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Vol. 2. No. 4. PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
Halifax Monthly
MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

CONTENTS.

| | PAGE |
|--|--------------|
| Zoological Sketches.—The Caribou | 145 |
| The Moose | 147 |
| Mineral Springs of Nova-Scotia | 150 |
| Song of Emigration | 152 |
| Monmouth Close | 153 |
| Origin of English Coins | 154 |
| Pathetic Scene | 157 |
| 'The Patriots' Grave | 160 |
| Remarks on the Performance of Christian Psalmody | 163 |
| 'The Sower's Song' | 169 |
| Resignation | <i>ibid.</i> |
| Paganini | 170 |
| Rich and Poor | 174 |
| The Recess, No 5, | 184 |
| The North West Arm | 187 |
| Monthly Record | 189 |

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED BY J. S. CUNNABELL.

1831.

Monthly Advertiser.

SEPTEMBER, 1831.

It is intended to receive Advertisements, to be attached to the Halifax Monthly Magazine. Magazines from passing through many hands, from form, portability and continued reference, are approved vehicles for advertisements—their advertisements are also supposed to be selections from those of the Newspapers.—Terms known at the Office. Persons intending to advertise in next number, will please give notice on or before the 28th instant.

PROSPECTUS

OF A

RELIGIOUS PERIODICAL,

TO BE ENTITLED

THE NOVA-SCOTIA WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE.

THE facilities afforded, and the impetus given to the dissemination of knowledge by the art of printing are calculated to astonish the imagination. Genius has by its means, shed her coruscations over unenlightened masses—and illumed and warmed into life and usefulness, many moral and intellectual wastes; while to civilized man, to whose advancement in the useful arts, and in the knowledge of the principles of religion, the invention of printing has essentially contributed, she continues to open up prospects of the most cheering description as to ulterior benefits.

A mighty influence is wielded by the Press, which, as a medium of universal communication, probably never occurred to the minds of its Inventors. But that influence will be, as it has been, either salutary or mischievous according to circumstances. If employed on the side of religion and virtue, society will be improved and knowledge will be virtue—if on the side of vice, or of a vague

Prospects of The N. S. Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

morality, passion freed from restraint will reign dominant, and man, reined indeed in intellectual endowments, will be the more fitted for selfish and criminal gratification.

Benevolent and intelligent men have therefore endeavoured to give a wholesome direction to the energies of the Press. Their efforts have not been unaccompanied with success. A taste for reading in the various departments of literature and science has been awakened—a spirit of enquiry is in general operation—the healthful streams of useful knowledge, spreading fertility in their course have been diffused far and wide, and from the press is continually issuing the means of mental and moral culture.

BRITAIN and AMERICA appreciate those efforts as they participate in their results:—many of the continental states of Europe also reap the benefits accruing from an enlightened press, though incumbered by restrictions proceeding from puerile fears—but Nova Scotia, a scion from Britain's stock, with her College—her Academies—her Grammar Schools—her Authors and her periodicals, and above all untrammelled by a censorship of her press, cannot boast of one religious periodical of her own! She has yet to learn what would be the benefit resulting from the influence of *distinctly* religious publications. But why? Probably because none has hitherto been undertaken within her own precincts.

To remedy an acknowledged lack in the provincial literature—to meet the wants of a great proportion of our provincial population—to subserve their religious interests by contributing to their means of information on the doctrines—obligations—and blessings of Christianity—in fine, to discourage moral delinquency by an enforcement of the sanctions of morality, and to encourage piety by the allurements of the Gospel, a Religious Publication bearing the above title is contemplated. While the Publishers, diffident in reference to their qualifications for such a work, put in no pretention to literary pre-eminence, they will conscientiously spare no pains to render their intended undertaking worthy of public patronage.—It is designed—

I. That the work shall consist generally of Articles selected or original of Religious Biography—theology—illustrations of scrip-

Prospectus of The N. S. Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

ture—on the history, literature, geography and natural philosophy of the Bible—on Ecclesiastical history—the economy, and particular incidents, of Providence, with such others on words, general science and miscellaneous subjects as may be conducive to the interests of piety. A considerable proportion of the work shall be appropriated to Missionary Intelligence, foreign and domestic.

As pecuniary profit is not contemplated in the publication of the NOVA-SCOTIA WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE—

II. It shall contain as large a proportion of neatly printed letter-press as possible, in octavo numbers, at a quarter dollar each, to be issued quarterly until sufficient patronage may warrant its more frequent appearance.

Of the necessity and utility of such a work as is here contemplated, if conducted with any degree of respectability, it is presumed little more need be said: and as a vehicle for original articles which may be supplied by provincial writers, it will afford very facility.

Though the principles of the work will, as its title may suggest, exclude latitudinarianism, it is resolved that the NOVA-SCOTIA WESLEYAN METHODIST MAGAZINE, shall not be the medium of that acrimony which desecrates too generally the writings of mere controvertialists. The publishers wish it explicitly to be understood that they will never court the arena of polemics—it is there that piety pants and expires under the wounds inflicted by the injudicious and unhallowed zeal of intemperate friends. Such zeal was never needed by the cause of CHRIST—it has ever been its bane. At the same time should impetuous necessity demand the service at their hands, they will not be found wanting in a disposition to vindicate principles inculcated by revelation with that modest independence which characterizes a conviction of their scriptural verity.

Communications (post paid) will be thankfully received for the Editor by the Rev. W. DOWSON, or at the Printing Office of Mr. CUNNABELL, Halifax; and by the Rev. W. CROSCOMBE, Windsor.

The Wesleyan Ministers in the Provinces will, it is hoped, become agents for the work, and receive the names of subscribers, which they are requested to forward by the earliest opportunity as above.

Stationery, School Books, &c.

Per Bainbridge from London.

JAMES SPIKE,

HAS for sale at his store, corner of Granville and Sackville Streets, just received per the above vessel—a variety of articles in the Stationery Line, which he will sell at very low prices—among which are

Writing paper of almost every description and quality,
Quills and Pens from 3 to 20 shillings per hundred,
Blank Books of various kinds,
Mavor's, Murray's, Fenning's, and Dilworth's Spelling Books,
Entick's Dictionary,
Ward's Latin Grammars
Goldsmith's History of England,
Pinnock's Catechisms
Father Clements,
Prayer Books and Bibles,
Best and common Catholic Prayer Books, elegantly bound
and common,
Bristol Boards, and Drawing Paper,
Gold and Fancy Papers,
Slate and Slate Pencils, large and small,
Sealing Wax and Wafers,
Patent Ink Stands,
Japan Ink, red and black,
Blank Cards, large and small.
Henry VIII, and Highlander Playing Cards—coloured backs
Pamphlets, Song Books, Children's Books, &c. &c.
Halifax, Aug. 1831.

Removal.

GEORGE PHILLIPS,

BOOK-BINDER, &c.

Respectfully informs the public, that he has removed to the House,

Corner of Duke and Argyle-street ;

where he continues to execute orders in his line, as usual—and hopes, by punctuality and attention, to merit a continuance of that patronage, with which he has hitherto been so liberally favoured.

Blank paper bound to order.

July.

COLLECTIONS OF SEEDS, &c.
OF
INDIGENOUS PLANTS of NOVA-SCOTIA.
GARDEN SEEDS.

MR. TITUS SMITH, of the Dutch Village, having observed that the *Garden Seeds*, imported from Europe, are frequently apt to fail, (probably from the want of a progressive naturalization,) believes that he is rendering an acceptable service to Horticulturists, when informing them that he generally has on hand seeds of the most common and useful kinds of esculent vegetables, which he conceives will on trial, be found free of this defect.

HAVING been accustomed to give much of his time to the study of the Botanical subjects of this Province, he has it in his power to say, that he is competent to furnish *Collections of Plants and Seeds of the Native Indigenous Plants of Nova-Scotia*; and will have much pleasure in affording assistance to any one desirous of availing themselves of his services.

Dutch-Village, 29th July, 1831.

* A reference will be given at this office.

Smithers & Studley,

DECORATIVE and GENERAL PAINTERS.

RESPECTFULLY inform the inhabitants of Halifax and its vicinity, that they have commenced business in the above line, in all its branches at

**No. 67, Barrington-Street, opposite the residence
of the Chief Justice,**

where orders will be received and executed with neatness and
dispatch. July, 1831.

JOHN FOX,

Hard and Soft Bread Baker,

BEGS leave to tender his best thanks to those who have heretofore favoured him with their custom; and hopes, by punctuality and attention, to merit a continuance of public patronage.

Flour baked into Biscuit for the use of shipping, and other orders in his line attended to, at the shortest notice, and on reasonable terms, at his Bakery, in Barrington-street, a few doors north of the Halifax Grammar School. May.

REMOVAL.

The Subscriber begs leave to inform his Friends and the Public, that he has removed his STATIONERY STORE to the corner of Granville and Sackville streets. JAMES SPIKE.

June, 1831.

C. LLOYD,

(Late Organist of Trinity Church, Trinidad,)

FROM LONDON,

Respectfully solicits a share of the Public patronage of
Halifax and its vicinity, in

TEACHING THE PIANO-FORTE, &c.

TERMS:

THREE POUNDS PER QUARTER.—THREE LESSONS A WEEK.

. *Piano-Fortes, Finger and Barrel Organs repaired
and regulated.*

A. L. Flohr, TAILOR,

NO. 89, BARRINGTON-STREET,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public in general, for their liberal support, since in business, and hopes, by assiduity and attention, to merit a continuance of the same. He also informs them, that he has constantly on hand

**Black, blue and other fashionable coloured
Cloths and Cassimeres ;**

which he will make up in the most fashionable manner, on moderate terms. November 1.

TO BE PUBLISHED,

As soon as a sufficient number of Subscribers can be obtained, The
“**Witch of the Westcot,**” a Tale of Nova-
Scotia, and other Poems,

BY ANDREW SHIELS,

The work will contain 220 pages, octavo, in a fine new type, and on good paper, the price to Subscribers 7s. 6d.

Subscriptions will be received at the book Stores of Mr. C. H. Belcher, and Mr. MacKinlay, and at this office. Feb.

MUSIC,

On the Jacotot System.

The Subscriber respectfully intimates, that his Pupils are practising on the *Jacotot System* every day from 4 to 6 o'clock. Parents who may please to send their children, will have nothing to pay except they receive the most perfect satisfaction in every respect. The Subscriber, however, having made himself perfect master of the System as applied to Music, is induced to believe, that pupils by it will learn as much in the summer as they do by the usual method, in a twelve month.

June, 1831.

ABDIEL KIRK.



H. Hamilton,

Cabinet Maker, &c.

RETURNS thanks for past favours, and respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he has lately removed to the shop in Granville-street,

Two doors north of the Chocolate
Manufactory;

where he continues to execute orders in the above business, on moderate terms; and hopes by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

☞ Venetian Blinds neatly made.—Funerals carefully conducted. November.



EDWARD HEFFERAN,

Chair Maker,

RETURNS his sincere thanks to his friends, and the public at large, for the liberal support he has received since his commencement in business, and begs leave to inform them that he still carries on the above business, in all its branches, at his Shop in Duke-street, next door to Mr. M'Dougall's.

All orders in his line will be executed in the neatest and most fashionable style.

☞ High and low Rocking Chairs, Children's Chairs, &c. &c.

George Hamilton,
TAILOR,

GRATEFUL for past favors, respectfully informs the public that he has received by the late arrivals a supply of

Fine and Superfine Cloths and Cassimeres,
which he will make up in the most fashionable manner, for cash or short credit. November

PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.

Andrew B. Jennings,

DEGS leave to inform his Friends and the Public in general, that he has commenced the above business in all its branches, and hopes by strict attention and assiduity, to merit a share of public patronage.

All orders strictly attended to, and executed with neatness and despatch.

↪ Shop opposite that of William Chaplain's, in the rear of the Acadian school.

Sept. 1831.

REMOVAL.



THE Printing Office of J. S. Cunnabell, is removed to the new house in Argyle-street, opposite the south west corner of the Parade.

Book and Job Printing executed with correctness, neatness and expedition.

Catalogues, Attorneys' and other Blanks, Bank Checks, Receipts, Circulars, Pamphlets, Cards, Handbills, Shop Bills, Notifications, Army States, and rule work of every description, &c. &c.

J. S. C. takes this opportunity of returning thanks for past favours; and respectfully solicits a continuance of public patronage
Halifax, September 1831.

EDUCATION.

GEORGE THOMSON'S

**English and Commercial Academy, upper side
the Parade,**

IS now open for the instruction of youth of both sexes, in the most useful branches of Education, and on an entire new plan, derived from experience and study, as well as from information received lately from some of the first Teachers of England and Scotland, regarding the different systems of Education; with these and the experience of nine years' teaching in this town, he earnestly hopes to merit a continuation of the public favor.

↪ His Evening School will be opened about the beginning of October; early application and attendance, are necessary and best, particularly for adults, or those whose previous education has not been attended to.

September 1831.

THE
HALIFAX MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Vol. II.

SEPTEMBER, 1, 1831.

No. 16.

ZOOLOGICAL SKETCHES,
Of Animals Natives of Acadia. Mineral Springs.

(Concluded from our last number.)

THE CARIBOU.

THIS Animal is probably little different from the Reindeer of Europe. Its peculiar marks are, the horns of the Doe, and the large foot so deeply cloven, that when it expands the hoof, it leaves on the snow a larger track than that of an Ox; more muscular than most of its tribe, its hips appear round and plump like those of a horse. These animals generally herd together, and when pursued in deep soft snow, the leader who breaks the path after running a little way, steps aside and falls in the rear; the fresh leader does the same, and in this way every one takes his turn in breaking the path. But in general a large Buck is the leader, and if he should be shot when he has not more than five or six followers, the hunter may frequently kill the remainder as they will not quit the ground, but keep within a hundred yards of the buck. When running in soft snow their step is a kind of pace, rocking remarkably to the right and left as they raise the feet on the opposite sides. They easily ascend rocks too steep for a man to climb, and will cross a miry brook upon a fallen tree not more than six inches in diameter.

It rarely happens that a dog can overtake the Caribou; on a frozen Lake they leave dogs far behind, and the crusted snow which supports a dog, will generally support the Caribou.

They feed, in winter entirely, and in summer much, upon those kinds of mosses which are called Lichens by naturalists. This family of vegetables though confounded with common mosses by most people, is of a very different nature, and contains a consider-

able quantity of starch not materially differing from that contained in grain and roots. It comprehends all the crustaceous, and paper and leather-like mosses which grow on rocks or trees, and also the white Caribou moss, (*Lichen rangiferinum*) which covers the naked barren hills that have not lately been burnt over. In summer they eat, together with their mosses, the Deer fern, (*Osmunda cervina*) and the (*Sium*) Water-celery, which grows in rapid brooks.

The Caribou used in summer to remain in considerable numbers upon the Granite Hills southward of the Annapolis settlements, and on the high land which extends from the Cobequid mountain to the head of Antigonish river. In winter they approached the sea coast; a part of those from Annapolis followed the Granite hills as far as the head of Margaret's Bay, where a few may still be found in winter. But the best winter pasture in the Province perhaps was the mass of Granite hills, which commencing near Lake Major, in Preston, crosses Porter's Lake, and passing near the head of Chizetcook harbour, ends a little on the north side of the Musquodoboit, on the edge of the level Whinstone barren.— The lofty summits of these steep rugged rocks, nearly bare of both soil and wood were formerly covered with a full crop of the white reindeer moss, upon which the snow was never very deep, as the greater part was always blown off. At present, as the moss has been destroyed by the fires which have run over this District, the Caribou rarely visit it, and some are puzzled to learn the reason why such impassable and rugged tracts were ever created. But they who, like the writer can recollect the time when large herds of Caribou were every winter to be found on these rocks, giving a plentiful supply of food to numbers of Indians, may have reason to suspect that the world was not all made for the sole use of civilized man.

Wherever the tracks of a herd of Caribou are discovered in summer, those of Bears will be found with them, and in winter they are exposed to an enemy not less crafty and cruel. The Loupcervier is about the height of a large dog, but more slender; he has a large head, formed like that of a domestic cat, a paw as large as the palm of the hand of a stout man, and a long slender

body and limbs; the hair long, even on the legs, and standing nearly at right angles with the skin, gives him the appearance of a bulk of body which he does not possess. These Animals do not appear to chase their prey. The Caribou usually have paths beat in the snow from one hill to another; by the sides of these paths from three to six Loupcerviers in company lie in ambush under the cover of some thick evergreen bush, and spring upon them as they are passing. More ravenous than the Bears, the Loupcerviers frequently devour their own species when caught in traps. Happily they are very shy of the habitations of men, and for that reason rarely attack domestic cattle: a single instance has come to the knowledge of the writer, of a sheep seized by a Loupcervier at the door of a house at Macan; it being Sunday, the family were all abroad except the servant maid, she ran to rescue the sheep; the ravenous beast would not quit his hold, and she killed him with a club.

THE MOOSE.

THE Moose in summer reside much in spruce swamps. With very long legs, short necks, and lips of uncommon size, they seem formed for browsing on the leaves of shrubs, and can very rarely be observed to eat any herb that grows on the ground. They eat the leaves of birch, white maple, and with-rod, (*viburnum lentago*) but their favourite shrub is a small species of holly or buckthorn, (*Ilex-pruinoides*) which produces crimson berries upon long stems.— They often chuse for their beds the long green moss which grows from wet mud, lying sometimes where the water is three or four inches deep.

In winter they eat the boughs of the maples, and often gnaw the bark from the beech. Their favourite tree is the moss-wood maple, (*acer pensylvanicum*), the boughs of which are very soft and brittle. When the snow becomes deep, a pair of Moose will confine themselves to a piece of ground not more than half a mile in diameter, generally chusing a situation on the head of a small stream where there are springs that do not freeze in winter, and where the valleys along the small brooks contain a supply of

shrubs of the dwarf species of maple, together with some thickets of short evergreens. This is called a moose-yard; in very severe winters when they have been long confined to the yard, they become so weak that they constantly pursue the beaten paths, gnawing down the bushes of which they had previously consumed the tender tops. Yet even in this state, when roused by the hunter, they will generally run three or four miles through crusted snow, three feet deep, which supports the man who travels on snowshoes, and his dog.

Although their flesh is of little value at this season, yet but few are killed at any other, except in rutting time when a few are called up to the hunter. For this purpose the hunter learns to imitate (with a trumpet formed of bark) the roar of the Moose, which resembles the braying of an ass.

The night should be clear, the wind west; there should be two hunters in company, the voice of the Doe is imitated—when an answer is given by a Buck, the hunter who carries the gun advances fifty yards towards him, and conceals himself; the reason for this is, that the Moose, when he comes near the hunter who sounds the trumpet, always turns off from the direct line of approach, goes round to leeward, and halts to take the scent, before he will venture up to him.

If he will not approach near enough, the voice of the buck is imitated, which often causes him to hasten forward in a threatening attitude to meet the buck, by whom he supposes he is challenged. The hunters often go in a Canoe upon a river, and by concealing themselves upon the opposite bank, cause the Moose to enter the river where he can be easily seen in the night. Previous to the year 1783, there was a considerable number of Moose in the Province; up to that period the hunting ground was divided among the different Indian families. Every man possessed the right of shooting any kind of game he might see as he was passing across the hunting ground of another; but he was not permitted to drive a Moose from his yard; to hunt the Caribou in winter; or to set traps for beaver, bears, otters or martins, on any ground that did not belong to his own family. They did not trust wholly to memory to ascertain their limits; some of them possessed rude Maps drawn

on birch bark, upon which all the lakes and branches of some of the principal streams were represented.

Upon the great influx of new settlers into the Province at the evacuation of New-York, many new settlements were formed which encroached upon the hunting ground, and among the refugees there are a few of the backwoods men from the Southern States, who, resuming their former occupation, made havoc of the few remaining beaver; and with their far-killing rifles, and skill exceeding that of Nova-Scotia Indians, were able to find and kill the Moose at any season of the year. The Indians complained, and sometimes threatened to kill the hunters, but finding that no regard was paid to their rights, they seem to have resolved to destroy the game, which they considered to be their own property. Their plan was promoted by the very deep snows of the winters of 1786, and the two following seasons; the Moose were almost annihilated, and the Caribou much diminished. As an instance, it may be noticed, that a single family at Musquodoboit, killed a hundred, and a single family at the Gut of Canso, five hundred Moose in the course of one winter; leaving the carcasses to perish, and taking only the skins, tongues, and muffles.* It is very probable that superstition had some share in this waste.—The Indians when in the woods, still retain the custom, (in common with all the Indians of North America) of burning the bones of all kinds of Deer. The reason assigned for this by those who had not received the rites of christianity, was, that there was a guardian Genius who took care of each species of animals, and that if they left the bones in a state in which they could be distinguished, the guardian genius of the Deer would be offended, and either destroy them or remove them from the country.—This custom of burning bones has probably descended from a period of remote antiquity; one of the earliest Greek Mythologists informs us, that when Prometheus had slain two bullocks, he separated the flesh from the bones, and rolling up the flesh in one hide, and the bones in the other, desired Jupiter to chuse; upon unrolling the hides after he had cho-

* Muffle, the nose and lips, accounted by the Indians the most delicious part of the Moose.

sen, he was found to have taken the bones; and the bones thence-forward became the share of the gods.

The Moose were not so completely destroyed in the western part of the province as elsewhere. Indeed the Indians must have known that white men would never occupy much of the great barren district comprehended between the streams, of Tusket, and Port Medway. As the bears were not included in the general proscription, they must have done much at keeping down the Moose and Caribou. These last must be occasionally surprised when standing still, or lying down, by an animal who has such a remarkable faculty of walking without noise. But as the Moose is very dexterous in striking with his fore-foot, often killing dogs, even when very weary; it is probable that he would prove a match for the Bear which should venture to face him.—The writer has seen a fresh-beaten narrow path about thirty feet long; the tracks all pointing to the centre, those of Moose forming one end, and those of Bears the other. It must have been formed by the two animals alternately approaching, and receding from each other, for a long time, while neither dared to come in contact with, or turn his back to, the other.

The Moose and Caribou appear to assemble annually in the months of September and October (their rutting season) at certain mineral springs, where they are always attended by the Bears. These springs are nearly of the same kind as the well known waters of Harrowgate, Moffat, Aix, and Barges. They are impregnated with sulphurated Hydrogen, which gives them a strong bilgewater smell; but the writer could not perceive a saline taste in any that he has seen except the Shelburne Spring. These springs are easily found by any person that comes near them: having well beaten foot paths leading to them from different sides, and the trees by the sides of the paths marked by the Bears, who have the habit of biting the trees by the sides of all their paths at the height of about six feet, which they so often repeat, that trees of a foot diameter are sometimes half gnawed through. The mud at the bottom of these springs is generally covered with a small portion of precipitated sulphur, which has the appearance of milk.

There must have been a time when these springs presented the same appearance in Europe that they now do in America, and it is not altogether improbable that the attention of men might have been drawn to them, from observing the use made of them by the wild beasts. The particular season at which they visit them might have suggested the idea that they were remedies for sterility, and the large stock of faith and zeal which men usually bring to a new remedy that has any thing approaching to the marvellous belonging to it, would have ensured such a trial, as must have discovered their real virtues.

As these waters have been found useful in scrofulous, and obstinate cutaneous diseases, and in weakness of the bowels and digestive organs, it may be observed that a little way above the uppermost interval, on the Musquodoboit, a considerable stream bursts out from a rock of Gypsum; forming a pool twenty feet deep, of a milky colour, which has a slight sulphureous smell and taste; and a little farther up a stream falls into the northwest side of the Musquodoboit, which has a very strong spring situated about a quarter of a mile north of it, and about three miles above the place where it falls into the main branch of the river.

About six or seven miles from the great fall on Sissiboo River, in a direction between south and southwest, in a piece of low, barren, peaty ground, there are some springs of this kind; which about thirty years ago, in the month of October, had the appearance of the watering place of a large farm, with many well-beaten paths leading from them in various directions. The bones of two moose were lying near one of the springs. The water had but a slight tincture of the mineral; but the wild beasts were at that time more numerous in that district than in any other part of the province; being sheltered by a large tract of unbroken forest, while a considerable portion of the great barren district on the east of it, was nearly in a naked state, the wood having been destroyed by fires.

The medical virtues of these springs probably depend upon the very volatile nature of the ærial fluid in which the sulphur is dissolved; which is so great, that it is found to escape from bottles which contain the water, if there should be a crack in the rosin with which the corks are secured.

[In this, as in other instances, we have selected an article which has been some time before the public, induced to blend it in our miscellany from its intrinsic merits. The following are among the most effective of Mrs. Hemans' verses; the contrast of old and new world scenery and habits, afforded by the responding voices, is exquisitely fine:—]

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

By Mrs. Hemans.

THERE was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew

But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told, by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away o'er the foaming main!"
— This was the free and the joyous strain—
"There are dearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But alas! that we should go"
— Sang the farewell voices then—
"From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow,
As if gems were the fruitage of every bough;
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still."

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard-trees,
Where first our children play'd
'Midst the birds and honey-bees!"

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass;
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But, oh! the grey church-tower,
And the sound of the Sabbath-bell,
And the shelter'd garden-bower,—
We have bid them all farewell!"

“ We will give the names of our fearless race
 To each bright river whose course we trace ;
 We will leave our memory with mounts and floods,
 And the path of our daring in boundless woods !
 And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
 Where the Indian's graves lay, alone, before.”

“ But who shall teach the flowers,
 Which our children loved, to dwell
 In a soil that is not ours?
 —Home, home and friends, farewell !”

MONMOUTH CLOSE.

On a large heath, called Shag's Heath, about a mile and a half from Woodlands, in Horton parish, Dorsetshire, is an ash tree, under which the unfortunate Duke was apprehended.

The tradition of the neighbourhood is, that after the defeat of Sedgemoor, the duke and Lord Lumley quitted their horses at Woodyeats ; when the former, disguised as a peasant, wandered hither. He dropped his gold snuff-box in a pea-field, which was afterwards found, full of gold pieces, and brought to Mrs. Uredale of Horton. One of the finders had fifteen pounds for half the contents or value of it. The duke went on the island as it is called, a cluster of small farms in the middle of the heath, and there concealed himself in a deep ditch, under the ash.

When the pursuers came up, a woman, who lived in a neighbouring cot, gave information of his being somewhere in the island, which was immediately surrounded by soldiers, who passed the night there, and threatened to fire the neighbouring cots. As they were going away next morning, one of them espied the brown skirt of the duke's coat, and seized him. The soldier no sooner knew him, than he burst into tears, and reproached himself for the unhappy discovery.

The family of the woman who first gave the information, is said to have fallen into decay, and never thriven afterwards.

The duke was carried before Anthony Etrick, of Holt, a justice of the peace, who ordered him to London. Being asked what he would do if set at liberty ? he answered, if his horse and arms were restored, he only desired to ride through the army and he defied them all to take him again. Farmer Kearley's grand-mother, lately dead, saw him, and described him as a black, genteel, tall man, with a dejected countenance.

The close where he concealed himself is called Monmouth Close, and is the extremest N. E. field of the Island. The tree stands in a hedge, on a steep bank, and is covered with initials of the names of persons who have been to visit it.—*Addison's Anecdotes*. 1796.

ORIGIN OF ENGLISH COINS.

IN the earlier ages of society, sheep, swine, or oxen, were the chief requisites for the immediate necessities of life, as food and raiment, besides other uses to which they might be applied. Men at first carried on all their traffic with cattle, in which the whole of their wealth originally consisted. But because it soon became too troublesome and difficult a thing for a man to drive a flock of sheep, or a drove of swine before him, or to lead a cow or bullock by the horns for making of payments, and the wit and experience of men increasing, they began to consider what other commodity they possessed in common, that was next in value, and more portable; and finding that nothing was of more general use for all domestic purposes than iron or copper, which were all the metals then discovered, they fixed upon the latter, as being more ductile, and answering a greater variety of services, to be made their medium of exchange, mutually giving and receiving it by weight, for the purchase or pro-rate of the things they needed.

This metal they first divided by pounds; which word still remains among us, to signify twenty shillings; which is about the just value that so much copper bore in those days. This was called *as*, in Latin, which, according to Varro, is derived from *æs*, signifying copper. They used it first in bullion unmarked; but soon after, to save themselves the trouble and time of weighing this pound, or the lesser parts of it, and to give it a readier currency, they stamped upon one side the figure of a ship, as an emblem of commerce, with the weight and value; and on the reverse, the picture of one of those beasts which are designed by the word *Pecus*, as being the most prized commodities; whence money came to be afterwards called *pecunia*, in Latin, and hence the English word "*pecuniary*."

But in the natural process of things, when states grew great, and men grew vain, the arms of the prince became substituted for the ship, and Constantine, out of a religious zeal, put a cross in the place of the beast. However, because in the old Gaulish language a ship was called *pila*, (from whence the word pilot) that side of the coin is still called *pila*, and the other cross, to this day; though different stamps have succeeded, and been varied in different reigns and nations since.

Pound.—Though a pound is one of the most common denominations for money, it never was a *real coin*, either in gold or silver, in any age or country. Such large and ponderous coins would have been in many respects inconvenient. But for many ages, both in Britain and in other countries, that number of smaller coins which was denominated a pound in *computation*, or a pound in *tale*, really contained a *pound of silver*, and they might have been, and frequently were weighed, as well as numbered, to ascertain their value. If the number of coins that were denominated a pound in

talē, did not actually make a pound in weight, an additional number of coins were thrown in to make up the weight.—*Henry's History of Great Britain.*

Money—Was coined in the Temple of Juno *Moneta*, whence our English word *money*.

Coin.—(*cuna pecunia*), seems to come from the French *coign*, i. e. *angulus*, a corner—whence it has been held that the ancientest sort of coin was square with corners, and not round as it now is.

Cash.—Cash in a commercial style signifies the ready money which a merchant or other person has at his present disposal, and is so called from the French term *caisse*, i. e. “chest or coffer,” for the keeping of money.

Guinea.—This coin took its denomination *Guinea*, because the gold whereof the first was struck, was brought from that part of Africa so called; for which reason it likewise, formerly, bore the impression of an elephant.

The value or rate of the guinea has varied. It was first struck on the footing of 20s.; but by the scarcity of gold was afterwards advanced to 21s. 6d. and again sunk to 21s.

Angel.—The angel, called in French *angelot*, was a gold coin, value ten shillings, struck in England. It had its name from the figure of an angel represented on it, which figure was adopted, according to Rapin and others, to commemorate a pun of Pope Gregory the Great, which seems to have greatly flattered the vanity of the nation. Struck with the fair complexions and blooming countenances of some Anglo-Saxon captives, who had been brought to Rome, he inquired of what nation they were and what they were then called, and being answered *Angles*: “Justly be they so called,” quoth he, “for they have *angel*-like faces, and seem meet to be made co-heirs with the angels in heaven.”

Shilling.—The etymology of the word *scyilling* would lead us to suppose it to have been a certain quantity of uncoined silver; for whether we derive it from *scylan*, to divide, or *scale*, a scale, the idea presented to us by either word is the same, that is, so much silver cut off, as in China, and weighing so much.—*Turner's Anglo-Saxons.*

There were none coined until 1504. Fabian mentions them under their proper name, 34 Henry VIII.—*Rider.*

Why Sixpence called a Tester.—*TESTER*, is derived from the French word *tete*, a head. A piece of money stamped with a head, which in old French was called, “*un testion*,” and which was about the value of an old English sixpence. *Tester* is used by Shakespeare.

Tester, sixpence, from *teston*, French, an old silver coin formerly worth 12d., sinking by degrees to gilt brass, and sixpence. *Cole's Dict.* 1708.

“*Testons are gone to Oxford to study in Brazen-nose.*”

This proverb began about the end of the reign of King Henry

the Eighth, at the same time as he debased the coin, alloying it with copper (which common people confound with brass). It continued till about the middle of Queen Elizabeth, who by degrees called in all the adulterated coin. *Testone*, and our English *tester*, came from the Italian *testa*, signifying a head, because that money was stamped with a head on one side. *Copstick*, in High Dutch, hath the same sense, i.e. *nummus capitatus*, money with a head upon it.—*Ray's Proverbs*.

Groat.—Other nations, as the Dutch, Polanders, Saxons, Bohemians, French, &c. have likewise their *groats*, *groots*, *groches*, *gros*, &c. In the Saxon times, no silver coin bigger than a penny was struck in England, nor after the Conquest until Edward III., who about the year 1351, coined *grosses*, i.e. groats or great pieces, which went for 4d. and so the matter stood till the reign of Henry VIII., who in 1504 first coined shillings.—*Encyclopedia*.

Penny—Halfpenny—Furthing.—Camden derives the word penny from the Latin *pecunia*, "money."

The ancient English penny, *penig*, or *pening*, was the first silver coin struck in England; nay, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors; as is agreed by Camden, Spelman, Dr. Hicks, &c.

The penny was equal in weight to our three pence; five of them made one shilling, or scilling, Saxon; thirty a mark or mancuse, equal to our 7s. 6d.

Until the time of King Edward I. the penny was struck with a cross, so deeply indented in it, that it might be easily broke, and parted on occasion, into two parts, thence called *half-pennies*; or into four, thence called *fourthings*, or *farthings*. But that prince coined it without indenture: in lieu of which, he first struck round half-pence and farthings.

He also reduced the weight of the penny to a standard; ordering that it should weigh 32 grains of wheat, taken out of the middle of the ear. This penny was called the *penny sterling*. Twenty of these pence were to weigh an ounce; whence the penny became a weight as well as a coin.

The penny sterling is now nigh disused as a coin, and scarce subsists but as a money of account, containing the 12th part of a shilling, or the 240th part of a pound.

Penny, in ancient statutes, &c. is used for all silver money, and hence the *ward-penny*, *aver-penny*, *hundred-penny*, *tithing-penny*, and *brothel-penny*.

Sterling—whence the Term.—Easterlings were people who lived in the east, particularly the merchants of the Hanse Towns in Germany. Whence easterling money, that which we commonly called *sterling*, or current money, took its rise, from a certain coin which Richard I. caused to be stamped in those parts, and which was held in great request for its purity.—*Dictionary of Husbandry, &c.* 1728.

Other ancient English Coins.—In the *Manual of Nobility*, in an article on the prices for seats at Coronations ; we observe these denominations of other ancient English Coins.

On consulting Stowe, Speed, and other antiquaries, it appears that the price of a good place at the coronation of William the Conqueror was a *blank* ; and probably the same at that of his son William Rufus. At that of Henry I. it was a *crocard*, and at King Stephen's and Henry the second's a *pollard*. At King Richard's and King John's, it was a *fuskin* ; and rose at Henry the Third's to a *dotkin*. In the reign of Edward I. the coins began to be more intelligible ; and we find that for seeing his coronation a *Q* was given, or the half of a *ferling*, or *farthing*, which was, as now, the fourth part of a *sterling*, or penny.

PATHETIC SCENE.

From Boyle Corbet, by Mr. Galt.

“ INDEPENDENT of the peculiar feelings by which I observed the intending emigrants so generally actuated, there were among my visitors several characters of the most interesting description, even without reference to their immediate circumstances. To have attended only to their tales, one might have thought they could show cause enough, apart from all pecuniary considerations, to seek another world. One of these was no less than a grandmother, upwards of sixty years of age, the mother of the landlady of the public-house where the stages stopped when we lived at Oakhill, and where I had sometimes noticed her, interested by the general neatness of her appearance, and a pensive cast of countenance, which may be described as the complexion of a beautiful old age.

“ One morning she called, attended by two of her grandsons, stout, good-looking striplings, older than boys and yet not old enough for men. I was astonished when she told me, that the object of her visit was to consult me about going to Canada. A little embarrassment in her air increased the interest which her explanation of the motive of her visit excited, and I perceived her look once or twice at the lads, as if she wished they had not been present : at last she told them to go to their brother in the street, and she would join them in a few minutes.

“ When they were gone, I saw the tear start, and after a short pause she said:

“ ‘No wonder, Sir, that you are surprised at my errand here ; you could not, indeed, but have a light notion of my prudence, when I spoke of going, at my years, to that far-off-land. But I have many reasons, and some of them sad enough. These boys are two of five left by an unfortunate—a lovely—and my heart

would say, my ever dearest daughter ; I had but two—*Mrs. Purl* of the Horse and Groom, whom you know, was one of them.—The eldest boy, though a gallant and proud spirit would not come it, for it molests him to think—poor tender lad!—of what is no fault of his, and yet the thought of hiding ourselves in Canada is the invention of his modesty.’

“ ‘ Hiding yourselves ! *Mrs. Faddock* ? what has happened, that you should ever think of that ? ’

“ She wept profusely, and after a little space of time replied—

“ ‘ I am sorry, Sir, to be so troublesome, but it will not make you think less of us to tell you all. I thought however, you had heard of our dishonour. Alas ! it is not the bluntest pang of such afflictions to fancy all the world sees the stain, as well as we ourselves feel it. *Mrs. Purl*, as you well know, is a good and kind wife and mother ; I could never have had a more dutiful child ; she was my second daughter. The mother of these children was *Eliza*, the eldest ; she was the flower of our village, but she fell, and I never saw her again. Vain words, I see her ever still blossoming in her beauty and innocence ! ’

“ The tone of exquisite grief in which the old woman uttered this pathetic remembrance, I can never forget ; she paused and then proceeded.

“ ‘ He was a gentleman, and wo to me ! she lived with him in shame, many years, and was the mother of the five orphans. When he died she was not forgotten by his brother the heir, but she lived not long after. What could I do ? the children were *Eliza*’s, whom tho’ I would never see while she was happy in her error, I could not but gather them—alas ! Sir, it was under a widow’s wing.

“ ‘ I have brought them up ; I have done all I could for them, and the eldest is now ready to go into the world ; but in his father’s house he had grown familiar with gentility and servitude—he has no other lot—he cannot abide, so we are thinking of going to America, for we have friends already in Ohio that write enticing accounts of their prosperity, and Canada is understood to be a neighbour town.’

“ I must let the reader imagine for himself the effect of this simple story upon me, for without well knowing what escaped from me I said :

“ ‘ It was a wild thought at her time of life ; could the lad not be better persuaded ? ’

“ ‘ Ah, Sir, I cannot urge him, and he has infected his brothers with his pride ; but if they had it not, good servitude is growing scarce in England, and *Mr. Purl* has his own sons to provide for.’

“ It seemed to me that the simple expression ‘ servitude is growing scarce,’ was fearfully ominous of something fatal in the state. It accorded with what had been the tenor of my reflections, when my spirits were languid, but I had recovered, and in my cooler moments it would have been considered as a morbid sentiment ; at the time, however, its import was serious, and might have become solemn, had not my wife entered the room.

“ ‘What’s this I hear, Mrs. Paddock?’ said she; ‘and so ye’re thinking of crossing the seas too!—they are too well at home who think of that for a diversion.’

“ ‘It may be so, madam,’ replied the old woman, ‘you know best your own feelings.’

“ ‘But,’ said she, would it not be as much to the purpose, were Mrs. Paddock, instead of this Canadian adventure, to represent the condition of the poor boys to their uncle? He could do something, surely, for them?’

“ ‘He never shall!’ was the spirited answer; ‘if need be, I would go into the workhouse first. I am old and infirm, but not so old that I may not help their householdry. I will cross the waves with them,—I’ll dive into the wood with them,—we’ll go together where we never have been known, and God’s blessing will go with us; for our purpose is honest, and the blessing will not be withheld if there be charity in Heaven. No, Madam, we are poor, but proud, and not more proud than just. I will not injure these boys, were their uncle to befriend them; but never will I ask the blood of their father for any favour, so help me, thou living Lord!’

“And at these words, uttered with an indescribable energy, she fell upon her knees, and spread her arms, as if in imprecation, then paused, and rising, said calmly, ‘It would be to curse my Eliza’s children.’

“My wife stood petrified with consternation at her eloquence and energy, nor was I capable for some time to utter a word—the scene, the feeling and the impassioned grief surpassed all description. Its vehemence was the more impressive by the powerful contrast which it afforded to the pale thoughtfulness of the old woman’s calm habitual look.

“ ‘You know not, lady,’ she affectionately exclaimed, ‘the resolution of a mother’s heart, when she thinks of the dishonour of her child. Nineteen years have I passed in hidden sorrow, but nineteen hundred years will not heal the wound that ever rankles here!’ and she smote her bosom at the same time with such an upward look of anguish, that Mrs. Corbet burst into tears and fell upon my shoulder.

“ ‘I beseech you, Mrs. Paddock,’ I exclaimed, ‘to repress these violent feelings; they are not seemly at your age.’

“ ‘I know, I know it!’ was her impassioned answer; ‘it is the outbreaking of nineteen years of secretly collected sorrow. I little thought to utter it in this world. Oh, Eliza! her fault will make the everlasting skies a mournful place to me!’”

THE PATRIOT'S GRAVE.

“—— Catch our manners, living as they rise.”

In the year 1810, business called me into the lower part of the state of Kentucky—that part which lies south of Green river, and which, at that time, was but little advanced in improvement or population. One day—and a very hot day it was—the rapid approach of a thunder storm induced me to rein up my steed at a log tavern, in the little town of —— . Though a stranger in the country, I could at once discover, by the “ signs,” that something more than common was going on in the village. A large number of people were crowded round the door of the inn. Horses, of all sizes, colors, and conditions, whose equipments were as various as themselves, were tied to the branches of the forest trees that still grew upon the *public square*. The occasional discharge of a rifle indicated that some of the company were “ cutting the centre,” for *half-pints*; while others, who had “ the best quarter nags in all Kentuck,” were prancing them up and down the streets.— The conversation of those around me induced me to believe that the court was holding its usual session, in this seat of backwoods justice, and had a doubt remained, the stentorian voice of the sheriff, issuing from the door of a log school-house, with the usual “ Oh yes ! oh yes ! oh yes !” must have satisfied me that a general settlement of the rights of *meum and tuum*, was about to take place. I felt a curiosity to witness this scene; and having disposed of my portion of corn bread and bacon, which I found at a table surrounded by a promiscuous throng of jurors, witnesses, suitors, lawyers, inditees, spectators, and contry officers, I concluded to spend the little time I had to remain, in personally viewing the dispensation of justice in so rude a temple.

The house was of a single story, built of logs, unhewed. The judge was elevated on a small plank frame, a little raised above the puncheon floor. The clerk was placed at a small table directly before him. The members of the bar were seated around on temporary benches, made of rough planks, placed upon blocks of wood—but could not be distinguished, by their appearance, from the people who sat with, or stood around, them. The usual forms and ceremonies of opening a court were gone through with, a celerity and precision that would have astonished a Westminster lawyer. * * * * * The first case on the civil docket was an action of slander, brought by a father,—an old soldier and early settler—as “ guardian and next friend,” for words “ falsely and maliciously uttered, published, and spoken” by the defendant, “ of and concerning” the plaintiff’s daughter, a lovely girl of about seventeen. On the calling of the cause, a person’s name was mentioned which I did not distinctly hear; there was a bustle in the crowd; and after a few minutes of pushing and elbowing, an individual appeared who announced that he was ready to proceed,

as counsel for the plaintiff. He was a tall, athletic man, of about thirty-five years of age—with a fine, manly, intelligent countenance—dressed in a hunting shirt of deep blue, trimmed with yellow fringe. His face bore those indubitable marks of genius, and those traces of study and reflection, which cannot be mistaken; while his fine form bore evidence equally strong, of habitual fatigue and exposure to the elements.

I pass over the incidents of the trial—the evidence which fully sustained the plaintiff, and left the pretty client of the buckskin lawyer, pure and spotless as the driven snow—and several speeches, which, though strong and forcible, did not strike me as extraordinary. During all this, the manner of the stranger in the hunting shirt was distinguished by little else than an appearance of indifference; but when he arose to make the concluding address to the jury, every eye was fixed on him—while the deep silence, the suppressed breathing, and the eager looks of the audience attested that a sense of the presence of a superior mind pervaded the whole assembly. Even that rough and miscellaneous crowd composed of men, some sober, some half sober, and some not sober at all—was at once awed into silence. The orator commenced in a low tone of voice, and recapitulated the evidence, in a style of colloquia: brevity and plainness—yet, even in doing this, there was a something about him that convinced the spectator that he was more than an ordinary man. But when he began to warm and rise with his subject—when the fire began to illumine his eye, and his voice swelled out into its fullest tones—when every sentence was filled and rounded with rich thought and richer language—when argument and satire, persuasion and invective, burst from him in rapid alternative, the orator stood confessed in all his powers. He spoke of the beauty, the delicacy, and the amiability of his fair client—of the helplessness of woman, and the sacredness of female character—he described her parent as an aged warrior, now trembling on the brink of the grave—and of the traducer he spoke—I cannot tell how—but all who heard him shrunk and trembled, under the fierce, and bitter, and overwhelming phillipic of the indignant advocate. When he finished, the success of his effort was shown by a triumphant verdict from the jury, and by the indignation, the tears, and the acclamations of the audience, who rushed from the house, when the orator sat down, as if unable to suppress their feelings.

I followed them out. The charm was broken; the people had resumed the use of their own faculties, and were now collected in groups. Passing a little party I heard one say:

“Did you ever hear a fellow get such a skinning?”

“It was equal to any *campfire*,” remarked another.

“That’s true; and well he deserved it,” added a third, “there’s no two ways about it.”

“Can you tell me,” said I, addressing one of them, who leaned on his gun, while he wiped his eye with the fringe of his hunting

shirt, "can you tell me the name of the gentleman who has just spoken?"

"You are not a residenter in these parts, I reckon;" said he of the rifle.

"I am a perfect stranger;" replied I.

"That is well seen," rejoined the hunter, otherwise you would never have asked that question. What man in all Kentucky could ever have *brung* tears into my eyes by the tin-full, but Jo Davies!"

I ha' seen, in the guise of a hunter, the highly gifted Joseph Hamilton Davies--and had heard, in the obscurity of a log cabin, one of the choicest efforts of a man who has seldom been excelled in genius, in generosity of heart, or manliness of character.

Ten years afterwards, business again called me to the West.--Anxious to view the improvement of this promising country, I extended my journey to the beautiful valley of the Wabash. At that period, the population had not extended a great distance up the river. Here and there, even as far up as the mouth of the Mississinaway, was seen the log hut of the settler on public land, but the country was generally but sparsely populated. It was the spring season; and no country in the world presents a richer scenery, or more diversified landscape, than the valley of that lovely river, at this period of the year. Along the path which I pursued, one small prairie, skirted with the finest timber, and covered with a profusion of beautiful flowers, succeeded another; and the eye was continually refreshed with the graceful stream and its clear waters. The richness of the grass, the beauty of the forest, the mildness and brilliancy of the spring weather, and the enchantment of the whole scene, induced me to linger for a time in the wilderness. One evening I reached the cabin of one of the most remote settlers, and learning that the battle ground of Tippecanoe was but a few miles distant determined to visit it. On the following morning early, I reached the spot, consecrated by the valour of our countrymen; and having tied my horse to a bush, at the skirt of the prairie, ascended to a small plain of table land, in the form of a horse shoe, where

"Many a valorous deed was done,
And many a head laid low."

But few vestiges of the battle were remaining. Here and there, the bleached skull of some noble fellow lay on the grass; and more than once, I stumbled over the logs which had formed part of the temporary breast work, thrown up after the battle, and have since been scattered over the field. At an angle of the encampment, and where the carnage had been greatest, was a slight mound of earth, scarcely raised above the surrounding surface. Near it stood an oak tree, on the back of which the letters J. D. were rudely carved. This was the only memorial of one of the most favourite of Kentucky's sons; for under that mound reposed all that remained of the chivalrous, the generous, the eloquent, and highly gifted "Jo Davies."—*Illinois Monthly Magazine.*

REMARKS ON THE PERFORMANCE OF CHRISTIAN PSALMODY.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

WHEN an assembly of christians lift up their voices to sing the praises of their Maker, doubtless they are engaged in the noblest act of divine worship; inasmuch as they feebly imitate the angels of Heaven, who, being in the immediate presence of the Deity, chaunt forth the glories of His name in most exalted strains, veiling their faces, and crying in the sublime language of inspiration "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which art, and was, and art to come!" The inharmonious manner in which this branch of devotion is conducted in many congregations, causes a wish on the part of those gifted with musical taste, that a very great reformation in the practice of psalmody should take place.

There is another evil which is also at variance with the design of the institution of psalmody; in those cases where the singing is confined to a few select persons forming a choir, and who render it almost impracticable for the congregation to unite with them, by the abstruse and scientific compositions which they select for performance, oftentimes for a vain display of their misconceived abilities. Although we do not go to church or chapel in order to have our ear gratified by hearing compositions more becoming the oratorio or concert-room, yet there is a possibility of conducting christian psalmody in places of worship in such a manner, that, whilst the congregation may join, the ear of the musician is not offended.

In prayer, each individual is able *mentally* to take part in the public devotions, as the minister offers his petitions to a throne of grace; and surely the act of *singing the praises of God* ought not to be confined to a few: every one who is capable should *vocally* pour fourth the grateful feelings of his heart to his Maker for the innumerable benefits which He hourly bestows, and to thank Him for the richer blessings of his grace.

The means most likely to forward this desirable end, are the subject of the following remarks :—

Our attention in the first place must be directed to the TUNES usually made use of in congregations of various denominations of the present day. Many of those modern compositions are totally unfit for the purpose of devotion, from one or other of the following reasons—in some, the levity of the melody or air; in others unmeaning flourishes and graces (falsely so called)—long slurred passages or the grouping together of many notes, which often fall upon an unimportant monosyllable; paltry attempts at imitation or fuge between the parts, causing unnecessary repetition of a few syllables, to the destruction of grammatical sense; and above all bad harmony between the parts, and improper arrangement of the same. A few examples by way of illustration may not be amiss, to convince the reader of the truth of these remarks. As an instance of such grouping or slurring of notes, take a tune called “Boston,” the fourth line of the words usually printed to it, reads “Through the wide world shall shine;” and it will be found that the monosyllable “the” has a bar and a half of slurred notes given to it. Again, the foolish and unnecessary repetition of a few syllables or part of a line render it difficult to select an entire psalm or hymn throughout, allowing of any tune of this description. A tune called “Bath Chapel” the writer recollects hearing sung in a place of worship, to a hymn to which it had been set by a person who had not discretion to examine all the verses of the hymn, but finding it allowable for the first verse, took it for granted it would suit all; conceive then the ridiculous effect of the following words, as sung—

“ Upon a poor pol- [1st treble.]
 Upon a poor pol- [2d treble.]
 Upon a poor pol-luted worm
 'Thou mak'st thy grace to shine.”

Tunes which repeat a whole line are not so liable to objection as the former; yet care even in their selection is necessary, else as unmeaning an effect may be produced, as was once by that in the tune called “Walmer,” which requires the repeat in the

last line twice, and caused the words "A pitcher and a lamp,"* to be sung three times in succession, to the destruction not only of grammatical sense, but of devotion, and bordering on the ludicrous.

There is another thing which merits observation, and ought to be attended to, that is, the sense of the words and the sentiment intended to be conveyed by the poet, is often overlooked, by misplacing that accent in music, which every ear is instantly capable of in reciting poetry. How absurd then to adapt a tune having a pause at the end of the first line to the annexed couplet :

"The Lord will come, and he will not
Keep silence, but speak out."

Many other instances might be quoted, but for the present these may suffice.

How important then is it, that attention be paid to adapt a tune characteristic of the words intended to be sung, and that the grammatical sense be not obscured, by any of those unmeaning repetitions, which abound in modern psalmody; the frequency of which has blinded most persons to their impropriety, but which nevertheless cannot be too strongly reprobated. By attention to these points, christian psalmody will recover something of its dignity and propriety, and we shall fulfil the scriptural injunction to "sing with the heart and with the understanding."

The next thing which presents itself to our notice, is the harmonic arrangement of the parts in the generality of psalm tunes; the unsuitableness of which to the purpose of congregational singing, is another reason, why this branch of worship is badly managed. The greater number of tunes are set in four parts, viz. the treble (melody or air), the contra-tenor, or alto, the tenor, and the bass. The contra-tenor and tenor are properly the connecting links between the treble and the bass; but how often do we hear those parts performed by treble voices, because in modern music they are written in the treble or G clef in order

*A line of a hymn found in many of the collections in use by the various denominations of dissenters, referring to the victory of the Israelites over the Midianites.—JUDGES, vii. 19.

foolishly to obviate the use of the C clefs, which if used would determine properly the place in the great scale where these parts lie. These two parts, (the contra-tenor and tenor) are necessarily circumscribed to a very narrow compass, which renders it difficult to assign to one or other, anything of melody, either to be pleasing to the performer, or striking for those to catch who only sing by ear, which is the case with more than nine-tenths of a congregation. In the contra-tenor we see the notes nearly confined to one line or space, and embracing scarcely any other than those of the key note or its fifth. So powerful then is this part, that when it falls to the share of persons more gifted with *lungs than taste*, an effect the most annoying to musical ears is produced. The tenor, from the lowness of its notes, and the narrowness of its scale, has nothing inviting in it, which may render it likely to be sung by ear; so that although in the choir, the melody may be performed by treble voices, and each part be sung in its proper pitch, yet a great number of the congregation will be heard singing the air an octave lower, and thus in many instances will the contra-tenor and tenor be above the melody; in a word, the harmony will be inverted.

Were a selection of a sufficient number of tunes made, from the various collections published, suitable for divine worship, and adapted to all the metres in use, and arranged after the manner about to be recommended, much good would result, as will be presently proved. It has been remarked that the two inner parts from the smallness of their compass are incapable of having any thing of melody, and there is no necessity for the harmony of psalm tunes being so full, in fact the reverse is preferable, inasmuch as simplicity is better adapted to general use. If from these two parts, one were written, containing all the essential intervals not found in the air or the bass, and approaching as near as possible to something of a melody in its arrangement, in order to attract the attention of those who only sing by ear, a better effect would be produced, by thus singing the greater part of the tunes in three parts instead of four. This third part might with propriety be called the *tenor*, and would be caught as easily as we find the *bass* is, by numbers of the congregation. Thus while the female and

youthful portion of the assembly would sing the melody, the male voices would by degrees adapt themselves to that part, either tenor or bass, which they respectively were naturally fitted for; and the more readily so, if each part were distinctly led and supported by the choir. Let any persons possessing musical talent look at our psalm tunes, and he will be convinced of the practicability of re-arranging them after this manner; and the good effect resulting therefrom will be, that all the congregation will be enabled soon to join, and nothing offensive against the laws of harmony take place; for should there be found voices singing the air an octave lower, the effect will not be so bad as when heard in contrast with a shrill contra-tenor.

In those tunes requiring a second treble, to part of a verse—a case which seldom occurs except the other voices are silent—it will be found better to divide the treble singers into two bodies rather than strain a tenor voice, by giving it notes beyond its compass.

It must be apparent then, that ere we can hope to find christian psalmody raised to that pitch of excellence to which it is capable, that a new arrangement of the tunes in general use must take place; for while such miserable collections of tunes are continued, as are daily published, improvement is totally out of the question—collections evincing neither judgment in the selection of the tunes, or science in the arrangement of the harmony.

Perhaps it may not be amiss to remark, that in those places of worship where there is an organ, if the same plan were followed in playing the tunes as has been recommended in arranging them for singing, the same good would be the result, viz. enabling the congregation gradually to form as it were a large choir of themselves, which is the true design of christian psalmody.

There are some psalm tunes which, from the highness of the melody, may require the two inner parts to balance the greater distance in those cases, between the air and the bass; but of this class very few tunes will be judged fit for the purpose of public worship.

We now turn our remarks to the choir, or the leaders of this

part of christian worship.—It is necessary for those persons who are desirous of forming themselves into a choir, that they should meet at least once a week for instruction and practice. Perhaps the best mode of instruction would be for the teacher to provide a large board about four feet square, painted black, with the musical staves painted white ; on this board let him write with a chalk crayon the introductory lessons to enable them by degrees to sing by note. After acquainting them with the names of the notes, the various marks made use of in music, &c. let them sing the scales ascending and descending, first in very slow time, and afterwards quicker, in order to *attune* the voices and give an idea of *time*. Proper exercises will progressively follow, which the ingenuity of a competent teacher will supply. Care must be taken after classing the voices into treble, tenor and bass, that no person be allowed to deviate from his part, by singing a few notes of one and then a few notes of another. But we shall have occasion to speak of this and similar subjects hereafter.

In order that a proper tune may be adapted to each hymn intended for the ensuing Sabbath, it is requisite that the leader should be informed accordingly, either from the minister, clerk, or from the regular course of psalms, on the previous evening of practice. Let every verse of any hymn or psalm intended to be sung, be read ; the solemn or joyful, penitential or thanksgiving nature of the words be well considered throughout, and a characteristic tune be adapted, taking care if repetitions be required by the music, that such effect not the sense. When a tune in all respects is found suited to any hymn or psalm, let its number, together with the name of the tune be entered in an index book, for reference on a future opportunity. It will then be the business of the teacher to write such tune *in score* rearranged on the board, and which being elevated at the end of the room, can be distinctly seen by all forming a half circle round it. As they sing, let him point to the notes with a wand ; and it will be found that by *viewing and singing* each new tune from the *score*, every person will fully understand the nature of his or her part ; and if each part be then copied separately into appropriate books, it will be found quite sufficient after the above exercise, and a multitude of books and great expense be saved.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SOWER'S SONG.

Now yarely and soft, my boys,
 Come step we, and cast ; for Time's o'wing ;
 And would'st thou partake of Harvest's joys,
 The corn must be sown in Spring.
 Fall gently and still good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthy bed ;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Old Earth has put on, you see,
 Her sunshiny coat of red and green ;
 The furrow lies fresh ; this year will be
 As years that are past have been.
 Fall gently, &c.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
 The son of six thousand golden sires ;
 All these on thy kindly breast were born,
 One more thy poor child requires.
 Fall gently, &c.

Now lightly and soft again,
 And measure of stroke and step let's keep ;
 Thus up and thus down we cast our grain,
 Sow well and you gladly reap.
 Fall gently and still, good corn,
 Lie warm in thy earthy bed ;
 And stand so yellow some morn,
 For beast and man must be fed.

Fraser's Magazine.

RESIGNATION.

[FOR THE H. M. M.]

In the depths of distress, when the mind is o'erclouded,
 And to human appearance seems distant, relief ;
 When the way we're pursuing, in deep gloom is shrouded,
 And the future presents nought but trouble and grief ;

How apt are we then to encourage despairing,
 And think all our comforts forever are past !
 We forget that those trials are but the preparing
 New mercies and blessings more likely to last.

The goodness of God we shall see by reflecting,
 On seasons of trial now PAST by and gone ;
 The events of the PRESENT, He for good is directing,
 And the FUTURE belongs to Jehovah alone.

C. L.

PAGANINI.

[We select the following sketch of this extraordinary performer on the Violin; Paganini is exciting intense interest at this time in Europe.]

NICOLO PAGANINI was born in Genoa in the year 1781. His father, a merchant in a small-way, and in indifferent circumstances, played a little on the mandoline, and scraped the violin rather worse. He knew just enough of music to find out that little Nicolino showed indications of extraordinary musical talent, which the prospect of a rich future harvest induced him to cultivate as effectively and assiduously as the parent's slender knowledge on the instrument, with the powerful aid of blows and starvation, could accomplish. Cruel as such a system of discipline may appear, we have found, in some cases, that great practical excellence in music has been the fruit of severe discipline in youth. Nicolino's rapid progress, as may be supposed, soon exhausted the sire's stock of didactic capabilities, in consequence of which, and of a dream of the mother, in which the angel Gabriel promised to make of Nicolino the greatest fiddler in Christendom, the boy was consigned to the tuition of an eminent violinist, of the name of Costa, who, fully aware of his pupil's promise, cultivated the child's talent with such zeal and success, that little Nicolino was able to perform concertos in his eighth year—and in his twelfth year he received the appointment of first violinist at Lucca. In this city Paganini resided many years, unmindful of the numerous political convulsions around him. His talent was fully appreciated and honoured by the Princess Elisa, Napoleon's sister, who appointed him *Capitanic d'honneur*, a rank which entitled him to appear at her court.

His whimsicalities, his love of fun, and many other points of his character, are sometimes curiously exemplified in his fantasies. —He imitates in perfection the whistling and chirruping of birds, the tinkling and tolling of bells, and almost every variety of tone which admits of being produced; and in his performance of *Le Streghe* (The Witches), a favourite interlude of his, where the tremulous voices of the old women are given with a truly singular and laughable effect, his *vis comica* finds peculiar scope.

His command of the back-string of the instrument has always been an especial theme of wonder and admiration, and, in the opinion of some, could only be accounted for by resorting to the theory of the dungeon, and the supposition of his other strings being worn out, and not having it in his power to supply their places, he had been forced from necessity to take refuge in the string in question: a notion very like that of a person who would assert, that for an opera dancer to learn to stand on one leg the true way would be—to have only one leg to stand upon. We shall give Paganini's explanation of this mystery in his own words.

“ At Lucca, I had always to direct the opera when the reigning

family visited the theatre ; I played three times a week at the court, and every fortnight superintended the arrangement of a grand concert for the court parties, which, however, the reigning princess, Elisa Bacciochi Princess of Lucca and Piombino, Napoleon's favourite sister, was not always present at, or did not hear to the close, as the harmonic tones of my violin were apt to grate her nerves, but there never failed to be present another much esteemed lady, who, while I had long admired her, bore (at least so I imagined) a reciprocal feeling towards me. Our passion gradually increased, and as it was necessary to keep it concealed, the footing on which we stood with each other became in consequence the more interesting. One day I promised to surprise her with a musical *jeu d'esprit*, which should have a reference to our musical attachment. I accordingly announced for performance a comic novelty, to which I gave the name of "Love Scene." All were curiously impatient to know what this should turn out to be, when at last I appeared with my violin, from which I had taken off the two middle strings, leaving only the E and the G string.— By the first of these I proposed to represent the lady, by the other the gentleman, and I proceeded to play a sort of dialogue, in which I attempted to delineate the capricious quarrels and reconciliations of lovers ; at one time scolding each other, at another sighing and making tender advances, renewing their professions of love and esteem, and finally winding up the scene in the utmost good humour and delight. Having at last brought them into a state of the most perfect harmony, the united pair lead off a *pas de œux*, concluding with a brilliant finale. This musical scene went off with much éclat. The lady, who understood the whole perfectly, rewarded me with her gracious looks, the Princess was all kindness, overwhelmed me with applause, and, after complimenting me upon what I had been able to effect upon the two strings, expressed a wish to hear what I could execute upon one string. I immediately assented, the idea caught my fancy ; and as the emperor's birth-day took place a few weeks afterwards, I composed my Sonata 'Napoleon' for the G string, and performed it upon that day before the court with so much approbation that a cantata of Cimarosa, following immediately after it upon the same evening, was completely extinguished, and produced no effect whatever. This is the first and true cause of my partiality for the G string, and as they were always desiring to hear more of it, one day taught another, until at last my proficiency in this department was completely established."

But the fall of Napoleon, and of all the members of his family, having put an end to Paganini's honours and comforts at Lucca, he determined to visit the cities of Italy, in all of which his play excited unvaried admiration and enthusiasm. The Papal order of the Golden Spur was conferred on him in the course of these musical peregrinations, which, however, were limited to the countries south of the Alps, until the year 1828, when he first crossed

the natural boundary of the land of song and came to Vienna. His reception among a people so enthusiastic for music as Germans, proved flattering and profitable to such a degree, that his residence in that country was protracted for nearly three years ; during which period he visited all the courts and cities of any consequence in Germany, and had honours showered upon him by the numerous sovereigns and princes of the Germanic confederation.

In the spring of the present year he reluctantly quitted a country, the cordiality and musical susceptibilities of whose inhabitants had made him feel at home wherever he set his foot, and arrived at Paris, undecided whether ultimately he would venture across the Channel to satisfy the anxious longings of the British public. In Paris, where he sojourned about six weeks, the astonishment which his performances created was as great and universal as it had been at Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin ; and the concerts, the admission to which was doubled, as it had been in all those cities, are stated to have yielded a net gain of about five thousand pounds.

Without expatiating on a contest, which at one time threatened to terminate in the departure of the artist without so much as unpacking his instrument, it may be sufficient to add, that his better judgment, as well as a sense for his real interest, induced him to yield to the voice of the public and to the advice of judicious and sincere friends, and to announce definitively his first concert for Friday, the 3rd of June, at the prices usually paid for admission to the Italian Opera at the King's Theatre—a determination which, as the result has proved, he will have no reason to regret. There can be no question but that his receipts at double prices, even without the interference of the press, would have fallen far short of the amount which the ordinary terms of admission have already yielded, and are likely to produce hereafter.

On the evening in question, after undergoing the miseries of unmerciful squeezing, pushing, and hotpressing, to which we had been strangers since the days of Mlle. Sontag, and from which our delicate frame has not fully recovered at this moment, we made good a lodgment in the pit. Without adverting to the orchestral and vocal *hors d'œuvres*, which few cared about on the momentous occasion, the performances of Signor Paganini were of three descriptions, the whole of his own composition, viz.—

1. A concerto in E flat, consisting of an Allegro maestoso, an Adagio appassionato, and a Rondo brillante.
2. A Sonata militare, played entirely on one string—the lowest or G string.
3. A Tema con Variazioni, without accompaniments.

After a symphony, by Beethoven, had been played by the Orchestra, and “Largo al factotum” sung by Lablache, a tall, haggard, emaciated figure, with long black hair strangely falling down to his shoulders, slid forward like a spectral apparition. There was something awful, unearthly in that countenance ; the sensa-

tion we felt at the moment will never be forgotten. If Paganini had to be singled out from the congregated mass of the inhabitants of London, none that had ever seen him distinctly could possibly miss the man. What a contrast between him and the jolly, chubby, farmer-countenance of another continental virtuoso, at this moment in London on a similar professional visit!

But his play!--Our pen seems involuntarily to evade the difficult task of giving utterance to sensations which are beyond the reach of language. If we were to affirm that we have heard many celebrated violinists of various countries, and that Paganini surpasses every thing which their performance had taught us to consider possible on the instrument, we should fall greatly short of the impression we would wish to convey. If we were to declare, as some of our colleagues have maintained, that Paganini has advanced a century beyond the present standard of virtuosity, the assertion would be equally incorrect--for we firmly believe that all the centuries in the womb of Time will not produce a master-spirit, a musical phenomenon, organized like Paganini. But what, we have been asked, in the midst of our ecstasies, what are, then, these excellencies, these wonders, so unattainable by the rest of his competitors?

These excellencies, we reply, consist in the combination of absolute mechanical perfection of every imaginable kind--perfection hitherto unknown and unthought of--with the higher attributes of the human mind, inseparable from eminence in the fine arts: intellectual superiority, sensibility, deep feeling, poesy--GENIUS! The mechanical portion may, perchance, find plodding mimickers, capable of successfully parroting Paganini, and fondly boasting of the possessing of the fruit whilst holding but the shell. They may pizzicate with the left while bowing with the right-hand; they may learn to do scales, double stops, and shakes in harmonics; they may scrape variations upon the G string--In vain! 'tis the shell, not the fruit! These feats are but the means, not the end, with Paganini. He felt that all these, and other perfections, were essential to his system, and he had the perseverance and innate genius to master them. But in the expression of deep feeling--and, at times, of playful mirth, and even humorous whims--in the pathos of the adagio and instrumental recitativo--in the melting accents of tenderness, Paganini is beyond the reach of successful imitation, beyond the power of conception. His violin speaks a language of its own, a language unheard before, yet fully understood by sympathising feelings, as if it were expressed in words--nay, more intelligible than the strains of some of our greatest vocalists, though aided by the words. In hearing Paganini, whilst beholding this extraordinary being, one has almost need of one's sober senses to stifle an occasional inward flutter about supernatural agency; and the marvellous tales of the effects produced by the early votaries of the art appear less problematical.--*New Monthly Magazine.*

RICH AND POOR.

Passages from the Diary of a late Physician.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A REMARKABLE and affecting juxtaposition of the two poles, so to speak, of human condition—affluence and poverty—rank and degradation came under my notice during the early part of the year 181—. The dispensations of Providence are fearful levelers of the factitious distinctions among men ! Little boots it to our common foe, whether he pluck his prey from the downy satin-curtained couch, or the wretched pallet of a prison or a work-house ! The oppressive splendour of rank and riches, indeed !—what has it of solace or mitigation to him bidden to “turn his pale face to the wall”—to look his last on life, its toys and tinsel-ries ?

The Earl of ——'s old tormentor, the gout, had laid close siege to him during the early part of the winter of 181—, and inflicted on him agonies of unusual intensity and duration. It left him in a very low and poor state of health—his spirits utterly broken—and his temper soured and irritable, to an extent that was intolerable to those around him. The discussion of a political question, in the issue of which his interests were deeply involved, seduced him into an attendance at the House of Lords, long before he was in a fit state for removal, even from his bedchamber ; and the consequences of such a shattered invalid's premature exposure to a bleak winter's wind may be easily anticipated. He was laid again on a bed of suffering ; and having, through some sudden pique, dismissed his old family physician, his Lordship was pleased to summon me to supply his place.

The Earl of —— was celebrated for his enormous riches, and the more than Oriental scale of luxury and magnificence on which his establishment was conducted. The slanderous world further gave him credit for a disposition of the most exquisite selfishness, which, added to his capricious and choleric humour, made him a very unenviable companion, even in health. What, then, must such a man be in sickness ? I trembled at the task that was before me !—It was a bitter December evening on which I paid him my first visit. Nearly the whole of the gloomy secluded street in which his mansion was situated, was covered with straw, and men were stationed about it to prevent noise in any shape. The ample knocker was muffled, and the bell unhung, lest the noise of either should startle the aristocratical invalid. The instant my carriage, with its muffled roll, drew up, the hall-door sprung open as if by magic ; for the watchful porter had orders to anticipate all comers, on pain of instant dismissal. Thick matting was laid over the hall-floor—double carpeting covered the staircases and landings, from the top to the bottom of the house—and all the door-edges were lined with list ! How could sickness or death presume to enter, in spite of such precautions ?

A servant, in large list-slippers, asked me, in a whisper, my name, and, on learning it, said the Countess wished to have a few moments' interview with me before I was shewn up to his Lordship. I was therefore led into a magnificent apartment, where her Ladyship, with two grown-up daughters, and a young man in the Guards' uniform, sat sipping coffee—for they had but just left the dining room. The Countess looked pale and dispirited. "Doctor ——," said she, after a few words-of-course had been interchanged, "I'm afraid you'll have a trying task to manage his Lordship! We are all worn out with attending on him, and yet, he says we neglect him! Nothing can please or satisfy him!—What do you imagine was the reason of his dismissing Dr. ——? Because he persisted in attributing the present seizure to his imprudent visit to the House!"

"Well your Ladyship knows I can but attempt to do my duty." At that instant the door was opened, and a sleek servant, all pampered and powdered, in a *sotto voce* tone, informed the Countess that his Lordship had been enquiring for me. "Oh, for God's sake, go—go immediately," said her Ladyship, eagerly, "or we shall have no peace for a week to come!—I shall, perhaps, follow you in a few minutes!—But mind—please, not a breath about Dr. ——'s leaving!" I bowed, and left the room. I followed the servant up the noble staircase—vases and statues—with graceful lamps—at every landing—and was presently ushered into the "Blue-beard" chamber. Oh, the sumptuous—the splendid air of every thing within it! Flowered, festooned satin window draperies—flowered satin bed-curtains, gathered together at the top by a golden eagle—flowered satin counterpane! Beautiful Brussels muffled the tread of your feet, and delicately-carved chairs and couches solicited to repose!—The very chamber-lamps, glistening in soft radiance from a snowy-marble stand in the further corners of the room, were tasteful and elegant in the extreme. In short, grandeur and elegance seemed to out-vie one another, both in the materials and disposition of every thing around me. I never saw any thing like it before, nor have I since. I never in my life sat in such a yielding luxurious chair as the one I was beckoned to, beside the Earl. There was, in a word, every thing to cheat a man into a belief that he belonged to a higher "order" than that of "poor humanity."

But for the Lord—the owner of all this—my patient. Ay, there he lay embedded in down, amid snowy linen and figured satin—all that was visible of him being his little sallow wrinkled visage, worn with illness, age, and fretfulness, peering curiously at me from the depths of his pillow—and his left hand, lying outside the bedclothes, holding a white embroidered handkerchief, with which he occasionally wiped his clammy features.

"U—u—ugh!—U—u—gh!" he groaned, or rather gasped, as a sudden twinge of pain twisted and corrugated his features almost out of all resemblance to humanity—till they looked more like those of a strangled ape, than the Right Honourable the Earl

of —. The paroxysm presently abated. " You've been—down stairs—more than—five minutes—I believe—Dr. — ?" he commenced in a petulant tone, pausing for breath between every two words—his features not yet recovered from their contortions. I bowed.

" I flatter myself—it was *I*—who sent—for you, Dr. —, and—not her ladyship,"—he continued. I bowed again, and was going to explain, when he resumed—

" Ah ! I see ! Heard the whole story—of Dr. —'s dismissal—ugh—ugh—eh ?—may I—beg the favour—of hearing—her ladyship's version—of the affair ?"

" My Lord, I heard nothing but the simple fact of Dr. —'s having ceased to attend your Lordship"—

" Ah !—ceased to attend ! Good !" he repeated, with a sneer.

" Will your Lordship permit me to ask if you have much pain just now ?" I inquired, anxious to terminate this splenetic display. I soon discovered that he was in the utmost peril ; for there was every symptom of the gout's having been driven from its old quarter, the extremities, to the vital organs—the stomach and bowels. One of the most startling symptoms was the sensation he described as resembling that of a platter of ice, laid upon the pit of his stomach ; and he complained also of increasing nausea. Though not choosing to apprise him of the exact extent of his danger, I strove so to shape my questions and comments that he might infer his being in dangerous circumstances. He either did not, however, or would not, comprehend me. I told him that the remedies I should recommend—

" Ah—by the way—" said he, turning abruptly towards me, " it must not be the execrable stuff that Dr. — half poisoned me with ! Gad, sir,—it had a most diabolical stench—garlic was a pine-apple to it—and here was I obliged to lie soaked in eau de Cologne, and half stifed with musk. He did it on purpose, he had a spite against me !" I begged to be shewn the medicines he complained of, and his valet brought me the half-emptied phial. I found my predecessor had been exhibiting *asafetida* and musk—and could no longer doubt the coincidence of his view of the case and mine.

" I'm afraid, my Lord," said I, hesitatingly, " that I shall find myself compelled to continue the use of the medicines which Dr. — prescribed"—

" I'll be — if you do, though—that's all—" replied the Earl, continuing to mutter indistinctly some insulting words about my " small acquaintance with the *pharmacopœia*." I took no notice of it.

" Would your Lordship," said I, after a pause, " object to the use of camphor, or ammonia ?"

" I object to the use of every medicine but one, and that is, a taste of some potted boar's flesh, which" my nephew, I understand, has this morning sent from abroad.

"My Lord, it is utterly out of the question. Your Lordship, it is my duty to inform you, is in extremely dangerous circumstances" —

"The J—! I am!" he exclaimed, with an incredulous smile. "Pho, pho! So Dr. — said. According to him, I ought to have resigned about a week ago! Egad—but—but—what symptom of danger is there now?" he enquired abruptly.

"Why, *one*,—in fact, my Lord, the *worst* is—the sensation of numbness at the pit of the stomach, which your Lordship mentioned just now."

"Pho!—gone—gone! A mere nervous sensation, I apprehend. I am freer from pain just now than I have been all along," his face changed a little. "Doctor—rather faint with talking—can I have a cordial? Pierre, get me some brandy!" he added, in a feeble voice. The valet looked at me—I nodded acquiescence, and he instantly brought the Earl a wine glassfull.

"Another—another—another—" gasped the Earl, his face suddenly bedewed with a cold perspiration. A strange expression flitted for an instant over the features; his eyelids drooped; there was a little twitching about the mouth—

"Pierre! Pierre! Pierre! call the Countess!" said I, hurriedly, loosing the Earl's shirt-neck, for I saw he was *dying*. Before the valet returned, however, while the muffled tramp of footsteps was heard on the stairs, approaching nearer—nearer—nearer—it was all over! the haughty Earl of ——— had gone where rank and riches availed him nothing—to be *alone with God!*

* * * * *

On arriving home that evening, my mind saddened with the scene I had left, I found my wife—Emily—sitting by the drawing room fire, alone, and in tears. On enquiring the reason of it, she told me that a char-woman who had been that day engaged at our house, had been telling Jane—my wife's maid—who, of course, communicated it to her mistress, one of the most heart-rending tales of distress that she had ever listened to—that poverty and disease united could inflict on humanity. My sweet wife's voice, ever eloquent in the cause of benevolence, did not require much exertion to persuade me to resume my walking-trim, and go that very evening to the scene of wretchedness she described. The char-woman had gone half an hour ago, but left the name and address of the family she spoke of, and after learning them, I set off. The cold was so fearfully intense, that I was obliged to return and get a "comfortable" for my neck—and Emily took the opportunity to empty all the loose silver in her purse, into my hand, saying, "you know what to do with it love!" Blessing her benevolent heart, I once more set out on my errand of mercy. With some difficulty I found out the neighbourhood, threading my doubtful way through a labyrinth of obscure back-streets, lanes, and alleys, till I came to "Peter's Palace," where the

objects of my visit resided. I began to be apprehensive for the safety of my person and property, when I discovered the sort of neighbourhood I had got into.

"Do you know where some people of the name of O'Hurdle live?" I enquired of the watchman, who was passing, bawling the hour.

"Yes, I knows *two* of that 'ere name hereabouts—which Hurdle is it, sir?" enquired the gruff guardian of the night.

"I really don't exactly know—the people I want are very, *very poor*."

"Oh! oh! oh! I'am thinking they're all much of a muchness for the matter of that, about here,"—he replied, setting down his lantern, and slapping his hands against his sides to keep himself warm.

"But the people I want are very *ill*—I'am a doctor."

"Oh, oh! you must be meaning 'em 'oose son was transported yesterday? His name was 'Tim O'Hurdle, sir—though some called him Jimmy—and I was the man that catch'd him, sir—I did! It was for a robbery in this here"——

"Ay, ay—I dare say they are the people I want. Where is their house?" I enquired hastily, somewhat disturbed at the latter portion of his intelligence—a new and forbidding feature of the case.

"I'll shew 'ee the way, sir," said the watchman, walking before me, and holding his lantern close to the ground to light my path. He led me to the last house of the place, and through a miserable dilapidated door-way; then up two pair of narrow, dirty, broken stairs, till we found ourselves at the top of the house. He knocked at the door with the end of his stick, and called out, "Holloa, missus! Hey! Withint here! You're wanted here!" adding suddenly, in a lower tone, touching his hat, "It's a bitter night, sir—a trifle, sir, to keep one's self warm—drink your health, sir." I gave him a trifle, motioned him away, and took his place at the door.

"Thank your honour! Mind your watch and pockets, sir—that's all," he muttered, and left me. I felt very nervous, as the sound of his retreating footsteps died away down stairs. I had half a mind to follow him.

"Who's there?" enquired a female voice through the door, opened only an inch or two.

"It's I—a doctor. Is your name O'Hurdle? Is any one ill here? I'am come to see you. Betsy Jones, a char-woman, told me of you."

"You're right, sir," replied the same voice, sorrowfully.—"Walk in, sir;" and the door was opened wide enough for me to enter.

Now, reader, who, while glancing over these sketches, are perhaps reposing in the lap of luxury, believe me when I tell you, that the scene which I shall attempt to set before you, as I encountered it, I feel to beggar all my powers of description;

and that what you may conceive to be exaggerations, are infinitely short of the frightful realities of that evening. Had I not seen and known for myself, I should scarce have believed that such misery existed.

“Wait a moment, sir, an’ I’ll fetch you a light,” said the woman, in a strong Irish accent; and I stood still outside the door till she returned with a rushlight, stuck in a blue bottle. I had time for no more than one glimpse at the haggard features and filthy ragged appearance of the bearer, with an infant at the breast, before a gust of wind, blowing through an unstopped broken pane in the window, suddenly extinguished the candle, and we were left in a sort of darkness visible, the only object I could see being the faint glow of expiring embers on the hearth. “Would your honour be after standing still a while, or you’ll be thredding on the chilter?” said the woman; and, bending down, she endeavoured to re-light the candle by the embers. The poor creature tried in vain, however; for it seemed there was but an inch or two of candle left, and the heat of the embers melted it away, and the wick fell out.

“Oh, murther—there! What will we do?” exclaimed the woman, “that’s the last bit of candle we’ve in the house, an’ it’s not a farthing I have to buy another!”

“Come—send and buy another,” said I, giving her a shilling, though I was obliged to *feel* for her hand.

“Oh, thank your honour!” said she, “an’ we’ll soon be seeing one another. Here, Sal! Sal! Sally!—Here, ye cratur!”

“Well, and what d’ye want with *me*?” asked a sullen voice from another part of the room, while there was a rustling of straw.

“Fait, an’ ye must get up wid ye, and go to buy a candle.—Here’s a shilling”——

“Heigh—and isn’t it a loaf of bread ye should rather be after buying, mother?” growled the same voice.

“Perhaps the Doctor won’t mind,” stammered the mother; “he won’t mind our getting a loaf too.”

“Oh, no, no! For God’s sake, go directly, and get what you like!” said I, touched by the woman’s tone and manner.

“Ho, Sal! Get up—ye may buy some bread too”——

“Bread! Bread! Bread! Where’s the shilling?” said the same voice, in quick and eager tones; and the ember-light enabled me barely to distinguish the dim outline of a figure rising from the straw on which it had been stretched, and which nearly overturned me by stumbling against me, on its way towards where the mother stood. It was a grown-up girl, who, after receiving the shilling, promised to bring the candle lighted, lest their own fire should not be sufficient, and withdrew, slamming the door violently after her, and rattling down stairs with a rapidity which shewed the interest she felt in her errand.

“I’m sorry it’s not a seat we have that’s fit for you, sir,” said the woman, approaching towards where I was standing; “but if

I may make so bold as to take your honour's hand, I'll guide you to the only one we have—barring the floor—a box by the fire, and there ye'll sit perhaps till she comes with a light."

"Anywhere—anywhere, my good woman," said I; "but I hope your daughter will return soon, for I have not long to be here." and giving her my gloved hand, she led me to a deal-box, on which I sat down. and she on the floor beside me. I was beginning to ask her some questions, when the moaning of a little child interrupted me.

"Hush! hush! ye little divel, hush!—ye'll be waking your poor daddy!—hush!—go to sleep wid ye!" said the woman, in an earnest under-tone.

"Och, och, mammy! mammy! an' issn't it so *could*?—I *can't* sleep, mammy," replied the tremulous voice of a very young child; and directing my eyes to the quarter from which the sound came, I fancied I saw a poor shivering half-naked little creature, cowering under the window.

"Hish! lie still wid ye, ye infortunate little divel, an' ye'll presently get something to eat. We ha'nt none of us tasted a morsel sin' the moraing, Doctor!" The child she spoke to ceased its moanings instantly; but I heard the sound of its little teeth chattering, and as of its hands rubbing and striking together.—Well it might, poor wretch, for I protest the room was nearly as cold as the open air; for, besides the want of fire, the bleak wind blew in chilling gusts through the broken panes of the window.

"Why, how many of you are there in this place, my good woman?" said I.

"Och, murther! murther! murther! an' isn't there—barring Sal, that's gone for the candle, and Bobby, that's out begging, and Tim, that the ould divels at Newgate have sent away to *Bottomless** yesterday," she continued, bursting into tears; "Och, an' won't that same be the death of me, and the poor father of the boy—an' it wasn't sich a sintence he deserved—but hush! hush!" she continued, lowering her tones, "an' it's waking the father of him, I'll be, that doesn't"——

"I understand your husband is ill?" said I.

"Fait, sir—as ill as the 'smatticks [asthmatics] can make him, the Lord pity him! But he's had a blessed hour's sleep, the poor fellow! though the little brat he has in his arms has been making a noise—a little divel that it is—it's the youngest, barring this one I'm suckling—an' it's not a fortnight it is sin' it first looked on its mother!" she continued, sobbing, and kissing her baby's hand; "och, och! that the little cratur had niver been born!"

I heard footsteps slowly approaching the room; and presently a few rays of light flickered through the chinks and fissures of the door, which was in a moment or two pushed open, and 'Sal' made her appearance, shading the lighted candle in her hand, and hold-

* Botany Bay.

ing a quartern loaf under her arm. She had brought but a wretched rushlight, which she hastily stuck into the neck of the bottle, and placed it on a shelf over the fireplace; and then—what a scene was visible!

The room was a garret, and the sloping ceiling—if such it might be called—made it next to impossible to move anywhere in an upright position. The mockery of a window had not one entire pane of glass in it; but some of the holes were stopped with straw, rags, and brown paper, while one or two were not stopped at all! There was not an article of furniture in the place; no, not a bed, chair, or table of any kind; the last remains of it had been seized for arrears of rent—eighteenpence a-week—by the horrid harpy, their landlady, who lived on the ground-floor!—The floor was littered with dirty straw, such as swine might scorn, but which formed the only couch of this devoted family! The rushlight eclipsed the dying glow of the few embers, so that there was not even the appearance of a fire! And this in a garret facing the north—on one of the bitterest and bleakest nights I ever knew! My heart sunk within me at witnessing such frightful misery and destitution, and contrasted it, for an instant, with the aristocratical splendour, the exquisite luxuries, of my last patient! *Lazarus and Dives!* The woman with whom I had been conversing, was a mere bundle of filthy rags—a squalid, shivering, starved creature, holding to her breast a half-naked infant,—her matted hair hanging long and loosely down her back, and over her shoulders; her daughter ‘Sal’ was in like plight—a sullen, ill-favoured slut of about eighteen, who seemed ashamed of being seen, and hung her head like a guilty one. She had resumed her former station on some straw—her bed! in the extreme corner of the room, where she was squatting, with a little creature cowering close beside her, both munching ravenously the bread which had been purchased. The miserable father of the family was seated on the floor, with his back propped against the opposite side of the fire place to that which I occupied, and held a child clasped loosely in his arms, though he had plainly fallen asleep. O what a wretched object! a foul, shapeless, brown paper cap on his head, and a ragged fustian jacket on his back, which a beggar might have spurned with loathing!

The sum of what the woman communicated to me was, that her husband, a bricklayer by trade, had been long unable to work, on account of his asthma; and that their only means of subsistence were a paltry pittance from the parish, her own scanty earnings as a washer-woman, which had been interrupted by her recent confinement, and charities collected by ‘Sal,’ and ‘Bobby who was then out begging.’ Their oldest son, Tim, a lad of sixteen, had been transported for seven years, the day before, for a robbery, of which his mother vehemently declared him innocent; and this last circumstance had, more than all the rest, completely broken the hearts of both his father and mother, who had absolutely starv-

ed themselves and their children, in order to hoard up enough to see an Old-Bailey counsel to plead for their son! The husband had been for some time, I found, an out-patient of one of the Infirmaries; 'and this poor little *durlint*,' said she, sobbing bitterly, and hugging her infant closer to her, 'has got the measles, I'm fearing; and little Bobby, too, is catching them. Och, murther, murther! Oh, Christ, pity us, poor sinners that we are! Oh! what will we do;—what will we do?' and she almost choked herself with stifling her sobs, for fear of waking her husband.

"And what is the matter with the child that your husband is holding in his arms?" I enquired, pointing to it, as it sat in its father's arms, munching a little crust of bread, and ever and anon patting its father's face, exclaiming, 'Da-a-a! Ab-bab-ba! Ab-bab-ba!'

"Och! what ails the cratur? Nothing, but that it's half-starv-ed and naked—an' isn't that enough—an' isn't it *kilt*? I wish we all were—every mother's son of us!" groaned the miserable woman, sobbing as if her heart would break. At that moment a lamentable noise was heard on the stairs, as of a lad crying, accompanied by the pattering of naked feet. 'Och! murther!' exclaimed the woman, with an agitated air. 'What's ailing with Bobby? Is it crying he is?' and starting to the door, she threw it open time enough to admit a ragged shivering urchin, about ten years old, without shoes or stockings, and having no cap, and rags pinned about him, which he was obliged to hold up with his right hand, while the other covered his left cheek. The little wretch, after a moment's pause, occasioned by seeing a strange gentleman in the room, proceeded to put three or four coppers into his mother's lap, telling her, with painful gestures, that a gentleman, whom he had followed a few steps in the street, importuning for charity, had turned round unexpectedly, and struck him a severe blow with a cane, over his face and shoulders.

"Let me look at your face, my poor little fellow," said I drawing him to me; and on removing his hand, I saw a long weal all down the left cheek. I wish I could forget the look of tearless agony with which his mother put her arms round his neck, and drawing him to her breast, exclaimed, faintly,—'Bobby! My Bobby!' After a few moments she released the boy, pointing to the spot where his sisters sate still munching their bread. The instant he saw what they were doing, he sprung towards them, and plucked a large fragment from the loaf, fastening on it like a young wolf!

'Why, they'll finish the loaf before you've tasted it, my good woman,' said I.

'Och, the poor things!—Let them—let them!' she replied, wiping away a tear. 'I can do without it longer than they—the craturs!'

'Well, my poor woman,' said I, 'I have not much time to spare,

as it is growing late. I came here to see what I could do for you as a doctor. How many of you are ill ?'

'Fait, an' isn't it ailing—we all of us are ! Ah, your honour !—A 'Firmary, without physic or victuals !'

'Well, we must see what can be done for you. What is the matter with your husband, there ?' said I, turning towards him. He was still asleep, in spite of the tickling and stroking of his child's hands, who, at the moment I looked, was trying to push the corner of its crust into its father's mouth, chuckling and crowing the while, as is the wont of children who find a passive subject for their drolleries.

'Och, och ! the little villain—the thing, said she, impatiently, seeing the child's employment. 'Is'n't it waking him, it'll be ?—st—st !'

'Let me see him nearer,' said I ; 'I must wake him, and ask him a few questions.'

I moved from my seat towards him. His head hung down drowsily. His wife took down the candle from the shelf, and held it a little above her husband's head, while I came in front of him, and stooped on one knee to interrogate him.

'Phelim ! Love ! Honey ! Darling !—Wake wid ye ! And is'n't it the doctor that comes to see ye ?' said she, nudging him with her knee. He did not stir, however. The child, regardless of us, was still playing with his passive features. A glimpse of the awful truth flashed across my mind.

'Let me have the candle a moment, my good woman,' said I rather seriously.

The man was dead.

He must have expired nearly an hour ago, for his face and hands were quite cold ; but the position in which he sat, together with the scantiness of the light, concealed the event. It was fearful to see the ghastly pallor of the features, the fixed pupils, the glassy glare downwards, the fallen jaw !—Was it not a subject for a painter ? The living child in the arms of its dead father, unconsciously sporting with a corpse !

* * * *

To attempt a *description* of what ensued, would be idle and even ridiculous. It is hardly possible even to imagine it ! In one word the neighbours who lived on the floor beneath were called in, and did their utmost to console the wretched widow and quiet the children. They laid out the corpse decently ; and I left them all the silver I had about me, to enable them to purchase a few of the more pressing necessaries. I succeeded afterwards in gaining two of the children admittance into a charity school ; and, thro' my wife's interference, the poor widow received the efficient assistance of an unobtrusive, but most incomparable institution, '*The Stranger's Friend Society*.' I was more than once present when those angels of mercy—those 'true Samaritans'—the 'Visitors' of the Society, as they are called—were engaged on this noble errand, and wished that their numbers were countless, and their means inexhaustible !

THE RECESS.

“ Here in this calm RECESS, I’d sit, and muse
On the wide world beyond, and as the show
Of actual life pass’d by, t’would mend my wit.”

No. V.

[Present—Tickle, Meadows and Placid.]

Meadows. “ He openeth his hand, and supplieth all things living with plenteousness.” I have been thinking during the last few minutes, what a noble text this would be for an autumnal sermon.

Tickle. Like many others you are busying yourself about the concerns of other people, rather than about your own.

Meadows. Allow me to say that that opinion is like the most of your remarks, smart and shallow. Get out of the little muddy bubbling stream of small talk, and venture on the depths and heights of manly thought. Not my business truly? Where is the being whose business it should not be to worship the Creator, and to utter audible reflections on his goodness?

Tickle. Leave sermons to parsons.

Meadows. They are too much so already. The minister has the making of his sermon, and as far as many are concerned the hearing of it, and as respects many more the remembering and profiting by it. I would have each a preacher in his heart, and would make him who occupies the pulpit but the mouth of the congregation.

Placid. How would you treat your text, were you to preach from the words “ He openeth his hand and supplieth all things living with plenteousness”

Meadows. I would commence with a few prefatory remarks on the dependence of man and the inferior tribes on some supreme power. To exhibit this I would despoil the spring of its flowers by hoar-frost and chilling deluges of rain. The sun should flare out suddenly and scorch the fields of summer, while the heavens should seem brass to the cries of the husbandman. A hurricane should sweep over the orchards of August, that man might be deprived of his rich fruit; while the useless sickles hung in the empty barns; and the buckets fell to pieces beside the long exhausted well. Then should come the blighting cramping frosts of winter; the snow-wreath and the ice abroad, and the famine within, all the hovels of the land. What then would man be, whose breath is in his nostrils?—Again I would look forth on creation, and find the air deprived of its life-feeding qualities, and behold the awful pestilence walking at noon-day, in shapes too horrible for the imagination to dwell on. I would look upon the unsheathed sword, wielded by ferocious myriads, who were di-

vested of the sweet influences of reason, and who joy'd like fiends as gash succeeded gash on the writhing bodies of their fellow creatures. Leaving these more common scourges, I would give the reins to the hurricane, and it should put forth a little more of its strength than it ever had done, and lo, the dwellings of men would be gone as toys, the falling of the forest should thunder around, the ships should go down at once to leviathan, and man should be driven over the torn plains of earth, like moths, before the breath of the Almighty. The windows of heaven should again open and send forth their torrents, the great deep should be let loose--the mountain tops should be once more washed by the waves of the sea! where then would be the pigmy Niagaras of earth; and where the admirers of the calm meadow streams? The purifying and terrific element of fire should administer to my purpose; what we call "the course of nature" should be stopped, and an horrible Chaos come again!--Would not such a preface tear self-sufficient pride from the hearts of my audience? would it not exhibit the forgotten fact, that we exist daily by sufferance, and that a small outgoing of our Creator's power could break our system into lifeless fragments, easily as the north wind and the rock breaks the wave into light spray?

I would then turn to my text, and ponder with pleasing awe on the Great Being mentioned in it; on his existence, his character, and the relation which man stands in towards him. Next I would endeavour to pourtray this OMNIPRESENT ONE clothed in goodness and mercy and loving kindness, and *opening his hand*, that his blessings not his thunderbolts might fall to the earth. Then I should pourtray the rejoicing creation, and marshal its tribes, each receiving its portion in due season. I would behold the year crowned with goodness, and would translate the anthem of nature, as it ascended from the green earth and mingled with the sunny clouds, which are as curtains to the Almighty's tabernacle. Lastly I would endeavour to excite to habitual cheerfulness, benevolence and thankfulness; and to that happy state whereby man lives here in intimate friendship with the giver of goodness, and in confident hope of beholding his face with ineffable joy, where rivers and trees of life feed the redeemed with immortality.

Placid. What think you now Tickle, of Meadows having any business to talk of Ministerial labours?

Tickle. I have frequently thought it strange that we had not more effective discourses from the pulpit. Too often the higher the employ the more slovenly the work is done. Thus the King's work is noedly slimmed, and it has been said that anything will do to make a priest of. I must own that the expression taken abstractedly seems blasphemously untrue.

Meadows. The pulpit is the most noble stage for oratory on earth; and the Christian Minister should be chosen as the chief of ten thousand for good sense, talent and piety. A day is set apart for the cessation of business, and for the worship of the

Deity ; on this day, in a building exclusively devoted to religion, the minister stands up surrounded by a number of his fellow creatures, who are all ready to pay due deference and the closest attention to every word which he utters ; and he has the most grand subjects within the scope of human intellect to descant on, subjects immensely varied, interesting and important. What noble peculiarities are these in favour of the Christian forum—yet what flat and unprofitable repetitions too often disgrace the situation ?

Placid. What system of reformation then would you propose ?

Meadows. Did I presume to give an opinion on such a subject, the present opportunity is not suitable—the causes, the many and diversified causes of pulpit mediocrity—the delightful and extremely valuable effects of pulpit eloquence, require more time and attention in their discussion than we can now give them.

[*Turgid enters with a more abstracted air than usual.*]

Tickle. What is your opinion *Turgid* of pulpit orators ?

Turgid.

“ The legate of the skies !—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.”

Placid I was not aware of our friend's intimacy with the poets.

Turgid. “ There is a pleasure in poetic pains,
Which only poets know. The shifts and turns,
The expedients and inventions multiform,
To which the mind resorts, in chase of terms
Though apt, yet coy, and difficult to win—
T'arrest the fleeting images, that fill
The mirror of the mind, and hold them fast,
And force them sit, till he has pencilled off
A faithful likeness of the forms he views ;
Then to dispose his copies with such art,
That each may find its most propitious light,
And shine by situation, hardly less
Than by the labour and the skill it cost ;
Are occupations of the poet's mind
So pleasing, and that steal away the thought
With such address, from themes of sad import,
that, lost in his own musings, happy man !
He feels the anxieties of life—denied
Their wanted entertainment—all retire.
Such joy has he that sings.”

Tickle. Why in the name of all the muses, what has got into the usual thick head of our friend ?

Meadows. I have it ! you recollect *Placid*, that at our last meeting *Turgid* partly promised to bring a specimen of his poetry on this evening. This has occasioned such Parnassian studies that he now speaks only in sweet numbers.

Placid. True, true, let us hear his own effusion.

Meadows. You have an attentive and obliged audience *Turgid*,

proceed with your own composition, after having entertained us with quotations from Cowper.

Turgid. Gentlemen I would fain be excused ; but, but, I will do as you request—hoping for partial criticism on my very humble attempt. It is a Haligonian Pastoral.

THE NORTH-WEST ARM.

O ! placid branch of ocean's tide
 Thy shores renew my boyhood's day,
 When glad I sought thy mazy side,
 To loiter through a holiday.
 To pluck the berries glossy ripe,
 Soft shaded by thy gentle wood ;
 To lie and list, the Robins pipe ;
 Or angle in thy limpid flood.
 O ! placid branch of ocean's tide
 These were no days of care or pride.

And often—in maturer years,
 When softer sentiments came o'er me,
 When love's delicious hopes and fears
 Spread sweet deceptions mists before me ;
 Then, when the moon's first rays came down
 All silvery on thy placid tide,
 A trysting hour—eve's loveliest crown—
 I found enraptured by thy side.
 O rural arm of ocean brine
 Maria's memory blends with thine.

Fondly I hope that years of eld
 Will find me on thy humble strand,
 From mighty cares or joys withheld,
 And given a resting place, to stand
 Calmly to view the past, and gaze
 Not fearful through the future void :
 Still lingering mid my boyhood's ways,
 Prepare to meet my father's God.
 Calm ocean arm, what fitt'r bower
 Than thine, for such a needed hour.

My fav'rite stream, tho' little known,
 Yet peerless charms thy glen displays ;
 Thy green-wood lanes, thy inlets lone,
 Thy pebbly coves, and mossy braes,
 Thy hills bold peering through the blue,
 The deep green of thy margining shades,
 Thy Isle which wars romaunts imbue,
 The white cots scattered o'er thy meads,
 The distant rocks and unchecked deep
 Where best the sunbeams smile and sleep.

The white sailed shallop neath thy hills
 Reeps sleepily along thy shores,
 The loaded barge aside thy mills
 Rests where the pigmy cascade roars,
 Skirting yon sheltered sandy bay
 The Indians cot and skiff appears,
 The mouldering hulks and forts convey
 An echo of more warlike years,
 And gull and curlew graceful glide
 Where mack'rel ripples mark thy tide.

Full prouder scenes than this I ween
 Are rise, o'er earths all varied shores ;
 But few so pangless, so serene
 A wanderer's broken peace restores.
 Here are no feuds, no cankering want,
 No pauper's hut, no despot's tower ;
 'Tyranny, in thy leafy haunt
 Intrudes not, and no tall ship's lower
 Upon thy breast, to bear afar
 Thy children from oppression's war.

More blest than nobler scenes art thou
 Lone sylvan inlet of the deep ;
 Thy dwellers greet morn's ruddy brow
 Content, and rest through hours of sleep
 Secure and calm. Then let me rove
 Still happy by thy limpid stream ;
 Reviewing days of childhood's love,
 And manhood's prouder falsèr dream :
 Entering, at times, through faith, serene,
 Where " streams of life" make glad the scene.

All. Good, good!

[Crank enters.]

Crank. Why what a noise is here ! call you this calm discussion gentlemen ?

Placid. It ill befits a truant to commence school reformer.

Crank. It is vacation time--attendance comes with long evenings ; how could you expect one to sit inhaling the smoke of your candles, while the new hay and the barley mow invited him abroad. Forioso you find, has gone to rusticate on his services being declined last evening.

Meadows. It is well for our deliberative faculties, that the strawberry season does not last all the year round. Crank was sharp as a terrier in May, and he now seems fat and lazy as a baalamb from browsing among the after grass. No wonder the Italians are so effeminate ; a Nova Scotia winter braces body and soul. Thrice welcome the approaching time when our members, punctual in attendance shall exclaim,

" Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in."

MONTHLY RECORD.

GREAT BRITAIN.—His Majesty opened the New Parliament on June 14. The speech was rather vague on most of the subjects introduced.

The *Reform Bill*, came under consideration on July 6 : it passed a second reading by a majority of 156.

River Niger. The Messrs. Lander have received 1000 guineas from Mr. Murray, for their Journal. It is said that Lord Goderich, on the part of Government, will also help to reward the enterprising travellers.

Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated actress died in London in June.

Sir Murray Maxwell, recently appointed to the Government of P. E. Island, died in June.

Mr. Elliston, the celebrated comedian and manager of Drury Lane Theater, died July 8.

FOREIGN.—*Poland*—Deibitsch died in the Russian Camp ; the Poles continue to resist bravely, nothing conclusive of their affairs is known.

NOVA-SCOTIA.—*Mineral Spring.*—The Spring at Wilmot, is creating intense interest, and attracting crowds to partake of its healing influence. A Public Bath has been erected, and Vapour and Shower Baths are now in progress. The instances of benefit are too tedious to detail, but sufficiently satisfactory for us to warrant their virtue. We were informed by a gentleman who had visited the Spring, that he found near 200 persons assembled at this wonder-working Well. All agree that it has performed wonderful cures. From the best information we have been able to obtain, its strength is very great : on dropping quick-silver into it, amalgamation immediately takes place. Its greatest effects have been seen in scrofulous diseases, Ulcers, King's Evil, lameness, and the dispersion of hard and swollen lumps ; and many instances of inveterate, and heretofore unyielding cases, having been completely subdued, are already on record.

It appears that a number of valetudinarians have sailed from Eastport on their way to the springs at Wilmot. As our neighbour Jonathan is not over credulous, we expect that he has good reason for supposing that the Spring offers fair returns for the trouble and expense of a visit.

Those recent and valuable discoveries are situated in the valley of Wilmot, about sixteen miles to the westward of Bridgetown, near the Grand Post road leading from Digby to Halifax.

In the centre of a little rising ground—a few rods across—being higher in the centre than on any part—and appearing from the low ground around it like a little Island, are situated the springs, a few rods from a public road. The owner has had a large platform built around the largest Spring, which, being overhung with trees, makes a very picturesque appearance, and at this season of the year a delightful and refreshing shade. About twenty or

thirty yards from the springs are the Bathing Houses, to which the water is led by leading conductors. Only three Baths are finished, two of which are warm, the other cold; those that take a cold bath are astonished on entering the water, it being so intensely cold that none can stop in more than four or five minutes. The warm bath, which visitors can have tempered to any degree they may wish, is pleasanter and more generally preferred.

In one part of the Bathing House a Room is left for a Shower Bath, which it is probable will be finished in a few weeks—in another part, led thither by a leaden pipe, is a spout which empties about 80 or 90 gallons per minute, of water as clear as crystal, under which, those afflicted with all the various diseases and disorders which human flesh is heir to, daily sit. These who drink of the waters go to the platform at the Fountain Head, where a person attends dipping the water, and who from the great number of visitors is kept in continual motion, and to whom a trifle is generally given, no charge being made any where except at the Bathing Room, where one and three pence only is taken. What is not a little surprising, a person can with ease drink four times the quantity of it that he can of common water, without feeling any inconvenience: this must be owing to the fixed air contained in it. Its effects are different on different persons, but in all cases it produces a free perspiration.

The proprietor intends to build a few more Baths, and a large house for entertainment.—*St. John, N. B. paper.*

Halifax.—Regatta.—A second Regatta, for which the inhabitants are indebted to the officers of the garrison, took place on Wednesday, the 10th August. The harbour exhibited a fine display of sailing and other boats; the wharves had their full quota of spectators, and others took advantage of the facilities afforded by the deck of the Packet and of the French ship 'Theodore.—A military band of music was stationed on the King's wharf, another on board a schooner where the umpires were stationed, and a third band on board the packet. The first race was between two whalers—the Edward Cunard, favorite and winning whaler of the late Regatta—and the Rifleman, owned by the volunteer rifle company of the Dartmouth militia. The Rifleman won, prize \$30.—Second race was by seven flats, two pair of paddles in each, first prize of \$10, won by Mr. Bracket's Miller. The third race was four gigs. by amateurs: first prize, four gold medals, was won by the *Victoria*, rowed by the 52nd officers, the *Ariel*, rowed by officers of the 8th, won the second prize, four silver medals. Fourth race, was between the canoes; The closest, best, and most exciting race of the day, Gorham Paul won his eight dollars by about half a canoe length. Fifth race was open to all; several gigs started, the *Ariel* won. Sixth race, gigs rowed by soldiers; a chase, in which the *Ariel* might have rowed round her followers, and won easily notwithstanding.

Melancholy Accident.—On Sunday evening the 15th August, about half past eight o'clock, cries of distress were heard to arise from the harbour; the night was dark and squally, and several boats went from the shore, and from vessels, to ascertain the cause of alarm. The boats succeeded in coming up with a ferry-boat, which was filled with water; and to which six persons clung, who were immediately rescued from their perilous situation.

It appears that the ferry-boat left Dartmouth under the charge of a man named Costley, she then had on board about 30 passengers; it being evident to persons on shore that she was overloaded, another ferry-boat was sent along side, which took from her about ten passengers in opposition to the wishes of Costley.—When a considerable distance from shore, the boat encountered a heavy shower of rain, and a rough sea, and was thrown on her beam ends by a violent squall. She quickly filled, and sunk; but soon rose again and floated full of water. Six of her passengers clung to her, and after remaining about half an hour in this fearful situation, their cries procured assistance, and they were picked up, as before mentioned. The remainder of the passengers with Costley and his assistants were drowned!

The *Methodist Annual Missionary Report* for Halifax, continued to May 1831, has appeared. This Report informs us that the receipts of the Methodist Missionary Society for 1830, amounted to £50,017 18s. 8d. and the disbursements to £49,673 7s. 10d. Sterling. Five Missionaries died during the year, and 22 additional have been appointed; making in all 220 beside subordinate helpers. The number of members on Mission stations is 41,600, the number in the Mission schools is 27,000.

The Society established in the Nova-Scotia District, as an auxiliary to the Parent Missionary Society, and which includes the islands of Cape-Breton and Prince Edward, exhibits the following abstract of its debit account for the year ending May 1831.

Balance in Treasurers' hands £1 17s. 11½d.—Cash from the Halifax Branch £123 7s. 10½d.—Lunenburg £31.—Liverpool £24 8s. 10½d.—Barrington &c. £20 12s. 7½d.—Horton £24.—Windsor £37 9s. 9s.—Newport £32 13s.—Parrsboro &c. £36 17s. 6d.—Wallace £30 6s.—River John £3 14s. 6d.—Guysboro Circuit £1.—Sydney, Cape-Breton £7 15s.—Prince Edward Island, Charlotte Town Branch £71.—Tryon and Bedeque £44 3s. 4d.—These sums make a total of £490 18s. 2½d.

The *Baptist Nova-Scotia Association* have published Minutes of an Annual Meeting, held at Onslow, 27th and 28th June, 1831.

Connected with this Association there are 41 Churches, 3309 members, 26 ordained Ministers, and several Licentiate.

The Managing Education Committee, report that a building for the purposes of an Academy, has been erected at Horton, which cost about £1000, towards which expenditure the Legislature of Nova-Scotia, granted last Session £500.—Mr. Crawley collected £200 for the institution in the United States—he is at present in

England, on a similar mission—a further mission to the United States, was contemplated—and appeals are made to the public in behalf of the Establishment.

August 24.—Quarantine Regulations have been put in force for the prevention of the introduction of Cholera Morbus.

The Royal William New Steam Boat, from Quebec, arrived in majestic style on August 31.

Pictou. —Juvenile Entertainer.—The first number of a small paper bearing this title, has been issued from the Patriot Office, Pictou.

Launches.—A coaster vessel called the *Temperance* was lately launched at Sheet Harbour. At Tatmagouche on the 11th inst. was launched the brig *Martha*, 270 tons register, of beautiful workmanship.

Cape-Breton.—10,000 tons of shipping have been this year contracted for with one Mercantile house, at Halifax, to export Coals from Cape-Breton to foreign ports—the Coasters and American vessels being insufficient for the increasing trade of the company : and arrangements are making whereby vessels of 5 or 600 tons burthen can load in a secure harbour a short distance from the Mines, at which place a yard and wharf have been constructed ; this site, of some future town or city, has been named North Sydney. We also learn, that the *Imports* to Cape-Breton in 1830 amounted to £85026 employing 598 vessels of 36,099 tons, and 1860 men. The *Exports* for the same year amounted to £67620 employing 641 vessels of 39111 tons and 1950 men. This small but very valuable Island is rapidly rising into notice and importance.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, August 5, Mr. James Franklin to Miss Susan Waddy. 6, Mr. Edwin Cassedy, to Miss Julia Housner. 10, Mr. Robert A. Bigby, to Miss Lydia S. Ives. At Windsor, Augt. 22, Mr. William Evans, to Miss Humphrey. At Newport, August 13, Mr. Noah Harvie, to Miss Lydia Fish. At Sherbrooke, Augt. 7, Mr. Jacob Hiltz, to Miss Elizabeth Corkem. Mr. John Corey, to Miss Catharine Bridle. At Sheet Harbour, August 8, Mr. John M'Carthy, to Miss Anne Palmer. Mr. Jas. Munroe, to Miss Lydia Jackson. At Pictou, Aug. 5, Mr. J. Paulen, to Miss Jane Rea.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, July 30, Mr. John Rundle, aged 42. Augt. 10, Mr. Nicholas Fitzhenry, aged 30. Mrs. Sarah Matthews, aged 65. Augt. 17, Mrs. Mary Shay, aged 80. Augt. 19, Elcanor, wife of James Tobin, Esq. aged 54. 22, Mrs. Rachael Carlile, aged 30. 24, Mrs. Margaret M'Lean, aged 25. At Dartmouth, July 30, Mr. Israel Evans, aged 37. At Lunenburg, July 21, Mr. John Finner, senr. aged 76. Mr. William West, aged 32. At Kentville, Augt. 23, Mrs. W. Harrington, aged 43. At Pictou, East River, Augt. 24, Mr. Robert M'Intosh, aged 70. At Loch Broom, Augt. 19, Mr. Alexander Cameron, senr. aged 103.

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