

trive to pass with some degree of indifference; but a garret, a place where Goldsmith flourished, and Chatterton died, we can never presume to enter without first paying a tribute of reverence to the presiding deity of the place. How venerable does it appear, at least if it is a genuine garret, with its angular projections, like the fractures in poor Goldsmith's face;—its tattered and threadbare walls, like old Johnson's wig; and its numberless "loop-holes of retreat" for the north wind to peep through, and cool the poet's imagination. The very forlornness of its situation inspires elevated ideas in proportion to its altitude; it seems isolated from the world, and adapted solely to the intimate connection that genius holds with heaven.

It was in a lonely garret, far removed from all connexion with mortality, that Otway conceived and planned his affecting tragedy of *Venice Preserved*; and it was in a garret that he ate the stolen roll, which ultimately terminated in his death. It was in a garret that poor Butler indited his inimitable *Hudibras*, and convulsed the king and the court with laughter, while he himself writhed in the gnawing pangs of starvation. Some one has thus aptly alluded to the circumstance:—

"When Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give—
See him, resolved to clay, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust;
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

A gentleman found Dryden in his old age exposed to the attacks of poverty, and pining in a garret, in an obscure corner of London. "You weep for my situation," exclaimed the venerable poet, on seeing him; "but never mind, my young friend, the pang will be soon over." He died a few days afterwards. Poor Chatterton! "the sleepless boy who perished in his pride," overcome by the pressure of poverty, and stung to the quick by the heartless neglect of a bigoted aristocrat, commenced his immortality in a garret in Shoreditch. For two days previous to his death he had eaten nothing; his landlady pitying his desolate condition, invited him to sup with her; he spurned the invitation with contempt, and put an end to his existence by poison. Crowds inflicted elegies on his memory, the length and breadth of which filled volumes, while the subject of these doleful tributes lies buried in a common workhouse in Shoe-lane, unnoticed by epitaph or eulogy. When a nobleman happened by chance to call upon Johnson, he found this great author by profession in a state of the most desponding hopelessness; a thing which an antiquarian might, perhaps, discovered to have once been a table, was stationed in the middle of the garret; a few unfinished papers and manuscripts were scattered about the uncarpeted floor, in every direction; and the unfortunate owner of these curiosities had neither pens, ink, paper, nor credit to continue his lucubrations. It was about this time, when, threatened to be turned out of his literary pig-stye, that he applied to Richardson, the celebrated novelist, for assistance, who instantly sent him five pounds, a sum which relieved him from misery and a dungeon. Poor Goldsmith was once seated in his garret, where the *Deserted Village* was written, in familiar conversation with a friend, when his pride was considerably annoyed by the abrupt entrance of the little girl of the house, with "Pray, Mr. Goldsmith, can you lend Mrs. — a chamber-pot full of coals?" The mortified poet was obliged to return an answer in the negative, and endure the friendly but sarcastic condolence of his companion. In a garret, either in the Old Bailey, or in Green Arbour-court, the exquisite *Citizen of the World*, and equally celebrated *Vicar of Wakefield*, were written. Of the last mentioned work, the following ludicrous anecdote is not, we believe, generally known:—

While Goldsmith was completing the closing pages of his novel, he was roused from his occupation by the unexpected appearance of his landlady, to whom he was considerably in arrears, with a huge bill for the last few weeks' lodgings. The poet was thunder-struck with surprise and consternation, he was unable to answer her demands, either then or in future; at length the lady relieved the nature of his embarrassment, by offering to remit the liquidation of his debt, provided he would accept her as his true and lawful spouse. His friend, Dr. Johnson, chanced by great good luck to come in at the time, and, by advancing him a sufficient sum to defray the expenses of his establishment, consisting of only himself and a dirty shirt, relieved him from his matrimonial shackles.

A literary friend once called to pay Fielding a visit, and found him in a miserable garret, without either furniture or convenience, seated on a gin-tub turned up for a table, with a common trull by his side, and a half-emptied glass of brandy and water in his hand. This was the idea of consummate happiness entertained by the immortal author of *Tom Jones*; by him whose genius handed down to posterity the inimitable character of Square, with his "eternal fitness of things."

Our modern Bloomfield, of rural and pastoral celebrity, wrote his *Farmer's Boy* in a garret, occupied by shoemakers, and pursued his poetical occupation amid the din of awls,

and the clattering of heels. Collins composed his odes in some such miserable dwelling; and to complete the grand climax of intellect, and for ever to immortalize the name and reminiscences of a garret, this prodigious exertion of wit, this beautiful article, was written in one.

It is, we believe, generally known, that Johnson and Garrick resolved to try their fortunes in the metropolis, at one and the same time. They reached London in a most pitiable condition, the one with a shirt and half a pair of breeches, the other with two brace of stockings, without tops or bottoms, and took up their abode in an obscure corner of the metropolis, where they lived in a miserable garret for some time subsequent to their arrival. The histrionic reputation of Garrick burst out at last in all its meridian refulgence, while the poor lexicographer was condemned to make the most of his solitary shirt, and lie in bed while the linen underwent the unusual but necessary ceremony of ablution. Many years afterwards, when both had attained unexampled celebrity, Johnson rallied Garrick at a dinner party on their early poverty, and the meanness of the garret they had occupied. Garrick's pride was nettled at so unwelcome a recollection, and he equivocally denied the assertion. "Come, come," said the surly philosopher to the mortified tragedian, "don't forget old friends, Davy; thou knowest that we lived in a garret for many months, and that I reached London with three pence in my pocket, whilst thou, Davy, had only three half-pence in thine."

What a ludicrous sight it must have been to have suddenly popped upon Johnson, as he stood in a listless attitude at the corner of some blind alley, with Savage, or divers other wits for his companions, to whom he was dictating the precepts of wisdom, and laying hold of their ragged coats in order to insure attention. A contemporary satirist, we forget who it is, has somewhere mentioned, that he was standing with Savage and Johnson in the manner we have described, when a wag came up, and informed the alarmed company, that he had seen an unpleasant looking gentleman skulking about like a hound in pursuit of a bag-fox. The poets instantly decamped, Johnson waddling in the rear, afraid, most probably, of an unseasonable visit to the Bench, and fled to their garrets, with a celerity that set all competition at defiance. What a delicious sight to behold, though but for an instant, the undignified scampering of the grave big-wigged author of the *Rambler*, followed by the galloping lankness of Savage!

The famous satirist, Churchill, who, as Lord Byron observes, "once blazed the meteor of a season," was originally bred a clergyman; but whether from disgust to the sacred functions of a priest, or from despair of ever being able to obtain the loaves and fishes, or, what is still more probable, from the natural caprice of genius, resigned his profession, and commenced author and politician. He met with the usual concomitants of literature, and composed his *Rosciad* partly at an obscure tavern, and partly in a garret in a remote quarter of the metropolis. As he was once wandering home drunk to his mean abode, he encountered a woman of the town, who joined him, and seeing his gross inebriety, led him into a field in the neighbourhood of Battersea. On waking in the morning, the poet stretched out his arms with the intention of undrawing the curtains of the bed in which he supposed himself to be, and grasped a bundle of cabbages; to increase, if possible, his surprise, he discovered that he had been deposited on the capacious summit of a dunghill, with a prostrated snoring by his side. His first thought was to tax her with robbery; but, on finding his pocket-book safe, he was so pleased with her unusual fit of honesty, that he gave her two-thirds of his possessions, consisting at that time of about fifteen guineas (an enormous sum for a poet in those days), and took her to his garret, where she ever afterwards was a welcome visitor.

The celebrated Peter Pinder was notorious for his frequent and facetious allusions to garrets, from which, however, his habitual parsimony generally enabled him to escape. When he could find no fault with the productions of an author, it was his common practice to tax him with poverty, and a residence in Grub-street. Indigence was in his estimation on a par with guilt. Pope, in his *Dunciad*, has shown himself of the same way of thinking—*Par nobis fratrum*.

Dr. Paul Hifferman, a celebrated wit in the time of Johnson, once went to call on his friend Foote, or, as he was justly called, "the English Aristophanes," and without inquiring for his room, ran precipitately up into the garret. Foote, who at that time resided in a less aerial situation, called after him. "'Tis no use," replied Hifferman, "to show me your room; whoever thought of asking, when every one knows that there never yet was a poet without his garret?"

The following are two letters that passed between Foote and his mother, who was as witty, intelligent, and eccentric, as her son. One is dated from a miserable garret, the other from prison, where the mother was confined for debt. They are quoted from memory; the exact transcript is to be met with in *Cooke's Life of Foote*:

"DEAR SAM.—I am in prison, and in want of money. Come and assist your loving mother.

"Yours, &c. E. FOOTE."

"DEAR MOTHER.—So am I! and can't get out again.

"Yours, truly, SAM. FOOTE."

LAW OF LIBEL.—DISTINCTION BETWEEN SLANDER AND LIBEL.—A libel consists in a malicious defamation, expressed either in printing or writing, or by signs, pictures, &c. The important distinction subsisting between verbal slander and a libel was fully pointed out and clearly established in the case of *Villiers v. Mousley* (3 Wils. 403).—As there is an obvious difference between the malignity and injurious consequences of slanderous words spoken or written; many words which, if spoken would not be actionable, are actionable, if disseminated in the form of libel.

In the above case it was decided, that whatever renders a person ridiculous, or lowers him in the estimation or opinion of the world, amounts to a libel; though the same expressions, if spoken, would not have been a defamation; hence the word "swindler," if spoken of another, unless it be spoken in reference to his trade or profession, is not actionable; but if it be published in the way of libel, it is so.

As the very essence of a libel consists in the calumny being propagated, it is essential that it should be published.

INSTANCES OF LIBEL.—An action on the case will lie against any person who maliciously and untruly publishes any libel reflecting on another—such where any person charges another with a crime which might subject him to the danger of legal punishment; or tend to injure him in his trade or profession; or which might be the means of excluding him from society, such as accusing him of having a contagious disorder; or where the libel would diminish the domestic happiness of a family—as for instance, by charging a person's daughter with gross immorality and indecorum in her conduct, as of having left her home to be delivered of an illegitimate child.

A letter written to a third person, in which the plaintiff was stated to be one of the most infernal villains that ever disgraced human nature, was held to be actionable, without any evidence of special damage; and it is libellous to publish a highly-coloured account of judicial proceedings mixed with the reporter's own observations and conclusions on what passed in court, and which contained an insinuation that the plaintiff had been guilty of perjury. An action may be supported for a libel reflecting on the memory of the dead: but it must be alleged in the declaration, and proved to the satisfaction of the jury, that the author intended by the publication to bring dishonour and contempt on the relations and descendants of the deceased.

A printed or written article may be libellous, though the slander is not directly charged, but only in an oblique and ironical manner: in conformity with this rule, it has been decided that a defamatory paper expressing the initials, or only one or two letters of a person's name, but in such a manner as obviously and clearly alludes to the plaintiff, and from the natural construction of the whole extent it would be absurd if strained to any other meaning, is as properly a libel as if it had expressed the name with all the letters and in the ordinary manner.

EXCEPTIONS.—But it is not the subject of an action to publish an accurate and correct account of the proceedings and resolutions of the parliament, or of the courts of justice; and the propriety of this adjudication was recognised in a subsequent case, where it was held that an action could not be supported, however injurious such publication might be to the character of the individual; but this doctrine must be received, notwithstanding these decisions, subject to certain limitations; for it cannot be admitted, that the publication of every matter which transpires in a court of law, however truly represented, is, under all circumstances, and with whatever motives published, justifiable; and this rule does not apply to the publication of part of trial before it is finally concluded, for that might enable the friends of the parties to pervert the justice of the court, by the fabrication of evidence, and other improper conduct.

It is a recognised rule of law, that no proceedings in a regular course of justice will make a complaint a libel; hence it has been determined, that no false or scandalous matter contained in a petition to a committee of either houses of parliament, or in articles of the peace to be exhibited to justices of the peace, are libellous; and where a court martial, after stating in their sentence the acquittal of an officer against whom a charge had been preferred, subjoined thereto a declaration of their opinion, that the charge was malicious and groundless, and that the conduct of the prosecutor, in falsely calumniating the accused, is highly injurious to the service, the president of the court martial was held not liable for having delivered such sentence and declaration to the Judge Advocate.

A fair and impartial comment on a literary production, detecting its mistakes, and ex-

posing the author to ridicule, will not be deemed a libel—unless it exceed the limits of candid criticism, by attacking the character of the writer, disconnected from his work, and travel into collateral matter, introducing facts not stated in the publication, accompanied with injurious observations upon the author.—*Notes of a Lawyer*.

ANECDOTE OF MR. BUCKINGHAM AND A TURK.—In his lecture on Arabia, Mr. Buckingham related the following anecdote, to illustrate the advantages of free commercial intercourse amongst all the nations of the world, in the removal of ignorance, error, and prejudice. He left Suez, at the head of the Red Sea, with a large caravan, for Jeddah and Mecca. Amongst the Mohammedan pilgrims in the company, whose destination was Mecca, was one from Fez, at the western extremity of Africa. This person was conversable and intelligent, and seemed to Mr. Buckingham likely to listen with candour to any objection which might be made against his religion. Mr. Buckingham said to him, "Would you not think it a sufficient proof that a religion was not true, if it could be proved that it was not suited to the conditions of all the nations on the face of the earth? And has it never occurred to you that there are nations to whom it is physically impossible to obey the precepts of your religion?" The Moor replied that he should certainly think it a strong argument against a religion if that could be proved, as he thought God would never have commanded that which his creatures could not perform. Mr. Buckingham rejoined—"Well, then, there are countries where the inhabitants are six months without seeing the sun, and where for the other six months of the year he never sets, so that in those countries there is but one day and one night in the year.—Though you are ignorant of those countries, I can demonstrate the fact to you in such a manner that you will not be able to doubt it. Now it is a positive injunction of Mohammed, that in the fast of the Ramadan that every man shall fast from sunrise to sunset, not only from meat but even from drink of any kind. But in the countries I have mentioned this would be impossible, for if a man should attempt to fast from sunrise to sunset, that is, six months, he would certainly die." The Moor said it was impossible there could be any such country; "but," added Mr. Buckingham, "such was the effect produced on his mind, that I had the unspeakable delight to see him stop short in his pilgrimage at Jeddah, transact his business in that town, and return to Fez without ever going to Mecca, though it was the original object of his long pilgrimage to visit the 'holy city.'"

POETRY.

THE UNKNOWN HAPPY LAND.

O, tell us of the happy land, the world of future bliss,
And teach our hearts to understand the nothingness
Of this,
Mere atoms of mortality,—like to a grain of sand,—
Say, shall we be immortal in the unknown happy land?
And shall we hold communion with those now gone
before,
Or break the bonds of union with beings we adore;
Their voices shall we hear again, or clasp them by
the hand,
Tell us, Almighty Being! in the unknown better land?
The loved parents of our duty, say, shall we meet them
there?
The lost mother who has reared us with fond maternal
care,
Their blessings shall we hear again, their smiling ever
bland,
May we again embrace them in the unknown happy
land?
As the children whom they cherished, will they know
us again?
Or the dear ones that have perished on the wild and
stormy main;
Although their bones may whiten on some dark and
distant strand,
Shall we recognise each other in the unknown happy
land?
Will the souls which earth hath plighted in affections
warm and strong,
By Death be disunited? doth he wield his power so
strong?
Or can he tear asunder the indissoluble band?
Severed thus! shall we exist in the unknown land?
If souls are all immortal, petitioning we pause,
Give us the hope of meeting, thou Good and Great
First Cause!
The hope of recruiting, by thy mysterious wand,
That we may hail with joy and peace, the unknown
happy land!
"Thy soul is immortal!" God answered me, and
said
"I gave thee life, the air to breathe, for food thy daily
bread,
Obedient, whatsoever my will, be thou to my command,
Prepare thyself to meet me in the unknown happy land."
For the mourner in affliction there is a balm elsewhere;
A blessing for the destitute now drooping in despair;
For the wailing cry of anguish, when sorrow hath un-
mann'd,
There's refuge for the spirit, in the unknown happy
land!"

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