in religious exercises : his reputation for sanctity, induced a pious youth to attend him, and to perform those necessary services which his age and weakness rendered him incapable of performing himself. One day when the young man went to the city for some necessary supplies, he met a most pompous funeral, attended by almost the whole city, he was informed that it was the funeral of one of their greatest men, a person of uncommon abilities, which he had applied most successfully to schemes for procuring wealth and honour :—unprincipled, he had often robbed the widow and the orphan, and defrauded the hireling of his wages ; yet he had enjoyed uninterrupted health and prosperity through a long life, pushed to the utmost verge of the term allotted to man ; had died an easy death without pain, leaving his numerous progeny all in situations of high respectability ; and to crown all, the uncommon serenity and beauty of the day seemed designed to grace his funeral pomp. Musing upon what he had seen and heard, the youth returned to his cell, and found the Hermit torn in pieces by wild beasts,—doubts came across him which filled his soul with horror, and falling to the earth he exclaimed in anguish, “ my God ! if thou dost exist, and governest this world by thy Providence, shew me how these things can be ? ” A voice answered him : “ The Saint had done a little evil, he has received his full chastisement, his rest shall never end. The wicked man had done a little good, he has received his full reward ;—he shall rest no more.”

A FRAGMENT.

“ WHY Father ” said Dick as he unyoked the oxen, “ the last year’s stock is ruined, the rats and mice have cut it through and through, and as I happened to look into the binn where the old wheat is kept, I saw it was all full of weevils ;—I believe these cursed vermin were made on purpose to torment us.” “ No, my boy,” said the old man, “ it is more likely they were made to keep

us from tormenting each other : it is our own fault ; we ought to have threshed and sold it last year. God has made the earth yield food for all its inhabitants, and, happily for them, has made it of a very perishable nature ; for if provisions could be kept like stones or sand without decaying, we should see overgrown rich men buying them up, and raising the price so high, that the poor would either starve or rise in rebellion and turn the country upside down. Fear evil from men, but depend upon it, all that we account evils which come from God are the punishments inflicted upon us by a kind and wise father, who knows what is best for us, though we have not the wisdom to discern it. We are all too selfish ; would we have dealt by one another as we ought without these scourges it is not likely we should ever have been exposed to them.

CHIVALRY.

IN fact, the Normans were neither by birth nor manners rendered accessible to the emotions which constitute patriotism. Their ancestors were those Scandinavians who left without reluctance their native north in search of better settlements, and spread their sails to the winds, like the voluntary exile of modern times, little caring to what shores they were wafted, so that they were not driven back to their own. The education of the Normans of the thirteenth century had not inculcated that love of a natal soil, which they could not learn from their roving fathers of the preceding ages. They were, above all nations, devoted to chivalry, and its doctrines and habits were unfavourable to local attachment. The ideal perfection of the knight-errant was to wander from land to land in quest of adventures, to win renown, to gain earldoms, kingdoms, nay empires, by the sword, and to sit down a settler on his acquisitions, without looking back to the land which gave him life. This indifference to his native country was taught the aspirant to the honours of chivalry by early separation of the ties which bind youth to their parents and families. The progress of his military education separated him when a boy from his parents' house, and sending him to learn the institutions of chivalry in the court of some foreign prince or lord, early destroyed those social ties which bind a man to his family and birth-place. When dubbed knight, the gallant bachelor found a home in every tourney or battle-field, and a settlement in whatever kingdom of the world valour was best rewarded. The true knight-errant was, therefore, a cosmopolite—a citizen of the world : every soil was his country, and he was indifferent to feelings and prejudices which promote in others patriotic attachment to a particular country.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

MODERN POETRY.

A. SAY what we will of Lord Byron, and thinking men are cooling from the opinion first passed upon him, no poet hath touched upon more of the common and daily chords of our nature.

L. His merits have undoubtedly been erroneously ranked and analyzed; but we will speak of him more at large hereafter. Nothing seems to me more singular in the history of imitation, than the extraordinary misconception which all Lord Byron's imitators incurred with respect to the strain they attempted to echo. The great characteristics of Lord Byron are vigour, nerve—the addressing at once the common feelings and earthly passions—never growing mawkish, never growing girlishly sentimental—never, despite all digressions, encouraging the foliage to the prejudice of the fruit. What are the characteristics of all the imitators?—they are weak—they whine—they address no common passion—they heap up gorgeous words—they make pyramids of flowers—they abjure vigour—they talk of appealing “to the few congenial minds”—they are proud of wearying you, and consider the want of interest the proof of a sublime genius. A man who wishes now to succeed in poetry must be imbued deeply with the spirit of this day, not that of the past. He must have caught the mighty inspiration which is breathing throughout the awakened and watchful world. With enthusiasm he must blend a common and plain sense; he must address the humours, the feelings and the understandings of the middle as well as the higher orders; he must find an audience in Manchester and Liverpool. The aristocratic gloom, the lordly misanthropy, that Byron represented, have perished amid the action, the vividness, the *life* of these times. Instead of sentiment, let shrewd wit or determined energy be the vehicle; instead of the habits and moods of a few, let the great interests of the many be the theme.

A. But in this country, the aristocracy make the first class of readers into whose hands poetry falls; if *they* are not conciliated, the book does not become the fashion—if not the fashion, the middle orders will never read it.

L. But will this last?—can it even last long? Will there be no sagacious, no powerful critic, who will drag into notice what can fall only into a temporary neglect? I say temporary, for you must allow that whatever addresses the multitude through their feelings, or their *everlasting* interests must be destined to immortality: the directors, the leaders of the multitude, glad of an authority, will perpetually recur to its pages—attention directed to them, fame follows. To prophecy whether or not, in these times, a rising author will become illustrious, let me enquire only, after satisfying me of his genius, how far he is the servant of Truth—how far he is willing to turn all his powers to her worship—to come forth from his cherished moods of thought, from the strong

holds of mannerism and style—let me see him disdain no species of composition that promotes her good, now daring the loftiest, now dignifying the lowest—let me see him versatile in the method, but the same in the purpose—let him go to every field for the garland or the harvest, but let there be but one altar for all the produce ! Such a man cannot fail of becoming great ; through envy, through neglect, through hatred, through fortune, he will win his way ; he will neither falter nor grow sick at heart ; he will feel in every privation, in every disappointment, the certainty of his reward ; he will indulge enthusiasm, nor dread ridicule ; he will brandish the blade of satire, nor fear the enmity he excites. By little and little men will see in him who fights through all obstacles, a champion and a leader. When a principle is to be struggled for, on him will they turn their eyes ; when a prejudice is to be stormed, they will look to see his pennant wave the first above the breach. Amidst the sweeping and gathering deluge of ages, he will be saved, for TRUTH is the indestructible and blessed Ark to which he hath confided his name.—*Conversations with an Ambitious Student.*—*New Monthly Mag.*

A FRIEND.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

How sweet it is to have a friend,
 When in adversity—
 Not one who will to-day attend,
 To-morrow glide away :
 But one in whom we can confide,
 As well in woe as weal ;
 One who affliction's fire hath tried,
 And can our troubles feel.

How sweet it is with such a friend,
 To walk life's varied maze ;
 Whose confidence can know no end,
 Till death shall end his days ;
 And then who'll leave a legacy,
 His bright example here,
 That we may guide our course thereby,
 And to the haven steer.

But sweeter far it is, when we
 Can raise from earth our thoughts,
 To Him who sits in majesty,
 Amid empyrean courts ;
 To Him who will not e'er disown,
 The knee we lowly bend ;
 E'en at the dread eternal throne,
 He's still the sinner's Friend.

SARAH.

AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF POPE'S.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

MR. EDITOR—Perhaps you may agree with me in considering what I now hand you, as a literary curiosity; and if so afford it a place in your pages.

It is a copy of a *Fac Simile* which I was allowed to make some time ago of an original Letter of the Poet Pope's, then and now in the possession of a professional gentleman of this place; and which was written by Pope to an ancestor of his.

Having compared it with *Fac Similes* of undoubted specimens of Pope's handwriting, to which it bears the closest resemblance, I have no hesitation in expressing my conviction at once of its genuineness and authenticity.

I would observe, that the copy itself, so far as the arrangement of the words in the lines, the use of capitals—abbreviations, spelling, &c., is, what in law language is termed, a *Fac Simile*.

I am, Sir, Your's

D.

Sr.

I cannot refuse to comply with your Request, so much more to my Honour than I deserve, in any respect but one: That indeed I truly rejoice to see the Advancement of Arts in the most distant, and lately barbarous, Regions. By the Verses you sent me, I can perceive an Emulation rising among you; which, joined with such good Talents must carry the polite Studies to a pitch wch. we may come here to envy. The Regard you have shown too partially to my own Poetry, gives you a Right to any I can produce; I therefore desire to send a Sett of my Books, consisting of abt. 12 Volumes, to the Library of Boston, wch. upon receiving directions from you, I will deliver to any person you shall commission here.

I am

Sir

Your very obliged,

& humble Servant,

A. Pope.

Febr: 9th.
1727.

On an Envelope is the following address.

To the Revd. Mather Byles A. M.
Minister of the Gospel in Boston
to be left at Mr. John Philips's, Book
seller at ye. Stationers Arms, ye. South side of
ye. Town house, in
New England. Boston.

THE SOLDIER PILOT.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

A VETERAN from successful war
Retired, in hoary years
Turned Pilot, and along the deep
A noble bark he steers.

The bold, the brave, Britannia,
With a dauntless crew indeed,
But the soldier holds her massive helm,
As erst he rein'd his steed.

His lip is curl'd, his brow is proud,
Tho' pitching hard she goes ;
Reef! no, her snowy canvass spread,
Whatever tempest blows.

Her flag is nail'd to her mast head,
Her double shotted guns
Gleam threat'ning o'er her native waves,
As on her course she runs,

Yet glorious as she sits the deep
Her crew have murmurs loud,
Despis'd by the soldier at the helm,
As is that passing cloud.

Alter her course ! by Allah no ;
Should vulgar slaves dictate ?
Ha ! still in dreams, the helmsman rides,
Before his troop elate.

Alter her course ! none else I know—
Nor want to know, he cries.
The tempest demons send loud peals
Of laughter through the skies.

'Tis o'er—the murmurs higher rose,
Which never rise in vain.
Laughter, but not from demon hearts,
Comes curling all the main.

The Pilot with a gloomy brow,
Resigns his gallant charge ;
The vessel eas'd, swings buoyant round,
And bears away at large.

And fast beside the red cross flag
 An olive branch is seen,
 And freedom's badge on her figure head
 Quivers above the green.

The Pilot slowly treads the deck,
 And scornful smiles,—a cheer
 Peal'd from a myriad taunting tongues,
 Bursts on his heedless ear.

A frigate on the cloudy verge
 Of meeting earth and sky,
 Shakes her star-spangled banner out,
 And joins the taunting cry.

Nearer, a galley, with a flag
 Red, white, and blue, appears,
 She fear'd that Pilot's pityless eye,—
 Hark, to her rending cheers.

Others speed swifter on their course,
 As if that Pilot's breath
 Before had power to load the air
 With the heavy mists of death.

And others pause in their cruel chase,—
 Their sheets are snap'd in twain,
 These joyful shouts to the pirate's trim
 Are worse than hurricane.

And still with every passing breeze
 The aged Pilot hears,
 Laughter from hollow friends,—from foes
 These cursed maddening cheers.

Ah ! he was not a Pilot bred,
 On Politic's deep sea,
 But you should look when the charge he led
 With masses of cavalry.

The Marshal's staff, not the pen for him,
 The Camp, not the Cabinet ;
 The sun which rose all red in war,
 In peace too dimly set.

But when the Soldier Statesman's name,
 Comes to his Country's mind,
 Let London fool, and Corruption's knave,
 Like Satan be cast behind.

See, on his champing Arab steed,
The man of lion glance ;
That living line where rests his eye
Is host of gallant France.

Above his head, the British flag,
Waves in its crimson pride,
Behind him, form the merry men,
From Shannon, Thames and Clyde.

Enough, the blood-writ story's known,
To Earth,—Napoleon fell ;
And the gallant Island prouder rose
From its rejoicing swell.

Then cast the Premier in the shade,
Be the Marshal shrined in light ;
So Britain may joy as the graven name
Of Wellington meets her sight. T.

THE SESSION—NOVA-SCOTIA.

In our last we paid some attention to an important part of the business of the Legislative Session, that part, in which laws are made, repealed, re-enacted, or amended. Let us now look for a short time on the part which relates to the distribution of the revenue. Our readers may know, that, the revenue of Nova Scotia, unlike that of older countries, is but little hampered with the large salaries of Placemen ; and the term Pensioner is almost unknown in our legislation ; it follows that the revenue remains for other objects. We have much reason for gratulation when it is recollected, that, the taxes, which are gathered indiscriminately with a sparing hand, are again distributed for particular provincial improvements : by it roads are made, bridges and public buildings are built, schools are supported, steam boats encouraged, oat mills erected, exigencies supplied, and the many wants of a young country attended to and ameliorated : moderate taxation ceases to be an evil, when it is raised for such necessary and beneficial purposes. The sun draws water from the oceans and lakes of earth,

and did he expend it on the other planets of our system we might have good reason to complain of exhaustion ; but when he scatters it in benignant showers over the broad plains of our land, from whence, blessing as it goes, it winds its way back again to ocean and lake,—we acknowledge the beauty and benevolence of the plan. So it is in a young country, with a judicious and moderate system of taxation and distribution.

When the House of Assembly has received the private petitions which are addressed to it, and has gone into Committee of Ways and Means for the purpose of procuring revenue—and sometimes, previous to going into Committee of Ways and Means—it resolves itself into a Committee of Supply for the purpose of voting sums of money for the different public exigencies. This is done in committee, to afford opportunity for discussion, and deliberation ; acts of the Assembly are only final, when they have passed *the House*,—that is, when they have been propounded by the Speaker from the chair, and agreed to by a majority of a certain number of members ; but when the House resolves itself into committee, and the Speaker leaves the Chair, articles discussed and agreed to then, are only reported to *the House* as the recommendation of the Committee, and may be thrown out as if there were no previous agreement concerning them. In Committee of Supply, of late years, there has been much reprehensible conduct,—reprehensible, according to common opinion on the subject, and according to the frequent assertions and protests of individual members. As soon as the Speaker leaves the Chamber, the dignity, and almost decorum, of the House leaves it also ; a universal anxiety, and still a universal trifling, become apparent, which are very inappropriate to legislative business. The anxiety is occasioned by almost every member having some favorite object to promote, and to procure money for,—and the trifling, evinces, in most members, a recklessness how much or how little is gained for other purposes, so their own designs be completed. The impropriety of this appears, when it is recollected, that each member—no matter what particular county or town returns him—should represent the country generally, all and every part of it, to the best of his ability ; the confused and undignified nature of such committees must be seen before it can be properly appreciated. The result is, that, altho'

hours are sometimes spent discussing the propriety of voting some trifling sum, and altho' many paltry sums for useful purposes are denied ; large grants are frequently easily obtained by a little specious manœuvring.

It strikes an observer as a notorious but anomalous fact, that there is no previous enquiry made by the house respecting the services for which money is demanded ; no estimate of road or bridge expenses, and no outline of the work performed by public servants. The consequences of this working in the dark, is often curious enough : we will pass over many instances which we might cite, and merely give one or two late illustrations. £100 was proposed to be given to a Deputy in a public office, for certain extra services ; the grant passed on previous years, and it was withdrawn in an ace of passing again, when an active member—one who seems to be more anxious to do his duty to the country, than to make friends or to avoid giving offence, we allude to Mr. Lawson—remarked that the Superior of the office was amply remunerated for all the labour of the situation, and that the extra services mentioned in the proposition, had been for the past year, only what a lad could perform in one week. This provoked discussion,—hands were raised and eyes turned upward, by certain learned friends of the Deputy, at such indelicate and illiberal interference : however the proposition was lost, and another item, taken up. This item was £40 to the most influential member of the House, for certain extra expenses ; he requested that the question might not be put ; another member remarked that this request was made through ill humour on account of the loss of the preceding proposition ; this was denied, the occasion for which the £40 was originally voted, was said by the member most interested, not to have occurred during the past year, and that in fact, as a matter of right and common propriety, the sum should not be at all taken up. It was at once, after this explanation, passed by. Yet on the next day, a smaller sum being voted to the aforementioned deputy, this £40 item was put, and passed as a matter of course ! This seems sadly unlike grave and conscientious legislation ; particularly when sums of 40, 20, or £10 are so sternly refused, to those who shew plausible cause why they should get them, but whose interest is not of the requisite strength. About the same time ano-

ther instance of careless legislation was visible ; £2000 was proposed for a certain Light House,—the service was a necessary one, no objections were made, and the forms of passing the sum were in progress,—when a member remarked that according to the fair proportion the province ought to vote but £1000, and stated other sources from which the remainder should arise ; this seemed all strictly proper when the hint was given, £1000 was voted, and £1000 saved by mere accident. The recklessness and favoriteism indulged in in Committees of Supply, and the want of previous information, naturally lead to this straining at gnats and swallowing camels.

But this is not all ; other results which occasion some evil and much angry feeling spring from this method of proceeding. One would be led to suppose, that when forty men sit down to distribute money for a variety of purposes, their first care should be to inquire what amount of funds they had to distribute. Not so, in the House of Assembly, if we may judge from late facts. The question is frequently asked, “where is the money to come from, which you are now voting ?” and it has been as frequently unanswered. It is a vulgar thing to doubt the ability of gentlemen when their *will* is favourable ; and it seems hard that members of Assembly cannot be omnipotent during their day of annular power. So we find, that where £50,000 would drain all available funds, £70 or £80,000 are voted. The consequence of this is, that when the mass of resolutions go to *another Branch*, aware that there are not funds for all, they select votes for ordinary services, and for other favorite objects, pass them, and send the others back disagreed to. Most members who have their adopted grants returned dishonoured, feel annoyed and irritated ; while some few say “the great fault lies with ourselves, we voted like fools and have been treated accordingly.” To prevent the exercise of this very powerful controul over the funds of the Province, there is a party which would advise that all appropriations should go to the Council in one bill ; in which case, that Body should pass all or none, for it would be denied all opportunity of selection. To do this would involve a reformation, which ought to be first tried separately, that of *the House* keeping within the amount of its funds

in its grants of money. But it may be well enquired, if a Council be necessary, and be a provincial representation of the British House of Lords, would it be wise to deny to that body the exercise of its discretion and judgment in the disposal of the public money? Most reformers, who have thought of the value of political checks and balances, who have considered how well it is in legislation to have an appeal and a retreat from excitement and partizanship, those who wish not to lessen the guards of the constitution, would chose some middle course. Instead of denying the second branch a voice in the distribution of the money of the Country, they would most likely desire that the popular branch should use more discretion in its appropriations, and that a legislative Council, properly, constitutionally formed, should be allowed to review in detail the acts of the lower house. As it is, one branch, excellently constituted, acts in many matters with excessive carelessness—and another branch, whose constitution is about as ridiculously bad as it can be, possesses an annoying, and perhaps improper degree of power.

Another circumstance which seems a blot on the House, is its frequent narrowness of feeling. In many cases the Eastern Members seem to have as few interests in common with Western, as if they did not represent the same province; The South Shore has another party; and all the Country members make common cause when the Town of Halifax is the theme. In the last mentioned case this party feeling often becomes pitiful to an extreme. A stranger would be led to imagine that Halifax was the name of some neutral or disputed border town, and not the metropolis of the Province. '*It is for Halifax,*' an influential member says, with a peculiar emphasis, and the hint is a spell word by which two thirds of the House are led willingly by the nose. Instead of this jealousy, the metropolis should glory in the prosperity of the country, as a matter of patriotism and of self interest; and the country should take pleasure and pride in the respectability of its Chief Town. It is true, that grants are made for exigencies of Halifax, but they are given with so bad a grace, that almost each boon conveys an insult; and attention to many necessary and reasonable claims, are delayed or altogether denied.

A singular argument urged with effect by some members of the House, seems worthy of a few remarks here. It is, that Nova-Scotia should wait for the Old Country to set examples of law reform, rather than commence the task itself. This is as if a young person in humble active life, who felt slight constitutional defects, and who applied to a doctor for relief, should be told,—“wait a-while under your maladies, your father who is rich, old and unctuous, is similarly affected, his maladies are the produce of many years, and they are rivetted to him by the company which he keeps, and the habits which have become his second nature; but the old gentleman is getting uneasy, he will no doubt some time or other battle with his almost omnipotent vices and failings; let us wait and watch his movements, see what medicines he will use, and act accordingly.” A miserable comforter would this be to the complaining young man, yet not more miserable than the Doctors of Law who would keep Nova-Scotia, humble and vigorous as she is, waiting on the introduction of reform into the magnificent Augean Stable at the other side of the Atlantic. In England many matters have crept slowly into hoary institutions, and have become amalgamated with the interests and feelings of powerful classes of the community, which, if proposed broadly and for a first time now, would be scouted with execration: should not a young country guard against the introduction of such tares? or if they had been introduced, should it not boldly pluck them up, before time could give them firm root, or incorporate them with the wheat of the land? How glorious would it be to find the young country setting a fair example to the old! and there seems much to make such an honour of possible and probable attainment.

Many suggestions present themselves connected with our legislative concerns, but we pause here; an ardent attachment to a representative government, and an ardent desire to see such governments as near perfection as possible, have induced the hazarding of the foregoing remarks.

MARCH.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

VAST as the terms, so vast the strains,
 To which this word applies ;
 And very little now remains,
 To bid one's thoughts arise,
 And seize upon a theme as new,
 To sing while marching this life through.

The very mention of its name
 Calls forth a spectre band ;
 In long array—blind, deaf and flame,
 Grey, age and childhood bland ;
 Seeming as if they'd seize the prey,
 And make me quickly " march away."

But, while the " march of mind" some sing,—
 Others, the " march of wit"—
 Of " intellect," and a long string,
 On which I cannot hit,
 Should my poor muse all silent be,
 From want of ingenuity ?

Oh ! no, I'll quickly seize the lyre,
 And strive to sing of thee
 Thou first spring month ! and now desire,
 I may assisted be
 By all thy pow'rs—or dull or arch,
 To help me on my humble march.

Humble enough, yet, never mind,
 'Twere far the better route ;
 For few they're now-a-days we find,
 Can proudly march about,
 The streets' so wet, and muddy too ;
 But this is nothing new to you.

But it is something new to me ;
 For I remember well—
 When I to school us'd marching be,
 Snow oft in this month fell,
 And lay till June ! but now, thy air
 Has made the snow-drifts march off clear.

Another thing—I by the way,
 Deem, almost newly found,
 (For it us'd seldom hap till May)—
 The frost is out the ground !
 And flow'rs, that never till May blew,
 Are really marching into view.

These things seem strange, but they are true,
 And palpably appear,
 And yet the wise men are but few,
 Who can the cause make clear ;
 But it is all quite plain to me
 The " march of nature" it must be.

But hold,—my time and ink have sped,
 And I shall be alone,
 And in the dark, ere on my shed
 The sun again hath shone,—
 My candle's out, my thoughts have fled,
 And I must "march away" to bed.

CHIRP.

THE VOTE BY BALLOT.

[As the Vote by Ballot forms a part of that projected system of reform in the Constitution of the Mother Country, which at present attracts so much attention, we have availed ourselves of the opportunity which has offered of presenting to our readers the following abridgment of an able article, which has appeared in a late No. of the Westminster Review. In so doing, we abstain from expressing any opinion on the subject; but doubt not the extract will be interesting to many.]

In delineating the utility of the open or secret mode of voting, the question is, should they who vote have the choice of the member, or instead thereof, as at present, only go through the forms, at the expense of a false oath, whilst the real power of choosing is held by others?

Allowing for a moment, that a few men who may, by choosing members of parliament, employ and abuse the property and persons of the whole people—we ask—why do we not abolish the fraudulent pretence of giving the choice to the people? why thus lie by deeds? why maintain that in which lying imposture and mean fraud are exhibited to so shameful an extent in the election of members of parliament by open voting, why not abolish voting altogether?

It has been said that the fraud, and falsehood, and false swearing, are all good, because the end is good, the people have been deluded to believe it is good. To this we reply: No—it is not so now, whatever it may have been formerly, when fraud and force were the only principles of governments. The press has exposed the trick and dispelled the mystery, the people can no longer be cheated, they can no longer be deluded, and in the times that are coming, government must be carried on, either by the consent of the people from a conviction of its goodness, or by sheer force in spite of them.

No one will pretend that it can be carried on by force alone, and any man who thinks at all upon the subject will be convinced that fraud cannot successfully be resorted to much longer.

This then is a new era, of which every one may justly be proud. The pretence of the enemies of the **BALLOT**, that it is unfavorable to the great moral principle, *truth*, is maintained by those who

while they boast of religious principles, and make pretensions to morality, force false oaths upon electors, and justify the practice by what they call its utility;—that is—the power, and influence, and plunder which it is the means of procuring.

What are we to think of the morality and religious pretensions of those men who display all the vehemence of outraged moral feeling, at the chance that under the safeguard of secrecy which the Ballot gives, the voter for a member of parliament may break the promise extorted from him by a villain—to violate his conscience, and betray the trust confided in him by his country, while at the same time, they uphold the infamous practice of false swearing; since every man who votes against his conscience, commits the base and degrading crime of perjury? And why do they justify the practice of false swearing? Why do they thus exert themselves to demoralize and degrade the voters? Why but to obtain the power to take advantage of the crime, to betray and plunder in every possible way, not only the voters whom they have thus debased, but every person in the country. Even this is not all. They who thus promote crime, and thus degrade the people, pretend that elections are free, and thus add insolence to iniquity.

Elections are of two kinds—I. For counties,—II. For cities and boroughs.

Is it not notorious in county elections that a large majority of the freeholders vote under circumstances so dependent, that they either must vote according to what they know to be the wishes of such and such a man, or injurious if not ruinous consequences will fall upon them. This is a fact so notorious, that no man who knows any thing about the matter would attempt to deny it in any place, excepting only in one or other of the two houses of parliament, where honourable or noble members always keep one another in countenance.

Scarcely is there a man in the house of commons who has not, to the utmost of his power, used the means of corruption to secure his election, who has not made use of terror, who has not taken care it should be understood that evil, where he had the power to inflict it, would follow disobedience to his commands or wishes; or who not having this power, has not resorted to bribery, in some shape or other, or the promise of some good, or of both: and yet, strange to say, those very men pretend, the system of election is good, and ought to be preserved. In cities and boroughs all the evils communicated are greatly extended.

The enemies of the Ballot have two other pretexts with which they oppose it—I. The legitimate influence of property.—II. The security of property.

They however take great care not to tell what they mean by the legitimate influence of property. The real influence of property is twofold, viz, —I. The baneful—that which does evil.—II. The beneficial—that which does good.

The first is that which induces or compels men to swear false

oaths at elections, to degrade themselves in many ways, and to make them, as far as it is possible they can be made—crouching slaves to those who have property in large quantities. This pernicious influence of property would be nearly, if not entirely extinguished by the Ballot, and this is what the opponents of the Ballot mean, by “the legitimate influence of property.”

The second may be called the moral influence of property, and this we the friends to the Ballot, “the plebian, the democratical, the base,” as we are called, are for upholding to the utmost. It deserves all the approbation its eulogists bestow on it. Riches in this sense are the means of promoting the greatest possible good, in the very best way it can be promoted. A man using riches thus must himself be a good man, and he will always be esteemed as a good man ought to be. He must be a wise man, since none but a wise man will thus use his riches to promote the good of others. If such a man should show a decided preference for one or two candidates, the opinion of his wisdom and his virtues, the certainty that he was not deceived, and that he would not deceive others, that he would not recommend the man he did not think the fittest, would always have some weight in determining the choice of those who know his worth. This is the beneficial influence of property which we willingly admit; the only “legitimate influence” it can possess.

The Ballot would put an end to the baneful, and would promote the beneficial influence of property.—Every man who thinks at all on the subject, must come to the same conclusion.

Let us examine the obligations of those who have the right of voting for members of parliament. They are trustees for the whole community, and this trust includes in it the exercise of the greatest good or evil to all—There cannot be a more sacred obligation. Nothing ought to be considered more binding; & to break the obligation is an act of great atrocity. There is nothing of evil in any act of treachery which it does not include. Yet, is it not notorious that a great majority of the electors are held by a certain number of rich men in such a state of dependence, that they command their votes, and that however much they may deem a candidate well qualified, and however much they may desire to vote for him, they frequently vote as well against such a candidate as against their own consciences.

We are told by those who oppose the Ballot that voters ought not to be guilty of such crimes. True—so say we, they ought to consent to perish rather than commit them. But this cannot be expected in a state of society where the interests of the men who set the fashion in morals as in clothes, are perpetually setting bad examples, and not only doing so, but where they cannot prevail by terror, they pay with their own money, or with money wrung by taxation from the people, for the commission of crimes, thus not only bribing and suborning men to commit offences, but in the most unequivocal manner doing all they can to persuade them, that they themselves glory in participating these crimes with them.

Thus the leading men in the state, by open voting, have the means which they use as often as occasions offer, to destroy the morals of the people.

Here let the reader pause, and ask himself, is it not a dreadful state to which this nation is brought, that its leading men have an interest in the badness of the morals of the people? If he finds himself compelled to say—Yes, to the question, he will no longer hesitate to give his assent to the Ballot.

If a man evade the payment of a just debt by a false oath—if a man obtain from another what does not belong to him by a false oath, is he not, when detected, looked upon as a criminal, is he not shunned, is he not abhorred? and who that has read thus far, has not made the application to the perjured voter? No one.

The voter for a member of parliament has a trust placed in his hands, on the discharge of which the highest interests of his country depend. Moral obligation is without a meaning, if the faithful discharge of this is not among the highest of all moral acts; the faithless discharge one of the basest of all immoral ones. To render this high obligation more binding still, the sanction of an oath is added. *The voter solemnly swears, that he will not betray, but will faithfully execute his trust.* What happens? The unfortunate voter is in the power of some opulent man: the opulent man informs him how he must vote. Conscience, virtue, moral obligation, religion, all cry to him, that he ought to consult his own judgment, and faithfully follow its dictates. The consequences of pleasing, or offending the opulent man, stare him in the face; the oath is violated, the moral obligation is disregarded, a faithless, a prostitute, a pernicious vote is given. Who is the author of this perjury, this prostitution, this treachery? There are two odious criminals, but assuredly the voter is the least criminal, and the least odious of the two.

Bribed electors, bribing candidates, like all other men who have renounced the real virtues, look out for excuses to conceal their real characters. Thus under the old monarchy of France the privileged classes professed loyalty in a high degree, but, it was nothing more than a desire to see as much as possible of other men's property placed at the disposal of the king, to be distributed by him amongst them.

Our bribing and corrupting gentry have still a better cry—it is the constitution, the glorious British constitution, with this cry in their mouths, while trampling on every moral obligation, they claim to be considered patriots. Their love of the constitution, is a love of suborned and prostituted votes, a love of the power these procure for them of raising taxes on the community without limit, and dividing the money thus extorted amongst themselves*.

* If there be any doubt on this subject, read "The People's Book," published in Nos. at 2d. and Parts at 6d. each. Indeed every man should read it, especially those possessing the elective franchise.

Loyalty, Constitution--are pretty words, yet their meaning--is Plunder.

There are two classes of persons in the house of Commons--
I. They who go there to gratify their vanity.--II. They who go there for the purpose of making the most of their station. If there be also some who go there to promote the public good, their number is so very small that they cannot be considered a class.

Is there any thing in the petty vulgar notion of him who goes there to indulge his vanity, which can excuse in the least, the guilt of the enormous crimes he has committed to obtain his seat? Certainly there is not.

Look then at him whose purpose is plunder. Here the desire, the intention is itself atrocious, and adds doubly to the wickedness by which the seat was procured.

What is the condition of the voter? either he is the tenant, or tradesman of the man who has suborned him, or he is a resident in a place where the number of electors is not too large to enable the speculator to bribe them all round. Is he a tenant, his prospect is that of being turned out, if he does not lend himself to the design of the suborner. In general this is a calamity of the severest kind, often ruinous, in all cases injurious, a visitation full of trouble, full of risk, and few will be willing to incur so great a penalty; yet this is the lot of more than half the voters for cities and boroughs. Is the voter a tradesman, and otherwise dependent on the would-be member of parliament, his situation is generally one of discomfort. He must vote for his customer, the candidate, or the friend of the candidate, or he will lose his custom, and of as many more as he can influence. The penalties for disobedience in this respect have been so severe as hardly to be credited, and this being known or feared in particular places, is quite sufficient in the way of caution to voters. Frequently a man's customers are divided between the rival candidates, and in these cases, act how he will he cannot escape injury; frequently he has some compensation in the shape of a bribe, but he is almost always sure to be a loser. vote how he will. If then temptation and fear of injury make differences in the degrees of crime, and all laws say they make the greatest, the villany of him who gives the vote is by no means so great as the villany of him who compels or suborns him to give it.

What is the consequence of all this? what, but that the notion of plundering the people is not disgraceful? You will be hanged if you rob one of these suborning gentry, but he will be countenanced in robbing every man in the nation.

The Ballot would put an end to all these dreadful evils.

Representative government is a contrivance by which they who pay taxes may have a control over those who levy taxes, a control over those who make the laws which affect every man's property, his peace of mind, his life. If the people have not a real and independent choice, the men who are falsely called repre-

representatives are, in fact, despotic governors, not at all in any way responsible to any body. Here lies all the mischief, hence flows all the evil which it is possible for such governors to inflict upon the people.

All these evils in every one of their forms, may be traced to the practice of open voting. It is the openness of voting which corrupts the government and destroys the morals of the people.

See how very simple the remedy is. Admit voting by Ballot, make it impossible for the corruptor to know how the votes have been given, and the power of the whole of them, with all the crimes they engender is gone at once. Adopt the Ballot, no bad man will ever again be bribed, no honest man, no upright man, will be punished for his integrity, the most terrible means of moral degradation will be destroyed, pollution and deprivation will be put an end to. Are not these important effects to be derived from so simple a cause? and is not the cause the more to be esteemed because it is so simple?

The theory of government supposes that the people choose the members of the house of commons, but they do not, and they cannot choose them under the present system. The Ballot and the Ballot only can enable them to choose the members of the house of commons, and make the practice conform to the theory.

Look at the expenses of elections, expense of bringing distant voters, expenses of lawyers, of clerks, of polling booths, of officers, of favours, of entertainments, of bribes, of show, and parade, these make up a large sum. See the consequences of these expenses; men will seldom spend large sums of money in these ways, without intending to repay themselves. The Ballot would put an end to all such doings. No man would waste his money thus, were the votes taken by Ballot, and he who could no longer, therefore, calculate upon the good opinion of the voters would not become a candidate.

But say some, the Ballot is not English—Why not English we ask? If the Ballot be good, and English is not applicable to it; then English is not applicable to a good thing. This is foolishness, but our gentry think foolishness will do very well for the people—they are mistaken. Is the word English applicable only to bribery, suborning, false-swearing, plundering, drunkenness, and dissolute conduct of every kind—this is nonsense, and people will no longer be gulled with nonsense.

In the house of commons they elect their committees by Ballot, they say it is the only safe, the only fair way. In the house it is English, and yet these very men have the impudence to stand up, and while staring one another in the face, to declare, that out of the house the Ballot is not English.

It has been objected in parliament, that voting by Ballot is degrading, and they have asked, how can you show that it is not degrading? They make the assertion, and they demand the proof; but they never attempt to give any proofs of their assertion. Their

call upon us to disprove their assertion is like many other of their subtleties. The reply is, however, easy, short, and conclusive—by your own conduct, by your constant practice in parliament—in all your institutions, in all your clubs. In none of these will you ever trust one another in open voting, you always vote by Ballot, and any one of you would be ready to shoot the man who should tell you, you were degraded by the practice. Mark well the difference; these gentry adopt the Ballot in their clubs, that improper members may not be admitted. To the people they refuse the Ballot that improper members may be admitted into parliament. This is the solution of the whole of their sham pretences. Did they desire that improper members should no more be admitted into the house of commons than into their clubs, they would take care that no one should ever be elected by any other mode than the Ballot.

In the North American United States, the members of the legislative chamber, and the president himself, are elected by Ballot. Some persons have, to be sure, pretended that the Ballot, has not answered there, this is, however, a sheer falsehood, and is answered and shown to be false by these facts. It has secured to that nation a government so cheap that Englishmen can scarcely understand how many wonderful things it has accomplished with so small a sum. The whole expense of the civil government is less than four hundred thousand pounds, and is less by two million sterling a year than the management of the customs and excise costs us; that is, the management of the customs and excise costs us, six times over, as much money as the whole of the government costs the Americans. Has not the Ballot answered the purpose of the Americans?

The Ballot saved the brave French people from a dire, despotic government, and has made them a nation of freemen. Has not the Ballot answered the purpose in France? Doubt not, it would answer the purpose here.

“Drowning men catch at straws”—The enemies of the Ballot catch at fallacies, straws will save the drowning man, much in the same way, fallacies will save the enemies of the Ballot. They affect to believe that it would always be known in which way a man voted, and consequently that the Ballot would not protect him, this is their last, their useless fallacy. A man might, to be sure be found, who was foolish enough to ask another to vote as he wished, and if he had power over him, he might push his tyranny so far as to extort a promise, but inasmuch as he was conscious that he was using undue influence, acting unfairly and dishonestly, he would expect that the man he was thus treating would retort his own iniquity upon him, and vote as he liked, notwithstanding his promise, which having been unjustly extorted, he would not consider binding. Such attempts to influence voters, would therefore seldom be attempted.

The same consequence would result if the influential person

were to ask the voter for whom he had voted, the chance of being deceived, and the certainty of being laughed at, would be sufficient to prevent such questions being asked.

To say, as some have said, that bribes would be given to secure votes, is still more absurd. No one would give a bribe where so much uncertainty existed, add to which, that he who would receive a bribe from one party, would receive a bribe from the other party; no one would therefore waste his money in giving bribes, as no security could be given for the vote.

We affirm then—*I.* That voting by Ballot would be secret.—*II.* That secret voting is a perfect security for independent voting.—*III.* That without independent voting all hope of good government is vain.—*IV.* That in Great Britain there cannot be independent voting without secret voting.

Thus the argument for the use of Ballot is complete.

The Ballot would be a blessing in every way. Take away from men of property the power of obtaining the suffrages of the people by improper means, and you may deem it certain that they will immediately apply themselves to obtaining them by proper means.

It is impossible not to be delighted with the idea of the consequences which would result from the change.—The moment the people gave their suffrages only to those who were best endowed with the qualities necessary for legislation, men of property and consequently of leisure, would apply themselves to attain these qualities. Stores of knowledge, habits of mental application, of self-denial, of preferring the public interest to private interest, would then be acquired and practised, as the means of obtaining the distinction they now seek by intimidation, bribery, and perjury.

If the effect of placing the suffrage upon a proper footing by means of the Ballot would be thus salutary, with respect to the moral and intellectual qualities of the rich, what would it be in respect to the rest of the community.

When the people shall be under no inducement to choose representatives but from their opinion of their fitness, it becomes immediately as much the interest of the rich to elevate them, as it was before their interest to depress them.

Whenever the benefits to be obtained by misrule are taken from the rich, it becomes their especial interest to promote good government. Good government can, however, be procured only by the good choice of the people, and the more wise and the more virtuous the public can be made, the more certain will be the goodness of their choice, and it therefore becomes their immediate and special interest to do all they can to raise the intellects and improve the morals of the people. Wisdom and virtue would in time be universally diffused, and the different classes would be united by ties of mutual beneficence. The business of government would be carried on with the utmost simplicity because the good of all would be its aim. Every one would exert himself in

his sphere to provide for his own wants, and would seldom fail to have wherewithal to benefit others. Very few indeed would want the prudence and energy necessary to their well being.

Every man can see the truth of these statements, and a little thinking will convince him, that they may all be obtained by the safe and easy mode of voting for members of parliament by Ballot.

NOTICE.—We trust that our Subscribers will ever find us anxious to improve our Periodical, as maturity of judgment and an increased list may afford opportunity. We have attended to suggestions of friends, by preparing to furnish an arranged summary of events, Foreign and Colonial, and a list of Marriages and Deaths. The present attempt is rather crude, but we hope to attain nearer perfection in future numbers. We imagine that the Monthly summary may be found useful for reference, that it will assist the memory, and give a connected chain of events and dates, which would else be forgotten, or be but vaguely and confusedly remembered. While we solicit patronage we will endeavour to deserve it; and as we commenced our small work without making many pretensions, and without expecting much support for some time, we hope to proceed doing more than we say, and grateful for any kindness vouchsafed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are glad that our Correspondents have taken our remarks in the good temper which their private notes display. It is with pain that we refuse articles, and with diffidence that we offer advice,—but we receive much pleasure when we see reason to believe that hints have produced good effect. The increase of communications would be a means of much gratification to us; and persevering literary attempts would prove beneficial to our young readers,—not only in giving them facility of expressing their thoughts justly and forcibly, but in expanding their minds and adding to their general power and value: we would fain hope that more matured pens, will add to the worth of our Magazine, by frequently contributing to its pages. The length of articles which we wished to present to our readers in this number, has obliged us to defer some communications until next month.

LITERATURE.

Mr. Murdoch has published a prospectus of a work which he is preparing for the press: "An Epitome of the Laws of the Province." The work is to be published by subscription, and those wishing to patronize it, and to procure copies, should lose no time in placing their names on one of the lists which are opened for that purpose. A moment's consideration is sufficient to convince, how generally useful a clear well written abridgement and commentary of the laws, will prove to every class in the community.

Life of Mrs. Jordan. By J. Boaden.—3 vols. London. 1830.

We regard the publication of this very superfluous work at the present moment, as an instance of something worse than bad taste in all the parties concerned. The possession of a few letters in the hand-writing of Mrs. Jordan, and a knowledge of facts already well known to the public at large, seem to have suggested to Mr. Boaden the project of a profitable speculation, in the hope that a disinclination on the part of the sovereign and his family to see their names familiarly introduced into the details of the life of an actress, would induce them to buy up the work. We cannot sufficiently commend the lofty spirit which has escaped this pactory snare.

The work itself is meagre, trivial, and abounding in the self-conceit so palpable in the previous biographies of Mr. Boaden. It bears evident marks of having been hastily concocted, after the author's discovery that no interference would be exerted for its suppression; various facts having been introduced into *the body* of the work, borrowed from the newspapers of the last two months. Of Mrs. Jordan, her fate, and fortunes, it tells us very little, and nothing that is satisfactory;—but of Mr. Boaden and his critical opinions, a vast deal too much.—We have no inclination to earn more of either.

THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK—Kidd, London.

This celebrated individual, who has walked "to and fro upon the earth," ever since he beguiled our blushing mother with an apple—("Man fell with apples, and with apples rose.")—has of late attracted the most courteous and urbane attention of the world. We say urbane, for it is only to the present age that the *Gentleman in Black* owes an exemption from tail and horns. He is quite another guess personage to the grisly wight who was taken by the nose by St. Dunstan: the vulgar appendages, which he received from the middle ages, have been sacrificed to the philosophy of modern times, and we now treat of the *Gentleman in Black*, as we treat of the cholera-morbus, taxation, O'Connell, or any other ab-

stract civil, disagreeable in itself, but, for what we can prove to the contrary, no less useful than inconvenient. In this spirit, we have printed the *Walks*, the *Progresses*, the *Visits*, and other matters, of the *Gentleman in Black*; not to enumerate the thousand by-notice of his tricks in the Cabinet of Spain, the signal defeat he has lately sustained in the streets of Paris, with his constant intermeddling in our home-politics,—all of which circumstances, in the fulfilment of our duties as honest Journalists, we are bound to particularize.

The little book, which has occasioned the present notice, treats of the contest of an English lawyer—one of those hungry, bloodless flesh-flies, to be found in any of our Inns of Court,—with the *Gentleman in Black*, and, of course, his defeat by the learned gentleman aforesaid. To say the truth, the *Gentleman in Black* stands but a poor chance with his opponent, who is one of those snug, self-satisfied personages, who would cut a throat, and bawl out “respectability”—slay, and rob, “according to law,” and then indignantly stickle for the “character of their house.” The moral of this book—and it is one well worth garnering up—consists in shewing how a grovelling mind, by a constant application to the study of the tricks and turns of law, may obtain a more than demoniacal sagacity, and become a match for the Devil himself. The story is well written; and the designs, by George Cruikshank, are of course sparkling, and full of spirit. By-the-way, we hear that George has received his appointment as portrait painter to the *Gentleman in Black*. We will not affirm the rumour to be true, which indeed matters but little—for whether or no, the likeness by George must beat all other rival portraits, and declares the artist to be intimately acquainted with the peculiarities of—as the man of the Court Journal says—“the illustrious personage.” We have no doubt that the *Gentleman in Black* will be one of the successful lions of the season. We understand that Mr. Kidd, the publisher, intends to have all his infernal tracts collected into a volume, to be called *Every Legitimate's Book!* Two fire-proof copies are already ordered for Ferdinand and Miguel.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

LOWER CANADA.—QUEBEC.

The Legislature are in Session.—Mr. Christie returned for Gaspé, has been excluded from the House, a third time.—A Resolution granting 10s. per day to Members, and 4s. per league travelling expenses, past the House, but was lost in the Legislative Council. The net available revenue is £149,453 3s.—*The*

Historical and Literary Society has published the 2nd. volume of their transactions.—A *Mechanic's Institute* is formed, and commences in a manner which promises much future good.—*Schools*,—At a meeting of the Bible Society, it was stated that 700 schools had been established in the country Parishes of the Province during the last eighteen months.

Montreal.—The Ladies' Bazaar, held for charitable purposes, produced £700 net. The *Montreal Gazette* is now published three times a week.—A shock of an Earthquake was lately felt.—A *Periodical* has appeared, entitled, "The Gazette of Education, and Friend to Man," by Joseph Lancaster.—The *Natural History Society*, have published their Annual Report.—A Mr. Milton delivered a *public lecture*—on the Souls and future existence of Brutes.

UPPER CANADA.

The Legislature are in Session. A Bill allowing persons on trial for felony a full defence by Council—has passed the House. A bill providing for *Vote by Ballot* at Elections was before the House, and met with much support.—Population—1830—from official returns, 211,187, being an increase since returns in 1829, of 13,264 persons.—A *Literary Society* is about to be established at York, under the patronage of Sir John Colborne.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The Legislature are in Session. Revenue of the Province for 1830, £49,070, being an increase over 1829 of £14,364.

NOVA-SCOTIA.—FEBRUARY.

Halifax.—The Officers of the first Regt. of Militia gave a Ball and supper, to the Officers of the garrison and a large party of ladies and gentlemen of Halifax.

The first number of a monthly periodical, called the *British and Colonial Magazine* was issued.

The *Dartmouth Society* for the propagation of Christian Knowledge, held its first anniversary. The institution promises well, and is free of debt.

Excellent Bar Iron, the produce of the Annapolis Mines, arrived in town.

An Epitome of the Laws of Nova Scotia.—Mr. Murdoch has issued a prospectus for publishing this Epitome by subscription; lists for subscribers' names have been opened at the different Printing offices.

A Missionary Anniversary Meeting was held in the Methodist Chapel—Rev. Mr. Black in the chair:—amount collected at sermons and anniversary £34.

Architecture.—Mr. J. Johnston, Halifax, has received a prize of £60, offered in Canada for a plan of a Penitentiary.

King's College—At a meeting of Governors, held at Government House, it was resolved that public notice should be given, that, his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, had transmitted a marked approval of late liberal alterations in that institution: also, that the instruction and honors of the university (with the exception of degrees in divinity) will henceforth be open to all, without any religious test; and that, undergraduates and bachelor of Arts may attend other places of worship, beside those of the established church.

An Annular Eclipse of the Sun was visible on the 12th. The ring was beautifully true distinct and vivid; at the time of the greatest obscuration, the light was of a very peculiar and unnatural cast—approaching to the appearance of twilight and moonlight, but more fascinating and melancholy than either.

Annapolis Royal, March 5.—The inhabitants of the ancient town of Annapolis Royal, in the county of Annapolis, in order to evince their attachment and loyalty to his Majesty's government, have by their unanimous and general contribution, erected a Flag [the British Union] which is to be raised on all Sundays and public holidays, throughout the year. May his Majesty's government, who ought to set, imitate (in other parts of the province) the glorious example. God save the King, and long may he reign—*Communicated.*

MARRIAGES.

At Halifax—Feb. 8, Mr. P. M' Ewen, to Miss Sophia Hutten. Feb. 10, Mr. Patrick Roonan, to Miss Mary Quinn. 17, Mr. Robert Graham, to Miss Sarah Cummins. Mr. William Higgins, to Mrs. Sarah Rhaves. 18, Mr. William Carson, to Miss Elizabeth Haverstock. 27, Mr. Joseph Fuller, to Miss Jane Hennessey.

At Cornwallis—Feb. 17, Mr. John Ross, merchant, of Annapolis, to Miss Rebecca, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Chipman.

At Stewiacke—Feb. 23, Rev. Jas. Smith, to Margaret Gammel, daughter of Samuel Tupper, Esq.

At Wilmot—Feb. 24, Mr. William Miller, of Aylesford, to Miss Susannah, third daughter of the late Mr. Caleb Slocomb.

DEATHS.

At Halifax—Feb. 9, Miss Ann Farquhar, aged 41. Catharine, wife of John M'Donald, aged 34. 11, Mr. Edward Hudson, aged 65. 15, Mr. Daniel George, aged 51. 18, J. Douglas, Esq. aged 54. 21, Mrs. Boggs, relict of the late James Boggs, Esq. age 85. 22, Jane, wife of Mr. Robert Norris, aged 29. Mr. John Dingle, aged 75. 23, Mr. Peter Hall, aged 43. 24, Catharine, wife of Mr. John Finlon, aged 38.

At Stewiacke—Feb. 3, Mr. William Polly, aged 76.

At Cornwallis—Feb 4, Sarah, widow of the late Mr. Peru Terry, aged 74.

At Granville—Timothy Ruggles, Esq. for many years representative of that township.