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# THE HALIFAX Monthly Magazine.

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A wish having been expressed by a few friends, members of the Mechanics' Institute, that the following should appear in the pages of the Magazine, we submit to their judgement and insert it; knowing that papers read before the Institute, have a peculiar interest with the members of that body, and hoping that the article will not be found altogether uninteresting to the general reader.] Ed.

## HISTORY,

*Being a paper read by John S. Thompson, before the Halifax Mechanics' Institute, May 9, 1832.*

I STAND up to address this company with much timidity. It is my first attempt in such matters; and to add to my embarrassment, I have been called on through accident some weeks before the time originally allotted to this subject.

In coming forward I perform a duty, to which I did not volunteer; and altho' conscious that the matter and style of this paper will ill entitle it to the name of Lecture, I rest confidently on the indulgence of my hearers. An indulgence which I have found extended hitherto to others, and which I greatly stand in need of.

My Subject is a wide one, and I scarcely knew how to treat it; my previous reading was deficient, and Near my paper will be found too rambling and superficial. I might have re-cast it, had time allowed; but under present circumstances this was impossible. Again soliciting indulgence, I submit it with all its defects to my fellow members.

**HISTORY**, in the widest and most general signification of the term, is a methodical account of the principal transactions of the human race; of the divisions and subdivisions, and various revolutions of that race, from the earliest time to the present. It commences with Man, when the garden of Paradise contained the entire of the human inhabitants of our globe; traces his progress to the period when the flood cleansed the earth of a guilty generation; marks the origin of various Tribes from the sons of Noah, their growth into states, Kingdoms and Empires, and their very devious progress down the great and tumultuous stream of time.

Looking at History in this light, as an account of Man, and as a record of his virtues, his vices, his acts, and his inventions; it seems a science which yields to none in importance or interest. As regards importance, it teaches us to *know ourselves*, by holding a mirror in which all our kind is pictured; as regards interest, it presents us with a series of facts, splendid, romantic, terrific and noble to an extreme degree.

If the study of *Mathematics* yields us valuable information respecting *Numbers* and *Lines*, and teaches us to produce very wonderful results from simple premises; History, when properly read, directs Nations and Individuals, “so to *number* their days that they may apply their hearts unto wisdom;” and so to *measure* actions, that they may reject the evil and choose the good; and thus greatly increase the stock of general happiness.

If *Mechanical* science enables us to comprehend, and account for, and turn to use, the motions of vast bodies; if it makes us acquainted with *Force*, *Gravity* and *Velocity*, until the laws of matter become subservient to our purposes, and we can perform labours which seem rather the work of Gods than of Pigmies; *History* enables us to judge of the spirit and nature of the *Lord of Creation*, and to form a just estimate of the results of his acquisitions and borrowed powers.

If *Astronomy* is attractive as informing us of the wonders and glories of the visible Heavens, and *Geography* delightful and useful as unfolding to our view the various features of the multiform Earth; History, which exhibits all the phenomena of that race, for whom the great globe was made, and whose destined home is “another and a better world,” must be a science exceedingly interesting to every enquiring mind. It is a golden mine to the Poet and the Painter; and brings the wisdom and glory of past ages, to the assistance of the Philosopher.

Independant of those individual excellencies of the subject under consideration, it seems the connecting link between Science—commonly so called—and Literature; between those studies which relate to the *nature* of things, and those, which, more imaginative, relate to interesting and picturesque *combinations*. It has the severe system, the general principles, the important deductions of the one; and is replete with the affecting and striking situations of the other. As such a *link*, it comes in its proper place, before the members of this Institute, at a time after they have been studying the Pure and Mixed Sciences, and before they have entered on the more florid range of miscellaneous literature.

In this paper I will endeavour to point ont some of the sources of

**History**; I will advert to the Sciences more immediately connected with it; will venture a few remarks respecting its systematic study; and endeavour to impress on the mind of my fellow members, a respects for historical pursuits, and a resolution to cultivate an intimate acquaintance, with the history of that gallant and powerful Country, of which this Province is a favourite and an affectionate Colony.

In attempting this task, I would premise, that I am but a novice in the study which I thus recommend to others; and that I chiefly aim at reducing a mass of particulars to a broad connected *outline*—which outline, I trust, by its simplicity, and by avoiding minute detail, will present something which the mind can easily catch and retain; and in impressing itself on the memory, will convey a portion of information to some of my hearers, and to others will renew studies which they had half forgotten.

**HISTORY**, or the account of remarkable events and transactions, was, in early ages, preserved and transmitted from father to son, from generation to generation, by *tradition*. This mode of recording great occurrences, was gradually superseded by other more direct and efficacious methods, as civilization advanced, and man succeeded in seeking out curious inventions. It seems an interesting fact, that all the tribes of men have exhibited the longing after immortality, the abhorrence of forgetfulness, and the desire to preserve the annals of their race—of which History is the result. Wherever barbarous nations have been discovered, this feature of social life has been invariably found impressed on their character. No matter how divided the tribes may have been; whether Fishers, or Hunters; whether Stoics of the woods, or sensitive inhabitants of the torrid plains; all had their cherished traditions; and many had made rude, though ingenious, attempts, at transmitting their stories of other days to solid substances, to which they could refer, as to an art for assisting the memory.

*Tradition* is the History of Patriarchal Life. The family circle, gathered round the winter's hearth, or under the oak of summer, listened with delight to the Sire, while he recounted his early adventures. Attention was paid to the narration, because all were interested. The maidens of the group trembled at the hairbreadth escapes, and exulted in the successes of the Protector; while the young men felt an involuntary and ardent desire, to share in similar dangers and triumphs. Succeeding generations, blended with their own stories, the principle events of their fathers; and in matters of importance, no doubt, these traditions became of first-rate authority. In the Holy Scriptures, we find, that the heads of

families were enjoined to relate to their sons, and to their son's sons, the remarkable events which they had witnessed themselves; and in estimating this source of history, we should recollect, how much more perfect tradition was, in the days when it was of great consequence, than any thing of the kind can be now, when we have so many other opportunities of recording even the minute events of passing time, and of course, when none but trifling occurrences will be trusted merely to the memory. These traditions also, were often delivered in public; "in the gate," or at the market-place, that many might bear witness, and the report of one, corroborate or correct, the tradition of his neighbour.

An interesting advance on this mere oral relation of extraordinary events, was made, by the original inhabitants of the Continent on which we now reside. The *Indian* tribes had their Councils and their treaties; and had adopted various signs to seal their agreements, and to retain them in distinct recollection. The Canadians and other Indians had a current money, which they called *Wampum*; it was made of the inside of Conque and Muscle shells, and shaped like beads. These beads were strung together, and were woven into strips about four inches in width and two feet in length. In this shape they were called belts; and were used as pledges and memorials on important occasions. In forming treaties, a belt of Wampum was laid down by the Chief Speaker, at the conclusion of each distinct proposition, and, if taken up by the other party, was considered at once the bond and the token of the agreement. In sending Missions to distant tribes, the messengers received one or more belts to deliver, each belt to be accompanied by a certain speech of which it was the emblem.—Thus these simple people, aware of the fleeting nature of spoken language, reduced their national dealings to a few propositions, and by giving a sign with each, hoped to fasten them, and to be able to recal the matter signified at a future opportunity, by referring to the symbol. We may not be able to appreciate this practise, because our records are so much more perfectly preserved; but those who love scientific pursuits, know, that they attach infinitely greater signification to certain lines and figures, than those do who are unacquainted with that which the figures represent; and we all may recollect instances of unlettered individuals of our own Country, resorting to particular marks and tokens, to remind them of circumstances which they could not take a written account of. The memory and the imagination wonderfully accomodate themselves to the demands made on them, and the Peasant often exhibits natural acuteness, unknown to the philosopher and the scholar.

In illustration of the use made of these belts of Wampum by the

Indians, I have made a short extract from the History of the *Five Nations*, who were a warlike tribe residing between the old English and French Colonies. In the reign of Charles the II. at a treaty with Lord Howard, Governor of New York, a Mohawk Chief spoke as follows :

“ The Oneydoes particularly thank you great Sachem of Virginia, for consenting to lay down the axe. The Hatchet is taken out of all their hands. *Gives a Belt.* We again thank Assarigou that he has made a *new Chain.* Let it be kept bright and clean, and held fast on all sides ; let not any pull his arm from it. We include all the *four Nations* in *giving this Belt.*”

The Chief of another tribe said on the same occasion “ We have put ourselves under the great Sachem Charles, that lives on the other side of the great Lake. We give you these too white-dressed Deer-skins, to send to the great Sachem that he may write on them, and put a great red seal to them, to confirm what we do ; and put the Susquehana River above the Falls, and all the rest of our land under the great Duke of York, and give that land to none else. Our Brethern, his People, have been like fathers to our wives and children ; we will not therefore join ourselves, or our land to any other Government but this. We desire Corlear, our Governor, may send this our *Proposition* to the great Sachem Charles, who dwells on the other side the great Lake, with this *Belt of Wampum*, and this other smaller *Belt* to the Duke of York, his Brother : And we give you Corlear, this Beaver, that you may send over this *Proposition.*”

We here see the difference which was made between the *Present* and the *Pledge.* The Beaver was a present to the Governor of New York, whom they called Corlear, after one of the first settlers in that state ; but the Belts were to accompany their message to the King, as tokens and pledges of their sincerity. Belts of Wampum, in fact, were given as bonds and remembrances, were sent as memorials, and were laid by as records ; and, as we said before, the practise seems a very interesting advance on mere Traditionary authority. It illustrates this part of our subject, as exhibiting a source of history among a rude people, and a step made by them towards historical documents ; and as a proof of the universality of the desire, to retain knowledge of the past by artificial contrivances.

In looking into some books while preparing this paper, I noticed an inaccuracy on the subject of Wampum, in *Priestly's Lectures on History.* He treats these strings of beads, as mere marks handed by an Indian Orator to his attendants, at particular parts of his discourse, to enable each to recollect a certain portion of it. Whereas, a number of sticks were provided for this purpose,

and the Wampum, as we have seen, was used for the important ends of Bonds and public Records.

A further endeavour to secure the annals of a great family or a state, was the appointment of particular persons to the duty of reciting or singing Historical narratives. These narratives were generally composed in a kind of rude metre, as more harmonious to the ear, and also to assist the memory, and to facilitate their descent uninjured by repetition. Most barbarous nations seem to have provided themselves with Historical Poems ; and with Bards, noted for their skill in composition and recital. In illustration of this we may recollect, that when the Romans invaded Britain, they found the Bards a distinct and influential class, whose poems contained the only records kept concerning the acts and adventures of the Chief natives. We are also informed, that Alfred, whose name will ever stand among the brightest and best of Monarchs, was roused from the inactivity of boyhood, by his Mother's recital of Saxon Poems. From these, the fire of patriotism was kindled, which burned with unquenchable fervour, and which continued unsullied throughout his arduous and magnificent life. We may easily imagine what value was placed on this class of Historians, among people very sensitive to all the sources of poetry, and emulous of acts of bravery ; and to whom, science being nearly unknown, the Minstrel's art became learning and amusement of the highest order. As a celebrated writer says, " They are the sons of other times. Their voices shall be heard in other ages, when the Kings of Temora have failed."

Another more tangible and general advance, towards satisfying this thirst to immortalise great events, was the erection of a heap of stones, or a rude pillar ; the observers of which, would be expected to enquire concerning its nature and intent, and thus multiply the knowledge of the circumstance commemorated. Of this character, were the heaps and pillars mentioned in the Scriptures, and similar memorials in all ages and nations.

This naturally brings us to a most important and beautiful source of ancient history ; **HIEROGLYPHICS**, or records preserved by means of painted or engraved figures. And here again we are struck with the universality of certain habits and customs. The human family bears strong evidence indeed of having descended from one original stock. The passions and sympathies, the virtues and the vices of uncivilized man, have been found nearly alike, in tribes greatly divided by space ; and in the first steps towards refinement, nations have proceeded with little variation, except that produced by accidental circumstances. Amid the cities and the deserts of Africa, these emblematic specimens of ingenuity and ambition appear

in pillars, and statutes, and pyramids. In Asia, the sacred caverns, and the remains of rudely massive temples and palaces, bear similar testimony; and in America, the numerous and splendid picture writings of the Mexicans, show how general have been these aspirations of man, for more durable records of his race, than the breath of his own nostrils. Even the Indians of North America, vagrant as their mode of living generally was; have exhibited a somewhat corresponding desire to preserve an account of their achievements. The Indians of Canada in going forth to meet a hostile tribe, halted at some distance from their encampment, or rude castles; they here parted from the women who had accompanied them at their setting out, and choosing an oak, one of nature's pillars, they depicted canoes, men and animals on it; so as to intimate what force the expedition was of, and against what tribe it was directed. On their return from the war, they made similar marks indicative of their varied success; and by these verdant monuments, and their war-songs, they endeavoured to perpetuate a vague history of their nation.

Beside the sources and forerunners of regular history just enumerated, as the arts advanced in particular countries, *Medals*, which are called portable monuments, were struck off and circulated. Medals were peices of metal made to answer the purposes of coin, or stamped with some peculiar device, to signalise and commemorate a remarkable event or period. They have existed in great abundance, and have served most extensively to supply and to determine history. They have recorded in a durable and distinct manner, many similitudes of the buildings, the implements, the costumes, and the great men of other ages; and are of themselves a study of much interest and importance.

We now come to *written histories*, when alphabetical characters had been invented and reduced to strict rule, so as to represent all the varieties of a language; and when men acquired the God-like art of inscribing their thoughts fully and clearly on various substances; and by so doing, of conversing freely with their fellows, tho' oceans or ages might roll between them. The progress from those rude and unsatisfactory memorials before mentioned, to the regular volumes of History, was no doubt slow and imperceptible. And the Barbarian could no more deem it probable, that the many acts and sayings of a century could be clearly recorded between the spels of a book, than we would suppose that Stage Coaches and Steam Boats could keep up a communication between the earth and the moon. Even long after writing was known and partially practised, little more of written history, than state papers, inscriptions, and bald records of great transactions could be attempted.



The Old Testament far surpasses all Histories for antiquity; and so little was written in the early ages of the world, that Herodotus the Greek, who wrote about 450 years before the Christian Era, is usually styled the Father of History.

Having thus taken a hasty glance at some of the *sources* of history; and at some of the *methods* by which uneducated man, endeavours to save the achievements of his dying race from passing away into oblivion; and having alluded to those *records* of our own day, which a King's Ransom could not purchase in former ages, but which by the agency of the printing press, are at present placed within the reach of every Mechanic; I would now, for a few moments, dwell on the sciences, which belong to the systematic study of these valuable acquisitions.

Perhaps an acquaintance with every science, could be turned to good account, in a study which has the race of man for its object. A race which is the means and the end of obtaining science; and with whose history are blended all the inventions and the learning, and their grand results, which make the splendid city differ from the barren or the marsh; and the academic grove from the tangled wilderness. A knowledge of GEOMETRY and MECHANICS is desirable, if we wish not to be astounded by the mighty works of other days; and if we desire to discriminate between achievements of art, assisted by the powers of nature, and the romantic fables which are but chimeras of the imagination. Some acquaintance with the principles of *human nature*, and with METAPHYSICS, would be of value, whereby we might account for the extraordinary efforts and feats of warriors and statesmen; and at the same time prove the childish falsity of Mythological romance. *Astronomy* would enable us to depend on the measurement of time, and to appreciate the scientific advances of the present day compared with the past; while it would teach us to scorn the dreams of Astrology, and to pity the puny though daring attempts of ancient Navigators. An acquaintance with all the sciences, would facilitate and add value to the study of history; but those which are considered essential to the study, and which are called the *two eyes of history*, are CHRONOLOGY AND GEOGRAPHY.—Chronology is the *art of computing time*, so that we may have connected and clear notions of the rise and fall of Empires, the establishment and subjugation of States, and all the great leading events of history. The importance of this art must be evident at a glance; without it History would be a confused and shapeless mass, and its study would bewilder instead of enlighten. It is an art which required much knowledge and delicacy to arrange, for in it the most important results depended on seemingly trivial and foreign

circumstances. The revolutions of day and night, of the moon, and of the seasons, afforded marks for the division of time ; but the inequalities of those periods, and the want of unity of purpose and of information among nations, presented almost insuperable difficulties, in the way of fixing points or eras as general standards for the world. These difficulties occasioned much confusion, and many efforts were made to overcome them. Our own Sir Isaac Newton turned his mighty mind to the subject, and has rectified ancient chronology by laborious and most ingenious calculations. Eclipses of the Sun and Moon, which have been carefully noted by superstition as well as by learning, have greatly helped to adjust computations of time ; as have many other phenomena, connected with the constellations and other heavenly bodies. A study of Chronology, comprising the acute reasoning, the interesting facts, and the ingenious calculations connected with it, is of itself of great interest; and would seem amply sufficient to repay the attention of the man of leisure and taste. At present, the labours of the eminent men who have gone before us, have so reduced the actually necessary attention to the science, that a reference to chronological tables is sufficient for the reader of History; at the same time, he ought to make himself acquainted with an outline of the difficulties, the proofs, and the importance of the subject, that he may pay the requisite respect to its deductions.

If *Chronology* determines the *time* when great events happened, *Geography* points out the *place* of their transaction. And this mere statement of the case, is sufficient to convince of the importance of the studies. They are indeed the eyes of history. By the one we trace the great succession of events on the Chart of Time, and by the other we see the theatre of those events in the Map of the World. *Geography* gives a clear view of the situation and relative magnitude of Countries, prevents mistakes, and *verifies* many remarkable transactions, by the traces which remain of them. The Student of History should have his Atlas beside his Book; and should refer to it, while he reads of expeditions, conquests, boundaries, colonies, and the various matters connected with Geographical position. What I have just said of Chronology, may also apply to Geography—altho its study as a science is exceedingly to be desired, yet the labours of others, have so simplified its outlines, that the reader of history may glean the mere necessary information at a glance.

Want of attention to geography, has led to many absurdities; I will quote one, which occurs in Shakespear's play called *Winters Tale*. This admirable depicter of human life, in the third act of this Drama, lays a scene in "Bohemia.—A desert Country near

*the sea.*” By looking at a map of Germany, we find that Bohemia is an *inland* Country, surrounded on *all sides* by other *States*, which lie between it and the *sea*. At the opening of the scene, Antigonus says to his attendant: “Thou art perfect then our *ship* hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia?”

The Mariner answers, “Aye, my Lord; and fear we have *landed* in ill time: the skies look grimly, and threaten present blusters.”

And a little further on a Clown ejaculates:

“I have seen two such sights, by sea, and by land;—but I am not to say, it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thrust a bodkin’s point. \* \* \* \* \*

I would you did but see how it chases, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that’s not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see ’em, and not to see ’em: now the ship boring the moon with her mainmast; and anon swallowed in yest and froth, as you’d thrust a cork into a hogshead.”

The absurdity which the great Bard has been led into, by taking names of places without any knowledge of their geography, will be evident by glancing at the boundaries of the Country spoken of (an outline map was here referred to)

It will be seen, that Bohemia, is completely surrounded by other Kingdoms and states. The ship mentioned in the Play sailed from Sicily, and the Courtier Antigonus, as if imagining that she could have gone over the mountains and moors of Austria, very simply enquires:

“Thou art perfect then our *ship* hath touched upon the deserts of Bohemia?”

And the Mariner as sagaciously answers:

“Aye my Lord, and fear we have *landed* in ill time.”

While the Clown gives a vivid description of the sea during a tempest, altho he could no more see the great deep from any part of Bohemia, than he could see the Antipodes.

Beside Chronology and Geography, one who reads a general or particular History, with an intent to become master of his subject, should make himself acquainted with the relative value of coins and money generally, and of the prices of commodities at different periods of time. Without attending to this, terms will mislead, and no accurate estimate can be formed of the different classes in a nation, and of their comparative luxury or poverty. neither can we comprehend the change of habits which time slowly introduces; nor the rise and fall in various professions, according to public taste or necessity. An old historical work which I have looked into, gives the following illustration of this part of our subject. In the year 1299, in the reign of Edward the 1st. the salary of the

Chief Justice of King's Bench was about £39 per annum, Chief Justice of Common Pleas £77, Chief Baron £40, the other Judges £20 each. But, it should be recollected, that £1 then, was worth about £3 of the money of our day, and that necessaries of life could be purchased in England at about 1-5th of their present cost. In 1305 the Chief Prelate of Scotland, being a prisoner in Winchester Castle, was allowed, for the support of himself, a man servant, a boy, and a Chaplain, 3s. of our money per day. And in 1361 the salary of a Parish Priest was fixed by law at £8 1s 8d and his board at £5 per annum, of our money—his salary being stated at £<sup>s</sup> 6s 8d, and his board at £2 of the coin of that period—while necessaries were about 1-4th of their present price. These minute enquiries are interesting, and very illustrative of History; and should not be neglected by those who wish to obtain a strong and just view of their subject.

I have thus endeavoured to direct attention to *Tradition*, to historical *Poems*, to Picture *Writings*, and *Medals*, and to other general sources of history; and have briefly alluded to the perfection of the present day, when the portable volume recites all that is known with admirable precision and skill, and transmits its mass of valuable facts uninjured from generation to generation. I have glanced at the sciences which tend to illustrate and confirm a course of history; and to Chronology and Geography without which History would be confused and vague. Allow me now, to take a rapid sketch of one or two methods which I think calculated to facilitate the student's progress, and to give permanence and value to his labours.

These remarks will chiefly refer to English History, as many of my fellow members may not have time or opportunity for more extended study; and because it is incomparably better to have a thorough and masterly acquaintance with one *branch*, than to have a smattering of many: and as that one *branch*, what can be more appropriate than the history of Great Britain? Apart from considerations of our connection with the country, its history is intimately interwoven with the present arts, arms and commerce of the world; and holds out inducements which no other similar study does.

It will be readily conceived, that he who reads without making note or comment, will get through many more pages in the same time than he who studies with pen in hand; as the traveller by the stage coach will sooner arrive at his journey's end, than the pedestrian artist, who goes making sketches among the beautiful bye ways of the land; but similar results will be experienced in both cases. One will obtain an inaccurate, valueless, confused

idea of his line of progress ; while the other will have made the country his own, by an acquaintanceship which cannot be shaken by accident or time. I would strongly recommend the latter course to members of this Institute.

Previous to commencing the study of any particular branch of History, it is of much consequence that we should obtain some degree of knowledge of general history. No National History can be altogether independent; and to have a right acquaintance with any, we should be informed generally respecting the state of the world, particularly at the time when our history commences, that we may know how to appreciate the rank of any individual nation, and its intercourse or transactions with other Countries. For this purpose, we should read some compendium of general history, and make such notes while reading, as would enable us to retain a distinct outline of its most prominent features. I would here remark, that the ‘ Society for the Diffusion of useful knowledge,’ have published such a compendium, which costs but a mere trifle, and which may well answer for preliminary study with most persons. This work is ordered for the Mechanic’s Library, but those wishing to reap the many advantages gained by a course of historical reading, should have a copy by them, to which they could easily refer; for which purpose its arrangement into short Chapters, its numerous headings, and numbered divisions, seem extremely well adapted. There are also Charts of History published, of much value to those who have some knowledge of general history; as by a glance their memory is refreshed, and they can refer to their Chart, as the reader of Geography does to his Map, when circumstances in their particular study make such reference exceedingly desirable.

We will now suppose that a man has obtained this preliminary information, and that he takes up the *History of England* in order to make himself well acquainted with its highly interesting details.

It would be absurd to read such a work, as one would read a romance or a novel. The writers of the latter endeavour to excite the fancy, by building interesting and picturesque combinations, of persons and actions and scenery, on a very slender foundation of assumed facts. The Historian, on the contrary, has an immense mass of facts of real life under his pen, and he endeavours to record them in a most brief and lucid manner; having simple and severe Truth for his instructress, instead of enthusiastic and credulous Imagination. In studying the works of the first, amusement is the end sought; the facts are unimportant and few, and the memory seldom tasks itself, however rich the fleeting banquet. The historical reader opens his book for information; his facts are multitudin-

ous, and important, and so connected, that their importance increases as he advances; and no link should be lost, if he would have a chain of any value as the result of his labour. Some plan then should be adopted, by which he may secure those links as they pass in review before him.

Persons of ingenuity may easily form such plans for themselves; and it is with some diffidence that I would suggest one or two, because, I have not met with them in any of the few books which I have looked into, and because I have not been able to give this subject the time nor consideration, which its importance, and the respect which I owe to this audience, demand.

One method of assisting the memory is, by making notes in a Common Place Book. These books are variously arranged, but according to the usual modes of filling them, historical notes would be too fatiguing and too voluminous. I will mention an arrangement which I imagine simple, and to an extent efficacious, for keeping a Common Place Book of History; at the same time again remarking, that I have no authority save my own judgement for its recommendation. Suppose this figure to be two pages of a small ruled blank-book. (a chalk drawing was here referred to) I mark a space off along the head of each page, and divide the right hand page into three, and the left into two equal parts, with red ink. From the first of these five compartments, I line off another, narrow, space, which makes six columns in all. In the first head compartment, I write *Years*, in the second *Sovereigns*, in the third *Revolutions*, in the fourth *Great events*, in the fifth *Celebrated men*, and in the sixth *Inventions and Discoveries*. I thus form places for all the chief facts of history. The first column is for the dates of the years; the second for the names of Kings, Queens, or Regents of the Country whose history is under study; the third for great national changes in Government, laws, or customs; the fourth for Battles, Commotions, and Royal deaths; the fifth for warriors, statesmen, and other public characters; and the sixth for such inventions, discoveries, improvements, or publications, as have been of great general importance: marking off separate horizontal spaces, which includes all the others, for each year or sovereign, as the student may determine. By this method, it will be seen, that a word in some cases, and a phrase in others, will convey information, which would require a long note without those artificial divisions. It will also be seen, that the great events of a year and even of a reign, can be seen in connection, and in a very small space.

These divisions and headings may not appear most appropriate to the student; he can easily modify them as his experience will

direct ; but he will soon perceive, that some such method of classifying events, gives him perspicuity while it saves him labour; and is greatly to be preferred before any ready made catalogue. The trouble of making the short necessary notes, is well repaid by thoroughly understanding their signification, and by rendering reference to them pleasing and very satisfactory.

Another help, in connection with the Common Place Book, which might be found worthy the attention, if leisure permitted, is a Skeleton Map of the World (that is a sheet of paper on which the outlines of Geography only should be depicted); on this, certain marks significant of the progress of a country might be made. For instance, suppose that I have such a map before me while reading the History of England—it must be perfectly plain, with the great natural and political divisions alone marked by their proper lines. I colour the British Isles lightly with red ink, and on the various countries where Great Britain has made conquests, or inroads, or held temporary possessions, I mark two red bars (that is short heavy red lines); and on the many places where she had or has colonies I mark three red bars, connecting those bars with a black line, in places where she has lost or given up such possessions. On those countries which have made invasions on Great Britain, I mark two black bars; and on those closely connected with her by Royal blood or otherwise, I mark a red and a black bar. On parts of the ocean where *Naval actions occurred*, I would place one horizontal bar and three perpendicular rising from it, so as to convey the notion of a ship; these marks should be black when I wished to denote disastrous results, and red to imply good fortune and victory. If I wished to be particular, I would number those marks with a fine pen, and in the margin I would range the numbers in a line, and opposite each, would place the date of the year in which the event alluded to occurred. For this method I can give no better authority than the last; it may be too fanciful; but it appeared to me a simple and picturesque mode, of shewing the struggles and growth of an old European Kingdom, with continual reference to *Geographical position*.

I intended giving a pictorial illustration of this method, and also of the *Chart* before alluded to, and to shew how this latter help might be applied to a particular as well as to general history; but I found the time allotted to one lecture mostly exhausted on other particulars, and also considered, that such illustrations belongs rather to a paper exclusively on English History, than to one which is a kind of introduction to the subject generally. *I have already touched on many themes, which would each deserve a separate paper; and it may be wise in some future stage of this Institution to as-*

sign them such space, and still to connect them in a series or course of Historical Lectures.

I would merely remark concerning the Chart, that, to form it, a sheet of paper is divided by perpendicular lines, equi-distant from each other. The spaces between those lines represent centuries, and at the foot of each the date is marked. These again are divided into ten equal spaces each, the middle line of which, represents the half century. Intersecting those lines, others are drawn, indicating the progress of various countries. The importance of each being depicted by the space between these secondary lines, while the time of each change is denoted by the perpendicular ones. In a chart of any particular history, many deviations must be made from the manner of the general chart; as it is the progress of a nation according to its Sovereigns, laws, arts, and other great domestic events, that should be represented; rather than its growth compared and connected with co-temporary states, as in general history.

The excuses which I have made for not entering more fully into those last topics, may be again urged when I merely allude to works on English History.—Of a number of valuable publications, Hume and Smollet's volumes seem to have best stood the trial of time and public opinion. They have not escaped animadversion, but certainly their faults must be sought for before they appear. Lingard has produced a much more modern history, which is thought by many to be as splendid as Hume's, and more impartial as regards religion and politics. A still later work has been commenced by Sir James Mackintosh; and this I would be inclined to suppose better, for most purposes than its predecessors. It is to consist of eight small volumes; and its author, by his rank, his talents, his varied information, and his general character, seems well fitted for the work which he has undertaken. These qualifications give him ready access to the best sources of historical information; while the age he lives in, places him on a mound, very favourable for a survey of the great stream of time; and from which he can appreciate the excellencies and deficiencies of former historians, and profit by their example. ~

Having thus briefly and feebly alluded to the sources of History, to the sciences connected with it, and to its systematic study, little need be said of its uses; and of the interest and importance consequent on a thorough acquaintance with the history of the kingdom, to which, in policy and natural affection, these Colonies are wedded.

History, while it excites the imagination, and informs the understanding, affords the noblest examples for the encouragement of



Virtue, and the disheartening of Vice, for the cure of folly and vain glory. It shows the Monarch of a nation, apparently supreme in power, and with immense resources to gratify all his desires; yet—in fact, shackled by his aspiring satellites, or by his own more subtle and base dispositions and tempers—poor in soul; and wanting moral courage to resume that rest, which he involuntarily pants after. It holds up a mass of great and miserable delinquents, who were alike scourges to themselves and those whom they influenced; while the few immortal *lights* of History, like silver lamps amid the gloom of a vast Cathedral, beautifully relieve and enlighten the too densely shaded page.

Warriors, and Philosophers, and Statesmen, pass in slow and solemn review before the student; not as phantoms of the imagination, but as true figures of the past; for their tombs, and the fruits of their boldness or their genius, have descended, but slightly impaired, to the present day. And dull must he be, who cannot receive a useful lesson, during his converse with each mighty shade.

Looking down from this height of time, on the great mass of men, who have lived since our first Parent stood in lonely majesty, undisputed lord of a lower creation; perhaps no other scene, except the contemplation of Deity itself, is calculated to produce more sublime and spirit-stirring emotions. It is rife with a million themes, which appeal to our strongest and noblest faculties; and which cannot be developed without imparting durable and sterling advantages.—Beholding, as it were, this multitude which no man can number, we are reminded by the spectre-like aspects of the host, that they are the spoils of Past Time. And we almost shudder, as if at the sound of the last trumpet, when a still small voice whispers, that our generation, must soon join the mighty company; that we who now live, are a link, which must, not long hence, be added to the chain of history; that as we were Posterity fifty years since, we will be styled Ancestors at the expiration of other fifty. We must move slowly, imperceptibly, but surely off the stage, until not a vestige of our generation remains; and our places shall all be filled by new Performers. Though satisfied that the Panorama of this world cannot stand still, that the stream cannot pause in its downward course, chilling thoughts should not be the result of our meditations. Conscious of the immortality which is stamped on our nature, and exulting in the consciousness, our reflections should only excite us to fill more worthily our probationary situation; that we may leave the theatre of this life with honour, and pass to that rest where the worthies of old are congregated.—As a living Poet says:

“ Who that surveys this span of earth we press,  
This speck of life in Time’s great wilderness;

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,  
 The *Past*, the *Future*, two Eternities!  
 Would sully the bright spot—or leave it bare,  
 When he might build him a proud temple there?  
 A name, which long should hallow all its space,  
 And be each purer soul's high resting place."

To suit the prejudices which the circumstances of time have woven around our hearts, we may descend for a moment, to particulars; and glance at parting, to that branch of the human family with which we are more intimately connected.

The very outset of British history is strongly marked, and romantic; and is at once a check and an excitement to our national pride. We behold migratory barbarians, from the Continent, settling as Fishers and Hunters on the white cliffed Island. We see the Romans illustrating that sentiment,

“ Quiet to quick bosoms is a Hell”

and greedy of conquest, descending on the rude Britons, as Eagles on a defenceless flock. We perceive the innate thirst which man has for liberty, and his detestation of wrong, excite the barbarians into stubborn opposition; until accumulated murder reduced their numbers and their resolution, and they bowed helpless slaves under the feet of their civilized masters. We again behold them free, to be persecuted by their more warlike neighbours of Caledonia, and to be again enslaved by daring adventurers from Saxony. We see the strangers over-run, and incorporate themselves, and found a Monarchy in the Country; and behold their descendants in turn driven into caves and mountains, before the locust-like swarms from Denmark. We witness the immortal Alfred, that model of a good and great King, nobly profiting by adversity and prosperity, and like a Giant stemming the tide of national calamity; we find the mounds which he raised against evil, keeping it long in check; but see it finally overleap all, and then deluge and desolate the land. Compounding with the oppressor, we see Britain, weak in arm, and broken in spirit, and behold the Saxons and the Danes ruling together; and, again, see them both set aside, by the cunning and bravery of the Norman Adventurer. From William the Conqueror, and the Tyrant, we have a less broken series down to our day; replete with all which can arouse and captivate the human mind.

In this study, the Eras are many, which address us in the dignified tone of Philosophy; and the incidents are innumerable, which speak trumpet-tongued, to all the energies of our nature. He who reads the history of his own country aright, will often feel his heart swell and his cheek blanch, at the mighty wrongs, which serpent-

like have from time to time twined their folds about his brave forefathers. He will also feel exulting inspiration, when some strong man armed breaks the oppressor's bow in pieces; when the sage propounds laws which are made superior to gold and to the sword; and when the eloquent statesman from a centre, as the sun from his sphere, enlightens and ameliorates many nations.

History is said to be a satire on our race, and in a certain degree it is so; for, though many gems are scattered over the page, its prevailing tints are those of wrong, rapine, and blood. We cannot pause to exemplify this mortifying truth; but would remark, that the feelings excited by it are well relieved, when we look to the better and higher achievements of our race on the earth; and when we see the proud standing, which our own Country has attained among the Kingdoms.

Glancing from England's early history, to its present state, a great contrast indeed appears; and the intermediate steps, which led from one to the other, comprise the study of which we have been speaking.

At the present day, with all her deficiencies, Old England is tacitly acknowledged as the centre of earth's *civilization, refinement and strength*. Her flag is still supreme on land and ocean; the wealth of her merchants and nobles is unrivalled; her literature is translated into every civilized tongue, to delight and instruct all people: while to those who visit the favoured land, her palaces, temples and cottages,—her public works, machinery, and liberal Institutions,—exhibit a pageant of *solid magnificence never to be forgotten*. It is the study of such a nation's history that I would call a delightful duty.—I need not multiply inducements; we are *ourselves*, an illustration of her innate splendor and energy.—In a country *three thousand miles from her metropolis, and which, a century ago, was divided between the wandering Indians, and the beasts of the wilderness, we now find many of her characteristics in miniature; and behold, as in the present instance, an assemblage of her citizens, met for the cultivation of those arts and sciences, which have enriched and dignified their Mother-land.*

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## THE LAKE OF KILLARNEY.

*From Croker's Legends.*

**KILLARNEY!** all hail to thee, land of the mountain,  
 Where roves the red deer o'er a hundred hill tops,  
 Or silently views, from the depth of the fountain,  
 His image reflected at eve when he stops.

Where the monarch of birds, from his throne on the rock,  
 Ere he soars, 'mid the storm, sends his wild scream afar;  
 Where the waterfall rushes with fierce foamy shock,  
 And echo redoubles the sound of its war.

O, who has not heard of thee, land of the lake?  
 And who that has seen, but enshrines in his heart  
 The glow of thy charms, and those feelings which wake  
 At a scene such as this, with a magical start.

The rush of thy torrents are sweet to my ear,  
 Thy lakes and their wooded isles dear to my sight,  
 Thy mountains majestic, thy rivulets clear,  
 Alternately flowing 'mid shadows and light.

Thy wide-spreading woods, yonder mountain's green pall,  
 The mellow-toned bugle, the dip of the oar,  
 Sweet sights and sweet sounds, on my spirits ye fall,  
 And wake me to gladness and music once more.

## SCENES IN MERCANTILE LIFE.

“THE extremes of social life, the highest and the humblest, have absorbed somewhat too much of the attention of writers of fiction. Princes and shepherds; peeresses and beggar girls; leaders of ton and inmates of a prison, seem to have taken out a patent to supply tales and novels, if not poetry, with incidents and characters. Such a phrase as the romance of *middle* life, may sound strange, particularly as I mean really middle life; not that which, from the combined possession of wealth, taste and education, may be called aristocracy without rank; nor yet that which by an abundance of style and a superabundance of affectation, calls itself fashionable, and fancies itself refined;—the fashion silver-gilt, the refinement varnish. I am not thinking either of a cottage ornee and a pony phaeton, or of a grave brick hall, architecture and date, the reign of Elizabeth; owner, a squire and magistrate;—I mean really middle life, and in a *commercial* town, and in a staid reputable, but unattractive street in such town; the houses precisely of a level, their fronts affording a precise parallel of one door one window, one window one door; the intersecting plots of ground appropriated to

clothes-drying; neither a thoroughfare nor a lounge; the houses merely to live in; the pavement merely a means to get from one point to another. Yet I venture to think, that such a street may be full of materials for poetry and fiction. There may be nothing winning, either for good or bad, in such a *locale*; the daily lives of its inhabitants may at first sight appear as flat as Salisbury Plain; but if we had power to strip off the outer covering, the shrouding domino of common-places—could we find out the hopes, fears, joys, sorrows and struggles, which are not mere appurtenances of the human condition, but which spring immediately from a peculiar modification of life and circumstances—could we pierce the surface, and do justice to ‘the heart that suffers and endures,’—there would be no lack of incident, no deficiency of romance. The history of a few streets in a commercial town, might be more sombre than Miss Mitford’s ever-pleasant ‘Village,’ because commercial life is subject to perpetual vicissitudes. ‘To break or not to break,’ is a reading that Hamlet’s soliloquy daily undergoes; and in the eyes of those who see the event in all its ramifications, a single case of bankruptcy is often no mean tragedy. Yet, who pauses over the *Gazette*? Let us take a case, so common that it hardly deserves to be singled out: let us fancy it occurring in one of the two rows of houses already described. The dwelling at present rather outshines its neighbours—has recently been ‘beautified’ for a new-married pair. The furniture is new, and not only smart, but good; and every time you catch a view of the green moreen window-curtains, with their amber fringe dependencies, you wish the future inhabitants happy. Some fine day the young couple arrives, after a week’s holiday at some wedding-place in the neighbourhood. There is at first a little finery, a little visiting, a bright blue coat on the part of the husband, an attempt at a French hat on that of the lady; but very soon bridal show subsides, the young people intend to be prudent; he is head clerk in some establishment, on a salary of three hundred per ann.—has a good character—fell in love—saved money to furnish a house—furnished it, and is now married. So they go on, respected and respectably. After a few years, a desire to better himself arises on the part of the young man, he gives up his clerkship, enters into partnership with some one like-minded, and with a thousand pounds between them, sets up in business, which business, a returned bill or a bad debt, or the necessity of selling at the wrong time, or the incapacity of buying at the right, probably finishes up in eighteen months. He is again adrift in the world—he has no monied friends, but he has five children;—he advertises for a situation till his heart is sick, and his coat shabby; perhaps he is very fortunate.

and obtains one at half his original salary; or, perhaps, he goes to America; or, perhaps, dies, and then his wife takes in sewing.

Let us look in at the inhabitants of the house opposite. To the parties last named, a similar residence was a rise in the world—to the present it is a descent, and—what suggests many mournful thoughts to those who know what it often implies—it is *their first*. The gentleman was a leading merchant; a successful speculator; a commercial magnate, and, in addition to this, a man of taste and science; that he remains still, but his mercantile glory has departed from him. By some sudden crisis, by some over-bold speculation, or some one of the thousand 'short and easy' methods of being ruined, which exist in trade, the failure of the great house of Calico, Printwell and Co. or of Boads, Indigo, and Brothers, is suddenly announced—drawing down, like a falling star, not a few lesser lights in its train. Our merchant's wife is like many of her class, sensible, intelligent, and lady-like; the son has had a college education, and is just called to the bar—the loss of his father's property may to him be an ultimate advantage, forcing him to labor heartily and steadily after professional advancement. It is otherwise with the merchant's daughters; stylish, accomplished, luxuriously brought up, and four in number; to them the reverse is a thunder-stroke. Farewell now to the establishment that would not have disgraced a nobleman! farewell to hot houses, gardens, grounds, carriages, routs, watering-places and Parisian milliner! 'Enjoyment's occupation's gone,' and poverty's is come. There is not the refuge of a jointure—the mother had fortune, but it was embarked in her husband's extending, and, at the time, prosperous concern; and, if any one asks what remains to the family, the only answer is—'A blank, my lord.' However, what our poor clerk wanted, our fallen merchant has—connexions and monied friends. Creditors, who are themselves commercial men, are by no means an ungenerous, hard-hearted race; fraud or shameful extravagance may make them a little savage, but a straight forward, intelligible case of misfortune will rarely be severely dealt with. Our merchant, cautioned, perhaps against speculation and high living, is set up again in a small way: the family, with the plainest of their furniture, and two women servants, come to the plain residence in the plain street we set out with describing. This is not the worst that may, that often does happen; as yet the family 'dwell together in unity;' gay friends and gay pleasures are gone; eligible lovers are not rife in a family of portionless daughters, and your *true* lover is generally in want of means himself—nevertheless, the family is not broken up, and if 'charity covers a multitude of sins,' social

affection softens a multitude of annoyances. But in a year or two, when beginning to adapt themselves happily to mediocrity of circumstances, some fresh mischance happens in the way of trade; they are wrecked a second time, and the second gathering of fragments is smaller, and the second appearing of hope for the future is fainter far than the first. Severe misfortune is the true maker of heroes and heroines; the medium often brings out medium virtue. But, not to dilate on a digression, the two youngest daughters avow themselves, 'in want of situations,' (oh! the intense wretchedness often hid in that phrase!) and the two eldest open a school at home. The father, now an uncertificated bankrupt, perhaps teaches the pupils writing, and the mother becomes household drudge;—or all the daughters go out governessing, and the mother takes in boarders, and these efforts are made promptly, cheerfully, and without parade.

Let us look in at one more dwelling in the same street. It is a boarding-house for clerks; from these let us single out one. He was the cadet of a good Scotch family; but good Scotch families are often large; and after drafting off two or three to India, a sufficiency remained for law, physic, divinity, and trade. Colin, the youngest, after being kept too long both at home and at school, to please a sickly mother, came after her death, urgently recommended to a leading mercantile house, and on the strength of such recommendation, was esteemed fortunate in falling heir to a tall stool, seventy pounds a year, and occupation from twelve to fourteen hours a day. And as times go, and youths prosper, he *was* fortunate; the interest of the case lies not in any hardship of circumstances, except as opposed by the moulding of his character. As Caleb Balderstone said, that Mysie's savoury dishes were no just common saut herring,' so say we of Colin. Trade is a beautiful pursuit for all who have a genius for it; that is, for those who have set their hearts on acquiring a capital to embark in it. Politics can hardly be more exciting than trade to a person who has true commercial ambition. *Literature contains not more poetry than trade*, to one who has true mercantile sensibility—to whom bargains and bargain-making are the true meat, drink, washing and lodging of life. But the glories of a dingy warehouse, surmounted with the blue board and gold letters, shine afar off to a junior clerk, and the youngest of nine sons; and Colin would have had no love of such glories, even had he been head of the most famous firm for the manufacture of dimity quiltings, and eldest of his eight brothers. He had a delicate body and a dreamy delicate mind; would have lived delightedly as a minister on fifty pounds a

year in his native glen, aiding his stipend by his fishing-rod, finding companions in his books, sympathy in his flute, and happiness in his duties. He was an instance of the cruelty of stimulating the sensibility of a boy who must fight his way in the world, and of the short-sightedness of attempting to make a timid, tender, studious lad, a good tradesman. It would have been kinder to have buried him, ay, even before death. However, to the mart he came, young, strange, and solitary; was installed in his situation; found lodgings; was thankful for any body's notice; never hinted that he was wretched, and strove hard to comprehend business. The establishment was immense, and he felt himself a cypher in it, a cypher in the town, among his species, in the world—a cypher everywhere. Unlike many youths who have set out in life with tempers equally shy, he did not by contact with busy life, gain courage or independence; he did not, by observing the alternations of success and vicissitude become ambitious. The old lady with whom he boarded loved him for his quiet, orderly habits, his gentle manners, and (for mortality is frail) his small appetite and contentedness with her not very strong tea. He made no friendships; those who lodged under the same roof with him boarded themselves; they had longer purses, greater spirits, and coarser tastes. He heard from home seldom, for he had no sisters; his mother, whose pet he had been, was dead; his brothers were toiling hard at their appointed avocations; postage was expensive, and his father thought Colin in the highway to happiness, alias, getting on in the world; so that a letter once a quarter, with a page of family news, and a codicil of good advice, was the average of his receipts per post. Partly pride, and partly conscientiousness, sealed his lips from murmuring; he did his best and bore up his best; but the change of life from the pure atmosphere of the country, and the yet more genial one of affection, in less than a year wrote its effects on a frame naturally fragile. The smoke, the noise, the occupied air of all around him, was a perpetual weariness to his spirits. The quantity of occupation required from him had always taxed his strength to the utmost; by degrees he became physically incapable of it, and at last was laid up. The catastrophe need occupy but a few lines, as few as the poor boy's epitaph; nursing and tears on the part of his attendant, a summons to his father—instantly obeyed—a physician called in to write one prescription and declare medicine useless, his funeral over, his little debts paid, his father gone home, 'To let,' in the window of his room, seventy applicants for his clerkship, and all in ten brief days!"



## PUBLICATIONS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115.)

*Mr. Murdoch's Epitome.*

THE size of our small Magazine does not accord with lengthened notices of new works; accordingly we find that more space has been devoted, in late numbers, to late *publications* in Nova Scotia, than could be well spared, consistently with attention to other matters.

Mr. Murdoch's Epitome of the LAWS OF NOVA SCOTIA, seems every way a respectable work. The investigation of such a book, to be of value, would perhaps require a considerable degree of legal knowledge, and we therefore felt much hesitation in approaching the task. Opportunely, we have met some communications on the subject, in the Courier, Newspaper, of St. John, New Brunswick; they appear to be written by a Gentleman of the legal profession, to be judicious and correct, and we gladly avail ourselves of them, in preference to volunteering labour and an opinion of our own. The following are extracts:

“The first volume of this work has just been received, and seems calculated to give a very favourable opinion of the author. A great part of the volume is devoted to subjects with which every man, who makes any figure in society, ought to be acquainted. These are a general outline of the political constitution of the colonies, giving at the same time, a general knowledge of the constitution of the parent state—the appointment, power, duties and responsibilities of colonial officers—the course of business in the provincial Legislatures, and other information relating to colonial Governments. But beyond this part of the work, I do not think it can be of very extensive usefulness in this Province. Gentlemen of the legal profession, indeed, may find some other parts of it interesting, and members of the Legislature may sometimes, in the course of their public duty, refer to it with advantage, though to them, the acts themselves would be more convenient. But in the Province of Nova Scotia it will be a work of great and lasting utility. It analyses the Statutes of seventy years' legislation, and brings their provisions within the comprehension of the most ordinary capacity. To Justices of the Peace it will be all-important. The technical phraseology in which a statute is necessarily couched, frequently makes its meaning so obscure that a plain man has great difficulty in understanding it. But this work will be like the perpetual assistance of a professional man, making every thing plain and easy.—To legislators, also, it will be a work of great importance. No man is qualified to *make* Laws, until he has a general knowledge,

at least, what laws are *made*; for otherwise he might be called upon to alter or amend a thing of which he was ignorant. To obtain this knowledge by reading three or four volumes of Statutes would be endless, if not impracticable; but Mr. Murdoch's Epitome opens an easy and pleasant avenue to this indispensable branch of a legislator's education.—Nor will it be unacceptable to the professional man. Even *he* may find it convenient to have the provincial acts striped of their technicalities, and reduced into plain propositions easy to be understood, to say nothing of the variety of other legal information peculiarly suited to himself, which the work is intended to contain.—With the student it will probably take precedence of Blackstone's Commentaries, and greatly assist his labours.

“These remarks show how necessary such a work is in this Province. It is true our Provincial Acts are not the work of seventy years' legislation; but what necessity can there be for such a delay in the attainment of a work of so great and manifest utility?—The Province lately paid three hundred pounds for revising the acts of the general Assembly, and yet it is a common opinion that they want revising again! so difficult is it to ascertain what the law is upon any given point, especially when there are several Acts relating to this point. But a work like Mr. Murdoch's brings all the provisions relating to the same subject together, strips them of their technicalities, and diffuses a simplicity over the whole which makes it easy to be understood,—Surely such a work is of more importance than any revision.

“The study of the Law is a very pretty subject for a Lawyer to write upon. It is interwoven with many of the most interesting events of his life. His mind is carried back to youthful scenes, when hope was high, ambition ardent, and study but amusement; and when with the enthusiasm of genius, he first set his face towards the temple of Fame. The events of his professional career present themselves to his recollection; his triumph in the cause of justice—his exertions on behalf of innocency and suffering virtue—his efforts to shield the defenceless—his indignant invectives against fraud and oppression—all give a grateful motion to his mind, and they are all connected with the study of the Law.

“Mr. Murdoch commences his treatise with an Essay on this subject; and in several places he writes with a warmth and vigour of imagination which mark him for a man of genius. He describes the difficulties of the study—the appalling obstacles which the student meets, with all the force of one who writes from experience. He cautions the student who has taken a degree at College, not to depend too much upon his scholastic lore; and at the same time that he pays a due tribute to the great importance of a

collegiate education, he tells him it is rather a holiday garb, and that the excitement and zeal of manhood are usually required to develop the intellectual powers.

“It cannot be denied, that the Nova-Scotia Bar can boast many more men of ability and eloquence than the Bar of this Province. I might enumerate several there, who could hold a brief with honor to themselves in England—men who, to a profound knowledge of the law, have added the powers and graces of eloquence. But though we have several able Lawyers in this province, there is, perhaps, not one who may emphatically be called an orator. We hear indeed, some times, what we term a clever speech; but this is speaking comparatively; for seldom, in my opinion, do our forensic addresses rise above mediocrity. Though we have men who ‘argue with the learning of Coke,’ they do not ‘speak with the tongue of Tully;’ though we frequently hear a strong and lucid statement of facts, we seldom feel, ‘the wand of the enchanter. When do we hear a speech that seizes us with a pleasing violence, and carries us along with an irresistible force? When do we feel our sympathy, love, roused by the commanding eloquence of the speaker? Yet, in Halifax, all this is witnessed without surprise.

“The difference is owing to several causes. Perhaps the greatest of them is, that this Province has been settled only about half as long as Nova Scotia. In a new country there is little law business, Lawyers are few, and there is nothing to excite competition without which no man ever yet rose to eminence at the Bar.

“Another cause probably is, that there, greater encouragement is held out to young gentlemen designed for the profession to go through College, than in this Province.

“There is also another cause, and I am not certain but that it has more influence than either of the former: I allude to the examination of the students before they are admitted. Mr. Murdoch tells us that before a student can be admitted to practice, he must pass an examination before a Judge and two Barristers. It would be difficult to calculate the good effects of this system. When a student enters a Lawyer’s Office he knows that before he can take his degree, he must pass a strict examination before three of the Sages of the Law, who cannot be deceived. The pride of passing this examination, is sufficient, with a young man of spirit, to rouse all his energies and excite all his industry; but the disgrace of being rejected is too mortifying for him to endure. Hence arise habits of industry and study which will probably influence his whole life. The idea of this examination is ever present in his mind; it gives a zest to the driest parts of the law; and makes him relish every labour which is necessary to the attainment of excellence.

“Mr. Murdoch thinks it is to be regretted that young gentlemen are frequently hurried from school into an Attorney’s office, and thence into practice, without any time to mature their general reading; but perhaps there is still greater reason to regret, that, in this Province, young gentlemen are frequently hurried into practice with very little knowledge of their profession. They find themselves more occupied than they have been accustomed to be; they have acquired no habits of study; their amusements demand every leisure hour; and law-reading is almost entirely neglected. It will take many years of such practice to make a profound jurist.”

“The science of criticism is far from being the least useful of the sciences. Its object is to ascertain what is just and proper, and to censure all deviations. Its principal province is in matters of literature. Here its influence is salutary and universal. With an air of authority it lays down the rules of right judgment, and every one who becomes an author, voluntarily submits to its potent jurisdiction.

“Hitherto we have spoken of Mr. Murdoch only as a Lawyer and a man of genius. We shall now inquire whether he is entitled to the praise of being called a fine writer. Our remarks on this subject must necessarily be confined to the first part of his work, wherein he treats of general subjects; for in the analysis of legislative enactments it were absurd to look for fine writing. Here correctness and perspicuity are the greatest praise: to which, as far as we can judge, Mr. Murdoch is entitled.

“Mr. Murdoch writes in a style very well suited to his general design. His work is not intended for the learned, but for men of business. Its success depends upon the usefulness of the matter, not upon the elegance of the style.

“In his manner we see no traces of art, no laboured periods, no skilful adjustment of sentences; but, intent upon his subject, he expresses himself with the rapidity, and often with the negligence, of one speaking extempore. About the graces of composition he seems not to have been solicitous. In vain shall we look for that varied harmony of periods, and those nice attentions to style, which so much delight a cultivated taste. Hence many defects arise. In precision he is extremely deficient; and seldom does he add force to an idea by his manner of expressing it. On the contrary his sentences sometimes drag heavily, and by their unskilful arrangement, leave no distinct impression upon the mind. We shall illustrate these remarks by a few examples.

“Law may be defined as a rule of action by which a reasonable and free agent is directed to conduct himself by superior authority.”—Page 15.

“ If ever precision of style be necessary, it is in laying down a definition. Here no metaphor, no superfluous words should be used. Definitions are special passages, and the writer is supposed to employ upon them all his skill. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that Mr. Murdoch has been extremely unfortunate here in the use of the particle *as*, which is a word of comparison. He tells us that ‘law may be defined *as* a rule of action;’ that is, (to fill up the construction,) *as* a rule of action may be defined; so that, in strictness, the whole is a simile, instead of a direct proposition. In the same paragraph we are told, that, ‘when we speak of the law of gravitation and the law of attraction, it is by a metaphor, as the natural and proper meaning of the word is, a rule the governed being may obey or disobey, and which is enforced by the sanction of punishment or reward.’ This idea of a *sanction* is not contained in the definition; and if it is necessarily understood as a part of the compound idea represented by the word *law*, then the definition must be faulty. But the fact is otherwise; for there are many laws which neither offer a reward nor prescribe a penalty. If Mr. Murdoch had said, ‘which *may be* enforced,’ instead of ‘which *is* enforced,’ all would have been right.—

“ Speaking of the Legislative Power, he says:— ‘This power has always been held by those who exercise the sovereign and supreme authority among a people—and the distinctive characteristics in moderate times of free and despotical governments are, that in free states the legislative authority is wholly or in a great measure exercised by some representative body elected by the people at large, while in despotic governments some particular individual, or family, or class of individuals, exercise supreme legislative functions, independent of any efficient control or interference on the part of the nation at large.’—Page 18.

“ This sentence has many defects, and might give occasion to a very lengthy criticism. Its principal faults are, want of precision, and unskilful arrangement. It is a rule of composition that every word should present a new idea. But we remark here, that in the phrases ‘sovereign and supreme,’ ‘efficient control or interference,’ ‘people at large,’ ‘nation at large,’ the words in Italics add nothing to the sense; for ‘interference’ to be ‘efficient’ must amount to ‘control,’ so that the word ‘interference’ is useless: and the others are plainly so. This kind of phraseology is a very common fault of Mr. Murdoch’s style; but it is always a mark of careless writing. We may remark also some other slight inaccuracies. The phrase ‘in modern times,’ is misplaced, as it ought to have followed immediately after the conjunction ‘and.’ One of the greatest delicacies of style is the proper collocation of

adverbs and circumstances; but, with Mr. Murdoch, this seems never to be an object of attention. The frequent occurrence of the verb 'exercise,' and the phrases 'people at large,' and 'nation at large,' being near together, and rendered conspicuous by the punctuation, makes the style liable to the charge of tautology. Nor is the contrast between free and despotic governments happily expressed. There is also a grammatical error; the singular noun 'individual' being a nominative to the plural verb 'exercise;' which might have been easily avoided by giving that part of the sentence a different turn. We shall endeavour to illustrate these remarks by altering the style of the sentence in the following manner:—'This power has always been held by those who exercise the supreme authority of the state; and, in modern times, the distinction between free and despotic governments is, that in the former the legislative authority is either wholly or in a great measure vested in a representative body elected by the people, while in the latter that authority is exercised by some particular individual, or family, or class of individuals, independent of any efficient control on the part of the nation.'

"It appears to have at all times been a part of the prerogative of the English crown to establish in the Colonies, and in conquered and ceded territories, such governments as the monarch found expedient, and the Parliament has seldom interfered, and never took upon itself the exercise of this branch of authority, unless specially requested by the executive, with the exception of that period of English history in which a republican form subsisted for a few years."—Page 57.

"The principal fault of his sentence is its want of strength. One member is added after another without any necessary bond of union either in the construction or the idea. We naturally expect a period at the word '*expedient*;' after which four independent members are tacked on, until it may well be called a sentence

'That like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.'

It is also liable to two objections which we have made before to Mr. Murdoch's style: the wrong collocation of a circumstance, and a harsh ellipsis. The phrase "*at all times*," in the beginning of the sentence, is misplaced, and, in the latter part, the words *of government* are improperly omitted, and the style thereby rendered ungrammatical. It is true, we know what is meant, because the grammatical construction, 'a republican form *of history*,' would be ridiculous; but this is a poor apology for such a fault.

"As an instance of the negligent use of the pronoun *it*, we may

quote the following passage. The author is speaking of the power of the crown to reject a law passed in a colony. 'All bills and proceedings of the colonial assembly are annually transmitted to His Majesty's Government, and where *it* has exercised this negative, *it* has been done with promptitude. To avoid the necessity *it* has become the regular usage, to add a suspending clause to every Act which *it* is thought the crown may possibly disapprove, by which *it* does not operate till *its* approbation is received from England.'—*Page 60.*

"A wit would criticise this passage unmercifully; but we shall only remark that *it* is very carelessly written.

"Mr. Murdoch generally writes in short sentences, and his style is often characterized by that chief excellence—perspicuity. Nor is it deficient in ornament. Wherever his subject is capable of being embellished by a figurative style, he has used the most happy and graceful figures.

"But we need not pursue this criticism further. Enough has been said to shew that it is no easy thing to write correctly, and to convince those who take up the pen without the necessary discipline, not only that they are treading on dangerous ground, but that they may thank the ignorance of their readers if they do not make themselves ridiculous.

"I am aware that those who regard the improvement of their minds as a matter of very little importance, will not take much interest in this criticism; but it is not for them that I have written it. *It is for those young men who have minds worthy of improvement, and who have the ambition and perseverance to use the necessary means; who feel the disadvantages of having been born in a new country, but are willing to overcome them by the powerful exertion of their own energies; who have heard, indeed, of Colleges, but are destined never to enter their halls: to such young men, ("et quorum pars *mina* fui,')* a critical examination of the style of a man of celebrity, who has enjoyed superior advantages, will be an object, I am convinced, of no small interest.

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*The Baptist and Methodist Magazines.* The first of these works contains 32 pages, is published once a quarter, and is sold for 7½d. The second contains 64 pages, is also published quarterly, and costs 1s. 3d. per number. Both are chiefly, almost solely, devoted to religious essays and intelligence. Each must be interesting and useful in their respective circles, and eminently tend to improve and inform the public mind of the Province. The Methodist connection publishes a Magazine in London, which is intended to circu-

late generally among the Members of that Church; and many numbers of it come into this Province. But not a doubt can be entertained, for an instant, of the superiority in point of influence and interest, of a work the produce of the soil where it circulates, and one which is an exotic, and whose centre is a distant country and totally distinct society. Were the London Methodist Magazine one of unapproachable excellence, which is not in any degree the case, still the native work would be better calculated to exercise an immediate, legitimate and wholesome influence, and as such, ought to be supported by the body for which it has been more immediately established.

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### A STORM IN JAMAICA.

I LEFT my kind friends at Kingston, and set forth on my visit to Mr. Fayall, who lived about seven miles from town.—The morning was fine as usual, although about noon the clouds thin and fleecy and transparent at first, but gradually settling down more dense and heavy, began to congregate on the summit of the Liguanea Mountains, which rise about four miles distant, to a height of near 5000 feet in the rear of the town. It thundered too a little now and then in the same direction, but this was an every day occurrence in Jamaica at this season, and as I had only seven miles to go, off I started in a gig of mine host's, with my portmantau well secured under a tarpaulin in defiance of all threatening appearances, crowding sail, and urging the noble roan, that had me in tow, close upon thirteen knots. I had not gone above three miles, however, when the sky in a moment changed from the intense glare of the tropical noontide, to the deepest gloom, as if a bad angel had overshadowed us, and interposed his dark wings between us and the blessed sun; indeed, so instantaneous was the effect, that it reminded me of the withdrawing of the foot-lights in a theatre. The road now wound round the base of a precipitous spur from the Liguanea Mountains, which far from melting into the level country by gradual indulations, shot boldly out nearly a mile from the main range, and so abruptly, that it seemed morticed into the plain like a rugged promontary running into a frozen lake. On looking up along the ridge of this prong, I saw the lowering mass of black clouds gradually spreading out, and detach themselves from the summits of the loftier mountains, to which they had clung the whole morning, and begin to roll slowly down the hill, seeming to touch the tree tops, while along their lower edges hung a fringe of dark vapor, or rather shreds of cloud in rapid motion, that shifted about and shortened like streamers.

As yet, there was no lightning nor rain, and in the expectation of escaping the shower, as the wind was with me, I made more sail, pushing the horse into a gallop, to the great discomposure of



the negro who sat beside me " Massa, you can't escape it, you are galloping into it; don't massy hear de sound of de rain coming al ug against de wind, and smell de earthly smell of him like one new made glave?"

" The sound of the rain." In another clime, long, long ago, I have often read at my old mother's knee, " And Elijah said unto Ahab, there is a sound of abundance of rain, prepare thy chariot, and get thee down, that the rain stop the not, and it came to pass in the mean while, that the heaven was dark with clouds and wind, and rain."

" I looked, and so it was, for in an instant a white sheet of the heaviest rain I had ever seen, (if rain it might be called, for it was more like a waterspout,) fell from the lower edge of the black cloud, with a strong rushing noise, that increased to a loud roar like that of a waterfall. As it came along it seemed to devour the rocks and trees, for they disappeared behind the watery skreen the instant it reached them. We saw it ahead of us for more than a mile coming along the road, preceded by a black line from the moistening of the white dust, right in the wind's eye, and with such an even front, that I verily believe it was descending in buckets full on my horse's head, while as yet not one drop had reached me. At this moment, the adjutant general of the forces, Colonel F—, of Coldstream Guards, in his tandem, drawn by two sprightly blood bays, with his servant, a little boy, mounted Creole fashion on the leader, was coming up in my wake at a spot where the road sank into a hollow, and was traversed by a watercourse already running knee deep, although dry as a bone but the minute before.

I was now drenched to the skin, the water pouring out in cascades from both sides of the vehicle, when just as I had reached the top of the opposite bank, there was a flash of lightning so vivid accompanied by an explosion so loud and tremendous; that my horse, trembling from stem to stern, stood dead still; the dusky youth by my side jumped out, and buried his snout in the mud, like a porker in Spain muzzling for acorns, and I felt more queerish than I would willingly have confessed to, I could have knelt and prayed. The noise of the thunder was a sharp ear-piercing crash, as if the whole vault of heaven had been made of glass, and had been shivered at a blow, by the hand of the Almighty.

It was, I am sure, twenty seconds before the usual roar and rumbling from the reverberation of the report from the hills, and among the clouds, was heard.

I drove on and just arrived in time to dress for dinner, but I did not learn till next day, that the flash which paralysed me, had struck dead the Colonel's servant and leading horse, as he ascended the bank of the ravine, by this time so much swollen, that the body of the lad was washed off the road into the neighbouring gully, where it was found, when the waters subsided, entirely covered with sand.

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We give insertion to the following review of part of Mr. Young's lecture, with some fears, that such a course may appear ungracious ; particularly, as Mr. Young had been solicited to furnish his paper for publication. But the review is in accordance with our professed opinion, that such investigations do good ; and we are sure, also, that Mr. Young would feel more, at our supposing it necessary to shield his productions, than at any injustice in the article now published. The lecture and review are both before the public, and, in the opinion of those whose approbation is worth desiring, the former cannot suffer from any severity of the latter ; while, if the inaccuracies pointed out in the Review exist, Mr. Young's character may well bear such deduction, and his corrector advances public taste by the enquiry.]—Ed.

### MAGNETISM.

“A Lecture delivered by Mr. George Young, before the members of the Halifax Mechanic's Institute, on the evening of March 7th. on the Science of Magnetism—its effects upon the sciences and arts, illustrated by a review of the history of commerce,—and some concluding remarks upon the utility of a Mechanic's Institute.”

Much having been said of the eloquence and composition of this Lecture, we felt an interest in obtaining a perusal of it, coming as it has, from the Mechanic's Institute, so highly spoken of and recommended to our notice; and we were prepared to receive it as one of those savoury morsels, which are only now and then permitted to see the light, and to gratify men of letters, and admirers of the right use of words and speech. After some delay, we have at last, through the medium of the Halifax Monthly Magazine, had our wishes gratified; and we have coolly, leisurely, and carefully, perused Mr. Young's production, and have formed an impartial, and we think also, an accurate judgment of its character as an essay on the science of Magnetism,—and of its pretensions to what he has taken no little pains to force upon our attention—literary merit. we have no fear of discouraging Mr. Young by the observations which we feel it our duty to make upon his Lecture; for if we may judge of his fortitude by the boldness of his style, the height of his pretensions, and the hardihood of his “general remark,” we think we are safe in using any ordinary means which critics have occasionally to adopt, in order to temper the wiry edge of young and fiery authors; and run no risk whatever, in dealing out our salutary criticisms, of giving offence to any of his feelings worthy of regard. If we should offend vanity, however, we beg leave to assure him, we hold ourselves accountable for no offence taken in this way; because we treat it on all occasions with equal pity in all men, and can consequently feel no sympathy with him in such a case. Let us not,

however, in this early stage of our comment, be understood to assert positively, that vanity influences Mr. Young's motives or actions. Let us first have the proof and then decide. If, however, it did do so, in penning the title of his Lecture "on the evening of March 7th," we consider he has rather more than a common proportion of it in his composition; and we are not sure if Fum Hoam himself, addressing the celestial potentate of Peking, would have made a fairer, or more brilliant, promise of the fruits which were to fall from his umbrageous tree of intellect. Did Mr. Young acquit himself well in one third of what he promises, in what is sometimes called the "argument" of a paper, we think the society which he addressed had no reason to feel otherwise than satisfied with his performance; and that his exertions were crowned with success thus far, we are disposed to believe: but, when, "under the titillation of the generative faculty of the brain," he launched into other subjects, beyond the mere matter (in itself sufficient) of the science with which he set out, and shot over, what may be termed the "Ultima Thule" of the province assigned to his Lecture, then, we are mistaken indeed if his labours were either interesting or useful. Had he confined himself to Magnetism, his paper, as a dissertation upon this science, might have escaped without analysis, or comment. But when he wandered into ancient history, and summoned before him, as if there were magic in the flourish of his goose quill, the names of so many dead Greek and Roman authors, and passed from thence into the subjects of "commerce" and the "utility of a Mechanic's Institute" and with a clumsy disguise of his objects, aimed at once, at the full powers and perfection of a piece of finished composition,—and moreover urged it upon us, by embellishing it with English and Latin poetry, not only as a "specimen" of his rich powers in the art of elegant writing, but likewise of his familiarity with the honored *Scriptores Romani et Graeci*, we feel, for it was impossible to do otherwise than feel, that he invited us to scan the eloquence and beauty of his Lecture,—nay, challenged us to a strict review of its merits, as if he demanded from us a niche in the modern temple of our pure and copious English writers.

If Mr. Young had ever studied logic,—which by the way in his grateful acknowledgements to Dr. M'Culloch he does not mention,—and been half as familiar with that elegant art, as he would lead us to think he is with the dead languages and their literature, he would have been less disposed than he has been, to transgress so many of its rules, and with so little ceremony, infringe its laws, by mixing up within the compass of a short Lecture, what

we can only style, a salmagundi of many subjects; all of which he has so chopped and minced out of of their natural propriety, as to retain little or no savour for the taste of any one, who has the least pretensions to a refined palate. Were we to be as regardless as he has been of all rational arrangement and rule, we might follow the errant genius which has influenced him, in the division of his Lecture into Magnetism, Ancient History, and Commerce, and divide our present review into, Mr. Young's Lecture—Bathos,—and Hasty Pudding! For, if Mr. Young thinks that Magnetism, because it is somewhat advanced in years, must necessarily belong to Ancient History—its great men—its literature—and heathen mythology,—and that the latter, on similar grounds of reasoning, is allied to Commerce, so that these three things, or propositions, belong to, and substantiate, each other—and are therefore to be treated as the subject of a Lecture:—If, we say, this reasoning holds good, which we think Mr. Y. will not dispute, then upon this mode of retiocination, have we a right to assert that this Lecture on Magnetism, because it is somewhat puffed, and blown, like the compositions of a century ago, belongs to that style of writing called the Bathos—which Bathos, being of a mixed, hot, and smoking nature, must consequently be allied to Hasty Pudding—ergo these three, things or propositions, substantiate each other, whereby Mr. Young's Lecture, Bathos, and Hasty Pudding, ought to form the subject of this review. If, then, such logic is admissable; and if *this be the ground on which the learned Lecturer reconciled to himself the connection of the various parts of his Lecture*, then, might he, also, further uphold, that had the subject of his lecture been Air, he had a right from that text to include a description of every object upon the face of the Globe; because air has connection with all substances, it supplies vegetable and animal life with an essential part of existence; and as man lives in air, and cannot live without it, the natural history of man—all the Sciences and Arts to which he has given rise, would, upon this principle of the learned gentleman, belong to the lecture on air—such a lecture would be of no ordinary length, but granting the principle, who would blame the composer, if in the end it turned out to embrace every subject, and fell nothing short of an Encyclopedia itself? Put the subject and its logic, therefore, in any shape; explain the manner in which it has been handled in any way; still we are left but one impression of the lecturer's object, and can draw but one conclusion from all that he has written, namely, that by the instrumentality of his essay he intended to make a great display in a small space—to astonish his audience, not only by his knowledge of Science, depth of learning, sagacity, and penetration, but wished also that it might consider

him in the light of a truly learned philosopher—an *Homo factus ad utrumque*.

The erudite lecturer has drawn so freely from the classics, especially from the Latin, that he scarcely writes a sentence without recalling some of his scholastic learning. We shall therefore, as we proceed, occasionally point out the origin of some of his ideas, and the associations to which they have given rise in his mind.

From the title of the lecture, we conclude, that Mr. Young is a person of varied talents and ambition; from the execution of the lecture we conclude, that he even aims at being a jack-of-all-trades; or, what he would have perhaps called in his favorite language, *centum puer artium*.<sup>\*</sup> To establish this opinion in the minds of the mechanics, he endeavours to display all his feathers at once,† and with a peacock-like vanity exhibit himself under the most brilliant colours. He seems for a moment, however, to have forgotten the phrase of one Latin writer who says "*ex omni ligno non fit Mercurius*," or, that all kinds of wood are not equally fit for statuary: but when we consider the extent and press of matter which he had on his hands at that single moment, we ought not, perhaps, to feel any surprise that he should have overlooked a quotation, which he might think, has only a passing reference to him. Remembering, however, how anxious Phryne was, to have his name written on the walls of Thebes, he is classically smitten with a similar laudable ambition; and has written his name in full, by a sort of metonymy as to places, in the Halifax Monthly, and surrounded and associated himself with almost all the great men, from the time of the building of Sidon and Tyre, down to the era of John-o'-Groat's House; which, latter, through his knowledge of ancient geography, he informs us is situated on the far famed "*Ultima Thule*." The beautiful and ample quotation from Horace, must have greatly contributed to commemorate his name, Mr. George Young, among persons so intimately acquainted with the Latin as tradesmen usually are; such an edifying passage must have had many charms for all who heard it—charms of syntax and prosody—and must have elevated the minds of every watch-maker, carpenter, and blacksmith, &c. to a high degree of mental perfection. If Horace's shade is allowed to wander from the lower regions, how he must have smiled at the learned lecturer's elocution and orthoepy, in the quotation which he spouted on the evening of March 7th!—He enlarges on the variation of the needle. We hope, he will, at an early period, enlarge on the variation of

<sup>\*</sup> A lad of an hundred arts.

†Mr. Young was no doubt lead to this exhibition of himself from reading in one of his favorite authors "*Laudates odentat avis Junonia parmus*."

the mind; it will afford him a broad "field of general remark" honourable, we are sure to himself, and beneficial to the Mechanic's Institute. He will no doubt be able to give a luminous explanation of the variation of thought; and to show how closely it resembles, in a young brain, the condition of Captain Parry's Compasses, when their virtues were lost under the Magnetic pole! So much for the title of this Lecture, and now let us consider, what the Lecturer has veered no inconsiderable way out of his course to display, its eloquence and composition.

The style in which the Lecture is written is a dashing one—the lecturer aims at great rhetorical brilliancy and splendour: and the whole is a well marked and distinguished sample of the grandiloquous—a term with which he has no doubt many classical associations.

If the Lecture fails any where in force of diction, we feel no disposition to blame the composer, but the language in which he writes; which we must confess, in hands like his, appears to be lamentably deficient in degrees of comparison. There is a superlativeness, if we may be allowed the word, in all his expressions, and in all his thoughts also, which we are of opinion, requires more energy and more latitude of meaning than can be drawn from the phrase of any language with which we are acquainted. From the specimen before us we are led to think, that the *unknown Tongue* will ultimately be that in which Mr. Young will find a proper vehicle for his great thoughts and gigantic expressions. We have been able, though we acknowledge with some difficulty, to trace his idea of style; but it is a classic impression under which he acts, drawn from a well known Ancient who prides himself in being "*plenissimus, profusissimus ornatissimus, verborum dominus.*"

We have strong reasons to apprehend, that Mr. Y's. genius is too bold, too energetic and overwhelming, for any language faithfully to convey, either the intensity, or light, of its inspirations. He appears, in fact, to crush the subject before him in pieces; nor can, a single fragment be saved from the wreck as a remain, or relic, of what it might have been before it experienced the storm of his composition. Among words, expressions, and ideas, he may be justly likened to Sampson among the Philistines, crushing all before him with his jaw. From all we can gather, then, from the study of him as an author, we believe it may be said, and justly too, that he has most successfully revived that particular mode of writing called the Bathos: and that if he had lived in the early, and bombastic part of the last century, he would have flourished among, if not led, that distinguished body of authors whom Pope has immortalized, by handing down in a mummy-like state of preservation, in the pages of the Dunciad.

We shall draw our specimens of his composition from the July Number of the Halifax Monthly; where he drops the *utile*, and begins what we suppose he considers as rather an elegant example of the *dulce*. We would here premise that the Law does not define what an *attempt* is, it appears therefore that the learned lecturer takes advantage of this circumstance, and fearlessly tries his whole strength, knowing well whether he succeeds or fails, there will be no bill filed against him, because “*Non definitur in jure quid sit conatus.*”<sup>\*</sup> Our readers will here observe, that though it is a capital crime to attempt the life of a man, yet an author may be the death of a subject without any personal danger to himself. This fact will enable our readers to understand why Mr. Young has gone such great lengths in the following pages.

At page 66 of the July number of the Halifax Magazine, the lecture proceeds in the following words. “It has often excited the regret of philosophers that a knowledge of science has sometimes given birth to the tricks of jugglery and legerdemain. The science of Magnetism does not stand free of having favoured these pious frauds.”

Let us pause here at “pious frauds,” for the good old reason which Mr. Young’s extensive reading in the Roman language must make him familiar with, “*uno absurdo dato, infinita sequuntur.*”<sup>†</sup> What “pious frauds” does he allude to? Can he mean to say that the “tricks of jugglery and legerdemain” are pious frauds? How odd this is,—how differently do we view the case; we would on the contrary have called them *impious frauds!* But probably the Lecturer had euphony in his eye, and found the addition of a syllable would destroy the harmony of the sentence. And we so far approve of his motive—if he did not intend to give us sense, that he should at all events give us the full benefit of a soft and melodious sound.

“I have here,” he continues “completed my review of the elementary principles of this beautiful science. To perfect the sketch it would now be necessary to enter at large into the many theories which are extant relative to the causes of the magnetic influence &c.”

In the first sentence he tells the mechanics that he has completed his review; but to complete a thing with Mr. Young is by no means enough; for he holds a reservation to “perfect” it, after it is complete. This is admirable of itself; but still more so, when he informs us how he would perfect the complete; which, he says, he would accomplish by entering at large “upon many theories

<sup>\*</sup> The laws does not define what an attempt is.

<sup>†</sup> Let him put in his finger and he will draw in his whole body.

which are extant." We shall die converts to the reviver of the Bathos, will he but enter upon this at large, and prove to us, or the mechanics, how *many theories extant shall perfect a complete review!* This is the dulce to some purpose. Mr. Young however must have forgotten his classics when he made this assertion, so contrary to the doctrine—*Quod semel meum est amplius meum esse non potest.*

The sense of this centers in the pleonasm, which, as every body must know, is a very full rhetorical figure, having what agriculturists would say more straw than grain in its composition. But we are not allowed to stop even here, for it is as he himself would say in the latin tongue, *semel malus semper malus* with him; and therefore in the very next breath he declares, that he cannot enter upon the "many theories extant," because he is sensible of his limited knowledge of abstruse theories, and has neither apparatus nor time, to prosecute the research in a satisfactory manner, and that he willingly abandons such as a "hopeless and unprofitable task." In concluding the paragraph he says, "to promote its interests and dignify its ends." The Lecturer we regret to say has here again forgotten his latin,\* and writes with an unpardonable neglect of the *ut*, the *si*, and the *quid*; and he does not mind a whit whether the word relates to measure condition, or reason. Consequently it no where appears what these *its* have reference to; he will therefore oblige us, should a second edition of his lecture be published, to state what he intended these wandering pronouns should have for antecedents. For unless he will dignify the ends even of these monosyllabic pronouns, we doubt very much if he will be able to dignify the ends of the mechanics. But let us pass on.

"If we revert," he proceeds "to ancient history we will discover that their knowledge of this planet was pent up within narrow limits." A relative again without an antecedent,—a beauty no doubt of the Bathos. Pray, learned sir, do say to whom, or what, *their* relates in the above sentence. We are again in total darkness for want of an antecedent. The pleonasm of the sentence, however, is well maintained; and its verbosity adds an elegant fullness to its grammatical propriety. Yet why should slight knowledge be pent up in narrow limits? we should say that narrow limits were all that was necessary for slightness of knowledge: at any rate, he ought not to have "pent up *minimus* so cruelly. But circumlocution has a wonderful power in filling up a round period—

\* *Scito quod [ut] modus est [si] conditio, [quid] causa.* Though Mr. Young has given us every reason to believe that the mechanics can perfectly understand this; we shall nevertheless give the usual translation.

"Know that the word relates to measure, to condition, to the reason."



and Mr. Young's periods are all round—and look as if he barrelled up his ideas in them. But let us pass on again.

“The Phœnecians were daring navigators—they passed the pillars of Hercules—the shores of Spain to Gades—modern Cadiz—the Bay of Biscay and the shores of Gaul—whence to Britain—but this was the limit of their northern voyages and the north point of Scotland.” Though Syntax and Euphony are here at loggerheads, yet it is perhaps quite natural that they should be so to composers of the Bathos. Let us examine, then, this period “But this,” yes, we perceive, “Britain” is our antecedent here;—the sentence, therefore, reads thus:—But this, “*i. e.* Britain,” was the limit of their northern voyages and the north point of Scotland.” We learn then, for the first time in our lives, the marvellous fact, that Britain was in ancient times, the north point of Scotland! What a wonderful art this Bathos must be, to prove with an easy sweep of one's pen, that the whole may be contained in a part, or, that Britain was contained in the ultima Thule!! The Scotch have long been famous, we know, for laying claim to England, but we knew not before that their pretensions were founded upon the historical fact, that England was, *bona fide*, situated within the premises of John o' Groat. We hope Mr. Young will not prosecute this matter too far, lest he may be the means of causing some national disturbance, in favour of the heirs of the deceased incumbent of the ultima Thule.

Having informed us that the Phœnicians coasted along, till they found that Britain was the north point of Scotland,—the Lecturer, unfortunately allowing his classics for another moment to escape him, pays no attention to the maxim, *Turpis est pars quæ non convenit cum uno toto*—or, “that part is bad which accords not with the whole,”—and with a magical dash of his pen—and with a trifling anachronism as to the time, and persons, of whom he happens to be writing, tells us that John o' Groat's house was called ultima Thule. Here he would lead us to believe that the Phœnicians knew John o' Groat—and that they called his house the ultima Thule. Now John o' Groat's house was never called by them, or the Romans either, the ultima Thule; for the best of reasons, because John o' Groat was not then in existence. This sentence, with all its imperfections, has neither relation to that which goes before, or, that which follows. And unless error is their bond of connection, we see no other relationship that can warrant their present position. The sentence which follows, runs “When England was a Roman colony.” England a Roman colony! Pray, Mr. Young, when was that the case? We are sure that neither Cæsar, Tacitus, or any other Roman historian, has ever ventured

on such an affirmation. We now perceive that in writing the Bathos, the Lecturer's thoughts run, as it were, in veins:—for some time, then, we have relatives without antecedents; and, here, again, we have anachronisms following each other in rapid succession. But as we said before, *semel malus semper malus*. So let us pass on.

“There are fabulous tales of some daring navigators which are inconsistent with the stories of their philosophers.” We have again to call upon our Lecturer for an antecedent, and to inform us whose philosophers “*their* philosophers,” have a reference to. We shall have no faith, by and by, in Mr. Young's memory of the Latin, if he continues to blunder in this rude manner; he surely remembers—“*Transgressione multiplicata crescat pœnæ inflictio*” \* and if he will multiply transgressions, can he blame us if we inflict punishment on him for offences condemned by his admired classics?

“Horace, who, we all know wrote in the age of Augustus.”

Addressing himself to the Mechanics, the learned lecturer takes it for granted, that they all know that Horace wrote in the age of Augustus! This is indeed a sugar-plumb for them. We may venture to affirm that this is the highest compliment ever paid in the Bathos, or in any other language, to a body of tradesmen. Will the Lecturer believe it when we say, that we never even suspected that the Mechanics knew any thing at all either of Horace or Augustus. We never so much as dreamed that they could read a word of Horace, or cared a rush-light about him or Augustus. But the Lecturer perhaps knew his audience better than we do; and so far he was no doubt correct; but we must observe, that unless they did know all that he has asserted, they could hardly be expected to understand a single word of the profound learning, which was “on the evening of March 7th” lavished upon them.

“*Ille robur et æs triplex.*”—Vid. July Number Halifax Magazine. With what transport the Mechanics must have heard this passage read in the full tones of Mr. Y's. doric elocution; we can imagine there was a burst of joy and admiration from all sides, something like the “*precipitem africanum decertantem aquilonibus,*” or, the roar of the impetuous African wind contending against the back side of John O'Groat's house.

After stating that the Ancients had neither compass, nor quadrant, and were ignorant of the spherical lines of latitude and longitude, and had nothing to direct them but the glimmer of the

\* Increase the offence and the punishment will increase.

“North Star,” put within inverted commas, to show the expression to be borrow'd, and not original, he proceeds:

“Their navigation was confined to inland seas, and when they ventured into the ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules”

Though this passage would be inadmissable in modern English, yet, we presume it must be an elegant one in modern Bathos. In meaning it resembles a double entendre, or it may be said to mean—Yes and No—or, to have a double edge, like a cut and thrust sword, or,—but for want of similies we must have recourse to itself which we hope will best of all illustrate what it is like. Mark—

“Their navigation is confined to inland seas yet extends to the ocean beyond the pillars of Hercules.”

We know of no writer of prose or verse in our language, who would have made out such a sentence as this,—or prepared for the Press such a wonderful example of intelligibility.

Persons who are pleased with puzzles will find room for amusement in the following.

“The course of my argument will not allow more than this passing allusion to them (magnificent consequences); but let me remark before I abandon the subject, that, had it not been for the genius of this mechanic, which, under the will of a Divine Providence, afforded to Columbus the means of prosecuting those geographical theories, which, when first mooted, seemed so outrageous to the order of nature and the sciences of the age, as to expose him to the anathemas of the learned and the pious, would never have been wrought out, and this vast continent might yet have remained a wilderness!”

To plain thinking persons like us, this is a downright enigma:—the lecturer however intends it shall convey an important meaning,—for he concludes it with a mark of admiration,—a mark no doubt of astonishment at his own success in the Bathos; we agree with him in our wonder, and exclaim in the agitation of the moment, *oh, most excellent, Sir, prodigious!!* We now come to that part of his lecture, where he opens that section of magnatism which he calls commerce; and though we were in hopes that here he would deal in a less sonorous strain, of the magnificent *profound*, yet we reckoned without our host; for though he casts out a suspicion that his “aspects of classic history shall be considered as ornate and the fruits of a flowery and ambitious imagination” yet, he keeps aloft among the superlatives, and it is now evident that the subject occupies the very marrow of his intellect. He declares, therefore, that “he will suffer any temporary censure” (from which may all the gods of the heathen mythology

defend him) "provided they (the mechanics) will favour him with their attention," for he rhapsodically announces, that his "views, to use an image here peculiarly appropriate, are dovetailed and enwrought into the substantial frame work of my reasoning."

Here then we have his handicraft in joinery manifested to us; and as a specimen of his art, he has dovetailed and enwrought the subject of commerce with the properties of the Loadstone! Let any one if he dares doubt the cunning of the lecturer's right hand after witnessing the art of such an excellent job. As far as we can judge of this exquisite piece of mechanism, we must observe, that it surpasses all our ideas of workmanship; and we now frankly acknowledge that commerce seems as much a part of the "substantial framework" which he has created, as the dead Greeks and Romans, and the heathen mythology, which his skill in dovetailing has enabled him to work thereon. Arkwright's spinning jennies are nothing at all to the dovetailing machine of Young.

It has been long ago observed, that "an universal genius rises not in an age; but when he rises, armies rise in him" we have a strong proof of the truth of this observation, in the person whose genius we have at present under our consideration. There are "armies in him," he is an host of himself: and what better testimony can be had of this, than that which he produces in the muster roll of his forces. Please attend to the calling of the roll.

'Greece, Rome, Euphrates, Ultima Thule, Europe, City of Rome, Retreat of the Ten Thousand, Marathon, Thermopylæ, Hannibal, Hamilcar, Punic Wars, victories of Cæsar, Demosthenes, Rostrum, Invasion of Phillip, Cicero, Cataline the traitor, Pericles, Aristides, Brutus, Cincinnatus, Quints, Curtuis; Philosophers, Socrates, Aristotle, Plato; Historians, Zenophon, Herodotus, Cæsar, Tacitus, Livy;—Poets, Homer Horace, Virgil, Ovid, Delphic Oracle, Jupiter, Olympus, Gods, Olympic games, Roman circus'. Reader, do not armies rise in him? all these are in little more than a page. Yet this is but one list; there are other divisions of his grand army that have equally copious muster rolls. We have a notion that the Lecturer must have left Pluto quite deserted, when he summoned before him, to the mechanics Institute, so many tenants of the nether world. He now addresses himself to the feelings and classical sympathies of the mechanics, and recalls to their memory.

"The thousand beautiful and mysterious associations which spring from their religious mythology," "the charms of their romantic and glowing imaginations;" "their voluptuous and intox-

icating delight; the vestal virgins fanning and cherishing the never dying flame." And, at length he is convinced, "that all this influence on the judgement is difficult to impeach or subdue." The mechanics must have forgotten their knowledge of the classics if this voluptuous and intoxicating appeal did not rouse their feelings.—Think only of the vestal virgins after such an intoxicating draught! We are almost inclined to find fault with the Lecturer for placing their judgements in so great jeopardy. How could he have answered to the moral world, if from such a flagrant torrent of eloquence, they had gone astray, and some malicious person, without any taste for the classics, had "impeached or subdued their judgements?"

Having concluded six pages of consummate erudition, and bestowed upon the mechanics more classical lore and references of the profound, than we ever read before in any work of the same compass; the Lecturer, from some internal cause, spurns from him the idea, that he has thus set the *Thames on fire*, for the sake of display, pedantry, or ostentation.

"No!" he exclaims "the subject which I discuss is sufficiently captivating and extensive in itself without seeking a borrowed interest from foreign colouring, for they [who?] furnish the materials of an argument that to me appear irresistible." This is such a noble burst of generous feeling and noble sentiment, that we shall assist him in his magnanimous mood, with a quotation (which we are sorry to find escaped his memory), from a dead classic with whose writings, in the original, he is of course, as with all the rest of the classics, intimately acquainted.

"No! the rich vein that runs through all thy mind  
Shines without aid of puffing, or of wind;  
Never *thy* croakings hoarse disgust the ear  
Never from *thee* we pompous nothings hear,  
Nor ever threats thy dwelling cheeks to break  
With words of mighty sound too big to speak."

We here bring our aid to his relief, because we are highly gratified with the honorable sentiment he so warmly expresses in favor of the real Simon Pure. It is but due to him to say, that this is in accordance with every other example which he has given us of the intrepidity and excellence of his mind. How could any man imagine that a person of Mr. George R. Young's reputation, would introduce "these reflections for the paltry motive of showing an acquaintance—slight and imperfect as it may be—with the leading facts of classic history"—"no" it is impossible to suppose that any one would be so inconsistent. Slight and imperfect as he acknowledges his acquaintance with classic history to be, can it be imagined that under such circumstances he would make a ful-

some display of the great dead Greek and Roman authors; or be capable of an act of such folly and bad taste, as to indulge before a Mechanics Institute in a vain glorious display of an assumed intimacy with the classics, which by every well bred man is looked upon as the height of presumption and pedantry! Oh! No. Mr. Young has revived the Bathos with too much success, for us, at least, to entertain such a degrading idea of his taste and ability for a moment. He is not the man of whom it can be said,

“*Dat inania verba*

*Dat sine mente sonum—*”

And surely we have now written enough, to shield him from false imputations; to prevent satire from injuring the silvery surface of his fair fame, and Envy from launching her darts at a mark so broadly exposed to observation.

In the able manner we have just mentioned, he concludes his panegyric on the classics and this section of the profound; and then enters upon a more masterly display of his diversified powers than he has yet discovered, by taking an opposite view altogether of his subject, and advocating, as if he had been feed on both sides of the question, by arguments in the reverse—in retro. It is now made apparent that it signifies little to talents so luxuriantly blown as his are, which side of a subject they undertake to justify. They can turn a wrong position into a right one, and vice versa. The Lecturer, therefore, has been only amusing himself hitherto, by entertaining us with a most plausible and sophisticating view of the wrong, and having satisfied our easy convictions that wrong was right, and found our judgements an easy prey to an “argument” which for a moment even appears to himself “irresistible,” he ceases to play upon our credulity, and with much compassion and kindness, lays aside joking and conscientiously reveals to us his real and honest opinion of the case.

He declares at once, then, that “it becomes now imperative that I should combat the classic impressions of which I have spoken. They ought—they ought to be discharged”—he eloquently reiterates, “they ought to be discharged.” Mark, that, ye Mechanics! You must discharge all your knowledge, and all your “voluptuous” ideas of Homer and the Greeks, and of Horace and the Romans. You have the authority of Mr. Young for it, that ‘in the soundest views of national policy they deserve not to be entertained in any mind’; unload your memories, therefore, and divest your minds of their intoxicating delight,—join the temperate society, and neither “drink deep,” nor “taste,” but devote henceforth your heads, made empty of all “classic impressions,” to what the profound Lecturer calls “the princi-

ples of human society and the great and efficient causes which conduct to national affluence and happiness." To this, as might have been expected, succeeds a paragraph, opening with all the richness, "splendour" of thought, and "magnificence" of diction, of unsullied bathos—and fathomless profound.

"For after all what was the character of ancient conquests—a cruel and brutal butchery—wars of extermination, followed by the iron reign of tyranny. Their wars [another stray relative] dissimilar to those of the middle ages, had no sanctifying purpose like the emancipation of a Holy Land,—to rescue the hallowed birth-place of a Saviour from the impious rule of Saracens and infidels,—nor did they pave the way as in modern times, to the spread and introduction of the arts of peace—civilization—religion. The vanquished became slaves, their property the common spoil of their cohorts and legions."

This is what we have already termed unsullied bathos and fathomless profound. Had the Lecturer intended to have written in English, we would feel at liberty to say, that these two sentences are composed of nine lines, which exemplify false punctuation, false grammar, false diction; and the last sentence, such dark and impenetrable bathos, as to be beyond all hope of a translation into our language. We have first, then, a question asked without a mark of interrogation; we have, in the second place, a relative without an antecedent; we have, in the third place, the word *sanctifying* for *fanatical*; in the fourth place, "the arts of peace—civilization—religion." The art of religion! this is materialism with a vengeance. And in the fifth, and last place, we have "the vanquished became slaves, their property the common spoil of their cohorts and legions." Though this cannot be translated into intelligible English, yet let us try how it would read by a literal transposition of the little English it contains. It would run thus: The vanquished became slaves, the slaves property the common spoil of the slaves cohorts and legions!

If Blackstone had ever met with a sentence of this description in law, we think it would have puzzled him to have interpreted it. Yet though the law says "*proprietas verborum est salus proprietatum*" or, that, the safety of property depends upon propriety in the use of words, yet, this sentence was written, and prepared for the press, by a young member of the law! A single couplet which this suggests, expresses all we wish to say.

"Jacob the scourge of grammar, mark with awe  
Nor less revere him, blunderbus of law."

It would extend our critique to an unjustifiable length, to make further extracts from the "field of general remark" before us. Particularly as we find the illustrious Lecturer once more at his

muster roll, and marshalling his armies, his host within him, composed of Greeks, Romans, Goths, Vandals, and Arabians.—We were stunned with the noise of their Assembly; our ears were deafened “with Vulcans manufactory of thunderbolts;”—we heard, with difficulty of course, hurricanes growling in the “Caves of Eolus;” we became intoxicated with “Bacchanalian rites,” and tumbled into the “stream of Lethe,” but being sobered by the ducking, escaped from “Charon,” and swam to the “Elysian fields,” where we dried our clothes; we then saw a mortal combat between “Gladiators in the Circus;” we then went to witness “the birth of Minerva starting in full panoply of armour from the head of Jupiter!” and we were astonished that Minerva did not start from some other part of Jupiter more consistent with analogy. But while in this astonishment, we were suddenly “Metamorphosed by Ovid;” and were finally cast down from the third heavens, deprived of sense and the power to comprehend the meaning of another sentence.

We are now slowly recovering our senses again; but were our very lives at stake, we could go no further with our task; nature would fail us before we could inspect half the forces which the Lecturer, or author, or magician, has ready to manoeuvre before us. Nor, had we nine lives, would we undertake a review of the August continuation of his “field.” We, therefore, salute Mr. George R. Young, Lecturer on magnetism, ancient history, sciences and arts, history of commerce, and the utility of a Mechanics Institute,—and in a language dear to him as a scholar, and cherished for a “thousand beautiful and mysterious associations” we take our departure, and leave him our parting recommendation.

“*Loquendum ut vulgus; sentiendum ut docti.*”

Speak plain think learnedly.

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### THE SHAM FIGHT—SEPTEMBER 8.

#### *Scene the Isthmus of Halifax.*

FIRM, as of old on hostile soil, the reg'ments took their ground;  
 Vieing with them, and gaily smart, the yeoman corps were found.  
 Soon, glistening lines appeared along, the valley's shrubby glade;  
 And from the heights, the ordnance din, began the soldiers trade.  
 And rattling small arms, next, amid, the sheltering copses spoke,  
 Relieving well the wavy ground with rolling clouds of smoke.  
 The highland, as if every bush contained a warrior wight,  
 Poured forth a thousand flames, and rose, a living dome of fight.  
 The dark glen had its skirmish dread, the sunny height appeared,  
 Crowned with a bold defying host, who marshal'd as they cheer'd.  
 Then desperate charge, and loud hurrah, and volley peals, and roar  
 Of heavy guns, and clattering Aids who mighty orders bore,  
 Displayed the crisis;—soon it past, the Mill was gained, and then,  
 Sweet bugles from the crags and steeps, called forth the scattered men.  
 And martial bands rang loudly out; all cheerful homeward wend,  
 And seek the quiet town, which holds, each warrior as its friend.      Z.



## RECORD.

The Cholera, after extending its ravages over a great portion of the globe, seems now generally declining. By last accounts from Great Britain, from the U. States, and Canada, a great decrease, generally, in the number of cases, and of deaths is visible.

Politics in England, have undergone no late change; all parties are busy preparing for the ensuing election. Extraordinary opposition to Tithes, in Ireland, continues, and has decided the fate of this hateful tax. A New Bill on the subject, is in progress; it is a compromise, and lays the tithe on landlords instead of tenants; but it will fall very short of pleasing those for whom it is intended.

A Confederacy of princes in Germany, against the spread of liberal opinions, has been the subject of much remark. King William of England, as King of Hanover, has, it is said, joined the combination; if so, the fact places his furtherance of English Reform in an awkward light.

France is in a state of much confusion, and uncertainty. The Government has failed to conciliate those who set it up; and seems mainly supported by the love of order, and the fear of anarchy and outrage.

Don Pedro has succeeded in landing in Portugal, and in capturing Oporto. The fall of Lisbon was expected to follow.

Little new appears concerning Colonial Interests. Newfoundland has obtained a Local Legislature. A dreadful Fire lately occurred at Harbour Grace, which left hundreds destitute, and destroyed property to the amount of about £60,000.

Prospects of Harvest are generally good, at both sides of the Atlantic.

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### TO THE PUBLIC.

The Subscriber informs his friends and the public, that he has made arrangements, by which Mr. J. S. THOMPSON, the Editor, becomes Proprietor of the Halifax Monthly Magazine, commencing with the October Number. He feels grateful for past favours, and requests a continuance on the part of the periodical, which will continue to be printed by him.

J. S. CUNNABELL.

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**MARRIAGES.**—At Halifax, August 1, R. B. Dickson, Esq. to Miss Catherine Muirhead.—Capt. J. T. Young, to Miss Margaret Burk.—14th. Mr. Alexander Henry, to Miss Jane Reid.—18th. Mr. P. Eye, to Miss Eleanor M'Whinnie.—19th. Mr. T. M. Morris, to Miss Elizabeth H. West.—26th. Mr. William O'Mara, to Miss Mary Jane Coleman.—At Mount Edward, August 14th. S. G. W. Archibald, Esq. to Mrs. Brinley.—At Truro, August 7th. Jotham Blanchard, Esq. to Mrs. Margaret Speirs.

**DEATHS.**—August 1st. Mr. Charles Dailey, aged 44.—7th. Miss Elizabeth Rose, aged 30.—9th. Nancy Lawson, aged 42.—15th. Rev. R. Elliot, aged 27.—21st. Mrs. Sarah Ann Keith, aged 36. Mr. James Wilkie, aged 44.—27th. Mr. Richard B. Young, aged 34.—30th. Mr. Richard King, aged 33.—At Liverpool, Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, aged 67.—At Yarmouth, Mrs. Rhodas Crowell, aged 80.—27th. John Foreman, Esq.

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