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# THE HALIFAX Monthly Magazine.

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## RELIGIOUS POETRY.

THE New Monthly Magazine for August has an article, entitled "the true spirit of religious poetry." We extract the following:—

There is always something offensive in religious poetry when you see the devotion, but not the benevolence—when the religion grows harsh and fierce; and you recognise the sectarian in the worshipper. It is this which, we confess, displeases us frequently in Cowper himself, the most popular of our devotional poets, and the more, because in him the bigotry is never majestic, and the rebuke sounds not with the dread and warning of grandeur which elevates the austerities of Young. In the one, we see the Clergyman of the Muses—in the other, the Apostle. It is too much the custom with those classes, among which religious poetry chiefly circulates to judge of the sacred spirit in proportion to the sanctity of the subject. But it is not unoften that the least deeply religious the mind of the poet, the more religious the theme, —and in many, the excess of veneration alone prevents that tempering with the Things of Holiness, which the irreverent seize with the most familiar indifference. It is this attention to the outward seeming of the theme, and carelessness of the pervading spirit, in our religious poets, which remind us of that Dosiades who also wrote sacred poetry, not caring whether the verses were worthy of the Gods, so long as they were written out in the shape of an Altar. In fact, whatever be the theme of the poet, there is no want of *veneration* in the true poetical character. No man can work out a Great Ideal, who does not habitually look upward; the desire to seek out the high—the lovely—the wondrous, is in fact to feed the twin inclinations, to admire and to revere. Perhaps the world never produced a great poet in whom this sentiment of veneration was not largely developed. But the sentiment is exceedingly complex, and manifests itself in a variety of shapes; we must be careful how we confound the sentiment of veneration with the sentiment of religion. Religion is but one branch of Veneration. In some minds the reverential habit betrays itself in dim and superstitious affection for the antique. Old customs, and bye-gone laws, have for them a religion of their own; the dreary legend—the monumental ruin awake the deepest source of their interest; they are the brooders over the Past, and their worship lies amidst the Gothic aisles and desolate arches of Tradition. It is in this channel that the great Author of Marimon and Ivanhoe mainly and palpably develops the ruling organ of his tribe. It is this which

poured the pale moonlight over the grey ruins of Melrose—which raised the shadowy superstitions that thrill the heart in the tale of the Lord of Ravensworth—which conjured up the swart form of Bois de Gilbert—which drew prophecy from the wan stars on the heights of Ellangowan—which raised the warning wrath to the bold eye of Mac Ivor,—and once more filled the heaths of Scotland with the mailed chivalrie of Flodden.

In minds differently constituted, it mingles with this lingering passion for the Past, an aspiration after the Pure—the Spiritual—the High in morals. It wraps the mind in a golden Platonism; and bows its worship before the Beauty of the Ideal Good. Thus did the sentiment display itself in the transparent majesty of Milton; and at this day in the patriarchial tenderness of Wordsworth—a rare and holy effect of veneration, which the passions are the most opposed to, and which is usually coupled with a deep and bright philosophy. This is the prevalent shape in which the reverential faculty displays itself amongst the Poets of Germany; and it constantly breaks forth amidst the fire and energy of Schiller, as well as the elaborate tranquillity of Goethe.—Elevates the knightly soul of Chateaubriand—and makes itself a Grecian temple in the restless genius of Shelley. In the last especially, the Platonic veneration for the Good—that fluent and governing Spirit of Beauty which glides, harmonizing, through the universe—is especially to be marked; and the same rash being, that entangled in a maze of the most incomprehensible metaphysics that ever man spun round his own reason, dared to deny the Deity—seems never to have escaped the absorbing thirst to worship—to adore—to dissolve away before the light of the divine attributes of which the nature of the Deity is composed.

In dispositions of a lower nature, the habit of veneration displays itself in the respect for names and titles—the ceremonies and pomps of a court. This, in all ages, has been the common weakness of Poets: it has been constantly satirized, but we have never seen it traced to what we consider its right source. This attaches the Poet to Kings and Kaisers—this makes him flatter, and yet be in his flattery sincere—this chains Horace to his Mæcenas, and devotes the creator of the Æneid to Augustus—this makes Waller and Dryden the alternate sycophants of a Cromwell and a Stuart—this bowed the stubborn sense of Johnson to reverence Lord, and smoothed the grin of Voltaire when he wrote on the lives of Kings, and boasted that he was gentleman to Louis the Fifteenth. In Voltaire—the sceptic, the leveller, the arch-abuser of human pride—the close observer may yet discover the sentiments of reverence largely, but always erratically, developed.—What God is to the religious, Glory was to him. The great, the splendid, never failed to dazzle his eagle eyes. All the subjects of his tragedies betray the influence that Pomp held over him; the magnificent Mahomet—the superb Merope—the noble Zaire!—his soul walks only in courts—his very tales are about Kings—and nothing is more amusing than the rage he indulges when any “*Impertinent*,” who has not lived with the great, ventures to satirize him.

In short, look to the Poetical Character, however modified, and the leading feature is that of veneration. The ideal—the vision

ary—the yearning—are all emanations from the principle—the vague internal impress of something great and high, “above the visible diurnal sphere.” It is this

that people space  
 With life and mystical predominance.  
 Delightfully it dwells 'mong fays, talismans,  
 And spirits; and delightedly believes  
 Divinities, being itself divine.  
 'The intelligent forms of ancient Poets,  
 'The fair Humanities of old Religion,  
 'The Power, the Beauty and the Majesty.

It follows not, therefore, that the Religious Poet has most strongly within him the governing source of Religion itself,—the love—the worship—and the awe—which belongs to the word REVERE. And Shakspeare in whom veneration is unceasingly pre-eminent—indulges less of what in the daily sense is termed “religious” feeling than almost any English writer equally voluminous. But easy indeed is it to trace the sacred shadow that rested on that vast mind; and dull must be the sectarian who would trace more of the supernatural awe—Religion in its large sense—in Blair's Poem of the Grave, or Addison's Hymn on Providence, than in the gloom of Hamlet or the dreary grandeur of Macbeth.

In that Poetry, however, more especially and commonly called Religious—poetry devoted to the praise and worship of the Deity, to the triumphs of revelation, the conditions of human life, the prospect of the grave, and the victory over death, England is peculiarly rich. It may, however, be observed, that many of our most beautiful writings of this class are but little known, and among the neglected fragments of our earliest poets lies the music of some of the purest, the tenderest, the most solemn out-breathings of a religious heart. The habits and manners indulged by the poets of our ancestry, were indeed especially suited to that soft and solitary contemplation, which is the nurse of the religious spirit. The quiet of the country life, the early rising, what time “the great sun begins his state”—the then thinly peopled greens and hollows, the frequent bell of the old church service, the Gothic spire, and dim aisle—so creative, in the soul, of the shadowy, the aspiring, and the definite—the very fashion of the houses, with the long fear-provoking gallery, and the gloomy room with its deep sunk windows—the private chapel to the baronial house, the quaint dial on the smooth green, with its impressive motto—were all subservient to that grave and visioned mood in which the moral thought of this life, and fore-dream of the next, steal with a luxurious melancholy over the heart. These lesser and more subtle causes aided the main reasons, viz. the yet scarce-conquered influence of the monastic spirit, and the paucity of lighter literature, in tingeing with a religious dye the writings of our more tender and contemplative authors, from the reign of Elizabeth to that of Charles the Second. Nor in verse alone is this noticeable; the religious spirit deeply impregnates the majestic prose of that period; an order of prose, be it said, immeasurably above that which has succeeded it; and it is with a sort of wonder that we remember how often we are told, gravely told, that Addison and

Steele were the improvers, instead of being, as they assuredly were, the arch corruptors of the pomp and buskined solemnity of the natural English tongue. There is something indeed in the lace and ruffles of that French style which the reign of Anne introduced, both in our verse and prose, eminently hostile to the religious spirit which, naturally venturous and unrestrained, moves with the air of an Abbe, through the clipped little periods, all shorn and precise which the writings of the Spectator brought into fashion.

The dim and the vast are the necessary elements of the poetical religious feeling. Wrapt in its sacred and awful dreams, the soul forgets itself, egotism vanishes in the sense of the Universal—the Eternal. We have no identity save with the Great Whole; or if for one moment we wake to our own cabined and minute existence, it is as Milton wakes in the openings of his mighty poem, with an overborne and hushed sense of loneliness, with a sentiment of corporeal pain, with a recollection of fleshly ills, with a rushing and solemn desire again to escape from earth, and “draw empyreal air.” This is the true spirit of Religious Poetry.

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#### ABBOTSFORD.

DAY springs from distant ocean; calm and bright  
 Winds, like a glittering snake, the lovely Tweed;  
 Rocks—dewy forests catch the rosy light,  
 The early bee is humming o'er the mead;  
 O'er ivied cots the smoke is trailing fair,  
 And the bird sings, and flow'rs scent all the air.

The shepherd resting on his crook, the line  
 Of Cheviot mountains distant; dim and blue;  
 The waters murmuring as they flow and shine;  
 Tall spires the summer foliage glancing through,  
 Enchant the gazer, till he dreams he be  
 In Tempe's vale, or Pan's own Arcady.

And here stands Abbotsford—romantic dome!  
 Attracting more than all this lovely scene:  
 For glorious genius here hath made a home—  
 Its turrets whitening o'er the wood of green,  
 Slopes, larches, to the small forget-me-not,  
 A magic breathe and tell of fame and SCOTT.

Peace, Abbotsford, to thee! and him whose fame  
 Hath halloed thee with interest ne'er to die;  
 Linked with his immortality, thy name  
 With Petrarch's venerated piic shall vie.\*  
 Pilgrims from southern land, and o'er the sea,  
 When we are dust, shall fondly bow to thee.

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\* The villa of Petrarch still stands at Arquato, and, with the tomb, receives during the year the homage of thousands.

## THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE.

GEORGE CRABBE was a preacher and a poet, but though no doubt, a good and laborious divine, he owes his fame in this world to his intercourse with the Muse. For the space of fifty years and odd, it was his pleasure to delineate the features of the people around him, and to report in verse the state of rustic society in manners and in morals. The spies of old, who cried out, that the water was nought and the ground barren, seem to have been of the tribe of Crabbe; yet they differed from the divine in this respect, that they believed not what they said, whereas, there can be no doubt of the perfect sincerity of the bard. He saw nothing in humble life but want and crime; the homes of his people he considered as stories to the pest-house and the work-house, and the inhabitants themselves as the predestined heirs of sin and sorrow, whose chief employment was to cheat, and swear, and lie, and exhibit "their Maker's image more than half defaced." This picture of mental and personal degradation he has repeated through almost all his works; we find it in the city, in the field, in the work-house, and the cottage: he is, in verse, one of Job's comforters to the people, he consoles them with the healing doctrine that hell was not made for dogs; for the rich we know not that he opened, in imagination, the doors of Paradise; but the poor and the needy he has represented worthy of nothing but "penal fire," and fit only for taking refuge within the jaws of that inexorable pit, which like the public workhouse, stands open for the husband and the mechanic.

Now, this "Come curse me, Jacob, and come defy me, Israel" sort of style, is any thing but to our liking; and, were it ever so much so, we cannot conceal from ourselves that it is a view of humble society at once unjust and unpoetic. The rustic population of the land are neither so wretched nor so depraved as the reverend bard describes them; there is no want of worth and talent among the poor; and, though we acknowledge that sin abounds, and the manners of many are shameless, we hold it to be bad taste in the Muse to close the right eye on all the virtues, and open the left on all the wretchedness of the peasantry, and, pitching her voice to a tone sarcastic and dolorous, sing of the cureless sores and feculence of the land. If we, however, dislike the foundation on which this distinguished poet raised the superstructure of his verse, and condemn the principles on which he wrote as unnatural, we cannot be insensible to the matchless skill and rough ready vigour of his dark delineations. In inanimate nature he sternly refuses to avail himself of the advantages which his subject presents, of waving woods, pebbly shores, purling streams, and flowery fields; he takes a cast of nature homely, forbidding and barren; and compels us to like it by the force of his colour and by the stern fidelity of his outline: while in living nature he seems resolutely to have proscribed all things mentally or externally lovely, that he might indulge in the dry hard detail of whatsoever we dislike to contemplate, and triumph over our prejudices and feelings by the resistless vigour of his language and sentiments, and the terrific fidelity of his representations. On

him who refuses to give to the world his full sympathy, the world usually retaliates seven-fold; Crabbe is by no means so popular as his genius deserves: of late there has been a woful coldness on the part of the admirers of him, who has not been inaptly termed "The Hogarth of Poets;" and his works, in spite of the intense laudations of all manner of reviews, remain undisturbed on the bookseller's shelf. The critic who first perceived the true character of Crabbe's poetry and pronounced it untrue to nature was that Anarch old, Gifford, of the *Quarterly*. "In common life, (he observes,) every man instinctively acquires the habit of diverting his attention from unpleasing objects, and fixing it on those that are more agreeable: and all that we ask is, that this practical rule should be adopted in poetry. The face of nature under its daily and periodical varieties, the honest gaiety of rustic mirth, the flow of health and spirits, which is inspired by the country, the delights which it brings to every sense—such are the pleasing topics which strike the most superficial observer. But a closer inspection will give us more sacred gratifications. Wherever the relations of civilized society exist, particularly where a high standard of morals, however imperfectly acted upon, is yet publicly recognized, a ground-work is laid for the exercise of all the charities, social and domestic. In the midst of profligacy and corruption, some trace of these charities still lingers; there is some spot which shelters domestic happiness—some undiscovered cleft in which the seeds of the best affections have been cherished and are bearing fruit in silence. Poverty, however blighting in general, has graces which are peculiarly its own—the highest order of virtues can be developed only in a state of habitual suffering." With these sentiments we cordially concur; and from them we turn to the genius which the poet displayed in spite of the most forbidding and unpoetic subjects; we must previously, however give a glance at the history of his productions.

When "The Borough," a poem, was published, in 1810, the public had forgotten that, in 1783, the author had made his first appearance as a poet, and that, too, with the applause of such men as Burke, Reynolds, and Johnson. He was not insensible (who could he?) of the influence of such men, and claiming their approval for what he had in youth done, he sheltered his new poem under the name of Fox, who, it seems, perused it and praised it in manuscript, before his lamented death. All this, no doubt, paved the way to more universal admiration; the death-bed approbation of Fox secured a favourable notice in the *Edinburgh*, and the sarcastic spirit of the poem, so much akin to that of Gifford, favoured its reception in the *Quarterly*, while the singular merit of the work gave it a currency every where. All this and much more, the reverend poet has himself related in the preface to his collected works, to which we refer the reader for an ample explanation. In the "Parish Register," published before the "Borough," the author had a limited range of subject, and it was imagined that his muse, deprived of room for flight, had been obliged to droop her wings and keep nigh the ground. The "Borough," presented space enough: but it was soon seen that her plumes were not of the soaring kind.—It has been the pleasure of many poets to paint a sea life in rather romantic colours: there is

much truth, much homeliness, and no romance, in Crabbe's delineation of his *Mariner's Club*, at the sign of the Anchor.

The Anchor, too, affords the seamen joys,  
 In small smoked room, all clamour, crowd, and noise;  
 Where a carved settle half surrounds the fire,  
 Where fifty voices purl and punch require;  
 They come for pleasure in their leisure hour,  
 And they enjoy it to their utmost power;  
 Standing they drink, they swearing smoke, while all  
 Call, or make ready for a second call.  
 See round the room, on every beam and balk,  
 Are mingled scrolls of hieroglyphic chalk;  
 Yet, nothing heeded, would one stroke suffice  
 To blot out all—here honour is too nice—  
 “Let knavish landsmen think such dirty things,  
 We're British tars—and British tars are kings.”

Of another stamp is the following—it is the picture of a loose liver fallen into misfortune and the vale of years.

And now we saw him on the beach reclined,  
 Or causeless walking in the wintry wind;  
 And when it raised a loud and angry sea,  
 He stood and gazed, in wretched reverie;  
 He heeded not the frost, the rain, the snow,  
 Close by the sea he walked alone, and slow;  
 Sometimes his frame through many an hour he spread  
 Upon a tombstone, moveless as the dead;  
 And where was found a sad and silent place,  
 There would he creep, with slow and measured pace;  
 Then would he wander by the river side,  
 And fix his eyes upon the falling tide;  
 The deep dry ditch—the rushes in the fen—  
 And mossy crag-pits, were his lodgings then;  
 There to his discontented thoughts a prey,  
 The melancholy mortal pined away.

The sorrowful softness of the following passage will go to many hearts:—

Yes, there are real mourners—I have seen  
 A fair sad girl, mild, suffering and serene—  
 Attention through the day her duties claimed,  
 And to be useful as resigned she aimed;  
 Neatly she dress't, nor vainly seemed to expect  
 Pity for grief, or pardon for neglect;  
 But when her wearied parents sunk to sleep,  
 She sought her place to meditate and weep;  
 Then to her mind was all the vast displayed,  
 That faithful memory brings to sorrow's aid;  
 For then she thought on one regretted youth,  
 Her tender trust, and his unquestioned truth:  
 In every place she wandered where they'd been,  
 And sadly sacred held the parting scene,  
 Where last for sea he took his leave—that place,  
 With double interest, she would nightly trace.



That he who made these three delineations was a man of deep observations, and a poet of a high order, no one can fail to perceive: in every page which he has written may be found passages lighter or darker, but all breathing the same sort of spirit, and all wearing, too truly, the sombre livery of a dolorous muse. It must not be inferred from what we have said, that Crabbe never deviates into the paths of peace, and happiness, and virtue: he indulges us with many beautiful snatches of that nature; yet they are generally as brief as they are brilliant, and may be compared to a few stars in a tempestuous night, which only aggravate the general gloom. Of his "Tales of the Hall" we shall say nothing; nor of the manuscript poem which lies in the hands of Mr. Murray;—that his works will be offered to us in a cheap form, and in a monthly issue, we have little doubt. The poems of Crabbe appeal not largely enough to the sympathy of mankind to be popular. There is little imagination and much truth—it is the happy union of both which promises success first, and fame after.

The stern poet we have attempted to delineate—the *man* was of a milder mood: in truth, Crabbe was one of the meekest and gentlest of mankind. He had a soft, low voice, and an insinuating ease of address, which won upon the most unsocial—if a friend desired him to shake a stranger by the hand, he did it, and not without a well turned compliment. He was a scholar, and a ripe one; a preacher too, we have heard said, of much attraction, and a poet of no common kind; he nevertheless failed to find preferment in the church—he contrived, however, to support himself by his pen and a small living which he enjoyed at Trowbridge, through the patronage of the Duke of Rutland. He was of Aldborough, in Suffolk, where he was born in the spring of 1754; he owed his education to Cambridge, and his success to himself. His health was generally good: he sometimes visited London, but preferred his own home, where he expired, after a short illness, on the 8th of February, in the 78th year of his age.

### THE INUNDATION.

THE Holland's Diep, the arm of the sea that runs between south Holland and Brabant, was once a tract of fertile and highly peopled land. The sea suddenly burst the dikes, and in one night drowned the whole territory. Seventy villages were buried, and an immense multitude of people destroyed.

It was a summer evening,  
The bells to church had knoll'd,  
The sun upon the quiet sea  
Flam'd like a lamp of gold.

Along the primrose speckled fields  
Play'd children hand in hand,  
And crowds of men and maidens stray'd,  
By summer breezes fann'd.

And as they wander'd to their home,  
Glanc'd many an eye afar,  
To see how diamond-like, that eve,  
Arose the Western star:

Night fell, and all the land was calm,  
The tapers, one by one,  
From many a closing casement gleam'd  
The Sabbath-day was done!

And sank the sounds, till all were hush'd  
And all the tapers dim,  
Save where still murmur'd on the breeze  
The peasant's parting hymn.

Now happy hearts, till morning's dawn  
Sleep on without a dream!  
But never glance of mortal eye  
Shall see that morning beam!

The moon hung broad and beautiful  
Above the fleecy cloud,  
And ocean lay a mighty glass,  
With silver star-drops strewed.

Anon was heard a sullen sound,  
And vapours black and huge  
Roll'd their wild wings about the moon,  
They wrapp'd her in a shroud.

What dismal sounds is there? O Heaven!  
What flash on midnight shone!  
The signal gun! the beacon's blaze;  
All lost! the dike is gone!

The ocean through a hundred mouths,  
Is bursting on the land:  
Tree, cottage, church, before it sweep,  
A whirl of surge and sand.

All night the torrents thunder'd down  
Broad cataracts of foam!  
At morn the wasteless waters lay  
As in their ancient home:

Full fifty thousand sleepers lie  
Within that mighty bed,  
To sleep till heaven's last trumpet bids  
The sea give up its dead.

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**FRANKLIN AND GOVERNOR BURNET.**

ON the arrival of the vessel at New York, Ben went up to the tavern, and lo! whom should he first cast his eyes on there, but his old friend Collins of Boston.

Collins had, it seems, been so charmed with Ben's account of Philadelphia, that he came to the determination to try his fortune there also; and learning that Ben was shortly to return by the way of New York he had jumped into the first vessel, and was there before him, waiting his arrival.

Great was the joy of Ben at the sight of his friend Collins, for it drew after it, a train of the most pleasing recollections. But who can describe his feelings when, flying to embrace this long esteemed youth, he beheld him now rising from his chair, equally eager for the embrace, but alas! only able to make a staggering step or two before down he came sprawling upon the floor, drunk as a lord.

To see a young man of his wit—his eloquence, his hitherto unstained character and high promise, thus overwhelmed by a worse than brutal vice, would have been a sad sight to Ben, even though that young man had been an entire stranger. But oh! how tenfold sad to see such marks of dishonour from one so dear, and from whom he had expected so much.

Ben had just returned from assisting to put poor Collins in bed, when the captain of the vessel which brought him from New York stepped in and in a very respectful manner put a note into his hand.—Ben opened it and with considerable agitation, read as follows:—

“G. Burnet's compliments await Mr. Franklin and should be glad of half an hour's chat with him.

“G. Burnet!” said Ben, “who can that be?”

“Why 'tis the governor,” replied the captain with a smile. “I have just been to see him, with some letters I brought for him from Boston. And when I told him what a world of books you have, he expressed curiosity to see you, and begged I would return with you to his palace.”

Ben instantly set off with the captain, but not without a sigh as he cast a look back on the door of poor Collins' bed room, to think what an honour that wretched young man had lost, for the sake of two or three vile gulps of filthy grog.

The Governor's looks at the approach of Ben, showed somewhat of disappointment. He had, it seems, expected considerable entertainment from Ben's conversation. But his fresh and ruddy countenance showed him so much younger than he had counted on, that he gave up all his promised entertainment as a lost hope. He received Ben, however, with great politeness, and took him into an adjoining room, which was his library, consisting of a large and well chosen collection.

Seeing the pleasure which sparkled in Ben's eyes, as he surveyed so many elegant authors, and thought of the rich stores of knowledge which they contained, the governor with a smile of complacency, as on a young pupil of science, said to him:

‘Well, Mr. Franklin, I am told by the captain here you have a fine collection too.’

‘Only a trunk full, sir,’ said Ben.

‘A trunk full, sir!’ replied the governor ‘why what use can you have for so many books?—Young people at your age, have seldom read beyond the tenth chapter of Nehemiah.’

‘I cannot boast,’ replied Ben, ‘of having read a great deal beyond that myself; but still, I should be sorry if I could not get a trunk full of books to read every six months.’

At this the governor, regarding him with a look of surprise said: ‘You must then, though so young, be a scholar, perhaps a teacher of the languages.’

‘No sir, I know no language but my own.’

‘What not Latin and Greek?’

‘No, sir, not a word of either.’

‘Why, don’t you think them necessary?’

‘I don’t set myself up as a judge, but I should not suppose them necessary?’

‘Aye! well, I should like to hear your reason.’

‘Why, sir, I am not competent to give reasons that may satisfy a gentleman of your learning, but the following are the reasons with which I satisfy myself. I look on languages, sir, merely as arbitrary sounds or characters, whereby men communicate their ideas to each other. Now, I already possess a language which is capable of conveying more ideas than I shall ever acquire: were it not wiser in me to improve my time in getting *sense* through that one language, than waste it in getting mere *sounds* through fifty languages, even if I could learn as many?’

Here the governor paused a moment, though not without a little red on his cheeks, for having only a minute before put Ben and the tenth chapter of Nehemiah so close together. However, catching a new idea he took another start:

‘Well, but my dear sir, you certainly differ from the learned world, which is you know decidedly in favour of the languages.’

‘I would not wish wantonly to differ from the learned world,’ said Ben, ‘especially when they maintain opinions that seem to be founded in truth. But when this is not the case, to differ from them I have ever thought my duty, and especially since I studied Locke.’

‘Locke!’ cried the governor with surprise, ‘*you studied Locke?*’

‘Yes, sir, I studied Locke on the *Understanding* three years ago, when I was thirteen.’

‘You amaze me, sir. You study Locke on the *Understanding* at thirteen?’

‘Yes, sir, I did.’

‘Well I pray at what college did you study Locke at thirteen; for at Cambridge college in Old England, where I got my education, they never allowed the senior class to look at Locke till eighteen.’

‘Why sir it was my misfortune never to be at college, nor even at a grammar school, excepting nine months when I was a child.’

Here the governor sprang from his seat, and staring at Ben, cried out:

‘And where, where, did you get your education?’

‘At home, sir, in a tallow chandler’s shop.’

‘In a tallow chandler’s shop?’ screamed the governor.

‘Yes sir, my father was a poor old tallow chandler, with sixteen children, and I the youngest of all. At eight he put me to school, but finding he could not spare the money from the rest of the children to keep me there, he took me home into the shop, where I

assisted him by twisting the candle-wicks and filling the moulds all day, and at night I read by myself. At twelve my father bound me to my brother, a printer in Boston, and with him I worked hard all day at press and case, and again read by myself at night.'

Here the governor, spanking his hands together, put up a loud whistle, while his eye balls, wild with surprise, rolled about in their sockets as if in a mighty mind to hop out.

'Impossible, young man!' he exclaimed; 'impossible! you are only sounding my credulity. I can never believe one half this.' Then turning to the captain he said: 'Captain you are an intelligent, man and from Boston; pray tell me, can this young man here be aiming at any thing but to quiz me?'

'No, indeed, please your excellency,' replied the captain, 'Mr. Franklin is not quizzing you; he is saying what is really true, for I am acquainted with his father and family.'

The governor then turning to Ben, said more moderately:— 'Well my dear, wonderful boy, I ask your pardon for doubting your word: and now pray tell me, for I feel a stronger desire than ever to hear your objection to learning the dead languages.'

'Why, sir, I object to it principally on account of the shortness of human life. Taking them one with another, men do not live but about forty years. Plutarch, indeed puts it only thirty-three. But say forty. Well, of this full ten years are lost in boyhood, before any boy thinks of a Latin grammar. This brings the forty down to thirty. Now of such a moment as this to spend five or six years in learning the dead languages, especially when all the best books in those languages are translated into ours, and when besides we have more books on every subject than such short lived creatures can ever acquire seems preposterous.'

'Well, but what are you to do with their great poets, Virgil and Homer, for example; I suppose you would not think of translating Homer out of his rich native Greek in our poor, homespun English, would you?'

'Why not, Sir?'

'Why, I should as soon think of transplanting a pine apple from Jamaica to Boston.'

'Well sir a skilful gardener, with his hot house can give us nearly as fine a pine apple as any of Jamaica. And so Mr. Pope, with his fine imagination, has given us Homer in English, with more of his beauties than ordinary scholars would find in him after forty years study of the Greek.—And besides sir, if Homer was not translated, I am far from thinking it would be worth spending five or six years to learn to read him in his own language.'

'You differ from the critics, Mr. Franklin, for the critics all tell us that his beauties are inimitable.'

'Yes, Sir, and the naturalist tells us that the beauties of the basilisk are inimitable too.'

'The basilisk, sir! Homer compared with the basilisk! I don't really understand you, sir.'

'Why, I mean sir, that as the basilisk is the more to be dreaded from the beautiful skin that covers his poison, so is Homer; for the bright colorings he throws over bad characters and passions. Now, as I don't think the beauties of poetry are comparable to those of

philosophy, nor a thousandth part of so important to human happiness, I must confess I dread Homer, especially as the companion of youth. The humane and gentle virtues are certainly the greatest charms and sweetest of life. And I suppose sir, you would hardly think of sending your sons to Achilles to learn these.

‘I agree he has too much revenge in his composition.’

‘Yes sir, when painted in the colors which Homer’s glowing fancy lend, what youth but must run the most imminent risk of catching a spark of bad fire from such a blaze as he throws on his pictures.’

‘Why this, though an uncommon view of the subject, is I confess, an ingenious one, Mr. Franklin, but surely, ’tis overstrained.’

‘Not at all, sir; we are told, from good authority, that it was the reading of Homer that first put it into the head of Alexander the Great to become a hero; and after him of Charles XII. What millions of creatures have been slaughtered by these two great butchers is not known; but still probably not a tythe of what have perished in duels, between individuals for pride and revenge nursed by reading Homer.’

‘Well, sir,’ replied the governor, ‘I have never heard the prince of bards treated in this way before. You must certainly be singular in your charges against Homer.’

‘I ask your pardon, sir; I have the honour to think of Homer exactly as did the great philosopher of antiquity; I mean Plato, who strictly forbade the reading of Homer to his republic. And yet Plato was a heathen. I don’t boast of myself as a christian; and yet I am shocked at the inconsistency of Latin and Greek teachers (generally Christians and Divines too) who can one day put Homer into the hands of their pupils, and in the midst of their recitations can stop them short to point out the divine beauties and solemnities which the poet gives to his hero in the bloody work of slaughtering the Trojans; and the next day take them to church to hear a discourse from Christ on the blessedness of meekness and forgiveness. No wonder that hot livered young men, thus educated should despise meekness as mere cowards’ virtue, and think nothing so glorious as fighting duels and blowing out brains.’

Here the governor came to a pause like a gamester at his last trump. But perceiving that Ben cast his eye on a splendid copy of Pope, he suddenly seized that as a fine opportunity to turn the conversation. So stepping up, he placed his hand on his shoulder, and in a very familiar manner, said:—

‘Well Mr. Franklin, there’s an author that I am sure you will not quarrel with; an author that I think you’ll pronounce faultless.’

‘Why, sir,’ replied Ben, ‘I entertain a most exalted opinion of Pope, but, sir, I think he is not without his faults.’

‘It would puzzle you, I suspect, Mr. Franklin, as keen a critic as you are, to point out one.’

‘Well, sir,’ answered Ben, hastily turning to the place, ‘what do you think of Pope’s

Immodest words admit of no defence.

For want of decency is want of sense.’

‘I see no fault there.’

‘No, indeed!’ replied Ben, ‘why now to my mind a man can ask no better excuse for any thing which he does wrong than his want of sense.—Well, sir, if I might alter a line in this great poet, I would do it in this way:—

Immodest words admit of THIS defence,  
That want of decency is want of sense.

Here the Governor caught Ben in his arms, as a delighted father would his son, calling at the same time to the captain:—

‘How greatly am I obliged to you, sir, for bringing to me an acquaintance with this charming boy! Oh, what a delightful thing it would be for us old fellows to converse with sprightly youth if they were all like him! But the worst of it is, most parents are as blind as bats to the glory and happiness of their children. Most parents never look higher for their sons than to see them delving like muck worms for money; or hopping like jay birds, in fine feathers. Hence their conversation is generally no better than froth or nonsense.

After several other handsome compliments on Ben, and on the captain expressing a wish to be going, the governor shook hands with Ben, begging at the same time he would forever consider him as one of his friends, and also never come to New York without coming to see him.—*Journal of Humanity.*

### THE LION MUZZLED.

*From the Metropolitan.*

TIME was the British Lion stood,  
Majestic upon Europe’s plain;  
Lord of two worlds, of land and flood,  
With lightning glance and horrent mane.  
What upstart Russian mock’d his gaze?  
What huckstering Dutchman dared his blow?  
To-day, dare, mock him, be at ease—  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

The hungry Croat and Russian slave  
May trample Italy’s rich fields,  
No more the royal beast can save—  
His look is meek, his fierceness yields:  
He sees tyrannic fangs and claws  
The very heart of freedom plough,  
Yet motionless his teeth and jaws—  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

When the trine despots covenants mar,  
As reeking Poland’s death shrieks rise,  
And murders with their red arms bare,  
Mangle—then jeer her agonies;

The royal perjurer's heart confess'd,  
See the changed beast no courage show,  
As if he sanctioned their behest—  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now.

Calmuc and Cossack get his gold,  
That should for hours of need provide;  
His debts are more than can be told,  
His bonds unpaid on every side.  
These tame him! What! so abject still,  
No wrinkle on his faded brow,  
To speak the indignant thwarted will?  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

Along the wild romantic Rhine,  
The Vandal hordes are gathering fast;  
Vainly may Hanoverians pine,  
Poor infants to the Molochs cast!  
King half of freemen, half of slave,  
Is he, their Lord, who bids them bow;  
But where's the champion that might save?  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

His wealth by Tories misapplied,  
To job or set up Bourbon Kings;  
The nation by their blunders tied,  
Like bird with vainly fluttering wings.  
By Whigs now ruled who temporize;  
The roar is but the steer's weak low  
That once in thunder shook the skies—  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

Belgium confides and is betrayed,  
With promises they duped her sons;—  
State-stranglers now they stand arrayed  
'Gainst law and right with swords and guns.  
And must the noble beast succumb,  
Stifle free thought, strife disavow,  
Crouch, flatter, fawn, and still be dumb!  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

Come Europe's Lord from Volga's waves,  
Nero or Nicholas with thy knout;  
Come Prussia, Austria, twin-slaves,  
Change men to brutes, force knowledge out;  
Drive back to ignorance man's mind,  
Make your king's-paradise below!  
The beast that might have saved mankind,  
Poor Lion, he is muzzled now!

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## NIGHT SCENE AT SEA.

*From Cringle's Log.*

THE small twinkling light from millions of lesser stars, in that part of the firmament where hung the moon, round as a silver potlid—shield I mean—were swamped in a flood of greenish-white radiance shed by her, and it was only a few of the first magnitude, with a planet here and there, that were visible to the naked eye, in the neighbourhood of her crystal bright globe; but the clear depth, and dark translucent purity of the profound, when the eye tried to pierce into it at the zenith, where the stars once more shone and sparkled thick and brightly, beyond the merging influence of the pale cold orb, no man can describe *now*—one could, *once*—but rest his soul, he is dead—and then to look forth far into the night, across the dark ridge of many a heaving swell of living water—but, “Thomas Cringle, ahoy—where the deuce are you cruising to?” So, to come back to my story, I went aft, and mounted the small poop, and looked towards the aforesaid moon, and not the paper lantern affair hanging in the atmosphere of fog and smoke, about which your bleareyed poets *haver* so much.

Ah, here it is! so off we go again—and looked towards the rising moon, whose shining wake of glow-worm-colored light, sparkling in the small waves, that danced in the gentle wind on the heaving bosom of the dark blue sea, was right ahead of us, like a river of quicksilver with its course diminished in the distance to a point, flowing towards us, from the extreme verge of the horizon, through a rolling sea of ink, with the waters of which for a time it disdained to blend. Concentrated, and shining like polished silver afar off—intense and sparkling as it streamed down nearer, but becoming less and less brilliant as it widened in its approach to us, until, like the stream of the great Estuary of the Magdalena, losing itself in the salt waste of waters, it gradually melted beneath us and around us into darkness.

I looked aloft—every object appeared sharply cut out against the dark firmament, and the swaying of the mast heads to and fro, as the vessel rolled, was so steady and slow, that *they* seemed stationary, while it was the moon and stars, which appeared to vibrate and swing from side to side, high over head, like the vacillation of the clouds in a theatre when the scene is first let down.

The masts, and yards, and standing and running rigging, looked like black pillars and bars, and wires of iron, reared against the sky, by some mighty spirit of the night; and the sails, as the moon shone dimly through them, were as dark as if they had been tarpawlings. But when I walked forward, and looked aft, what a beauteous change! Now each mast, with its gently swelling canvass, the higher sails decreasing in size, until they tapered away nearly to a point, though top-sail, topgallant-sails, royal and sky-sails, shewed like towers of snow, and the cordage like silver threads, while each dark spar seemed to be ebony, *finished* with ivory, as a flood of cold, pale, mild light streamed from the beauteous planet over the whole stupendous machine, lighting up the sand-

white decks, on which the shadows of the men, and of every object that intercepted the moon-beams, were cast as strongly as if the planks had been inlaid with jet.

There was nothing moving about the decks—The lookouts aft, and at the gangways, sat or stood like statues half bronze, half alabaster. The old quartermaster, who was conning the ship, and had perched himself on a caronade, with his arm leaning on the weather nettings, was equally motionless. The watch had all disappeared forward, or were stowed out of sight under the lee of the boats; the first Lieutenant, as if captured by the serenity of the scene, was leaning with folded arms on the weather gangway, looking abroad upon the ocean, and whistling now and then either for a wind or want of thought. The only being who showed sign of life was the man at the wheel, and he scarcely moved, except now and then to give her a spoke or two, when the cheep of the tiller-rope running through the well greased leading blocks, would grate on the ear as a sound of some importance; while in daylight, in the ordinary bustle of the ship, no one could say he ever heard it.

Three bells! "Keep a bright look out there," sung out the Lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir," from the four lookout men, in a volley. Then from the weather gangway. "All's well," rose shrill into the night air. The watchword was echoed by the man on the fore-castle, re-echoed, by the lee-gangway lookout, and ending with the response of the man on the poop.

He dived forthwith, and I walked aft a few steps towards where the old quartermaster was standing on the gun.

"How is her head, Quartermaster?"

"South east, and by south, sir. If the wind holds, we shall weather Morant Point, I think, sir."

## MORNING.

(From, PHILOSOPHY OF LONDON.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*)

THE metropolis presents certain features of peculiar interest just at that unpopular dreamy hour when stars "begin to pale their ineffectual fires," and the drowsy twilight of the doubtful day brightens apace into the fulness of morning, "blushing like an eastern bride." Then it is that the extremes of society first meet under circumstances well calculated to indicate the moral width between their several conditions. The gilded chariot bowls along from square to square with its delicate patrimonial possessor, bearing him homeward in celerity and silence, worn with lassitude, and heated with wine quaffed at his third rout, after having deserted the oft-seen ballet, or withdrawn in pettish disgust at the utterance of a false harmony in the opera. A cabriolet hurries past him still more rapidly, bearing a fashionable physician, on the fret at having been summoned prematurely from the comforts of a second sleep in a voluptuous chamber on an experimental visit to

“ Raise the weak head, and stay the parting sigh,  
Or with new life relume the swimming eye.”

At the corner of streets of traffic, and more especially

“ Where fam'd St. Giles's ancient limits spread,”

the matutinal luckster may be seen administering to costermongers, hackney-coachmen, and “ fair women without discretion,” a fluid “ all hot, all hot,” yeilded by the initiated elder wine, which, we should think, might give the partakers a tolerable notion of the fermented beverage extracted by Tartar from mare's milk not particularly fresh. Hard by we find a decent matron superintending her tea-table at the lamp-post, and tendering to a remarkably select company, little, blue, delft cups of bohea, filled from time to time from a prodigious kettle, that simmers unceasingly on its charcoal tripod though the refractory cad often protests that the fuel fails before the boiling stage is consummated by an ebullition. Hither approaches an interesting youth from Magherastaphena, who ere night-fall, is destined to figure in some police-office as a “ juvenile delinquent.” The shivering sweep, who has just travelled through half a dozen stacks of chimneys, also quickens every motion of his weary little limbs, when he comes within sight of the destined breakfast, and beholds the reversionary heel of a loaf and roll of butter awaiting his arrival. Another unfailing visitor is the market-gardener, on his way to deposit before the Covent Garden piazza such a pyramid of cabbages as might well have been manured in the soil with Master Jack's justly celebrated bean-stalk. Surely Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. The female portion of such assemblages, for the most part, consist of poor Salopian strawberry-carriers, many of whom have walked already at least four miles, with a troublesome burden, and for a miserable pittance—egg-women, with sundry still-born chickens, goslings, and turkey-pouts—and passing milk-maidens, peripatetic, under the yoke of their double pail. Their professional cry is singular and sufficiently unintelligible, although perhaps not so much so as that of the Dublin milk-venders in the days of Swift. it used to run thus,—

“ Mugs, jugs, and porringers,  
Up in the garret and down in the cellar.”

They are in general a hale, comely, well-favoured race, notwithstanding the assertion of the author of *Trivia* to the contrary.\*

The most revolting spectacle to any one of sensibility which usually presents itself about this hour, is the painful progress of the jaded, foundered, and terrified droves of cattle that one necessarily must see not unfrequently struggling on to the slaughter-house, perhaps after three days during which they have been running

“ Their course of suffering in the public way,”

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\* “ On doors the sallow milk-maid chalks her 'gains :  
Oh ! how unlike the milk-maid of the plains !”

On such occasions we have often wished ourselves "far from the sight of city, spire, or sound of minster-clock." One feels most for the sheep and lambs, when the softened fancy recurs to the streams and hedgerows, and pleasant pastures, from whence the woolly exiles have been ejected; and yet the emotion of pity is not wholly unaccompanied by admiration at the sagacity of the canine disciplinarians that bay them remorselessly forward, and sternly refuse the stragglers permission to make a reconnoissance on the road. They are highly respectable members of society these same sheep-dogs, and we wish we could say as much for "the curs of low degree," that just at the same hour began to prowl up and down St. Giles's, and to and fro in it, seeking what they may devour, with the fear of the Alderman of Cripplegate Within before their eyes. The felme kind, however, have reason to think themselves in more danger at the first round of the watering cart, for we have often rescued an unsuspecting tortoise-shell from the felonious designs of a skin-dealer, who was about to lay violent hands on unoffending puss, while she was watching the process of making bread through the crevices of a Scotch grating.\*

Another animal *sui generis*, occasionally visible about the same cock-crowing season, is the parliamentary reporter, shuffling to roost, and a more slovenly-looking operative from sunrise to sunset is rarely to be seen.—There has probably been a double debate, and between three and five o'clock he has written "a column *bould*"—No one can well mistake him. The features are often Irish, the gait jaunty and resolutely brisk, but neither "buxom, blithe, nor debonnaire," complexion wan, expression pensive, and the entire propriety of the toilette disarranged and *degagee*. The stuff that he has perpetrated is happily no longer present to his memory, and neither placeman's sophistry nor patriot's rant will be likely in any way to interfere with his repose. Intense fatigue, whether intellectual or manual, however, is not the best security for sound slumber at any hour, more particularly in the morning.

Even at this hour the swart Savoyard (*filius nullius*) issues forth on his diurnal pilgrimage, "remote, unfriended melancholy, slow," to execrate on his superannuated hurdy-gurdy that sublime melody, "the hundred and seventh psalm," or the plaintive sweetness of "Isabel," perhaps speculating on a breakfast for himself and Pug, some where between Knightsbridge and Old Brentford.—Poor fellow! Could he procure a few bones of mutton, how hard would it be for his hungry comprehension to understand the displeasure which similar objects occasioned to Attila on the plains of Champagne!

Then the too frequent preparations for a Newgate execution—but enough of such details; it is the muse of Mr. Crabbe that alone could do them jus-

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\* They say that no town in Europe is without a Scotchman for an inhabitant. This trade in London is generally professed by North Britons, and it is always a cause of alarm to a stranger if he notices the enormous column of black smoke which is emitted from their premises at the dawn of the morning.

tice. We would say to the great city, in the benedictory spirit of the patriot of Venice,—*esto perpetua!* Notwithstanding thy manifold “honest knaveries,” peace be within thy walls, and plenty pervade thy palaces, that thou mayest ever approve thyself, oh queen of capitals,

“ Like Samson’s riddle in the sacred song,  
A springing sweet still flowing from the strong!”

### SNORERS.

WE are one of that extensive class of human creatures who enjoy a fair night’s rest. The day emphatically belongs to earth. We yield it without any reluctance to care and labour. We toil, we drudge, we pant, we play the hack horse; we do things smilingly from which in secret we recoil, we pass by sweet spots and rare faces, that our very heart yearns for, without betraying the effort it costs; and thus we drag through the twelve long hours, disgusted almost, but gladdened withal, that the mask will have an end, and the tedious game be over, and our visor and our weapons be laid aside.—But the night is the gift of heaven. It brings freedom and repose; its influence falls coolly and gratefully upon the mind as well as the body, and as we drop the extinguisher, upon the round untouched pillow we at the same time put out a world of cares and perplexities. What then, must be our disappointment to find ourselves full at length, side by side, with a professed, regular bred, fullblooded snorer, when the spell of sleep is in every few moments forming on us; and then broken by the anomalous, incongruous nasal vociferations against which at this particular moment, we are endeavouring to excite the indignation of the reader?

It is one of the advantages of authorship, however, that even evils, by yielding prolific subjects for the pen, may be made a source of amusement and profit. We experienced this the other night when returning from a day’s absence, the traveller’s vicissitudes sent us to sleep on board a steamboat, plying between this city and Albany.—Fancy us, good reader, you know, (or, we have been hand and glove with you for so long a time, you ought to know,) our sly *penchant* for comfort—our harmless piece of epicureanism on a small scale—our enjoyment of a shady, still corner—our horror of being pushed and thrust about “any how.”—We have even, on occasions, betrayed too many of our secret tastes and antipathies, and have been rated sometimes by anonymous correspondents, (those familiar, invisible gentry) for preferring a slant sunbeam through a heavy curtain to one that comes in like other beams. Imagine us then, in a “night boat,” which even the captain confessed was “slow;” the wind and tide against us, a hot night, numerous passengers, the engine heaving and working laboriously, with a regular and heavy impulse, that jarred through the massive vessel with jerks and shocks like little earth-quakes, and the subtle languor of slumber stealing through our limbs, and

hanging on our eyelids. A hundred or two travellers already "turned in," we were ushered below into the cabin, and directed by a clerk to a berth, where our guide informed us we were to sleep. To sleep! we looked at the fellow's face. It was perfectly grave and respectful. A glance satisfied us that he intended no insult. He left us, and we paused to look around. Ah! the cabin of a steamboat is a melancholy affair to a sleepy gentleman, about eleven o'clock at night. A dim lamp suspended from the ceiling, shed a doleful light upon the long, low, narrow apartment. The curtains of the berth were mostly drawn. Divers boots, which, when enlivened by their respective legs, had clambered mountains or paced over fields, now lay in groups here and there. Hats, valises, umbrellas, rested by their owners, being probably the only vestiges of them we should ever encounter.—One fat gentleman had just lifted his unwieldy person into bed, and was tying a Bandana handkerchief around his head, preparatory to his launching off into glorious repose; while a cross looking lean person opposite, having wound up his watch and rescued his feet from his boots, with a prodigious deal of straining and ill humour; having with considerable difficulty discovered where he was to dispose of his cloak and other matters; bumping his head, moreover, while getting into his couch, and easing the pain with a smothered execration, at length disposed of himself to his satisfaction. We do not know of any thing which, when a man is really out of humour, exhausts his philosophy more utterly than hitting his head sharply against any hard object. My friend cursed the builder of the steamboat in a half smothered growl, and then all was quiet. And now we were floating off into a pleasant sleep, when a low and gradually increasing sound from the berth of the fat gentleman arrested our attention. We listened, all was silent; and then again the same sound, more palpable and better developed. It was first a long breath, of the consistency of a loud whisper. We turned over, still it went on. We turned back again, there it was yet. We rose to our elbow in a passion, and poked our heads out between the red curtains. There was the fat gentleman's berth. We could just detect a glimpse of the Bandana handkerchief, by a feeble glare of the lamp. Our sleepy eyes passed disconsolately over the boots and valises. We laid down again, but could "not with all the weary watching of our care-tired thoughts," win the coy dame sleep to our bed.—What was to be done? Go up and strike the fat gentleman a blow? Impossible. Complain to the captain? He would laugh at us. Never was a man so weighed down, so oppressed with sleep, and never did a man so suffer from a snorer. The fat gentleman, as if aware of our misery and mocking at it, went on, like an orator getting warm with his subject. He grew loud, vociferous, outrageous. We laid and listened.—He inhaled, he exhaled. Now the air rushed in through his extended jaws, now it burst forth obstreperously through his sonorous nose. He took it in with the tone of an octave flute, he let it out again with the profound depth of a trombon. He breathed short; he breathed long; he gasped, whistled, groaned, gurgled. He quickened the time, became rapid, agitated, furious.

Hitherto he had snored with the sound of a rushing, regular

stream, hastening forward over a deep channel—now it was the brawl, clash, dash, hurry, and discordant confusion of the same tide hurled down a cataract of broken rocks—at last he gave an abrupt snort, and ceased altogether. We were thanking heaven for this relief, when a treble voice from the berth directly beneath, announced new trouble. It was some one—whom, we know not, nor do we ever covet his friendship, who belonged to a different class of snorers. He made a regular, quick, sharp, hacking sound, like that of a man cutting wood. Hack, hack, hack—we heard it at intervals all the night. The lean gentleman in the opposite part of the room now put on his claim as a snorer. He had *four notes*. It was a tune. It could be written and played any day. We laughed outright, and inwardly resolved to find the fellow out, and see what he was like by daylight. He played on some time, and then finished with a sudden combination of sounds, among the constituent parts of which we could plainly distinguish a hiss and two sneezes. His exit reminded us of those protechnic creations to be seen at Niblo's Castle garden, &c. which whirl round and round, and then explode with a phiz and a phiz, sure to be bounteously applauded by the enlightened audience. There was something in this gentleman's snoring which touched our feelings. A fine spirited fellow he was we warrant. Full of life and animation, and not inclined to hide his light under a bushel. What became of him, however, after the explosion, we cannot say. He left a dead silence, and his evaporation we almost lamented. We should like to know, however, whether any law can be put in requisition against this gentry, or why we have not the same right to practice on the trombone, on board the steamboat, that they possess of "piercing the night's dull ear," by such pompous displays of nasal abilities.—*Paulding*.

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### THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

MIDNIGHT,—at Sea,—'neath scowling skies, descried,  
 The rising billows spread their sheeted foam:  
 Loud, and more loud, the north-sent tempest cried,  
 As farther sped that gallant ship from home.

Darkly and mute amid the war she roll'd,  
 Her night watch set, her helmsman at his post,  
 Her smooth deck cleared to baulk the breakers hold,  
 Her white sails reef'd,—and distant every coast.

Listless as death, upon his hammock bed,  
 A Mother's pride is laid—the Cabin Boy;  
 His snowy brow, and checks of sun-burnt red,  
 And chubby hands, have marks of toils alloy.'

Kind nature meets with balm the ills of life—  
A tale of childhood o'er his bosom sweeps;  
At rest! unconscious, 'mid surrounding strife,  
Like nurse-lap'd babe the little sailor sleeps.

He dreams!—his quivering lip, and dimpling cheek,  
Pourtray the never-sleeping spirit's power;  
He sees, oh! happy sight, his native creek,  
The ocean past, the cottage roofs before:

Figures familiar tread the daisied green,  
The gilded spire peers up in wonted state,  
And, first to hail him to the placid scene,  
His own dog Watch bounds through the rustic gate.

But soon he's in a Mother's fervent arms;  
Once more her breast is pillow to his head!  
A father bends above his stripling's charms,  
And tears of joy on that lov'd face are shed.

A sister folds in his her softer hand,  
His black-bird conscious whistles from the wall,  
About the vine-fringed door his playmates stand,  
Forgot awhile, their much-lov'd hoop and ball.

One 'mid the youthful group attracts his eye,  
With deeper glance, his sweetheart, "fair hair'd" Jess!  
Now throbs his happy bosom doubly high,  
He bounds, and folds her in a close caress.

Her guileless lips even meet the boy's half way!  
A tear stands trembling 'neath its silken shade,  
Lighted by pleasure's soft eccentric ray;  
Too blest for quiet, sobs the little maid:

And lowly falters—"Harry go no more,  
Across the ocean, from our village green;  
They tell me, wild, and boisterous is its roar,  
Then stay with us, nor sigh for wider scene."

Sweetly the lov'd tones come,—like mystic strains  
From out a fairy dome—his charmed ear,  
Deaf to all other claims, intensely leans  
To drink these syllables—ah! Sailor, hear!



Not Jessy's accents, but the howling deep!  
 The pealing thunder! and the crashing blast!  
 Up! from your dream, to find a dreamless sleep,  
 A vision true, the dreariest and the last!

He startling wakes, his dream indeed is fled,  
 He's on the deck, the fabled pleasures die,  
 And truth and terror fill his soul instead,—  
 For peaceful home, is, bellowing deep and sky;

For father's glance, is lightning's horrid glare,  
 For mother's tears, the chilling spray-drops fall,  
 For playmates, hardy men in deep despair,  
 While night-fiends from the lurid billows call.

He grasps the rail, and prays, and hopeless eyes  
 The riven clouds the phosphor-lighted foam,  
 And, bounding 'mid the tumult, faintly cries,  
 "Farewell my love, my parents and my home."

T.

NOTE.—The *Sailor Boy's Dream*—in a form somewhat different to the above lines—was published once before, at a distance from Halifax.

## A FOREST SCENE.

AT A VILLAGE IN THE BACK WOODS OF GEORGIA.

DURING a week's rest at this retired village, I casually mentioned that I had never seen a deer hunt. A party was immediately formed, and the next morning, after an early breakfast, we set out under a perfectly cloudless sky, and through these immense woods, whose dying leaves, betraying the touch of the autumn frosts, covered the whole face of nature as with a mantle of the most brilliant and opposite colours. Here a tree, with foliage of the brightest orange, mingled its branches with one of the deepest gory red, while among the oaks, which displayed all the various shades of the rainbow, here and there towered the erect and lofty pine, with its deep, dark, and unfading green. This tract of land was but a few years ago owned and occupied by the Indians, who, in order to facilitate their hunting by clearing the ground, were accustomed to set on fire what they term the *under brush*. The pine trees frequently suffered in the operation; and their burnt and blasted stumps are often discerned by the solitary traveller, like the frowning ghosts of that high spirited and ruined race. li-

gering among the places, hallowed by habit and tradition, where the ashes of their heroic fathers sleep. In the summer they contrast strangely with the bright and tender green, the delicate sweet flowers which spring up around their root, and the fresh and feminine loveliness of the vines, which sometimes cling with living tendrils to their scathed, dead trunks.

At a large and commodious dwelling, although constructed of logs, and by its appearance fully entitled to the appellation of hut, we found a good-natured, hospitable old gentleman, with horns, guns and hounds. A dozen of the latter were assembled in the road, before the house, fully prepared to enter into the spirit of the sport. No one could comprehend what was going on more clearly than these worthy, impatient gentlemen. They were fine animals, with fine names, and in their eagerness and joy frequently drew upon them the rebuke of the old man. Scarcely any brute creature expresses his sensations with more manifest meaning than a dog. Mark some timid, half starved, and hungry wretch, stealing through the kitchen, and casting wistful looks toward the frying pan. In a moment of solitude, when the temptation is too powerful for those virtuous principles, which all well educated, decent dogs should practice, he steals toward some luscious, fragrant morsel, his eyes dilate, and he licks his lips with a kind of timid courage,

“I’ll cross it, though it blast me;”

but Dinah enters, and mark the startled cur: and if you wish to see not only expression in countenance, but in every line of form, just look at him as he describes a circular line of retreat, for certain reasons best known to himself, the cook, and the broomstick handle. Then behold the same creature animated and fearless when he is where he knows he has a right to be. Music seemed inspired with an irresistible feeling of joy, which fairly overflowed his soul; Azure was chasing Beauty in circles, yet with every mark of affection; Silver lay by resting his noble head upon his two fore feet, in the dignity of grave and pleasing contemplation, occasionally wagging his tail, and brightening up as his longing gaze of gratitude won a word or look from his master; while others rolled, leaped, ran, and at length gave vent to their feelings in a loud, prolonged yelp of delight.

It is necessary that a hunting party should consist of at least six or seven. One or two, termed drivers, with horns, horses, and hounds, ride to the grounds frequented by the deer, and the dogs soon catch the scent. There are certain known passages of the forest through which the timid animals, when affrighted, generally at-

tempt to escape. One individual of the party is stationed at each of these, and in such an opening I found myself on that bright morning, alone, in the midst of these hushed and pathless forests, lurking, I almost thought like a murderer, with my loaded piece, till the defenceless flying creature should spring upon his death. The silence around me was perfectly delightful. I could hear nothing—not even the warbling of a bird—not the murmuring of a rill, for the stream by my side instead of brawling and bubbling over its channel, had spread itself out into unbroken transparency. Across its bank, and accidentally answering the purposes of a bridge, a fallen tree was lying. Sometimes a playful fish leaped up from the brook, or glistened near the surface, as it turned its silver side to the sun; and sometimes a leaf, loosened from its branch, fell, and floated slowly to the ground in silence. I was thinking how many millions of my fellow creatures drop off even thus in the shadowy places of life, and go down to the church yard with as little notice or interruption to the general business and joy and beauty of nature, when the barking and yelping of the hounds came faintly through the distance, then nearer and nearer till the whole chorus swelled on the breeze, and rung through the quiet wood, breaking strangely in upon its impressive stillness with discordant sounds of riot and death. You cannot conceive, unless you have experienced a similar moment, the almost painful eagerness and anxiety with which I watched to behold the victim appear through the trees. I heard a rustling among the dried leaves, and with desperate speed, and the whole bloody pack close at her heels, a large doe broke from the thicket, and passed near the place where I stood. Fleet as the wind she was springing by when I gave a low whistle; on a sudden she stopped, and the fatal ball lodged in her shoulder; another and another stretched her on the ground. She was a most lovely and feminine creature. Nothing could exceed the grace, cleanliness, and beauty of her form and limbs. The dark and silky brown of her back, the snowy whiteness of her neck, throat, and chest, and the almost human intelligence of her face, struck me with a strange feeling, of which they, more familiar with the sight, can form no idea. I confess, however unmanly it may have been, that a momentary horror ran through my frame as the lids, with their long lashes, fell over those large, dark, and beautiful eyes; while the swarthy huntsmen, with rough grasp and merry jokes, bound together her slender, tapering limbs, and one drew his long glittering knife across her throat.—  
*Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man.*

## RURAL TRANQUILITY.

## THE ROCK MOUNTAIN.

IN the interior of the state of Georgia, is a mountain composed entirely of naked granite, which on the map is set down as the Rock mountain. Finding myself once, in the course of my wanderings, within a day's ride of this curiosity, I exerted my influence to obtain a waggon, a horse, and a friend, and was soon jogging along a road which wound through almost endless forests, over leaves, into deep valleys, across rugged hills, and through the branches of streams which, although at this spot easily fordable with the aid of a horse, broaden gradually into wide rivers, and empty their waters into the Atlantic. At the foot of this extraordinary rock is a log hut, which the folks thereabout call a house of entertainment. Here we arrived some time after dusk. A long ride through these forests, where driving required considerable skill and constant attention, had overcome me with a feeling of drowsy fatigue. A cup of melancholy beverage, which passed under the appellation of coffee, was swallowed, without any material injury, and after basking a little time in the red light of a blazing fire, which they make here of light dry pine knots, nearly as combustible as powder, and caressing two or three fine large dogs, which rested in the capacious fire place, we retired to rest. My chamber was fashioned of logs, several inches from each other, and various openings appeared in the roof. I was soon deposited in a bed, rude but scrupulously clean, and began to loose myself in that delicious dreaminess, which makes sleep so welcome to the weary, when the sudden bark of a dog startled me. He was answered by about ten or fifteen others, in all the notes of the gamut. They growled, barked, howled, yelped, and uttered all the sounds of which dog's language is capable. Then came the tramping of horses' feet, the crack of whips, the report of a gun, and the footsteps of hounds patting across the entry, which was almost entirely exposed to the air. I started up, and putting my head through an aperture in the wall, where neither glass nor shutter offered any opposition, I perceived that a party of hunters had arrived, fully equipped for the pursuit of deer, and intended to rest at the "house of entertainment" till day break enabled them to resume their sports. It was now late; a starry sky stretched broad and clear over head, but the air was chilly, and I was feign to bid good night even to the yellow moon, just rising above the forest trees. Casting, therefore, a hasty glance at her spotted disk, her shadowy vales, her bright deserts and lofty mountains, and another at the

quiet night scene, the dim and dark woods, the old fences and rude log huts, faintly silvered over with the pale moonlight, and the glorious track of vast blue distance which canopied that silent solitude with its flashing gems, I left poetry and prose to take care of themselves, and murmuring a sleepy "beautiful!" once more laid down to rest. Again the world of reality faded into indistinctness, a thought of my distant home crossed my mind, and pleasant faces appeared floating around in darkness; then I remember catching the flash of a star through the roof, and gravely debating to myself by what mismanagement among the heavenly bodies it had descended into my chamber. Yet although eleven or twelve hundred miles distant from the thundering of carts and the shuffling of feet which had so often broken my meditation in the city of Manahatta, I discovered that rural felicity had its own characteristic tumults. My slumber was destined to be again broken. The dogs growled and snapped as if in sudden fight; then, after a brief silence, during which I closed my leaden lids, a little scoundrel of a puppy set up a scream, and a deep mouthed bay from some old veteran of a bull dog struck in like a line on the bass viol. The whole pack were roused. Their feet patted briskly across the entry floor, then suddenly stopped with a snarl and a snap; I could almost see their lips curl, their tails and ears start up erect; then they patted off again. I might, however, have slumbered after a little time, even had the whole canine pack opened the cry at my ear, for one becomes accustomed to any particular and uniform confusion.

A sailor's rest is not broken by the stormy violence which thunders upon deck, and it is said that many soldiers under Sir John Moore enjoyed the benefit of sleep while actually engaged in marching. I was about following their example when my enemies received a reinforcement from all the awakened population of the plantation. The horse neighed, the oxen bellowed, the geese scudded across the road, flapping their clumsy wings, and improving the concert with a general gabble, chickens cackled, a guinea hen and a peacock exclaimed aloud, and a rooster joined the chorus with a crow, so triumphantly impertinent that I leaped upon the floor entirely out of patience. Almost giddy with the want of sleep, I looked from the window; the dogs were all collected beneath it, yelling most furiously. By the light of the moon, which shone into the room, I descried a large horsewhip in the corner. With a sudden exertion of my strength and skill, I proceeded to an immediate application, which struck the assembly of industrious quadrupeds with considerable astonishment, and, bating a few expressive yelps, as an acknowledgment of some of my most judi-

ously aimed strokes, a general silence ensued. The dogs sneaked off to nameless holes and corners; the cows, with their serious countenances, stood looking on, with grave and silent approbation; the horse poked his head through a hole in his delapidated log stable, and gazed quietly around to see what was going on; the geese formed a small platoon in the farthest corner of the yard, with faces expressive of conscious guilt; and the saucy rooster, strutting off with a vain effort to preserve his importance, fairly yielded fame to safety, and like a prudent politician after the defeat of his party, awaited beneath the shadow of an old waggon, till the vicissitudes of fortune should again call him into action. Having thus routed my numerous foes, I indulged myself with a sleepy glance through one eye upon their discomfited forces, and once more stretched myself on the downy couch.

Again my lids closed, with the sweet feeling which nature has caused to spring as a necessary consequence out of toil and privation; and again the fairy wonders of imagination began to displace the homeliness of reality. But ah! as the moralists say, "the fallacy of human hopes;" the hunters came into my room, and occupied the bed which stood in the other corner, and their hoarse heavy snores soon announced their situation. My previous proceedings had also disturbed the slumbers of a child, who had been reposing in the next room with its mother. Its cries reduced the affectionate author of its being to the necessity of putting in practice the various conciliatory arts usual on such occasions, and, these proving unsuccessful, she proceeded forthwith to execute a brief process, often resorted to for the benefit of young travellers over the flowery path of youth, and which, such is the unhappy destiny of human nature, few, alas! have altogether escaped. This raised matters to a climax. The child screamed till the house rung. The hunters turned in their creaking bed, and grumbled hoarse fragments of angry oaths; again the shrill impudent voice of the puppy set the tune, and the broad-faced bull dog bayed in answer; again the geese flapped across the road, the chickens cackled, and the guinea hen screamed, and, "to crown the enchantment of the scene," in the midst of all the noises elicited upon the occasion, the persevering rooster, perched upon the wheel of the cart, beneath which before he had slunk in disgrace, beat his sides with his wings, and gave a crow, which in my sleepiness I positively thought was intended as an insult. I ruminated a moment upon the proper course to be pursued, when nature, overcoming all opposition, asserted her rights, and I was awakened by the glorious beams of the rising sun shining through a wall, which might

have enacted a part in "Pyramus and Thisbe." Eager to gain a morning view, we equipped ourselves with goodly oaken sticks, partly to defend us from improper familiarity with the rattle snakes, which are said to abound there, and partly to assist us in climbing the steep. A sudden change of the weather, however, enveloped us in a fog, as we reached the foot of the Rock, or Stone mountain. It is a bare mass of granite, between two and three thousand feet high. The appearance of similar elevations, composed of ordinary earth, and clothed with verdure, fails to impress the mind with the idea of solidity and durability, which it conceives from the contemplation of this gigantic rock heaved upward in the form of a stupendous billow. A gradual descent of the surrounding country towards its base forms a circular basin of several miles in circumference, of which it is the centre; and the apparently interminable forests, which wave around it, strike the eye in a strong contrast with its bleak and desolate nakedness. From the gradual ascent of one side the curious passenger approaches the brink of an immense and almost perpendicular precipice. On reaching the "perilous edge" of this abrupt declivity, the giddy view broke suddenly upon me. Mere description conveys but feebly any idea of the effect of such a scene upon the imagination. I had so limited a knowledge of the localities of the place, that I advanced much nearer the precipice than was necessary or agreeable. As I tremblingly measured the depths of the distance, I felt that the least breath of air almost the agitation of my own thoughts, might precipitate me down the abyss. Yet a fearful fascination riveted my eyes upon the scene, till I became conscious of a sensation of giddiness; scarcely I dared make the motion necessary for turning; instinctively I stooped, although the broad slab afforded nothing for me to grasp, and my readers had nearly escaped much injudicious scribbling, when I recollected an anecdote, headed "Look aloft, you lubber," and cast my eyes toward the summit. There stood my companion, rather surprised at my quadruped propensities, and I hastened to follow his example in admiring the sublime productions of nature from a safer position.

A hermit, disgusted with the world, and anxious to try the experiment of solitude upon his disposition, should choose this very spot. Nothing can be farther separated from all the associations of human life. Neither gloomy cave, nor uninhabited island, nor secluded forest, could so perfectly assure him a dreary and dismal loneliness. On earth some object would remind him of home or friends; some warbling bird would awaken a softened feeling; some opening flower or clinging vine would call up thoughts of

beauty and love. The common goings on of nature's sweet operations would send gleamings of human joys and wishes through the dark and human passages of the most ruined heart. But this grand and silent mountain, striking its foundations, fancy cannot conjecture how deep, into the bosom of our planet, would conjure up in his mind only thoughts of other ages—of the primitive convulsions which gave it birth—of the ephemeral nature of all human events, when compared with this durable monument of nature's caprices—of the limitless time during which it may thus defy the storms of heaven, or of the awful shock by which its adamantean bosom may be rent asunder.—*Dreams and Reveries of a Quiet Man.*

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## VISIT TO THE EDYSTONE LIGHT HOUSE.

(From a New York paper.)

I HAD read Smeaton's account of the Edystone, and the difficulties and dangers he encountered while superintending its construction, and I felt an ardent desire to visit a spot where the genius and indefatigable zeal of a great man so happily combined at once to bestow a valuable blessing on posterity, and leave a lasting monument of his own fame. I arrived at Plymouth early in August, a season in which a tranquil sea may be expected; yet the weather had been for some time boisterous, and I was fearful of success in attempting an excursion to the Edystone.

The position of the rock, exposed as it is to the unbroken swell of the Atlantic, renders it extremely difficult to land at the house; and a traveller who is intent on visiting this solitary abode, may perform many unsuccessful voyages, even when the weather is most serene; for the swell at the light-house is frequently an undulation proceeding from causes not apparent on the spot, and often depends more on the winds that may chance to prevail at a distance in the channel, or even in the Atlantic, than on the state of the weather near shore.

I took the opportunity of going out by the Edystone Tender, a sloop of thirty tons, kept for the service of the light house, with orders to supply the inmates with fresh provisions, at least twice a week, whenever the weather is sufficiently fine to allow a boat to land. This service is, however, chiefly confined to the summer months; and such is, at times, the difficulty of access to the house, that, in the winter of 1828, thirteen weeks elapsed without a single opportunity of communicating with the light-keepers.



I left Catwater at seven o'clock, on a morning by no means promising for such an excursion; and though our little vessel appeared to sail tolerably well, it was afternoon before we had a distinct view of the light house. The gentle breeze though contrary to our course, would long before have brought us to the object of my curiosity, but for a long ground swell, that rolled towards shore, not like the ruffled surface of a narrow channel, but the lengthened undulation of an ocean. As we proceeded slowly onwards by short tacks, the sea opposing the bows, and the rolling of the vessel shaking the little wind there was out of her sails, I thought of Smeaton, and the many tedious voyages he performed, when carrying on a work for which his name will ever be illustrious in the annals of science, philanthropy, and courage, and if one day seemed tiresome to a traveller whose only interest was to gaze at the production of so great a genius, how much more tedious must have appeared the many weeks, and even months, lost by its founder in his protracted, and often fruitless excursions to the then houseless rock. It was past four when we arrived within half a mile of the rocks, and the swell had abated to a degree I could not have imagined possible in so short a time. It was nearly flood, and the long chain of rocks which forms the principal reef was all above water. On the highest rock, at some distance from this chain, stands the house, and beyond it a smaller reef, with a conical detached rock between them. Smeaton's description of the spot had indeed delighted me; but the Eddystone must be seen before one can fully feel the merit of its founder. The distant land was obscured by heavy rain, and the sharp blue line of the horizon every where defined and void of objects, save where the lighthouse rose, in solemn majesty, from the very surface of the sea. On a rock scarcely larger than its base, and entirely covered at high-water, with eleven miles of sea between it and the nearest land, exposed to all the fury of Atlantic seas, yet firm as its rocky foundation, in proud defiance of its powerful assailant, stands the graceful building! Painting may represent the scene in part, but what art can portray the wide expanse that everywhere surrounds the spectator?

The tide had now turned favourable to our course, and we rapidly advanced towards the house. When within two hundred yards the boat was brought along side, and the casks of water and provisions being put into it, we rowed off.

The light-keepers had for some time perceived our approach, and before we arrived the crane was in readiness to hoist the

asks to the storeroom on the second floor; the door was opened, and the steps put down to the highest point of the rock.

We proceeded to the channel at the back or land side of the rock. The short ladder was fixed to irons placed for the purpose and we ascended to the flat surface by the side of the house. A narrow slippery path, not a foot broad, cut into steps, leads round the rock to the ladder of the door, with an ascent of about eight feet more. The ladder itself is thirteen feet long, and is joined, so that, when pulled up, it lies in the narrow passage to which it leads. The reason for placing the door so high appears to have been to provide a mass of solid masonry at the bottom of the building, and perhaps to prevent the possibility of invasion by pirates, who might be anxious to recruit their stock of provisions. The arrangement of the house itself is so completely detailed in Smeaton's work, that any description would be superfluous; and I shall confine myself to such observations as conduce, either to confirm the just conceptions of its founder by the silent testimony of years, or relate to alterations which experience has suggested.

Three men constantly reside in this place of true retirement. The oldest who is styled Captain, has been there seventeen years; and it appears that, though they have liberty : remain on shore each a month at intervals in the year, they gradually lose all inclination to leave the house, and feel that their residence on shore constantly makes them ill—an effect probably arising from the irregularities of living, scarcely separable from a removal to the pleasures of society after extreme retirement. Each man has a salary amounting to nearly £50 a year, besides provisions and a bottle of porter every day. The house is constantly furnished with three months' provisions of salt meat, biscuit, and water, and an additional supply of one hundred pounds of beef. There is likewise a stock of five hundred gallons of oil for the lights. When the house was first built, the light consisted of twenty-four tallow candles placed without reflectors. It must have been a very inefficient light, and extremely troublesome to the men, who were required to snuff the candles every half hour; but as candles were found to yield less soot than common lamps, they proved the best method of lighting then known. The invention of the Argand lamps was a valuable discovery for lighthouses; and about thirty-eight years ago that lamp was introduced into the Edystone, the north and south Forelands, and many other lights. The lamps were placed in the form of a parabolic reflector of twenty one inches diameter, plated with silver, which projects a cylinder of light with surprising intensity. At first a lens of the same diame-

ter as the reflector was placed opposite each light in the window of the lantern; but subsequent experience proved that though in certain points of the horizon the light was more intense, yet it was less generally diffused, so that it often happened that a distant vessel, unless in the axis of a lens, did not see the light at all; the lenses have been therefore removed in all the lighthouses for some years. In the Edystone there were twenty four Argand lamps, disposed in three circles over each other, but at present there are only sixteen; one row having been removed, I rather think, merely on the score of economy.

The external stone work of the Edystone is, generally, as perfect as when it was finished; and the cement which unites the stones, far from exhibiting any marks of decay, actually stands forward beyond the surface of the stone, with a calcareous incrustation; and it is a remarkable circumstance that in the very few instances in which the persons intrusted with the care of the structure have had occasion to perform some trifling repairs, the Roman cement has been resorted to for the purpose, and found inferior in its adhesive powers to the cement originally employed by Smeaton. The lower part of the building is so overgrown with green slimy weed, that the base appears as if it were a continuation of the rock itself,

Having spent nearly an hour in conversing with the men who thus voluntarily give up all the advantages we hold most dear to this brief period of our existence, and doom themselves to a seclusion, than which human invention could not picture a more dreary punishment for an unhappy criminal, I left the house not a little gratified that the weather had permitted me to inspect one of the most glorious achievements of ancient or modern architecture.

*It is a singular coincidence but rarely found in art, that in the Edystone the form alone which could ensure stability, is at once the most beautiful that could have been imagined for such a structure. The curved outline, gracefully diminishing upwards, and surmounted by the curved conice, produces an effect that it would have been in vain to attempt with the regularity of straight lines, and the usual routine of angular projections.*

Many views have been given of this curious building; but too many of them have been little more than imitations of the frontispiece to Smeaton's work, which represents the morning after a storm, with the sea rising in a cone, and burying the lighthouse entirely within it.

The glass in the lantern, though strong plate, has been more than once broken by its assaults, and the inhabitants drenched by the water which entered in consequence.

The stability of this edifice naturally excites our admiration—but it is a feeling not unmixed with awful reflections. Well might Smeaton say, that “He only who first created the atoms, can ascertain what is the full extent of those powers that may possibly be combined towards the destruction of the mass.” True he could submit to no calculation the powers against which he contended; but he did what human genius could perform and his labor was not in vain. The building stands; long may it remain fast as the granite rock that bears it high above the flood. P.

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### GOVERNOR CASS'S DESCRIPTION OF THE PICTURED ROCKS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

UPON the southern coast of Lake Superior, about fifty miles from the falls of St. Mary, are the immense precipitous cliffs, called by the voyagers, Le Potrail and the Pictured Rocks. This name has been given them in consequence of the different appearance which they present to the traveller, as he passes their base in his canoe. It requires little aid from the imagination to discern in them the castellated tower and lofty dome, spires and pinnacles, and every sublime, grotesque, or fantastic shape, which the genius of architecture ever evented. The cliffs are an unbroken mass of rocks, rising to an elevation of 300 feet above the level of the lake, and stretching along the coast for fifteen miles. The voyagers never pass this coast except in the most profound calm; and the Indians, before they make the attempt, offer their accustomed oblations, to propitiate the favour of their Monitions. The eye instinctively searches along the eternal rampart for a single place of security; but the search is in vain. With an impassible barrier of rocks on one side, and an interminable expanse of water on the other side, a sudden storm upon the lake would as inevitably insure the destruction of the passenger in his frail canoe, as if he were on the brink of the cataract of Niagara. The rock itself is a sandstone, which is disintegrated by the continual action of the water with comparative facility. There are no broken masses upon which the eye can rest and find relief. The lake is so deep, that these masses as they are torn from the precipice, are concealed beneath its water until they are reduced to sand. The action of the waves has undermined every projecting point; and there the immense precipice rests upon arches, and the foundation is intersected with caverns in every direction.

When we passed this mighty fabric of nature, the wind was still and the lake was calm. But even the slightest motion of the waves, which, in the most profound calm, agitates these internal seas, swept through the deep caverns with the noise of distant thunder, and died away upon the ear, as it rolled forward in the dark recesses inaccessible to human observation. No

sound more melancholy or more awful ever vibrated upon human nerves. It has left an impression which neither time nor distance can ever efface. Resting in a frail bark canoe upon the limpid waters of the lake; we seemed almost suspended in air, so pellucid is the element upon which we floated. In gazing upon the towering battlements which impended over us, and from which the smallest fragment would have destroyed us, we felt, and felt intensely, our own insignificance. No situation can be imagined more appalling to the courage, or more humbling to the pride of man. We appeared like a speck upon the face of creation. Our whole party, Indians and voyagers, and soldiers, officers, and servants, contemplated, in mute astonishment the awful display of creative power, at whose base we hung; and no sound broke upon the ear to interrupt the ceaseless roaring of the waters. No splendid cathedral, no temple built with human hands, no pomp of worship could ever impress the spectator with such humility, and so strong a conviction of the immense distance between him and the Almighty Architect.

The writer of this article has viewed the Falls of Niagara, and the passage of the Potomac through the blue Ridge, two of the most stupendous objects in the natural features of our country. The impression they produce is feeble and transient compared with that of the Pictured Rocks on Lake Superior,

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## OBITUARY OF DISTINGUISHED MEN.

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DR. ADAM CLARKE, breathed his last on the 26th of August, 1832, in his seventy second year.

Thus sunk into the grave the mortal remains of one of the greatest men of the present age, there to slumber, "ashes to ashes, and dust to dust," until the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible. The territories of death have rarely been honoured with richer spoils.

Dr. Adam Clarke was born near Magherafelt, in the county of Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, about the year 1761.

On entering life, he was designed for trade, and, pursuant to this intention, was for some time placed under the care of a Mr. Bennet, a linen manufacturer; but, disliking some branches of the business, he left this gentleman, yet on such honourable terms, that their mutual friendship continued without interruption until Mr. Bennet's death.

Blessed with natural talents of the first order, his ability and acquirements attracted the attention of many who visited his father's house. Among these, was a preacher intimately acquainted with the late venerable and reverend John Wesley, with whom he kept up a regular correspondence. In one of his letters having given a favourable report of Adam Clarke, Mr. Wesley was so pleased with the representation, that an intercourse was opened between him and his young friend. The event was, that he was called from Ireland, and placed for about a month in Kingswood school.

Dr. Clarke had not been long in the Kingswood seminary, before Mr. Wesley paid it a visit; and when the lads were brought before him, he inquired for the young man from Ireland. Adam Clarke was soon pointed out, When Mr. Wesley questioned him as to his experience, views of redemption, doctrine, mode of preaching, &c.; and being satisfied with his replies, requested him to sit down. This was accordingly done, and a profound silence ensued. Mr. Wesley then asked if he should be willing to become an itinerant preacher? and was answered with—"I should be willing if you thought me worthy." This was followed by the scene which Dr. Clarke thus describes:

"We all sat in profound silence, but my eye was fixed on Mr. Wesley, who appeared motionless with his eyes closed, but a heavenly smile played on his countenance, which seemed to furnish indications of something more than human. At length, awakening from his enraptured meditation, he arose from his seat, and came to the place where I was sitting. Then, with a solemnity which I can never forget, he laid his hand on my head, while he uttered these memorable words:—'May God Almighty out of heaven bless thee, my dear lad, and make thee useful in thy day and generation. Hold thyself in readiness and in a few weeks I hope to appoint thee to a circuit.'"

From the commencement of his career, Dr. Clarke was every where exceedingly popular, and in most places his labours were crowned with great success. Though not much above nineteen when he entered on his first circuit, multitudes, who scarcely ever visited the Methodist chapels on any other occasion, flocked to hear him: and, at times, the place was so thronged, that it was with difficulty he could urge his way through the concentrated mass.

During several years prior to 1815, Dr. Clarke resided in London, and devoted the greater part of his time to his Commentary; but the duties of his station as a preacher, and those of various committees and associations, of a benevolent, literary, and scientific nature, his friends saw with sorrow imposed a task which human nature could not long support. By their importunity, he was prevailed on, in 1815, to quit London, and retired to Milbrook, a country residence in Lancashire, about ten miles from Liverpool.

Dr. Clarke remained at Milbrook until his Commentary was nearly finished, when he again removed to the vicinity of London; but on finding the enjoyment of country air necessary to his health, he purchasad a large and delightful mansion, garden, and premises, called Hayden-hall, near the village of Eastcott, in the parish of Ruislip, about seventeen miles from the metropolis, and this abode he continued to occupy until the time of his death.

About the year 1805, Dr. Clarke was made M. A. and in the following year he received the honorary degree of LL.D. These titles of distinction were conferred as a tribute of respect due to his learning and talents. Since the above period, he has been elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy, and of the Royal Antiquarian Society in London he has long been a fellow. He was also a member of some of the American literary societies. With the

members of several other learned societies, his name has also been enrolled and their journals have been enriched by the communications of his pen. Among the Methodists, he has presided three times in the English conference, and three times in that of Ireland.

Of the Shetland Islands, Dr. Clarke might have been called the apostle. The spiritual interests of the inhabitants lay near his heart. He twice honoured them with his presence, and encouraged them by his discourses. Through his exertions, funds were raised for supporting the gospel among them; and, under his fostering care, it has obtained an establishment, which is at present in no danger of dissolution.

Ireland, also, was an object ever dear to this indefatigable man. In its northern parts he laid the foundation of many schools, which now contain multitudes of children, for several of whom he provided clothing, and procured money to pay teachers and the current expenses attendant on such charitable institutions.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT.—On Friday the 21st Sept. died, at Abbotsford, the greatest genius of the age. Before his departure from England his recovery appeared doubtful—after his return the case was hopeless.

Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th August, 1771, and consequently died in his 62d year. He was the eldest son of Walter Scott, Esq. writer to the Signet, in Edinburgh; his mother was the daughter of David Rutherford, Esq., an able and popular practitioner of the same (the legal) profession.

Mr Scott was educated in the High School, Edinburgh, and afterwards served his time to the profession of the law. He was, in July, 1792, called to the Scottish bar, and, through the influence of the head of the Scott family, the Duke of Buccleugh, he was nominated Sheriff Depute of Selkirkshire; and, in March, 1806, obtained the place of one of the principal Clerks of Session, in Scotland.

In 1798 he married Miss Carpentier, by whom he has left four children. The eldest, now Sir Walter Scott, is major of the 15th Hussars; a daughter, married to John Gibson Lockhart, Esq. another daughter, unmarried; and a son, Charles, a Clerk in the Foreign Office.

George the Fourth, marked his approbation of Scott's merit, by bestowing upon him, in the shape of a Baronetcy, the first distinction he conferred as a Sovereign.

In person, Sir Walter Scott was nearly six feet high, well formed, strongly knit, and compactly built; his arms were long and sinewy; his looks stately and commanding, and his face, as he related an heroic story, flushed up as a crystal cup, when one fills it with wine. His eyes were deep seated under his somewhat shaggy brows; their colour was a bluish grey; they laughed more than his lips at a humorous story; his tower-like head, and thin white hair, marked him out among a thousand; while any one might swear to his voice again who heard it once, for it had both a touch of the lisp and the burr, yet, as the minstrel said of Douglas, "it became him wonderful

well," and gave great softness to a sorrowful story. His health, as he wrote to Sir Andrew Halliday, continued excellent till the year 1820, when stitches in his sides and cramps in his stomach attacked him, and were mastered with difficulty. He loved to ride in a short coat, with wide trousers, on a little stout galloway, and the steepest hill did not stop him, nor the deepest water daunt him; it was his pleasure, moreover, to walk out frequently among his plantations, with a small hatchet and hand-saw, with which he lopped off superfluous boughs, or removed an entire tree, when it was marring the growth of others.—

Criticism on his works is now superfluous:—they have taken their enduring station in the literature of the world. If the applause of foreign nations be equivalent, as it is said, to the voice of posterity, no author who ever wrote has obtained that honour in so large a measure. His novels, his poems, have been translated into every civilised language; his heroes and heroines have become household words over all the world. The painter, the sculptor, the engraver, the musician, have sought inspiration from his pages.

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**DEATH OF CHARLES CARROLL.**—This celebrated individual, who was the last survivor of the signers of the declaration of American independence, died at his mansion-house in Baltimore, on Wednesday the 14th inst. In the 96th year of his age. He was born at Annapolis, (Maryland,) on the 20th September, 1737, having descended from a highly respectable Irish family, who had emigrated in the reign of William and Mary. After finishing his education in Europe, and studying civil law in France, and common law in England, he returned to his native country at the age of twenty seven. Of the part he took in the struggles which followed, the bold act he performed in affixing his name to the memorable declaration, is sufficient evidence. In the year 1801, he retired from public life, and for upwards of thirty years has lived in tranquil happiness and prosperity, till in the fulness of years the patriarch has been gathered to his kindred!

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**DR. SPURZHEIM.**—Died in Boston, on Saturday se'night, of fever, after an illness of two or three weeks, Dr Gaspard Spurzheim, aged 50 years. He was a distinguished German physician, the author of several works on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Brain and the Nervous System, and the celebrated coadjutor of Dr Call, in expounding and propagating a peculiar system of Phrenology. Dr. S. was born near Treves, in the year 1776; he pursued his medical studies in Vienna, where, in 1800, he heard the lectures of Dr. Gall on Craniology. From that time this study became his chief pursuit, and he visited several countries of Europe for the purpose of prosecuting his researches, and at the same time giving public lectures on his favourite subject.

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## MONTHLY COMMENTARY.

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CAPE BRETON ELECTION.—“Laurence O’C. Doyle, Esq. appeared on the hustings, supported by Mr. Young, was elected without opposition, and he himself and his associate, were chaired in great style, with flags waving over them—“Doyle and Young for ever.”—*Pictou Paper*.

What a satire there is here on human nature! Who are these heroes that a little fishing town delighteth to honour? What have they achieved, what is expected of them? Have they stood in the gap between their country and destruction? do they forego personal aggrandizement, that they may earn a saintly character among patriots? What are they, that the people thus set them on high above their heads, wave flags around, and shout ‘live for ever?’ Simply, two young lawyers, one not over industrious nor of exemplary habits; the other not more noted than his fellows for high independence and singleness of purpose. But will “the people” degrade themselves by bowing down before a cunning man and a mere “boon companion,” by paying the highest honors which they possess, to a Brace of adventurers, who came from Halifax to humbug and hoax the boors, and to make them a stepping-stone to a position, which may increase the briefs of one, and give the other an opportunity of cracking a jest in public?—Ask themselves. If none better offered, it were well to bargain with the men of law; but not to bow down and worship in stupid and pointless enthusiasm. How unwise is this prostration! The crowd should retain some gifts for those who indeed deserve their love. If the public conduct of a benevolent and able individual were to demand the homage of the Bretonians, with what would they pay it: with the flags, the shouts, the place on the necks, which Messrs. Doyle and Young obtained? Alas! the “great style” has been slobbered on little men:—the gaping community has ran after unpromising strangers and striplings with its virgin honours, how can it ever seek for a husband such as the protector of a commonwealth should be?—And this is election—and these are *beau ideal* representatives, and such are public honours! How true it is that extremes meet. Boys at play, and old grey beards acting in patriarchal capacities, display similar oddities;—similar recklessness, buffoonery, absence of self respect, and proneness to dupeery. Who knows yet, after all, how noble or how base the chosen may be?—a new position may place defects in a strong light, or may give dignity and energy, and enkindle pure patriotism—we shall see.

*Sydney.*

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PAYING DEBTS.—“The manner in which some men, who would be ready to shoot any one who disputed their claims to be considered as gentlemen, treat their creditors, whom they choose to call *duns*, would, from its contrariety to any thing like reason, be almost ludicrous, if it were not so culpable, so cruel, and so dishonest. A tradesman, from not being able to recover the money owed to him, sees himself in danger of losing his

credit, and together with his credit, the means of getting a maintenance: he sees his wife and children, perhaps, upon the very verge of misery; and yet, if he civilly asks for what is his due, he is considered as troublesome and impertinent, perhaps reproached and insulted."—*Beren's Advice to a Young Man upon first going to Oxford.*

There are few if any public grievances of so much importance, as those involved in the credit system among tradesmen; and yet they are scarcely spoken of above, the breath of the sufferers. Volumes might be written of painfully instructive interest, concerning the broken hearts, the baffled hopes, the defeated industry, the ruined morals, which this system, as it is carried on, occasions. The wealthy tradesman profits by it, he takes such delays into account, charges for them, sees them swamp his poor competitors; and, depending on his capital, ultimately fishes the stragglers into his wide-spread well-secured net. But the industrious man, whose wealth is his hands, and whose object is to give comfortable subsistence to himself and his family, is the victim of the "long-winded" creditor, and the swindler. One would imagine, that when the utmost desire to please, and subservient gratitude for patronage—as if *nature* were not given in return,—had been exhibited, and when labour had done its part, that the understood return, the payment, would follow. But no, tedious delays are first made, and then request on request; time sufficient to re-earn the money is thrown away seeking it, excuses follow excuses, lies follow lies, and after the beggar-for-his-own has experienced the innumerable difficulties which harden his heart, and blanch his cheek, after he has compromised his own good name, and has been forced to become a bad paymaster, and of consequence, an oppressor in turn; after all this, then come the "rascal counters," like drops of blood from his patron; or, the answer "run away," "insolvent," "shut up," "dead," "no use in throwing good money after bad," and the many cant phrases, which inform the dupe that he has been *robbed*, according to law. Some, by circumstances, by accident, or from being victims of the system themselves, are so situated, that it were all one to tell them to pay their debts, and to pull down the stars; but to those who actually *can* pay, to those who live at ease, or comparative ease in their possessions, and to those who might pay if they limited their superfluities, the command of the Apostle should speak trumpet tongued: "owe no man anything." Do they wish to make many families happy, to encourage industry in the best manner, to be just and charitable at the one time, to do as they would be done unto, to avoid the curses of the old law on those who make the labourer fast, and the curses of the new law on hypocrites and whited sepulchers; if such are their desires, let them pay their debts, and encourage a *systematic* punctuality, by commencing it. Bible Societies are good, so are Missions, Charitable Associations, and all the schemes of philanthropy for lessening evil; but let not these be forwarded by that which is due to the toil, the watching, the hopes and the fears of him who labours; by the cash, which should belong to another, and whose appropriation to any one or thing else, must be an abomina-

tion in the sight of Him who looks below the varnish of human society. Irregularity of payments in middle life, occasion more unnecessary wretchedness, than the plague, or the sword; he who regularly countenances and follows the reverse, is a Howard in his sphere, even if he never bought so much as a breast-pin at a bazaar.

**BLOWING HOT AND COLD.**—"Of what, then, have you to complain? is it that for some hundred years Ireland has experienced grievances at the hands of England? If so, let those dead Irishmen who were so aggrieved retaliate on those dead Englishmen who so aggrieved them; but let not the living Irish be the enemies of those living English who are doing all that they can for the amelioration of Ireland; and still less let the prosperous Irish here be impatient at evils which they do not feel, and which are at least three thousand miles from them. The Irish should be careful of entering into an unnatural alliance:—they should not easily fraternize with that race which harnessed them like beasts of burthen, to Humbert's cannon in 1798, and who thirsted for their blood in the Peninsula and at Waterloo."—*Montreal Paper*.

It would be difficult to find a better specimen of contradictory sentiments, than that contained in the above passage. It possesses a kind of moral and logical antithesis, which a man capable of writing the paragraph, would be thought incapable of perpetrating. It is a further proof of the madness of party, and of how blind a man may become while he believes himself an excellent guide for those who can see, and actually volunteers his services in that capacity. The sentiment at its commencement is just and philosophical, and he who would keep up bitter national prejudices when their cause had passed away, is only second to the wretch who would excite *religious* bigotry for his own purposes,—who would light the torch of hell at the altar of the Most High, and—chuckling over his *piety* and *patriotism*—throw the brand among the combustibles of human society. The sentiment then is good, the dead oppressed, should settle with the dead oppressor, and not the children of the one hate the children of the other, for that which was done before either were born. To do so, would be a mode of re-producing and perpetuating the evil—setting aside the abstract folly and baseness of the thing—and when it is induced, by Cobbetts or O'Connells, by Bishops in lawn sleeves, "strait-laced Presbyters," or "straight-hair'd Sectaries," it is the work of the fiend who delights in "envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness." But if the sentiment eulogized be worth a rush, it must apply to all kindreds, and tongues, and people; for it were as absurd to limit the application of a general moral rule, as to limit the light of the sun, and to say to that luminary "shine on my garden, and on Richard Roe's yonder, but do not attempt to look over the hedge of Peter or John." What then must we think of the villainous sophistry which peeps out of our quotation? It says, let not Irishmen gloat over wrongs which no longer exist, and nurture prejudices against their English brethren, on account of the acts of a past age; but let Irishmen beware of Canadians—their forefathers came from a place called France, and 30 years ago Frenchmen made Irishmen draw cannon<sup>1</sup> and fought with

them, when they met by mutual consent on the field of battle. It is wise and rational to forget ages of wrong done by those whose duty it was to protect, but *unnatural* to forgive an occasional "turn up" between acknowledged competitors! Mick Murphy in Canada should not fraternize, be brotherly, with Jean Lewy, because Captain Bourbon and Colonel Guelph fought a duel at Salamanca. This is the cloven hoof palpably enough; and Paddy Bull must indeed have horns and hoofs if he swallows such logic. A clear stage and no favour, no knitting of clans, nor nurturing of prejudices, should be the motto in a free country, where none have rights superior to others, and where all are protected alike.

TRAVELLERS' STORIES.—"Though the cold of a Canadian winter is great, it is neither distressing nor disagreeable. There is no day during winter, except a rainy one, in which a man need be kept from his work."—*Letter by a Backwoodsman.*

This scrap concerning winter in the North American Colonies, is from a book of considerable circulation and respectability. It is either mere "story telling," or, like witches' sayings, "hold the promise to the ear and break it to the heart." If it means that a man *need not be kept* from his work any day in our winter, in the same manner, as a man need not be kept from work, ten fathom deep under water, because he will be incapable of working, the sense is good though villainously expressed. But if it intend to assert, that there is no day during our winter, except a rainy one, in which a man cannot in the open air attend to *his work*—as that term is understood at home, for which meridian the book is intended—we would just ask leave to ejaculate "how the age is given to lying!" Cased in clothes, like the grave digger in Hamlet, with fur cap, ear pockets, snow boots, double mittens or doe-skin gloves, a man may take a stroll, or a sleigh drive, taking care that nothing more sensitive than the tip of his nose meets the razory air, and occasionally soothing that useful promontory by a benevolent grasp of the chamois; but as for out of door work, beside handling a whip, stirring one's straws, or similar movements, it is all moonshine.

The man who would undertake to walk ten miles—though well covered, and supplied with refreshments—on many days of our common winters, would do it at the risk of his life. His grog would crystalize, and his bread change to a stone consistence, in his pocket. and happy for him if his blood would not exhibit a tendency to petrify before the insidious enemy. Even at this commencement of December, during the first snow-storm of the winter, we hear of a female traveller being frozen to death in a snow bank at a short distance from town. Much, very much, may be said in apology for the peculiarities of our summers and winters, but *hyperbole*, is at least, in bad taste, on such subjects.

This proneness to run into extremes about matters at a distance, is perceivable in most of the tales of travellers, who desire to encourage emigration, out of sheer *philanthropy*, no doubt! Respectable modes of publicity at home, occasionally give pictures of comfortable settlements, high wages, demand for labour, &c. which make the teeth of the struggling natives, water, to partake of

the good things. If the immense difficulties of the settler the difference between currency and sterling money, and between other prices compared with home, and the short season in which labourers can work, were also described, the truth would be told; and enough would appear to induce the steady industrious man to believe that he could procure a competence; but not enough to make idle spendthrifts think America their promised land. It is charitable to publish information by which the bodies or the souls of our fellows may be benefited, but it is cruel to dupe from home, and to immerse in disappointments by false lights.

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### MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

November 7. Dr. Grigor, continued on Pneumatics and Acoustics. An animated conversation followed the lecture, in which the principles of these sciences were further explained.

November 14, 21 and 28. Dr. Stirling lectured on Electricity and Galvanism, illustrating those highly interesting sciences by means of apparatus.

December 5. Dr. Grigor read a paper on Adult Education, in which he dwelt on the advantages of *industry* and resolved talents and genius generally into that virtue.

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## VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

EUROPE.—CAPTAIN ROSS.—There is too much reason to fear that this adventurous sailor has perished in his chivalric attempt to “run upon the sharp wind of the north.” Since July 1829, he has not been heard of. He was then between the 57th and 58th degree of north latitude, and in high spirits and expectation of ultimate success in the object of his perilous voyage. It was well known to the friends of this officer that he had laboured under a sense of wounded honour and wrong, since the government expeditions were taken out of his hands and given to Captain Parry, then his First Lieutenant. When Captain Parry, after fruitless attempts, abandoned the task of discovering a north-west passage, as hopeless, Ross came forward to occupy the forsaken field of enterprise, and entered upon his undertaking with a determination to make the supposed passage, or perish in the attempt. He went forth in the spirit of Shakspear’s Richard,

“I’ve set my life upon a cast,  
And I will stand the hazard of the die,”

and as we have already said, it is to be apprehended the cast has been a fatal one. Whether he and his crew have utterly perished in the deep, been crushed by a collision or oversetting of Icebergs, been the victims of hyperborean tempest, or whether the whole expedition is fast locked in a higher latitude than has yet been attained, and from which there can be no means of communicating with the more southern world (a hope which for many reasons; we dare hardly entertain or inculcate) must remain for some time a painful mystery. It has been said by naval men, that the ship in which he

started was too heavily laden, and was supplied with boilers of a new and vicious construction, which it was feared would be found inoperative in an emergency. As he had three years' provisions with him, the starvation which had so nearly proved fatal to Capt. Franklin and his little band, does not fall within the list of probabilities. If any of the crew had survived any disaster to the vessel, and fallen amongst some of the Polar tribes of Indians, it is to be supposed that means would have been found of communicating with the northernmost establishments of the Fur Company, with whom these Indians barter the skins they obtain in the chase. The fate of our gallant countrymen may remain as long unknown as that of La Perouse.

**ANOTHER ARCTIC EXPEDITION.**—It will be remembered that Captain Ross, after having been employed in attempting to make discoveries in these regions, in command of vessels belonging to Government, returned to them, more than three years ago, in a vessel of his own, and that he has not since been heard of. Mr. Ross, the Captain's brother, and some of his friends, after ineffectually urging government to send out an expedition at the public charge, resolved themselves to attempt one—"acting, on a plan of operations suggested by Dr. Richardson and other scientific and experienced men." The Hudson's Bay Company promised their co-operation, and sent out instructions in June last to their factors and agents, to prepare and send forward stores and provisions to the different stations through which the expedition might be expected to pass. An application was made to His Majesty for the assistance of an officer of the royal navy to accompany the expedition, and Captain Back, the intelligent companion of Sir John Franklin on two former enterprises of the same kind, has accepted the command.

£2000 were recommended by Lord Goderich to be afforded in aid of the expenses, on the understanding that £3000 more should be supplied by individuals favourable to the undertaking. Subscriptions to this end have been opened. The committee of management in one of its resolutions says,—

"That although the ostensible and primary object of this expedition is for the humane purpose aforesaid, yet it is the opinion of this meeting that so favourable an opportunity should not be lost in pursuing, as far as may be practicable and convenient, the desirable ends of science, to which so prolific a field of useful information is opened, and that the various scientific bodies and individuals of London, and elsewhere, be consulted and invited to contribute their assistance towards this undertaking."

It is intended, that Captain Back, should avail himself of every opportunity that may occur to enrich the scientific world, and it is hoped that before his return he will have explored those unknown regions between Point Turnagain, where Captain Franklin finished his journey, and the furthest point to the west reached by Captain Parry, and thus wind up the main point of these two expeditions, it being supposed, from reindeer and musk-oxen being found on Melville Island, that the land is either continuous or divided only by small straits.

We have no doubt that the required sum of £3000 will be very easily raised. If there were no other object in view but the discovery of Captain Ross's fate, that object ought to be a sufficient inducement with his fellow citizens.

AMERICA.—THE FAR WEST.—But a few years since, a journey from the eastern, or middle states, to the region of country we now occupy, was considered an undertaking which none but the most hardy, brave and daring enterprise could accomplish. The most impenetrable wilderness, and intricate morasses intervening between this place and Rochester, presented obstacles to the progress of our Western pioneers, which none but those who have perforated into the deepest recesses of the entangling forests, can imagine. But a short time has elapsed, since the majestic monarchs of the wood reared their proud and stately tops where the waving grain and luxuriant corn now bend before the floating breeze. The onward pace of emigration, of industry and enterprise, is fast carrying the arts and comforts of civilization to the remote regions of the rocky mountain's solid base. "How changed is the still changing west! from a vast uncultivated territory covered with a dense forest—broken only by the luxuriant prairie—the Queen of floods, and her noble tributaries, and the cordon of inland seas that girt the wild domain, uninhabited by human being except "the stoic of the woods, the man without a tear;" the west, within a few years, has become a populous portion of the Union—the seat of civilization and the arts—the home of rewarded industry and enterprise—the resting place of the emigrant—and the emphatic land of liberty, equality and independence.—The red Lord of the tangled wood has vanished like the mists of the morning. Beautiful cities, towns, and villages, and farms, have sprung up as if by enchantment, where curled the silver smoke from his rude wigwam. His light canoe on the rivers, has given place to the majestic steamboat of the white man, and the lakes in which he used to dip his noble limbs in solitude, are now whitened by numerous sails from an hundred marts of commerce. Wonderful retrospect, yet still more glorious prospect! Her march, as with a giant's stride, is still onward. Every day our forests fall before the woodman's stroke, and ere the stumps have withered, we hear the pleasing hum of the village school; and who that looks abroad on all this, will not exclaim with pride, in the language of our sweetest poet, "This is my own, my native land."—*Cleveland Advertiser.*

NATURAL WONDERS.—It is very surprising, that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, are within the United States, and yet scarcely known to the best informed of our geographers and naturalists. The one is a beautiful waterfall, in Franklin county, Georgia; the other a stupendous precipice in Pendleton district, South Carolina; they are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Morse's geography, but not as they merit. The Tuccoa fall is much lighter than the falls of Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full, it passes down without being broken. All the prismatic effect, seen at Niagara, illustrates the spray of Tuccoa.—The Table Mountain in Pendleton district,

South Carolina, is an awful precipice of 900 feet. Many persons reside within five, seven or ten miles of this grand spectacle, who have never had curiosity or taste enough to visit it. It is now, however, occasionally visited by curious travellers, and sometimes by men of science. Very few persons who have once cast a glimpse into the almost boundless abyss, can again exercise sufficient fortitude to approach the margin of the chasm. Almost every one, in looking over, involuntarily falls to the ground, senseless, nerveless, and helpless; and would inevitably be precipitated and dashed to atoms, were it not for measures of caution and security, that have always been deemed indispensable to a safe indulgence of the curiosity of the visitor or spectator. Every one on proceeding to the spot whence it is usual to gaze over the wonderful deep, has in his imagination a limitation, graduated by a reference to distances with which his eye has been familiar. But in a moment, eternity as it were, is presented to his astounded senses; and he is overwhelmed. His system is no longer subject to his volition or his reason, and he falls like a mass of mere water. He then revives, and in a wild delirium surveys a scene, which, for a while, he is unable to define by description or imitation.—*Am. paper.*

**THE HOUSE OF COMMONS' LIBRARY.**—This library consists of only 4,150 volumes, and is very imperfect, having no collection of cases heard by the Lords or Privy Council, even no complete series of private acts of Parliament, or of the papers printed by the House's orders. The contents of some of the presses are not known; one of them contains a green bag, which again encloses "a post-office bag of unopened letters of the year 1690." What lots of Jacobitism and antiquated scandal may not be lurking in this! There are generally from sixty to eighty members per day consulting the library. Strangers are let in by order from the Speaker. It appears from evidence taken before a committee of the House of Commons on the subject of the library, that a complete set of the printed papers of the House is believed not to exist in Britain.

**CIRCULAR PIANO.**—Mr. Allan's, in Catherine street, Strand The constructor has obtained a patent for its principal peculiarity,—namely, a *metal frame*—by virtue of which the whole of the scale is independent of the sounding-board, or any other portion of the wood-work, and consequently the pitch never varies, as the alterations of heat and cold act alike on the strings and frame: thus an entire piano may be tuned in three minutes (in case of a string getting loose, &c.) by any individual, instead of requiring an hour's work from a professor. Then, the beauty and utility of the shape—for when shut, it becomes a circular parlour table, is obviously conspicuous. Several attempts have been already made to construct a round piano—but from the makers' seeking to employ the common wood frame, these were all abortive, as it would not lie within the necessary compass.

**HOUSES WARMED, AND MEAT ROASTED BY MEANS OF HOT WATER.**—We find in the English Gardener's Magazine, the annexed descrip-



4700  
1300  
2200  
11500  
555

tion of an improved method of heating hot-houses. The inventor is Mr A M. Perkins.

The improvement is a plan for heating hot-houses by the circulation of hot water in hermetically sealed tubes, of small diameter. However favourable this plan may be for heating hot-houses, the advantages for that class of structure are as nothing compared to those which it offers for heating dwelling houses and all kinds of manufactories. Water may be circulated, under ordinary circumstances of attention to the fire, at from 300 to 600 degrees. It is found that 400 degrees will roast meat. Mr. Perkins is constructing for himself an oven for roasting by water. This will lead to beneficial changes in domestic arrangements.—Water at 500° or, at least water, at 530° for cookery, and for heating reserve cisterns of cold water, or masses of metal or masonry, for various domestic purposes, including warming rooms, heating baths, launders, &c. may at no distant time, be circulated by companies in the same manner as gas, and, in London, instead of one fire for every room, as at present, there may be only one in a parish, in every square of an acre in area.

ERRATUM.—Nov. No. page 267, 6th line, read “lowing” for “low’ring”

770

700

RECORD.

100

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Latest news informs us, that a fleet is assembling at Spithead, intended to act in concert with a French Fleet, in bringing the King of Holland to agree to the propositions of the five conferring Powers.

The Egyptians still obtain successes over the Turks, and draw near Constantinople.

President Jackson's re-election is considered certain. The Cholera makes fearful ravages in the Southern States. The Legislatures of the Province of Upper and Lower Canada are convened.

MARRIAGES.—At Halifax, Nov. 26th, Mr. Richard Carter, to Miss M. A. Shelnut—29th, Mr. Richard Hawse, to Miss E. Murphy.—At Windsor, Nov. 1, Mr. M. Mumford, to Miss F. Parker.—At Douglas, Nov. 6th, Mr. John Withrow, to Miss Sarah M. Blois.—At Newport, Nov. 25th, Mr. Joseph Rathbuu, to Miss G. A. Irish.

DEATHS.—At Halifax, Nov. 3d, Mrs. Ann Flohr, aged 75.—Mrs. Eleanor B. James, aged 25.—Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, aged 75.—14th, Mrs. Margaret Roach, aged 52.—Mrs. Ann Fletcher, aged 15.—16th Mr. Israel Allison, aged 37.—20th, Mr. William Lambert, aged 31.—24th Mrs. Margaret D. Miller, aged 30.—26th, Mr. Edward Poitzsch, aged 45.—Mrs. Catharine Shaffer, aged 79.—29th, Mrs. Elizabeth Willing, aged 37.—At Fox Harbour, Nov. 1, Mrs. Nicholson.—At Liverpool, N. S. Nov. 1, Miss Mary E. Knaut.—At Newport, Nov. 1th, Miss Elizabeth Bennet, aged 20, At Guysborough, Nov. 15th, Mrs. Elizabeth Cutler, aged 66.—At Onslow, Nov. 12th, Mr. John Higgins, aged 59.—Mr. George Lee, aged 50.

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