

## ORATORY OF CROLY AND MELVILL.

If we were drawing a parallel between Croly and Melvill, we might perhaps say that the first excelled in description, and the second in argument; and unjust as the criticism would be, if applied to the entire exclusion of the opposite quality, we apprehend that the broad lineaments of intellectual character would be correctly defined. In the effusions of Croly we observe a copious and impetuous torrent of imagery, which seems to flow out of a hundred springs of learning, and to carry him with beautiful facility through all the windings of the subject. The felicity of execution which Horace praised, and which Pope attributed to the pencil of his friend, is to be traced, we think, in the delineations of the Preacher. The portraits of human nature, under its various aspects of grandeur and debasement, of dignity and disgrace, of virtue and vice, of Christianity and unbelief, are all sketched and coloured by the hand of a master. It was not to be expected that a stream nourished by so many fountains should never leap out of its channel. Occasionally, when it has been swelled by the tributary rills which pour in from a new source of fancy, the waters rise, as it were, and float the author over his argument. But the flood subsides, and the architecture of reason is found to be uninjured.

The eloquence of Croly is that of a poet; the eloquence of Melvill that of a rhetorician. In one case it resides in the contraction, in the other in the amplification of the subject. The ancient artist flung his pencil at the picture, and tradition adds that the minutest touches of industry never equalled the effect of that happy audacity. Let not, however, our admiration of the powerful talents of Dr. Croly be interpreted into a sullen insensibility to the blemishes of his style, or of blindness to those splendid vices of composition, which might have dazzled the critical eye-sight of a Longinus or an Addison. A servitude to these beautiful betrayers of the intellect has not unfrequently been the fate of eminent writers. Dryden had his Dalilabs, whose meretricious allurements he confessed, even while submitting to their enchantment and wearing their chain.—The author of these eloquent sermons is, without doubt, equally sensible of the seductive character of those fascinations to which he sometimes surrenders his fancy. In sailing down the streams of imagination, he has not always the hardihood and self-denial to bind himself to the mast. Criticism, however, has discharged her office when she warns him of the syren. Gray complained of the poetry of his friend Mason, that it always seemed to be enveloped in a blaze. That author has paid the penalty of his ambition—his brilliant lights are nearly all extinguished, and the feeble glimmer that remains, only serves to display the elaborate workmanship and gilding of the lamp. He who wishes to be immortal must speak to the heart as well as to the eye. He must carry the reader among the home-scenery of thought and association. The heart may throb at the tossing plume of Hector, but the eye glistens at the vigil of Penelope.—*Church of England Quarterly Review.*

## LIFE.

How truly does the journey of a single day, its changes and its hours, exhibit the history of human life! We rise up in the glorious freshness of a spring morning. The dews of night, those sweet tears of nature, are hanging from each bough and leaf, and reflecting the bright and myriad hues of the morning. Our hearts are beating with hope, our frames are buoyant with health. We see no cloud, we fear no storm; and with our chosen and beloved companions clustering around us, we commence our journey. Step by step, the scene becomes more lovely; hour by hour, our hopes become brighter. A few of our companions have dropped away, but in the multitude remaining, and the beauty of the scenery, their loss is unfelt. Suddenly we have entered upon a new country. The dews of the morning are exhaled by the fervour of the noon-day sun; the friends that started with us are disappearing. Some remain, but their looks are cold and estranged; others have become weary, and have laid down to their rest; but new faces are smiling upon us, and new hopes beckoning us on. Ambition and Fame are before us, but Youth and Affection are behind us. The scene is more glorious and brilliant, but the beauty and freshness of the morning have faded and forever. But still our steps fail not, our spirits droop not. Onward and onward we go; the horizon of happiness and fame recedes as we advance to it; the shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly airs of evening are usurping the noon-day. Still we press onward; the goal is not yet won, the haven not yet reached. The orb of Hope that had cheered us on is sinking in the west; our limbs begin to grow faint, our hearts to grow sad; we turn to gaze upon the scenes that we have passed, but the shadows of the twilight have interposed their veil between us; we look around for the old and familiar faces, the companions of our travel, but we gaze in vain to find them; we have outstripped them all in the race after pleasure, and the phantom is yet uncaught; in a land of strangers, in a sterile and inhospitable country, the night-time overtakes us—the dark and terrible night-time of death; and weary and heavy-laden we lie down to rest in the bed of the grave! Happy, thrice happy is he, who has laid up treasures for himself, for the distant and unknown to-morrow.—*Knick-knack.*

It is not generally known that the tune called 'Derry Down' is originally British—the words 'hai ir derri down,' 'Hie to

the oaken shades,' being Welsh. These choral words, having at length, like 'ar hyd y nos,' given name to the strain, the English song, called the 'Abbot of Canterbury,' has also given it another. The Celtic word 'Derry,' is still known as descriptive of a region originally sylvan in the north of Ireland, the county Derry. To the tune of 'Derry Down,' the Druids are said to have gone in procession to the woods to cut the sacred mistletoe.—*Aigus.*

## THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 18.

## THE BRITANNIA.

The first of the regular Liverpool, Halifax, and Boston, line of Steamers, arrived yesterday morning at half-past 2 o'clock. She was anxiously expected for some days past, under the supposition that she left England on the 1st or 2nd. She did not make her departure, however, until the 4th, and, consequently, accomplished her passage in 124 days to Halifax. She is a noble-looking ship, of majestic dimensions; a figure of Britannia, larger than life, adorns her head. She came in to the north side of Messrs. Cunard's wharf, and with the beautiful Unicorn at the opposite side, made a highly attractive scene of marine power and splendour. At about nine o'clock the Britannia's bell rung, the fasts were cast off, and she backed out from the wharf like a leviathan whose amazing strength was under absolute command. The circumference of her paddles is great, and their varied revolutions, at command, made an impression of vast power in the mass, combined with the utmost delicacy and accuracy of detail. She went up the harbour, round H. M. S. Winchester, which was decorated with a profusion of flags in honour of the occasion, and then out, in prosecution of the remainder of her voyage, under salutes from shore and some of the shipping.

The Britannia brought 50 passengers from England, and departed with — for Boston.

Was not some of the apathy which marks too many things in Halifax, visible on this interesting occasion? There was little of that mustering of people, and expressions of welcome which were expected by several. The hour, of breakfast,—the uncertainty what time she would leave,—the fact that Halifax is only a place at which the steamers make a two hours' delay,—may have operated to repress ardour,—but, would most other places, under similar circumstances, make these as excuses for comparative inattention? Amends for this will be made in Boston. Several gentlemen came on from that enterprising and beautiful city, for the purpose of going up in the Britannia,—watchmen have been on the look-out places for days and nights past, to give notice of her first appearance,—a series of salutes have been arranged,—a collection of about 60,000 persons, to give that most animating of all salutes, a multitudinous hurrah, is anticipated,—banquets are ready, and a service of plate, to be presented to the enterprising contractor, on his landing. This will be something like a municipal stir;—we must bide our time here in those matters, until warmer feelings and a better organization mark the community, in the meantime we should give credit to those who do better, and wish every success to that system of which the Britannia is the precursor.

We devote our available space to extracts from late papers received by the Britannia.

## ATTACK ON HER MAJESTY.

The great event of this week is a revolting outrage against the person of the Queen. On Wednesday afternoon, her Majesty narrowly escaped a violent death, while proceeding in unsuspecting confidence with Prince Albert from Buckingham Palace to Hyde Park, in an open phaeton. Two pistols, levelled at her Majesty or her husband, were discharged by a young man who stood within a few yards of the carriage. Happily, both the Queen and her husband, escaped without injury: the mad or desperate assailant was arrested instantly; and, after an examination by the proper officers, he is committed to Newgate to be tried for high treason.

The first public effect of this startling passage in the life of Royalty has been an increase of sympathy with the young Queen and Prince; who conducted themselves, in so alarming a situation, if not with the perfect stoicism which some unskilful parasites attributed to them, yet with a more natural and becoming propriety, and great presence of mind. A general outpouring of loyalty on the occasion is commenced; Parliament setting the example, to the nation by the immediate and unanimous adoption of an address to the Queen, expressing "horror and indignation at the late treasonable and atrocious attempt against her sacred person," congratulating her Majesty and the country on her happy preservation, and earnestly praying for the continuance of her "just and mild government."

London was agitated on Wednesday night by the report of an attempt upon the life of the Queen. The following narrative of the circumstances connected with the event may be received as substantially correct.

At a quarter past six on Wednesday evening, the Queen, accompanied by Prince Albert, left Buckingham Palace, in a very low open phaeton drawn by four bays, to take their customary drive in Hyde Park before dinner; Colonel Buckley and Sir Edward Bouverie attending as Equerries. It happened that the Queen sat that evening on the left, not on the right side of her husband, where she usually sits; so that as they went up Constitution Hill—the road leading from Buckingham Palace to Hyde Park corner—her Majesty was next to the long brick wall on the left side of the road, instead of the open railing of the Green Park on the right. The carriage had proceeded a short distance up the road, when a young man, who had been standing with his back to the Green Park fence, advanced to within a few yards of the carriage, and then deliberately fired, pointing towards the Queen. The ball did not take

effect, and her Majesty rose from her seat, but was instantly pulled down by Prince Albert. One account says that she uttered a loud scream: this is contradicted; it seems that she turned deadly pale and appeared excessively alarmed, but made no exclamation. The postillions paused for an instant; but Prince Albert in a loud voice ordered them to drive on;—not, however, before the assassin, saying, "I have got another, discharged a second pistol, pointed towards the carriage; which also, happily, proved harmless. The Queen and Prince went as far as Hyde Park Corner, and then turned to the Duchess of Kent's mansion in Belgrave Square; so that the Queen's mother heard of the attempted assassination and the safety of her daughter at the same moment.

Meanwhile, the assassin remained near the spot from which he discharged the pistols, leaning composedly against the Park fence with the weapons in his hand. Several persons laid hold of him, and he was conveyed by two policemen to the Gardener Lane Station house.

After staying a short time with the Duchess of Kent in Belgrave Square, the Queen and her husband proceeded to Hyde Park, where an immense concourse of persons of all ranks and both sexes had congregated. The reception of the Royal pair was so enthusiastic as almost to overpower the self-possession of the Queen, while Prince Albert's countenance, alternately pale and crimson, betrayed the strength of his emotions. They soon returned to Buckingham Palace, attended by a vast number of nobility and gentry, in carriages and on horseback. A multitude of persons, collected at the entrance to the Palace, vehemently cheered the Queen; who, though pale and agitated, kept repeatedly bowing and smiling in return. It is said that on reaching her apartments the Queen found relief in a flood of tears, but she recovered herself so as to appear as usual at the dinner table. Persons of distinction flocked to the Palace to make enquiries; and to all the gratifying assurance was given that no bad consequences to the Queen's health were likely to ensue from the shock.

Leaving the Queen and Prince Albert in the Palace, we proceed to mention some of the circumstances attending the capture of the assassin; who was seized within a minute from the time when he fired the first pistol. A good deal of confusion pervades the statements of his capture.

There were several witnesses to the act firing the pistols, which the young man himself did not pretend to deny. He gave his real name to the Policeman—Edward Oxford: it was ascertained that he had lodged at No. 6, West street, Lambeth, and that his last employment was that of barman at a public house, Oxford St. He is only seventeen or eighteen years old, about five feet four inches in height, slightly made, of a light complexion, and not unprepossessing countenance. The landlord of the public house spoke well of him; but said he had discharged him a month ago, on account of a bad habit of laughing in his customers' faces. It was also ascertained that he was a native of Birmingham; that his father was dead, but that his mother is alive, with two sisters. His father was a Mulatto; and a working-jeweller of Birmingham—a man of violent temper, which the son inherits; for on quarrelling with another young man, a barman like himself, at a public house in Marylebone, he attempted to stab him with a knife. He had been for some time in the habit of carrying pistols, and had practised firing in a shooting gallery. He told his mother that a gentleman named Spring offered to employ him at 5s. a day when he had learned to fire. He bought a pair of pistols at the shooting gallery.

During Wednesday night Oxford was confined in a cell at the Gardener Street Station house, whither he was taken by the Police. He made a joke of the eagerness with which he said, the people flocked around him. He would answer no questions respecting his motives or accomplices; but had some coffee and went to bed. Two Policemen, who remained in the cell with him, say that he slept calmly and soundly from 11 at night to between 7 and 8 on Thursday morning, when he took a hearty breakfast. Mr. McCann, surgeon, examined him, to ascertain his sanity, of which he said there appeared to be no doubt. On searching the prisoner's room in West Street, some discoveries were made, which it is surmised may perhaps throw light on the criminal's motives, and lead to the knowledge of his instigators and accomplices, if he had any. The Policeman found in a drawer a sword, and a quantity of powder and bullets, the bullets fitting the pistols taken from Oxford; "a black crape cap, with three satin bows, of a blood-red colour, attached to it; a piece of paper with thirty signatures, fictitious names, such as "Oxonian" or "Ozonea," "Hannibal," and "Ernest." Letters were also found in which news from Hanover was referred to; and the members of the society of "Young England," were advised to provide themselves with arms. These letters bore the signature of "J. Smith." When the articles found in his room were shown to the prisoner, he admitted them to be his. He had only half-a-crown and some pence in his pocket; and as he had been out of employment for some time, it is conjectured that the money to buy the pistols must have been furnished by some persons implicated in the projected assassination. It is alleged that a man was seen to pass the prisoner and nod to him; just before the Queen's carriage came up. Another story is, that "a middle-aged person, most respectably dressed," was heard to give him the word to fire.

It would be difficult to describe the state of loyal excitement into which the Metropolis has been thrown by this event.

On Thursday, when the Queen and Prince Albert again took their drive in the phaeton, the crowd in and about Hyde Park was immense, and the cheering of the loudest. They were escorted, as it were, by a body-guard of hundreds on horseback. The line of carriages calling at Buckingham Palace extended a considerable way down to the Mall.

Soon after the House of Lords met on Thursday, Lord Melbourne, apparently much agitated and in a faltering tone of voice, announced to their Lordships that a desperate attack on the Queen's life had been made on Wednesday evening, as her Majesty was proceeding from the Palace to Hyde Park. Two pistols were fired at her in the most determined and desperate manner, at no great distance from her person; and it was only wonderful that nothing more unfortunate or melancholy had occurred. He proposed that the House should adopt the course, which it had been usual to follow under similar circumstances.

He moved that an humble address be presented to her Majesty, to express our horror and indignation at the late atrocious and treasonable attempt against her Majesty's sacred person, and our heartfelt congratulations to her Majesty and the country on her Majesty's happy preservation from so great a danger; to express our deep concern at there having been found within her Majesty's dominions a person capable of so flagitious an act; and that we make it our earnest prayer to Almighty God, that as he has preserved to us the blessings that we enjoy under her Majesty's just and mild