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EDUCATION.

Jacotot's System of Universal Instruction.

IN our number for last November, we hazarded some remarks on Jacotot's System of Education; those remarks—as we then mentioned—were founded on a very brief and vague exposition of the subject. Since then, we have attained a better acquaintance with the system, and consider it now a duty, as well as a pleasure, to endeavour to impart our increased light to our readers. This is called for, that, those who might have been attracted to the subject by our former remarks, and who have not an opportunity of acquiring further information on this topic, may not be altogether unsatisfied; also that those who may have been prejudiced against the system by our loose review, may have a better basis than that on which to ground their opinion. Without farther introduction we proceed to explain briefly the elements of the system, its exercises, and its object, as applied to obtain a knowledge of the English language.

The great fundamentals of the system are, to *think*, to *remember*, to *reflect* and to *compare*. These preliminaries are perhaps more important, and more new than many will suppose them at first sight: for on examination we may find, that too much of the common method of education, consists in imitating the words and acts of a teacher; the pupil is not always obliged to think, nor taught to remember and to reflect. We pass over the application of the system to reading and writing, our former remarks may show sufficiently on these points, and pass to what we propose as the subject of the present enquiry,—*How a pupil acquires, according to Jacotot's system, a knowledge of his native language?*

The pupil learns something and refers his future studies to it. By "learn" Jacotot means, to fix a matter in the mind in such a manner that it cannot be forgotten. A book of generally acknowledged merit is taken, suppose Johnson's *Rasselas*, Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, or any other classical English work, and a certain number of pages are committed to memory; fifty or one hundred pages as the printing and size of page may direct. This set about resolutely and continued patiently and perseveringly, is soon accomplished; every pupil according to old systems learn by rote ten times as much; but they lose as fast as they gain, whereas Jacotot's 100 pages are intended to be a stock in trade during life. Sentence by sentence is committed to memory, commencing with the first word of the book on each repetition of the task; the pupil's perfection in this part is tested in every conceivable manner; an infinity of questions are to be asked to prove that he recollects, and that he understands his task. When this part is accomplished, and when the teacher is confident that his pupil is thoroughly acquainted with his hundred pages, the remainder of the volume is to be read carefully; the pupil relating the substance of each paragraph and chapter; and finally of the whole book, giving the narration of facts briefly, but connectedly and clearly. When this is done, the exercises may be commenced; which exercises are for the purpose of bringing the hundred pages into practical use; and of giving the pupil a knowledge of his native tongue, by close continued reference to the excellent portion of it, which he finds embodied by the author of his model, and which he has made his own by indelibly stamping it on his mind.

First Exercise. To IMITATE. In this, the pupil applies the sentiments, and general phraseology, of a given portion of his model, to some subject, different from that which is treated of in his model. For instance, in the first chapter of the *Vicar of Wakefield* a description is given of a family, let the pupil be told to describe some other family, or analagous subject, according to the model. He sits down with his first chapter before him, he reflects on it, examines its construction, and perceives strongly its most forcible points. The first paragraph instructs him to give his opinion of such subjects, as he is about treating

of, generally, and his opinion of it particularly. From the second paragraph he is led to state the partiality or dislike which he feels towards the matter under consideration, and its advantages. The third paragraph teaches him to connect other persons or things with his theme ; the fourth points out defects or exceptions ; the fifth directs him to explain its name or title ; the sixth and seventh lead him to treat of its particular features, uses, and general character. In this manner he imitates the style, the sentiments, and expressions of his model ; as a painter imitates the colouring and grouping of a certain master, although he is employed on a subject not altogether similar. By examination of this first exercise we may see the amount of reflection and judgment which the pupil has to bring into action : a greater amount perhaps than he is ever taught to use by the systems most commonly in use. If habits of reflection and maturity of judgment are of vast importance to man, the system which pays most attention to these matters, seems best adapted for purposes of real utility. Several exercises in imitation are gone through, each verified by reference to model, to show that true sense and just expressions are used ; no idea nor any expression being here allowed that cannot be proved by our author.

Second Exercise. TO MAKE GENERAL REFLECTIONS ON PARTICULAR FACTS. The pupil is directed to the study of a particular passage in his model. After reflecting on it, he is asked what he particularly remarks in it, what general theme it illustrates, what subject it treats of. Having answered, he is told to describe the theme in a general manner, drawing reflections of its qualities from the passage in his model. Thus from the particular facts, in the second chapter of the Vicar of Wakefield, he may make general reflections on the character of a Theorist. Recollecting, that, every assertion or reflection which he makes, he must prove to be correct by reference to his model ; and by reference to his model only.

Third Exercise. SYNONYMES OF WORDS. This exercise is for the purpose of marking the shades of resemblance and difference which exist between words. Choose certain words, and direct pupil to make synonymes to them. As, suppose the Teacher to

select these words—torrent, innocent, beautiful, preference, maturity—the pupil might make the following synonymes,—rapid, harmless, handsome, choice, ripeness : by reference to his model, and by carefully examining how each word is used, he will be able to point out their resemblance and their difference, and cases in which they may and may not be applied. Thus *innocent* means, to be without crime, *harmless* means not capable of committing any evil. Speaking of a person acquitted of something with which he had been charged, we might say that he was innocent ; but it would not be correct to call him harmless from the fact of his acquittal. This exercise is of much importance and interest, and is one for which there is much scope in all written and spoken language.

Fourth Exercise. SYNONYMES OF EXPRESSION. This teaches to distinguish between, and to describe different expressions applied to an object ; to define the various shades, and justify or prove all by reference to your model. As, I am fond of my child, I take great pleasure in my child, I delight in my child, I doat on my child,—these are different expressions applied to one object ; it belongs to this exercise to define, to mark the shades, the comparative strength or weakness of each, and to give examples, justified by facts, from the model.

Fifth Exercise. SYNONYMES OF COMPOSITION. The pupil is directed to take two speeches, or scenes, from his model ; to compare them, show their resemblance, and reason for it ; and difference, and reason for it. This is of much importance, and greatly helps the after discrimination of the student. All the proofs of each of his exercises to be drawn from his model ; so making good the original text. “ learn a thing and refer all the rest to it.”

Sixth Exercise. SYNONYMES OF IDEAS. This is the fourth class of synonymes introduced into our exercise ; the first relates to the resemblance and difference of individual words ; the second to phrases or expressions conveying different degrees of feeling ; the third, relates to composition, exhibiting variety of feelings, and the variety of their expression, on similar subjects : and the present exercise, teaches how to make similar various thoughts on a

single theme. Perhaps it is little more than applying figurative for simple language—and contrarywise—simple for figurative. For instance, the pupil finds the phrase—"still keep a good heart, and farewell," he dwells on the thoughts, and makes a synonyme of ideas by saying,—"retain your integrity, and depart." Some of those exercises may seem wire drawn: we do not profess to be advocates for M. Jacotot, but merely pretend to explain his system; however, we would venture to say, that the exercise which leads to an intimate knowledge of the peculiarities of language, and which demands close thought, will certainly leave more good behind than appears probable on a first view. Our first exercise imitates the phraseology and style of our model, this imitates its reflections in different words.

Seventh Exercise. **TRADUCTION OR ASSIMILATION OF FACTS.** This exercise is to initiate the pupil into the derivation of facts and sentiments, and into the similarity and connection which exist between various subjects. At first sight this exercise may seem very similar to that of imitation, but a little examination will show a decided difference. Imitation, without much stretch of thought, treats a subject with the arrangement, style and expressions, similar to those which are applied in our model to another subject. Assimilation compares two subjects, points out their resemblance, and shews that many facts and sentiments may be traced to a common origin. Thus in imitation, writing of a subject, with the first chap of the Vicar of Wakefield for a model, we would proceed as we have before laid down, gathering materials for our view paragraph by paragraph as we went along. But if we were to assimilate a landscape to the description of the family of Wakefield, we should observe the many points, the rough, the smooth, the beautiful and the useful, in which both had a common origin or interest; we should assimilate a hill to the father, for each was a protector; the matron who ministered to the daily wants of the family would be assimilated to the flowing stream; the young trees which adorn the lawn would be assimilated to the sons, and the flowers which embellish the bank of the river would be supposed like the beautiful daughters mentioned in the chapter. If imitation in our exercise, be like that of a painter in colouring and grouping after another; assimilation compares a portrait with a landscape,

translates a sunbeam by a smile, deep shade by a frown, a mount by a fine forehead, and so forth. Assimilation develops the hidden figurative language, which lies below the surface of most subjects, connecting each delightfully together.

Eighth Exercise. ANALYSIS. In this exercise a passage is reduced to its intrinsic value, or bare intent. The substance is taken, and the reflections and embellishments are set aside. To analyse is to define, in opposition to exemplification and illustration. Thus to express by analysis Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, we might say,—it is the narrative of the reverses of a country clergyman's family.

Ninth Exercise. DEVELOPING OF THOUGHTS. This is just the reverse of analysis; one reduces a multitude of deductions to their root, the other from one thought develops a great variety of ideas. As our second exercise exhibits general reflections growing from particular facts, so this shews the numerous particular reflections which a thought opens itself into. In the former case we would describe a theorist from the marks set on the character or conduct of one in the chapter: but if told to develop the thought—"a theorist is obstinate"—we would reflect on the different parts of our model where such subjects were treated; we would proceed to unroll our proposition, to think of a theorist, of a practical man, of what constitutes a theorist, of obstinacy, and of its connection with theorists. In the former case the mere outer conduct or general character is drawn from many visible facts, and is applicable to any theorist; in the latter the thought is pursued through all its hidden windings, and every deduction bears particularly on its elucidation. In the former case a series of facts give general reflections of a common character—in the latter, a series of combinations all peculiar to one thought, are discovered by unfolding or developing that thought. We take a fact from our author, observe what reflections he makes on it, and proceed from that to develop the fact; proving all our work by reference.

Tenth Exercise. TO FIND SUBJECTS FOR ASSIMILATION. This at first appeared to be out of place, and we supposed there was little reason, if any, for placing it after the eighth exercise. On

consideration we explained it thus : To assimilate is to compare and show resemblances between facts, but after that exercise, and exercise nine, which exhibits the connection of thoughts and the manner of developing them, the harder task of exercise ten may be approached : *To find subjects for assimilation*, we choose sentences or phrases, and derive similitudes from them ; we translate them into other words and sentiments. As for "aspiring beggary is wretchedness itself," we find the following assimilation ; "the soaring moth soon becomes exhausted." For David's fight with Goliath, we find out an assimilation, in the struggle of virtue with temptations. And in the life of Job, we discover an illustration of the Willow, which is saved by bending where opposition would be destruction. By exercise eight, we discover assimilations and point them out, by the present exercise we create specimens of assimilation.

Eleventh Exercise. **TO WRITE ON ANY SUBJECT.** After the foregoing exercises are gone through, and frequently repeated, and well understood, a theme may be suggested to the pupil, on which he is to compose, or write his thoughts. His exercises have instructed him in the proper method of looking at his subject, they point out a judicious arrangement, and tell him where and how to find appropriate thoughts ; and he has by intimate acquaintance with his model and by his various studies, a large stock of the most suitable words with which to express his ideas. In writing of subjects which require learned or technical terms, the pupil previous to his obtaining a literary or conventional style, may draw his phraseology from the language of life : he will be sure to write clearly and well, tho' not learnedly ; he has gained the better, the most important point, and can advance in minor qualifications as his field of opportunity opens.

Twelfth Exercise. **IMITATION OF THOUGHTS.** It is difficult to judge of a new system from its mere rules and brief commentary. This exercise seems similar to others which have been before noticed, and it either proves that Jacotot has been engaged at hair splitting, or that having considered his subject deeply, he has discovered important shades not very visible except to the eye of a master. The imitation of a thought we would explain by saying,

that, it is the dressing of a thought in various words. Thus—“Blessed is the man who sitteth not in the seat of the scornful,” may be imitated by saying, “a respect for divine things is rewarded by a blessing.” Perhaps it is intended to follow eleventh exercise, as a proof how a composition may be altered while the thoughts are retained, by differently constructing the sentences, and altering the expressions while the ideas are imitated. It seems but an extension of the exercise which relates to synonymes of ideas.

Thirteenth Exercise. WRITING LETTERS. The pupil is taught an epistolary style, by directing him to choose two or more personages from his model, and write, as it were, from one to the other. In doing this, he chooses facts which he wishes to write about; thinks clearly of those facts, and uses simple appropriate language. After the foregoing exercises, and attending to the rules of this, he will easily obtain, that much desired, and supposed difficult object, a good style of letter writing.

Fourteenth Exercise. PORTRAITS OF CHARACTERS. The pupil now proceeds to composition which demands the employment of all his exercises. He prepares to describe a character; he thinks of the most remarkable features of the individual's life, of his excellencies and defects, and of the varieties and contrasts which exist in his mind or person. Characters which exist in the model book may first be drawn; justify every observation by reference, and you will soon be capable of taking an original theme and treating it with propriety.

Fifteenth Exercise. COMPARISON. In this different characters are compared for the purpose of showing off, or exalting one.

Sixteenth Exercise. NARRATIVE. The pupil now proceeds to a complete piece of composition. He can relate the entire of his model book, and is intimate with its incidents, style and sentiments. With his book as a guide, he draws a plan of his narrative, and fills up the outline assisted and directed by his numerous exercises.

Seventeenth Exercise. VERIFICATION OF GRAMMAR. This part of our pupil's study, which is placed the first in composition by

the usual systems of education, we see, is here retained for almost the last place. Instead of teaching rules and applying facts to them, Jacotot directed by nature, teaches facts first and then applies the rules to the facts. Taste in literature formed rules, but the common systems endeavour to form taste by rules. The difference between Jacotot and others in this respect, seems as palpable as it would be between two teachers of architecture one of whom would teach his pupil by rote from a treatise on the subject, while the other would convey him to a temple, explain its parts, and then verify the treatise from it. The pupil in the seventeenth exercise is told, that the grammar will merely give him terms adopted to express the relations of words; he already understands those relations, and is aware of the full value of words. Murray's abridgement is commenced, and the pupil proves that all which he there finds about letters and syllables is correct, by reference to his model. - He commences the parts of speech one by one and from a passage in his book selects numerous examples of each. In this manner he proceeds, refering, and proving the grammar through all its parts.

Eighteenth Exercise. TO WRITE ON ANY GIVEN SUBJECT IN A GIVEN TIME. This we find has been wonderfully exemplified at the university of Louvain. It is intended as a test and an exhibition of the knowledge of language attained by the pupil in his exercises.

Nineteenth Exercise. EXTEMPORARY COMPOSITION. This also is a proof of the mastery over language which our system gives. From long exercising the mind on composition, teaching it how to think and to think closely, and to see and describe clearly, on a subject being named the thoughts flow in a proper channel, and the pupil can extemporize according to the order and arrangement given by the system.

Twentieth Exercise. ALL IS IN ALL. The pupil is now directed to see the affinity which exists between many subjects and sciences. He will find that other authors have exactly followed the art of the author of his model. He will also find that all his exercises are to be found in his author; that he at one time ana-

lyzes, at another develops, that he imitates himself, and assimilates one thought to another. He will find that the essence of all reading lies in the sixty lines which he learnt as an epitome, and that the whole English language for all useful purposes, is comprised in the work which he has chosen for his model.

This exercise of "all in all" is more a matter for continual recollection and reference, than a mere exercise. When the pupil proceeds to learn other sciences, he will see the affinity which exists between them and the art of composition; and how narrow a division there is between things, which at first sight seemed infinitely separated. During life he is taught to shun distraction of sentiment, to observe this unity of mental vision—in other words to seek "all in all."

We have thus recapitulated Jacotot's exercises, and have endeavoured to state how we understand them. The system is applied to Music, Geography, Foreign Languages and other branches of learning, but we have purposely limited our remarks in this paper to the study of the English language. We leave for another opportunity remarks on the terms "Universal Instruction," "Intellectual Emancipation," on the pupil being taught to think for himself, and to demonstrate all he advances, and on the apparent effects of this system in a moral and intellectual point of view. In the mean time, we should feel pleasure in receiving communications from persons interested on the subject—if they state objections or make enquiries, we will endeavour to answer them as well as our slight acquaintance with the system will admit; or if they impart further information, we will feel very happy in giving publicity to it. The importance of the subject, is sufficient apology for frequent recurrence to it; few sciences are less understood, none demand more close persevering attention.

VERNAL STANZAS.

Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair.—MILTON.

BRIGHT shone the sun, blue was the day,
The noontide air was very clear ;
The highland mountains round our bay,
And all far things seem'd near ;
I rested on a primrose bank ;
An April softness bathed the breeze
As 'twere new life my spirit drank
From out the budding trees.

The sportive sea-gull voyaged by,
Turning his white sails to the sun ;
The little birds sang merrily
That spring was now begun :
The snow drops all had ta'en farewell,
But yet some crocus flowers were bright ;
The hyacinth, to nurse its bell,
Drank in the purple light.

Methought to childhood's bloomy track
Life's vagrant footsteps were restored ;
And blessings manifold came back,
Long lost, and deep deplored ;
The perish'd and the past arose ;—
I saw the sunny tresses wave,
And heard the silver tongues of those
Cold, cold within the grave !

But yet for them no grief awoke,—
They seem'd a part of nature still :
Smelt the young flowers, gazed from the rock,
And listen'd to the rill :—
All was so silent, so serene,
So sweetly calm, so gently gay,
Methought even Death no ill had been,
On that pure vernal day.

Blackwood's Mag.

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

(From the French.)

A good peasant was returning to his house one evening, after having worked all day, about a league from the city. He had left his house early in the morning, and was very much fatigued, and somewhat downcast, like the setting sun. As he was entering the gate of the city, he met one of his companions, who said to him, "Have you heard the news? our parson is just dead." "Oh! Heavens!" cried the worthy fellow, "what will become

of the parish?" Wrapped in painful reflection, he continued to walk towards his abode. "What will they do?" said he, "to-morrow is Sunday—there will be no high mass. What will they say in the city when they have no high mass? The young girls will wish to communicate, the old ones to pray, and my wife wants to confess—what shall we do?"

Whilst he was indulging in these reflections, he was met by another friend. "Ah, Peter," said he, "do you know the news?" "Yes, our parson is dead." "Pooh!—it is something else—the judge is dead, and will be buried to-morrow!" "Good heaven!" cried the poor countryman, "what will become of the district? no judge! we are undone! If we had a little bit of a revolution, who would come and harangue us in the market-place? who will protect us now? who will be our refuge and our help now the judge is dead?"

A few steps onward our worthy friend met a third person whom he knew. "There is bad news, terrible news stirring!" said the new comer. "What is it? Holy Virgin! what more terrible than the death of the judge?" "Why the King is dead, neighbour Peter. It is in the newspaper to-day." "Gracious Providence," exclaimed Peter, "who will now defend the kingdom?"

The reflections of the honest peasant were full of bitterness and sorrow, when he cogitated on the terrible misfortunes which developed themselves, in so short a space as a quarter of an hour, so that when he entered his cottage, he seated himself with a sorrowful air, by the chimney corner, without saying a word to his wife, and without lifting his little girl on his knee, as was

His usual custom in the afternoon."

But his family were all in consternation almost equalling his own. "Peter, Peter!" said his old mother, in a hollow tone, and shaking her head—"what think you has occurred? The Pope's dead; the news is stuck up against the church." "Powers above!" cried Peter, "what will become of the world?" For Peter thought the world was governed by the Pope, and that the everlasting city was the capital of the earth.

"The Pope's gone," thought he, "the King's dead—the judge has gone to the last account, and the parson is buried! Heaven! What will to-morrow produce? We shall no longer labour—no longer sow—no longer reap, and the poor will all die of famine."

Poor fellow! he sometimes got hold of a newspaper, and remembered often to have seen "The country in mourning." This phrase now occurred to him—he depicted to himself the whole of France in black, and sighed deeply.

His night was almost sleepless; at the first rays of the sun, however, disturbed at what had happened, and anticipating all sorts of disasters, still more fearful, he went out quietly, and in-

stead of taking as usual the way to the fields he turned towards the great square.

A spring sun was rising in the horizon, the flowers, covered with dew, were drying themselves, and raising their heads to the sun beams; the birds were singing; the turf had resumed its verdure, and seemed renewed by the freshness of night—the sky was clear; the river full flowing and calm—Peter felt his breath at ease in spite of himself; he paused and looked about him.

The tradesmen were opening their shops, and sweeping the fronts of their doors; the mechanics were going to their work singing in chorus; the market was filling with cattle, horses bearing baskets and carts; children, milk women, and soldiers, walking about in all directions.

“The deuce!” thought Peter, “shall I be the only one unoccupied? If all these people are going to work they know more of the matter than I do. They have been told, no doubt, as well as I have, that the Pope is dead, yet they work notwithstanding, and they appear to do all as usual. The birds sing as loudly as before, and the children cry as much as ever.

The worthy labourer reflected for some time, and then turning towards the piece of land he was cultivating, with his head erect, and his mind assured, he went to his plough like a drunkard to his glass—“gee up,” said he, goading his ox, “it seems that only the pope, the king, the judge, and the parson are dead. All the rest of the world is as well as ever.”

THE BLIND PREACHER.

By William Wirt.

It was of a Sunday as I travelled through Orange, that mine eyes were caught by a cluster of horses tied near an old ruined house in the forest not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that it was a place of religious worship.—Devotion alone should have stopped me to join the duties of the congregation, but I must confess that curiosity to hear what a preacher in such a wilderness could say, was not the least of my motives. On entering I was struck with a preternatural appearance. He was a tall and spare old man; his head was covered with a linen cap; his shrivelled hands and his feeble voice were all shaking under the influence of the palsy, and in a few moments I ascertained he was blind.

The first emotions which touched the breast, were those of pity and veneration. But ah! how soon were all my feelings changed! the lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees than the lips of this holy man! It was the day of the administration of the Sacrament—his subject of course was the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled

a thousand times. I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose in the wild woods of America, I was to meet a man whose eloquence would give this topic a new and more sublime pathos than ever I had before witnessed.

As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my frame shiver.

He then drew a picture of the suffering of our Saviour, his trial before Pilate, his ascent up Calvary, his Crucifixion; and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then, had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so colored; it was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His voice trembled on every syllable; every heart in the assembly beat in unison. His peculiar phrase had that force of description that the original scene appeared to be acting at the moment before our eyes. We saw the faces of the Jews;—the staring, frightening distortions of malice and rage with a flame of indignation; and my hands involuntarily clenched.

But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness of our Saviour; when he drew to the life his blessed eyes streaming to heaven, his voice breathing to God, a soft and gentle prayer of pardon for his enemies—"father, forgive them for thy know not what they do,"—the voice of the preacher had all along faltered, and grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes and burst into a loud and irresistible flood of grief. The whole house responded with the mingled, groans and sobs, and shrieks of the congregation.

It was a long time before the tumult had subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed judging by the usual standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher, for I could not perceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the dignity of the subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no—the descent was as beautiful and sublime as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

The sentence with which he broke the silence was a quotation from Rosseau, "Socrates died like a philosopher, but Jesus Christ like a God!"

I despair of giving you an idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly perceive the whole manner of the man as well as the peculiar crisis of the discourse. Never before did I understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerated figure of the preacher, his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection Homer, Ossian and Milton, and associating with his performance, the melancholy grandeur of their

genius ; you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, and well accented enunciation, and his voice affecting melody ; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised ; and the few minutes of portentuous, death-like silence which reigned through the house. The preacher removes the white handkerchief from his face, even yet wet with the recent torrent of tears, and slowly stretching forth the placid hand which holds it, begins the sentence—‘Socrates died like a philosopher,’—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them clasped together, with warmth and energy lifting his sightless balls to heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice—‘ but Jesus Christ—like a God !’ If he indeed had been an angel of light the effect could scarcely have been more divine.

Whatever I had been able to conceive of the ‘sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and the violence and agony of my feelings which had held my whole system in suspense, now sunk back into my heart with a sensation which I cannot describe; a kind of shuddering delicious horror! the paroxysm of blending piety and indignation, with which I had been transported, subsided into deep self abasement, humility and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy, for our Saviour as a fellow-creature;— but now with fear and trembling, I adored him as—“ A God.”

THE CHAMOIS HUNTERS.

BY SWAIM.

Away to the Alps !

For the hunters are there,

To rouse the chamois,

In his rock-vaulted lair ;

From valley to mountain,

See ! swiftly they go—

As the ball from the rife—

The shaft from the bow.

Nor chasms, nor glaciers,

Their firmness dismay ;

Undaunted they leap,

Like young leopards at play ;

And the dash of the torrent

Sounds welcome and dear,

As the voice of the friend

To the wanderer's ear.

They reck not the music

Of hound or of horn—

The neigh of the courser—

The gladness of morn :

The blasts of the tempest

Their dark sinews brace ;

And the wilder the danger,

The sweeter the chase.

With spirits as strong
 As their footsteps are light,
 On—onward they speed,
 In the joy of their might :
 Till eve gathers round them,
 And silent and deep—
 The white snow their pillow—
 The wild hunters sleep.

THE MIDSHIPMEN'S DOG.

From *Fragments of Voyages and Travels, including Anecdotes of a Naval Life*: By Capt. Basil Hall, R. N. F. R. S. 3 vols. 12mo. Edinburgh.

DURING the long winters of our slothful discontent at Bermuda, caused by the peace of Amiens, the grand resource both of the idle and the busy, amongst all classes of the *Leander's* officers, was shooting—that never-ending, still-beginning employ, which Englishmen carry to the remotest corners of the habitable globe—popping away in all countries, thinking only of the game, and often but too reckless of the prejudices or fears of the natives. This propensity is indulged even in those uninhabited regions of the earth which are visited only once in an age: and if Captain Parry had reached the Pole, he would unquestionably have had a shot at the axis of the earth! In the mean time, the officers and the young gentlemen of the flag-ship of Bermuda, in the beginning of 1803, I suppose to keep their hands in for the war which they saw brewing, and hourly prayed for, were constantly blazing away amongst the cedar groves and orange plantations of those fairy islands, which appeared more and more beautiful after every such excursion. The midshipmen were generally obliged to content themselves with knocking down the blue and the red birds with the ship's pistols, charged with his Majesty's gunpowder, and, for want of small shot, with slugs formed by cutting up his Majesty's musket-bullets. The officers aimed at higher game, and were, of course, better provided with guns and ammunition. Several of these gentlemen had brought from England some fine dogs—high-bred pointers; while middies, also, not to be outdone, must needs have a dog of their own: they recked very little of what breed; but some sort of animal they said they must have. I forget how we procured the strange looking beast whose services we contrived to engage; but, having once obtained him, we were not slow in giving him our best affections. It is true, he was as ugly as any thing could possibly be. His colour was a dirty, reddish yellow; and while a part of his hair twisted itself up in curls, a part hung down quite straight, almost to the ground. He was utterly useless for all the purposes of real sport, but quite good enough to furnish the mids with plenty of fun when they went on shore—in chasing pigs, barking at old white-headed negresses, and other amusements suited to the exalted taste and habits of the rising generation of officers. People will differ as to the merits of dogs;

but we had no doubts as to the great superiority of our's over all the others on board, though the name we gave him certainly implied no such confidence on our part. After a full deliberation, it was decided to call him Shakings. Now, it must be explained that shakings is the name given to small fragments of rope yarns, odds and ends of cordage, bits of oakum, old lanyards,—in short, to any kind of refuse arising out of the wear and tear of the ropes. This odd name was perhaps bestowed on our beautiful favourite in consequence of his colour not being very dissimilar to that of well-tarred Russia hemp; while the resemblance was increased by many a daub of pitch which his rough coat imbibed from the seams between the planks of the deck, in the hot weather. If old Shakings was no great beauty, he was at least, the most companionable of dogs; and though he dearly loved the midshipmen, and was dearly beloved by them in return, he had enough of the animal in his composition to take a still higher pleasure in the society of his own kind. So that, when the high-bred, showy pointers belonging to the officers came on board, after a shooting excursion, Mr. Shakings lost no time in applying to them for the news. The pointers, who liked this sort of familiarity very well, gave poor Shakings all sorts of encouragement. Not so their masters;—they could not bear to see such an abominable cur as they called our favorite, at once so cursedly dirty and so utterly useless mixing with their sleek and well-kept animals. At first their dislike was confined to such insulting expressions as these; then it came to an occasional kick, or a knock on the nose with the but-end of a fowling-piece; and lastly, to a sound cut with the hunting-whip. Shakings, who instinctively knew his place, took all this, like a sensible fellow, in good part; while the mids, when out of hearing of the higher powers uttered curses both loud and deep against the tyranny and oppression exercised against an animal which, in their fond fancy, was declared to be worth all the dogs in the wardroom put together. They were little prepared, however, for the stroke which soon fell upon them, perhaps in consequence of these very murmurs. To their great horror and indignation, one of the lieutenants, provoked at some liberty which Master Shakings had taken with his newly-polished boot, called out, one morning—‘Man the jolly-boat, and land that infernal, dirty, ugly beast of a dog belonging to the young gentlemen!’—‘Where shall I take him to, sir?’ asked the strokesman of the boat. ‘Oh, any where; pull to the nearest part of the shore, and pitch him out on the rocks, He’ll shift for himself, I have no doubt.’ So off went poor dear Shakings! If a stranger had come into the midshipmen’s birth at that moment, he might have thought his Majesty’s naval service was about to be broken up. All allegiance, discipline, or subordination, seemed utterly cancelled by this horrible act. Many were the execrations hurled upwards at the offending ‘knobs, who, we thought, were, combining to make our lives miserable. Some of

our party voted for writing a letter of remonstrance to the admiral against this unheard-of outrage ; and one youth swore deeply that he would leave the service, unless justice were obtained. But as he had been known to swear the same thing half-a-dozen times every day since he joined the ship, no great notice was taken of this pledge. Another declared, upon his word of honour, that such an act was enough to make a man turn Turk, and fly his country ! At last, by general agreement, it was decided that we should not do a bit of duty, or even stir from our seats, till we obtained redress for our grievances. However, while we were in the very act of vowing mutiny and disobedience, the hands were turned up to ' furl sails ! ' upon which the whole party, totally forgetting their magnanimous resolution, scudded up the ladders, and jumped into their stations with more than usual alacrity, wisely thinking, that the moment for actual revolt had not yet arrived. A better scheme than throwing up the service, or writing to the admiral, or turning Musselmen, was afterwards concocted. The midshipman who went on shore in the next boat easily got hold of poor Shakings, who was howling on the steps of the watering place. In order to conceal him, he was stuffed, neck and crop, into the captain's cloak-bag, brought safely on board, and restored once more to the bosom of his friends. In spite of all we could do, however, to keep Master Shakings below, he presently found his way to the quarter-deck, to receive the congratulations of the other dogs. There he was soon detected by the higher powers and very shortly afterwards trundled over the gangway, and again tossed on the beach. Upon this occasion he was honoured by the presence of one of his own master's, a middy, sent upon this express duty, who was specially desired to land the brute, and not to bring him on board again. Of course, this particular youngster did not bring the dog off ; but, before night, somehow or other, old Shakings was snoring away in grand chorus with his more fashionable friends the pointers, and dreaming no evil, before the door of the very officer's cabin whose beautifully polished boots he had brushed by so rudely in the morning,—an offence that had led to his banishment. This second return of our dog was too much. The whole posse of us were sent for on the quarter-deck, and in very distinct terms, positively ordered not to bring Shakings on board again. These injunctions having been given, this wretched victim, as we termed him, of oppression, was once more landed amongst the cedar groves. This time he remained a full week on shore ; but how or when he found his way off again, no one ever knew—at least no one chose to divulge. Never was there any thing like the mutual joy felt by Shakings and his two dozen masters. He careered about the ship, barked and yelled with delight, and, in his raptures, actually leaped, with his dirty feet, on the milk-white duck trowsers of the disgusted officers, who heartily wished him at the bottom of the anchorage ! Thus the poor beast unwittingly contributed to accelerate his hapless fate, by this ill-

timed shew of confidence in those who were then plotting his ruin. If he had kept his paws to himself, and staid quietly in the dark recesses of the cock-pit wings, cable-tiers, and other wild regions, the secrets of which were known only to the inhabitants of our sub-marine world, all might have yet been well. We had a grand jollification on the night of Shakings' restoration; and his health was in the very act of being drunk, with three times three, when the officer of the watch, hearing an uproar below, the sounds of which were conveyed distinctly up the windsail, sent down to put our lights out; and we were forced to march off, growling, to our hammocks. Next day, to our surprise and horror, old Shakings was not to be seen or heard of. We searched every where, interrogated the cockswains of all the boats, and cross-questioned the mariners, who had been sentries during the night on the fore-castle, gangways, and poop; but all in vain!—no trace of Shakings could be found. At length the idea began to gain ground amongst us, that the poor beast had been put an end to by some diabolical means: and our ire mounted accordingly. This suspicion seemed the more natural, as the officers said not a word about the matter, nor even asked us what we had done with our dog. While we were in this state of excitement and distraction for our loss, one of our midshipmen, who had some drollery in his composition, gave a new turn to the expressions of our thoughts. This gentleman, who was more than twice as old as most of us, say about thirty, had won the affections of the whole of our class, by the gentleness of his manners, and the generous part he always took on our side. He bore amongst us the pet name of *Daddy*; and certainly he was like a father to those amongst us who, like myself, were quite adrift in the ship, without any one to look after them. He was a man of talents and classical education, but he had entered the navy far too late in life ever to take to it cordially. His habits, indeed, had become so rigid, that they could never be made to bend to the mortifying kind of discipline which it appears essential every officer should run through, but which only the young and light-headed can brook. Our worthy friend, accordingly, with all his ability, taste, and acquirements, never seemed at home on board ship; and unless a man can reach this point of liking for the sea, he is better on shore. At all events, old *Daddy* cared more about his books than about the blocks, and delighted much more in giving us assistance in our literary pursuits, and trying to teach us to be useful, than in rendering himself a proficient in those professional mysteries, which he never hoped to practise in earnest himself. What this very interesting person's early history was, we never could find out: nor why he entered the navy: nor how it came, that a man of his powers and accomplishments should have been kept back so long. Indeed, the youngsters never inquired too closely into these matters, being quite contented to have the advantage of his protection against the oppression of some of the other oldsters, who occasionally bullied

them. Upon all occasions of difficulty, we were in the habit of clustering round him, to tell our grievances, great and small, with the certainty of always finding in him that great desideratum in calamity—a patient and friendly listener. It will easily be supposed, that our kind Daddy took more than usual interest in this affair of Shakings, and that he was applied to by us at every stage of the transaction. He was sadly perplexed, of course, when the dog was finally missing; and for some days he could give us no comfort, nor suggest any mode of revenge which was not too dangerous for his young friends to put in practice. He prudently observed, that as we had no certainty to go upon, it would be foolish to get ourselves into a serious scrape for nothing at all. 'There can be no harm, however,' he continued, in his dry and slightly-sarcastic way, which all who knew him will recollect as well as if they saw him now, drawing his hand slowly across his mouth and chin. 'There can be no harm, my boys, in putting the other dogs in mourning for their dear departed friend Shakings; for, whatever is come to him, he is lost to them as well as to us, and his memory ought to be duly respected.' This hint was no sooner given than a cry was raised for crape, and every chest and bag ransacked, to procure badges of mourning. The pointers were speedily rigged up with a large bundle of crape, tied in a handsome bow, upon the left leg of each, just above the knee. The joke took immediately. The officers could not help laughing; for, though we considered them little better than fiends at that moment of excitement, they were, in fact, except in this instance, the best natured and most indulgent men I remember to have sailed with. They, of course, ordered the crape to be instantly cut off from the dogs' legs; and one of the officers remarked to us, seriously, that as we had now our piece of fun out, there were to be no more such tricks.

Off we scampered to consult old Daddy what was to be done next, as we had been positively ordered not to meddle any more with the dogs. 'Put the pigs in mourning,' he said. All our crape was expended by this time; but this want was soon supplied by men whose trade it is to discover resources in difficulty. With a generous devotion to the cause of public spirit, one of these juvenile mutineers pulled off his black handkerchief, and tearing it in pieces, gave a portion to each of the circle, and away we all started to put into practice this new suggestion of our director-general of mischief. The row which ensued in the pig-sty was prodigious—for in those days, hogs were allowed a place on board a-man-of-war,—a custom most wisely abolished of late years since nothing can be more out of character with any ship than such nuisances. As these matters of taste and cleanliness were nothing to us, we did not intermit our noisy labour till every one of the grunters had his armet of such crape as we had been able to muster. We then watched our opportunity, and opened the door so as to let out the whole herd of swine on the

main-deck, just at a moment when a group of the officers were standing on the fore part of the quarter-deck. Of course, the liberated pigs, delighted with their freedom, passed in review under the very nose of our superiors, each with his mourning knot displayed, grunting or squealing along, as if it was their express object to attract attention to their domestic sorrow for the loss of Shakings. The officers were excessively provoked, as they could not help seeing that all this was affording entertainment, at their expense, to the whole crew; for, although the men took no part in this touch of insubordination, they were ready enough, in those idle times of the weary, weary peace, to catch at any species of distraction or devilry, no matter what, to compensate for the loss of their wonted occupation of pommelling their enemies. The matter, therefore, necessarily became rather serious; and the whole gang of us being sent for on the quarter-deck, we were ranged in a line each with his toes at the edge of a plank according to the orthodox fashion of these gregarious scoldings, technically called, 'toe-the-line matches.' We were then given to understand that our proceedings were impertinent, and, after the orders we had received, high'y offensive. It was with much difficulty that either party could keep their countenances during this official lecture, for, while it was going on, the sailors were endeavouring, by the direction of the officers, to remove the bits of silk from the legs of the pigs. If, however, it be difficult—as most difficult we found it—to put a hog into mourning, it is a job ten times more troublesome to take him out again. Such at least is the fair inference from these two experiments; the only one perhaps on record—for it cost half the morning to undo what we had done in less than an hour—to say nothing of the unceasing and outrageous uproar which took place along the decks, especially under the guns, and even under the coppers, forward in the galley, where two or three of the youngest pigs had wedged themselves, apparently resolved to die rather than submit to the degradation of being deprived of their mourning. All this was very creditable to the memory of poor Shakings; but, in the course of the day, the real secret of this extraordinary difficulty of taking a pig out of mourning was discovered. Two of the midships were detected in the very fact of tying on a bit of black bunting to the leg of a sow, from which the seamen declared they had already cut off crape and silk enough to have made her a complete suit of black. As soon as these fresh offences were reported, the whole party of us were ordered to the mast-head as a punishment. Some were sent to sit on the topmast cross-trees, some to the top-gallant yard-arms, and one small gentleman being perched at the jib-boom end, was very properly balanced abaft by another little culprit at the extremity of the gaff. In this predicament we were hung out to dry for six or eight hours, as old Daddy remarked to us with a grin, when we were called down as the night fell.

Our persevering friend, being rather provoked at the punishment of his young flock, now set to work to discover the real fate of Shakings. It soon occurred to him, that if the dog had really been made away with, as he shrewdly suspected, the butcher, in all probability, must have had a hand in his murder; accordingly, he sent for the man in the evening, when the following dialogue took place:—'Well, butcher will you have a glass of grog to-night?' 'Thank you, sir, thank you.' 'Here's your honour's health!' said the other, after smoothing down his hair, and pulling an immense quid of tobacco out of his mouth. Old Daddy observed the peculiar relish with which the butcher took his glass; and mixing another, a good deal more potent, placed it before the fellow, and continued the conversation in these words, 'I tell you what it is, Mr. Butcher—you are as humane a man as any in the ship, I dare say: but, if required, you know well, that you must do your duty, whether it is upon sheep or hogs?' 'Surely, sir.' 'Or upon dogs, either?' suddenly asked the inquisitor. 'I don't know about that,' stammered the butcher, quite taken by surprise, and thrown all aback. 'Well—well,' said Daddy, 'here's another glass for you—a stiff northwester. Come! tell us all about it now. How did you get rid of the dog—of Shakings, I mean?' 'Why sir,' said the peaching rogue, 'I put him in a bag—a bread bag, sir.' 'Well!—what then?' 'I tied up the mouth and put him overboard—out of the midship lower deck port sir.' 'Yes—but he would not sink?' said Daddy. 'Oh, sir,' cried the butcher now entering fully into the merciless spirit of his trade. 'I put a four-and-twenty-pound shot into the bag along with Shakings.' 'Did you?—Then, Master Butcher, all that I can say is, you are as precious a rascal as ever went about unchanged. There—drink your grog, and be off with you!' Next morning, when the officers were assembled at breakfast, in the ward-room, the door of the captain of marines' cabin was suddenly opened, and that officer, half-shaved, and laughing through a collar of soap-suds, stalked out with a paper in his hand. 'Here,' he exclaimed, 'is a copy of verses, which I found just now in my basin. I can't tell how they got there, nor what they are about:—but you shall judge.' So he read the following stanzas of doggerel:—

When the Northern Confed'racy threatens our shores,
 And roused Albion's lion, reclining to sleep,
 Preservation was taken of all the king's stores,
 Not so much as a ROPE YARN was launched in the deep.

But now it is peace, other hopes are in view,
 And all active service as light as a feather,
 The storms may be — and humanity too,
 For SHAKINGS and SHOT are thrown o'erboard together!!

I need hardly say in what quarter of the ship this biting morsel of cock-pit satire was concocted, nor indeed who wrote it, for there was no one but our good Daddy who was equal to such a flight.

About midnight, an urchin—who shall be nameless—was thrust out of one of the after-ports of the lower deck, from which he clambered up to the marine officer's post, and the sash happening to have been lowered down on the gun, the epigram, copied by another of the youngsters, was pitched into the soldier's basin. The wisest thing would have been for the officers to have said nothing about the matter, and let it blow by. But angry people are seldom judicious—so they made a formal complaint to the captain, who, to do him justice, was not a little puzzled how to settle the affair. The reputed author, however, was called up, and the captain said to him—'Pray, sir, are you the writer of these lines?' 'I am, sir,' he replied, after a little consideration. 'Then—all I can say is,' remarked the captain, 'they are clever enough, in their way—but take my advice, and write no more such verses.' So the affair ended. The satirist took the captain's hint in good part, and confined his pen to topics below the surface of the water.

THE RATS AND MICE.

A FABLE OF THE DAYS OF KING ARTHUR.

Addressed to his Grace the Duke of Wellington.—By E. L. Bulwer.

THERE was a time when Rats and Mice combined
 To form one state against the feline kind ;
 Tho' few the rats, and many were the mice,
 The state was governed by the rats' advice ;
 Strong were their teeth, and dangerous their claws,
 And most severe upon the cats, their laws.
 Well sped our aristocracy of rats,
 They laughed at snare, and triumphed o'er the cats ;
 They warr'd with glory, and they lived in ease,
 And filled the treasury with a world of cheese.
 The states—the weasels with admiring gaze
 Beheld, and lavished on our state, their praise :
 Oft would they cry—' no Commonwealth is great
 Where rats and Freedom govern not the state !'
 And for the Rats, we must in truth confess,
 That vulgar fame outstripped not their success :
 Their sage controul—their plump conditions speak—
 Their sides how covered, and their skins how sleek.
 They knew no toil—the mice their burrows made,
 For the rat's pleasure was the Mouse's trade.
 His moral duty was the cheese to find,
 And the rat spared the little wretch—the rind,
 But if the mouse should chance, unbid, to sup—
 They called a jury, and they eat him up.
 So far—so good—the mice, an humble race,
 Worked on, and owned the justice of the case.
 Inured to toil they only asked to earn
 Plain food and holes to live in, in return !
 By slow degrees, howe'er, and times of peace,
 The rats and mice too numerous increase.

The general commerce not increasing too,
 The mice seemed hungry, and the rats looked blue !
 The mice in turn grew lamentably thinner,
 And rats—poor creatures—miss'd their cream at dinner.
 Persius hath told us how the dullest brute
 Is made by hunger, knowing and acute.
 And a pinched stomach best—we must admit—
 Gives voice to parrots, and to lawyers wit.
 Even thus our mice grew reasoners with their state,
 And want of dining brought about debate.
 ' We found the cheeses which our rulers carve,
 We filled the state with plenty—yet we starve !
 Why this ?'

' Hush babbler !' quoth an ancient mouse,
 ' The rats are sitting, let us ask the house.'
 They reached the senate, where the rats were met,
 To see what cheeses should be soonest eat,
 The tempting piles the lesser vermin saw,
 And their mouths watering washed away their awe.
 ' Behold !' they cried, ' how fleshless we have grown.
 And be that cheese—that Gloucester cheese our own !'
 ' Base levellers !' cried a rat ; ' ungrateful ones,
 That cheese is destined for our younger sons.'
 ' Forgive our prayer !' the mice, appal'd, replied,
 ' And grant—that Stilton on the other side.'
 ' Blaspheming reprobates ! that cheese is theirs
 Who serve the great rat with their weekly prayers.'
 The mice were shocked--' that Cheshire, noble rats,'--
 ' We keep in case of danger from the cats.'
 ' Enough !' the mice replied with fainting voice ;
 ' Give what you please, we leave to you the choice.'
 ' To us--tis right--tis wise,' the rats return ;
 ' Our love for mice you have not now to learn.
 We have done all we could the times to meet,
 We've taken off the duty upon meat.
 We've lowered the price of butter long ago,
 And cream is now scarce taxed at all, you know.
 Three rats too highly paid we did discard
 Last week ; we've just reduced the daily guard !
 In short, we have done all within the law
 To meet your wishes ; Gentlemen withdraw.'
 ' Sir Rats !' replied a mouse, ' though this be true,
 Alas ! with meat we mice have nought to do.
 Or taxed or free, to us a baseless dream
 The hope of butter, or the thought of cream.
 As for the rest, you must, I think, perceive
 You do your Lordships---not your mice---relieve.'
 The rats waxed wonderous wrath at this reply,
 And some suggested that the mice should die ;
 But on one hand, the creatures though so small,
 Were strong in numbers, nor would tamely fall.
 And on the other---when in due control,
 The plagues were vastly useful on the whole.
 'twas not the case where force is wisely shown,
 We can't at all times give for bread a stone.
 The rats most sagely, therefore checked their ire,
 And answered, ' Well ! what is it you desire ?
 We've done our best--- nor can contend with Fate.
 And all this cheese is wanted for the state ;
 You would not steal it !'---' Steal it sirs,' replied

The little Hampden on the starving side---
 'Steal it!—alas! it is not we who steal
 From the fat larders of the public weal;
 But just to quite convince us nothing there—
 To our distress--the public wants may spare;
 Grant us the right, these stores that we collect—
 Nay—not to eat—but, like yourselves—inspect.
 Oh! could we send our delegates, no doubt
 Some crumbs of comfort they would ferret out;
 For rats, I fear how kind soc'er this house,
 Take views for mice quite different from a mouse!
 On this a RAT in many a war well known,
 Bold, wary, sage, and hoary in renown:
 More versed indeed, 'twas sometimes said politely,
 To beard a cat than carve a Stilton rightly;
 Better in camps than council, but of late
 Raised to control, and not defend the state,
 With all the patriot sparkling in his eyes,
 Starts up and thus indignantly replies:
 'O idle theorists or rebellious rogues!
 Dupes, dreamers, drivellers, dunces, demagogues.
 Think you the rats to humbug, and enlist 'em
 Against the glories of the present system?
 What raised this happy nation to its height?
 What brought such phalanxed heroes to the fight?
 What, when our valour won returning ease,
 Heaped all our treasuries with such loads of cheese?
 What made us grow so famous and so fat?
 What fired the nations with the name of rat?
 What favoured virtue? what subjected vice?
 What—but our mode of representing mice?
 Never, in all MY studies through the page
 Which lights the present by a former age,
 Seemed any rats thus lucky in inventing
 The noble system of mouse representing.'
 He ceased, and warming with the glorious theme,
 Cooled his gray whisker in a bowl of cream.
 Amid the 'hears' of the applauding house,
 Replied the weak voice of our hungry mouse,
 'Your reasoning may for rats indeed suffice,
 But, O great sir! you quite forget the mice.'

[In the above satire on English habits, and late events, the *Rats* represent the aristocracy, the *Mice* the people, and the *Cats* foreign enemies.]

THE SCHOOLMASTER.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

JEREMIAH PAUL was a short, round personage, with a quick, I had almost said a spiteful, little grey eye—a bald head in front, and a short, stiff cue behind. He was a wonderful man to look at, and his history was no less so than his person. At one period of it he was the village schoolmaster; a rare pedagogue and learned being—it is said not only familiar with Dilworth's Spelling-book

and the Psalter, but also with such difficult mathematical problems as are comprehended in the elementary principles of Pike's Arithmetic. It may be readily supposed that such a ripe and rare scholar would not be suffered to remain long in obscurity. His talents were not of an order "to blush unseen," and accordingly in his fortieth year, he was honored with the office, and enriched with the emoluments appertaining to no less a dignity than a justice of the peace.

But we are getting ahead of our story, and, with the reader's permission, we will go back a few years, and introduce him to the wife of Master Paul. She, too, was an uncommon character—a great, good natured, handsome romp, who used to attend school on purpose, to use her own phrase, "to plague Master Jerry." And verily she was a plague! She used to bounce in and out whenever she pleased—she pinched the boys, inked the faces of the girls, and finally to such a pitch did her audacity arrive, that she even presumed to lay hands on the nicely powdered cue of the dominie himself!

Jeremiah was leaning over his desk in a musing attitude, engaged in a profound mathematical calculation respecting the probable value of the tenant of his land-lord's pig-stye, when this outrage took place. He had already placed the subject in half a dozen different attitudes before his mind's eye, and was just on the point of committing his lucubrations to the fragment of a slate upon which his elbow was resting, when a vigorous Jerk at the hairy appendage of his pericranium started him bolt upright in an instant, and drew from him a cry not unlike that of the very animal which was the subject of his scientific cogitations.

Jeremiah did not swear—he was an exemplary and church-going pedagogue—but his countenance actually blackened with rage and anguish as he gazed hurriedly and sternly around him, and the ill suppressed laughter of his disciples, added not a little to his chagrin. "Who?—who?—who?—who?—I say!" He could articulate no more. He was choked with passion.

"That ere great ugly girl there, who pinches me so," said a little ragged urchin, with a streaked face.

Jeremiah confronted the fair delinquent; but it was plain from his manner, that he had much rather have undertaken the correction of his whole school beside, than that of the incorrigible offender in question. His interrogating glance was met by a look in which it would have been difficult to say whether good nature or impudence predominated.

"Did you meddle with my cue?" said the dominie; but his voice trembled; his situation was peculiarly awkward.

"I—I—what do you suppose I want with your cue?" and a queer smile played along her pretty mouth—for a pretty one she had; and what is more, the dominie himself thought so.

Jeremiah saw that he was about to lose his authority—he hemmed twice—shook his head at such of the rogues as were laughing immoderately at their master's perplexity, and reaching his

hand to his ferule, said, "Give me your hand, miss?" His heart misgave him as he spoke.

The fair white hand was instantly proffered, and as gently too as that of a modern belle at a cotillion party. Jeremiah took it—it was a pretty hand, a very pretty hand—and then her face—there was something in its expression which seldom failed to disarm the pedagogue's anger. He looked first at her hand, then at her face, so expressive of a roguish confidence; and then at his ferule—a rude heavy instrument of torture, altogether unfit to hold companionship with the soft fair hand held in durance before him.

Never, in all the annals of his birchen authority, had Jeremiah Paul experienced such perplexity. He lifted his right hand two or three several times, and as often withdrew it.

"You will not strike me," said the girl.

There was an artless confidence in these words, and the tone in which they were uttered, that went to the very heart of the pedagogue. Like Mark Antony before the beautiful Cleopatra, or the fierce leader of the Volscii before his own Virginia—the dominie relented.

"If I pardon you for this offence, will you conduct yourself more prudently in future?"

"I hope I shall," said the hopeful young lady, and the master evinced his affectionate solicitude for the welfare of his pupil by pressing the hand he had imprisoned; and the fair owner expressed her gratitude for such condescension by returning the pressure.

They were married just six months afterwards. So much for lenity in school discipline.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES.

Dalhousie College--1831.

IN commencing our volume for 1830, we had the pleasure of noticing a first exhibition of Pictures in Dalhousie College, Halifax: in this first number of our second volume, we have the additional satisfaction of recording, and remarking on, a second exhibition at the same place. The pleasure we feel arises, not so much from the excellence of the specimens, and the delight which such subjects impart to lovers of beauty, as in the belief that liberal studies cannot be adopted and persevered in, without generally exalting the students, and through them, in a certain degree, the community in which they live. To become painters requires a perception and a taste, and a nurturing of ideas, which are all at variance with

vulgarity of mind or action : when so many youth then, in so small a community, have simultaneously courted the lovely art, and have shown themselves not unsuccessful wooers, may we not hope that the impulse will not be lost, that the generation which is about to fill active places in society will be more refined, in the best sense of the word, than those who resign their posts to them ; and if so, will not the good be visible through a thousand ramifications, as a stone cast into water occasions a multiplicity of circles, each wider and less distinct than its forerunner, but all beautiful and receiving existence from the central impulse ? This last exhibition seems to us eminently creditable to Halifax ; and we very much doubt whether any third or fourth rate town in the old country could produce so many and so good specimens, the produce of the place of exhibition. We say third or fourth rate town, because Halifax in point of population cannot rank higher, if so high ; it has been fashionable to make light of the society and productions of our own metropolis, but we imagine that the satirists compare it with standards which are too exalted. Divide the 1500,000 of London into portions of 13,000 each, giving each section a share of the common talent, and we should have no fear of pitting the 13000 of Halifax against any one section, either as respects, spirit, or general ability ; particularly if the opportunities of each are taken into account.

We proceed to notice the exhibition, briefly ; in doing so we will pass many worthy of remark, and dwell on those which most attracted our attention ; we may give our slight meed of praise to some which were excelled by others, for we intend not to judge by comparison ; and we may presume to find fault, when perhaps if all the circumstances were known, we should encourage and commend. We may offend a few by our strictures, but such sensitiveness neither argues wisdom, nor proper confidence : if the remarks are just, the amateurs of painting should benefit by hints coming from any quarter ; if they are not just, they will not be like nails stuck in sure places ; they will not alter the opinion of judges of the art, and will not lessen the value of the articles remarked on : in any case, whether we presume to censure or praise, whether our remarks be right or wrong, their intention is pure, and their object good.

No. 7. MACREADY AS MACBETH, seems a paltry composition, whatever its value as a portrait may be. Recollect the picture which Shakespeare draws of the tyrant :—Macbeth driven to desperation in the battle, and tempted by the disastrous position of his affairs, thinks of falling on his own sword, but discards the suggestion, and resolves to deal his blows the more fiercely on his enemies. In this mood he is encountered by his great antagonist, Macduff, and being urged to single combat, or else to yield and “ be the gaze and show o’ the time,” he exclaims in a paroxysm:

“ I’ll not yield,
To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse.
Tho’ Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,
And thou opposed, being of no woman born,
Yet I will try the last: before my body
I throw my warlike shield: lay on Macduff;
And d—d be him that first cries, hold, enough.”

How has the painter embodied this fiery conception of the poet? why Mr. Macbeth is as tame looking a gentleman as need be; his lips are pursed up like those of an offended coquet, instead of being apart, and foaming like those of the unfuried and thundering hero; his eyes are raised as if he were going to attack a bird, not a man; the stalworth monarch has a bust too diminutive for a well made spinster; and to finish the blundering study of a floundering brain, he has no shield before his warlike body! and his sword is undrawn amid the heat of his last battle!! Think of the energetic attitudes and expressions of Kean or Macready, while representing the tyrant in his extremity—his life set upon a cast, and he at once defying natural and supernatural powers, and flinging his whole soul into the combat—think of this, and then look on No. 7, and you can easily appreciate the abortion. We speak of it as a painting from Shakespeare, not as the likeness of a demure, smock-faced, big-headed and no-bodied elderly gentleman: it may be good in its latter capacity; it is superlatively bad according to its pretensions.—JAMES FOREMAN, Esq. by Dr. Grigor. (No. 8,) gave much pleasure, it was universally acknowledged an excellent likeness, with perhaps too much of caricature quaintness in its expression.—THE CASCADES OF TIVOLI, by Miss M. Morris, (No. 11,) is a very difficult subject, executed in a manner highly creditable to the pupil. The trees, sheet of water, and ruins, exhibit much

neatness and command of pencil, with a very pleasing appropriate regard to delicate delineation.—A CRUCIFIX, *by J. Hankes*, (No. 12) although good in many particulars, conveys no idea of a dead body being the subject. In foreshortning the thigh, the leg is allowed to be of full dimensions, which gives a clumsy appearance to the figure.—VUE DE SKERVIN, *by Mr. Davis*, (No. 16) is a clear clean characteristic picture of the sea coast.—FORMING A TREATY, *by Mr. Davis*, (No. 18,) This reminds of the picture from which it is copied, and which was exhibited last year ; and well as we can recollect, it is so good a copy that the original is scarcely wanted.—DEAD GAME, *by Miss Bowman*, (24,) exhibits much art and taste, employed on a bad subject ; one which neither addresses itself to the fancy or the memory ; the only excellence of which it is capable is tame imitation. Dead Game and Fruit pieces, perhaps, should be painted by those only who can paint nothing else.—PRESIDENTS OF AMERICA, (No. 26 to 30,) Five ogres called after republican worthies. They appear like unnaturally large heads, carved on unnaturally large pumpkins ; things forced in a hot house, sappy and spongy ! and on which you could make nothing but a distorted likeness of the human face divine.—A MULATTO BOY, *by Lieut. Davis*, (No. 33,) An acknowledged good likeness, but why make the back ground, sky and all, mulatto too ? The spot on Lady Mackbeth's hand, to her imagination, could make the green sea one red—so Mungo's face in Mr. Davis's eye, makes the blue heaven one brown.—WINDERMERE LAKE, *by Mrs. Grigor*, (No. 36,) The charming picture of which this is a copy is well supplied by it ; to those who recollect the exhibition of last year this will be apparent, and sufficient.—CLEARING UP OF A SHOWER, (No. 37) lessens the character which the young painter had acquired by her beautiful pencil-sketches : it shows the folly, either, of attempting too much, or of exhibiting failures. Who that recollects the spirited pencillings of animal life by the same hand, but regrets that she lent her name to the overgrown mutton which stretches itself on the foreground of 37 ? The land and sky, as illustrating the title is all a whimsie, but the fair copiest, perhaps, is not to blame for this.—RABBITS, (No. 39,) A copy we imagine from the spirited pencilling 223, and a failure.—MOONLIGHT, *Mr. Davis*, (No. 42,) A design full of poetry, execu-

ted by a painter : " how soft the moonbeams sleep, on tower, and sail and sea." Has not the mass of cloud overhead, too much the character of the drop curtain of a theatre ?—THE APOSTLES, (No. 48 to 59,) The epistles and gospels would read just as well if the imagination had not these helps, particularly the unpleasing caricature called St. Peter.—CHIZEKCOOK, by Mr. T. Akins, (No 63,) This picture was not well situated for examination. It is no small addition to its excellencies, and no weak excuse for its defects, to say, that it is a study from nature by a young pupil. The colouring of the back ground, land, water and sky, is particularly pleasing and chaste ; the foreground is too heavy and monotonous ; of a bad colour and very deficient in animation. A heavy heap of dirty earth, which rises without reason or use, is a sad introduction to a light and elegant scene beyond : the old masters knew this, and avoided it ; look on any of their productions and the fact will appear strongly. Had the rising foreground been of a better green, or of a green at all—had it, even with its present gamboge colour, been enlivened by any thing animate or inanimate, it might be a help, not a clog, to the very delicately tinted scene in the distance : as it is, the landscape appears to as much disadvantage, as a beautiful female should, if she were seen leaning over a ' dry stane dyke,' instead of a marble balustrade. While alluding to what we suppose defects, we would mention the composition of the picture as a whole, its appearance to a quick glance of the eye, and in this respect, is there not a too formal and unpleasing division of the canvas, one half being devoted to the earth, the other to the sky ? The want of balance in the landscape, introduces stiff unpicturesque corners, formed by the horizon and the frame ; which seems the reverse of graceful composition : in support of this opinion, we would again refer to those masters, whose productions are acknowledged standard models. These remarks are bestowed on this painting, not to depreciate it, or to offend the painter, but because its general excellencies attracted more particular attention, and being an original study errors were more easily avoided, or more easily fallen into, according to the education of the eye, than in following a copy. This Painter seems particularly happy in the delicate tinges of his sky and water and distant land ; there is a charming harmony in

these parts of his pictures ; he colours generally well, and he knows how to lay by his pencil when enough is done ; there is little, if any, appearance of straining at effect, in his painting : and a further and striking proof of his good taste is, that his own compositions exhibit his excellencies, more strongly than his copies from the works of others.—THE CRUCIFIXION; *Mr. Davis*, (No. 65) An original composition, on a large scale ; it represents the hill of Calvary, and the city of Jerusalem, at the time when “ there was darkness over all the land,” when “ the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and the earth did quake, and the rocks rent.” The magnitude of this subject will be readily allowed, and will excite expectations not easily satisfied. Perhaps this composition might be considered bold and poetic, did not our imaginations of the scene surpass all attempts at imitation ; did not the cavalier freedom with which those most sublime subjects are treated, occasion offence. On a shelving rock in the foreground, is represented the group of women who followed the Saviour in his sufferings ; among them, we know the Virgin Mary is intended, and this mysterious personage, who has had the best pencils of earth devoted patiently to her service, is *not* at all depicted in No. 65 ! a few loose touches give a distant group of women, and the Virgin Mary is one of these ! Jerusalem, also, of which we imagine such glorious things, does not, nor could it be expected in such a composition, bear out our anticipations of the city of David : while the matchless temple of Solomon, appears a slender and confused heap, not far from Golgotha, and in full view of that accursed hill ! And what is the appearance on Calvary, that most intense part of the scene, the crucifixion, where a God is raised in torture between heaven and earth ?—Why from a multitude of coarsely painted and party-coloured specks, after some examination we discover, that three miniature crosses arise ! and on one of these we are to suppose that the Saviour is suspended ! for, the picture is entitled *the crucifixion* !—Each of those particulars would form a study in itself, a study which a profound master alone should attempt ; when massed together by an amateur, by a pupil, that a partial failure is the result need not surely be wondered at. We would also remark, that the sky seems not in good keeping with the scene, the distant clouds are stupidly dense, not exhibiting the fearfully

animated gloom of the tempest and the earthquake: while the scud overhead is jagged and torn, but still stiff, reminding one strongly of the tattered sails on the spars of a wrecked vessel. Neither is the sun obscured enough to allow the lightning its full effect: by the bye, if there were darkness over all the land, would the sun have been so visible? If the sun were as visible as here represented, could the scene below be so indistinct and gloomy? to have the great luminary of day visible amid darkness, may be a new thought, we question whether a vulgar every day world are prepared for its reception. A sun much less obscured than it is in a Nova Scotia fog, clouds of darkest midnight, and a city scene only illuminated by lightning, is a bold conception; but we expect that freedom in painting as well as in politics may sometimes run into licentiousness: if the painter of the Crucifixion doubts the wild luxuriance of his genius, we would ask him "what is his Moonlight like, No. 107?"—A VIEW OF HALIFAX FROM THE N. E., by *Mr. Akins*, (No. 66) This picture has the excellencies and defects of No. 63. Its defects are chiefly in its foreground, which is too yellow, ungraceful, and tame. The view is taken from the rear of the windmill below Dartmouth; why not choose the mill and its adjacent cottages, well delineated, as a bold foreground for the picture? During the summer months a richer or prettier home scene need not be sought, and could hardly be found; yet we here find its richest capabilities, as an adjunct to the distant view, completely lost. The grace and delicacy of the scene in the distance, is characteristic of this young gentlemen's excellent style of colouring such parts; a want of finish and harshness of touch may be visible in the depicting of Halifax and the Islands, but the picture, as 63, was removed too far for accurate inspection. The general taste displayed in the sketches from nature, by this pupil, induce more lengthy and critical, perhaps hypercritical, remarks than we would else make. [We would in extenuation of our probable inaccuracies, mention, that it is from memory *alone*, now nearly a month after the exhibition, that this and the following pictures are noticed.]

We would glance most favourably, in passing, at No. 67. The

PORTRAIT OF A HORSE—69, THE SICK CHAMBER—79, A CALM, but when we arrive at 82 we pause. HEADS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY, (No. 82 to 86.) Here are five sheets of drawing paper spoiled, by disgusting libels on the personal beauty of the Royal family of England. That a boy might make such misshapen caricature copies from good engravings, may be readily imagined; but why exhibit the melancholy malformations, and label them with the most respected names of English modern history? "The talented young artist (as his own advertisements have it!) should have laid those hasty exercises of his pencil, one on the other, and then applied his scissors most unsparingly right and left to the mass: in doing so he would have saved if not added to his cutting fame, and he need not fear in dissecting his heads, that he should mar a line which belong to the Royal Family, any more than to any five stupid looking sets which might be chosen from any community under the crown. No. 89, A PORTRAIT, appeared an exceedingly clever copy of a picture exhibited last year. 91, A FRIGATE very pleasing. 93, GREENWICH HOSPITAL, a chaste clear, clever painting, but disappoints as a *view* of the splendid retreat of the veteran tars of England. 97, A bad imitation of three prettily dressed wax dolls, placed in attitudes; named after three young ladies—why? THE GOLDEN AGE, *Mr. Hanks*, (No. 99,) A very animated picture which pleased much: but how could a naked infant playing with golden fishes in an arbour, be assimilated to Miranda, cheering her father with her smiles, when they were abandoned to a wild sea in a leaky boat? To this passage in the "Tempest," the lines, appended to the picture in the catalogue, refer. "Oh! a cherubim thou wert," &c.—A LANDSCAPE, *by Miss Foreman*, (No. 108.) Singularly good copy of a picture by Titian; the antique mellow appearance of this fine painting excited much remark.—A BURGHOMASTER'S WIFE, *by Miss Bowman*, (No. 118,) An excellent copy, in which the spirit of the original is well preserved. EVENING, *by Mr. Akins*, (No. 120,) In the catalogue the following lines are annexed to this painting:—

"And on the happy shore a temple still,
 Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
 Upon a mild declivity of hill,
 In memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
 Thy current's calmness."

Painters who embody poetry must be judged in some measure by the model which they choose. In the above lines we have a picture by Byron, of the bank of a favorite river. In 120, the temple, of small and delicate proportions, dwindles into a clumsy portico, which scarcely gets room to appear at the extremity of a marshy flat ; the mild declivity of hill may be sought for from half a dozen abrupt eminences ; and the current which " tells its babbling tales" to the water lilies, is represented by a lakeish looking piece of dull water. There must be a portion of Shakespear's or Milton's or Byron's spirit, in those who successfully give " form and pressure" to their written pictures. Masters in poetry cannot be made foils to their copyists, any more than masters in painting ; yet quotations seem frequently taken merely to heighten the effect of a picture, and to supply thoughts which the painter felt himself weak to express with his pencil. In painting from the page or the canvass of masters, your model must be in some measure repeated, renewed, else the spirit of the original will continually haunt the copy, condemning it by the comparison which is thus induced. **THE CRADLE**, by *Mr. Davis*, (No. 122,) A finely worked, and well finished copy from Rembrandt ; it represents the interior of an ancient Dutch edifice, where two women sit over the cradle of an infant. **A PHILOSOPHER IN HIS STUDY**, by *Mrs. Harris*, (No. 127,) would form an excellent and worthy companion to " the Cradle," or to the " Forming a Treaty," No. 18. **A SEA PIECE**, by *Miss Richardson*, (No. 128,) A very characteristic and neatly touched scene, the water seemed particularly well painted. Passing by some good originals, in the *Small Room*, we come to a picture in water colours—**CONWAY CASTLE**, by *Lieut. Ford*, which is exceedingly pleasing, chaste and picturesque ; with every design of the artist fully expressed. **SUNSET IN NOVA-SCOTIA**, and the **ENCHANTED ISLAND**, seem a couple of fantasies embodied. *The card-rack figures in the latter add little to the painter's fame.* **ROSS IN MONMOUTHSHIRE**, by *Miss Jeffrey*, is a good copy, of a difficult subject, from a beautiful picture which was exhibited last year.—**A COTTAGE**, by the same hand, fully bears out our opinion of last year respecting a small picture, by *Miss Jeffrey*. The same—or increased—clearness, neatness, vividness of colour (perhaps to an extreme) and gracefulness of detail which pleased before,

are visible in this. PORTRAITS OF DOGS, by Mr. Davis, is well painted, but badly grouped, we would advise that the old garment—which is suspended over one of the dogs, and which at a short distance seems to unnaturally elongate his figure—should be taken down speedily as possible.—Several other pictures by pupils demand attention and applause, but we are forced to close our remarks, having merely as we stated at first, noticed those which happened to attract most, and the peculiarities of which were best stamped on the memory. Of pictures not by pupils, some portraits—excellent likenesses—by Mr. Valentine, are worthy of most honourable mention. Perhaps his complexions are *too made*. The portraits of Mr. West, and Mr. Scott—which might be known the length of a street distant—have equally vivid clear complexions; Venus, rising from the sea might be content with a skin similarly transparent. Perhaps the fact of having adopted this standard complexion, has partly occasioned the picture of Andromecha—where a departure was necessary—to be so lifelessly insipid. A resident artist of Mr. Valentine's abilities is no small honour to Halifax; we believe that many with less talent, as portrait painters, have arisen to much note, and very profitable employ in older communities.—COWS, by Fisher, MADAME DE VALENGER, CROSSING THE BROOK, and an ANGEL'S HEAD, seemed to us beautiful original specimens of the art.

We congratulate Halifax on the improvement of its taste as developed by this second exhibition. We would fain hope that the metropolis and the Province will advance regularly and rapidly, careful, while the staples of life are pursued, to secure as much of the rational elegancies and graces of existence as opportunity may allow. Man was not intended to be a mere eating, drinking and sleeping animal; every proper grasp at intellectual refinement is becoming his noble grade in creation, and helps to expand and mature that soul, the education of which, we are told, will advance during the ages of eternity. How many are insensible to the value and properties of this mysterious creation in their own breast! and who live and act, as if the mere animal frame were the alpha and omega of their existence. If we wish that intelligence and intellectual enjoyment, should keep sordidness and sensuality in check, we should encourage the liberal Arts next to Morality and Religion.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

AMONG the frequenters of circulating libraries, and indeed in literary coteries of all kinds, Mr. Cooper is generally designated "the great American Novelist." When the name of a writer becomes in this manner identified with that of his country, he may feel sufficiently assured of the permanency of his reputation. He may, with perfect safety, leave his fame to take care of itself. His is no fleeting or narrow renown; it is associated with his "land's language."

We are not hazarding much in saying, that no writer ever possessed the advantages enjoyed by the author of *The Spy*, on his first outset in literary life. The very peculiarity of his situation rendered it next to impossible for him to fail in charming that large portion of the English people denominated the novel-readers. We were, indeed at that time, as we have continued ever since, a nation of novel-readers. Scott had set his seal upon us. The author of "*Waverley*,"—the great Napoleon of novelists,—had conquered the country, from one end of it to the other. Nothing, then, could be more fortunate as regards time; and as to place, what region could be so pregnant with interest, or what subject so calculated to gratify the cravings of an excited curiosity as America?—a country which had hitherto been considered alike destitute of writers and readers,—whose soil had been pronounced, by the learned in these matters, to be essentially unfavourable to the growth of genius,—and in which one would no more think of looking for the golden graces of literature, than for dancers among the Dutch. An Esquimaux poet, brought over by Captain Parry, could hardly have excited more wonder than the "great American Novelist," when he made his first appearance in Europe. The world fell into a fit of admiration at the first sign of a genius on the barren waste of America, and stared at it, as the bewildered Crusoe did at Friday's footmark on the sand.

But in addition to these lesser advantages, the Novelist enjoyed the grand and all sufficing one that arises from an entire originality of subject. The field that lay open before him was not merely of immeasurable extent, but he had the felicity of having it all to himself. Like the ancient Mariner,

*"He was the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea."*

He suddenly found himself recognised as the Sir Walter of the New World,—one who was to do for his country what Scott had done for his; to delineate the character of its people; to describe its customs, and celebrate its achievements; to show what art had already done for it, and how Nature had clothed it with beauty and sublimity; to paint its scenery; to exult in its acquirements and prospects; but above all to assert its glory and independence.

He thus stood, like another Columbus, on the ground he had discovered, and perceived that it was untrodden. He saw, also, the fertility of the paths upon which he entered, the inexhaustible variety of the materials that presented themselves to him upon every side. Every thing was novel and picturesque. What other histories enjoyed in antiquity, that of America had in modern interest. If the register of its triumphs was but of recent date, it was prolific in adventure. Every page of the volume was full of matter, and all that was required was to select with taste and discrimination.

With the freshness of character which thus appertained to his subject generally, and with powers of mind that would have given interest to subjects of a far less original description, it was almost a matter of course that Mr. Cooper should have succeeded in at once rising into estimation among his own countrymen, and scarcely more surprising that his first works should have been received and read in England as the productions of a man of very remarkable genius. There are some points of fiction that the most prejudiced eyes cannot resist, however they may persevere in keeping themselves closed to the truth; and though the aristocratic might not relish the scene the better for being laid within the territory of the United States, or lament with any immoderate degree of emphasis over sorrows that had been suffered on the other side of the Atlantic; yet few found it politic to deny, what was indeed palpable to all, that Mr. Cooper was gifted with talents that would contribute to strengthen and extend the independence of his country; to give it what it required, a literary independence, and add intellectual freedom to the religious and political liberty which it enjoyed. Few could command the tide of sympathy to roll back and retire, or check the course of emotions that a delineation of Nature had inspired; and it was therefore not thought advisable, even among those who looked lamentingly upon the cessation of hostilities and the growing good understanding between the two countries, to extend the ridicule with which the laws and institutions of America had been frequently visited to these specimens of her literary advancement, or to dispute her claim to the possession of Goldsmiths and Fieldings of her own.

If some portion of the success of our Trans-Atlantic Novelist was referable to circumstances, and to the peculiar attractiveness of his subjects, a still greater portion was attributable to himself, and to the energy and enthusiasm which he brought to his labours. No writer of the times has taken a wider range in his view of human nature, or looked more deeply into the heart. Few know better how to seize the strongest point of interest, and no one can work it out more judiciously. If his plots fail in carrying you irresistibly along "on the wings of the wind," his skill in the delineation of character is sure to work its charm and fascination about you; or, if even that should fail the mere description of

some unromantic settlement in the woods, a desert solitude, or the hull of a vessel floating.

“ Far out amid the melancholy main ;”

nay, of things less picturesque than these, would prevent you from closing the book until you had read to the last line of the last page. We never met with novels—(and we have read all that were ever written since the creation of the world,)—of a more absorbing character, or more fatal to the female propensity of skipping the digressive portions. Every word of Mr. Cooper’s narratives is effective, or appears so while you read : and yet he does not scruple to describe an object, in the most elaborate and uncompromising terms, three or four times over in the same work, if it be necessary that the reader should have an accurate outline of it before his eyes. There is a profusion, but no waste of words, in his style, which is, “ without o’erflowing, full.” It is clear, varied, and distinct. He paints the wild waste, “ the sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses,” the verdureless prairie, and the mighty shadows of the forest, with a power that increases in fervour and swells into enthusiasm when he launches upon the element of which he has given such fearful yet such faithful pictures. His sea-scenes are unique. He does not give you “ a painted ship upon a painted ocean.” All is action, character, and poetry. You see, in the images which he conjures up, every accessory of the scene, however insignificant ; you hear, in the terms in which he describes them, the roaring of the surge, the voices of the seamen, and the flapping of the sails. Amidst such scenes as these, where

“ His march is o’er the mountain-waves,
His home is on the deep,”

we lose sight of land altogether ; and are startled, a few chapters farther on, at finding ourselves in a wild, barren, wintry region, the antipode of that we had left.

His characters are of all classes, and if not equally well drawn, impress us, at the first glance, with a conviction that they are drawn by an acute observer of life, and a lover of the kindlier sympathies that adorn and ennoble it. There are many touches in Mr. Cooper’s books that have been put in with a liberal hand, denoting a warmth and generosity of spirit towards his species, a desire to encourage and not to depress human nature, to exhibit but not to exult in its vices, and to inculcate a better and brighter philosophy than that which never looks for light out of its own circle, and keeps its charity perpetually at home. These indications of good feeling, wherever we meet them, besides making the portrait more perfect, make us love and remember it for ever. His characters, whether modern or old fashioned, savage or civilized, moving on the quarter-deck or the wilderness, are all picturesque persons, that have some mark and likelihood about them. There is a mixture of the poetic and the plausible in them, that renders it difficult to determine whether they are to

be taken as inventions or realities; or compounds, as most of them are, of both. This may be said of them in general, that if they are sometimes grotesque when they ought to be graceful, and extravagant where simplicity was most needed, they are seldom or never insipid. They preserve their glow and bloom to the last; and when they seem to be wandering farthest from the point of Nature, to which we would bind them, come back to us with one of those touches that "makes the whole world kin," and reveal to us the truth and beauty which had been previously hidden by the very excess of our sympathy. There is scarcely one character of any rank or importance that does not present some indication of this deep knowledge of our nature, in the finest of its forms; and there are many, in the range of his productions, that are conceived in the very spirit of that knowledge. And as it is difficult to select instances from the cloud of creatures,—composed alike of the high and the humble, the stern-featured and the humorous,—that comes floating upon our recollection, we would instance a whole class, and refer to the refined power and delicacy which he has displayed in his delineation of the female character. There is at times (let it be said with reverence) an almost Shakesperian subtlety of perception in his female pictures—a majesty, and yet a gentleness, not unworthy of the highest mind, while contemplating the holiest objects that Nature has fashioned. They are not beings of the imagination, but children of Nature—not creatures "playing i' the plighted clouds," but scattering light and comfort upon the earth to the uttermost ends of it, and showing that there is no situation of life into which beauty and gladness will not penetrate at last. All Mr. Cooper's feminine creations may not have been to Court; but they have not the less lustre and dignity on that account: nor does he agree with Touchstone, that they will be condemned for the omission. They are enveloped in graces that are seldom dreamed of in drawing-rooms. We could count up a dozen of these spiritualities at least. Content Heathcote's wife—we forget the name—in "The Borders," though with little outward brilliancy or gaudiness of colouring, is a fine conception, wonderfully wrought out. It brings to mind—and this is the highest eulogy we can pass upon it—that "phantom of delight" of Wordsworth—a being that, however beautiful, is

———— "Not too good
For human nature's daily food;—"

Or to complete the comparison, and to give our meaning its proper music,

"A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still—and bright
With something of an angel light."

A large proportion of the critics have decided in favour of "The Prairie," as the finest of all the American novels. It is a point

which we cannot determine, for we have many favourites. Early associations lead us to estimate "The Spy" very highly, and incline us to cherish the remembrance of Harvey Birch with feelings as profound as any that have been excited by more recent adventurers. Washington also is a richly-coloured portrait, touched with the hand of an enthusiast. But "The Prairie" is certainly in some of its scenes, unsurpassed, in a particular kind of power, by any thing we ever read whether in prose or poetry. In point of character, it ranks with the most striking and original of the author's works; and contains one or two persons whose impressions are so vividly stamped upon the imagination, that it is difficult to persuade ourselves that we have not met them under some extraordinary but forgotten circumstances—that we have not wandered over that prairie, and communed with the very spirit of the scene. In "The Borderers," which we have already referred to—the interest is skillfully sustained, though the details are a little tedious now and then. "The Red Rover" and "The Pilot" have become, perhaps, still more popular, and are unquestionably not less peculiar in character, than some of those that we have named. As ocean-tales, they are full of startling effects and strange surprises; and they are scarcely less valuable, we think as pictures of life and manners. Long Tom Coffin can hardly be an invention—a seaman of the mind—an imaginary mariner. No, he is a thorough-bred sea-king, preferring the other side of the Atlantic to this, and the ocean to either; he is the noblest of nauticals—an American Admiral of low degree. "The Water Witch," which has recently been added to this series, has several sea-scenes, not inferior to any that preceded them. It is more wild and experimental in parts, but it lacks nothing in point of freshness and energy; and its marvellous incidents find a becomingly picturesque termination, as the Mariner of the India Shawl bears off the lady that loved him, and is never heard of afterwards. From all that we can learn of this gifted American, from those who have had the best and most recent opportunities of personal observation, we should judge that his general bearing indicates a man of strong natural powers, great decision of character, and observant habits—more, perhaps, of things than men. He is rather above than under the middle height, his figure well and firmly set, and his movements rather rapid than graceful. All his gestures are those of promptness and energy. His high expansive forehead is a phrenological curiosity; a deep indenture across its open surface, throws the lower organs of eventuality, locality, and individuality, into fine effect; while those immediately above—comparison causality, and gaiety—are equally remarkable.

His manners are a pleasant mixture of the mariner and the gentleman. The austerity, observable in them at first, wears off after a few minutes, and you feel that you are conversing with a

man who has seen and understands the world, and who listens with clamour, almost with indifference, to its good and evil report. Years have brought to him "the philosophic mind." He is an American, even in our English sense of the term; the *amor patriæ* is in him a passion that never subsides; he is devotedly attached to his country, to its institutions, and as is apparent from his works to its rugged but magnificent scenery.

The family of Mr. Cooper was originally from Buckingham in England, settled in America in 1679, and about a century afterwards became established in the State of New York. He was born at Burlington, on the Delaware, in 1789 and was removed at an early age to Cooper's Town—a place, of which he has given an interesting account in "The Pioneers." At thirteen, he was admitted to Yale College, New Haven, and three years afterwards went to sea—an event that gave a character and a colour to his after-life, and produced impressions, of which the world has already reaped the rich result. On his marriage with a daughter of John Peter De Lancey, of West Chester County, New York, he quitted the navy, and devoted himself to composition. Mr Cooper's first work was published in 1821, and every year since that period has brought its new novel. He has already printed and become popular in many cities—in London, Paris, Florence, and Dresden. In 1826, his health having suffered considerably from a fever that attacked him two years before, he was induced to visit Europe; this has restored him, and he now thinks of returning to a home which his heart has never abandoned. We had omitted to mention that Mr. Cooper was appointed, chiefly to protect his papers, to the Consulship at Lyons—a nominal post, which he resigned about three years ago.

In Paris, where Mr Cooper at present resides, no man is more sought after, and few so much respected. Under the *old regime* it might have been different. The whisperings of prejudice, jealousy, and national dislike that were occasionally audible here do not reach him there. He appears to be perfectly at his ease—sensible of the estimation, but not over-estimation, in which he is held by all sects and parties. Yet he seems to claim little consideration on the score of intellectual greatness; he is evidently prouder of his birth than of his genius; and looks, speaks, and walks as if he exulted more in being recognized as an American citizen, than as the author of "The Pilot" and the "Prairie."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

FANCY AND FACTS.

WHEN we who now address the reader, belonged to what is usually termed the rising generation, the rage for sentiment and the German drama was at its highest noon of phrenzy; every eye was dropping its tear at the tomb of Werter, and the most moral and tender bosoms seemed repining at the harsh laws which forbade the putting of a poniard to a neighbour's throat, or even appropriating his purse after the most approved manner of Schiller's bandits. Had intensity of feeling ever indicated duration of purpose, the league between the Public and the then leaders of its opinions must have been eternal: fortunately, like the friendships of the fair Matilda Pottingen, it proved to be little more than a sudden thought which had struck the party most concerned; the very children gradually sickened of these absurdities, and men whose beards had two years growth in them, became suddenly impatient to make a transfer of their affections and adhesions. A glorious band of English poets sprung up, and divided among them at once the rational admiration and the genuine enthusiasm of their countrymen. The spirit of Wordsworth, strong in gentleness, would alone have been sufficient to mark a new era in the classical literature of Europe; Coleridge, 'most musical, most melancholy,' grafted all that was wildly noble in the German school on the sterling stock of original genius and English taste; Southey poured out his rich mind in strains of solemn and majestic gracefulness;—

'High in the breathless hall, the Minstrel sate;—

and a not less daring hand arose to sweep the strings of a still deeper, though a far narrower, shell. Sun succeeded sun, and year rolled on upon year, and still the public mind was found 'imprisoned in Elysium.' But the daintiest cates will at last cloy, and the most powerful stimulants cease to operate; and those who observed the times shrewdly, became aware that the reign of genius and imagination had reached its height—and fall. The general stomach longed for homelier food. 'Let me have FACTS,' said the Public, and facts were furnished forthwith. Did a minister (Home or Foreign) rise in his place in the House of Commons? it was with the averages of the last ten years in his hands, and the inferences to be derived from such valuable data. 'The inferences may be right, or they may be wrong,' said the Public; 'but, at all events, here are facts.' Instead of the brilliant sarcasm, the classical allusion, 'the wit, the logic, and the tart reply,' to which we had once been accustomed, the leader of opposition rose, in his turn, with the labour of six hard-working clerks in his pocket, and after a little monitory prologue, proceeded to submit to the House his dull, but necessary, details. The House laughed, and the Public saw that arithmetic has its blunders as well as the more abstruse and uncertain subjects of opinion; but still—here were

facts. 'Nay,' said a band of cunning adventurers, 'if facts be what you want, we will lead you a distant dance in search of them: follow your leaders.' And the leaders were followed. Away went the Public to east and to west, and to north and to south; to Chili, to Panama, to Potosi; to the bowels of the earth, to the depths of the sea, to the confines of the air, and all in search of facts. The wilder the scheme, the more implicitly was it embraced; or, if a doubt existed, the cunning projector had but to utter the magic word,—'the fact is,'—and all opposition ceased. At home, or abroad, it was equally the rule; the man of facts was every where predominant. Hence, Encyclopædias abounded, Mechanics' Institutes became rife, Societies for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge sprung up in every street; names that were never meant to be seen beyond the parish registers, or as endorsements to a one-pound note, thrust themselves upon the public eye, and all, of course, were communicators of facts: facts upon brewing, facts upon baking, facts upon dog-feeding, facts upon the dry-rot. The Public, spectacle on nose, stood before the mighty feast, and gradually assumed that air of whimsical perplexity which belongs to a person who sees an array of meats before him, of which he feels bound in honour to partake, but who doubts whether his digestive organs will carry him safely through the operation.

We, whose office it is, under pretence of leading the public mind, very often implicitly to follow it, must be confessed to have played our part in this sober drama. Article upon article has appeared in this Journal, drier, no doubt, to light and inconsiderate minds, than the remainder biscuit after a seven years' voyage; but all, we venture to say, rich in information, and pregnant with facts. The wrinkles of geology and pathology, and archæology, and other sciences, equally delectable in their contents, and equally mellifluous in their nomenclature, have been ploughed into our pages; and heaven knows how many poets, and wits, and scholars have been frightened from their propriety by the stern and rugged features which this once smiling journal has gradually assumed. But this cannot, must not always last: great as is our love and reverence for the Public, we cannot consent to plant hairs of untimely grey on our head, in its service—like the little Tirythian boys, we must have our occasional laugh, or fairly break down under those severe duties which 'the march of intellect' has imposed on all those who presume to take a part in the direction of the public mind.—*Quarterly Review.*

MONTHLY REVIEW.

INTELLIGENCE received by various routes, has been brought down to London dates of April 21, by the arrival of the Lady Ogle from Boston on June 1, we give a synopsis of the chief items.—ENGLAND. The Parliament re-assembled on the 18th, and on the 21st, the Ministers were left in a minority of 9, on a question relative to the REFORM BILL, and on which they had decided to try their strength. On the morning of the 22d the Ministers waited on his Majesty, informing him of their inability to carry on the government without a new Parliament. THE KING, quickly decided on dissolving the House of Commons, and thus appealing to the national voice, at a crisis in which the nation is so deeply concerned. His Majesty repaired, with unprecedented promptitude, to the House of Lords, and the Commons being summoned, he prorogued the House preparatory to a dissolution. In the SPEECH the King makes the usual acknowledgments on account of supplies granted, and in reference to the cause of the dissolution, says :

“ I have come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing the present Parliament, with a view to its immediate dissolution.

“ I have been induced to resort to this measure, for the purpose of ascertaining the sense of my people, in the way in which it can be most constitutionally and authentically expressed, on the expediency of making such changes in the representation as circumstances may appear to require, and which shall be founded on the acknowledged principles of the Constitution, and may tend at once to uphold the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, and to give security to the liberty of my people.

“ In resolving to have recourse to the sense of my people in the present circumstances of the country, I have been influenced only by a paternal anxiety for the contentment and happiness of my subjects—to promote which I rely confidently on your continued and zealous assistance.

“ My pleasure is, that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 10th day of May.”

The *Effects* of the dissolution, will be, it is said, a gain to Ministers of 70 votes certainly, and probably of 33 more. The parties at issue in the general election now pending, are, his Majesty and the nation, against boroughmongers. Unfortunately the corruptionists have great power over a large portion of the “ Nation,” and public virtue in our day, is too often weak when opposed by self-interest, still there is no fear whatever of the result:—Previous to the prorogation of Parliament, £100,000 per annum, with Marlborough house, were settled on her Majesty, provided she survives the King.—TRADE. The King of Denmark has made *Gluckstadt*, at the mouth of the Elbe, a *free Port*, at which, foreign vessels are exempt from the usual customs and dues. At *Liverpool* from Feb. 25th to March 21th inclusive, 795 vessels ar-

tived; being an increase over same period last year of 34 vessels and 260 tons. By the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, a whole cargo of cotton landed at the former place can be conveyed to the latter in 100 minutes—a distance of 32 miles.—In IRELAND, the most productive agricultural country under the crown, the greatest distress prevails; this may be partially accounted for by considering, that Ireland sends *immense* quantities of produce to England, the mass of the peasantry resting satisfied with the coarsest and meanest provisions: in return for produce sent, England pays cash, which barely enables the farmer to pay the excessive rents and other demands to which he is subject; leaving but in a very few instances, any overplus as profit: it follows, that from any accidental interference with the usual supplies, the peasantry having neither provisions nor money, famine must ensue: the evil seems increased, when it is recollected, that absentee landlords are continually draining the country; so that England first gets the produce, and then the money by which she pays for it is returned to herself again. Outrages are also unfortunately rise in Ireland, the curses of non-resident non-improving land lords, middle men, proctors, and an host of other such locusts, who give nothing while they destroy the fat of the land, may be some causes, but still not excuses, for the disturbances in certain districts.

FOREIGN.—*Poland*. On March 31st and April 1st the Poles gained glorious victories over the Russians, by which the latter lost 20,000 men and several pieces of cannon. From the 1st to the 9th, the Poles have been advancing and are singularly successful; the Russians are said to be retreating at all points; and fresh revolutions are breaking out in their rear. *France* has peace as regards foreign powers, but domestic tranquility is unfortunately destroyed by numerous contending factions. Attempts in *ITALY* to deliver the country from degrading bondage, have been frustrated by Austrian troops. The Royal Tyrants of *SPAIN* and *PORTUGAL* continue their usual course of murderous oppression; several executions, for political opinions have occurred; some powerful reactions are hoped for. *BELGIUM* seems in a most unsettled state, a weak government, a turbulent people, and foreign enemies on the watch to take deadly advantage of her embarrassments, are some of her plagues.

SOUTH AMERICA.—*Colombia* is distracted by hostile parties, *Carthegena* held by *Montilla*, is besieged, by his late colleague, *General Luque*. In *Bolivia* the shore provinces of *Buones Ayres*, *Entre Rois*, and *Santa Fe*, are at war with the provinces of the interior.

UNITED STATES.—A breaking up of the American Cabinet took place on April 11th and the following days; it occurred from the manœuvring consequent on Presidential elections. A Steam Boat boiler exploded at *Wheeling, Va.* by which several were killed, and several badly wounded; more accidents occur in the United States from steam than in all the world beside: it may be account-

ed for by the cheap slim showy make-shift style which characterizes almost all their manufactures. New York legislature, has abolished imprisonment for debt, and has made a law for the punishment of fraudulent debtors: these two should ever go hand in hand. In the year ending Dec. 31st, the duties at New York Custom House amounted to 15,012,553 dollars, exceeding the revenue for 1829 nearly 2 millions of dollars. In the quarter ending April 1, 1831, duties at the port of Boston were about one million of dollars.

COLONIAL.—PERIODICAL PRESS.—In Pictou, Nova Scotia, a new paper, called the *Pictou Observer*, has appeared. In St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, the first numbers of the *St. Andrew's Courant* are issued. Two papers in Quebec, Nelson's Gazette and the Mercury, and one in Montreal, the Gazette, are published three times a week. **GOVERNORS**—The legislature of P. E. Island have voted £400 for the purchase of plate, as a mark of respect to Colonel Ready on his quitting the government: a subscription is making in New Brunswick, that a similar expression of feeling may be made to Sir Howard Douglas on his retirement.

STEAMERS. The *Waterloo*, from Montreal to Quebec was lost in the ice on the St. Lawrence: Passengers, and most of the cargo saved. The Halifax and Quebec Steamer, the "Royal William" was launched at Muns Cove Quebec, on the 27th April. Her measurement is 1370 tons, she will carry about 500 beside engines, &c. Length of keel 146 feet, breadth of beam 44 feet, deck 176 do. depth hold 17 feet 9 inches, cost £16,000. The "Lady Aylmer," St. Nicholas ferry boat, was launched same day. At Montreal, the "John Bull" steamer was launched; length of deck 180 feet, power of engines 260 horses. *New-Brunswick*, the "John Ward" was launched, to ply between St. John and Fredericton, length of deck 120 feet, power of engines 60 horses.

TEMPERANCE. *Quebec*, April 16.—A meeting was held for the purpose of checking Intemperance, and several resolutions, preparatory to the formation of a Society were agreed to. In *Nova-Scotia*, it appears that Temperance Societies in Westmorland and Cumberland, number between 3 and 400 members; at Canso on April 11, a Society had 72 members; at Musquodoboit a first general meeting of a Temperance Society was held on April 25 under very cheering circumstances; a Society has been formed in Bay of Islands, and another in Sheet Harbour; and in *Halifax* on May 7, a Temperance Society meeting was held, 30 persons subscribed to the rules; a second meeting was held a few evenings after, when a Society was formed, officers chosen, and several members added. The Second Halifax BAZAAR held on May 5, produced the respectable sum of £403 7 9. A Bazaar held in Quebec in same month produced 350.

LEGISLATURE. *U. Canada.*—Two bills lately passed by the Imperial Parliament, have given much pleasure in Canada. One is that the various duties enacted, in the 11th of George the III, for the purpose of establishing a fund for the support of the Civil and

Judicial Government of Canada, and which fund was under the controul of the Commissioners of the Treasury, shall be placed under the controul of the Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada respectively. The other empowers his Majesty to assent to certain laws and regulations, which are or may be made by the Canadian Legislatures, respecting the grant, descent, bargain, sale, &c. of Lands.

The House of Assembly *P. E. Island*, was prorogued on the 12th May. The L. Canada legislature in its last Session voted above £12,000 for purposes of education.

PRODUCE. *Nova Scotia*.—Flour, Pork, Oats and Potatoes, have appeared in the market, of good qualities, and in such quantities as to afford the pleasing hope that the Province may one day, and that not distant, be able to supply all its own wants.

The WEATHER, N. S.—Summer opens most favourably, alternate Sun and Rain have produced much vegetable beauty, and afford excellent promises of a luxuriant harvest.

MARRIAGES.

At Halifax—May 3, Mr. William Thomas, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Bell. 7, Mr. John Perverill, to Miss Margaret Ann Hilshey. 9, Mr. Henry Wise, to Miss Sarah Fletcher. 12, Mr. Edwin Sterns, to Miss Elizabeth Welner. Mr. Emanuel Reynolds, to Miss Charlotte Rebecca Blake. Thomas Roach, Esq. to Miss Charlotte Wells. 18, Mr. J. B. Woodworth, to Miss Martha Knox. 22, Mr. Edgar Allan, to Miss Eleanor S Mulloch. 23, Mr. John E. Walker, to Mrs. Elizabeth Le Rossignol. 28, Mr. Richard Power, to Mrs. Mandesson.

At Rawdon—Mr. Richard Clarke to Miss Mary Ann Housner.

DEATHS.

At Halifax—April 26, Mr. John Dady, aged 19. 30, Mr. William Killigrew, aged 64. May 7, Mr.

John Fraser, aged 53. 9, Mr. Michael Pendergrast, aged 67. 24, Mr. Ezekiel Shattuck. 30, Mr. Thomas Treacy, aged 24.

May 3, on his passage from Jamaica, Capt. Charles Coventree, aged 43.

At Rawdon—May 5, Sarah, wife of the Rev. G. W. Morris, M. A. Rector of that parish.

At Newport—May 16, Mrs. Sarah Harvie, aged 21.

At Cumberland—April 30, Mr. Rowland Morton.

At Chediac—April 17, Mary Ann Fenwick, consort of the Rev. Edwin Arnold, A. M. Rector of Chediac.

At Onslow—May 19, William Cutler, Esq. aged 81.

At Antigonish—May 15, Mr. Chas. Emery Irish, aged 36. Mr. Thomas Kavanagh, aged 40.

At Arichat—May 11, Philip F. Calbeck, Esq. aged 47.

At Dalhousie Settlement—April 22, Mrs. Martha Aull, aged 37.

NOTICE.—No. I—The Portfolio—being the first number of a series of descriptive sketches, of Halifax and its vicinity, will appear next month.

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