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THE
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No. 1.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES,

AT DALHOUSIE COLLEGE.

OF the three Arts generally called liberal, painting seems best adapted for exhibition; and although demanding deep research, and great mental power in its execution, it is certainly easiest appreciated by the generality of people. Of Music, the simple melody, or full choral harmony, will more readily than Painting lead captive the mere perception; but Music is so impalpable in its nature, so fleeting in its existence, that we are pleased we know not why, care not wherefore, and little beside mere pleasure is gained. It is formed of air, and created by mystical touch and motion, and is so much of a phantasie, that in the opinion of some, it scarcely imparts a single idea. Beside, in the exhibition of Music, a second party is always requisite; and so far, it is inconvenient for abstraction, or close examination.—Poetry, to many is not more approachable; the reciter, who can throw sound and life into the bard's written thought, will indeed be listened to, as to the voice of a god; and will despotically convey his enraptured auditors wherever his finger points. But without this assistance, to numbers of his fellow men, how flat, stale and unprofitable is the poet's labour. The delicacy and strength of reason beautifully expressed; the vivid colouring of figurative language, are lost to many, as the sunset glory is to the mole. The hidden veins of rich ore which the philosophic bard draws from the material and immaterial world; the harmony with which he imbues the granite masses of the moun-

tain top, and the flowers of the valley's recess; all the mysterious toil by which he subdues, and settles, and hands over to his fellows, the sacred fire which animates his own breast; all is lost to myriads of his race, as though the language of heaven and the gods were shut by edict from their dull souls.—Painting speaks more widely—its first efforts gave an universal speech, and the savage to whom hieroglyphics were nonsense, acknowledged the artist's mimicry, and understood his intent. The peasant who delights in the morning sky, or stands on his garden cliff, enamoured of the white ship's progress through the waves;—the mechanic who wanders from the city to gaze delightedly refreshed on the grove and lake of the interior; each can appreciate the outlines and tints which give again what so charmed them in real life. To the excellencies of music perhaps their ears are deaf; the spirit of poetry may be to them a sealed letter; but painting is an art which excels in fidelity and similitude; and a portion of whose value, all can feel, who admire the works of God.

It is true that in the best works, whether of landscape, portrait or historical painting; there is a certain mystery which almost confounds those learned in the science. That from the canvas and pallet, rough unpromising materials, such beautiful creations should appear, is almost miraculous. The touches of the artist seem not delicate or critically exact; yet there is an effect produced in a single picture, which may form a delightful study for years. There is also a tact necessary in fully relishing those productions, which is either the particular gift of nature, or the tardy fruit of close study. Fidelity to its subject is not alone the source of admiration in a choice picture; the poetry of nature is there, and it requires a gifted mind to give it a voice; the artist's spirit is embodied in several delicate, unobtrusive traits, and it requires a kindred soul to feel their expression and beauty. Still there is much for those who run, to read; and the man of simple life, to whom the lute were voiceless, and "Childe Harold" a blank; can gaze amused, instructed, and for the

moment refined, on the more palpable spirit of beauty which the painter gives to his generation.

These remarks lead the mind to a passing notice of persons, who not knowing what they do, profess, nay, glory in, their deadness to those human aspirations after excellence! It requires not the serpent's more deadly slime over the flowers of life, to tell of man's fall—those degrading feelings are sufficient to demonstrate it. Their heaven seems either gross as that of the beast that perisheth; or vague as the Paradise of fools. What is the second Eden to them? they have too much common sense to admire its trees of health, and rivers of life. Will they be weak enough to admire the New Jerusalem, its uncreated light, gates of sapphire, and streets of gold? They despise every approach to its similitude here.—Those who decry the creations of music, poetry, and painting, say more plainly than words can speak,—we are of a very inferior order of rational creatures; we have no perceptions for the best part of God's works; and we admire not the godlike aspirations of our fellow men, who endeavour piously, to find out, to copy after those hidden beauties; and even to call into existence glorious things themselves.

We imagine Heaven to be a place, where every sound is music; every vision an ethereal study, if we may so speak of outline and tint; every thought poetry, for there the common-places of life find no room. And yet the phlegmatic devotee turns indignant from the glimpses of those essences of Heaven, which he may obtain while on earth. The Merchant in his toils to accumulate wealth, sometimes affects to scorn, those delectable and cheap delights; and yet the wealth of either Ind could go no further, when the sordid appetites were satisfied, than to procure its possessor the refined enjoyments, which in civilized life may be tasted by the poorest. The sensualist, who scorns the lights of life, while the spirit of the ape and the swine animates him, needs no answer; but we could scarcely treat of the subject without noticing the pretended wise, who are such ar-

rant fools, as to hug the casket without deigning to look on the gems within.

With those views of the fine arts, and feeling a confidence that a taste for them raises a community, and gives a dignity and an elasticity to every other enterprise; we of course rejoice at the first exhibition of paintings in Nova-Scotia. We had little hope that such a treat could be presented, for another half century in this part of British America;—but we now see no reason why the school which has been just formed, joined with occasional helps, should not form something like a steady periodical exhibition.—In our opinion, it is not altogether the voice of enthusiasm which says, that this era will be remembered in our provincial metropolis; and that a number of youth will now take a step forward in existence, and assume a higher grade of intellect than they imagined a year previously. If so, their after lives may be expected to be the more virtuous, dignified, and useful; and the place of their residence will increase in honour and strength.

NOTICE OF PICTURES IN THE GREAT ROOM.

No. 2. *Cleopatra*—is a fine soft painting; representing the imperial courtesan applying the adder to her breast. The naked bust is beautifully coloured, and the eye shrinks instinctively, at the mark of the adder-fang in the warm lusty flesh. The figure grasps the adder firmly in the right hand, and holds it to the bosom; the reptile has just drawn blood from the region of the chest, and turns as it were intoxicated at its banquet, to choose the next rich morsel. The left hand of the figure holds the drapery delicately down, exhibiting the entire bust to the writhing destroyer. The head of the figure is turned glancing to the right, and the imagination supposes the sound of Antony's announcement as disturbing the guilty queen. The countenance is rather florid and coarsely voluptuous; it seems wanting in the feminine charms which so often led the conqueror captive, and in the melancholy dignity which the royal suicide might be supposed to indulge in at the awful moment. Yet it is a spirited and striking

picture, and one possessed of much of the fascination with which the memory, the imagination, and the judgment invest historical pictures. While we gaze, the story arises to the mind—we regret that such charms should have been but the foul siren's lure—that the diadem on the head should have been so disgraced by the beautiful wearer. We admire the guilty magnanimity which saw the climax of degradation and wretchedness, and would live no longer; and we feel a sympathy almost tearful, despite our judgment, at the last interview of the imperial lovers; at the last proof of their fidelity to each other, although leprous with falsehood and dishonour to all else.

No 6. *An Interior*, (Painted by Metz, about 200 years ago.) This is a small, pleasing picture—it has that unobtrusive grace, that nameless delicacy, which so strongly characterize many old master-works. It represents a male and female figure seated in a plain apartment; little animation is visible, yet the painter-poet has, if we mistake not, told a long tale in a few expressive touches. The male figure sits behind a table on which rests a music book, his eyes are bent on its page and he strikes the notes timidly from a guitar. His long locks flow on his shoulders, and his downcast, unmusical glance, seems to have had a more gentle inspirer than Apollo to give it expression. The female, with the trim head-dress, and rich beautifully painted drapery of Dutch costume, seems a fine counterpart to the musician. On her right hand a parroquet is perched, but though she seems pleased with her brilliant favourite, she looks not at it, nor at the musician; nor yet with the tell-tale diffidence of coquetry on the ground; but looks mildly forward, gazing on vacancy, and insinuating with the most modest air imaginable, that her bird is forgotten, the music unheard, and that some sweet chords in her soul make her best melody.—The old painters seem to have well understood the tact, of arousing the imagination, and leaving it something to perform; not running it down with agony after agony, as some moderns do; or

pointing it to a stagnant pool, which it abhors to people from its own resources.

No. 8. *The Sick Chamber*, (Painted by P. de Hooze in the 17th century.) This is a most characteristic picture—repose seems its one intent, and the eye cannot rest on it unsoothed, or the mind study its expressive tinges, without imbibing the spirit aimed at by the painter. No picture not professedly of still life could have less of animation than this. An attendant is seated beneath a high lattice, but her back is to the spectator, and her long eared cap hides even the outline of her neck and head from view. Optical deception is well exemplified in this painting; a green cloth covers a piece of furniture, it is mistaken for drapery over a sick cradle, and the hand is almost stretched forth to raise it, in order to discover the young invalid who is supposed to rest below. On a nearer scrutiny, the real nature of the drapery is understood, and the eye looks beyond the frame, as through a casement, to discover the sick bed in the opposite direction. Finding that the “Sick Chamber” alone is portrayed, and not the sick bed, the eye again reverts to the exquisite keeping of the picture. The female figure holds a book on her lap, poring over which she seems to be whiling away her watch. The high latticed window admits no landscape view, it is fronted by another building, and the rays of the mid-day sun looks almost directly down on the narrow alley. The sun-beams falling on the window frame, on its little sill, and on the floor close by the side of the reading figure, is exquisitely tinted, it gives a light which indeed seems as if it could be felt. The high heeled red slippers are unoccupied on the foreground, that the attendant may go about more noiselessly. On the old fashioned chair a dish of fruit is laid, to court the appetite of the invalid; a green silk cushion for the praying visitor, has slidden off its place gently as a feather, and rests partly on the ground; while the massive black picture frames, and the little vacant mirror, suspended on the walls, help the sombre and religious air which

it was the artist's study to create. Repose, palpable and full, rests on this sweetly painted scene; it is an excellent pictorial antidote for the fever of passion. The angry man who could gaze for five minutes on this silent, but not voiceless representation, without imbibing a share of the feeling which the painter wished to convey, should beware of himself. He will most likely hate "music, bread, and the laugh of a child—" and be dull to the singing spheres, if the sick chamber can convey no calm to his rebellious spirit.

No. 11. (*Windermere, Westmoreland*;) is one of the charming scenes of mountain and flood, comprised within England's merry glades;—and they leave few wishes, except among gaping virtuosi, for foreign scenery; Italian, Swiss, or Alpine. The broad round expanse of water; the light and almost airy piles of broken mountain; the placid depth above and below; the deep grove and tumbling brook which break the foreground, all form, not perhaps a rich, but a hallowed, sainted scene; which cools the brow, and imparts its thin air to the delighted breast. Some cattle are well introduced into the picture; a group on the foreground look down a cleft, seemingly attracted by its coolness; there is no appearance of a rill being below, but we know such must be the case from its proximity to the lake, and we do not wonder that the happy inhabitants of the scene leave the stream which bubbles in the light, to seek the cool, densely shaded wanderer of the chasm. A second group of cattle, are small, beautifully painted things; represented as dotting the surface of the lake in its brightest part. They seem fit to graze amid the groves of Arcady; and the lake on which they stand, reflects a sky, beautiful enough to enshrine the summit of Olympus.

No. 23. *A View of Ross, Monmouthshire*. This is one of those beautiful home scenes which address all our gentler feelings. Sea scenes may impart sublime ideas, but they are wanting in individual interest, they are the common property of most men; or if a Briton feels more proudly

in looking on ocean's expanse than others, yet he must share his pride with every subject of the Imperial islands. Lake and mountain scenery are lovely to the citizen of the world, and to the universal amateur; but they are great, glorious masses, amid which the gazer feels himself a speck in creation. Here, in this shaded little dell, the spectator himself, would form an object of importance; in that cottage shaded by the old trees, his evening of life might glide away; and in the little church opposite, his weekly worship might be most placidly offered. It is an attractive scene, representing a woody dell, through which a road winds to a partially seen village. The gazer finds a pleasing individual interest in its study; banks, such as he has sported on in childhood, gathering primroses and chasing butterflies, rise to the right; while on either side majestic trees, such as he is often gone nesting under, tower, and throw a deep shade, finely contrasting sunny gleams which cross the path. A group characteristic of the simple country in which the scene is laid, is on the road. A small white horse draws a rugged cart, which is in charge of two females, who are vividly delineated; a third female figure in the hat and red cloak common in Wales, pauses by the cart, in conversation with the drivers; the outline and colouring of the last figure is peculiarly bold and graceful. The full tint of the trees gives the home of the linnet and goldfinch strongly to the mind; a shaded mound to the right is evidently the villager's holiday evening seat; the little church spire is in sweet keeping with the retired, warm cottages to the left; and all impart that mellow, satisfied, domestic tone, which more splendid scenes seem to despise. No speck of ocean is here visible, to disturb with its ideas of vastness the sheltered comfort of the dell. Mountains are visible, but they are so airy and distant, they merely intimate that such things are, they intrude not on the soft, home scene. To the old countryman, this scene in Monmouthshire renews what his youth loved, and tells him a mournfully pleasing tale of times gone by. To the Nova-Scotian it is a sample of old country scenery, and of that kind of it, which

pleases many best—soft, unassuming, and beautifully rural. Those who are acquainted with the habits of the Welsh peasantry, their simplicity, extreme probity, and industry; the originality which limited intercourse with other parts give their character, and the bravery and love of liberty which distinguish them even among Britons—those so acquainted, will find a peculiar charm in renewing their impressions from this fine picture.

No. 35, *Lago Maggiore*, well repays a musing hour—its figures, forest scenery, serpentine expanse of water, and beautifully tinted mountains—are finely depicted on the canvas.

No. 36. *The Corn Market, Brussels*, forms a very pleasing contrast after so many rich portraiture of mere nature. It represents the “city full;” its accommodations, bustle, industry and importance. The sun beams coming obliquely over the red tiles of the houses, and gliding along the walls of a distant tower, seem to imply that the time of the picture is evening. The streets and dim alleys, adorned with trees, are more picturesque than the regular perspectives of British towns; while numerous stands for petty merchandize, groups of buyers and sellers, the abstracted strut of the rich citizen, and the wild gambols of youth; give good scope for the depicting of expression and costume. If pictures of ocean, wood and vale give rapturous mementos of God’s works in the irrational creation; city miniatures remind strongly of the power and skill of his creature man. They are likenesses of the places where “merchants congregate;” around which the holy seventh-day bells send their tones;—the Artist and Prince have their dwelling there, each bears sway over a lower multitude, and a portion of their influence is attached to the place with which they connect their names.

No. 37. *Kenilworth Castle*. This picture is rather too light, airy and beautiful for the subject. The solitude which evidently reigns amid the dismantled, ivy-crowned

towers, is rendered too elegant, to be fully effective. It is very well sometimes to "bathe our wings in light;" but the shattered wreck looks more majestic in a grosser element.

No. 61. *The late Judge Stewart and his Sister.* We pass over a number of fine pictures to notice this most interesting one. It represents the late Judge Stewart and his sister in infancy. The scene is laid in a grove, and the children are portrayed in the act of collecting fruit from the ground. The recent death of our greatly respected townsman, Judge Stewart, gives this picture of his days when life revelled to the brim, deep attraction. The grove, the summer day of the painting, is involuntarily contrasted, with the desolate snow-covered scene, amid which his remains were followed to the tomb. The ruddy, plump features, and artless smile of the infant—is compared with the wrinkled front and glance of care, which are so regularly the lot of age. Widely different as the employments are, and great as the time is which intervened, those who have witnessed his late Honor charge a jury with the clearness and energy which distinguished his manner; can easily recognize in the infant boy of the picture that peculiar expression of eye and of lip, which so strongly marked the features of the Judge. The time here represented, is indeed that balmy season of playing amid the grass, of red shoes and bright ribbons, and of the mingling of the cherubs of both sexes, freely and innocently, as if fiery passions belonged not to the human breast;—but that passed rapidly away—the gambol on the grass, and the scramble for fruit, were exchanged for the study of cobweb tomes, and for the wrangling of the courts;—the bench, and the council-chamber brought their dignity and their toil, and at length, full of honour and of years, the man passed away to an eternal state. Were it not for the faithful canvas, who in thinking of Judge Stewart's life, would revert to so sunny a scene as this? but here is the memento which contrasts the gay simplicity of childhood, with

the melancholy dignity of later days. It is a memoir, a history on canvas; an incentive to perseverance, to rectitude, and to pious humility;—the exhibition were rich to the Halifax community if it contained no other picture.

No 62. *Alpine Scenery*. This appears far from being a pleasing, characteristic picture. If taking a number of bushes, rocks and hills, and mixing them up in a green blue chaos, be Alpine scenery, here it is indeed to the life. We, though not proper judges of the subject, were wont to believe that sublimity, vast beauty, vividness and spirit, marked Alpine scenes; if we were right, the picture is wrong.

No. 61. *Valle de Glace*, is somewhat similar to 62. Take any valley in Nova-Scotia, place your head in a bush, and you have either and both scenes before you.

No. 68. *An Old Lady Knitting* is a beautiful whole length miniature; the features and drapery are clearly painted, and the clean, sharp delineation, with much richness of colouring, render it peculiarly vivid. There is a visible effort to produce effect about this else superior picture, which rather injures it. The old lady is sitting with one knee over the other; the upper knee projects exactly from the centre of the picture, reminding the spectator of a shallop's bowsprit;—this attitude shows the painter's art in foreshortening, but perhaps it says little for his tact and delicacy of taste. The old lady's countenance seems wanting in particular expression; every thing is trim and neat, as if she were fully aware of sitting for her picture. On a dark back ground, a flush of light is introduced, immediately behind the neat old lady, to shew her well up;—it has the effect intended; but the spectator wonders where the light proceeds from, he cannot think, although so it appears, that the old lady is more luminous behind than before; and like the sun shows herself by her own rays.

No. 81. *The wife of Barnesvelt*, by Rubens, is a speci

men of this great master's vividness and power on a rather dry subject.

No. 84. *A Town in Holland*, and 89, *A Village Scene*, have much of that clear, delicate style of painting so necessary to depict architectural grouping with effect.

Several other pictures of much beauty and value are in this room. But want of time and space prevent our noticing them. We have taken those very hasty sketches of a few, which more particularly attracted our attention.

SMALL ROOM.

With some diffidence we enter on an examination of pictures in the small room. The feeling is occasioned by the pieces being all painted by pupils, most of whom have not until recently, painted in oil. If so, they may be thought not fair objects of criticism;—they shall be noticed therefore in a very cursory manner—premissing, that some of the young artists would give little thanks at being so shielded; also that free discussion even in such matters, is for the good of all parties; and that the pictures are not treated as the productions of pupils, in this view they are exceedingly respectable, but as paintings thought worthy of public exhibition. Free remark is by many thought the best incentive to exertion, except among those whose delicacy is too easily hurt, and who would fain reach the mountain summit, without passing over the broken ground at the base. We would also premise that those brief notices are not made by one professing even an amateur's knowledge of the art; but by one who admires original beauty, and its successful mimicry; and who expresses with freedom, the impressions made on his mind by the exhibition. If the recital fails to convey useful hints to those concerned; it will at least illustrate the catalogue; and add some interest, to this already very interesting occurrence. There being 93 Pictures in the Great Room, the first in the Small Room is No. 94.

Welsh Mountains. There is a possibility to feel as well

as to see Welsh mountains—one who had ere now “beat the hoof” on them from “rosy morn to dewy eve,” mentally exclaimed on seeing this picture;—“flinty, moss-covered, heath-clad, Welsh mountains; depicted by heaps of unpressed curds! If that does not seem literally a land flowing with milk and honey, there is no mud in Glamorganshire.”—It certainly does appear a very milky representation of nature.

No. 96, *View on Lake Kusnacht*, is a calm clear scene—the lake, the cottages, castle and mountains, are depicted with a neatness and precision not common to the touch of young painters in oil. We would merely remark, that an indifferently painted boat on the lake, has a sail which seems stiff as a deal board, and shaded so as to convey the idea that it is lined with black. The neatness of other points in the picture make trifling defects more apparent. A hasty view prevents many excellencies from being noticed.

No. 97. *A View on the North West Arm—original.*—The latter need scarcely be added; few painters worth copying would select such a scene from our Arm. There are spots on the piece of water, called the Arm, which approach the sublime; others eminently beautiful and strongly marked; and some of as pretty home scenery as need be sought for. This view represents none of these. Take a piece of rather well coloured water; surround it with brushwood; launch a couple of shallops going astray on your water; place a few Indians, with features dimly seen, in a position where they should not be; and some sportsmen, with their backs purposely turned to you, where they never are; and you have a “View of the North West Arm.”—A painter having executed a portrait for a rich man, a dispute occurred respecting the price; “never mind,” said the painter, “I will place a tail to the figure and sell it for a monkey;” this produced a conclusion of the bargain. If the painter of the North West Arm, calls his Indians, monsters, he may name his brushwood and water, after any few acres

in his Majesty's dominions.—These remarks are made, because no good cause appears, why characteristic traits are not introduced, when the scene presented them numerously and beautiful. Could the large picture by West, No. 14, be called a likeness of our former Chief Justice, if the scarlet robe, and white wig, were alone portrayed? We are inclined to understand landscapes similarly.—In concluding our remarks of 97 we would state, that it presents a mild, very pleasing tone of colour; a just idea of unity, in this respect, seems to have been entertained by the artist. In it there are no competition of tints, one destroying the effect of the other; but all harmonise very pleasingly. The warm well painted sky, is reflected in the water, and the land has a corresponding glow. The painter seems to have a bold perception of his art; but his figures are very objectionable; their grouping, and outlines, are harsh, while their colouring is almost another name for smearing.

No. 98. *Kenilworth Castle*, is rather a difficult study for a young painter. Much of the extreme elegance which we imagined in its original No. 37 is rejected from 98; but we doubt whether there is corresponding dignity gained, except in the cattle; they seem the very types of 37, only, as if being longer at grass, they are more rotund than in the elegant picture.

No. 99. *An Italian Scene*, has a beautifully painted group of sailing boats, on a piece of water which is so green, that it reminds one of a dye vat. There is much brilliancy of tint and delicacy of touch in this picture; its sky is a happy effort of the artist.

No. 100, is a copy from No. 56, a *View in Jamaica*.—No. 56 is a picture, in which outline and tint, seem intended to convey a feeling of great solitude. At the head of a little bay, or arm, an ornamented tomb appears; rocks, not high enough to give the energy which as it were ennobles solitude; but bold and gloomy, rise above the tomb. The dark ledge goes shelving off to some distance, forming

a little head land to the bay; and throwing its shade on land and water, shrouds all within in the clear sombre tints, well adapted to pourtray the melancholy of landscape. A few paces from the tomb, a figure appears; the head reclined on the breast, as in a fit of deep abstraction; and wandering by the dark mysterious water, as if unconscious of all outward existence, and only intent on mental imagery. The gloomy cape, and a flat of land, inclose the dark bay, while beyond a more lively scene appears. The airy looking and beautiful hills; the sea joyous and bright as it is wont to be, in the distance; well contrasts the silence, melancholy and death, of the dense fore ground. These distinguishing features of No. 56, are in a great degree rejected in No. 100. The rocks, water and tomb, of the copy are livelier, and more in accordance with shell work taste; while the figure has not a veil thrown over it to avoid difficult expression; but is removed out of the way altogether!—No. 100 is more lonely, but less solitary than 56. Most of the delicate traits introduced into the latter, to give dignity, interest, and incident to rather a common-place scene, are wanting in 100; which gives its subject a barren appearance. A great mystery of the fine arts, and which distinguishes originals from copyists, seems to be—that the delicacy, nerve and system of the master, are unseen by the imitator; who imagines that his own pretty deviations improve, while they often destroy the spirit, and of consequence the merit of the composition. One is as rough gold; the other polished copper; brighter perhaps—but how inferior in value.

No. 101. *The Falls of Niagara*, is indeed a daubing of nature with untempered mortar. It excites involuntary irritation, to find pencils which should be happy if they succeeded in a farm-yard, or stable-door draught, attempting the most sublime themes; and throwing nature's rare work into ridicule by their unintended caricatures. "Fools rush where angels fear to tread." Niagara never fell so profoundly before—here is the representation of

its mighty burst, and "cock robin's bow arrow" would be fully as exciting. Superfine resin rocks, and a cataract as imposing, and finely coloured as if coming from a washing tub, is nick-named the "Falls of Niagara." The very title is inspiring, but the spray of No. 101 is a damper for the wildest enthusiasm. A great error in this picture seems to be, that it attempts to give a near view of the mighty cataract—but how preposterous to give a near whole length of Niagara on about eight or ten inches of canvas! A painter sketching a giant would not go close to his great toe to do so; he would most likely take a distant position, and represent the monster with accompaniments which should contrast his proportions and strength. Want of judgment something like this, in 101, has pinned up Niagara, until it seems tumbling from a gilt frame at one side; and a rock straight and majestic as a walking stick at the other.

No. 103. *Mountain Scenery*, should perhaps be called pallet scenery—every tint in the painter's catalogue is thrown into the cauldron, yet the effect is not witching. It reminds a spectator of a May day procession, every peak seems vieing with its fellow in gaudy robes, and smiling at the sublimity which little mortals attach to high places. It is well for some, that inanimate giants cannot prosecute as others can, for publications tending to bring them into contempt. The figures in the foreground of this picture, should have been placed on the top of one of the mountains, the farther off the better.

No. 107. *An Italian Landscape*, is a very neat, clear little picture. The painter imagined her subject well, and did not resort to smearing, and affected freedom, in order to avoid delineation. Every thing intended is neatly and fully expressed; and with a few more mellow and less sharp touches in the centre and distance, it would be a very superior sketch.

No. 109. *The Attierrè Landscape*, seems conspicuous, for well

painted trees, and general boldness of touch, in outline and colouring.

No. 110. *An English Cottage*, is a light, free, pleasing picture. The tiled cottage, warm wood scene, windmill, distant spire, and boats; are pretty characteristics of English scenery. Something like delineation in back ground objects might have been attended to; there also seems too much dirty yellow in the landscape.

No. 111. *Dutch Peasants and Cattle*, implies much promise in the artist. Vigour of pencil and of thought are visible, in the principal group, in the pretty water scene to the right, and in a high sheep walk in the opposite direction.

No. 112. *A Night Scene*, is a pleasing free sketch, rather coarsely executed; and of too regular a design. Water flows through the centre, the land on each side curves regularly out, and the sides nearly meet like ends of semi-circles in the centre distance; the clouds accommodate themselves to the land in similar lines; the moon appears in the most effective place; and a few boats also in the centre, most obligingly add to the picturesque by just appearing in the moonbeam's track.

No. 113. *Ruins in a Landscape*, has much of that superior tone in its colouring, which we noticed in No. 97, by the same hand. This is particularly visible in the upper part of an old castle, and the sky. The water, and rocks are indifferently coloured; and a starved looking cow in the foreground, stretching its neck painfully forward to gain a nip at some verdure, excites a wonder why it does not take another step.

No. 114. *Moonlight*—has much of poetry in its composition, although coarsely executed. The moon gleams out from amid broken clouds, its pale light on the distant sea, and again on the near tumbling waves, is very effectively introduced. The waves tumble on a gloomy beach, on one

side of which a musing figure wrapt in a mantle appears: the very graceful, yet firm and appropriate outline of the figure is particularly attractive. We would merely ask, why is the light which appears ashy pale on sky land and water, of a fiery red on the figure?

No. 119. *A Musical Party*—is a copy from No. 91. Here again the copy deviates from the original without gaining any thing by it. In the original an attendant who presents articles on a salver to one of the party, seems struck with the music mania; she joins in the song, and her upturned eyelids show her rapturous emotions; but she glances rather downward, as is necessary for the duty which she is engaged in. The principal sitting figure who helps himself from the presented salver, looks on the attendant, and seems to enjoy and join in her raptures. In the copy the attendant gazes profoundly up, and finds her way along the ground by instinct; while the other figure helps himself in the same manner, and instead of accompanying and enjoying her song, looks unmusically enough forward at the silent untransported spectators.

No. 126. *Sunset on the North West Arm*—reminds strongly of the tints in composition ornaments for mantle pieces. It has the faults of non-character mentioned of 97, without its redeeming harmony of colouring. Every chocolate colour streak in the sky, and in the water; each rosy blush, and deep green shade, seems nearly as independent of blending and tint, as if they were patches taken from every hour in the day to make a mosaic work sunset. The glorious orb of day, resembles a dot of putty, and his most direct beam, seems most opaque.

No. 132. *Burgomaster and Peasant*—in its figures, animal and human; its light cool sky and back ground, which naturally and beautifully relieve the group; is excellent. We would almost hazard the idea, that it would not lose by a comparison with its original No. 10.

No. 136. *A View on the Rhine* is in composition and execution very attractive. The labyrinth formed by obtuse conical mountains; the repose of the deeply sheltered water, boats, and houses; and the fine, well employed opportunities, of expressing and contrasting light and shade; all make this a very romantic sketch.

No. 139. *An Italian Landscape* excels in beautifully painted trees, and a cool clear tone of sky.

No. 140. *St. Alban's Cathedral*, has an exquisitely drawn, and coloured sky; representing a squall. The Cathedral tower catching a sudden gleam, beautifully contrasts the more solemn tints of the atmosphere. The foreground is a line of shrubbery well coloured, and effective without glaring attempts at making it so. It is altogether a simple, characteristic, and superior composition; and in its expression and colouring well contrasts the brilliant picture beneath which it is suspended.

Want of opportunity and space occasion the brief notice taken above of the small room. Similar reasons oblige us to pass over the Corridor altogether unnoticed, except by remarking the following original sketches as particularly meritorious. No. 150, *a Street in Venice*, is really an exquisite little picture. No. 199, *Windsor Castle*, has rich mellow colouring, but is wanting in some of the fine pencil touches of No. 150. No. 143, *one of the Horatii*, 203, *Falls of Niagara*, 157, *Belisarius*, 145, *Cattle Group*, 208, *Dog and Rat*, are excellent in their different styles, and with several architectural and other sketches, deserve a lengthy and particular notice. There are two beautiful miniatures in the corridor, which from their contrast attracted our attention: 172, *Titian's mistress*, and 173, *Lady Ruthven*. One has the sweetest, softest, most feminine, dove-like expression imaginable; and is folding her beautiful hair as if shy of her own charms. The other is a bold, bright beauty, with her hat slouched to one side, and an amazon glance darting from beneath its deep shade. In conclusion we remark that we

have devoted more than a due space to the Exhibition, on account of its own very interesting character, and its being the first enjoyed by the people of Halifax. We have noticed only a few of the works, because want of space is an insuperable obstacle to paying attention to the entire. We perhaps have omitted some of the best, and mentioned those which accident made prominent; such errors are attendant on a hasty view, and inconvenience of taking notes. If we have been any where too severe, our taste was excited by the more beautiful specimens; and if on some we have been flattering and prolix, it proceeds from our early enthusiasm in the art, however deficient we may be in rules and technicals. We cannot conclude without advertising to the praiseworthy conduct of those, who not wanting amusement or employment themselves, contributed their talents and exertions to the interest of the exhibition. We would also remind the young students in the delightful art—that if they have already attained such honour and pleasure by their almost premature productions, how much may be expected after the great corrector Time has improved their hand and their judgment.

MATINS.

[FOR THE H. M. N.]

SWEET is the morning hour—the waking soul,
 Finds its lost energies all rushing back,
 In full calm tide, across the rested breast.
 Type of the resurrection—so the grave
 Shall break its sleep on some mysterious dawn,
 And night and slumber shall be past for aye.
 With soft and timid glance the rosy light
 Peeps o'er the eastern hills; and blending round,
 The gloom which lately seemed creation's pall,
 Gives richest drapery for the birth of day.
 Now is the time to bend the soul in prayer,
 Before the worldly flush pollutes the cheek;
 Or heart is poisoned by the mineral fumes,

Of those whose god is gold. Before the head
 Has fevered pulse from wounded pride or love ;
 Or the ten thousand accidents of life
 Rush in to choke the tender seeds of heaven.
 Bow now in humble rapture—night's short death
 Has dropt a partial veil o'er follies past,
 And morn without is pure and beautiful,
 As when creation's first fruits sang for joy.
 Another day presents its little life ;
 Another bright link in our being's chain
 Moves onward—let us meet it as we should.

Sweet is the *Matin*, though the worshippers,
 Are roused in divers ways to pay the rite.
 Whether the village trumpeter, from mid
 His feathry dames, summons the wandering sense ;
 Or cuckoo-clock perch'd on the sanded floor,
 And set to wonted time rings its alarm.
 Whether from humble hammock bed the call
 Of rugged mess-mate, brings the sailor up,
 To see the young beam on the emerald wave ;
 Or roused by clanking bell, the pale nun comes
 From dungeon chamber—in the flinty lines
 Of some old labyrinthine monastery—
 To bow with gathered devotees within
 The dim religious chapel—'neath the weak
 But lovely shades, which tinted glass emits.
 Whatever sphere beholds the form, tis good.
 Whatever words are blended in the hymn,
 So thought is pure, the morning worship meets,
 Its quick reward within the bowing breast.
 Whether in formal but sonorous chime
 It seeks the gates of light with solemn peal ;
 Or rude unlettered adjurations rise
 Simple as nature dictates ; or in wrapt
 And eloquent praise which Poet's soul indites.
 Haply, at times the latter may I know,
 And stand beside the bard, while on the east
 His vacant gaze reclineth ; and his soul
 Looks far into the calm unclouded sky,
 Imbued with prophet's vision.—Angel hosts,
 And his Creator's throne, and glories, which

His beating heart seeks not to call by name,
 Assist his worship there. His silent gaze
 Is undisturbed until the wheeling sun
 Comes rushing up the steep, and dazzling stands,
 The lord of beauty on the mountains' line.
 Then will the worshipper, seduced to earth,
 Glance o'er the laughing vales, the singing groves,
 The bleating plains; and catching voice from these,
 Send up his muttered hymn, as nature's priest
 Rapturous and humble—to the arch of heaven.

Alas! that man form'd with a front erect,
 Made but a little lower than the Hosts
 Who bow perpetually before the throne,
 Should, like the senseless beast arise from rest,
 And turn direct to earth; without one glance,
 One scaph glance, into the heaven of heavens.
 Sordid the heart must be, which finds its sense
 Mystically given again—and sees the sun
 Climb to its wonted throne—and earth awake,
 And Heaven all glorious—and its Maker's love,
 Inscribed on all things;—and yet feels no glow,
 Nor gives a thankful matin—nor invokes
 Continued shelter o'er its brittle life.

Let me whatever scenes surround my bed,
 Whatever pangs or joys entwine my lot,
 Give my first thoughts to Heaven—and while the earth
 Receives the dawning light; expand my breast
 To drink the better beam, which tho' unseen,
 Warms, and invigorates with endless day. D.

THE TRUCK-HORSE PETITION.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

“Notice.—In the Police Office on Saturday, ——— was fined
 10s. for cruel treatment to his horse.”—*Halifax Journal*.

TO THE MAGISTRATES ASSEMBLED IN SESSION.

The Petition of Dobbin, Ball, Black, Grey, and others—

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT your petitioners in looking over that interesting, valuable, widely circulated, excellent paper, the Halifax Journal,

were attracted by the notice which stands at the head of this petition. Hoping that *Justasses* will have a fellow feeling for *unjustly-used horses*, we in the name of all our brethren of the collar, attempt to *come before* those, whom we seem born to go under. We would carry a grievance to your notice, and would *draw* in a suggestion by way of remedy. First, putting the horse before the cart, we complain that the law by which ——— was fined, although intended to soothe by *rubbing down*, touches us on the raw. However well meaning it may be it is a Job-comforter law to us. How do we stand, supposing us to be *knocked down* by some prince of the whip? why we find it better to *grin and bear it*, than to *kick up a dust* and get our jockey punished in such a manner, as is certain to bring the lash on ourselves. The case is thus. The lord of the truck having *drawn* every thing but cash during the day, is in ill humour; his horse, the slave of the truck, having eaten every thing but hay and oats, is in ill heart and strength; he is aroused by being *whipped* instead of *baited*; and when the mule who walks on his hind feet, goes too far in his cruelty, he is fined 10s. We will not *go* to enquire whether this fine goes to painting J's face rum colour, or to enlarging the enormous diameter of S. C.'s girth—whether it goes to the ladies' bazaar, or to the national debt;—but in any case does the *fine* make times less *coarse* for the horse? Will it put Mulcahy in better humour, and induce him to give poor Ball a rest and a feed? or will it not have the opposite tendency, will it not make him *gee* instead of *haw*, and increasing the tyrant's penury and his ill humour, add the feeling of revenge to his cruelty? If laws are to protect from evil, and to redress grievances—how, O ye who hold the *reins* of government, who sit on the *saddle* of judgment, ye who are a *curb* to evil doers, and a *spur* to those who do well;—how does this *back* our troubles, or *curry-comb* our condition? Two blacks never made a good white—yet ye seem to think that one good beating and starving bout, makes amends for another! to this do your acts tend. This is our grievance—as to a remedy, if ye are indeed willing to give horse and man their due, it is soon found. Instead of the 10s. going to *grease the fat sow*, let it go to comfort the poor lean

horse. Let the penalty for cruelty be, that Mulcahy shall give Dobbin a half holiday and an extra feed of oats—let this half holiday be spent, and the oats eaten at ease, during winter, in a clean, warm stable; and during summer, in a cool green field. Shade of Bucephalus! what a change would then take place; we would snort lustily under our stripes; and when the sweet penalty were awarded, would gallop off to our repose and repast, happy as Aldermen. We should feel renovated for next day's labour; and Mulcahy would be rubbed down, by indirectly reaping all the benefit of our redress, in our increased exertion and value. Think of this simple remedy ye drivers of the land, so may ye get sure footed, and strong backed animals to forward your career. Think of this, and say not within yourselves, if Ball and Dobbin get the fine—D. and J. must lose their snacks—set not your law canters against us mute easy going creatures—but act according to eternal rectitude by always keeping the haw side of your road; so will the wonder of your fellows be excited, and your faithful horses will not ever pray, but will trot and gallop, carry and draw, willingly in your service.

Signed, GEE-HO-DOBBIN.

THE RECESS.

EVENING I.—SCENE A GARDEN.

Enter Morley and Barton.

MORLEY.—I feel more placidity in this little enclosure, and more freedom than in any other spot of earth. My friends alone enter its walls; controversy and turbulence of common life are excluded; and none but pleasing objects and sounds meet the senses. The flowers of the field, the little "stars of earth," give me as pure pleasure, as the more august beauties which speck the firmament; and I feel a higher glow as those young ash spread their green arms between me and the sun, than if a nabob's canopy shielded my noon-day retreat. The cadence of the breeze, the chirp of birds, the hum of happy insects on the wing; and best, the sweet converse of my chosen associates, are the noises which attract, but weary not here. If I ever feel real earthly placidity it is while sitting in my summer recess, lulled by the just perceptible murmurs, alive to the delicate perfumes, but half entranced in a dreamy, broad day enjoyment.

BARTON.—If such are your pleasures, the arrival of company but breaks the spell, and therefore should not be desired.

MORLEY.—Not so, the afternoon meeting of my friends in my humble bower is one of their kindest boons. It calls me delightfully to the kingdom of real life, and dissolves my fairy palaces, to give me in return all the fresh beauties of humanity.

BARTON.—My dear friend, I admire your sentimentality, without envying its possession. You recall my half forgotten boy-dreams to my mind; you are, to speak in your own strain, like the rose-leaf on the clear fountain of the parterre; I am, and always have been, a bark, armed as I could, on a tossing sea; touching at many a port, perhaps carousing at some, but fighting at most.

MORLEY.—I hope you are harboured at last, and that you will now moor firmly, and no longer buffet, when so little is gained by the struggle—but we have arrived at our recess—and our friends will soon be here.—This rural seat has no naked sword suspended over it as the thrones of kings have.

BARTON.—Fudge! dear Morley, “happy, lowly clown, uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,” “naked, hair-suspended swords,” and all such, is rigmarole, with your leave. The farmer is a lion to his labourer; the poet-author is a lion to the farmer; the peer is a lion to the poet; the king to the peer, and so through a thousand grades the delusion is carried on. The song says truly, “Man is man, and nothing more”—however, perhaps the mirage is of use; no doubt it is, it at least helps the picturesque, if it does not make substantial beauty.

MORLEY.—Recollect, Mr. Barton, we are as much creatures of habit, as of nature. The naked sword said to hang above the head of royalty, prefigures the cares and awful responsibility of the situation.

BARTON.—I am content—I suppose according to Young, if cares come not of themselves, they must be called into existence to give life a zest; and perhaps monarchs are in a degree responsible to the despot in the conscience, although reckless of most other controul.—But hark, the little green door creaks on its hinges; and coming from beneath the twisted willows, Carroll and Brown make their appearance.

MORLEY.—So they do. What a spring the appearance of friends gives to the animal and rational feelings of our nature. See Carroll how well he personifies his own character; he comes rolling along, tramp, tramp, as if he were employed to level the sward; his eye as sparkling, and his lip as merrily curled, as though there were not a grey hair on his head. And Brown, what a cynical scowl on his expressive features,—as if he were ever busy, setting the disproportioned joints of the times in order.

BARTON.—They are well contrasted—what with your sentimentality, Carroll’s humour, Brown’s acuteness, and my attention, the Recess might be bearable on summer evenings if it were on a desert; how delightful then in this little paradise.

(*Enter Caroll and Brown—usual salutations pass.*)

CAROLL.—Oh! how balmy and invigorating is this atmosphere;—and your garden, what sweet pot herbs for the soup, and lovely nosegays for the Sunday button-hole—happy Morley—to possess, and what is better, to enjoy, such a bazaar as I may say, such an assembly of beauties.

BROWN.—Bazaar, Assembly, indeed!—why friend Caroll you have not lost your bulls with your brogue. What is there here to remind you of the great cry and little wool of the bazaar; or of the hourly vacillations of a jobbing assembly? The sweet un-officious air of independence and simplicity which reigns here, and which whippers around “I am monarch of all I survey” is I think the chief good of the Recess, and of the enamelled spots which form its little garden. But talking of the Recess rural, reminds me of the Recess political; what think you Mr. Barton of our late House of Assembly?

BARTON.—Why really that is a question nice as a lady’s dress cap; and not to be handled without injury by every passing ploughman. The question of, what is the *House* like? might have so many answers attached to it, that I will not attempt unravelling the chaos. However I approve of the enquiry, and think small as our provincial affairs are, there is quite matter enough in them to interest those who ought to be concerned. “Little things are great, and should be great, to little men;” there is more of affected consequence, than of good sense in those who gape after distant matters because they shine brightly; neglecting what is their business to attend to, and which lies at their very door.

BROWN.—I think, waiving all ideas of principle, that Murray’s Grammar gives no bad hint of judging of our house.—May they not be divided into vowel, semi-vowel, and mute members? For instance the Assembly vowels can make sound by themselves; the semi-vowels easily chime in as auxiliaries to the vowels; and the mutes like Moses, however well they may appear, find a second mouth-piece a most necessary appendage to their dignity. How happily are different qualities blended—if all our assembly men were of the vowel order, the session would go on roaring like Niagara from January to December; if all were semi-vowels, what a ridiculous puddling clamour would scare the gallery from its propriety; and if all were mutes, which I allow is preferable to either of the other suppositions, how nicely his Majesty’s Council could put out unanswered manifestos. Talk of the three pillars of the state—humbug! but here indeed are three pillars supporting each other by collision. The straight forward shots of the semi-vowels, bring down the first class from their balloon flights, should they become too eccentric; and the mutes generally look on like field officers deciding by yes or no the “fate of nations and the shock of war.”

MORLEY.—Allow me to dissent from your ejaculation of humbug! as applied to that glorious Constitution, which is so well

said to be, "the envy of surrounding nations, and admiration of the world," and in which the three estate balance so nicely as to form a mutual support and check.

BROWN.—I allow Morley, with Canning, that it "works well," but talk not of balances and checks; and of three-one estates. If there are such, each must be independent of the other, although acting together for the good of the nation. The king is the chief magistrate; the source of honour and emolument; the sun of church and state; and enjoying many prerogatives as the first estate of the realm. The House of Lords form the second estate; some of its members sit by hereditary right as representatives of large possessions, and of powers and privileges which devolved on them with their titles; others sit by virtue of letters patent; and are creations of the king. The third branch are chosen by the nation at large, to represent their interests, and to draw and dispose of a certain portion of their money, for the general purposes of government. Such is the theory—what is the fact? Should a House of Lords appear adverse and refractory to the minister, the king can create peers to form a majority easy as a lord-mayor can create bum bailiffs. Where is then the actual independence of the second branch? But the king is little more than head of the aristocracy; and as the source of church and state honours, there is seldom found any but a very accomodating opposition to his cabinet, on the spiritual and temporal benches of the House of Lords. What then is the lower, the people's house? Alas for our fine gold! if troubles arise, alas for the nation's goods and chattels, they lie on the extremity of the town land, and the stewards of the property act in concert with the border chiefs. Alas for the theory of a House of Commons! A few lords and rich commoners send a majority to the people's house; this majority generally must either "follow the leader or vacate," so that whenever the hand in the highest quarter, sets *directly* north or south, east or west, to that same point, the other estates *invariably* settle, after some pretty vapouring all round the compass. Where are your checks and balances? freedom of debate and power of circulating principles by means of the press, seem the only checks or balances in the whole affair. Does a minister understand such balancing of power as you allude to? let the lower pillar leave him in a minority—what then? does he rail at its opposition, and bring the weight of the other pillars to balance it, and negative its preponderance? not at all—it is taken as the signal of defeat—it is the small voice which tells him, the lords do not heartily support you—something is rotten in your cabinet interest—the court sun turns his rays askance—it is time for you to retire—and he takes the hint, lays down his trust and retires. Believe me Morley, fine and poetic as the pillar's look in enthusiast essayists, under the old Sarum constitution it is as mere dreaming, as Uniacke's anticipated rebellion.

MORLEY.—This suits badly with my favourite ideas, but not ba-

ing a politician by profession, I will choose some other time to consider of your drawbacks on the British constitution.

BROWN.—Pardon me, but you are again unintelligible, I was going to say vulgar. Constitution—what an unmeaning word to thousands who make use of it; how unmeaning as you have just applied it. If constitution means, that foundation of rules solemnly agreed to between a nation and its rulers, or by a nation when it appointed its rulers—a foundation on which all laws must be built, and beyond which none may go; rules well proved, and not to be altered or abrogated, which control and protect the king's prerogative, while they protect and control the peasant's liberty!—such a moral frame work might be called a constitution. If we have got it, let it be general as the passing breeze, that every Briton may know his birthright.—But talk not of the three pillars which are the top-stone, as being the foundation. It is said we will protect our constitution with our lives—right and justice are eternal, but men are variable and liable to change as the appearance of an April atmosphere. If the three estates were to become corrupt, would your constitution be still worth dying for? With the moral frame work, the rotten carcase might be renovated; but woe to our pride, if as some intimate, our constitution is merely the breath of the nostrils of any man or men.

BARTON.—We are getting more serious than suits good company. Many things which appear venerable anomalies in the British Government, are rendered useful and even splendid by the genius of the nation, and by the spirit of the age. Perhaps pulling a few wires behind the scene has accomplished some of the brightest acts of the reign of George the fourth. But our provincial government which introduced those remarks, is very dissimilar. Whatever may be thought of our upper branch, which seems to unite King, Ministers, Cabinet, and House of Lords in one; our lower branch has no rotten borough interest within its walls.

BROWN.—I admit that the poverty of the province, and the good will of our Parent land, have prevented any of our members being returned by the valley of dry bones. Humble their constituents may be, but they are firm pieces of flesh and blood, they win their bread like men, and send, without any sophistication, representatives to perform their business. Let them look to it, and preserve their right as the apple of their eye. An attempt is made, not to introduce a few rotten borough abominations into our settlements, but to turn the whole assembly into a rotten borough; into a council committee room; into a club, to whom the upper branch shall say, “remit this, and lay on that, or your services shall be rendered nugatory; and your supplies and appropriations for the country, shall be blown away as so many worthless cobwebs.” If the country belies not its character and origin, such cannot be the case. It will remove representatives if it thinks fit, and will get others to undo what has been improperly done; but it will hug its rights as a darling child, and will not cast it to the dogs because some pins in its dress have scratched a finger.

CAROLL.—See Morley, what a beautiful butterfly flutters above yonder lilach tree ; it seems about settling amid its fairy bowers for the night ; as other travellers seek the denser atmosphere of the inn. And see, Brown, the better half of your constitution has entered the garden with Mrs. Morley ; as the recess is not a close borough, it is time to adjourn.

BROWN.—It is, it is, oh that the solemn rules, the constitutional compact, beyond which either party may not pass, were applied to matrimonial life.

MORLEY.—If nothing else intervenes may not the interrupted description of our speaking, semi-speaking, and demi-semi-speaking members of Assembly, be taken up next recess evening ?

Omnes agreed, and exeunt.

RICHARD *Cœur de* COUNCIL'S LAMENT.

Air,—*Capt. Patons Lament.*

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

TOUCH once a BRANDY measure,
And let smiles and tears be soft ;
For a prince of dandy speakers,
That—alas ! is gone aloft.
For a prince of dandy speakers,
And a courtly man also ;
Who has left assembly cushions,
In silence, grief and woe.

Oh ! we'll never see the like of Richard Council any moe.

His coat, and vest, and trowsers,
Were all of different cloth ;
The first a true blue colour,
The next like barley broth ;
His trowsers black and natty,
Round his polished boot did go ;
And in catouche galoshoes,
He'd step as soft as snow.

Oh ! we'll never see the like of *Cœur de* Council any moe.

One time when doors were opened,
 He took a solemn STAND;
 And spoke of "Mr. Speaker" and
 The troubles of the land.
 And on his Pa and half brother,
 He would remark or so;
 And then upon the carpet,
 Like a steam boat he would blow.

Oh! we'll seldom hear such speeches as brave Richard's any moe.

In dangerous times he picked well
 His safe course through the fog;
 And found a little mountain,
 Where others found a bog.
 Then on entering the gallery,
 About two we all did know,
 We would see him on the red bench,
 In the middle of the row.

Oh! we'll seldom see a neater man than Richard any moe.

Now and then in answer to the rest,
 He'd give us something fine;
 Of conscience, honour, and old men,
 Who round a board did shine—
 There was a little 'slip slop,
 And some phrases but so so;
 But then he gave it o'er and o'er,
 Which makes amends you know.

Oh! such logic we will seldom hear as Richard's any moe.

Or if a tax was mentioned,
 On brandy, rum, or wine,
 He'd talk of 'economy and trade,
 In language just divine.
 The tea indeed he'd tax himself,
 But teas in China grow;
 And are but a slow poison,
 While the others rapid go.

Oh! such logic we will seldom hear as Richard's any moe.

And then at times he would display,
Fine legislative whim ;
Settling the press and other things,
All equal Greek to him ;
And then his hand would slap the air,
And his manly thigh also ;
And he'd point to public tumult,
All in his eye we know.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see such matters as he spoke of any moe.

And when the President appeared,
About to send us home ;
And all was topsy turvy,
To get the business done ;
He car'd not for the time or tide,
But made his stories flow,
About House, and Speaker, and low wine,
Rum, brandy—Collins Co.

Oh ! we ne'er shall see a firmer stand than Richard's any moe.

But at length bold Richard's hour came,
Boyd stopt him in the middle ;
St. Michael call'd him from the house,
To play a "higher fiddle."—
But in spite of Lawson's straight hits,
And little Murdoch's crow,
The windy battle was all fought
By our legislative beau.

Oh ! we'll seldom see such lungs and sense, in mortal any moe.

Join all in chorus—members, chair,
Major, and minority—
Reporters, sergeants—Richard's gone
Call'd off by high authority.
No longer at the House or bar,
His eloquence will flow ;
He's gone into an upper sphere
And left us sad below.

Oh ! who can fill the brandy gap, like Richard any moe.

Join ye who back'd him in the house,
 With constant "ten pound ten."
 When one was done the other rose,
 And sang the same again.
 Join ye who cut his logic up,
 With cruel swashing blow;
 And ye who took his speeches down,
 Compressed like ball of snow.

Oh ! ye'll seldom hear a speech like Dicky Council's any moc.

But now that he is gone from us,
 Let's do him common right ;
 Few men had greater dignity,
 In concert or in fight.
 He scorn'd to turn his back on friends,
 He'd face his foes also ;
 And never would like others use,
 Invective coarse or low.

Oh ! we'd better spare, a better man.—He's gone for ever moc.

SYMPATHY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE divine commiseration towards human nature has been expressed by writers under abundance of metaphors ; but two little allegorical expressions seem prominent amid the multitude of words. "Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—is one of Sterne's beautiful allusions to this divine attribute. It contains a mass of ideas in one short sentence. One of the most helpless and innocent creatures of the animal world, is rendered still more dependent by avarice—the lamb is shorn—and to suit its destitution the element which overturns forests and sweeps navies to battle is said to be tempered. Strong contrast, and sweetness of figure and expression, have handed this little passage from the author to his fellows as an inspired scrap. The ancients said "when the balcyon broods over her young the waves are hushed"—and for figure and delicacy this expression is scarcely second to the other. To appreciate this sweet passage we must imagine, the frail nest on the undulating wave, the beautiful and timid parent fluttering over the cradle of her brood, and the power which governs nature looking on with pitying eye, and controuling the spirits of wind and deep, to suit the helpless family.—Innumerable are the instances by which man may learn the goodness of Heaven from a study of animated nature. Some of the lower tribes exhibit in their delicacy and beauty of frame, and in the peculiarities of their habits, and adaptation to circumstances, incidents so interesting—that their accurate mention must be poetic and beautiful, without effort.

C.

THE CARRICATURE EXPLAINED.

THE late lamented dispute between his Majesty's Council and the *Representatives of the Country*, has excited the talent of the Province in no small degree. The Pen, second only to the sword in warfare, has been drawn, and has dazzled or dimmed by its movements. "Q," a queer fellow, proves the deductions of "Aristides" to be most unjust. "A payer of Taxes" seems anxious to pay more! "The Club" takes up the cudgel for the Assembly; and "Mentor" serves as a finger post to the road-to-right in de Lolme. The "Nova-Scotian" speaks undisguisedly as a *Blue Nose* should speak on his own concerns. The "Recorder" registers the belligerent blows. The "Gazette" gives fuel to the flame in the shape of cut and dry state papers, and then finds fault with the sparks. The "Free Press" as usual looks out for squalls, and raises the wind by blowing a penny trumpet amid thunder. The "Acadian" loses a subscriber by gaining spirit; and the "Journal" wishing to job for both parties, meddles with neither, but rolling its eye in a fine frenzy, sees invisible things, and guesses as how some folk, a great way off, are calculating on a dissolution; and are trying the strength of their measures on *canvas*.—Amid all those efforts of the Pen, it should not be matter of wonder if the Pencil has tried a touch, on this historical subject. The "*Halifax Magazine*" endeavours to give "much in a little," by publishing an emblematic print in its first number, on the occurrence.

The CUT exhibits "THE THREE PILLARS" so often alluded to in the course of the brandy debate.—The pillar to the right, represents the *Commons*—it appears as a bundle of sticks shewing the strength gained by union; and is united at top by a "band of brothers" in allusion to a pious exhortation of the member for Barrington. Of this bundle of sticks three seem broken off from the rest, they represent the famous Council minority in the Assembly. From the centre of the pillar the cap of constitutional liberty is reared. Johnny Bluenose the genius of the country sits on the top—it is based on the everlasting hills of Nova Scotia below—and is

shored up by Public Opinion and Rights.—The pillar to the left represents a House without a name, yet not without power; it is not the House of Lords, because its members have no claim to their seats, except the mere pleasure of the executive, and they are his constitutional advisers or ministers; it is not a cabinet only, because it has a distinct voice in making laws, and sits acting as a board without the immediate advice or controul of the executive. It is what is called a legislative council—farther, we can no more describe it than we could describe a mermaid or a unicorn. This pillar is encircled by a crown at top showing its authority; a number of faces appear a little lower down, intimating that it represents no interests, and merely goes as far as the number of heads which it can reckon; a scroll which encircles the pillar, conveys the official names of most of its members; and it is supported in its place by wine and brandy barrels, shewing the delicate ground it has assumed at present, and the ticklish stand it has taken. As a brandy barrel would be poor foundation for a *heavy* body placed *obliquely*, three gentlemen who represent the Council minority in the Assembly, strive might and main to keep the barrels firm, and to support the stand of the pillar. The near figure represents one foremost in the war, who died fighting, and was quickly caught up like a true Mussulman into paradise. The far figure professes not to care for popularity, although it was thought that he gave his days and nights, time and talents, for it before now—however many think that the cog which was up then is down now, and that this figure worked at the one wheel in both instances. The third figure exclaims, “I would be the last man to sacrifice the rights of the country”—and he *is* the last man, and merely keeps the other two forward at the hard work.—In the back ground of the picture, the third pillar appears, where it was during the dispute, in Bermuda—may it come like a battering ram to the support of poor Blue Nose, and to the discomfiture of those who have done a great evil, for a little pride. The mention of Blue Nose, calls attention to his critical situation—he appears placed between the two pillars partly resting on the capitals of both, and in danger of falling by their division; the cap of liberty and

the crown are nearest his heart, and with a telescope he examines how his father *John Bull* looks on the brandy dispute. The rays which come from old Bull's sphere, are intercepted, and prevented from falling on the council column by clouds of folly; but the old man looks complacently on his lump of a boy who rides the two stools at once. Immediately over Johnny's head is a rough map of the colonies, and an emblematic figure exclaiming "one and all" intimating that the interests of all the Provinces, are inseparable in constitutional questions. Behind Blue Nose, Jonathan appears, enjoying the dispute and cracking a joke on the subject. Between the pillars, below, the Revenue and Appropriation bills are observed falling to the ground; the first was lost, that the brandy trade might be encouraged; and the second, because a little dignity should be given up, if roads, bridges, steam boats, and similar trifles were attended to.—We have thus explained the intent of the print; and take the opportunity of expressing regret, that the engraver did not do justice to the supporters of the brandy barrel; he has represented three of the handsomest men of the late Assembly, by very doubtful undignified features. We cannot account for Mr. B.'s fine Roman nose being represented long as a ladle handle, except that it was meant figuratively for the *long face*, which is generally attendant on disaster. With this notice of the matter we dedicate our little caricature to the Assembly of Nova Scotia; in it we have avoided coarse allusions; if it does nothing else, it will fasten with a few sure nails, the rough outlines of the Revenue Question.

THE EMIGRANT'S SONG.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE sun is on the sea, and glints, upon our tall ship's side;
 His beams are on our highland peaks in all their morning pride;
 And bower and brae, and rock and vale, seem gladden'd by the dawn,
 As light and shade, in lovely tints are floating o'er the lawn.

The sun is on the sea, where sits, our tall ship on the stream ;
 And up our native hills in beauty, sends his dancing beam ;
 But dark as is the outlaw's den, or warlock's cavern deep,
 Across our gloomy breasts no ray, of happy light can sweep.

The sun is on the sea, but when his gentle evening hour,
 Looks mildly on our lonely cot, and our deserted bower,
 Where then will be those gloomy breasts which now prepare to roam ?—
 Upon the cold blue deep, away,—for ever from their home !

The sun is on the sea in light, but would his rays were dim—
 Our stubborn hearts refuse to greet his glance with morning hymn.
 And melancholy seems to smite our native shore to day ;
 That rising beam but calls her sons, to exile far away.

The sun is on the sea and oft in boyhood's happy morn,
 We hail'd his beam from yonder knowe with sweetly echoed horn ;
 Secure at night, upon our brae, to lay us down to rest,
 Not dreaming then our native land would fling us from her breast.

The sun is on the sea, and oft, we hail'd his rays before,
 When peaceful bells proclaim'd the day, for Christians to adore :
 And we could sit beneath our shade, with happy thankful heart,
 Nor thought that kirk, and bower, and cot, should see us thus depart.

Farewell, farewell, our mountain scenes, but oh where'er we rove,
 Your ties shall twine about our breast, which still tho' wrong'd must love.
 And when we tread a distant strand beyond a stranger sea,
 We'll think upon thy glassy lough, and bless thy bonny brae.

Farewell, farewell, when stranger voices mingle in our ear,
 And we will seem so coldly stern, tho' struggles hard the tear ;
 Then will thy native songs return, in many a magic tone,
 And walls they echoed once, we'll deem, deserted now and lone.

Farewell, farewell, our rocky shore is smiling on our woe,
 And wives and babes are grouping sad upon the beach below ;
 The streamer floats, the gun is fir'd, our sails are flutt'ring high,
 Now bosoms break, and foreheads burn, but yet no weeping eye.

Farewell, farewell, our bonny shore is from our bold deck seen,
 In all its beauteous pageantry of ever varied green !
 And groups upon its fairy cliffs waive one sad, long adieu,
 And one long rending cheer is sent from our departing crew.

Farewell, farewell, no more we curb the burning, gushing tear,
Farewell to hearts, and scenes, and cots which long were doubly dear.—
Alas their figures fade, their voice, but dies upon the gale
As o'er our native waves we press with high careering sail.

Farewell our bonny native isles your less'ning shores we view,
As o'er our bow sublimely spreads the ocean's glorious blue ;
Farewell, farewell, your lovely groves seem sinking in the foam.
Farewell our plains, our friends our foes, farewell our highland home.

TARA.

SEA SKETCHES.*No. 1.—The Burial Scene.*

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

THE morning dawned on the Atlantic, placidly as the infant awakes from sleep, and as unconscious of the thousand ills of human life ;—who that saw the grey shade, ripening into a soft, fawn tint, and lighting up the vast beauties around without one inharmonious glare, but would for a moment forget the sins and griefs, which sad experience told were in that magnificent theatre.

The C—— lay like a sleeping swan on the water—her canvas hanging languidly from the spars, and her hull gently rocking with the never ceasing undulations of the glassy deep. It was an holy calm—and few on board but felt a stillness beyond that of reposing nature. Death had visited our bark during the past night—a cold emaciated corpse lay in the hold—and a maniac mourner sat beside it. But our bark was no longer to be a sepulchre—the sea was about to receive its dead—with the dawn, the hour of burial had arrived.

The silence was dismally broken by the wild but pathetic exclamations of the mourner below—she called on the dead man, and if his soul had not indeed altogether fled, it would have answered her entreaties.—She conjured him by his native land, by his love of her, and by his affection for his innocent children not to leave them in their destitution. She enquired where were they to go amid a world of strangers ; and in all the untaught eloquence of woe portrayed the awful change which had blasted their hopes—but when she alluded to his burial in the deep—

her frenzy became incoherently violent, and some pitying friends gently forced her to a more remote part, between the decks.

It was the widow of the dead man—they were emigrants—he was a respectable mechanic, and she was remarkable while on board, for modest retiring manners. They were both young—and while she was an amiable specimen of the youthful matron in humble life, he seemed the hardy determined man, fit to be such a woman's husband, and to be the protecting father of a little family. This family was already sprouting into existence—two fine chubby children looked to him for bread, and his wife was near another confinement. In this state were they on their passage from the old world to the new; but the pestilential vapour of a crowded ship, helped by accidental weakness of frame, and the anxieties of a father so placed, had for the last few days, made him too ill to appear on deck. The little luxuries within reach were assiduously rendered him, and his wife seldom quit his side, or was seen to breathe the better air above, except when with a fevered cheek she sought medicine from the Captain, and hurried again below, to her melancholy charge.—The evening previous, there was more than usual silence in the hold; an humble attendant could be heard devoutly reading prayers—but the fervent ejaculations of the sick man were scarcely distinct—he felt that within which stifled every outward show of torture—overwhelming care and grief, denied a moan to his bodily suffering—his beloved wife most delicately situated was beside him, his children were hiding their tearful features in her vestments—they were a thousand leagues from home, and he was about leaving them, unprotected, amid strangers—about leaving them for ever. Oh! that he could see them returned to their native land, and he would die in peace—oh! that he might be spared a little, little time, to settle them in some way in the strange land before them—but it may not be. The last dregs of life were momentarily quivering on his lips, his glazing eyes were closing for the grave—and all his pious recollections, strengthened by the revered prayers of his church which his poor friends uttered, were barely sufficient to enable his faith to struggle with the griefs around, and to glance from the too material world, to the place he was about entering.—That night a candle was allowed

n the hold, and it was placed by the dying man's miserable birth;—the prayers were less audible, and foreboding pauses were made—at length an awful whisper went round—"he's dead"—"poor Cummins is dead," was the expected tidings.—Nature imperious in its demands had hushed the broken hearted widow, and her orphans—she sat exhausted and almost speechless until the approaching day.—But when they prepared for his burial—when the real and the final separation from her partner was about taking place, a maniac's strength seemed imparted, and the wildest cries, and screams, and most rending expressions, were audible on the upper deck, as the melancholy listener paused over the gang way of the hold.

A silent group had collected on the quarter deck—the sailors laid a plank on the bulwarks, and seemed by their unusually low speaking, to feel that involuntary respect which great sorrow demands—a person holding a prayer book, and looking with a melancholy, unobtrusive officiousness on the preparations, was conspicuous amid the increasing group;—louder screams issued from the hold, and a body wrapped in canvas was borne up. The shrieks now took the form of language, and the Captain was conjured not to throw the body into the sea—"the shore was in sight—bring her husband to get christian burial"—was the widow's cry, and herself and her children seemed forgotten, as her poor partner's remains were forcibly taken away, to be committed to the unholy deep. To prevent her access to the deck, the ladder connecting from below was withdrawn—and as her ravings became more indignant, she was hurried into a distant part, that the melancholy obsequies might not be interrupted.—The dead man in his coarse winding sheet was laid on the plank—prayer commenced, and every head was uncovered. Under the opposite bulwark a pitying female was crouched, and at each side she held a terrified looking, weeping child. They were the little ones of poor Cummins—indefinite horrors surrounded the innocents—the bitter wailing of her whose bosom was so lately their life, resounded in their ears—he whose knee they already knew, was silent, and pale, and cold, and was going they knew not where—their little hearts too soon tasted of real grief;—they wept bitterly—and strangers rough and careless

wept also. The prayer was concluded—and the plank was raised—the sullen plunge, the splash were heard—the next moment the hissing froth-bubbles marked the spot—again the clear glass shone through—the rite was passed—and the husband and father had gone down to his awful sepulchre.

It was a burial worthy an hero. The sun had already peered over the deep on our quarter—about five miles distant, the shores of Nova-Scotia waved in picturesque lines—and several craft of various sizes, detained by the calm, formed an immense unconnected semicircle of which our ship seemed the centre. There were no guns to heighten the effect—but the stillness was more suitable—and the noble picture of animated creation, of the sublime deep, and the glowing heaven—insensibly, but absolutely raised the gazer's mind;—and the contemplation of misery and death soon gave place to the vast beauty of the burial scene; and to the worship of him who is the Author of all life and loveliness.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

Who looks upon thee—rising star of eve?
 The joys of earth in giddy currents flow,
 The hues of sunset linger on the wave,
 The fading cloud has bold attractive glow;
 Who gazes on thy modest twinkling grace?
 The call of glory, dulls the voice of peace.

“ These frantic joys shall be as hush'd as death,
 “ While I revolve 'mid music of the sky;
 “ That cloud shall scatter at the tempest's breath,
 “ While calm I sit my azure throne on high;
 “ When the dark howling waves with horror teem,
 “ Brilliant and pure, the eye of heaven, I'll seem.”

Such is his course, who with a purposed end,
 Keeps pure, tho' humble on his lonely way;
 Low is his state to theirs who round him wend;
 The hues of fashion give to some a ray;
 To others, pomp and wealth their lustre lend;
 And while he ponders—all the earth seems gay;
 But, when the moths are whelm'd, in storm and night,
 Then does the giant gain his proud meridian height.